

# CATHOLIC WORKER



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## Easy Essays ON PERSONALISM

By PETER MAURIN (1877-1949)

A stone  
is not an individual.  
You can make little ones  
out of big ones.  
A tree  
is an individual.  
It comes  
from a germ.  
"Only God  
can make a tree,"  
says the poet.  
A horse  
is an individual.  
The horse is not  
an individual  
the way the tree  
is an individual.  
It has animal life.  
Man is an individual  
and has animal life  
like the horse.  
Man also has reason,  
which the horse has not.

As an animal,  
man is an individual.  
As a reasoning animal,  
man is a person.  
The difference  
between an individual  
and a person  
is the power of reasoning.  
Through the use of reason  
man becomes aware  
of the existence of God.  
Through the use of reason  
man becomes aware  
of his rights  
as well as  
his responsibilities.  
Man's rights and responsibilities  
come from God,  
who made a reasoning animal.  
Man's primary duty  
is to act  
according to reason.  
To guide himself  
man has  
not only reason  
but also faith.  
Faith  
is not opposed to reason,  
it is above reason.  
The use of reason  
leads to faith,  
but reason  
cannot understand  
all the faith.  
The truths of faith  
that reason  
cannot understand,  
we call  
the mysteries of faith.  
To use reason  
is to philosophize  
and philosophy  
is the handmaid of faith.  
Some truths  
we get through reason  
and some truths  
we get through faith.  
Emmanuel Mounier  
wrote a book entitled  
A Personalist Manifesto.  
Emmanuel Mounier  
has been influenced  
by Charles Peguy.  
Charles Peguy once said:  
"There are two things  
in the world:  
politics and mysticism."  
For Charles Peguy  
as well as Mounier,  
politics is the struggle for power  
while mysticism  
is the realism  
of the spirit.  
For the man-of-the-street  
politics  
is just politics  
and mysticism  
is the right spirit.  
In his Personalist Manifesto  
Mounier tries to explain  
what the man-of-the-street  
calls "the right spirit."



Robert Hodgell

## "In Peace Is My Bitterness Most Bitter"

It is not just Vietnam, it is South Africa, it is Nigeria, the Congo, Indonesia, all of Latin America. It is not just the pictures of all the women and children who have been burnt alive in Vietnam, or the men who have been tortured, and died. It is not just the headless victims of the war in Colombia. It is not just the words of Cardinal Spellman and Archbishop Hannan. It is the fact that whether we like it or not, we are Americans. It is indeed our country, right or wrong, as the Cardinal said in another context. We are warm and fed and secure (aside from occasional muggings and murders amongst us). We are the nation the most powerful, the most armed and we are supplying arms and money to the rest of the world where we are not ourselves fighting. We are eating while there is famine in the world. Scripture tells us that the pic-

ture of judgment presented to us by Jesus is of Dives sitting and feasting with his friends while Lazarus sat hungry at the gate, the dogs, the scavengers of the East, licking his sores. We are Dives. Woe to the rich! We are the rich. The works of mercy are the opposite of the works of war, feeding the hungry, sheltering the homeless, nursing the sick, visiting the prisoner. But we are destroying crops, setting fire to entire villages and to the people in them. We are not performing the works of mercy but the works of war. We cannot repeat this enough.

When the apostles wanted to call down fire from heaven on the inhospitable Samaritans, the "enemies" of the Jews, Jesus said to them, "You know not of what Spirit you are." When Peter told our Lord not to accept the way of the Cross and His own death, He said, "Get behind me, Satan. For you are not on the side of God but of men." But He also had said "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my church." Peter denied Jesus three times at that time in history, but after the death on the cross, and the Resurrection and the Descent of the Holy Spirit, Peter faced up to Church and State alike and said, "We must obey God rather than men." Deliver us, O Lord, from the fear of our enemies, which makes cowards of us all.

### Jesus Present

I can sit in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament and wrestle for that peace in the bitterness of my soul, a bitterness which many Catholics throughout the world feel, and I can find many things in Scripture to console me, to change my heart from hatred to love of enemy. "Our worst enemies are those of our own household," Jesus said. Picking up the

(Continued on page 2)

## War Escalates, Tax Refusal Called For

By KARL MEYER

"The future will be different, if we make the present different."  
PETER MAURIN

I have been refusing to pay Federal income tax, or to file tax returns, since 1960. Finally, on December 13th, after several visits, an Internal Revenue Service agent sent me returns for the years 1962, 1963 and 1965, which he had prepared and filed without my cooperation or consent, claiming a total of \$1,099.12 in back taxes and penalties for those years. Since 1958 we have shared the greater part of our personal income with people who have no income, through the house of hospitality, and since 1960 I have claimed an appropriate number of exemptions on the withholding tax slips which one must file with one's employers in order to hold a job, but I.R.S. did not recognize these exemptions, because I refused to file a return or to substantiate a claim to such exemptions in their conversations with me.

My resistance to Federal taxes is not based on legalities, but on moral opposition to militarism, and I will maintain it in spite of legalities and without taking refuge in them. I will never pay the tax that is claimed, even if I must become a pilgrim from job to job in order to avoid the attachment of my wages. (A national list of income-tax refusers is being collected for April 15 publication, by the NO TAX FOR WAR COMMITTEE, c/o Rev. Maurice McCrackin, 932 Dayton St., Cincinnati, Ohio 45214. Last year's list included the names of Dorothy Day, Martin Corbin and Ammon Hennacy among a list of two hundred.)

But I am not writing about this because I expect a mass addition of Catholic Worker readers to the list of income-tax refusers (it is not that easy to resist so thoroughly the demand of the state). I mention it as background to a more modest effort that we have also been promoting. Since September we have been advocating a first step toward denying to the government funds to carry on the war against the Vietnamese people, refusal to pay the 10% excise tax on telephone service. This tax had been reduced to 3% as of January 1, 1966 and was scheduled to expire altogether, but it was restored in March 1966. The rationale for our campaign to refuse the tax is based on the words of Congressman Wilbur Mills, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee and administration floor leader for the legislation which restored the tax, who stated directly at the outset of debate on the measure, "The bill, H.R. 12752, is intended first and foremost to provide additional revenues to help finance the expenditures required to sustain our operation in Vietnam!" (Congressional Record, Feb. 23, 1966.) Further along he declared, "I believe it is clear that it is the Vietnam, and only the Vietnam, operation, which makes this bill necessary," and a third time, "I have stated, and I state it again, that it is the extraordinary expenses attributable to our operation in Vietnam that are responsible for the Ways

(Continued on page 3)



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120

## "Bitterness Most Bitter"

(Continued from page 1)

Scriptures at random (as St. Francis used to do) I read about Peter, James and John who went up on the Mount of Transfiguration and saw Jesus talking with Moses and Elias, transfigured before their eyes. (A hint of the life to come, Maritain said.) Jesus transfigured! He who was the despised of men, no beauty in him, spat upon, beaten, dragged to his cruel death on the way to the cross! A man so much like other men that it took the kiss of a Judas to single him out from the others when the soldiers, so closely allied to the priests, came to take him. Reading this story of the Transfiguration, the words stood out, words foolishly babbled, about the first building project of the Church, proposed by Peter. "Lord shall we make here three shelters, one for you, one for Moses and one for Elias?" And the account continues, "for he did not know what to say, he was so terrified."

Maybe they are terrified, these princes of the church, as we are often terrified at the sight of violence, which is present every now and then in our houses of hospitality, and which is always a threat in the streets of the slums. I have often thought it is a brave thing to do, these Christmas visits of Cardinal Spellman to the American troops all over the world, Europe, Korea, Vietnam. But oh, God what are all these Americans, so-called Christians doing all over the world so far from our own shores?

But what words are those he spoke—going against even the Pope, calling for victory, total victory? Words are as strong and powerful as bombs, as napalm.

How much the government counts on those words, pays for those words to exalt our own way of life, to build up fear of the enemy. Deliver us, Lord, from the fear of the enemy. That is one of the lines in the psalms, and we are not asking God to deliver us from enemies but from the fear of them. Love casts out fear, but we have to get over the fear in order to get close enough to love them.

There is plenty to do, for each one of us, working on our own hearts, changing our own attitudes, in our own neighborhoods. If the just man falls seven times daily, we each one of us fall more than that in thought, word and deed. Prayer and fasting, taking up our own cross daily and following Him, doing penance, these are the hard words of the Gospel.

As to the Church, where else shall we go, except to the Bride of Christ, one flesh with Christ? Though she is a harlot at times, she is our Mother. We should read the book of Hosea, which is a picture of God's steadfast love not only for the Jews, His chosen people, but for His Church, of which we are every one of us members or potential members. Since there is no time with God, we are all one, all one body, Chinese, Russians, Vietnamese, and He has commanded us to love another.

"A new commandment I give, that you love others as I have loved you," not to the defending of your life, but to the laying down of your life.

A hard saying.

"Love is indeed a harsh and dreadful thing" to ask of us, of each one of us, but it is the only answer. D.D.

## James E. Wilson's Statement

Jim Wilson is at present being held at West Street Federal House of Detention, awaiting transfer to one of the Federal Prisons, where he will serve his three-year sentence for failing to report for induction. (See his Christmas greetings on letter page.)

December 9, 1966

I stand in this court as a Roman Catholic, and, therefore, a believer in the teachings of Jesus Christ. I stand as a man who believes in total and complete nonviolence as taught by Christ.

I also stand accused of committing the so-called crime of refusing to be inducted into the armed forces. I pled guilty to this charge because that is exactly what I have done: refused to be inducted into an institution that orders men and trains men to kill. The taking of another person's life is a very serious act. It is something that has never been condoned by any religious leader or any society that bases its existence on ethics. Yet in war time, ethics change and taking another person's life is no more serious than slapping a disobedient child.

You may ask, and you have that right, why I have not applied for the status of conscientious objector if I feel this way? The only answer that I can honestly give is that I cannot cooperate in any way with the system of conscription and, at the same time, remain a good Christian. If I were a C.O., the draft board would assign me to alternate service for a period of two years, doing work for the good of the nation, society and the community. If we assume that the Christian's whole life is dedicated to his fellow men, then it seems quite ridiculous that any government should ask this Christian to do two years of work of humanity,

(Continued on page 8)

## A FARM WITH A VIEW

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

Late on a cold night in January, I lay in my cold room, warm beneath the ample covering of my bed, and listened to the eerie hoot of an owl—hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo. Long I lay listening to the haunting sound of the mysterious bird, picturing in my mind the silent flight above the snow-covered earth, the quick drop on the unwary prey. I wondered if the field-mouse I had heard scurrying about my room had sought sanctuary in our house in fear of this same owl. Half asleep I heard again the spectral song—hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo. Like a dream, the familiar Keatsian lines echoed in my memory. In that drowsy moment, I savored them, like the spiced fragrance of mulled wine. "St. Agnes' Eve. Ah, bitter chill it was! The owl for all his feathers was a-cold."

For another drowsy while, I pondered the probable prophetic utterance of the round-eyed owl, traditional bird of wisdom. I thought of the terrible things that have happened, the more terrible things that seem about to happen. What, after all, had the owl to do



Rita Corbin

with all these horrors? Were there not trumpets of doom enough without maligning the plaintive, sepulchral beauty of an owl's midnight call, which the owl had probably sounded merely to alert fellow-owls that this was his territory, his own happy hunting ground? Then I thought for a while of the New Year, and how—with all its potential joys and horrors—it had arrived for us here at our Catholic Worker farm with a view in Tivoli, so pleasantly, so beautifully.

Pleasant guests, of course, help to make a pleasant evening; and we had several such to help us welcome the New Year. Beth Rogers and Frances Bittner, whose visits are really homecomings; for they are very much a part of our family. Alba Ryan, who had come for Christmas and remained until after the New Year. Clarice Danielson and Beth Crowder, who had driven up from the city for some rest and skiing at a nearby ski run. Jim Cain and Gary Moland, who had come from Duluth, Minnesota, to visit the Catholic Worker.

