

# CATHOLIC WORKER

Vol. XXXV No. 8

OCTOBER-NOVEMBER, 1969

Subscription:  
25c Per Year

Price 1c

*Through Effective Tax Resistance:*

## A FUND FOR MANKIND

### David Mason 1897-1969

By DOROTHY DAY

The story of David Mason begins for us when he began reading the Catholic Worker back in 1937. Some of the Philadelphia readers had already started a House of Hospitality down near the docks. Paul Toner and Dick Ahearn were the two I remember best who started the house, and it was larger than our own accommodations in New York—so commodious in fact that during some of the local strikes of waterfront workers or seamen they used our facilities for meetings or for food and lodging. I cannot remember who painted the murals on the walls—perhaps it was Ade Bethune or perhaps it was one of the men in the house. She was always generous in her praise of self-expression, and many of our houses were colorful with these wall paintings.

Dave was working as a proof reader for one of the Philadelphia newspapers at the time, a member of the union, and getting a good salary which he brought to the house. He worked nights and slept but little, and it seemed to us he was working days, too.

When the workers in Philadelphia clamored for a farm (the yearning for the land began in the spring), Dave underwrote the cost of renting a fine farm in Oxford, New Jersey and helped stock it with sheep and cows and chickens. Dick Ahearn was mad about the land and the farm was run tidily and efficiently by him. I was afraid of the ram which ruled the meadow where the sheep grazed, and through which I had to pass when I stayed overnight in the little guest cottage down by the brook. Good as Dave was he did not have the grace of bi-location, but it certainly seemed to all of us that he was everywhere at once.

#### Then the War

When the second world war began and we were involved, Dick Ahearn went into service (was drafted), the men were scattered, the house and farm were closed down. David Mason came to us in New York and those who remained went out to western Pennsylvania to work on a farm, the use of which had been given to the group by St. John's Abbey, in Minnesota.

We were a thinned-out crowd in New York, too, during those war years. Dave Mason, Arthur Sheehan, Fr. Clarence Duffy held the fort for a while, and then it got to the point where it was only Smokey Joe and Dave Mason and I. (That is the way Joe tells the story.) David did everything, attended to the mail, the shopping, distributed clothing, cooked the meals, not to speak of getting out the paper. He was a careful and fastidious man about the use of type and loved to make up the paper and proofread it, and he wrote many a story those years. He found time to spend his spare hours on an invention he had long worked on—a Chinese typewriter.

I travelled a great deal, as usual, from one end of the United States to the other, visiting the relocation camps where the Japanese were detained (I was kept on the outside of the barbed wire fences of course), and writing of machine gun nests in the gardens of

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Rita Corbin

## ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

*Visits to Chicago and Milwaukee.*

We went to press Thursday September 18th and the next night I took the Penn-Central train to Chicago, coach fare, plus a tiny closet sleeper in which it was all but impossible to undress or dress. The air conditioning failed and it was so hot that the wall along the side was like an oven. Besides having claustrophobia, the car rocked and swayed so that I felt seasick all the way. It was two hours late getting into Chicago and everyone said it was the worst trip they had ever had. So I returned to N.Y. on a nice comfortable bus, where one could stretch one's legs, lean back in the reclining seat and rest. It was a bright moonlit night and it was a joy to see the countryside, the farmlands, the little towns of Indiana and Ohio, as we passed them on the Turnpike. It was light when we bypassed Pittsburgh and all morning there was the delightful mountain scenery of Pennsylvania.

#### Happenings in Chicago

It was great to see Phil and Cathy Bredine and Brother Paul of the Taizé family waiting for me to drive me out to Evanston where I was going to stay a few nights with Nina Polcyn, head of the St. Benet Book Shop, and formerly of Milwaukee Catholic Worker. As a matter of fact, she and David Host of Marquette both visited us one summer years ago and between the two of them, a group got together when they returned and started a house which went on for ten years. When the group scattered they landed on farms in Aitkin, Minn., and Rhineland, Mo. and to c.o. camps and armies during the second world war, and later in the professions all over the country.

Now the Casa Maria is burgeoning

with Michael Cullen the head of the work, with a fullfledged paper, The Catholic Radical, published every month which shows the Corita touch, not to speak of the inspiration of Fr. Dan Berrigan.

But to begin with my visit to Chicago, we took the shore drive from the loop to Evanston and people were still swimming and sunning themselves on the beaches. It was Saturday. We went through Lincoln Park where my sister and I used to play as children, and later even drove past the house on Webster Avenue where we used to live while I attended high school. When I think of our New York waterfronts I am inclined to find the Chicago waterfront one of the most beautiful in the world.

Nina and several others live on the second floor of a garage and old carriage house and her windows look out over a sea of trees. When the trees are bare, you can see the lake, and twice during the coming week Nina and I sat by the lake and once we ate our lunch there.

Sunday . . . the Shell chapel at Northwestern University, a few blocks away was a good place to remember this Bishop who just died, and who started innumerable projects in Chicago, from the Golden Gloves with their huge gymnasium, the Shell School for the Study of Social Problems, a psychiatric clinic for disturbed children, and many another good work. There was a splendid musical accompaniment to the Mass that morning, guitars and drums and some of the Missa Luba was sung, a glorious shout of triumph. A young priest, Fr. Mueller preached a good sermon es-

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By KARL MEYER

Let us speak of a clearcut solution to two prevailing ethical concerns which are shared by many stable, wage-earning citizens who are in the peace movement today. On the one hand, we see a perverse system of national priorities which devotes most of our federal tax contributions to militaristic purposes which we abhor. We want our money to be used positively to fulfill social needs. On the other hand, we see young men of draft age resisting war and conscription concretely by refusing to participate, and suffering the consequences: imprisonment or exile. We wish to support them and to align ourselves with them in a real way.

Let me affirm that it would be very practicable for us to get together in our own resistance movement to prevent the conscription of our money by the military and to create a Fund for Mankind to support the things we believe in and provide mutual aid in the difficulties that might come as a consequence of our resistance.

The Vietnam War may draw towards a conclusion in the months to come, yet we have already been warned by spokesmen of the government, if not by the history of the last twenty-five years, not to expect huge amounts of money to be freed for the solution of domestic problems. There are plenty of military boondoggles waiting in the wings, promising that military expenditures will command the stage for many years to come. We should either seize our destiny in our own hands or stop crying about our involuntary complicity in the militarization of society.

I promise to show how we can stop paying for militarism and instead pay into an alternative fund and use it according to our own moral and political judgments.

At the outset, we must directly contradict the widespread notion that refusal to pay federal income tax is merely a form of personal witness and a purification of conscience, which because of inherent obstacles cannot emerge as a general action of resistance to the Vietnam War, militarism, and imperialism. Instead, let us affirm that tax resistance can be the most promising basis for a movement of constructive social action, as well as resistance to the evils of war and the wastefulness of the arms race.

Right away we come to the heart of the issue, because people say, "Our taxes are withheld at the source and paid by our employers without our consent." This is the fallacy which must be resolutely laid to rest. Your consent is given whenever you fill out and sign a new W-4 Employees Withholding Exemption Certificate. The proper use of this form and of the early income-tax return are the keys to effective tactics of widespread tax resistance.

Let me therefore outline these tactics  
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Vol. XXXV No. 8

October-November, 1969

## CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly (Bi-monthly March-April, July-August, October-November)

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New subscriptions and change of address:

36 East First St., New York, N. Y. 10003

Telephone 254-1640

Editorial communications to: Box 33, Tivoli, N. Y. 12583

Subscription United States, 25c Yearly. Canada and Foreign 30c Yearly. Subscription rate of one cent per copy plus postage applies to bundles of one hundred or more copies each month for one year to be directed to one address.

Reentered as second class matter August 10, 1939, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., Under the Act of March 3, 1879



## FALL APPEAL

Dear Fellow Workers in Christ:

When we look around at our crowded households in city and country, on First Street and at Tivoli, and wonder how we keep going, we end by making an act of faith. Our Father is a millionaire, one of our group said once. He is a foolish Father, as Jesus our brother depicted Him, who is always willing to take us back when we go wandering, and rejoices at our return. It is never a question of our just deserts. Deserving or undeserving poor that we are, He listens to us, and help comes from His hand, and through our readers' generosity. "Ask and you will receive."

We are not mailing out an appeal this month for two reasons. One is the mailing costs have increased and it costs so much to do this mailing, even though our letters go at bulk rate. Second, because we have enough to keep us going another few months.

It is a startling fact that whenever we have a crisis, like a need to raise money to repair the old Chrystie St. house which was taken away from us afterwards by the City, or to make our present building conform to the standards set by our affluent society's building code, the help has come, what we needed and no more. Right now, we are not down to rock bottom, and have enough to pay our bills this month and next, money comes in by trickles. When I open my mail, and Walter opens the Catholic Worker mail each morning and there are a few one dollar bills and we look around and see our Bowery and Eastside neighbors trickling in and filling up the place until the walls bulge, we panic and think, "Is there enough to go around?" "Is there enough to keep up with those bills?" And there always is. Ed, who writes out the checks to creditors, most methodically each Saturday, and always with most cheerful mien, said today—Maybe perhaps, after all, do you mind writing an appeal to be printed in this issue? So I am doing it. And I am thanking you for your answers too, beforehand. Just to make by that thank-you an act of Faith in God our Father and you our brother.

In a way, it is a loan and it will most surely be returned to you "heaped up, pressed down, and running over." This is a promise.

Gratefully; and with love,  
Dorothy Day

P.S.—"Give and there will be gifts for you; a full measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over, will be poured into your lap; because the amount you measure out is the amount you will be given back." Jesus' word—from The Jerusalem Bible.

To Librarians  
And Cataloguers

We regret that as a result of several recent errors, the numerical sequence of volumes of the *Catholic Worker* is in some disorder. In an attempt to make some coherence of the chaos, the editors have taken steps to correct the mistakes. Please note the errors and their resolution.

Volume of CW as printed:

December, 1968—XXXIV No. 10  
January, 1969—XXXIV No. 11  
February, 1969—XXXIV No. 12  
March-April, 1969—XXXV No. 13  
May, 1969—XXXV No. 1  
June, 1969—XXXV No. 2  
July-August, 1969—XXXV No. 3  
September, 1969—XXXV No. 7

Volume of CW as it should be (corrected):

December, 1968—XXXIV No. 10  
January, 1969—XXXV No. 1  
February, 1969—XXXV No. 2

March-April, 1969—XXXV No. 3

May, 1969—XXXV No. 4

June, 1969—XXXV No. 5

July-August, 1969—XXXV No. 6

September, 1969—XXXV No. 7

Vocations For  
Social Change

CW readers interested in altering the social, political and economic institutions of their society, but unable to decide how this might be accomplished, will be interested in the bi-monthly newsletter *Vocations for Social Change*. The newsletter offers a number of opportunities for positive personal involvement. For those seriously interested, a copy of VSC may be obtained by writing *Vocations for Social Change, Inc.*, Canyon, California 94516.

