



## ON THE BOMB

By LANZA DEL VASTO

(Translated from the French by Joseph Buttino)

## PART I:

## LOGICAL DISINTEGRATION

Physics teaches that nuclear disintegration is a work of chain reactions.

The atomic problem likewise brings on chain reactions in the integrity of both the human reason and the human will and produces among the nations a mental malady which attaches itself to the very core of the faculties required to remove it.

Each piece of the bomb is a marvel of logic, knowledge, sagacity, foresight, invention, and constructive skill: the whole thing, however, ends up in a senseless and disastrous explosion. Likewise, each of the motives which has led to its construction proves itself irresistible; each of the arguments which defends its necessity, irrefutable; the absurdity shows itself only in the conclusion.

It is vain to complain loudly that the accumulation of these instruments is a mortal danger and a stupid crime, if one does not recognize the logical connection between normal reactions, traditional reasons, and cares full of prudence, all of which pushes man to this extremity.

It is a logical snare; it is a trick of the Devil. Even the "shrewdest persons" hasten to let  
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## CHRYSTIE STREET

By CHRISTOPHER KEARNS

Much has transpired in the Catholic Worker Community since the last paper went to press. We have had the usual flow of wayfarers passing through the doors of St. Joseph's House. Priests, teachers, students, ministers, factory workers, peacemongers, and the rest of the sort of people who make up the readers of the CW.

## The Sick

The old professor, Paul Laval, an old friend of Peter Maurin, has been in Bellevue Hospital for a month. He has a number of ills, all kinds of circulatory and respiratory disorders. Others have also been in the hospital. Mike Sullivan was in for a while, but now he's out and looks just fine. Josephine spent some time there and has been out for several weeks, however, she does not look or feel very well, and we are trying to convince her to go back. Maybe she will stay there this time and not escape as she did before. On that occasion she donned a nurse's uniform and walked out past doctors, nurses and even conned a policeman who stopped her into thinking that she was a bonafide nurse. Good old Josephine!

## Old Friends Depart and New Friends Arrive

Two of the cogs in the CW wheel, Phyllis Masek and Bill O'Brien, left our family here to join our brothers at the house in Oakland. They were both wonderful workers, Phyllis in the women's clothing room and Bill downstairs with the men in the kitchen and on the line. Bill had been with us for only a short time but he was loved by everyone. He had the build of Santa Claus topped off with a Boston twang. He was kind  
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## On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

An invitation for me to speak in Danville, Virginia, came last month so I set out July 8th to fill the assignment. Actually I was not asked as editor of *The Catholic Worker*, as a writer, a reporter. I was asked by Mother Teresa of the Society of Christ The King, to come and take her place because the newly assigned young priest did not think that it was fitting that a founder of a religious group of social workers, known for the past twenty years in the community should be taking her place by the side of a crowd of Negro demonstrators on the steps of City Hall in Danville.

Mother Teresa had spoken on the radio several times besides. The priest is the only one for miles around; the next nearest church is Lynchburg, and it is one of the difficulties of the Church in America, that one is dependant for the Bread of Life on the one priest who may be completely hostile to one's point of view. In the big cities this does not matter. There are a number of priests in each parish and any number of parishes in each city. But in Danville there is one Catholic Church and one priest. One wishes to be friends.

## The Society of Christ The King

Mother Teresa heads a small group of sisters who do social work among the poorest of the Negro and white population, town and  
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## Thoreau's Country

By TOM CORNELL

We called it a speaking tour but it was really a vacation. Jack Bolens, Peace Secretary for the American Friends Service Committee in New England, had invited me to participate in their annual one week Avon Institute, a conference around the theme, "The Quaker Approach to Contemporary Affairs." Avon is held at a camp operated by the National Council of Churches of Christ, on the shore of Lake Winnepesaukee, near the White Mountains in New Hampshire. Willard Uphaus had asked me to speak at his Camp, World Fellowship, in Conway, New Hampshire, and Bob Williams had asked me to speak to the young people at his camp, The Rock, in Williamsburg, Massachusetts. I added Boston to my list of stops. New York was suffering the worst heat-wave of the season. It had made me all but useless in the office, so I asked Ed Forand for \$25 and said goodbye to Chrystie Street for two weeks.

## Avon

Though Avon Institute is sponsored by the Quakers, probably fewer than half the participants were Friends. There were a few Catholics, a small handful. It is still the scandalous truth that Catholics are not involved in movements for peace and justice in numbers that would correspond to our percentage of the general population. Robert Welsh once mentioned that Catholics made up 40% of the John Birch Society. I hope this is not true, but it is credible. One of the Catholics, a fine young man named Frank Biding, was  
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## Danish Non-Violent Resistance to Hitler

By BENEDICT MOORE

One of the rare glimmers of humanity in Eichmann's patient labors to exterminate the Jews, as recorded by Hannah Arendt's recent series of articles in the *New Yorker*, was the non-violent resistance offered by the entire nation of Denmark against Nazi power mobilized for genocide.

Denmark was not the only European nation that disagreed with Hitler on this point. But it was one of the only nations which offered explicit, formal and successful non-violent resistance to Nazi power. The adjectives are important. The resistance was successful because it was explicit and formal, and because it was practically speaking unanimous. The entire Danish nation simply refused to cooperate with the Nazis, and resisted every move of the Nazis against the Jews with non-violent protest of the highest and most effective calibre, yet without any need for organization, training, or specialized activism: simply by unanimously and effectively expressing in word and action the force of their deeply held moral convictions. These moral convictions were nothing heroic or sublime. They were merely ordinary.

There had of course been subtle and covert refusals on the part of other nations. Italians in particular, while outwardly comply-

ing with Hitler's policy, often arranged to help the Jews evade capture or escape from unlocked freight cars. The Danish nation, from the King on down, formally and publically rejected the policy and opposed it with an open, calm, convinced resistance which shook the morale of the German troops and SS men occupying the country and changed their whole outlook on the Jewish question.

When the Germans first approached the Danes about the segregation of Jews, proposing the introduction of the yellow badge, the government officials replied that the King of Denmark would be the first to wear the badge, and that the introduction of any anti-Jewish measures would lead immediately to their own resignation.