But the guest who really set the tone of the evening was Jacques Travers. Jacques is from France, teaches French at Brooklyn College, and has been so much impressed with Catholic Worker ideas that he turned his own apartment into a small house of hospitality. Jacques is a small man, but with more than enough ebullience and exuberance of temperament and spirit to compensate for lack of stature.

During the early part of the evening, groups gathered for conversation around the tables in the dining room, or in the living room before the open fire, where some roasted chestnuts and others toasted marshmallows, or around the piano, where Reginald Highhill improvised on familiar themes. Rita Corbin and Beth Crowder, artists both, sketched before the fire. The children, up late with full parental approval and permission, luxuriated their taste buds with toasted marshmallows, and ran happily about from group to group. Song and laughter, the crackling merriment of an open fire—are not these ingredients enough for convivial-

ity? But there was more to come. A little after eleven, Jacques made his way to Rita Corbin's kitchen. In an amazingly short time he returned, with the triumphant air of a true French chef, bearing a large but light and most delectably seasoned banana omelet. When Clarice brought out the fragrantly spiced mulled cider which she had prepared, we had, I think, a perfect repast for bidding the old year adieu and welcoming the new. Midnight found Clarice, who is an excellent pianist, at the piano ready to break into "Auld Lang Syne." Someone rang the bell Arthur Lacey uses to summon us to meals and rosary. There were shouts of "Happy New Year," and "Bonne Annee." A few of the more daring and exuberant bestowed a kiss with every "Bonne Annee."

It was a country-style kind of evening, but there was enough of true festivity for us to share with you all, O our many friends and readers, and to wish you all a "Bonne Annee," a good year when men may turn away from the frenetic rat-race of profit-grabbing and status-seeking, from the inhuman horrors of modern war, and seek again a simple kind of happiness, of shared laughter, shared song, shared food, and friendly talk before an open fire.

### Tea Party

After such an auspicious beginning, we should, it seemed, not be unduly optimistic to hope for a good new year. Yet only a few nights later, an incident occurred, which showed us, like the eruption of a volcano, the explosive operation of those forces of hostility and aggression, which are always found, it seems, wherever human beings gather together. A few of us—Helene Iswolsky, Marge Hughes, Kay Lynch, and I—went into the dining room for some toast and a cup of tea before going to bed. Two men were sitting at a nearby table talking in rather loud aggressive tones. Since both usually shout, I did not realize that anything was wrong, though I knew that both men were serious alcoholics. At our table we were, in fact, laughing and talking light-heartedly enough. Suddenly the men's voices grew louder. There were quick, confused sounds. A chair pushed back, a table shoved, the ugly thwack of a fist on human flesh. Then more confusion. More chairs pushed over, shattering sounds (which later, I learned, came from a statue knocked from the table). More blows. Loud voices. Curses.

Since I am totally blind, sixty years old, a woman and not a very big one (I am only one-half inch over five feet), I was more than a little alarmed. I felt that I was in the middle of a melee, and all I wanted to do was to get out. With the help of one of the women, I made my way to the safety of the office. Dave Miller and some of the other men separated the fighters, and quiet was again restored. This kind of thing, of course, does not occur often. If we were true saints, perhaps such things would not occur; but we are, I fear, most imperfect instruments.

I tell this story not to expose our weaknesses but that our friends and readers may know we do not live isolated, cushioned from the violence and disorder of life. At one time or another we experience just about every problem that anyone anywhere is likely to encounter. Actually, very few of the men who have drinking problems ever behave in such a disruptive fashion. When men do become too violent, they cannot remain. Most of the time, however, even those with rather serious drinking problems have found at the Catholic Worker a better way of life, productive of good for themselves and for others. We ask the prayers of our friends and

readers that we may learn to live in peace with one another.

Christmas Eve arrived in the midst of another kind of violence, the violence of nature, our first big snowstorm, which struck with blizzard-like ferocity. Fortunately, most of our guests arrived before the storm began, though Jonas had to wait several hours before Joe Monroe could get to the station to meet him. It seemed a special kind of Christmas gift that Joe and Audrey Monroe were able to spend Christmas with us, and to bring with them Anne-Marie Stokes. It was good, too, to have Alba, Rita's sister Betty, and Roland and Elaine Olsen, who came from the University of Wisconsin to spend their holiday with us. Although the blizzard made it impossible for Father Jude to get through so that we could have the Midnight Mass we had planned, we spent a beautiful Christmas Eve before the open fire. The fire itself was like a Christmas gift, since ordinarily we keep it closed to conserve fuel. Reginald and Kay brought in firewood, made fires, kept them going, and roasted chestnuts almost every night during the twelve nights of Christmas. With the blizzard blowing so fiercely outside, there seemed a special kind of magic in the fire, the glowing, crackling, fragrant open fire, that Christmas Eve. Joe and Audrey played their guitars, and almost everyone joined in the singing of the familiar Christmas carols. Later Anne-Marie prepared some Mexican chocolate, which, she said, was made in accordance with an ancient recipe of Montezuma. Whatever the recipe, it was delectable. If Montezuma had been able to join us, I am sure he would have wanted, as I did, a second cup.

### Noel, Noel

As for Christmas Day, it was, in addition to Hans Tunnesen's usual Christmas banquet, a children's day. And much enjoyed by them all: Johnny Hughes, the three Corbin girls, and Lorraine's three boys. For the rest of us,



Rita Corbin

Christmas was not a day but a season, a succession of events, visits, good talk. On the day after Christmas, when the snow had stopped and Father Rogers' snow plough had cleared our road, Father Guerin came to say Mass for us in our chapel.

On the Wednesday of Christmas week, four priests, eight seminarians and a nun converged upon us; the four priests concelebrated Mass in our chapel. Later in the afternoon, Marty Corbin spoke to the seminarians. There was the visit of Maxine Shaw and Wamwega. There was the Mass Father Guerin said for us on the day after New Year's. Then on Tuesday, Dorothy Day returned from Tamar's. On Tuesday evening Father Lyle Young arrived to spend a three-day rest period with us. Father Lyle said three beautiful Masses for us, and gave us a talk one afternoon about his work with Father David Kirk at Emmaus House in Harlem; he also told us something of his own fascinating personal background, from his

(Continued on page 8)



## OLD WOMEN GO TO BUS STATIONS

drawn as if by some magnet,  
loneliness, fear or need  
they come in silent ones and twos,  
birdlike or immense,  
faded peacocks in purple coats,  
black coats  
with little suitcases tight as  
pincushions,  
only neat and ordered as the time  
of day.

at night they scuttle across the  
street  
with paper bags, parcels clutched  
in love  
fierce and immense,  
looking down to Boston, Jersey City,  
the lights away from home;  
folding timetables precisely in  
the center,  
using the drinking fountain as  
children do—  
absorbed in humming behind wrinkled  
eyes.

they hear the unknown calls and  
wants of blood  
like cymbals keen remembered  
but now in long due recompense  
for strife  
looking out faded windows,  
tightening knotty bones on cruel  
benches,  
peering in frowning admiration for  
the young  
who pass outside like shadows—  
the cymbals surge and terrify;  
then the shutting of the ears to  
look toward Boston, Jersey City,  
the lights away from home.

Cecelia Paul

## St. Francis Hospital

In the South Bronx

By PAT RUSK

The South Bronx is inhabited by the poor, and for more than a half century the Franciscan Sisters have maintained a hospital there. Service to the poor is their life's work. Today they are being deprived of their work because another one of their institutions is being closed. The reasons for this closure are not very clear.

I spoke to one priest who, by way of analogy, compared St. Francis Hospital to a factory and said that when a factory loses money it is simply closed. Of course, the workers will grieve and protest, their interests are at stake. Everyone knows that the nearby city hospital cannot possibly do the job of servicing the poor at the present time (nor will it be able to do so in the future).

I then spoke to a Sister in the business office of the hospital about this matter of "losing money." I asked her if archdiocesan institutions are expected to show a financial profit and she replied that no hospital operates without a deficit. Among the professional people I talked to there was agreement that buildings put up a half century ago were better built than they are today. I asked the Sister about the education they receive and she said that the trend in nursing is towards higher education and that many Sisters go back to school for their Master's degree. Standing in the hospital corridor, we did not talk long; there was a bustle of activity from the TV cameras. They had come to find out about the new arrangement the city was making to run an outpatient clinic in one of the hospital wings, with hours from nine to five, on a month-to-month basis.

Before I left I went to the chapel, thinking all the while: why don't the nuns refuse to leave the building and sit here fasting and praying. After all, according to the ancient rite when the bishop is consecrated he becomes "the father of the poor." And no "good father" will abandon his poor children.

Actually, according to the powers that be, the poor are not being abandoned but are simply being asked to travel to a better neigh-

borhood by subway where a new St. Francis Hospital is to be established. But to move into a "better neighborhood" defeats the purpose of the Franciscans in their dedication to the poor. What will these Sisters do now — unfrock themselves and go to work for the city? The city hospital will remain in the area and become a multi-million-dollar complex in seven years. In the meantime the poor people of the South Bronx are left stranded.

This predicament which the Sisters find themselves in seems frightful to an observer. I therefore had recourse to a beautiful little book entitled "St. Francis of Assisi" by von Matt. In the chapter on the New Rule it says: "None may own houses or lands, but must be as strangers and pilgrims in the world."

### Emergency Clinic

I followed the New York Times reports on the closing of this hospital and was inspired to learn that a clinic was being set up in a tenement apartment, just two blocks from St. Francis Hospital, by Mrs. Berberena, who lived with her five children and had worked at the hospital until it was shut down. When it became clear that action needed to be taken, if the poor were not to be forgotten, Mrs. Berberena moved her family to her mother's apartment next door and let the doctors and nurses set up shop. The apartment has five tiny rooms. When I arrived there I found a sign on the door Emergency Clinic, so I pushed it open, walked in and was immediately given a warm greeting by Mrs. Berberena. A few women and children were already seated in one room waiting for treatment. In the next room were the supplies on one side and, separated by a curtain, a place for examinations. I told Mrs. Berberena who I was, explaining that I would like to know more about the clinic and she showed me into the supply room, where two doctors were on duty.

I asked Dr. Ortiz about his career. He told me that he had grown up in the South Bronx, became a pharmacist and owned

a drugstore in the neighborhood. Later he decided to become a doctor, studied at the New York Medical School and returned to his neighborhood to join the staff of St. Francis Hospital. He also has a private practice but has largely curtailed it to devote his time to the clinic. Dr. Ortiz spoke happily about the future of medicine, the hospital and the community. "Until they put a padlock on the door," he said, "the clinic will continue to operate day and night, seven days a week."

The clinic is an island of love and hope to the poor in this Upper Manhattan ghetto. But if the poor become seriously ill or need an operation, where can they go? One of the doctors stated that even with St. Francis and the nearby city hospital, there is a critical need for beds. The additional beds which will come as a result of the projected new building for the city (scheduled to appear some time in the seventies) will be restricted to narcotics and mental patients.

The Vatican Council, in its numerous sessions, labored to bring forth a new view of the Church: a Church of the poor which would devote itself to these people who exist under the heavy yoke of suppression and neglect. Out of this dedication the yoke would be lifted and the poor would also begin to feel the "fresh breezes" from the Council decrees.

## Book Review

**THE SCHOOLCHILDREN: GROWING UP IN THE SLUMS**, by Frances Greene and Orietta Ryan; Pantheon, \$4.95. Reviewed by HELEN C. RILEY.