## 36 East First

By PAT JORDAN

The delightful days of Indian summer are upon us. They mark the end of another season and the inevitable fall to winter.

September was discordant climatically. Its cords were rain, smog, mugginess and muggings. Only the winds of a nearby hurricane could remove the gray, onion-smelling atmosphere that set on Manhattan. But even with these pleasing breezes the Bowery remained a hard place to fall. Not a few of our friends were mugged by bands of check takers. Larry Burch has come to accept muggings the way most people do death and taxes. Bill Harder took a September shiner. And I'm reminded of a Patchen poem: "Boxers Hit Harder When Women Are Around." Here, rogues are toughest at the first of the month.

What September lacked in briskness and vivacity, October has held in abundance. These are the days when Avenues are streaked with autumn leaves and warm New York coats of red. These are the days when everyone, except our Bowery friends, seems to be on his way to something new. These are the mornings we call the good mornings, and the afternoons sport Met triumphs. (To assure a series victory, the rather Irish Gordon McCarthy refused to shave for several days. Unbelievable? No, but only the Mets could bring Gordon to the borders of hippydom.)

As summer turns to winter and the long nights, summer wear in our house deploys to winter warmthings. Scotty, barbered and shaved, rolls a delightful burr beneath his woolly Russian cap, a delighted troikaater. Smokey Joe comes to grips under a long blue Navy topcoat, an uneven Napoleon drawn in Polish characters. And Br. Paul conducts the management of the clothing room, the motto of which we hope lives up to the advertisement "Clothes for the Body and the Mind."

We've had our illnesses, too, but, by goodness, things are better. Mary Galagan has fully recovered from a meeting with walking pneumonia, and Larry Severson has met the same attack with a similar but more modest retaliation. Polish Walter has been bone bruised from fore to aft. His arm, still sprained and beslung, makes him our only noticeable candidate for football player of the week. Charlie Keefe has re-



couped somewhat from a back injury suffered in a wild bus ride.

Perhaps the best news is the positive strides toward recovery by Mike Herniak. He is convalescing in a Brooklyn rest home after a long stay in Bellevue for internal ailments. The old wit and incisiveness are still there, along with an impatience for overdone helpfulness and boastful kindness. Mike continues to battle those who would make life unfit for living men. To all of these Arthur Lacey has been the envoy of company.

I used to hear old Franciscans say the key to community is a good kitchen. Here, the kitchen (in a more limited sense) is the only total community room. As such it is both the sight of vociferous battles and peaceful love feasts, the quarterhouse where conflict and communion mingle over and with the crossroads of people. It is still the daily soupline which reminds us that any man has a claim to our life and time. Chowder-and-bean Ed Brown, navy-bean John McMullen—these have been chief soupline impresarios in recent months. Timely relief has come from Sal Rossell and the Temples, Pat May and myself. Meanwhile, supplements to the soup diet have come from the Volunteers of America (delicious cake) and Tivoli Farm (red apples). One mild morning Second Avenue was strung with men enjoying ripe apples. There were bright smiles for husky apples.

As for the workers themselves, most have managed a new taste for yogurt, a commodity now being given to us. The nourishment is felt. At the table, Italian Mike inevitably sings "Liver stay away from my door" should that staple come to supper, and occasionally a look from one guest to another may indicate: "I may be wrong, but I think the margarine is lard again." But thanks to the fine cooking of Kathy Massimo (D.D.—"Those are the best meatballs we've had around here in years. Usually they're too big or too hard."), Ed "Chinese cabbage" Forand, Barbara Hawkins, several friendly Sisters from Brooklyn, Tony Biczewski, et al, no one has left the table empty or unchallenged.

Kitchen news is incomplete without mention of our September 9th fire, a blaze that left us with one range debilitated and extinguisher contents shrouding the northwestern corner of the kitchen. Our spice selection will never be the same. But our herbs do not remain all bitter. Earl Ovitt (the man who sends newcomers looking for his left-handed wrench, the man who has otherwise done all things well) quickly installed a replacement stove for the burnt-out one, and with the help of Frank Donovan the kitchen has been cleaned and re-(?)ordered.

As community room, the first floor of St. Joseph's House continues to host Mille's Thursday night AA gathering and Friday's CW meeting. (In recent weeks Mark Silverman, the smiling rebel, has spoken on the Grape Boycott, Archbishop Roberts on the place of Gandhi, Jerry Wingate on GI coffee houses and the GI underground press, Bob Murphy and Ed Turner on the vocation of teaching.) Two new additions to evening activities at the CW are a Catholic Pentecostal-type prayer meeting held some Tuesday evenings, and the spontaneous card games of the veterans when the quiet of the room and the late evening permit. It might be noted John Geis has thrown all caution to the wind by disregarding St. Francis de Sales' prescriptions against card playing. He avidly applies his "strategy" and logic to the game of rummy.

Up on the second and third floors there are works of a different sort. On the second floor a banner reading "Love Is" dips down and is lost in piles of 60,000 folded CW's. In the office is the reincarnated and only Walter Kerell, practitioner of Edgar Cayce. Also working is Bob Gilliam, now minus mustache and a bit younger, writing his recollected prison impressions, and making us disagree with Flannery O'Connor that a good man is hard to find. Up on the third floor Sr. Donald is busily at her books. Her example of willful and concentrated study is an actual and provocative grace for the entire household.

Finally, there are the comings and the goings. Mike and Nicole Ketchum have left NYC for Maefsky's farm in Minnesota. We and the neighborhood miss them. But Joan Levy is back to lighten our brows, as are Dale Alley, Kathleen De Sutter, and Janelle Hongess. Greta Siwell of Canada paid us a delightful visit in September, and a host of new volunteers (Harry Woods, Connie Parks, Teddi Gilliam, Ed Bedford, and Mike Scabill) have arrived to share the work load. There will be many bugs in the CW rug this winter. Pat May drops by every other day or so to keep us informed of the Irish Revolution and Smokey Joe in pennies. Mona McCormick graces the Saturday workbench in both press department and soup kitchen.

As we prepare to go to press, the nation is emerging from the Moratorium Day proceedings of October 15. We were sobered once again to the moral mortality of war in Vietnam. We recall our friends in prison and elsewhere. And we look at the Moratorium crowds with the comfort of Hannah Arendt's conviction that political questions are far too serious to be left to politicians. As we head toward another winter we ask your prayers and the grace of joy in our work. Our plea is Bertolt Brecht's: "In the earthquake that will come I hope I won't let my cigar go out in bitterness."



## In New York Meeting

# Chavez, Dolci See Power In Land

By JOSEPH GERACI

One of the most extraordinary meetings in the history of the non-violent movement occurred October 7 in New York City, that between Cesar Chavez and Danilo Dolci. The meeting was arranged through the good graces of Mrs. Coley, an attractive young woman who was handling the arrangements for Dolci's visit, Mark Silverman (head of the grape boycott in New York State), and Miss Anne Israel, a supporter of the boycott in whose apartment Chavez was staying while in the city.

What was extraordinary was that two people of such strength of character and mind, each representing such a radical life style were to come together for an interchange of ideas, ideas that were behind their lives and work and therefore in the background of the on-going non-violent movement today. What was to emerge from the meeting was a glimpse of not only where the movement was but in what direction it might conceivably go in the near future.

The meeting was to begin at 6:30 p.m., but as Dolci was coming to the

Dolci was on a fund-raising tour and was to be in New York only three days. As always, he was gracious and direct, remembering our previous meeting with him in March of this year, and Dorothy's visit with him in Sicily in December, 1967. His quiet confidence and presence of mind are remarkable. He seems to be taking in everything new in the room at once, yet he does not at any time give you the impression that he is either overlooking anything or regarding it superficially. Mrs. Coley mentioned in passing that the New Yorker had regrettably turned down a profile of Dolci.

Dolci has been constantly taken up with the problem of analysis. He has made of his method an intellectual approach to non-violence that is highly articulate and specific in its realization of the step-by-step course reform must take to be truly revolutionary. He has written in the British magazine *Help* (#2, 1968):

We must understand problems from within to gain the necessary impetus. We must acquire by careful self-analysis an exact knowledge of the problems, their causes, the particular and structural impediments to progress. We must publish our findings, make the situations fully known to all and seek to be meticulously accurate in the analysis of particular situations without losing sight of the full picture.

This approach was immediately apparent from the moment he began to speak at the meeting. The question was asked whether or not he thought the (Sicilian) population was violent or non-violent. He answered by saying that it was non-violent but manipulated by the Mafia. But not stopping there he showed the thoroughness of his thinking on the subject by launching into a full analysis of the Sicilian peasant. He returned again and again to this topic (the structure of the peasantry) throughout the evening both in answering questions about his own situation and in asking questions

of Chavez about the situation of the migrant workers in California. He said that the Sicilian peasants showed at times, "rage out of anger" but that for the most part their major characteristic was inertia. Passive people, he went on, when presented with real possibilities of change begin to hope, and it is the task of the reformer to present these possibilities in a viable way.

He returned to the initial question. Really, the peasants at the beginning don't discuss the question of violence or non-violence but rather what would work, and of this they have an unerring critical sense. They are in this regard pragmatists with their own strong instincts about what will or will not work for them. It is essential to understand and analyze this instinct, to take it upon oneself in order that the reform movement be assured at all times of growing out of the instincts of the people and so avoid at any point being alienated or detached from the population the movement is trying to reform. This becomes one of the clearest methods of avoiding either conscious or unconscious coercion of the population you are working with to effect revolutionary change, and in this way a leader is only someone who (as he wrote in the Introduction to his book *Waste*) makes obvious to others things that are obvious to him.

The task of the leader is one of conscious will, to know what is going on and to return that knowledge to the people. Dolci insisted that he was not a leader, that his movement had, as he emphasized again and again grown out of the instincts of the people.