At the same time, the Danes refused to make any distinction between Danish and non-Danish Jews. That is to say, they took the German Jewish refugees under their protection and refused to deport them back to Germany—an act which considerably disrupted the efficiency of Eichmann's organization and delayed anti-Jewish operations in Denmark until 1943 when Hitler personally ordered that the "final solution" go into effect without further postponement. The Danes replied by strikes,

by refusals to repair German ships in their shipyards, and by demonstrations of protest. The Germans then imposed martial law. But now it was realized that the German officials in Denmark were changed men. They could "no longer be trusted." They refused to cooperate in the liquidation of the Jews, not of course by open protest, but by delays, evasions, covert refusals and the raising of bureaucratic obstacles. Hence Eichmann was forced to send a "specialist" to Denmark, at the same time making a concession of monumental proportions: all the Jews from Denmark would go only to Theresienstadt, a "soft" camp for privileged Jews. Finally, the special police sent direct from Germany to round up the Jews, were warned by the SS officers in Denmark that Danish police would probably forcibly resist attempts to take the Jews away by force, and that there was to be no fighting between Germans and Danes. Meanwhile the Jews themselves had been warned and most of them had gone into hiding, helped of course by friendly Danes: then wealthy Danes put up money to pay for transportation of nearly six thousand Jews to Sweden which offered them asylum, protection and the right to work. Hundreds  
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# CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August  
ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT  
PETER MAURIN, Founder

Associate Editors:

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH, THOMAS CORNELL, EDGAR FORAND,  
JUDITH GREGORY, WALTER KERELL, KARL MEYER, DEANE  
MOWRER, ARTHUR SHEEHAN, ROBERT STEED, ANNE TAILLEFER,  
EDWARD TURNER, MARTIN CORBIN, HELEN C. RILEY

Managing Editor and Publisher: DOROTHY DAY  
175 Chrystie St., New York City—2  
Telephone GR 3-5850

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



## EDITORIAL: Voluntary Poverty

It is not to labor a point to say that voluntary poverty is very much a part of every labor struggle and is now part of the struggle of the Negro for not only their rights but for life itself. Part of the force of the struggle comes from the great increase in unemployment among the young and the untrained, and the frightening prospect ahead of being driven into the armed services for a living and for training and education. During the Middle Ages it used to be said that convents and monasteries were filled with the unwanted and the unemployed and many of the saints cried out against the abuses of this vocation to sanctity. At one time, my daily missal reads, there were 85,000 monasteries in France alone. The deserts were peopled by men who fled from the wars around them.

Today, among Negro youth, the ranks of demonstrators are swelling with those who are crying out for employment and a decent roof over their heads. It is expected that there will be hundreds of thousands converging on Washington in the greatest demonstration the country has ever seen to urge passage of a bill of rights. The people are rising, and with the encouragement of their political leaders and their clergy.

There is a section of the Negro population who are not pacifists, who suspect the integrity of many of the other leaders in the Negro struggle, and who do not hesitate to criticize. There are all kinds and conditions of people involved.

But most of the people involved are heroic in stature and thoughtful of the purification of the means they are using. Their activities have meant loss of jobs, dynamiting of homes and businesses, threats of bodily harm.

They are truly accepting voluntary poverty though they may not give their suffering such a name. They are risking loss of bodily and material and spiritual goods with joy.

The world is never going to be the same for them. There is not going to be a settling down to things as they used to be. Things are not going to get better under our present system. Rich men who have made their fortunes by running banks and loan companies and mortuary establishments may contribute heavily and risk their material goods and their skins. But they are going to have to recognize that the very work they have done, the very enterprises they have been engaged in are exploitive. Credit unions, not household finance companies or loan companies are the answer. Cooperative burial societies, not mortuary establishments, maternity guilds, not costly hospitalization plans will take care of those great moments of life. What Peter Maurin called the synthesis of Cult, Culture and Cultivation must be studied in working for the Common Good. How many times did Pope John speak of the Common Good in his last encyclical, and how many times did he mention mutual trust, the building up of new institutions within the shell of the old?

Looking at Time magazine to see the account of the new songs being written in the Freedom Movement, I was struck by the garrish display of Hilton Hotels around the world. They are doomed, like the walls of Jericho. Voluntary poverty, the joyous struggles of the young in this nonviolent movement launched throughout America will tear them down, or make them over into universities for the people.

## Dom Bede Griffiths, O.S.B.

English Benedictine and author, and now sub-prior of the Cistercian ashram in Kerala, South India, will speak in New York City, Wednesday evening, September 18, at Carnegie International Center, 345 East 46 Street (United Nations Plaza).

Five years ago Dom Bede went from England with Fr. Francis Masieu, a Belgian Cistercian. They founded an experimental religious community in Kerala. Known as the Kurisumala Ashram (Indian for Hill of the Cross Monastery), the foundation

represents an attempt to adapt Christian monasticism to the tradition and culture of Hindu society. The general topic of Dom Bede's talk will be the universality of the Church.

Admission tickets are available from Jubilee Record Shop, 168 East 91 Street and from The Paraclete Book Center, 146 East 74 Street. Donation: \$1.

August 12 to 15 Dom Bede will attend the national convention of the Catholic Art Association in Santa Fe, New Mexico, where he will receive their annual award.

# ON PILGRIMAGE

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rural. They do what comes to hand and if it is a baby, left on their doorstep or a family of half a dozen children whose mother is in a mental hospital for five months, or a group of families back in the country to be instructed in the truths of religion,—they are ready. While I was with the sisters, there was a baby, carried about with them, taken to Mass in the morning, sitting in a little stroller in their kitchen or garden while they worked.

"We have learned about mothers from them," Mother Teresa says happily. St. Teresa of Avila advises that every convent have a baby in it to humanize the nuns.

It is an all day bus trip to Danville. The bus leaves at 8:30 a.m. and arrives at 8:45 at night with few stops on the way. It is the through bus to New Orleans. Mother Teresa met me at the station and drove me out Route 4, down Industrial Avenue, past tobacco warehouses, past a sewage plant, past a street of shanties and then a row of slightly better houses, and finally up a rutted road to the top of a hill where the sisters have put up half a dozen buildings, including a guest house, a community house, work shops, a library and so on. They began with barracks and the sisters do the building themselves. A tornado in 1953 destroyed some of their houses, and they are working on another now. There are fruit trees, a vegetable garden, lovely grounds under a great spreading oak (many of whose limbs were torn away by the tornado), and across a little valley, a good barn and milk house. They have two Guernsey cows, and have an abundance of milk, butter and cream.