The Schoolchildren is a well-written, provocative book that is hard to review, because it inspires conflicting attitudes towards the authors and the story. One would like to believe that this is an incredible caricature of some school that might come to exist in the distant future, if we ever forget completely what it means to be brothers. However, if you know any priests or teachers from neighborhoods like those described in *The Schoolchildren*, a talk with them will soon convince you that there are such schools, such teachers, such children. There are far too many "Mr. Zangs," principals who are more interested in politics, reputations, and records than in the children themselves. These principals live in an ethical vacuum in the midst of a putrescence whose existence they deny. And there are the teachers who are more interested in certain methods and "standards" and "techniques" than in teaching the children. Finally, there are the children who are well versed in the knowledge of every vile thing from profanity and obscenity to drug addiction, homosexuality and murder.

Perhaps the most frightening sentence in the book is: "There are no solutions within the school system at present." If this is true, the whole school system will have to be overhauled and rebuilt—and quickly. I cannot understand how one of the authors can say, as she does, "I like Mr. Zang." If she had said this as a Christian, who is obliged to love even the unlovable, I could understand. But I do not like Mr. Zang and what he stands for—perhaps because I have known and suffered from his brothers in action.

Anyone who has any intimate association with or interest in children will find *The Schoolchildren* compelling. And no other book I have read about children inspired me with a greater sense of the need for personal responsibility or greater abhorrence for the attitude of "let George do it."

There are still many well-meaning Catholics, as well as other Christians and people of "good will," who cannot understand why we Negroes keep pushing so hard, despite the gains that have been made for us and for other minority groups. They think that Ne-

## From the Bottom of the Bottle

By MARJORIE C. HUGHES

I read a science-fiction story once in which a professor of Physics set up an out-size Klein bottle in the middle of a room his class was scheduled to use at the same time another class met there. No other room being available, the professor and his students crawled through the Klein bottle into another dimension so the two classes were able to occupy the same space at the same time. There are days, and they are frequent, when reading the news convinces me that I have crawled through that Klein bottle somehow, occupying the same space and time as the rest of our great society. Invisible and inaudible I cling to the glassy edge of the American dimension by my fingertips. From the bottom of the bottle your perspective is different.

This melancholy conviction overtook me the other day after reading through a pile of recent news summaries. Soviet scientists, said one dispatch, are ridiculing Western fears of the population explosion. Earth could support multitudes of people, they pointed out, if its resources were to be sensibly developed and distributed. Next I came across the statement of the American hierarchy in which, after alluding to the rights of conscience of individual married couples, they issued a stern warning against government promotion of contraceptives as the solution to problems of welfare clients at home and inhabitants of under-developed countries abroad. This caused me to jump for joy, unaccustomed as I am to hearing bishops sing the social-justice blues.

I immediately rushed downstairs to share with a dear friend and fellow thinker the good news that Communists and Christians seemed to be in agreement for once. By fellow thinker I mean the kind of person with whom you share basic assumptions, premises, points of views. The friend you sit around and analyze the news with, and give each other all the advice that Washington, Moscow, Peking and Senator Kennedy do not heed when you offer it unasked to them.

"I think," said my friend dispassionately, "that in light of the coming population explosion it is very nearly a matter of conscience for everyone to practice birth control." Somewhat depressed, I returned to the papers and ran through my favorite columnists. To a man they were deploring what I had thought a statement to celebrate.

From where I sit, or hang (down in the bottom of the bottle) there is a wicked distortion in a view that sees the world already crawling with more poor people than it needs and panics at the thought that due to our well-known American generosity in feeding and bandaging them at home and abroad (we're all heart) the birth rate is rising. There is a wicked insanity in proposing (nauseated by the sight of present and the thought of future pain and deprivation) to cure the suffering of people by doing away with the people. And there is a wicked hubris in imagining that if we

groes have gained enough for now, and since Spanish-speaking people (Puerto Ricans on the East Coast and Mexicans on the West) are not as vocal, others don't, or won't, see that there is a problem. (And the American Indian, who is not mentioned in this book, but whose plight is no less terrible, is forgotten altogether.) As Peter Maurin often pointed out (and thirty years later, it is still true), things are not good enough to be left alone, as long as such conditions as those described, or rather shown, in this book, continue to exist.

control the birth rate the world will then become a happy place filled with educated, affluent, liberated, perfect persons like ourselves.

One suspects the tender sensibility of the American people, so moved by the plight of future children they have not seen, so unmoved by the napalming and tear-gassing (at home and abroad) of the children they do see. As for our foreign-aid program, which we worry that we won't be able to keep up now that populations are exploding, here is a quotation that shows how it works in India: "It seems that there is a certain sub-continent which of recent years has received an inflow of capital and aid to the sum of \$23 billion. Flowing out of the same area in the same period, \$13.4 billion went in interest, profits and dividends. And the deterioration in the terms of trade accounted for a loss of some \$10.1 billion more. What sums are these—and what a balance! \$23 billion flowing in; \$13.4 billion, plus \$10.1 billion flowing out. Five hundred million more flowed out of that region! What is this? The investment of capital that leads to the growth of the under-developed? The granting of aid to start off the process of self-propelling growth? I think not, Sisters and Brothers. What is it but a fresh pattern of domination and exploitation?" (President Sukarno, addressing Asian-African foreign ministers in Bandung, April 1965).

It is quite true that the world cannot support so many people under a system which produces for profit instead of use. President Johnson, that mirror image of the rest of us, expressed it very well when he told the troops in Korea, "Don't forget there are only 200 million of us in a world of three billion. They want what we've got and we're not going to give it to them." To solve a problem of this kind by contraceptives makes just as much sense as if we were to corner all the shoes in the world and then (our hearts wrung by the sufferings of the barefoot) provide amputation centers where they could get their feet cut off free while waiting for our scientists to find a cheap, easy, sure way to prevent future right feet.

From the bottom of the bottle, the road we're travelling looks very much like one we've been down before, single file, following Superman. He was cruder in the forties. His final solution then was to kill all the extra, inferior people. What a grisly joke if our American enterprise enables us to seduce the poor into enacting our final solution with contraceptives; do-it-yourself death.

Peter Maurin had a better idea, voluntary poverty. The Chinese have a better idea, work-study schools to foster the "new man." Moscow has a better idea, redistributing the wealth. The Bishops have the best idea, reverence for life.

Here are two more items from the news pile. Highly recommended by an American psychiatric journal is a book entitled, "Euthanasia and Destruction of Life Devoid of Value." And down in Pittsburgh, a judge sentenced two of the wretched of the earth to thirty-seven years in solitary confinement at hard labor for contempt of court. Anyone want to try another dimension?

"Marx himself mainly focused his analysis on the internal development of capitalism in one country . . . On the international scale a drama is now staged which could end in a Marxist catastrophe on a vastly greater scale than Marx ever envisaged. There is a tremendous income gap between rich and poor nations, and the poor nations represent the masses. The gap is widening. The poor nations are becoming class-conscious."

GUNNAR MYRDAL



# The Economics of Peace

By ROBERT SWANN

If we are serious about building an independent, non-governmental world peace corps—a Peace and Freedom Corps—then we must turn our attention primarily to solving economic problems. For centuries men have attempted to change human attitudes, to achieve disarmament agreements, to promote international understanding and cooperation. But little attempt has been made, and except in a nationalistic framework almost no success has been achieved, in eliminating poverty, exploitation, and imperialism. In my opinion, only an economic program can reach to the heart of the world peace problem.

An economic conference in London recently issued a statement to the effect that the underdeveloped countries are getting steadily poorer and that nothing, including the Alliance for Progress and Agency for International Development programs, is stopping this process. In a world in which the poor are getting poorer and the rich are getting richer, what chance exists for peace, in the absence of programs directed toward economic change? The civil-rights problems has been seen more clearly of late as an economic problem, and that is how the world peace problems should be seen. In a sense Marxists have taken this view, but unfortunately they have assumed that answers can come through concentration upon economics within a national framework.

Whatever approach to the economic situation we wish to take, it must be in a non-national context. Our vision should encompass the world as a whole. It should be basically a cooperative vision concerned with all of mankind, excluding none, and should focus upon the task of bringing justice through nonviolent means. It is within this context that a new Fund is being conceived, originating in major part out of the experience of the non-violent movement in India. For the Indian experience has shown that economic programs which have concerned themselves primarily with land reforms (Bhoodan and Gramdan) are not sufficient to answer the problem. One way of putting it is that there exists a lack of credit (that is, money) to finance the very real potential which has been created by the land-reform movement in India. Credit shortage, indeed, is present in virtually all underdeveloped countries, including those, like China, in which socialist governments have attempted to solve economic problems with major efforts toward industrialization rather than through development of agricultural and other rural resources. In the bulk of the Third World the crucial shortage remains shortage of credit for agricultural development.

So far in the Third World, only

a few countries (which happen to be socialist countries, and notably China) have been at all successful in closing the gap between existing hunger and available food. And in those cases the appeal to nationalism, has contributed to the charges of international nuclear war, originally created by nationalism in the West. It should also be noted that China, the prime example, is a large country with diversified resources and human capital seven hundred million strong: the fact that China has managed to pull herself up by her bootstraps does not indicate that smaller countries can expect on their own to be likewise successful, even with nationalistic spirit of equal fervor. And India, though large and thus theoretically able to match China's potential, for many cultural and philosophical reasons is unlikely to follow China's lead, even were Indian leaders to change their minds and attempt to do so. The most practical answer for India and other underdeveloped countries must involve the pooling internationally of human and capital resources to work toward the inseparable ends of peace and justice.

## Credit Squeeze

Interest shown by the leaders of India's non-violent movement in the Fund signifies a realization on their part that only through international non-governmental cooperation can there be a meeting of the small farmer's pressing need for credit and the similar need of related "processing" industries in rural India. For years the Indian non-violent movement (and most social movements in underdeveloped areas, including the American South) has tended to look to its national government as a source of credit for economic development. In vain. Government and private capital has largely been devoted to industrial development and war production; comparatively little has gone to rural and small-village development. And quixotic as this may sound in 1966, I'm convinced that the really significant and reliable source of credit for basic constructive program lies within the world's peace and nonviolent movements. Through the Fund envisaged, an opportunity will be provided for individuals, organizations and businesses anywhere in the world to invest in the small farmer, the rural cooperative, the village industry, the small businessman—in other words, in those who have heretofore been neglected by governmental and private financial institutions, but who must constitute the backbone of any successful "self-help" program to eliminate poverty and justice.

The reasons for present neglect on the part of investors is baffling, for as Simon Williams, in a *Harvard Business Review* article (November-December, 1965), points out: "Experience in many countries with directed and supervised

credit is proving that small farmers will repay loans promptly and fully, and that in the great majority of cases, no other security than trust, and potential for increased production and income, is required to insure repayment of loans by small farmers."

It should be made explicit at this point that an essential element in the plan is that the Fund's loan will be administered in the field by workers trained by and associated with the Peace and Freedom Corps or international groups of a similar nature already in existence. Shanti Sena and Sarvodaya workers in India, and civil-rights and peace activists in the United States would be ideally qualified, but the Fund would expect them to relate to its economic program through an international group of like intent, not a national group.

Here are some of the ways in which the Fund's investment plan, and surplus Funds, will work for peace and justice:

1) By making loans to farmers, cooperatives, and small businessmen in rural communities at reasonable rates of interest (about twelve per cent) where loan money either had not been available (perhaps due to prejudice, as in the American South) or had been available only at very high rates of interest (as in India or Latin America).

2) By helping to provide land where small farmers and cooperatives have by and large been unable to obtain land, thus working to make the Bhoodan (land gift) movement of India worldwide. Since the land provided can be held in trusteeship rather than private ownership, the Fund would be helping to take land out of the speculation market, which in turn would tend to reduce land rent—a basic need in underdeveloped countries.

3) By helping to develop cooperatives (such as those in Mississippi coordinated by the Poor People's Corporation) and credit unions through making loan money available when it would otherwise be unavailable.