In this matter of the relation of the local population, the natives, to the reformers, it was necessary to understand that it was a process of weaning individuals from a structure of authority they had inherited and been conditioned by. There were four possible

situations that could arise among the people in terms of who was to work for reform:

1. There were a few people who worked daily to bring about change.
2. There were a few who really dug their heels in against change.
3. There was the great mass who were waiting to see who won.
4. There were, on the rare occasion, the masses who would work together for real change. (He might have given the Columbia University strike as an example of this last.)

Dolci interrupted himself to ask Chavez how he thought the situation of the farm workers compared to that of the Sicilian. Chavez answered immediately that the main difference was that the grape strikers were a minority group living within a majority. This meant that as soon as change became the issue the reformers could be considered outsiders by the general population (a form of ostracism) and being such could be ignored. Thus the question of non-violent reform meant that one reformed isolated groups which then in turn placed a minority pressure on the general populace.

Dolci's great problem was that the Sicilian population was so scattered, that is, isolated as individuals or family groups in traditional groupings, that they had little intercommunication with others. For Chavez it was that in the American situation the main population formed a more or less conservative whole that was un-

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meeting directly from Kennedy Airport there was the inevitable delay. Chavez had arrived the same day with several co-workers, New York being only one of his stops on a national tour that would not bring him back to Delano until November. He walks now with a slight limp, the result of a bone disease contracted after last year's fast. One feels about Chavez immediately his balance of gentleness and strength, and one wonders how this could be unless it is through suffering love. He spoke a little of his tour, the rally in Washington he had just been to, and the general high spirits and determination of the boycotters wherever he went. In talking to some of the other boycotters there that evening one had the same impression. Mr. Ortiz, an organizer from Sacramento who will be helping Mark Silverman in New York, said that it was slow work but that everyone was going ahead hopefully, which about summarized it. We were also introduced to Peter Matthiessen, the author of a two-part profile of Chavez that had appeared in the *New Yorker* magazine (June 21 and 28, 1969), excerpts from a full-length study of Chavez to be called "Sal Si Puedes" and to be published by Random House in late December or early January.

Mr. Matthiessen's excellent article concluded with a quote from a speech Chavez was to give Thanksgiving Day, 1968 (it was read for him as he was too sick to read it himself) and the quote seemed appropriate to the tone of this meeting.

It is how we use our lives that determines what kind of men we are. It is my deepest belief that only by giving our lives do we find life. I am convinced that the truest act of courage, the strongest act of manliness, is to sacrifice ourselves for others in a totally non-violent struggle for justice. To be a man is to suffer for others. God help us be men.

Dolci arrived at about 7:00 p.m. with Mrs. Coley and Frances Keene, his translator, and after warm greetings and introductions we went into one of the bedrooms for our talk. (Present for the discussion were Dolci; Mrs. Coley; Mrs. Keene; Chavez; Peter Matthiessen; Miss Israel; Bob Fitch, a photographer; Dorothy Day and myself.)

## Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

It is the third Sunday of October. The air is fall-chilled; the sky gray. In the woods bright colored leaves drift down, making a pattern of gold and scarlet and tawny-dapple over the somber hues of past years' leafy covering. Yet how many trees seem recalcitrant of green, and stubbornly say no to gold, to breeze, though the voice of the cricket is small and muffled in dying leaves. Squirrels scamper and scold, looking for nuts to store. But listen, the juncos have come and speak in wintry runes: "Green must go, must go. We have come for winter sports, and must have snow. Must have snow."

This morning, the twenty-first Sunday after Pentecost, Father Philip Weller spoke to us of the "last things," of Christ, the Eschaton. Meditating then on death, on that end which must come to us all, even to our Earth, our very Sun, I thought again of the dying leaves, remembering Shelley's "ghosts from an enchanter fleeing, yellow and black and pale and hectic red, pestilence stricken multitudes." Now hope tinged my memory, and I recalled the wonderful lines of Thoreau about fallen leaves in his essay on autumn, which a group of us—Jim McMurry, Pat Rusk, Will and Laura Waes, Emily Coleman, and I—read aloud one evening recently: "How contentedly they return to dust again, and are laid low, designed to lie and decay at the foot of a tree, and afford a nourishment to new generations of their kind, as well as to flutter on high. They teach us how to die. One wonders if the time will ever come when men, with their boasted faith in immortality, will lie down as gracefully and as ripe, with such an Indian Summer serenity, to shed their bodies as they do their hair and nails. When the leaves fall, the whole earth is a cem-

etary pleasant to walk in." Here then in nature's hieroglyphs, the bright leaves of Autumn, Thoreau saw as I also would see—a microcosmic sample of eschatological truth. The end is but the beginning. Dying, we live.

Our third Sunday afternoon discussion today was hardly eschatological, though not entirely unrelated. Professor Tom Casey, director of the American Studies Program at Marist College in Poughkeepsie, gave us a lucid and scholarly exposition of the religious attitudes of William James. He emphasized the personal, subjective, though pragmatic, approach of James, which may have grown out of his own introspective, somewhat neurotic nature, and which certainly led him to a special interest in the religious experience of the great mystics and saints. Most of us, I think, felt that we had learned quite a lot about James, and could profit from learning more by reading more of James' own great works.

The first of our Fall series of discussions was held on the third Sunday of September, when Joe Geraci gave us a splendid talk on Danilo Dolci. Many of our readers will remember some of Joe's Catholic Worker articles about Dolci and his work. Another article, based on an interview with Dolci, Cesar Chavez, and Dorothy Day, with Joe also participating, appears in this issue.

On the third Sunday afternoon of November, Professor Larry Borzumato of Ulster Community College will speak to us on contemporary literature. Marty Corbin arranges and chairs these regular monthly discussions, which are held here at the Catholic Worker Farm in Tivoli.

This has, I think, been a remarkably pleasant Fall. Both from the point

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## Ft. Dix March Confronts Army

We had come to demand the release of America's political prisoners in the stockade at Fort Dix. Their imprisonment, a weed fed by the poisonous roots of mankind's history of war and racism, had to be challenged. Some of these men are my close friends, all of them are my brothers. They are being martyred by America's fear of the free and brave. It was time for the cleansing of the temple, of the whitened sepulchre to be made clean.

The Fort Dix march did not have the aura of a picnic or an imaginary game—the sense of playfulness which has turned many radicals away in an amused disgust from non-violence. It was truly Gandhian in style, the powerless had come to meet the powerful, the human had come to confront the inhuman. The tear gas we encountered was real, the bayonets were real—most of all my brothers were really in prison. We had come for our own freedom, for we are not free as long as one of us is in jail. The march was truly a serious one, a creative and non-violent confrontation with the forces of evil.

One cannot come to a demonstration without taking his whole life with him. Those of us who came from the Catholic Worker saw clearly the Fort Dix confrontation as an expression of our day to day life. The voluntary poverty which we experience, the sense of brotherhood which we feel with the people on the Bowery, and most of all the community life which we try to create on First Street are all building blocks which made the march for us a true Christian sacrament, and not a frivolous expression of some imaginary utopia.

We had come to extend the limits of our family to all mankind, we had come, without arms, to speak with our government. We had come to speak as prophets to a land which has lost its prophetic vision, and we were treated as prophets, not understood and feared.

We are now back at the Worker, building the everyday building blocks of the Christian vision. Someday we will reach our hand out and they will grasp it.

Harry Woods



# Tivoli: a Farm With a View

(Continued from page 3)

of view of climate and scenery, the Hudson River Valley is at its best during the autumnal season. The fruits of John Filliger's garden are also at their best, and continue to form a substantial part of our diet. Thanks to Father Andy Chrusciel and to some of the young people who have stayed with us from time to time and gone out grape and apple picking, we have also enjoyed the fruits of orchard and vineyard. Local Concord grapes, thank God, are not subject to boycott. Ron and Elizabeth made some of the grapes into delicious grape jelly. Laura Waes, Pat Rusk, and Jeannette Schneider (on her first visit) made some of the apples into delectable pies.

Some of the persons who have come to help us in recent weeks have undoubtedly contributed much to a more pleasant atmosphere. Ron and Elizabeth Glessner, who met at the Catholic Worker about three years ago, fell in love, were married, and went to live in California, have now returned to us, bringing with them their seven-month-old son, Stephen. Dedicated and capable, they are doing much to bring about a smoother operation and are taking much of the burden off the shoulders of Marge Hughes, who, as always in times of crisis, does more than her share.

Helene Iswolsky is not a newcomer, but she spent four months away from

dinner, he entertained us with a most amusing bag of tricks. Father Jack English has also visited us several times and said Mass for us. Among our other guests are: Tom and Monica Cornell and their children; Ed and Johanna Turner with their son, Tommy; Mary Hughes, Mary Hennessey, weekending from college at Cobble-skil; Martha and Maggie Hennessey, on their way home from taking part in the Moratorium in New York City; Professor Michael Minihan of Bard College, with some of his Russian students; Geoffrey Ruddick, Ellie Spohr, Agra, Jeannette Schneider, and finally Anne Upshure who is an octogenarian young in heart, and suppler in body than many much younger. She was, I am told, the star of Geof's jug-band party, which was held in our Peter Maurin house to the great delight of some forty young and old participants.

Then there are those who live here, among them some who are the true stalwarts, who keep things going, in crisis and out of crisis. Where would we be without John Filliger, Hans Tunnesen, Mike Sullivan, Alice Lawrence, Placid Decker, Tom Likely, Marge Hughes? There are many more, of course, who also help and deserve our thanks.

There is, it seems, a kind of flowering of art in our midst. Rita Corbin, a truly gifted artist and art editor of the Catholic Worker, almost always has



us, so that we appreciate her contribution the more now. She has a wonderful gift for acting as hostess to our many guests, and always seems to stimulate more civilized and interesting conversation. She has also resumed teaching Russian to Marty and me.

Clarice Danielson, a dynamo of energy and good will, not only does a great deal of work, but also helps to make our lives more interesting. Walter and Miriam Jarski are renovating one of the rooms in the old mansion so that they can spend the winter with us. They are intelligent, cooperative, and helpful. One day recently, Walter went with Ron to help clear away an old house in Tivoli. It is good that men from our community can cooperate with the men of Tivoli on such necessary cleanup projects.

Dennis Cox and Lorraine Vitale are very young, very much in love, and planning to be married in a few days, and they, too, will live in our old mansion for a few months. Dennis has been holding down two jobs, but still has the energy to play the guitar on his day off or for our Sunday Masses. He and Lorraine play and sing so well together that even I, who am somewhat saturated with guitar music, enjoy hearing them.