### Supper Party

It was not long after I arrived that a group of the young people from SNCC (Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee) arrived for a late supper. There was Cynthia Ann Carter from Danville; Roland Sherrod from Petersburg, Va.; Ivanhoe Donaldson from New York; Bob Zellner, field secretary of the Alabama SNCC; Mary Elizabeth King and Sam Shirah from Atlanta. We ate the good farm products (there were steak and hot dogs besides) and students told me of the happenings in Danville. Stories of which had been publicized all over the country, but they still could scarcely convey the horror of the brutality which had been inflicted on a helpless, unarmed crowd of demonstrators.

Before I left New York, and it was not too heartening to hear it, Bob Gore had told other members of CORE that in all the country, the police of Danville had been the most terrible. And on July 12 Martin Luther King told a mass meeting in Danville that he had seen brutal things done by the police elsewhere in the South, "but seldom, if ever, have I heard of actions as vicious and brutal as those done by the police here." Dr. King's Assistant, Wyatt Tee Walker, called Danville the worst area with Gadsden, Alabama and Savannah, Georgia, a close second.

This is what happened the week before:

### Riot

The group of demonstrators which included prominent ministers and their wives, parishioners and many young ones, were driven by deputized police into an alley between a parking lot and the City Hall and there the fire hoses were turned on them with such force that they were thrown to the pavement and in one case a woman's clothes, (skirt and blouse), ripped off her, so that she was exposed with nothing but step-ins and naked from the waist up. Women taking refuge under parked cars were dragged out and beaten with clubs and kicked. Arms were broken by the force of the blows. Men, women and children were all

beaten unmercifully and deliberately. It was fear run riot.

"Deliver me from fear of their fear," I prayed as I listened, using the words of St. Peter which had been part of the epistle of last Sunday's Mass, thinking of the hysterical fear of guilty whites, fear of the past, of the future.

"Trouble was, they deputized untrained policemen, men who were garbage collectors and street cleaners and other workers for the city," the students told me, as many others told me again and again. And when they said "untrained," I thought of what I had read of how police are trained to strike blows that will not be seen, that will not kill but will render the opponent unconscious and so on. But these men were striking as though to kill by their blows and many of the demonstrators had to be taken unconscious to the hospital. At present writing two are still there, one in Duke Hospital and one in Richmond.

The local hospital, Winslow, has



25 beds for the colored and the other hospital in this town of 47,000 has 750 beds for the whites. Winslow is a city hospital, free, a fact protested by white citizens who point out that they pay fourteen dollars a day at Memorial which had started as a hospital for the needy and had been given gifts of a million or more.

### Prayer Meeting

What I was invited to do in Danville was to speak at a mass meeting the following night in the High Street Baptist Church where Rev. L. W. Chase is pastor. The meeting began with songs and hymns and the hymn singing was hearty and beautiful.

"Are we weak and heavy laden, cumbered with a load of care? Precious Saviour still our refuge, take it to the Lord in prayer. Do thy friends despise, forsake thee, take it to the Lord in prayer. In His arms He'll take and shield thee, take it to the Lord in prayer."

There were other hymns and prayers and the invocation was surely a crying out to the Lord, a singing and a sobbing of a prayer, rhythmical, so that it became almost a litany. Rev. James Dixon prayed with all his strength.

And then there were the Freedom songs, many of which have been composed in jail, coming from the heart, from the suffering, from the open bleeding wounds of a people who have known indignity and sorrow for generations.

The Freedom songs were more lively than the hymns and clapping accompanied them and a light tapping of the feet. "Keep on walking, talking . . . Ain't gonna let no injunction turn me round, walking up the freedom way." There were many verses and many refrains. The singing lifted the heart, strengthened the weak knees.

### Speakers

There were many speakers but they were brief; William Canada told with complete lack of emotion how he had spent nineteen days in jail. Authorities kept denying he was there, and he was sought for by his family in hospitals and there was no knowing where he was until he was released. Despite beatings

he had been put to work in the quarry.

Bob Zellner talked of Moses and how he led his people out of Egypt and how tired people got of the struggle so that they wanted to go back to bondage; it was forty years before they saw the Promised Land. And he compared the non-violent struggle of the Negro to the clamorous attack made on the walls of Jericho, which, he reminded them, had come tumbling down.

Claudia Edwards of Arkansas, one of the task force of CORE, urged the Mothers to join me in a picket line in the down town area the next morning. She herself, she told me later, was going to buy her some jail clothes in an adjoining town since they were boycotting the down-town area in Danville. Jail clothes meant a pair of jeans or dungarees and a slightly heavier shirt so that if the hoses were turned on them again, her clothes would not be swept off. I saw her the next day at noon and she looked small and wiry, and very much alive. The next afternoon she and a dozen others lay down before the gates of the Danville Mills against which they are urging a world-wide boycott, and the police let them lie there and deployed the trucks to another gate. There were not enough of them to cover all the entrances to these great textile mills which have subsidiaries all through the South, and a world wide market. Ten thousand are employed by the Mill and only 500 Negroes.

There were speakers urging registration for the vote, so that next morning 47 went to the polls and registered, and they went together so that they would not be intimidated. There was only one woman, very nervous, to register them, so it took a long time, and many could not join our picket line at the noon hour. The rule is that at first registration, one pays not only the year's poll tax but for three years previous, and this added burden keeps many from registering.

Lawyers spoke on the progress made in the courts. Leonard Helt from Norfolk and Arthur Kinoy from New York, both warned their audience, (there were five hundred there,) that the work could not just be done in the courts, that the people had to keep up their demonstrations, had to continue their struggle in the streets.

Reverend A. I. Dunlap, just recently appointed vice-president of Kittrell Junior College, made a statement of purpose and since he was directly in front of me and spoke so that he kept his audience in gales of laughter I could not get the gist of his talk which was also very brief.

### Pope John and Integration

I was the speaker of the evening and I do not know whether I would have had the courage to speak, outsider that I was, if I had not been there to represent Mother Teresa whose work was known and loved by them all. Besides, the singing lightened my own heart, dissolved my own fear, so that I could tell them of the Women's Pilgrimage for Peace and the Pope's encyclical *Pacem in Terris*.

There was no end to what one could say about that Encyclical. There was the part where he said "He who possesses certain rights, has likewise the duty to claim those rights as marks of his dignity, while all others have the obligation to acknowledge those rights and respect them."