4) By providing social movements which have established their "credit," such as the Gramdan movement in India and the civil-rights movement in the South, with a powerful financial base (since they will become trustees of the funds), and in addition with money for basic education (since a moderate portion of the Fund's money would be made available as gifts for educational purposes).

5) By offering to investors alternative investment possibilities, which hopefully can prepare the ground for a significant boycott of the present financial structure (involving savings banks, insurance companies, etc., which fund injustices as diverse as the war in Vietnam and segregated housing, by means of United States Savings Bonds, anti-integration mortgage policies, etc.).

6) By offering a just form of savings (and, incidentally, insurance against inflation) to persons on old-age pensions and the like. Savings banks, insurance companies, government bonds—all rob such people, since inflation tends to erase a large percentage of their savings over a period of years.

7) By beginning a basic, long-range transformation away from national currencies and toward a single international or universal currency of stable commodity value. At present, virtually all national currencies are in a continuous process of inflation, caused by the internal necessities of a money system based upon debt creation. Since under Keynesian economics, we no longer believe in or permit deflation (depression) the process of inflation must be expected to con-

tinue into the indefinite future (unless, in spite of the best efforts of the Keynesian economic managers, a major depression does occur again). As a result, any currency (or "negotiable instrument") which develops an insurance against inflation and deflation is likely to acquire, due to its stability, greater "currency" than present national currencies.

8) Through the use of a commodity rather than a gold base for value, there would be introduced a naturally depreciating currency, ending the basic injustice and exploitation perpetuated by all present non-depreciating currencies. Non-depreciation of currency is the primary reason why the rich grow richer and the poor grow poorer. (Today national currencies depreciate through inflation, but the rich avoid the process by investing all their money in land or business "equities," which do not depreciate.)

9) Due to the transformation of currency, a transformation of banking institutions could gradually be brought about, after which they would not be debt-creating institutions, but merely service institutions, performing the legitimate function of handling accounts and loans.

10) Since the Fund envisaged will be a non-profit corporation, and since it will be operating within the context of a world-wide commodity free market, it would, once large enough, be an effective means for combating monopolies and cartels, as do large cooperatives in such countries as Sweden and Denmark. In other words, the Fund would help to bring down costs for the consumer, particularly the cost of money as measured by interest rates. In places such as Latin America and Southeast Asia, the Fund's approach could result in gradual across-the-board reductions in interest rates forced upon small farmers. Currently in India, they must pay from 37.5% up to 100% or more on their loans. Rates charged by the Fund would be comparable to those employed by credit unions in the United States for short-term loans—that is, about 12%. It is theoretically possible for the Fund's approach to affect the world money-market interest rate (now about 4.28%), moving that rate in the direction of a non-exploitative service fee level of perhaps 1% or 2%. In order to visualize the scope of what this could mean, one must comprehend that billions of dollars are paid every year to the controllers of the money monopoly. Economists estimate that in the United States alone, up to one third of the annual national income (which tops six hundred billion dollars) is derived from unjustifiable exploitation. For example, the taxpayers of the United States are paying several billion dollars a year to banks as interest on government bonds. The banks create (out of thin air) the money or credit which they give the government in exchange for these bonds, and the only real cost to the banks is a tiny percentage of the amounts involved: the service cost. Any reduction, therefore, even of a fraction of a percent, in the world-wide interest rate would tend to result literally in the billions of dollars being saved for consumers and poor people throughout the world. This level of relevance would of course be dependent upon the sale of millions, perhaps billions, of dollars worth of the Fund's certificates, and at present such a degree of success seems far away. Nevertheless, the tremendous need for a stable world currency might bring about a more rapid transformation than is now conceivable.

11) The Fund would aid the development of the international

Peace and Freedom Corps, and the Corps in turn would attempt to create training centers in various parts of the world, where trainees would learn community-organization skills, following methods such as those worked out by the Shanti Sena, Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee, certain United Nations agencies, the Peace Corps, and voluntary service agencies. The trainees would learn how to handle loan funds in order to make them available to rural communities. At present the Agency for International Development funds (and Office of Economic Opportunity funds within the United States) go mainly to urban centers. In Vietnam, for instance 80% of the population is rural but only 10% to 20% of A.I.D. funds (the total for Viet Nam last years was \$269 million) have reached the rural areas.

12) By helping to right the balance between rural development and urban development, at present weighed in favor of the latter, the Fund would perform an important long-range function (again, if successful enough). The present monopolistic land and money system acts as a magnet to attract resources into the urban centers at the expense of rural areas. As a result, populations are drawn more and more inexorably into the urban vortex. As these refugees, largely without funds or relevant skills, move from economically destitute rural areas in ever greater numbers into the mass centers, the inevitable result is slum after slum, ghettoization, mass unemployment, destitution, and violence.

The Fund would admittedly be an experiment—but based on sound principles, researched by capable attorneys, stockbrokers, community developers, and financial experts, and guided by men of good will and good conscience. The success of the experiment would depend first on adequate investment by persons who want to meet the challenge of world economic problems in a realistic way; and second, on wise handling of invested funds. If these conditions are fulfilled, the concept of the Fund could have a profound impact in moving the world toward peace, and toward freedom from economic injustice.

A longer prospectus on the Fund is underway. Readers who desire to receive the prospectus and other material on the Fund are urged to address me at: Voluntown, Connecticut 06384.

Ed. note: Robert Swann is one of the founders of the New England Committee for Non-Violent Action. He is a designer and builder and for many years has employed his talents in the fields of cooperative and open-occupancy housing. He has also worked in Mississippi, rebuilding Negro churches that had been destroyed during the integration campaigns.

## Economics—U.S.A.

"Of course, the galloping urbanization has been worldwide, and it is most devastating in the so-called under-developed countries which cannot afford such blunders. Here the method of enclosure is more brutal. Typically the United States or some other advanced nation introduces a wildly inflationary standard, e.g., a few jobs at \$70 a week when the average cash income of a peon is \$70 a year. If only to maintain their self-respect, peasants flock to the city where there are no jobs for them; they settle around it in shanty-towns, and die of cholera. They used to be poor but dignified and fed, now they are urbanized, degraded, and dead. Indeed, a striking contrast between the eighteenth-century enclosures and our own is that the dark Satanic mills needed the displaced hands, whereas we do not need unskilled labor. So along with our other foreign aid, we will have to bring literacy and other parts of the Great Society."

PAUL GOODMAN, "Urbanization and Rural Reconstruction,"

LIBERATION, November, 1966.

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# An Interview with Vo Thanh-Minh

By HERBERT MASON

The following meeting was the climax of a five-mile Buddhist-Christian Walk for Peace which seven of us made on April 17, 1965, Holy Saturday and the Feast of Light. We walked from Washington's Lafayette Park across the Potomac to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and back again to a Peace Pagoda situated alongside the Tidal Basin. Several Buddhists and Christians participated "spiritually" with us in our walk. Among our correspondents was Vo Thanh-Minh, a Vietnamese teacher who was fasting for peace in his country. From the church in Brooklyn where he was fasting he wrote us a brief note: "Thank you for what you are doing for my poor country." At the end of our walk we seven wrote messages to him and I was delegated to deliver these.

H. M.

A week later, I called long distance to the First Unitarian Church in Brooklyn and spoke to the Minister, Mr. McKinney, who told me that Dr. Vo was in his seventh week of fasting and extremely frail, but would come to the telephone if I could speak French or Indo-Chinese. (He reads English, but speaks it only haltingly.) I asked how old he was, slightly nervous at the thought of actually speaking to him. "In his sixties," he answered. Then he announced, almost ceremoniously, "This is Dr. Vo."

We spoke very simply. He told me he was very "triste pour mon cher pays, mon peuple, leur souffrance" and very "faible," but, if my "groupe" or any other group wanted him to, he would travel to talk to them about Vietnam. He was touched by our walk and only hoped that enough people were making every effort for peace. From the other words that we exchanged, and from his tone, I knew that I had to go down to New York to see him, that telephone meetings were not enough, and that he couldn't be burdened with any unnecessary travel.

When I arrived, the church was quite dark, except for a lamp placed close to the floor in the side chapel. I saw Dr. Vo seated with his legs crossed, reading a newspaper, which he held forward under the lamp. He was surrounded by letters (nearly a thousand people had written him), by pamphlets, books, a tape recorder, a Vietnamese musical instrument, bottles of liquid, a box of salt, dictionaries, and many other reliques that suggested a scholar's study, with its projects under way, its correspondence, and its memories. He noticed me, stood up and, leaning on a spindly cane, shook my hand vigorously and showed me to a chair, scattering away some papers that had been left on it.

We spoke in French, which both pleased and relieved him, and he told me, with animated gestures, that he was keeping himself constantly busy during his long fast, just ending its seventh week. Someone came each day to teach him English; others came just to talk, some weeping before him, he said, others exchanging ideas, some few trying to work out with his help further plans for appeals to President Johnson for a ceasefire and a sincerely negotiated settlement and plans for a possible peace mission to both North and South Vietnam. Some Americans, Canadians, and Europeans had expressed interest in joining him on such a mission, though as yet it seemed impracticable, and he was not breaking his fast for mere speculation on it. He gave me a few letters to read from people in Vietnam and from supporters of the mission. He watched me read the letters and then said: "Practical solutions need to know first a people's true condition. And

the patience to know this is a spiritual insight coming only from God."

"How do we make the connections between the things you have just mentioned?" I asked.

"You have to respect truth in everything," he said. "That's very hard. But how else are you going to begin to know a people's true condition? I mean right here, not only in my country. I receive all these letters from Americans, very friendly letters telling me about themselves and their lives, asking me to give up my fast, hoping that peace will come. There are some very human people in America. I'm not sure your leaders realize that fact."

"What can some of us do—now?" I asked.

"Seek those things," he said. I must have looked anxious, for he touched his wool cap for a moment as if pointing at my mind, and said, "patiently."

"I see your walk as a fraternal gesture. You help diminish fear by such gestures. There's so much fear in people here. I don't know what they're afraid of, do you?"

I shook my head without answering.

"The pastor Martin King, Jr. . . . If others could join him to bring peace to my country. He doesn't seem to be afraid. If a concerted, sensitive action . . ."

## Varieties of Fear

I tried to focus on what it was in myself I was afraid of. I had been afraid standing before him, before he saw me. I had been afraid at certain moments in my life: in a sailboat in the Atlantic, too close to a reef off the coast of Maine; I was afraid when my father died, or rather in the years that followed his death; I was afraid of wars, and of violence; I was afraid intellectually of certain things I didn't understand, and of certain things I knew internally. I had seen fear existing in the academic world in which I lived, and I had seen it able to take hold of the academician, who thought he could detach himself to ponder the riddles of man or of history or of science. I was a part of that corpus of abstraction, of the life of Oedipus Academicus, not King, knowledgeable, but somehow still afraid to suffer the pain that goes with learning one is wrong. In fact, afraid to suffer pain at all. In this detachment, the riddle solver, gradually losing his closeness to the human person in his search for "man," the accredited Oedipus, is proud but somehow himself not quite a man. Accredited America seemed to have so much fear in itself, and Vo, a former school teacher from unaccredited Vietnam, who had twice traveled voluntarily to his enemy to enlighten him and to appeal for peace (first to Vietnam and now to America) and who in a sense was simply presenting himself as human, seemed to have so little fear. He had in both instances tried to open the eyes of the abstract ponderers, the experimenters, to the sufferings and the true wishes of his experimented-upon people.

"How do you overcome fear?" I interrupted him.

He thought I was asking about his fasts, for he said, "I have fasted most of my life. This is my fifteenth fast. You cannot do it suddenly. I have told people who want to fast, 'Don't you do it; it is my work; you use your strength to work for peace in your own way, don't imitate mine. What good is mine if it only makes you give up your way?'" He threw up his hands and laughed. I wanted to say, "But what if we have no way?"