Fred Trinkhaus, a good friend of Dennis and Lorraine, is quiet and helpful. He is a good carpenter; and he and Dennis have done a good job completing the insulation in the casino so that we may use this annex during the winter after the Day Care Center closes.

We have, as always, our departures. Father Andy has been away for the past two weeks, though we expect him back soon. He took with him, however, Paulette Curran, who will not return so soon, since she plans to spend some time living and working with a new community being formed in Michigan. She will, we hope, return to visit us.

As always, we have had more visitors than I can remember or list. Father Leo Neudecker, an old friend of the Catholic Worker from Minnesota, delighted us by coming to say Mass on the Feast of St. Francis of Assisi. Then before setting out on his travels after

some art or weaving project underway. Dorothy, Maggie, and Sallie Corbin give evidence of having inherited some of their mother's talent by the pictures they have done, which often appear in the dining room exhibit. Coretta Corbin, who celebrated her first birthday in September, has not yet reached for a paint brush (except perhaps to eat it) though she may any day. Johnny Hughes has also done some art work which has won much favorable comment. Emily Coleman paints and paints, and has completed, I am told, enough to fill a gallery of interesting and original work. Clarice Danielson has set up a table in the basement, and has already begun work on some sculpture projects.

Then there are the writers. Joe Geraci spends many hours, writing and re-writing, in his upper tower room, which is surely the ideal habitation for a writer. Helene Iswolsky continues work on her memoirs and her articles. Marty Corbin usually has some translation or scholarly research under way. Stanley Vishniewski continues work on his major opus. Whenever Dorothy Day is with us—which seems rather seldom in recent months—she is usually hard at work at her typewriter.

As for me, I am often engaged on tape-recorder projects to the point where I sometimes have trouble finding enough tape. If any of my readers have some un-needed, re-usable tape, I should be happy to have it.

Since religion is surely the very heart and center of our lives, it is good that Ron and Elizabeth have undertaken to keep clean and beautiful our little chapel, which, one priest called the poorest in the world. Ron, who learned something of Japanese flower arrangement in Japan, has made some interesting bouquets of autumn flowers and leaves. Elizabeth has designed some hangings, which add a note of beauty to the walls.

One of the more beneficial consequences of our expanded community is that we have somewhat better attendance at evening prayer. Feeling encouraged, we have added scriptural reading to Compline. At present Ron is reading aloud, too, from the Epistles of St. Paul.

I do not mean to imply that our

## Violent Revolution

Working for economic equality means abolishing the eternal conflict between capital and labor. It means the levelling down of the few rich in whose hands is concentrated the bulk of the nation's wealth on the one hand, and a levelling up of the semi-starved naked millions on the other. A non-violent system of government is clearly an impossibility so long as the wide gulf between the rich and the hungry millions persists. The contrast between the palaces of New Delhi and the miserable hovels of the poor, laboring class cannot last one day in a free India in which the poor will enjoy the same power as the richest in the land. A violent and bloody revolution is a certainty one day unless there is voluntary abdication of riches and the power that riches give and sharing them for the common good.

MOHANDAS K. GANDHI

## David Mason, 1897-1969

(Continued from page 1)

Franciscan friaries, in general embarrassing Church and State. David Mason stayed home and worked.

One day he was in the midst of cooking supper for the house of hospitality, enwrapped in a large apron when the FBI arrived on the scene to arrest him for failure to pay, attend to, or respond to the call of selective service. He was one year within the age limit at that time. Impossible though it may seem, this man of 45 was being drafted. Men who had been in mental hospitals, and men blind in one eye were being accepted into service. This is literally true and happened to men in our midst. I can name names.

He was not at all reluctant to take off his apron and accompany the two federal officers. He was confined in the West Street Federal Detention Center, and complained that the supper served him was not as good as the one he was preparing for the house.

He was not there long. He had hoped to be free for a time of all the responsibilities the Catholic Worker placed on him at that time. He forgot about his Chinese typewriter and had begun to dream about a novel he had always longed to write. But the judge, when his case was called noted his grey hairs and burly frame and scolded government officials as he discharged him.

When the war was over, and the young men from all our Eastern houses began to be discharged from C.O. camps, hospitals, prisons, as well as the service, and came to stay for a while and exchange reminiscences, David went on with his loyal and constant service to the poor. At that time the Easton farm was rebuilding from its almost dormant state, and some of the younger men began to work there. David kept on in the city for a while. When we moved to Staten Island I remember how he practically rebuilt the heating system in the old farmhouse, and started a bakery with an oven from a battleship (a surplus commodity). Bishop Shannon who was studying at Yale at the time used to come to visit on occasion and always drove a carload of bread into town for the soupline, baked in that oven that only David knew how to regulate.

Then came an opportunity which David could not resist. A group had long been trying to publish a Catholic daily and had located in Kansas City, at the invitation of the Bishop there. David was invited to join this short-term venture. Wasn't it Bob Hoyt who was associated with that too? At any rate they had a hard time keeping going, and all the staff were advised to go back to their usual occupations for a time until they could start again. David returned east to Philadelphia, to go back to his work on the Philadelphia newspaper which had released

him during the war years because of his pacifism. His work of course did not keep him from all the works of mercy he had been performing all his life. Recent issues of the Catholic Worker carried articles he wrote on a project called Loaves and Fishes which he was advocating for old people on welfare or pension, living alone in furnished rooms and scarcely able to feed themselves on what they got from the state. His plan was a series of co-operative dining rooms which could also be recreation centers.

And here is where I make my complaint of the fewness of correspondents, the fewness of writers in the Catholic Worker movement. There are writers yes, of these but not reporters who can send in news notes as to what is going on, projects started, by whom and how and what for, what friends are at present in jail, at work, marrying or birthing or dying.

I had the promise of two or three of the Philadelphia friends to send me details as to David's funeral in Philadelphia, where Bishop McSorley presided and where many of the clergy as well as the laity came to show their love and gratitude and respect. But details I have none. David's health had not been good, diabetes meant failing eyesight, and yet he found work aplenty to do, helping a lifelong friend run two rooming-houses in a residence section of Philadelphia. He was clipping the hedges in front of the house he lived in the night before he died, of a heart attack which came while



he rested from his day's work. Marge Hughes, one of our editors, represented us at the funeral. She had known him as long as I had and had worked as closely with him at the Catholic Worker, and was one of the young people who was always visiting the Philadelphia house and the Oxford farm. Janet Kinjerski and Paul Toner and Dick Ahern were all there and countless others whose life had been close to his at one time or another. It would take more than these few pages to tell the story of his life—this is just a suggestion of what Dave meant to the Catholic Worker. May he rest in peace.

community is in any sense ideal. We are a House of Hospitality on the land and represent a real mixed bag of personalities and temperaments. Considering that we also receive into our midst, every weekend, sometimes almost every day, an influx of visitors with equally diverse temperaments and personalities, it begins to seem almost miraculous that we can stay together. We do have our tensions, our conflicts, our ugly moments. Yet for most of us, the good in our community living outweighs the negative and ugly.

Tonight at supper Johann Waes, who

was born in this house a year ago today, celebrated his first birthday with ice cream for the whole community. Then after supper, at seven, Father Weller said a beautiful Mass, the Mass of St. John Cantius, and spoke to us movingly of the meaning of the great saints to us.

We move towards November, towards the great Feasts of All Saints and All Souls. May they pray for us that the beautiful deaths of autumn leaves may be for us a true memento mori, and teach us how to die. That dying, we may live.



# LETTERS

## California Resister Writes

September 16, 1969

Dear Dorothy or Walter,

I am writing to you from S.F. County Jail where I have begun to serve a three year sentence for refusing to register. Judge has made it clear if I do alternative service I can get out even if I won't register, but I'm fine, resting and relaxing, sleeping more than when I ran around draft counselling, running Resistance office, going to meetings, etc.

Out here three years is a long sentence. Only other people to get it were Dave Harris and Vince O'Conner, head of Northern California Catholic Peace Fellowship. Wish I was as dangerous as those two.

Erik Whitehorn got Youth Offenders Act, four years, but he agreed to register after two months in jail.

Non-registrants are all getting much higher sentences than those refusing induction, I guess cause we're harder to catch.

Vince should be going in, in a week or two.

There are a lot of people interested in a lot of things like the Worker out here—the Diggers, the Switchboard, the Free People's Music Co., the Family Dog, free clinics, SS lawyers panel, etc. I figure I'll do something like that when I get out, if Resistance isn't around. I know a lot of coffee shop owners and could probably get a job as rhythm guitar.

I've grown long hair and long side-



burns and stopped going to church and I'll be back and visit some time, maybe work a winter there. If you write me a letter, tell me how Tom H. is doing. I've seen Paul Muller a couple of times. Keep track of me in "Peacemaker."

Love,  
Jonathan Bell

October 7, 1969

Hello Miss Day—

I know you are busy, but I put you on my mailing list for several mercenary reasons and also hoping you'd write every couple of months.

I've been reading of the adventure of Jack Cook and I imagine I will be having similar ones some time. Once I couldn't imagine serving three years and was glad I was from the West Coast, and then I couldn't imagine spending a long time in the hole, especially after I'd spent five days in one, yet here I am with three years from a light judge and I know where my mind is leading me.

Lompoc offers more moral problems than perhaps any other prison. It is seven miles from Vandenberg Air Force Base, shares the same water supply, prints its newsletters, paints its officers' houses, prints "Justice" Department forms, builds aircraft for Lockheed, manufactures army uniforms and much more.

The choices here are to work in these industries or cook and clean for those that do. If I were ordered to work for those industries or administer the prison, I would try for a day, but I don't think I would carry on. I hope I won't have to face that at once.

There are some third alternatives and I hope to have a job from which I can further decide how I want to relate to a slave labor society. ...

Huey Newton seems to have the correct response, but I can't do that yet. I'm taking Ammon's advice and only drawing lines where I know I can make them stick and not back down. I'm talking about years.

If Walter has any artistic messages, you could pass them on, or Ammon—he wrote my parents saying prison would be good for me—or Tommy H.

I'm going to put the "Worker" on my parole plan, which they never grant, and maybe make the state pay for a trip to New York.

I get out Jan. 2, 1972, or maybe a month or two earlier. If Catholic chaplain approves, I'll ask you to send CW and copy of book "Penny A Copy" from publisher. Neither are around.

Another letter will arrive in a couple weeks.