I took that statement on a poster placard on the streets of Danville the next morning when we picketed for an hour and a half before the hostile or indifferent stares of hundreds of people during their lunch hour.

There was a notable absence of Negroes but some of those who shopped said they were from the country and did not know about the pleas of their fellow Negroes to keep out of the downtown area

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# ON THE BOMB

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themselves be caught by it.

It is no doubt imprudent to oppose one's neighboring powers with inferior arms. It is probably even more imprudent than not to be armed at all.

What is, then, more reasonable than to try to make up for the delay, if unhappily one has let oneself be surpassed? But those who may have surpassed us would not want to lose their superiority, and those whom we have surpassed would want to catch up with us; what is more reasonable than this?

What is more reasonable than to say: if I possess the ultimate weapon, my neighbor seized with terror would think it over, and I would be safe from his attack and rid of his opposition?

He would think it over, certainly, but about what, unless about getting it for himself and for the same reasons. Yes, what is more reasonable than to provide oneself on all sides with "weapons of dissuasion," as our strategists and politicians say in their excessive polite language? They speak also of the balance of terror and place upon it our own security.

So, then, do not our economists so precise and strict in regard to expenditures, do not our financiers so concerned about profits, do not our technicians so smitten with efficiency, do not our statesmen always so frightened about finding a deficit in the budget, do they not all put in this enterprise so many millions and billions for the sole end of rendering it useless? There is nothing more reasonable; is it not so?

It is the "balance of terror" that gives us a last chance for peace; again, is it not so? But to speak about the balance of terror is the same as to conjure up the roundness of a square or the whiteness of black.

It is written that "fear is the beginning of wisdom"; this is true of the fear of deceiving oneself, for instance, or of the fear of offending one's neighbor, or of the fear of God; yes, of such fear, it is true. But terror is the root of darkest folly.

Seeing that against this weapon without defense there is no parry, except to oppose a similar fear, everybody thinks of protecting himself by becoming a threatener, but the more he threatens, the more he is threatened. It is a vicious circle, a sucking whirlwind that has no other issue but death.

Each power that enters into the whirlwind draws along a chain or group of others that also wish to enter it, starting with the one which said power is most averse to see entering its orbit: its worst enemy. The more the number of nations given the privilege of blowing up the earth increases, the more the risks are multiplied.

If on account of a false report, or of a misunderstanding, panic seizes the neighboring people or their somewhat nervous head of state, and he believes strongly that before midnight we are going to attack them by surprise, will he not try to strike us first and destroy us with one blow?

But if the belligerents resist the temptation at the first moment, will they resist it at the last? Is it impossible that the one of the two that sees itself lost would, in an excess of desperate rage, throw down its supreme trump-card? Can one doubt for a moment that Hitler, at the hour when in his underground vault he fired at his temple and delivered himself to the flames, was deprived of the somber joy of expecting to pull down the entire world in his fall?

Not long ago a British minister of National Defense declared straight out that against a nuclear attack there is no possible defense. The only assurance that he could give the nation was that an automatic apparatus would immediately deliver to the adversary blow

for blow. He concluded this historical speech by thanking the people for taking the whole thing so well.

Was there reason to be thankful? If I should die pulverized, I do not know if this posthumous vengeance upon millions of the innocent would console me.

Once again, you will say, it is not a question of vengeance, but of protection: the enemy, knowing that he cannot escape the same return thrust if he should annihilate us, would be careful not to attack us, and the innocent will be safe on all sides.

I am not so sure. If the return thrust depends on a sensitive mechanism, with easy and immediate firing, this apparatus must be constantly under the surveillance of some technicians. Let us say that our enemy has paid or hired one of them to cut the transmission wires, he will thereupon be sure (rightly or wrongly) that the return thrust will not come, and so all the malice and cunning of our formidable equipment will be in vain and a mockery.

It is possible also that the firing may come about without malice and without cunning and without treachery, by a simple technical and accidental occurrence. It is again possible that a slight disorder in the mechanism may make us strike our peaceful neighbor, our ally, or our own people.

Gribouille the Simpleton is the village idiot who, to protect himself from the rain, would enter into the duck pond. Gribouille was a precursor. He is the thinking-master of our strategists, our politicians, our valiant defenders, our advanced leaders.

But whatever one may expect or fear from terror on the day when it will fall upon the people, and from the meaningless gesticulations that it will provoke, nothing is more astonishing at the moment than total lack of fear, indifference and endemic insensibility.

"Likewise in the days of Noah," says Jesus, "the people traded, married, feasted, and the dash of the great waters came upon them and swept them all away."

"Prophet, do not prophesy," cry they as to Elijah, "seeing, do not see; tell us rather agreeable things!"

One looks while yawning at the images of Hiroshima, because Japan is so far away! The entreating appeals of Einstein and Schweitzer make them raise their shoulders and say: what can we do about it?

The best thing to do is not to think about it; let us go and have a good time!

Among other amusements, let us applaud, with our mouths open and our noses stuck up in the air, the rockets against the sky; let us admire the wisdom of those who dream of inhabiting the moon after having made the earth uninhabitable. Let us hope from science and technology that they may manufacture excellent vegetables, foreseeing the hour when they will have poisoned everything that the earth produces.

Let us listen to the prudent politician who teaches us that the more bombs one has the more will one have peace.

Let us listen with confidence to the scholar in the service whose duty it is to show that "all precautions have been taken to save the populations"; and above all, the theologian who explains that all this is orthodox, that one does not find in St. Thomas any argument which opposes nuclear armaments and that it would be imprudent to put forth objections against the doctrine of a "just war."

In fact, war is so just that it is doubly just: it is just on both sides! And in case of doubt, refrain, O soldier, refrain from thinking and strike!

Then nation will rise against nation . . . and it will be the beginning of sorrows . . .  
(Matt. XIV: 7-8)

When the explosion took place at Hiroshima, there was a dazzling light and the whole center of the city was covered with a flash of lightning.

There arose in the city a wind so fierce that it stripped the survivors. The women who were wearing kimonos found themselves naked with the patterns of the cloth left printed on their bodies all covered with burns. The wind riddled and peppered the bodies with stings of fire. Hundreds of thousands were swallowed up in an instant, while others can look forward to many years of slow death before being finally consumed. To escape the "sun" giving off heat like the plate of a hot oven, some of them threw themselves into the river, but the water of the river itself was boiling hot.

And men will faint through terror on account of the roaring of the sea and the waves . . .