Instead I said, "But about fear . . ."

"I don't understand why people here want to become somebody they're not. I just want to meet

them and to have them know my people."

"They're afraid to get involved," I said.

He burst out laughing. "But they are involved. They bomb my people's villages every day. That's involvement."

"I mean with people."

"But they have to. They will be lost." This he said as a plain fact. He picked up the Daily Mirror, pushed his glasses back from his nose, and read aloud: "Bombed villages, suspected hideouts for the Viet Cong . . . 90% destruction . . . raid successful." How can men write so fiercely about something they know nothing about? He put the paper down again. "There's a peculiar tendency here towards abstraction." I looked at him and felt the gulf between the gentleness of this observation and the weight of the experiences that supported it.

## The Art of Fasting

I was surprised at his energy to keep speaking. He obviously thrived on excitement and drew strength from the people who came. I was also fascinated by his appearance and his personal activities: his wool cap and long black scarf around his neck, his overcoat, all suggesting someone huddled over a fire to keep warm. He took water and salt periodically, and would keep his lips moist with something from a dropper and with a chap stick (he had told me earlier that their dryness from his lack of food pained him when he spoke) and periodically he would take a liquid purgative and then excuse himself and go out of the chapel and downstairs to the lavatory. He went about his fasting scientifically, methodically, knowing every part of his body and how it reacted and how to sustain it as long as possible on little; and this method helped to keep his mind clear. His spiritual action seemed to be more spiritual for its failure to break harmony with his person. One didn't know which to be more awed by, his discipline or his motive. Fortunately, his presence made one stop trying to analyze one or the other separately.

Dr. Vo asked me to translate for some visitors a letter he had written in French in response to a young American Boy Scout, who had written that he was giving up one meal a week for Vo's and Vietnam's sake. Vo told us that he had been the founder of the Boy Scouts in Vietnam many years before, and had taken part in many international jamborees, though he had finally "put away my uniform" (as he put it) because of the way the Scouts were being used by certain groups in his country to drum up artificial patriotism and the way he was personally attacked for insisting on the original ethics of the Scouts. The Scouts for him had ceased to be a meeting together in friendship and trust, as they also had for the American boy, who wrote that he was upset because a Negro boy had not been admitted to his troop in Akron; he didn't think this lived up to the words of the Scouts' pledge, and what did Vo think? . . . The boy also said that his church supported things that ran counter to his belief in Christian non-violence and seemed contrary to the words of the Sermon on the Mount, and he asked Vo what he should do. Since the boy and I were members of the same church (Roman Catholic) I understood his question and his disillusionment, though, being older, I had perhaps grown more used to looking at that disillusionment stretched out within myself.

Vo's letter was a touching exchange between an old man and a boy, full of warmth and absence of intrusion on the other's will and intelligence. It also expressed a side of his person I hadn't seen. He advised the young man not to pursue ambitions that would lead

him inevitably into a position in life where he would have to live in contradiction to his conscience, but to try to find a work in life which would best adhere to this conscience, and to raise his family in love and charity towards others.

These simple words contrasted sharply in my mind with those of an American Jesuit I once met who was in the habit of saying, "There is no more room at the bottom; we want our people in the rooms at the top." Vo also recommended that the boy not fast, especially if the fast made him angry at those who did not fast. He recommended that he leave the Scouts if his conscience so directed, and told him how he himself had put away his uniform. A Brooklyn Eagle Scout leader who was present said, "Oh no, don't suggest that. There's much good for boys coming together off the streets."

"But this boy is not worried about the streets," Vo said; he's worried about truth. The street may hold more truth. Do you want me to advise him to accept in his own mind a lie?"

We looked at him with nothing to say.

When I arrived at the airport for the return flight to Boston, I walked down a stairway and stepped into a waiting room where late commuter faces, thirty-nine of them, were sitting unrelatedly in silence, like wax statues in businessmen's suits. It was an alarming chamber of contrast to what I had come from, and seemed to exaggerate the spiritual climate I was returning to. When the doors onto the runway opened, I was deeply relieved. And on the airplane going home, looking down at the abundance of electric lights, the growing megalopolis below, over which I had never flown before at night, I realized fully the reason for my tiredness: the experience of a different kind of presence.

Vo had written a statement at the time explaining the meaning of his fast; here are some excerpts from it:

"According to my traditional customs, my fast is a voluntary suffering in communion with my family and people, who have been suffering indescribable war miseries for a quarter of a century and whom I have not seen for these last sixteen years. Also, my fast allows me to pray with more fervor and constancy for an awakening of the human moral conscience, without which there would never be a veritable peace in the world, in Vietnam in particular, which has become a field of experimentation for modern killing weapons. Finally, my fast is an act of personal purification, penitence and meditation which will allow me to correct my own faults, so often unknown by myself as a human being, and to see more clearly the Way of human liberation."

"My action is not at all a protestation or a suicide by despair. It would be stupid on my part to protest in such a manner against the various and strong war forces which are killing thousands of people daily without pity. This is purely an offering of my life to God, an offering unachieved eleven years ago. If it happens to me to die, I would happily accept it, with the hope that my sacrifice could help advance only one day or one hour the pacific settlement of the Vietnamese problem and save therefore some innocent women or children existing now under continuous terror and anguish. In case of total war, my death would keep me from the hardest suffering: being a powerless witness to mass killing in my homeland."

\* \* \*

As postscript, I can say that Dr. Vo broke his fast in the tenth week, persuaded finally to lead a peace mission of Americans and Canadians to Vietnam. Soon after Vo took fruit juices, the United States Immigration Office sent two men to inform him that his visitor's permit had expired, and that he would have to leave the country within one week. In June Vo accepted an invitation to appear at a teach-in at Carleton University, in Ontario. He remained in Canada while arrangements for the Peace Mission were being made. In July he and two members of the mission flew to Japan, where the two volunteers attended the Twentieth Anniversary commemoration of the atomic bombing of Hiroshima, and then to Cambodia, where Prince Sihanouk sent emissaries to meet them at the airport and afterwards received them as his guests. The two volunteers have since returned to Canada and the United States respectively.

Further news of Vo himself was given by the New York Post, in a brief notice in its September 24, 1965 issue, which told of his arrest by South Vietnamese authorities as he entered South Vietnam from Cambodia, allegedly on grounds of insufficient traveling papers. His whereabouts for a time were unknown, and there was a growing concern among those who knew him. Mr. McKinney was later told by a Vietnamese student that Dr. Vo had been arrested in 1950 by Communist officials and sentenced to death. This student expressed fears for his safety at the hands of the Ky government. In December, in answer to his telegram, William Alfred, the playwright, received word on United States Embassy stationery that Vo was under "house arrest." After Christmas, word was received from Vo directly that he was still under arrest and that he had resumed his fast as of December 5th. Since then (mid-January of 1966), we have had no word.

## The Lesson of Gandhi

"The human animal, it seems, cannot do without religion. That is why Communism, which claims to be a mystique of humanity, is so successful. The time is no doubt near when Marxist ideology and Christianity will find themselves face to face, alone, as the only two valid 'religions' on this planet. Then the 'new Middle Ages' heralded by Nicholas Berdyaev will have arrived. The Russian philosopher believed that the Renaissance era was about to perish, and that a new religious era of humanity was dawning. Will Communism in its atheistic form survive for long? Nothing is less certain. The future may see it come to grief like every other doctrine of violence, whereas it is hard to see what could kill a doctrine which issues in nonviolence. In this respect, too, Catholicism is still in its infancy. When will Christians finally assimilate the lesson of Gandhi? The atomic bomb could do the West the terrible service of demonstrating the absurdity of armed violence. In all probability, Rome will one day—better late than never—lead a crusade of collective conscientious objection."

—Henri Fesquet, CATHOLICISM; RELIGION OF TOMORROW? (Holt, Rinehart and Winston)



## A NIGHT IN AN UNCOMFORTABLE INN

By STANLEY VISHNEWSKI

The great St. Teresa of Avila once remarked that life was as a night spent in an uncomfortable inn. I guess she knew what she was talking about, after reading of the long and arduous journeys that she made through Spain establishing the various convents of her Reform.

St. Teresa and her companions spent many a sleepless night in the inns of her day—what with vermin and the comings and goings of worldly travellers. She must have experienced many an uncomfortable moment and it was only the love of Christ that gave her the courage to continue. It is with a nod in the direction of St. Teresa that I recount the night I spent in an uncomfortable inn.

It was not an inn in the technical sense of the word, but one of the twelve apartments that the Catholic Worker maintains in the neighborhood of Chrystie Street for the use of its guests and staff workers. A state of affairs which will soon be remedied when the new Catholic Worker House of Hospitality is opened (some time next year) and there will be an ingathering of the scattered members of the Catholic Worker Community who are now dispersed throughout the neighborhood.

I arrived at the Catholic Worker House on Chrystie Street late one evening and inquired if there was a place where I could spend the night. Walter Kerell, who is in charge of the office, thought a while and after rejecting the idea of putting me up at a cheap flophouse on the Bowery, decided to place me in the care of one of the young enthusiasts who was helping around the office. The young man was the epitome of hospitality. He picked up my parcel and would no doubt (like St. Christopher) have carried me on his shoulders, if I had asked him to. He escorted me through the dark streets off the Bowery and conducted me to Kenmare Street, where we started the climb to the fifth floor, where the Catholic Worker maintained one apartment of its inn.

"It is only five flights up," the young man blithely said as we began what was for me a long and unaccustomed climb. "This is the closest that some of us will ever get to heaven," he brightly remarked, in an effort to revive my drooping spirits. Eventually we reached the fifth floor, where, huffing and puffing and blowing, I leaned against the wall and waited for the young man to open the door. I found myself in a kitchen that was so brightly lit I was momentarily blinded—but not before I managed to see a cockroach scurrying across the bare floor to the safety of a wall crack.

"Oh we haven't got a single cockroach," the young man said when he noticed my startled look, and before I had a chance to remonstrate added: "The ones you see here are all married with large families."

I noticed that the apartment consisted of a small kitchen and an even smaller bedroom, in which there were four beds, a desk and several chairs, with just enough room for an agile person to maneuver around.

"It looks sort of crowded," I said, and I must confess that I am superstitious about sleeping thirteen in a bed."

"The beds are all taken," the young man replied, "but we are going to let you have the spare bed in the kitchen."

It was then that I noticed that the towering mound of suitcases, books, magazines and picket signs effectively disguised a secret bed hidden against the corner.

While I busied myself divesting the bed of its accumulation the young man went into the next room, in the search of what he euphemistically described as a fresh change of linen.

"Not from one bed to another!"

I exclaimed. But he assured me that only this morning he had personally washed the sheets in a laundromat.

However, I felt a great weariness and would gladly have slept on the floor. It was with a sense of gratitude that I put out the kitchen light and prepared to go to sleep.

In a moment the young man came in and, putting on the lights, asked if I would care for a cup of coffee and some cake.

"No thanks," I said, "coffee keeps me awake." The young man put out the light and went into the next room.

I relaxed and a feeling of delicious tiredness crept over me. In a few minutes I knew that I would be asleep. But the lights went on and I glanced up at the young man, who solicitously asked if I wanted a cup of hot cocoa. "It will help you sleep," he said.

"No thanks, I was almost asleep," I said. I hoped that when I did fall asleep he wasn't going to wake me up to give me a sleeping pill.

In a few seconds the blare of music came freely from the other room. An overpowering crescendo of sound echoed and reechoed in the room, momentarily shutting out the sound of the rumbling trucks far below us on Kenmare Street.

The young man stuck his head in the door and said: "I hope you like the music; it should help you sleep. It's the latest in country music. It relaxes me when I can't sleep."