Jonathan Bell

## Rural Reconstruction

International Independence Institute, Inc.  
Route #1, Box 197-B  
Voluntown,  
Connecticut  
06384

Dear Dorothy:

I have been derelict in not having kept you more intimately up-to-date on the many developments that have been taking place since I last reported on the Institute's activities in the November 1968 CW. In that article, I mentioned our two-week trip to Israel in the summer of 1968, upon the invitation of the Jewish National Fund. Our group included six black leaders from the South, Fay Bennett, executive secretary of the National Sharecroppers Fund, and myself. We had a wonderful reception on the part of the Fund, government officials, the Histadrut, many communal villages, and a seemingly endless flow of other persons.

The primary purpose of our trip was to learn more about methods of land tenure, cooperative settlements, resettlement techniques, and the like. What impressed us especially was the Moshav Shituv, a form of communal settlement in which the land is subdivided so that each family has its own house and a small private acreage, but where the rest of the land is held and worked cooperatively. Most of us did not feel that the kibbutz kind of settlement would be adaptable to the American circumstances. All of the settlements are located in Jewish National Fund land, which means that the land is held in trust for perpetuity and leased to those who work at it a nominal fee. The farmers relinquish their right to the land when they cease to work it and are not permitted to sublease it.

We have since drawn in other southern leaders and many other people who have worked assiduously during the past year to establish New Communities, Inc., of which I have been temporarily acting as co-ordinator. It is important to understand that New Communities is completely independent of the International Independence Institute. We are hereby fulfilling our avowed objective of not getting involved in direct operation, but rather serving as advisers and promoters of new projects.

New Communities, Inc. will function mainly as a land trust and will sponsor development of Rural New Towns in various parts of the South. It will be modeled to a large extent on the Jewish National Fund, but will seek not only donations but also investment funds. Large tracts will be bought and the basic planning carried out under the auspices of N.C.I. Local community organizations will be asked to serve as agents of New Communities in the establishments of these Rural New Towns and settlers will be sought among the dispossessed, sharecroppers, and former tenant farmers. How the land is to be divided will, at least in part, be up to the individual settlement. (A 27-page prospectus on "Planning for a Rural New Town in Southwest Georgia" is available for two dollars, postage included).

Much work still lies ahead before we

## Moratorium Brings Protest In Salt Lake

By AMMON HENNACY

The sacristan at the Cathedral tolled the bell as we 2,400 marchers passed by on the way from the university to the new Federal Building on Moratorium Day. Two years ago I led 420 marchers and rang the bell at the Cathedral and handed him a peace leaflet to give to the Bishop. Stirring speeches were made by professors and students, poetry was read by antiwar poets.

A young black man spoke of Kierkegaard and Camus and the peaceful life, asking all present to show their solidarity by holding hands, and for a two minute silent prayer for peace. The new Unitarian minister, Mike Cunningham, explained the use of the old Unitarian church in Boston as the first use of sanctuary for conscientious objectors. This church had been a refuge of escaped slaves before the Civil War. Walking downtown I was with a young Mormon girl who was a great-great-granddaughter of Brigham Young. And later with a girl from South Carolina who had gotten stranded here on the way back from California. High school students on the sidewalks gave the "V" sign and cheered us.

At the Federal Building a girl sang songs accompanied with her guitar. A young Mexican told of how his brown people had gone to war for the whites to protect the land they had stolen from the red Indians. A housewife spoke against war, and young Mormons from Brigham Young University in Provo who were fasting for the day spoke for peace. They were cheered by all. Jeff Gox, a student leader, gave a fine talk calling for immediate peace. He read a telegram from Senator Frank Moss of Utah who called for immediate withdrawal of the troops from South Viet Nam, remarking that it was a little late on the part of the Senator. The Democratic National Committeewoman of Utah had spoken at the University that morning against the war.

Rev. Howlett, Episcopal chaplain at the university spoke against the war and read some of the names of the war dead from Utah, concluding with the prayer of St. Francis for peace. At this time the audience sat down on the street in silence. This was the biggest outdoor gathering in the history of the state.

During the same time the patriots and the Birchers had a meeting at the City-County Building with only an attendance of 250. Patriots were supposed to fly the flag that day, but the only flag I saw in evidence was that at the Hotel Utah, where it is always flown.

### Dugway

In August I had gone out to Dugway with a student friend to picket and had met the new Commandant, Colonel Pegg. He was cordial, and took many pictures of us for the record. At another time Al, who helped me start my last Joe Hill House, and Professor Bauman and family and another professor drove out to Dugway to picket. Last Saturday, through the efforts of Professor Bauman forty-five of us picketed at Dugway where we were confronted with M.P.'s lined up in military array to confront us. We took their pictures. Most people passing took leaflets. I asked Colonel Pegg

see the settlement for the first Rural New Town in the South. We are convinced that most of the work will have to be done by local leaders, those who live in the area, and those who will dwell in the community. We are quite satisfied with our role as stimulators of the project and as initial co-ordinators.

In the fall of the past year, several board members of the Institute had an opportunity to meet at Brandels with Sugata Dasgupta, the associate of Jayaprakash Narayan, who led many of us to our first involvement with the philosophy and theories of I.I.I. His book Social Work and Social Change,

(Continued on page 6)

if he had made up his mind to resign yet and he said that he had not.

I told him that when he did I would shake his hand and we both would be poor men. Before we had left for Dugway three professors spoke against the chemical warfare being tested at Dugway. I also spoke, saying that a student from Toole (pronounced Toole) had said that the Birchers were whispering that the Communists had killed the sheep and had blamed it on the Army. One of the soldiers said that some old man in Toole picketed there against what was going on in Dugway. I had sent the leaflet that was printed in the July-August CW to President Nixon. He had a general answer it saying that they would not kill any more sheep.

### Tax Picketing

I picketed at the Post Office the twenty-four days in August. For the first time in all my years of picketing the teen-age girls and young women took my leaflet eagerly. Every day scores of boys came from the nearby recruiting office. Some had been deferred but most of them were headed for Viet Nam. About half of them took my leaflet. Some of their officers stopped and asked for leaflets.

One young man stopped and spoke to me for forty minutes in the sun. He had just come back from Viet Nam. He said that he had formerly been a cop and he thus knew that it was illegal to knock me down, so he couldn't do it. He also knew that I had a legal right to picket. He said that a Communist like me ought not to be allowed to oppose the war. He did not believe in killing in war or in capital punishment, and he did not think that he had actually killed anyone in his time in the Air Force in Viet Nam.

He asked what I would do if he slapped me in the face. I told him I would turn the other cheek, and I spoke of others who had done the same. He said that if 200 of his kind met 200 of my kind they would surely make mincemeat of us. I told him about Gandhi and the salt march. He replied that the British were not cruel. I told him of them shooting coolies from cannon in the 1857 Sepoy Rebellion and of the massacre at Armitas. He had graduated from the University of Utah but had never heard of such things.

He said that I was either a fool or a great man. He was a Catholic. He would not take my leaflet. I tried to talk about the Sermon on the Mount to him. He said that the U.S. Marshall had told him that I had done time for not paying taxes for war. I replied that people had done time for lying or evading the tax payment but none had done time for actually not paying taxes. I told him to contact some priest in town and ask about my being a Communist.

Just then the sacristan from the Cathedral stopped and greeted me kindly and took a leaflet. The soldier asked, "Do you know this man Hennacy?" The sacristan answered that he had known me for ten years and that I had done a lot of good in this city. The soldier shook hands and walked away with the sacristan saying that he would have to do some thinking.

The next week after my picketing the tax man called me in and asked me about my finances. I told him I was not working and he said he would turn in a report about me.

All day today I spoke to the high school students in Bountiful, a suburb of Salt Lake City. I had spoken there two years ago and my talks were taped and played to the students. I found three Catholics among the Mormon students and gave them CW's and the Milwaukee Catholic Radical. I have eight chapters of my new book proof read. Friends passing through Salt Lake City can see me at noon on Tuesdays or Thursdays at the main Post Office on South Main, and at 10 a.m. at the new Federal Building. My address is P.O. Box 2132, Salt Lake City, Utah.



# ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 1)

pecially directed to the freshmen and we all felt like freshmen in the spiritual life, all ready to make a new start.

In the afternoon Phil Bredine and his three year-old-daughter Erica called for me, and we stopped to pick up Karl Meyer and saw Jean and the two children who were accompanied by a little boy who told us he was going to celebrate a special feast the next day, Yom Kippur. Between teasing Erica he told us that momentous news several times. His name was Michael. Karl's oldest is a straight, upright little boy with a joyful face full of suppressed mirth as he watched Erica and Michael getting acquainted.

"We have a tower," Erica told me as we proceeded down town to where the Bredine's live on Armitage near Halsted. By a tower she means bay windows on the four story corner house which faced three street corners. We had a good vegetarian meal and ate up all of Kathie's home-made rye bread. There were about ten of us and we spoke of housing problems in the city, and the idea of a cooperative house of four to six apartments to begin with, and the idea of restitution, which Karl called balancing, tax refusal, the need for more prayer, and the Pentecostal movement which is so widespread today. That morning I had met members of the Pentecostals who had been among those attending a weekend, quarterly meeting of the National Catholic Laymen's Association. They were from various parts of Michigan. There is a move toward community living among these young people also, and already small communities have started. Right across the street from the Bredine's is St. Teresa's Church (locked up during the day!) and later in the week when I spent the night at the Bredine's, I awoke to the sound of the angelus bell.

Monday Rosemary Bannan came to Nina's to talk to me about Civil Disobedience, a talk which lasted four hours. She is covering the trial of the eight people who are charged with conspiracy to cross state lines to start a riot. The only two of the group I know are Dave Dellinger and Abbie Hoffman, though we heard an hour's tape of a speech of Bobbie Seale, the black defendant at one of our Friday meetings in New York.

Monday night Brother Paul of the Taizé community and I spent all evening with Carl Zietlow and an office full of people, including Frank Marfia who had been with us at the Bredine's, at a sort of planning session such as I had attended before at the War Resisters with A. J. Muste, Bayard Rustin and Ammon Hennacy and many others. These were the offices on South Dearborn of the American Friends Service Committee and the Non Violent Training Center.

We had a sandwich supper as we talked and later I talked of the work in New York, of the Catholic Worker, the problems of getting out a paper and mailing it to 80,000 people, of hospitality, study and prayer, which I think we all feel more and more in need of. We are starting a Tuesday evening prayer meeting, which at present resembles a silent Quaker meeting more than anything else, except that, in addition to spontaneous prayers of praise and thanksgiving, we are petitioning the Holy Spirit for light and a growth in love.