(Luke XXI: 25)

The 500,000 tons of nitric acid that an H-bomb produces, the two million tons of dust that it raises intercept the light of the sun. A thousand bombs would hide the sun forever and would make of the earth a dead planet.

And there will be signs in the sun, the moon, and the stars . . . and the powers of heaven will be shaken . . .

(Luke XXI: 27)

And in those days there will be tribulations such as from the beginning of the creation which God created until now have never been so great . . .

(Mark XIII: 19)

"After all," some say, "it is perhaps the will of God that the world perish," and they speak with a smiling serenity that would be truly sublime, if it came from a detachment from all things.

But the people who take, with such magnanimity, the end of everything in the Deluge of Fire, are frightened at the idea of losing their employment, or of displeasing their neighbors, or of being considered a bad citizen (by protesting against the bomb, for example). Their serenity would be sublime, if it were not absurd.

Their imagination and their sensibleness are so weak that they

are incapable even of animal fear. They go where one pushes them, like sheep that one leads to the slaughter-house, with this difference that these people go there all the while philosophizing; with this difference again that no beast builds the slaughter-house, nor does it forge the knife with which it lets itself be slaughtered.

That having eyes they may not see, and having ears they may not understand . . .

And God hardened the heart of Pharaoh . . .

Virgil says: "Those whom Jupiter wishes to destroy, he makes mad: Quos vult perdere Jupiter dementat."

Till some thoughtless person, among so many millions of thoughtless ones, makes everything blow up, through inadvertence.

## PART II: PRESTIGE, HONOR, AND THE BOMB

It is true, they will tell us, that the first atomic bomb killed in one blow three hundred thousand people, but far more than three hundred thousand were killed without scandal by nonatomic bombs in many blows. The number makes no difference in the matter. If one renounces the bomb, it is necessary also to renounce the cannon, the musket, and the sword. But then there remains always enough small stones with which to kill one's neighbor.

And some will tell us this in order to show how impossible and ridiculous is the attempt, be it little or much, to disarm men, seeing that war is inevitable and thus necessary, indeed even beneficial and glorious; others will say it because they regard war as a crime and find it impossible and ridiculous not to demand total and immediate disarmament.

We shall answer the latter by saying that total and immediate disarmament cannot be imposed, since not only can one kill and commit suicide with a stone, water, fire, a bread-knife, a perfuming-pan, but even with the tongue, with hatred and contempt, and with indifference.

If one renounces every weapon, it is necessary first of all to renounce the will to kill.

Disarmament cannot be therefore the first step. It is the second. The first step is the understanding (I do not say harmony; I do not say love, in order to keep myself to the minimum requirement, without which there is nothing one can do).

## PACIFIST CONFERENCE

At Peter Maurin Farm, 469 Bloomingdale Road, Pleasant Plains, Staten Island, during Labor Day Week-end. The opening session will take place Friday evening, August 30. The conference will continue to Monday, September 2, Labor Day afternoon.

Several excellent pacifist speakers will address the conference. There will be plenty of opportunity for discussion in round tables and informally. The relationship between peace-making and poverty, voluntary and involuntary, community, direct-action, conscientious objection, and community education will be explored, as well as the "Just war" theory and Pope John's Encyclical *PACEM IN TERRIS*.

Bring camping equipment if you can. Please let us know when to expect you. Telephone YU 4-9896.

Total disarmament would be such a disavowal of our habits and attitudes of thousands of years that one cannot think of carrying it out all at once; it is necessary to proceed by degrees. It is already much to expect a first step.

The first step is evidently that step which every rational being must admit the need for; and this means that he cannot deny feeling an urgency for an agreement on such a step, under pain of death.

This is why we insist on the Bomb, which does not imply at all any approval of other weapons.

He Who announced: "Whoever makes use of the sword will perish by the sword" did not wait for the invention of the Bomb in order to condemn war and to show that it brings its own punishment.

As for the others—those who justify war—we will not dispute the force of their principal argument, which is that of "legitimate defense." We will not dispute with the man attacked at night by surprise the right to kill his aggressor, if he does not find any better means to save his life. We will not dispute whether the fierce madman who shoots upon all passers-by should be knocked down, if this is the only way to prevent him from doing harm. But what we strongly affirm is that these are accidental cases, exceptional cases, limited cases, and that

(Continued on page 8)

# Danish Non-Violent Resistance to Hitler

(Continued from page 1)

of Danes cooperated in ferrying Jews to Sweden in small boats. Half the Danish Jews remained safely in hiding in Denmark, during the rest of the war. About five hundred Jews who were actually arrested in Denmark went to Theresienstadt and lived under comparatively good conditions: only forty-eight of them died, mostly of natural causes.

Denmark was certainly not the only European nation that disapproved more or less of the "solution" which Hitler had devised for the Judenfrage. But it was the only nation which, as a whole, expressed moral objection to this policy. Other nations kept their disapproval to themselves. They felt it was enough to offer the Jews "heartfelt sympathy," and, in many individual cases, tangible aid. But let us not forget that generally speaking the practice was to help the Jew at considerable profit to oneself. How many Jews in France, Holland, Hungary, etc., paid fortunes for official permits, bribes, transportation, protection, and still did not escape!

The whole Eichmann story, as told by Hannah Arendt (indeed as told by anybody) acquires a quality of hallucinatory awfulness from the way in which we see how people in many ways exactly like ourselves, claiming as we do to be Christians or at least to live by

humanistic standards which approximate, in theory, to the Christian ethic, were able to rationalize a conscious, uninterrupted and complete cooperation in activities which we now see to have been not only criminal but diabolical. Most of the rationalizing probably boiled down to the usual half-truths: "What can you do? There is no other way out, it is a necessary evil. True, we recognize this kind of action to be in many ways 'unpleasant.' We hate to have to take measures like these: but then those at the top know best. It is for the common good. The individual conscience has to be overruled when the common good is at stake. Our duty is to obey. The responsibility for those measures rests on others . . . etc."

Curiously, the Danish exception, while relieving the otherwise unmitigated horror of the story, actually adds to the nightmarish and hallucinated effect of incredulity one gets while reading it. After all, the Danes were not even running a special kind of non-violent movement. They were simply acting according to ordinary beliefs which everybody in Europe theoretically possessed, but which, for some reason, nobody acted on. Quite the contrary! Why did a course of action which worked so simply and so well in Denmark, not occur to all the other so-called Christian nations of the West just

as simply and just as spontaneously?