"It is a beaut," I replied, "but don't you have something like a cowboy lullaby sung by a deaf and dumb quartet with muted strings, or maybe you have the record that has the Trappist sign language? I understand that it's in the groove right now."

Mercifully the sound was lowered and finally extinguished and I turned around and prepared to sleep the sleep of a just man. I was beginning to doze off when I heard a banging on the door. I sat up in bed rather startled. The Gestapo, the police—was it a raid? I was gripped by a momentary fear that the secret police had come to get us in the early hours of the morning and that we would disappear from the sight of men.

The young man was not in the least perturbed and calmly opened the door to admit four more young men, who came in brandishing picket signs. My first impression was that they were going to throw a picket line around my bed and keep marching around until I was lulled to sleep.

But it dawned upon me that these young men were my roommates and the occupants of the various beds in the adjoining room. There was no use trying to sleep now; the young men were all excited about the peaceful demonstration that they had been conducting.

For another hour, over coffee and cakes, I was the silent partner in an animated discussion that started with the war in Vietnam and ended with the first astronaut to land on the moon.

When my roommates had finally gone to bed and I could hear the mingled snores and sighs of the sleeping innocents, I was too stimulated to do anything but look out the window at the distant towers of Manhattan. I consoled myself by trying to recall the lovely melody of Bach "Watchman, What of the Night."

I must have eventually fallen asleep, for I soon experienced a tugging at my shoulders. I opened my eyes to observe in the light of the dawn the young man asking me if I wanted to go to 6:30 Mass with them.

"Why not the twelve o'clock Mass?" I asked. But throwing aside my covers and fighting my sleepiness, I sadly thought, "It is only the saints that shall be joyful in their beds."

### Friday Night Meetings

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30 p.m. at St. Joseph's House, 175 Chrystie St., between Houston and Delancey Streets.

After the discussions, we continue the talk over hot sassafras tea. Everyone is welcome.

### Mott St. Incident

By TOM HOEY

Little Italy could very well be a village anywhere in Italy; it is one of the few neighborhoods in Manhattan that is still paved with cobblestones, the hundred-plus-year-old buildings first inhabited by the Irish immigrants in the days of the Great Famine are part of an atmosphere of poverty with dignity, the neighborhood is an ancient community transplanted to the heart of a modern city. Summers are relaxed and informal; there is a festa going on in one street or another almost every night, with bands, crowds, the smell of sausage in the air, and people sitting out on their camp-chairs or stools until late at night. In the winter, Little Italy changes into a cold, gloomy ghetto with no festas to take your mind off the privation and unrest of the slums. The nights are cold and windy, and streets are generally empty by eight or nine o'clock.

Late one Friday night, I was on my way home along Spring Street, when I saw a gang of about ten kids on the corner of Mott Street. They threw a garbage can around, yelled something about a knife, and ran off.

When I got to the corner, I found a Negro lying on the street alongside a garbage can; the man, the garbage can and the nearby pavement were covered with blood. I asked one man who had come out of his shop if I could use his phone, but, since he said it was out of order, I called for an ambulance from a nearby phone booth. When I came back to the man on the street, one woman opened her window, shouted, "Call the police," and shut the window.

By now one young girl had come over, and together we started to wipe the blood off the man's face; when it was relatively clean we could see that his skull and forehead had some skin scraped off by the garbage can, and that he had been stabbed in the cheek and the eye. The cleaned knife, perhaps two or three inches long, was lying a few feet away. During all this time (about fifteen minutes until the ambulance came), only one woman had come up to take a look at what was going on. I asked her to watch my things (for lack of anything else we had used my shirt to clean the man, so my coat, scarf, and books were lying on a nearby car), and she went away.

The police came, followed by the ambulance. The police always come first in New York, and are never very prompt in poor neighborhoods. The sirens brought about twenty spectators out of their homes, not counting a tribe of small children. Of all these people who certainly must have heard the gang, only the girl who happened to be passing by stopped to do anything to help. I only thank God that the man was drunk, which probably helped him to bear the pain.

I do not know the man, what hospital he is in, whether he is alive or dead; nor do I know the girl. I could not see the faces of the gang in the dark, and I doubt I know them. I could tell that they were young—probably too young to kill for their country in the war. But I can picture them earlier that night, watching someone get killed on television. I can picture them later, watching bombs and guns on the late news. I can see their cruel and senseless act as a reflection of the warped society they have grown up in.

## BOOK REVIEW

RACE RELATIONS IN TRANSITION: The Segregation Crisis in the South by James W. Vander Zanden. Random House, 1965. Paper. \$1.45. Reviewed by JAMES HANINK.

A noble old Roman once muttered: "Corruptio optimi pessima"—worst of all is the corruption of the best. Reviewing this collection of articles gives me the occasion to say the same, but loudly and clearly. Vander Zanden has assuredly provided us with a helpful analysis of the social dynamics underlying the revolutionary changes taking place in the South. "No other region within the United States," he asserts, "has been caught up so immediately and completely in the dynamic currents of profound and severe social change."

A first-hand observer of the Southern scene as a professor at Paine College, in Augusta, Georgia, Dr. Vander Zanden constructs his analysis around the daily struggles for social change at educational, organizational, and political levels. He escapes the more glittering generalities pervading social analysis. His research includes names, dates, and personalities—a good spread of pedestrian background material behind a dozen crises and battlegrounds of the Southern Civil Rights Revolution. The chapters on the K.K.K. and the White Citizen Councils delineate the patterns of white reaction. A carefully done, intelligible collection of statistics assesses precinct returns along class and race lines to determine what correlation exists between upper-class whites and general white support for recent segregationist legislation. It is startling to realize that over three-hundred Jim Crow measures have been passed since 1954. Sociologically, Vander Zanden's study of the South in crisis is theoretically coherent and well documented. Wherein lies the corruption of this "best thing"?

Race Relations in Transition falls down badly on two essential counts. It is not really serious. It is oblivious of C. Wright Mills' call for sociology to acquire a humanist concern. It does not really grasp the import or profundity of the Negro Revolution's use of creative non-violence. My first charge questions neither sincerity nor scholarship. It is a critique of every detached sociological abstraction and of the inadequate humanism of contemporary liberal sociology. My second charge flows from the first and will clarify my case against the general philosophy of social science the author embraces.

By now I have surely raised the hackles of those insisting that a piece of social analysis succeeding "theoretically," maintaining inner consistency, is beyond criticism, especially a criticism of its relevancy or formal object. This breed of response itself stems from precisely the philosophy which I oppose; simply because any valid social science, like any theological construct, must be about the growth of man and man's works today. No attempt to understand man can fashion its own make-believe world, replete with make-believe laws and make-believe people. A sociology that fundamentally fails to understand man and his relations with other men is useless.

Vander Zanden's study is not really serious. This is not merely an objection to unconvincing rhetoric or lack of emotional involvement. This is an objection to the whole academically sterile tenor of the book and its superficial philosophy. The final chapter, "Accommodation to Desegregation," outlines the pattern of white reaction to inevitable desegregation. First, the dominant group tends to ignore the threat. When this is no longer possible, die-hard resistance ensues. As this posture becomes

impractical, threatening to destroy, for example, the value of public education, a grudging accommodation becomes the general response. This is presented as a tolerable outcome. So completely absent is the moral commitment of the sociologist that no assessment of the worth of either dominant or minority pattern is attempted. The tacit understanding is that this type of judgment is not within the sphere of sociology. But this type of judgment is of the essence of a human being's social relations. An amoral sociology misses the point badly, as does a purely behavioral psychology.

Significant moral/social change demands internal conversion. The liberal notion of external consensus is an emasculated substitute. To a Christian the whole notion of judging life by its external relations is in itself sinful and legalistic. Vander Zanden easily spotlights the growing network of external accommodations, intimating an illusory, typically liberal melliorism. Yet on a fundamental level he has not shown that anything has really changed at all. His whole approach is a technical analysis of externals, neatly filed under external categories. Compared to men like William Stringfellow and Philip Berrigan, Vander Zanden comes off saying very little.

Given Vander Zanden's amoral sociology, it is easier to understand his direct attack on Martin Luther King (obliquely, on Christianity), a *de facto* sociologist with a moral and activist commitment. He speaks of aggressive tendencies of Negroes "defined as sinful," King's "defining of the traditional pattern . . . of resignation as immoral," and alleges that King with non-violence has subtly combined love and hate to buy off the Negro Christian tradition and the Negro resentment of centuries of white exploitation. This whole process, perverted if true, Vander Zanden sees as a normal "redefinition and human rationalization to avoid stress," which he seems to "define" as the supreme evil. In this whole business of "defining" morality, objective worth and personal commitment are studiously avoided as simply arbitrary. A blind empiricism reigns.

Of course non-violent action can be dishonest, neurotic, even violent. The truly non-violent person combats this hazard through the personal purification of absorbing necessary violence and suffering, as did Gandhi and King. Vander Zanden's charge of "passive aggression" confuses spiritual dynamism with coercion. Repeatedly Gandhi and King speak of *satyagraha*, truth force. This cannot be dismissed as a psycho-socio rationalization. Historically, it is the insight of the God-Man whom Vander Zanden himself quotes as saying: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and pray for them that despitefully use you." Vander Zanden links this response with "pie-in-the-sky" Christianity. Thus, Negroes indulge "in the fantasy that the very society that rejects them now will see its sinful ways and repent." Negroes can overcome their sense of inferiority at the loss of "personal integrity as well as some personal freedom" by fusing with the Movement, identifying with a leader, etc. He demystifies a straw man. "Pie in the Sky" counsels pietism, not *satyagraha*, which is explicitly revolutionary and works for the inbreaking of the Kingdom now. Redemptive suffering is the astounding lesson of the Cross. The phony cult of leadership is rejected automatically by the demand for personal responsibility.

Vander Zanden's sociology of race relations remains an excellent source for terminology and data. Its radical lack of depth and fear of moral commitment, the lifeblood of a true humanism and a relevant sociology, is all the more disturbing. Dr. Vander Zanden sees too little, and that out of focus.



# LETTERS

## Founder's Sister

Pensionnat des Sacres-Coeurs  
La Verpillere (Isere)  
France

Dear Mrs. Hughes:

Thank you for your kind comments about my brother, Peter Maurin. Actually, I have the honor of being the one of his sisters who knew him personally, for the youngest ones never saw him; we were a huge family, and there was a great age difference between the oldest and the youngest.

I have just celebrated my Golden Anniversary as a nun, so I am not in my first youth. Three of my sisters have entered the religious life, as well as two brothers. Peter also had a brother in religion. (Peter and I had the same father, who had twenty-four children by two marriages.) I am happy to say that three nieces are also in religion. Heaven grant that we become saints. Only nine of us are still living.

I am sure you will be happy to receive this news. Thank you for sending me the *Catholic Worker* regularly. I find it extremely interesting. In return I pray for Miss Dorothy Day and for all of you.

Be assured, my dear lady, of my deep religious affection in Christ. May we remain united in prayer and the apostolate.

Sister Marie Gonzague

P.S. Since we are approaching the New Year, please accept my wishes for the happiness and health of your whole family. May Christmas Eve be a time full of prayer and joy.

## The London Scene

Flat 3  
5 Colville Houses  
London, W 11  
England

Dear Marty:

There are some signs that things are changing here, especially amongst Catholics, and a group has grown up around the review *Slant*, which meets every Friday night at St. Dominic's Priory in Camden Town. It begins with a mass in a simple informal style, and there is about twenty minutes of saying hello to everyone and conversation with wine or tea or coffee, and after that a talk on some aspect of renewal in the Church, followed by a question period.