Again there was a beautiful drive back along Grant Park and Lincoln Park, the scene of such brutality and violence last year during the demonstrations of youth against war at the Democratic convention.

Tuesday afternoon, Brother Paul called for me and Nina to spend the evening at the Taizé house at 119 West Locust Street, just off of Clark Street. One of the reasons I came to Chicago was to visit this house and meet this group.

"In establishing at Taizé a common life at the heart of Protestantism we have no other intention than to bring together men who wish to commit themselves to follow in the footsteps of Christ, in order to be a living sign of the Church's Unity.

"Community life brings into being

a microcosm of the Church; on a small scale it gives an image of the whole reality of the Church. Thus the humble sign of community can have effects which far transcend the limitations of its members. Much more than ideas, the world of today needs images. No idea could possibly gain credit, unless supported by a visible reality; otherwise it would only be an ideology. Any sign, however weak, gains value in that it is a living reality."

These are the words of Roger Schutz,



the founder of the Taizé community, named after the village where a group of four young men started in 1940 the community in that tiny village in Burgundy. The group has grown steadily and all the members earn their living in the professions, at farming, or at any job which takes them out among men. They live a life under vows and hold all goods in common. This last summer more than 2000 students from all over Europe visited the village and camped out around the community to share in the life of prayer for a time.

It was good to enjoy the hospitality of the Taizé community though most of them were in France at the time I was visiting Chicago. I will certainly make the Taizé community my stopping off place when I am going to Chicago or through Chicago from now on. I felt perfectly at home and greatly enriched by my contact with them. Their spirit is much akin to that of the Little Brothers of Charles de Foucauld, a spirit of prayer and loving kindness, and simplicity. And certainly of holy poverty. There is a large old house on the near north side, spotlessly clean and with not only room for the community but for guests. There are additional guest rooms over a garage where they can offer hospitality for the wayfarer.

While we were meeting together that evening a number of young people from the peace groups came in and when our discussion ended we saw the candlelight procession passing on Clark Street from Lincoln Park to the court house where the trial of the Conspiracy Eight would begin the next day.

In addition to the demonstrations in relation to the trial there were constant demonstrations of both black and white workers over the discrimination against black workers in the building-trade and construction works. There are few black workers who are members of these unions and few apprentices are admitted into the unions. This is a fight which is going on all over the country, in Pittsburgh, and many other cities. Ralph Abernathy and Jesse Jackson, both of them leaders in the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, have been particularly active these last months. As successor to Martin Luther King, Abernathy has worn himself out of late, and when I heard him speak at Operation Bread Basket Saturday morning in Chicago, (Jesse Jackson's weekly prayer meeting) he said he was an empty pitcher and that he had come there to be filled, and I am sure he was.)

## Operation Breadbasket

These Saturday meetings which started four years ago while Martin Luther King was alive, which began right after his stoning in a Chicago suburb, were held in a church but week after week a larger church had to be found for attending

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# Letters

(Continued from page 5)

published by Porter Sargent, will interest you and, I am sure, many of your readers.

One of our board members, Erick Hansch, spent a month in Mexico last winter and became acquainted with a program which a California farmer named Howard Twining is developing in the state of Michoacan. Mr. Twining has spent about five years preparing his program through education of local leaders and demonstration projects and has organized several cooperative stores in a number of villages. With thirty-six hundred dollars advanced by the International Foundation for Independence, they have begun a program of supervised credit that will enable ninety farmers to double their production.

Mr. Twining wrote us in June: "Yesterday . . . I walked up a hill where we could get a view of the broad valley surrounded by volcanic peaks. It was magnificent scenery, but what interested us was small dark green squares that stood out there in a background of paler green. These were the fields fertilized with credit originating from your (I.F.I.) organization. They were watching their fields with expectancy, for their corn is at least three times as tall as their neighbors'. There is not a farmer in the valley that isn't observing their fields too."

The I.F.I. has also made two thousand dollars available to a project involving a group of small farmers in Mississippi who badly needed credit for crop loans. A further loan was made to the Northern New Mexico Support Committee to enable a group of Mexican-Americans in that area, who own their own land but have been reduced to poverty, to buy seed and fertilizers. They are being organized into a cooperative and have a good chance to pull themselves out of their stagnation within the next few years.

We have received some encouraging support from the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara, which has arranged a conference in September on the land-trust concept. Mr. Donald Devereux, who has been working closely with Gar Alperowitz is the primary author of the Community Self-Determination Act (S. 3875), which proposes the establishment of a banking system to serve local community operations, very much in line with the thinking of the Institute. Shimon Gottschalg, secretary of the Institute, and I will present papers at the conference on the land-trust idea as an approach to economic decentralization.

We hope that you and the readers of the CW will let us know of your comments, thinking and questions. We want to thank those of you who have made contributions to keep our work going, and to remind all of you that we are a tax-deductible organization.

Regards from Mary and me,  
Bob Swann  
Field Director

## First Steps

Thomas Merton House  
112 N. Warren  
Saginaw, Mich. 48607

Dear Dorothy Day:

We have heard from our good friend Fr. Andy Chrusciel that you are hoping to visit in Michigan sometime during the month of November. If this trip does develop without any hitch, we warmly invite you to spend some time with us here in Saginaw. Much is happening now. We could use some ideas and direction at this time of our first steps.

Since last February we have maintained a storefront which has served as a meeting place for active chapters of the National Welfare Rights Organization, the Brown Berets, and the Grape Boycott. We have also offered draft counselling. In late August we had a workshop in non-violent action. Mike Cullen joined us at that time. Now we are helping Mike with a farm he has just purchased in upper Wisconsin. Naturally we have regular Friday night meetings. Last Friday

we met with a young leader of the Black Community to discuss the Black Manifesto.

About a month ago we began working on the old "hotel" above the storefront. It was in such miserable shape that the landlord is letting us have it rent free for the first three months. Next weekend my wife and I will be moving in. Three of our friends are already living there. We are hoping to begin some sort of soup kitchen shortly after we move in. Paulette Curran is here now, and we are hoping that she will stay for a time to help us with this.

Just about a month ago a group of us began a rather low-keyed campaign in non-violent civil disobedience. We are calling for the resignation of all the members and clerks of all the local boards. Each Friday one of our number carries on a solitary sit-in to the point of criminal trespass at the office of the draft boards. The single satyagrahi accepts arrest and spends the night in the city jail. We hope to be able to carry on this action for several more weeks.

We are convinced, tho, that action, while essential, is not enough. It seems very important that we as Christians work from an always developing life of faith. We are coming together weekly for a period of Bible study and group prayer. We feel that too often radical action degenerates because it loses touch with its real source—the passion and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

We hope, then, that you will be able to visit with us. We would be glad to pick you up in Detroit or Lansing or Ann Arbor or wherever you may be before you come to us. Please do let us know.

Gratefully,  
Jim and Elizabeth Hanink

"Force in the hands of another exercises over the soul the same tyranny that extreme hunger does; for it possesses, and in perpetuo, the power of life and death. Its rule, moreover, is as cold and hard as the rule of inert matter. The man who knows himself weaker than another is more alone in the heart of a city than a man lost in the desert."

SIMONE WEIL

## STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

(act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code)

1. Date of filing: October 1, 1969.  
2. Title of Publication: THE CATHOLIC WORKER.

3. Frequency of issues: Monthly except double issues Mar-Apr., July-Aug. and Oct.-Nov.

4. Location of known office of publication: 36 East 1st St., N. Y., N. Y. 10003.

5. Location of the headquarters or general business office of the publishers: Same.

6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor and managing editor: Publisher: Dorothy Day; Editor: Dorothy Day; Managing editor: Martin J. Corbin; all of 36 East 1st St., N. Y., N. Y. 10003.

7. Owner: Dorothy Day, 36 East 1st St., N. Y., N. Y. 10003.

8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: None.

9. For completion by nonprofit organizations authorized to mail at special rates: Not applicable.

10. Extent and nature of circulation (First figure is average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months; parenthesized figure is actual no. of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date.): A. Total no. of copies printed: 83,000 (86,000); B. Paid circulation: 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: None (none); 2. Mail subscriptions: 76,000 (79,000); C. Total paid circulation: 76,000 (79,000); D. Free distribution (including samples) by mail, carrier or other means: 3,000 (3,000); E. Total distribution: 79,000 (82,000); F. Office use, leftover, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 4,000 (4,000). Total: 83,000 (86,000). I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.  
DOROTHY DAY,  
publisher.



# A FUND FOR MANKIND

(Continued from page 1)

ties for Everyman in nine easy steps:

1) Obtain a new W-4 form from your employer. On lines 4 and 5 claim as many extra dependents as is necessary to prevent the withholding of any tax (ten or twenty or five hundred thousand or thirty-five million if you wish). Sign the statement, "I certify that the number of withholding exemptions claimed on this certificate does not exceed the number to which I am entitled." (Entitled by whom? We cannot have a moral revolution as long as we supinely acknowledge that we are entitled to do only what can be drained by the Internal Revenue Code and Regulations. We must explicitly reject the standards and definitions specified by a blind bureaucracy and instead affirm definitions that spring from our own consciousness of human solidarity. We must affirm that our obligation to the victims of United States militarism entitles us to claim as many exemptions as may be necessary to prevent the payment of taxes in our name.) Submit the new form to your employer. He is not responsible under law for the legality or accuracy of our claim, nor is he authorized to alter your claim. He is advised, but not required by law, to report to the Internal Revenue Service if he believes that your claim exceeds the number of dependents to which you are entitled. It is only if you fill out no W-4 form that he may withhold the taxes without your consent.

2) Write a letter to the I.R.S. stating that five hundred thousand American soldiers are depending on you to bring them home, or that thirty-five million Vietnamese are depending on you to stop supporting the war, that consequently you cannot accept the narrow definitions of human interdependence specified by I.R.S. regulations, that you therefore affirm your right to claim enough exemptions to forestall the collection of war taxes, and you have recently filed a new W-4 form with your employer in accord with this affirmation. This will put you on record as an open and principled tax resister, and may provide you with some defense in case of prosecution for making a fraudulent claim, since fraud implies an element of concealment, deception, and bad faith. But in writing to them, I would advise you not to name your employer, since this would only facilitate possible attempts by the I.R.S. to harass or intimidate you or your employer.

Taking these first two steps should forestall the withholding of any tax from your wages.