Obviously there is no simple answer. It does not even necessarily follow that the Danes are men of greater faith or deeper piety than other Western Europeans. But perhaps it is true that these people had been less perverted and secularized by the emptiness and cynicism, the thoughtlessness, the crude egoism and the rank amorality which have become characteristic of our world, even where we still see an apparent surface of Christianity. It is not so much that the Danes were Christians, as that they were human. How many others were even that?

The Danes were able to do what they did because they were able to make decisions that were based on clear convictions about which they all agreed and which were in accord with the inner truth of man's own rational nature, as well as in accordance with the fundamental law of God in the Old Testament as well as in the Gospel: thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. The Danes were able to resist the cruel stupidity of Nazi anti-Semitism because this fundamental truth was important to them. And because they were willing, in unanimous and concerted action, to stake their lives on this truth. In a word, such action becomes possible where fundamental truths are taken seriously.



# Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 1)

but firm with the people who came for a meal, some clothing, or most of all, for someone to talk to. Phyllis was also very good with people, and practiced love of neighbor in many ways.

Our newest arrival is Carlotta Ribar, from Elyria, Ohio. She is now running the women's clothing room, an especially arduous task in the sweltering weather we have been suffering. We are all very happy that she is here, if only until the fall. She plans to study Music at De Paul University in Chicago.

## Retreat at the Farm

Ed., Walter, Arthur L. Lacey, and Joe Maurer who are usually at St. Joseph's House were all on retreat at the Peter Maurin Farm on Staten Island for five days. This left quite a void at Chrystie Street, leaving only Tom and me at the helm. We were kept running continuously, from office, to kitchen to clothing room, while maintaining a daily demonstration against the Catholic persecution of Buddhists in S. Viet-Nam. Carlotta took a great help. Bob Stewart took care of the mail and the marketing very efficiently, and Polish Walter kept order throughout the house and the line, as well as sticking to his usual work of maintenance. Paul cooked all week, and Dennis helped at the door and kept an eye on things all week. Darwin helped with the files, and Charlie made breakfast. Bill Harder had his sixtieth birthday, at the sink washing dishes as usual. Everyone pulled together more than usual to make up for the absence of our missing brethren.

During this time, Tom Sullivan, who used to run St. Joseph's House years ago, and who wrote the Chrystie Street article so well, paid us a visit. When he and the old-timers around here met, it was "old home week at the Worker." It seems not a day goes by without Smokey Joe, Catherine, John Pohl or someone mentioning Tom Sullivan's name. I hope that the next time he comes, everyone from his era will be here to see him. He is teaching school.

## Speakers

We have been fortunate in our speakers these two months. One of the most interesting was Donal McNamara, dean of the New York School of Criminology. Dean McNamara gave the initial appearance of being a typical cop. There is something about the cut of their jib that I find quite noticeable. A policeman once told me that he could tell a cop out of uniform primarily because they look too healthy for their age. This is probably part of it. But in Mr. McNamara's case the idea that was typical was dispelled as soon as he began to speak. He spoke of capital punishment and of its shortcomings, both morally and practically. He had witnessed many executions, while in his unconverted state. He also made an off-hand remark about the immorality of war, and a statement that he was in agreement with the views in the CW more than those of any other paper he reads. Our views are at variance with those of most cops I have met. But fortunately there are a few men like Dean McNamara about.

And Ed Egan spoke. Ed has been a close friend for many years. He teaches now at a Catholic women's college, Mount Mercy, Pittsburgh in Pennsylvania. He spoke on The Christian Ethic and Modern Society. He was brilliant, but more than that. He has a great deal to say. He stressed the importance of love and the individual conscience in determining the way we react to social problems.

Gene Keyes of the Committee for Non-Violent Action spoke of historical examples of non-violent resistance. Fr. Rothlauf from Nativity Mission across the street from our house spoke of his work with the neighborhood children. Fr. Ceparik, an old friend who was ordained in the Jesuits last year,

came to speak of the legalistic tradition and the need for a more spontaneous response to needs in the Church and in society. It was a very exciting talk.

## Drum Beating

Many of us were very upset when we saw the photograph of Quang Duc, the Buddhist monk, who immolated himself in protest against the religious persecution of the Buddhists in South Viet-Nam by the government. It amounts to a Catholic persecution. Diem and many high government officials in his government are Catholics. Diem's brother is the archbishop. We felt that the first people to protest this outrage should be Catholics. Carlotta had the idea of picketing the South Viet-Nam embassy. But there is no embassy in New York, nor a mission to the United Nations. There is only one office, and that is at the residence of the Viet-Nam permanent observer to the U. N. So we set up a picket line and maintained it daily for a week, when other New York peace groups joined us for a big demonstration. It was quite a success. A woman from ABC-TV interviewed some of us. The foreign press was there, but the American papers chose to ignore us. One parring note: the TV coverage identified us as the Catholic Worker Party. Horrors!

## Travels with Morton Sobell Com.

Three of us from the CW went to Washington to protest against the continued imprisonment of Morton Sobell. He has been seriously ill in recent years. He has completed thirteen years of his thirty years sentence. The parole board seems determined to make him serve his whole term. Paul Lerner, Henry Wershaw and I travelled down to Washington by bus. There we were greeted by the most odious counter-pickets I have ever seen, the American Nazi Party! The Nazis' signs read: "We got the Rosenbergs, we'll get Sobell," "Gas Sobell," and "Fry Sobell." Apparently they were not of one mind as to the method of extermination. There were anti-Semitic signs as well. They were such a vulgar and venomous lot that by comparison we looked clean as the DAR.