There was also a conference at Spode House this weekend which most of the same group attended, and most of the editorial board was there. Rosemary Sheed and Neil Middleton, whom I know slightly, Brian Wicker and Adrian and Angela Cunningham were also there. Charles Boxer, O.P., opened the conference with an account of the Church in Germany, both East and West, and raised many interesting questions. How is it that the West German Church, so forward-looking theologically and liturgically, with modern parish administration and advanced Church architecture, can follow the sterile anti-communist line of the C.D.U. (Christian Democratic Union) and Adenauer? How can it be so lacking in political insight? More seriously, how can such a wonderful theologian as Karl Rahner be similarly so politically blind? He went on to give an account of an East German Christian Peace Conference, which, although stage-managed in the usual Communist way, offered valuable contacts with those Catholics in East Germany who had entered into a dialogue with the Marxists.

Paul Oestreicher spoke next, and gave us a brilliant summation of the history and position of the Christian Churches in European Communist countries. Did you know that everyone who declares himself to be a Christian in East Germany has a special tax col-

lected from him by the Government and that this is paid towards the upkeep of denominational schools and churches? And that a large majority of East Germans pay this tax? Really amazing. Two other papers were given in the conference: one on apartheid and one on Black Power by Anne Power, who had met you and other members of the staff.

The community here is in fair shape and we recently took in a poor family with four children who had been living for two and a half years in one room measuring 14 feet by 8. I had to break an agreement with the landlord to do this, which I felt bad about, as he is a good man, as landlords go. But we have one alcoholic here who has given me a couple of bad nights, shouting and yelling and banging on people's doors. We were all scared stiff of him, as he is a great big guy, but so far he hasn't attacked anyone. Our housing cooperative is becoming more of a reality due to the energy of Ian Dixon, and we hope it will be a legal entity early in the New Year.

I see a great deal of the Simon Community these days, especially Mary Ruddy, who has been the best export to this country since Karl Meyer. They do a soup-run two nights a week and visit the railroad stations and derelict houses (derries) where those who sleep out (sleep rough) are to be found (also known as skippers; "kip" means to sleep in a bed; skip-a-kip means to sleep out, hence skippers). Mary seems to know many of them by name, laughs and jokes with them, gives them food and cigarettes and clothes, and changes dressings on their cuts and sores. She seems quite fearless in going in to dangerous derelict homes, smelling of meth (wood alcohol) and shit, in order to visit these folk (I can't follow her since the smell of methylated spirits makes me so sick I have to go out).

They invited me down to their farm about two months ago. It's very small (about ten acres or so) but in pretty country and a good place for conferences and retreats (and a good place to rest from the overcrowding in the city). They have a good conference hall and a couple of very attractive old barns. But they are under great pressure from local residents not to use it as a house of hospitality. They have had their ups and downs, but things seem to be going well now and they are opening three other homes in other parts of the country: Exeter, Glasgow and Cambridge.

London remains as "switched on" (turned on) as ever, and acid (L.S.D.) is all the rage, and several of the sillier members of our community seem determined to learn the hard way. It doesn't seem to have done them any good. Some while back someone brought in and used some heroin, and we had to take the unprecedented step of barring him from the house. But such negative action is no real answer to the problem.

The theatre is now the most exciting center of radical action and thought and I have been taking all my friends to see US by Peter Brook. The first half is a brilliant and very rapid historical and sociological survey of Vietnam, with mime and tableaux and songs and quotations, and is theatrical technique at its best. This forms the background to the second half, which is a Shavian ideological discussion mainly between a young woman with all the right ideas and a young man about to burn himself (like poor Roger). It ends with this celebrated scene of the burning of the butterfly, a scene quite gratuitously imported from the theatre of cruelty and auto-destructive art and I always go out for this scene. I think it is brought in without any understanding of its implications.

I think that's all I have to say.

Please give my love to everyone, especially Arthur Lacey and Joe Ferry.

Yours,  
Peter Lumsden

## Humanism and Mystery

836 Green St.  
Cambridge  
Massachusetts

Dear Dorothy:

I thought you might be interested in some quotations relative to the "Christian-Communist Dialogue".

A Communist-Christian Conference was held recently at Herreninsel-in-Chiemsee, Germany. (See *Le Monde*, Paris, May 5-11). It was the second conference in a planned series, the first having been held a year ago in Salzburg; the third hopefully will take place a year hence in Prague. Herein two statements:

M. Roger Garaudy:

After fifteen centuries of temporal domination, Christianity has not succeeded. Marxism is a flame of hope and of indignation. Without us Communists, I fear that your Christian love, so marvelous in many ways, will continue to be ineffective; and without you Christians, our struggle risks shrouding itself in a universe without stars.

Father Karl Rahner, S.J.:

Christianity is not a terrestrial dogma. On its side, Marxism is not defined as an absolute humanism. Where the dialogue can begin is in Christ's and Marx's compassion for man . . . and in their looking to the future. Christians and Communists should look together. Each should grant a space of liberty for the other.

What was implicit in both these statements and, in fact, was clarified by other discussion, was the inner correspondence between the humanistic goals of Communism and the aspect of "mystery" in Christianity. The whole character of the conference, attended and organized by professors and theologians, was one of reflection and patience rather than argument and proselytism.

As ever,

Herbert Mason

## Why War?

19 Sekiguchi-Daimachi  
Bunkyo-ku  
Tokyo, Japan

Dear Peace-loving Catholics,  
Readers of the *Catholic Worker*:

Many people here think that there is something queer about this war in Vietnam. Perhaps it is quite according to good strategy; I am not in a position to judge. Or perhaps it is good business policy. But is it according to sound reason?

Pope John said, "Men are becoming more and more convinced that disputes which arise between States should not be resolved by recourse to arms, but rather by negotiation." "What do you want us to negotiate?" you may ask. It would be worthwhile negotiating to find out just what you are fighting for. Is it because you are believers in peace, justice, truth, and love, while the others are not? Pope John also said: "Meetings between believers and those who do not believe can be occasions for discovering truth." He did not say: "Go kill 'em." For "the person who errs is always and above all a human being . . . and he must be regarded and treated in accordance with the lofty dignity."

Granted that war can be justified according to reason in order to protect yourself (?), it does not seem at all according to Christ's Gospel. He who wants to save his own self will lose it.

(Father) Kazuo John Sawada.

## War Protesters

2597 24th Street  
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio 44223

Gentlemen:

As another Christmas season rolls around, finding us this time embroiled in a mad war that can well lead us to World War III, I want especially to contribute to your work to aid the homeless and destitute and to promote an anti-war spirit in this country. I find myself especially saddened at the news of objectors to war being given prison sentences of three, four, and five years, and of our bishops issuing a lukewarm statement disapproving of war in general but refusing to condemn the present Vietnam conflict as immoral or unjust. I think that Christ is more truly present in the prison cells of these young men than in the august rectories of our prelates. Perhaps you will add these young men to the subjects of your prayers; and, who knows but that a priest might be willing to offer the sacrifice of the Mass for their spiritual and temporal welfare.

Please accept the enclosed check for use in your work. Best wishes for this holy season.

Sincerely yours,

John S. Phillipson

## To Chrystie Street

Christmas '66  
Federal Prison  
427 West Street  
New York, N.Y.

Dear Rae,

I thought I'd get a message out to my family on Christmas, the great feast of the Prince of Peace.

I only hope your Christmas has been as peaceful and happy as mine. I'm sure it has, because you all realize it's true meaning. Christ has come to help us get through another year.

Today of all days, everyone was close to my heart. I spent the day thinking of all the things we did together. The good times and the bad; the laughing and crying; discussions late into the night; ideas, hopes, and dreams.

I thought of Sheila and the night Jack Cook and I stayed with her, hoping we could help, and helping each other to hope.

I thought of Bob Gilliam returning from his trip, and with a very critical eye reading my statement.

Philippe, Sheila, and Max were on my mind. Phil has a big job on his hands with the house. I guess there are enough people around to help out, though. The times I saw Sheila with her new son, she was the happiest person around. She has good reason too. The kid is nothing like his old man!

Paul and Salome know my love for them, my joy and my hopes.

Hello to Jack Cook. He's helped me much, as everyone has. John, Tom, and Walter also. I hope this finds everyone fine and happy.

How's Nicole? If you see her, give her my love, and best wishes. I love and admire her very much.

Hope Barbara is well. She has a very important little person to look after. This is a terrible situation for her daughter's godfather to be in.

What did I miss most this Christmas? Well, first, being outside singing with all of you. Then Brother Paul's fabulous food. Ed Brown's poetic justice, Tony's soup. Mary and Julia's love. Italian Mike's (sharp?) art. Smokey Joe's forceful approach. Pat's control over the line. Nick and John, our famous topless waiters. Charlie's sense of humor. The complaints, compliments; the war, the peace; the love and general disorder of the house; but most of all I missed my wife and the sight of our unborn child growing within her.

These were my greatest sufferings today, but all these things

were also my greatest blessings. They gave me the strength to see the great things and great people who I'm with today.

These men have become my life, for a time. I only hope I'm good enough to be counted among them. They have much to offer society. It's a shame society keeps them locked up.

I hope Dorothy is well. I owe her a great deal and I love her very much.

But I owe all of you in my family a great deal and I love you all so much that it can't be explained in human terms, those mentioned and those who weren't. There are just so many of you . . . please forgive me.

Well it seems that all there is to do now, is close this letter.

Father Dan was here today to wish me peace. It seems only right that I should pass it on to you. The kiss of peace in the living liturgy of Christ's Church. I only wish the physical embrace could accompany the words I send.

Peace to all of you on His feast, and love the hate out of everyone you encounter this new year.

Carry it on, spread it, sing songs, laugh, and love each other.

With much love,  
Merry Christmas,  
Jim Wilson

## Two Deaths

Box 100  
South Walpole, Mass.  
02071

Dear Miss Day:

Enclosed please find my check for one dollar. Renew my subscription and buy bread with the rest or whatever you want to.

I remember a young man from New York who was killed in action with me, May 31, 1953, in Nae Dong, Korea, on Hill 64. We were at very close quarters with the enemy. So close that when we threw hand grenades, we lobbed them underhand, rather than a full-arm toss, much as you'd toss an orange across a room. An enemy anti-tank grenade landed between Tyrone and me, but some yards behind us. It knocked the two of us to the ground. (They had overthrown.) Nevertheless, Tyrone was killed near outright from its burst. I heard him scream, over the firing and bursting grenades: "Oh my God, I'm hit." He died a few moments later. Men were killed all around me. I was one of three survivors of that night's action. Tyrone was a graduate of the City College of New York. He was married and had two children. He was a draftee. In a few weeks he would have rotated to the States.

In that evening's action I was a Browning Automatic Rifleman. One of the men whom I killed was a North Korean major. He had served as a professional soldier since the early thirties. He had fought with the Chinese under Mao Tse-tung against Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang forces. Then, later, against the Japanese, and lastly with the C.C.F. (Chinese Communist Forces) in Korea.

There are many things in war that stay with a man for a long time afterward. This is one of them. And it is not either that this was the most ghastly or terrible thing which befell me. It is that this happening had in it the strange, dark, iron-hard crystals of a never-forgetability. These two men shine out from the ever so many that were to die and had died before and after that night's combat, in a way unique and uncanny. I know there was much of me that went with them, and that there is also much of them that remains with me still. They are somehow strangely and irrevocably joined for all time to come.

Yours in peace;  
Roger Bannon



# Non-Cooperators Confront Draft

By RICHARD W. SCHWEID

The Eastern Conference on Non-cooperation with Conscription, held in New York City under the auspices of several peace groups, including the Catholic Worker, during the last week in October, has defined for its participants and for the public the concept of non-cooperation.

Non-cooperation means exactly what it says. It is the refusal of any individual to participate in the Selective Service System. Non-cooperators feel that they are unable to accept a draft card because they disagree with the right of the government to demand that a certain amount of an individual's life must be given to the government in any form.