3) On April 15th (fifteen and a half months after the beginning of your no-tax year) you are required by law to file an income-tax return. File and complete an honest return, but don't do it the way they want it. On line 3B of form 1040 U.S. Individual Income Tax Return, enter the same number of dependents previously claimed on your W-4 form (if thirty-five million, enter that number on line 3B). Attach a schedule stating the moral grounds of your claim: the universal interdependency of man. For line 11C, multiply the total number of exemptions claimed by six hundred dollars. Fill out the rest of the form, showing no tax owed, and send it in.

4) Wait a few more taxless months while the I.R.S. gets around to figuring out your form, disallowing your numerous exemptions, and sending you a "proposed adjustment" of your income tax liability. You have another taxless month to request a District Conference to discuss the "proposed adjustment."

5) If agreement is not reached at the District Conference, you may appeal to the Appellate Division of the Regional Commissioner's Office.

All steps up to this point can be easily taken without the aid of an attorney and without much cost or inconvenience to yourself.

6) If agreement cannot be reached with the Appellate Division, a statutory notice of deficiency will be sent to you; you will then have ninety days to appeal to the Tax Court of the United States, but if the I.R.S. believes that assessment and collection of the

tax deficiency will be jeopardized by delay, it may proceed to assess and collect the tax in the meantime, pending your appeal to the Tax Court and decision by it, and any further appeals to the United States Court of Appeals and the Supreme Court, if you choose to pursue such appeals. So a number of time-consuming bureaucratic steps must be gone through before the I.R.S. can make its final assessment of the tax due and begin the process of attempting to collect. The whole process must be repeated for each taxable



year. I do not see how the I.R.S. can reach the collection stage in less than two years from the date when you first began to frustrate the withholding of taxes.

Even if you chicken out and pay up at that point, you will have cost them more than it was worth and made them wait at least two years to get their money. But above all, you will have expressed concrete convictions clearly and registered effective short-term resistance against any particular war or Defense Department program that happens to be the primary current target of the resistance movement.

If you want to go beyond this and keep struggling, as I have done, there are further effective steps to prevent the collection of the assessments by wage attachment or seizure of assets:

7) Take your cash out of banks you have used in the past. If you have so much money that you have to be afraid of keeping it in the mattress, you should probably start thinking of what that money says about your aspirations towards human brotherhood. In the meantime, you could distribute it into several banks you have not used before and be careful not to write checks in payment of bills whose payment could easily be traced by the I.R.S. (such as telephone and utility bills). I have used an account in this way for several years, but I could do without it easily enough.

8) If you are not strongly tied to your current place of employment, you can switch jobs as soon as the I.R.S. arrives to collect from your wages by levy and take a few simple precautions to make it a little difficult for the I.R.S. to discover your new place of employment. They are so bogged down and incompetent that it doesn't take much to throw them off the trail for several years. I changed jobs in September 1967, and they haven't found out my new job yet, though they have tried through numerous visits, phone calls, notes left under the door, and other perfunctory attempts.

9) In preparation for the eventual confrontation, you can begin early to have real property which you use, such as houses and automobiles, owned and registered in the names of persons who will not be liable for payment of income taxes.

These and similar steps have worked for me and for a number of other individuals around the country for

many, many years. I have used this method of tax resistance, or variations, of it, for the last ten years. In that time, I have paid no federal income tax of any significance. I have devoted the greater part of my total income to sharing with other people through Catholic Worker Houses of Hospitality. The I.R.S. is many years and hundreds of dollars behind in its attempts to collect from me, and has indeed collected nothing from me so far, though it has prepared returns for the years 1962, 1963, and 1965, and is trying to collect over eleven hundred dollars from me.

Here is the strength of tax resistance. If you don't play by their rules, the cost of collecting will in many cases exceed the successful collections. The process of assessing and collecting taxes in the face of intelligent resistance is an immensely complicated bureaucratic operation, which frequently gets bogged down for incredible periods of time. The due process of law involved in the arrest and conviction of an induction refuser under Selective Service law is child's play when compared to the due process involved in the collection of taxes from the intelligent tax refuser.

So we have an effective tool at hand for resisting the demands of war and the arms race, if we will only seize the courage to act.

## Positive Side

Now we turn to the constructive side of this action. If we pool all of the tax money that we did not pay in locally administered funds, we can create a model for a future in which men can regain direct control of their common institutions and effectively deny their consent to governmental programs they believe to be evil.

In each community or region we can set up a common fund. Each contributor will have one vote, as in a co-operative. The members will meet from time to time to set priorities and guidelines for administering the fund and to elect a committee to administer it according to their guidelines.

Part of the fund can be held as a reserve, which can be invested in low-interest loans to socially useful projects. In case of needs these loans can be liquidated in order to compensate members of the fund, up to the amount of their contribution, for personal losses and needs resulting from successful tax collections by the I.R.S. The reserve funds can also be used to provide legal defense for members who might be prosecuted under the tax laws, and to provide aid for the families of those who might be convicted and imprisoned or suffer other needs as a result of conscientious



tax refusal. Thus through mutual aid the members of the fund will be protected from personal hardships arising from their stand, and together they can develop a most valuable sense of community and solidarity, that could immeasurably strengthen the whole peace movement.

Assuming that successful collections by the I.R.S. would always lag far behind the ongoing contributions to the fund, the greater part of receipts could be disbursed in the form of direct grants for all kinds of socially

useful organizations and projects. Assuming that the federal-income-tax contributions of most people in the movement probably far exceed their voluntary political, organizational, and charitable contributions, we could expect that the tax alternative funds could become one of the most substantial sources of money for the projects and purposes in which we most strongly believe. But beyond that we could hope that our experience in mutual aid through these cooperative funds would bear fruit in the development of ashrams and communities for closer economic and social cooperation; for it is when our constructive action and our resistance to evil become for real that we will see the need and value of mutual aid and begin to create cooperative alternatives within the competitive society in which we live.

If we ignore or neglect the great potential of tax resistance joined to constructive action, we must be deaf to history and blind to experience.

**Deaf to history.** Do we not know that tax resistance has been one of the greatest sources and strategies of revolutionary movements throughout history? Has not history shown that taxation is a process requiring the general consent and cooperation of the populace? Has it not been shown that when numbers of people reject a government by withdrawing their consent from the elaborate bureaucratic process of taxation, that government is in deep trouble? Did not the French Revolution begin with tax resistance? Was not the Estates General called into session by the King because he found it impossible to raise sufficient revenue for the operation of his government? Was not tax resistance the slogan and rallying cry of the American Revolution: "Taxation without representation is tyranny"? Does not the Boston Tea Party, an act of resistance to taxation, stand in our historical tradition as a model for the actions of the Baltimore Four, the Catonsville Nine, the Boston Two, the Milwaukee Fourteen, the D.C. Nine, and the Chicago Fifteen? Did not Thoreau fashion the cornerstone of American resistance theory out of his own experience as a tax resister? Was not Gandhi's largest and most significant campaign of civil disobedience, the Salt March, based on the strategy of tax resistance?

**Blind to experience.** Can we not see what the I.R.S. knows full well: that even where the public gives general consent to the process of taxation it is always and everywhere a grudging and tentative consent, a resentful and querulous consent, a fragile consent that must always be nursed and safeguarded by positive public relations? Why has the I.R.S. trodden so lightly in prosecuting principled tax refusers, usually concentrating instead on ineffectual attempts at collection? Is it not because there exists among the public at large a greater reservoir of grievance, a potential of sympathy for tax resisters, and, what is more, a vast subliminal potential for tax resistance and evasion, that only needs to be aroused by news of widespread tax resistance?

Let us learn from the experience of the draft-resistance movement and the telephone-tax-refusal campaign. A few years ago, many people regarded draft refusal as a personal witness of the solitary conscience. Today it has taken on the dimensions of a social movement. It is, however, restricted by the narrow age and sex range of those who are subject to conscription, and even more restricted by the narrowness of the draft as a single focus of action.

In the telephone-tax-refusal campaign we measured the potential dimensions of a tax-resistance movement. In the summer of 1966, we started the campaign for nonpayment of the ten-per-cent federal telephone excise tax, which had just been restored by Congress explicitly to help in meeting the rising costs of the Vietnam War. The July 1969 issue of WIN magazine quotes from a *Wall Street Journal* story reporting that eighteen thousand people refused to pay their telephone tax last year. This resistance

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# ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 6)

the meetings grew. Now they are held on the far south side, at 89th Street and Halsted, at the Clark Theater which looks like an opera house and holds more than five thousand people. The crowds start coming at seven in the morning in order to get a seat and when Kathie Bredine, Brother Paul, Brother Blaise and I arrived we had to climb to the top gallery and sit separated from each other, so crowded it was.

Jesse Jackson was speaking as we arrived, so far down in the pit that it was impossible to see his face. He is a young man, only 29 and his voice is a powerful one, and all the while he talked, the organist and various instruments of the orchestra accented his words and phrases with little trills, whimsical accompaniments and he himself spoke with a lilt, with a rhythm of speech that sometimes set the people to swaying.

Then there was music, singing from the choir of a hundred young people dressed in white blouses and dark skirts or slacks (the women are asked not to come in slacks) and the hymns were sung loud and slow and clear with the whole choir swaying slowly back and forth and the audience joined and pretty soon all were singing. There were prayers too, and we clasped each others' hands then and at the end, others' hands then, and at the end, of music, song, orchestra, organ and people and linking arms there was the usual *We Shall Overcome*.

It was a beautiful meeting and one felt the union of all these people in preparation for the struggle, the non-violent struggle, which would be going on during the coming week, for jobs, for housing, for life itself.

I thanked God while I was at that meeting, that the Non-Violent Resistance Movement in the country had such leadership as Andrew Young, Jesse Jackson, Ralph Abernathy, not to speak of Cesar Chavez and his Mexican and Filipino companions in the boycott and strike movement of the farm workers of California and the Southwest.

Newspapers and television bring to the public all the violence people think of as "action" and have helped inspire more violence. It is certainly the work of all peace groups, students, teachers and writers to do their part to reach the people with leafleting and articles and papers about non-violence.