## Non-Violence at Home

At St. Joseph's House we have the same problems in our little world as exist outside: violence, racism, drunkenness, greed. We try for non-violent solutions to the conflicts that arise in our own midst, and it's good training. Men come in on the sloopine, and some of them stay to help. One was sitting at the door, our doorman. (We do not admit obstreperously drunken people. They upset everyone else.) One of our casual friends came in for supper, and brought a new friend, a Jamaican of mixed African and Oriental ancestry. The doorman reacted to this young man unsympathetically, perhaps because of his color, and tried to bar him. Tom and I told him to come in, and tried to ignore the friction, hoping it would calm down by itself, though we kept our eyes open. Then one of the men at the table, drunker than he looked, started screaming abuse at the young man who brought the Jamaican. We had to leave our supper and pacify the other table. The poor Jamaican, a nicely dressed man in his early twenties, tried to eat, but couldn't. He must have been upset by all the commotion. We sat next to him, engaging in casual conversation, to make him feel more at home. Finally he got up and put his plate at the dishwasher's counter, and the cook, seeing that he had not eaten, commenced to scream abuse, saying it was a sin to waste food. He had left his supper almost untouched. I thought this would finish our young friend for good. But he came right upstairs and as soon as he saw the horrible condition of our mimeograph machine, he set to work on it. He'll

probably have it in working order soon. We don't have to go out of our way to find violence, it's right here, class war, race war. I don't want to give the impression that our house is a battle-field. It's not. It's usually a happy place, but there are times when we get a chance to put our non-violence to the test, disarming a man with a butcher knife, or a jug of boiling water he wants to throw at someone else.

Rome, N.Y.

Another demonstration in which we participated was held in much more pleasant surroundings at Rome, N.Y. Walkers from Quebec, Cleveland and Boston converged at Rome on their way to Guantanamo Naval Base in Cuba. The Walk is sponsored by the Committee for Non-Violent Action and the Canadian Committee of 100. There were pickets at two gates of Griffiss Air Force Base. We maintained legal demonstrations for two days, and then on Saturday, July 6, the last day of the demonstration, some of us offered civil disobedience by sitting down in the road at the gates, to block traffic. There were two different gates, one on military property and one on state property. The military authorities didn't want to

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## Peace

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REPORTS and BOOK REVIEWS

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make any arrests, but the municipal police arrested four people, Joan Collier, mother of three, George Kanoun, student, Eric Robinson, student, and John McIntyre, a gardener. Sentences went up to twenty days. I was in the group that was not arrested. We sat two hours, about ten of us, obstructing traffic. We were singing peace and gospel songs. Even one of the guards joined in on "Where Have all the Flowers Gone."

**The Return of George J. Johnson**  
Our readers like to be kept informed of the trips of George Joseph Johnson, International Hiker and International Explorer. George set out for Juneau, Alaska, about four months ago. He has added many impressive documents to his file, the most beautiful of which is a certification from the Secretary of State for the State of Washington that George is an honorary citizen of Washington. The purpose of this trip was to further the principals of physical fitness and good will.

George has a file of letters and documents from high officials in authority in the areas through which he has walked, all attesting to the fact that he visited them on his trips and wishing him god-speed. George was recently awarded the Amos Alonso Stagg medal for his contributions to the cause of physical fitness. George could not get into Alaska, however, since the law wouldn't allow him to walk the Alcan Highway.

ETC.

It was recently suggested that an easy form of direct action for peace would be to plaster FRAGILE stickers on fallout shelter signs. We hope that many people will plaster as many fallout shelter signs as they can find with these labels. They can be purchased in stationery stores. You can demonstrate against the inadequacy of this line of "defense" and have fun at the same time.

# CULT :: CULTIV

## The Brig

THE BRIG: a Play by Kenneth H. Brown; directed by Judith Malina; designed by Julian Beck; at The Living Theatre, 6th Avenue and 14th Street, New York City. Reviewed By TOM CORNELL.

I once asked my friend Loren Miner why he enlisted in the army. He said that it was because he thought that in the military there would be cleanliness, order and discipline. He found instead, filth, chaos and a discipline so external and imposed that it had no positive meaning. A brig is a navy or a marine corps jail. The Brig is a two act play that takes place entirely within one of these. Rules of conduct are scrupulously observed within the brig. They are:

1. No prisoner will speak at any time except to his guards.  
(A) A prisoner will request permission to do any and everything in the following way: "Sir, prisoner number — requests permission to speak, sir."  
(B) A prisoner will always speak in a loud, clear, impersonal and unaffected tone.  
2. At each exit and entrance within brig boundaries, there is a white line. No prisoner will cross any white line, except when entering the corridor, without requesting permission to do so, using the form required in Regulation 1 (A).

3. When unassigned, a prisoner will at all times stand at attention in front of his bunk and read the Marine Corps Manual, which will be found between his field jacket and cap at the head of his bunk.

4. No prisoner will sit down at any time unless it is necessary for the completion of his task.

5. Under no circumstances will a prisoner be permitted to walk from place to place. He must run, or, if this is not practical, he will show evidence of a trot.

6. The hair of the prisoners will be cut in a short crewcut.

7. The uniform of each prisoner will be identical. A prisoner will wear a white T-shirt and trunk-type underpants. He will wear the utility uniform, unstarched and unpressed, and all buttons will be sewn properly in place and buttoned at all times. He will wear the web belt with the brass buckle. He will wear the utility cap only outside the brig building. He will wear green woolen socks and unpolished boots. In cold and inclement weather, he will wear the standard field jacket.

8. The towel and laundry bag of each prisoner will hang at the foot of his bunk.

9. Every prisoner will be searched instantly when he returns from beyond the boundaries of the brig, regardless of the extent or nature of his absence.

There is almost no conversation in the play. A little soft banter between guards at a few odd moments, the content having no relation to the development of the play. Guards shout commands and abuse the prisoners, or "maggots" verbally. Prisoners are forced to shout. The most frequently heard sounds in the play are "SIR, PRISONER NUMBER — REQUESTS PERMISSION TO CROSS (SWEEP, WASH) THE WHITE LINE, SIR!" Activity is frenetic. The intensity of the noise grows to a climax at the field day in Act Two, when the brig compound is cleaned. Ten prisoners and four guards, the guards punctuating action by beating prisoners who happen to fail to follow procedure correctly. Beatings are frequent,

vigorous, arbitrary and enjoyed, by the guards. The insanity of military life is focused in the military jail.

Kenneth Brown and the Living Theatre company have expertly, even brilliantly, exposed the contradiction of "order and discipline" imposed from without. In the climactic field day, the manic insanity of the system is so distilled and concentrated that it is extremely difficult to keep sitting in one's seat. Reviews of the play by the New York dailies have been particularly stupid in contrast to the weeklies. The Living Theatre's audiences are not merely subjected to a unique exercise in sadism and chaos. Mr. Brown's play has its subtleties (and perhaps some dramatic defects). More than that, Mr. Brown, Julian Beck and Judith Malina have translated a basic reality of our lives into dramatic form. Our future as a civilization, and as a living species, depends to a large extent on how we respond to this insight into the nature of order and authority. The only prisoner who gets away with anything is the Negro, played by Rufus Collins, who blends into the routine so well that he becomes almost invisible and manages to smoke a cigarette without being noticed either by the guards or by most of the audience. I could not help wondering what effect non-violent resistance, non-cooperation, might have in a brig. But that would be another play.