Non-cooperation is illegal. The men who choose to non-cooperate face prison sentences which range from three to eight years in a Federal prison. Most of them will be leaving behind wives and children. Whether or not one agrees with non-cooperation, when confronted with the men who are making this choice it is quite evident that they are among the most highly principled men in this society.

David Reed was among those who told their stories Friday night. He told the conference that during his freshman year at Harvard he felt "more and more uncomfortable," using a II-S to keep him from being drafted. He felt that he could not apply for a I-O because it "would be acknowledging their right to decide whether they could draft other people who do not have special religious training or beliefs, or who might not be able to express them as well."

During the summer following his freshman year he did a lot of reading on Vietnam and the rise of Hitler in Germany. He began to feel that the American people were behaving very similarly to the Germans under Hitler, and felt more and more uneasy about his II-S, but he was counseled by everyone he consulted that he would be unwise not to keep it.

When the draft exam and prohibitions against calling for non-cooperation went into effect he felt that it was time he did something but he did not want to go to jail. At the end of his first semester as a sophomore, in the fall of '65, he left for Sweden, where he planned to take up residence.

After only 10 days in Europe, Reed realized from talking to Eu-

ropeans that people in Europe were powerless to influence this country's policy in Vietnam and were relying upon the American citizenry to persuade the government to end the war. He returned to this country and destroyed his draft card, notifying his board.

They responded by sending him a I-A classification, which he burned on the courthouse steps in South Boston. Reed faced trial for refusing to report for induction. He commented, "I'll probably be in jail in two or three weeks, but luckily I was able to get here tonight."

Another speaker was Jim Wilson, who works for the Catholic Worker. He began his speech by dedicating the conference to "the 19 or 20 men who are in jail right now."

He continued, "My non-cooperation thinking was reached in a Catholic college. It is based on Christianity and the teachings of the Church. I destroyed my card in February '65, while I was still in school and told the draft board I was no longer cooperating with them and could not carry a card."

He was indicted on Dec. 21 and pleaded guilty. He was given two years probation and two years suspended sentence.

He added that since he began talking to his parole officers his ideas about prisons have changed radically. "We can no longer talk to people on moral terms. Morality since the Vietnam war has diminished greatly. We become more concerned about 12 firemen dying in New York than women and children in Vietnam. We are undergoing a great dehumanization process. I cannot talk to them any longer on moral terms. It's a legality and that's their position," he said.

Wilson was married in June and his wife is expecting a baby in a few months.

Brad Lytle, chairman of the New England Committee for Non-Violent Action (C.N.V.A.), spoke Saturday morning. He stated, "I believe we have to respect anyone who takes a position which doesn't involve him in the military machine."

"Non-cooperators do certain things. The first is that they silhouette reality; number two is that they show the importance of peace and the evil of war by saying that the question of war is so important that they are willing to go to jail and jeopardize or give

up their careers," Lytle said, adding that perhaps the most important thing was that they challenged other people.

David McReynolds, field secretary for the War Resisters League, clarified this point later Saturday morning, when he said, "To be drafted is to make a choice. Those who know the men who go to prison may feel that they are crackpots, but nonetheless they are confronted with the shift from the level of debate to the level of action."

Questioned about the effectiveness of political action as an alternative to non-cooperation Lytle replied, "I feel in my guts that political action with the electorate is a waste of time. I am astonished at the intelligent people who give their time and millions of dollars to such activities. It very rarely has any good effects at all. There have always been wars and injustice and there still are. You must maximize the effect of your personal witness."

The question of "personal witness" was one which arose many times at the conference. Those who had chosen to non-cooperate made it clear that since they did not feel they could not leave their country, nor could they in good faith cooperate with the Selective Service to any degree, they were left with the choice of making a personal witness for the sake of their principles.

David Miller is waiting to hear whether the Supreme Court will review his case. He has been found guilty by lower courts for burning his draft card and for refusing to report for induction. He bases his case on "legal, not moral grounds." He believes that the burning of a draft card is symbolic of free speech and that Congress does not have the right to pass laws which conscript men to fight and is violating legislative due process by doing so.

The excruciating moral decisions which the non-cooperator must make do not end when he decides to non-cooperate. Entire sessions of the conference were devoted to behavior in court and in jail. It was pointed out that since the courts are enforcing an unjust law, many felt that they could not cooperate with them, and should be carried into court, refuse to address the court or the judge, and be carried out again.

Wally Nelson, who went to jail in the forties for being a conscientious objector, explained that he could not call a judge "your honor" simply because he did not feel him to be an honorable man.

Listening to the men who spoke during the conference a number of things became obvious. These men are an altogether separate breed from the students who wear peace buttons and march on picket lines.

None of these men wish to become typed as rebels. They are not acting for the television cameras, nor do they want to become martyrs. Many are deeply religious. They are humble men, and as McReynolds pointed out, "There is no room here for the arrogant saint."

In every movement from labor unions to civil rights there have been men who were absolutely unable to compromise their principles, and who were willing to suffer and suffer greatly for them. They are men like Eugene Debs, A. J. Muste, Mahatma Gandhi, and Martin Luther King. The men who were at this conference are the vanguard of their movement and as such demand our attention.

Ed. note: Richard W. Schweid is assistant city editor of the Boston University News, where this article first appeared. It should perhaps be pointed out of two of the speakers quoted, Mr. Lytle and Mr. McReynolds, that although they took part in the conference and paid warm tribute to the young men who are non-cooperating, they have reservations about an attitude of total non-cooperation, which they expressed during their talks.

# Tax Refusal—Karl Meyer

(Continued from page 1)

and Means Committee reporting this bill."

The Chicago Workshop in Non-violence, Peacemakers, the Committee for Nonviolent Action, The War Resisters League, and other groups supporting the campaign have already collected several hundred names of people who are refusing the tax, but not yet in the numbers for which I had hoped. It is not that any danger is involved in the act. In no case has telephone service been terminated, because, under the regulations, the ultimate responsibility for collecting the tax lies with the I.R.S., not with the telephone companies, which are only required to bill for it. And the I.R.S. so far has done practically nothing to collect from any of the phone-tax refusers. This is understandable when you realize that the amounts of money are so very small, that it took I.R.S. six years to get around to trying to collect over a thousand dollars from a publicly acknowledged income-tax refuser like myself, and that they have never succeeded in collecting from Ammon Hennacy or numerous other tax refusers.

For the individual, the telephone tax by itself seems an insignificant amount of money, though the Johnson administration is counting on it, together with a 1% automobile excise tax increase, to raise \$1.2 billion in fiscal 1967, which would pay for about twenty days of killing in Vietnam at current rates of spending. For the individual, telephone-tax refusal is a small step, but for many it is a significant step, because for the first time they are acknowledging in action that if they had the free choice they would refuse to contribute to the activities of the Federal Government, because its military activities outweigh its positive tax-supported programs. And if they admit that they are involuntary participants in such a great evil, they must face the issue of struggling in the society for the freedom to do what they believe is right, even by going outside of the law. But in going outside of the law they are taking back for themselves a basic responsibility for the order of society, which they had hitherto reposed in the state and the law. They are facing the issue of ultimate personal responsibility for society and the needs of others, as we have faced it in the houses of hospitality and the Catholic Worker movement.

These are some of the implications of civil disobedience, of recognizing that the majority of citizens, organized in the state, have failed man so badly, that we must struggle to build a whole new way of life that will be able to be human. I remember how often Ammon Hennacy has spoken of the people who were "pacifists between wars, which he says is like being 'vegetarians between meals,' and now it is possible to speak of those who oppose the

war but pay their phone tax as "pacifists between telephone calls," because with each ten-cent telephone call another penny joins the stream of Federal revenue that flows inexorably to Vietnam. It is true, friends, that with a first small step like phone-tax refusal, we are trying to coax people down the primrose path to the one-man revolution. The future will be different only if we change our lives. The act is small, but the meaning is large: this war is not our war, and we are willing to struggle to be on the side of life.

## A Farm With A View

(Continued from page 2)

Australian childhood, his work in the missions in New Guinea, and finally his study in Rome where he met Father David Kirk. One evening during Father Lyle's visit Helene Iswolsky played for us some of her Russian records, including a recording of Tolstoy's voice, and a taping of a Mass made in a Russian Orthodox cathedral in Soviet Russia.

Finally, on the evening of Epiphany we celebrated Arthur J. Lacey's birthday with a many-candled cake, much ice cream, and a new roster of guests: Catherine and David Miller, with their little daughter, Juanita Clare; Dan Shay and his new bride from Detroit, Louis Draghi, Michel Kovalak, and Mary Roberts. It was both a surprise and a delight to see Mary, for this was her first visit since we had moved from Peter Maurin Farm.

With so many comings and goings—there have been more visitors than I could possibly mention—there has inevitably been more work. For all the work of kitchen, house, maintenance, office, mail, chapel, we thank: Hans Tunnesen, John Filliger, Marge Hughes, Bob Stuart, Placid Decker, Alice Lawrence, Kay Lynch, Fred Lindsey, Luigi, Arthur Lacey, Marty and Rita Corbin, Mike Sullivan, Stanley Vishnewski, Jim Canavan, John McKeon. For the special job of painting our dining room, we thank Alba Ryan and her helper, the visitor from Salt Lake City and our fellow-communitarian Reginald Highhill.

We also want to thank all who sent gifts, greetings, and donations to our community or to any of our family. May God bless and reward you all. May He help us all to make this New Year a more peaceful time, and the world a more peaceful place.

After the snowstorm, the birds gathered at my window feeding-box, twittering gratefully for every crumb I had put out for them. May we learn to sing with the birds: Deo gratias.

# James E. Wilson's Statement

(Continued from Page 2)

and at the end of that time tell him that his debt is paid and to go on his way.

For a year and a half I have worked at the Catholic Worker in New York City, feeding and clothing the men on the Bowery. These people are the so-called driftwood of society, but to me they are the backbone of our society, because they hold the key to our becoming a Christian nation. Just by coming to our door and asking for something to eat, they give us all a chance to redeem ourselves. My whole life is dedicated to these people—not just a year and a half, or two years, or fifteen years—but my whole life. By being baptized into the Church of Christ my entire life is dedicated to the poor, and the oppressed, and no government can tell me when to act or how to act as a Christian.

I would also like to point out that at a time like this, when the racial situation is in such an uproar that riots are taking place in our streets, and politicians from one end of the country to the other are deploring violence, people who believe in nonviolence are being put behind bars. I think this shows what kind of condition our 'great society' is really in.

I would like to make it clear that I am not a draft dodger. If I were, I would not be standing in this court today. I am a draft refuser, and no matter what the price I will continue to refuse the use of my body to this immoral institution of conscription. I have broken a law, but it is an immoral law; and I must echo St. Peter, "I must follow God's law rather than man's." I do not want to be a martyr. I want to continue the work that I am doing, but the decision is yours.

I would lay down my life for anyone in this room, but I am not a hired killer. Our society must face up to the truth. If you want anyone killed, you must do it yourself. I have committed this crime: I refuse to kill.

## TWO LEAFLETS

### HANG UP ON THE WAR

—The basic leaflet of the Telephone War Tax Refusal Campaign

### AND—SICK OF THE WAR? SAY SO.

—A leaflet composed of:

a quote from Pope Paul's encyclical of September 15, the text of the Call for Peace of eleven Vietnamese priests, reprinted from the CATHOLIC WORKER, May 1966, and the text of a January 1966 LIBERATION article on the destruction of a Catholic village in Vietnam by American bombers, plus three photographs from Vietnam.

both leaflets available from:

KARL MEYER, 1339 N. Mohawk St., Chicago, Illinois 60610

for single copies send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

for quantity orders, SPECIFY WHICH LEAFLET YOU WANT, and send \$1 for 75 copies, or \$8 for 1000 (prices changed from previous issue to compensate for cost of postage)