My visit to Milwaukee was a brief and crowded one. It seems that Fr. James Groppi has turned everyone on in that city. I do not know how many times he has been arrested, espousing the cause of the Afro-American as he has done these past years with mighty marches, peaceful protests for open housing. When welfare cuts meant that the poor were not going to have the money to pay the rents on whatever housing they could get, Fr. Groppi led a march last month to the capitol of Wisconsin to protest the cuts. That march was on the way when I visited Milwaukee and hundreds more joined the march each day for an hour or for a few miles to show their sympathy. Now, as I write he is in jail and cannot be released on bail before trial because of previous convictions. "It is a holy act to go to jail," Fr. Groppi said, and we are praying that he is getting "a rest from his labors" during his interim for the lifetime struggle ahead. Going to jail is a dying—a slow dying. He is one who is laying down his life for others.

Following this writing Father Groppi received a six-month sentence in a Milwaukee court for violation of probation. In February, 1968 he had been found guilty of resisting arrest, during a 1967 civil rights demonstration and had been sentenced to two years probation. His present imprisonment is under appeal.

I had wanted to join the march but arthritis cripples me to limit walking, so instead I was driven out to visit the families, a dozen of them, who had moved into the empty barracks of Fort Sheridan by the Tenant's Union. Many

of the heads of families had work but had been evicted from their rented houses by urban renewal or for some other reason (too many children). Other families were being moved in the day I visited and while I was there, two army men drove up and went on tour of inspection, perhaps to turn on the water and electricity and heating system. There had already been cold days when temperatures dropped to forty degrees. On this day, however, children were playing happily on the lawns around the houses which had been for the use of non-commissioned officers when this section of the fort had been in use. But already the men had found ways to turn on the water.

Because civilians were involved, the procedure for removing trespassers required the army to go through the Justice Department and the Justice Department could then go through the U.S. Attorney's office in Milwaukee to get a court order to have federal marshalls to evict the families. So far no action had been taken, and everyone was helping the families with food, blankets, clothing and even heating units for the apartments. There is no national coverage of such revolutionary events as this unless blood is shed, unless there is the aura of violence, so I do not know how things are working at the present moment.

Men and women are working together on these protests throughout the city, and what with the work of the Casa Maria, 1131 N. 21st Street, it seems to me women have a double job. Meals are served there, hospitality is given and the place teems with children, including infants. There are the Cullen children and the Thompson children and across the street there is a day care center which is a Montessori school, occupying three rooms of the Highland Methodist Church. There are forty to fifty children there taught by a group of volunteers without salary. There is plenty of room for all their activities in the spacious main body of the church, and the downstairs has become a dining room where meals are served every night.

It reminded me of the communal strike kitchen at Coachella, California and the Filipino Hall at Delano, which has been carrying on for the four years of the Grape Strike. In addition to this Highland Community Center, as this has been called, there is The Living Room where some Marquette students taking a leave of absence from college are running an apartment, like an annex for men of skid row.

And of course there is a book shop, and an underground paper, and the involvement of a great many students at Marquette. But to find out more about this very lively crowd, write for *The Catholic Radical*, at the address of the Casa Maria given above. Mike himself, one of the Milwaukee Fourteen, is being brought to trial in November. His companions in the burning of draft records—are all at present serving their two-year terms, and he has been left in suspense, not knowing whether he will be imprisoned or deported to Ireland. Pray for him and for his valiant wife.

## Power In Land

(Continued from page 3)

willing (inertia) to have meaningful dialogue with the reformist fringe.

In this situation another remark of Dolci's became relevant. He said he thought that the Sicilians were intelligent but politically naive and that their interests were "as far from the leader as possible"; that the system was one of the father or authoritarian figure at the center from whom radiated the others subject to his authority. But in fact the individual looked away from this kind of authority to his own freedom. If this were true it would be possible to construct the hypothesis that what the conservative masses are in fact looking for is a democratization of their lives in which authority is decentralized and shared. Instead of the authoritarian center being without, it would be within and what would in fact happen would be

a structure of shared responsibility because authority was both personal and shared. Isolated new groups would wean individuals from the wheel-hub structure and from these new groups would emerge democratic groups that would encroach on and delimit the authoritarian groups.

Chavez said he thought that his own first step should be economic betterment of the people. He had discovered that it was impossible to depend on political action to help him. "The boycott," he said, "will do more to get political legislation than 30 years of political campaigning."

Dolci replied that from his own point of view, in building the Belice Dam, it was important to insure the fact that the water coming out of the dam would be in democratic hands.

Chavez agreed vigorously and mentioned his own plans to press for a union.

Both men showed at this point the manifold texture of their approach. Certainly non-violent reform could not go forward on one level at a time, it was an organic whole, an organism that grew out of a total situation. This multiplicity of approach did in fact insure a reform movement against manipulation, or as Dolci had written in the same article in *Help* quoted from above, "If a movement is not ambitious enough in scope, it may quickly founder in sectarianism and manipulation."

An underlying theme had been pervading the meeting thus far but was now to emerge as an actual topic of discussion. The fact should never be lost sight of that both Dolci and Chavez, two of the most (if not the most) active members of the non-violent movement today are both land reformers.

The conviction was beginning to arise in my own mind that indeed the shape of non-violent action in America in the future would have to lie with land reform, for in land reform it was possible to enter the society at the simplest possible structural level that was at the same time a cross-section of the entire population.

Indeed, Chavez had said (*Catholic Worker*, June 1968), "We must turn our minds to the power of the land," and that was in fact what both he and Dolci had done. And that the land had "power" was indeed a fact not to be missed.

At this point Dolci asked a simple question of the entire group, "Is there unlimited ownership of private property in America?" The answer was of course, yes. This then was a first step, Dolci said. "To begin with, you absolutely have to limit private property ownership."

The vastness of what he was saying suddenly struck us all. Chavez smiled and Mrs. Keene said she felt it was impossible. We all agreed together in fact that it was next to impossible.

Dolci gave us one of his comic expressions, scrunching up his shoulders and widening his eyes as if to say, but if you can't take the first step it's hopeless. A question was asked back of him, "The effectiveness of your non-violent method depends on the fact that you can work from a local level to a general good, in this matter of limiting property ownership how could one work locally to a general good when it was, on all levels, a problem that was national?" Dolci asked if we could get a state law for this without having to go through the federal government.

No one could think of any way to do so, and Chavez added that indeed one of his most difficult problems was one of local control. The federal government would not cooperate and was in fact sabotaging his method. The Defense Department's purchase of grapes had risen 350 per cent since the beginning of the grape strike, and the immigration officials had relaxed their regulations so that it was even easier today for the boycotted farmers to import Mexican labor.

The boycott worked on a principle of leverage: you put the pressure on the East Coast (picketing stores, etc.) and the effect was felt on the West Coast (the farmers couldn't sell their grapes).

Perhaps there was a clue in this for the problem of limitation of ownership of property, but it was not mentioned and the meeting ended on a note of the immensity of the work ahead and the feeling of hope and

even humor among those working to achieve reform.

Chavez and Dolci impress one for similar reasons. Both have what is essential for any work in non-violence, quiet love and infinite patience, or perseverance if you will. After all, it took Gandhi over 50 years of constant struggle to win Indian independence. The boycott is 4 years old, Dolci has been working in Sicily 15 years. Both men are the same age, 45, young enough to give one the conviction that, barring, assassination they will achieve what they set out to do. Both have the overriding conviction that the problem of peace is not one merely of propagandizing or local agitation but one of an entire social reform, and one can only remember Dolci smiling playfully at the enormity of his own task.

The propagandizing for peace must be coupled with a reform movement that begins, au fond, with the land. Chavez in Delano, Dolci in Partinico are providing the pattern for a new wave of social reform that is neither communist nor capitalist but Christian and Gandhian in its origin and method. As Dolci said, "It is obvious that we may affect the quality of the future by the way we choose to solve our problems. A really new development cannot just happen; it is achieved by the conscious commitment of individuals." And as Chavez said, "We must turn our minds to the power of the land."

## A Fund For Mankind

(Continued from page 7)

tactic caught on quickly and spread rapidly with little organizational effort, because it was a direct and simple action which any telephone subscriber could easily carry out. But after flaring up briefly, interest in this tactic gradually subsided, though thousands no doubt continue to refuse to pay the tax. Enthusiasm for the action could not be maintained, because it was not resistance for real. It was, rather, the first token of a spirit of resistance, which at the time could find no practical channel for deeper development.

When we can combine real war tax resistance with the tremendous constructive potential of a Fund for Humanity, we will have raised a banner to which all honest and courageous men of conscience can repair.

Note: I want to acknowledge the contributions of Brad Lytle, Sidney Lens, and several young members of the draft-resistance movement whose names are unknown to me. Recent discussions with them helped greatly in stimulating and formulating the ideas for the article, which has also been distributed in mimeographed form by the founders of the CHICAGO AREA ALTERNATIVE FUND (C.A.A.F.), 1209 West Farwell, Chicago, Illinois 60626. (Tel: 764-3620). We have begun. JOIN US!

### NOTES AND REFERENCES

1) Internal Revenue Regulations, Paragraph 31.3401 (e)-1 (b)—"The employer is not required to ascertain whether or not the number of withholding exemptions claimed is greater than the number of withholding exemptions to which the employee is entitled. If, however, the employer has reason to believe that the number of withholding exemptions claimed by the employee is greater than the number to which such employee is entitled, the district director should be so advised."

2) Internal Revenue Regulations, Paragraph 31.3401 (e)-1 (a)—"If no such certificate is in effect, the number of withholding exemptions claimed shall be considered to be zero."

3) Internal Revenue Code, Section 7201. ATTEMPT TO EVADE OR DEFEAT TAX. "Any person who willfully attempts to evade or defeat any tax imposed by this title or the payment thereof shall, in addition to other penalties provided by law, be guilty of felony and, upon conviction thereof, shall be fined not more than \$10,000, or imprisoned not more than 5 years, or both, together with the costs of prosecution."

Internal Revenue Code, Section 7205. FRAUDULENT WITHHOLDING EXEMPTION CERTIFICATE OR FAILURE TO SUPPLY INFORMATION.

"Any individual required to supply information to his employer under section 3402 who willfully supplies false or fraudulent information, or who willfully fails to supply information thereunder which would require an increase in the tax to be withheld under section 3402, shall, in lieu of any other penalty provided by law (except the penalty provided by section 6682), upon conviction thereof, be fined not more than \$500, or imprisoned not more than one year, or both." (Section 3402 is the section which provides for withholding of income taxes.)

4) INSTRUCTIONS—Unagreed Income, Estate, or Gift Tax Cases—U.S. Treasury Department—Internal Revenue Service—Publication No. 5 (Rev. 8-64)

5) Internal Revenue Code, Section 6861. Jeopardy Assessments of Income, Estate, and Gift Taxes.