**The Connection**, Jack Gelber's play about narcotics addiction, firmly established the Living Theatre as a preeminently important company in the theatre world. Though acting is uneven, it is always adequate and often of high quality. In the present production the performances of Henry Howard, Chic Ciccarelli and Rufus Collins are especially good. Julian Beck's stage design is extremely effective. There is no curtain, but barbed wire, and beyond that the compound, with the brig's cage in the center. Judith Malina's direction is truly well disciplined. The production is well worth seeing.

## Joe Hill House

72 Post Office Place  
Salt Lake City, Utah  
May 29, 1963

Dear Dorothy:

Mary said you were in Danville but I suppose you came back for Father Casey's retreat. Thanks for the birthday telegram. I had a nice visit with the Laybourn's in Cheyenne and saw some of the big frontier parade.

About 150 to my Newman Club meeting at Boulder with 12 nuns and two priests there. Fine group of youngsters.

In Denver I had lunch with Helen Ford and Mildred Mowe, along with Art Juntinun who drove me around; was on the radio, and the POST interviewed me for 20 minutes. Had a meeting at the home of a Jewish anarchist who married an Irish Catholic wife. That day some bearded anarchist kid who runs a bookstore (his wife is from Milan) gave me a paper back edition of Donald Attwater's Catholic Dictionary for a birthday present. I read it on the bus. Met with Jack Holman at Grand Junction. He is still paying off debts on that house of hospitality he started.

Poulsen, who is under sentence of death, got a reprieve from Aug. 9 to Sept. 29 as Justice Black signed an order for a review by the U.S. Court on the case. I may



# CULTURE VATION ::

have to picket for him next year but not now.

My printer drove me out for bread and doughnuts and I gave him the copy for my tax picketing leaflet. He made good suggestions as to changing paragraphs. He insists that I am presenting a radical image to this community so I must have my picture on all of my leaflets so people will remember when they see me selling CW's or picketing, or on television. I will print only 2,000 copies of the leaflet. I corrected yesterday my chapter on the Mormons so it won't be long until I will be making the index, and the book will likely be out before Christmas.

Peter Lumsden was here for over 2 weeks. Bashful, but a good kid. He lost his job. He had never realized that people were out of work. He saw no promise in the Labor Party and so he went right over to the anarchists. As you know he visited in N.Y. and with Karl in Chicago and he left last night for St. Louis and Washington, D.C. to visit Phil Leahy and Jerry Lehman. He may go on the Walk to Cuba before he goes back to England. He bossed things here last week and the men liked him. He never ate corn on the cob or saw an eggplant before.

Several arms of the law were in telling me I couldn't sleep any more than 20 on the floor. I told them that I would continue to bootleg charity and had no intention of living up to their silly rules. I told them to do their part and make their reports, but if they padlocked my door I was the kind of fellow who would break the padlock again and again and I would wear them out and they had not better start something they couldn't finish. They were nice enough and I think they will just turn their reports in and not push it further.

I have my rent paid up to the first of the year so if I do have to go to jail the cook and Moses, etc. can live here and feed the minimum until I get out and open it wide again. The American News Co. in Seattle ordered eight books. It is good that you folks picketed the Viet Nam mission to the U.N. for persecuting the Buddhists.

P.S.

The health and fire departments have given me 15 days to make repairs, which I will do, and they have given written notice for me to cut down the number sleeping on the floor to 10. I asked what they would do if I had 11, or 70. I said that I would continue to bootleg charity and if they put up a notice I would tear it down, and if they padlocked the place I would break the padlock, I'd go to jail and wear them out the way Brigham Young wore out the U.S. Army. I doubt if they will do anything but scold me. The editor of the Mormon daily wanted to write about it now but I told him to wait until the time came.

Jimmy Hughes is here. He walks with me after groceries in the morning, and we will climb a mountain next Sunday. He's a nice kid. He tends to talk back to the cook, but he'll learn in time.

Love always,  
Ammon

"Act spontaneously, not with reflection: but it is your duty to inform yourself, and reflect so that you progressively become the kind of person whose spontaneous action is wise."

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

## San Francisco

Dear Dorothy:

Today we have a new Holy Father. The church bells at St. Boniface rang and rang this morning. I hope that you were where you could hear the bells ringing too.

### The Palace Hotel

All is well at the Palace Hotel. One day I cleaned up after J. Mortimer Adler who was staying in the Governor's Suite on the eighth floor. Also staying on the eighth floor, which is the fanciest of all, was a CW reader from Santa Clara who left a copy of the paper behind when he checked out and the maid who does that section found the paper. It was the issue with my letter about work in the hotel. So it went all through the hotel and everybody read it—that is, the workers, houseboys and maids. One of the older houseboys tells the story about a maid who was there some years ago who used to go up and down the halls singing, and was discovered by one of the guests and is now singing in an opera house. He tells about one of the Russian woman who was just starting out to work as a maid. The first thing when you get on the floor in the morning is you have to check all the rooms—that is, you unlock the door and peek in to see if the room is occupied. The girls usually say, if there is someone in the room who is awake, that they are "checking." This Russian woman opened the door one morning and said "Chick-en" I guess Ammon would appreciate that. Ammon tells me that I should tell you about the Russian maid who feels that all the problems we have today would be solved if only the young Romanov who lives in Spain were Czar. She says, "Then there would be no more trouble." There is another Russian woman, a widow with three sons, one 20, one 14 and one 12. She is an expert at needle work, and worked at Gobelin, the famous French tapestry company for a long time. She would like to be able to stay home and do her needle work, and lead a more normal family life, but because she cannot speak English well she is reduced, and reduced is the right word for this, to doing maid work. Pat Rusk suggested that I get in touch with the museums that have tapestries here and see whether they could hire her to do mending. It would be a good thing if this woman could have her wish and do the work for which she has been so well trained. She would like to set up her own business perhaps, making fancy blouses with much needle-work. Josephine Gardiner may have some ideas about this, but I thought you also might know of something. She has no capital to start with.

Ammon seems satisfied with the Saint Joan painting, and now he wants one of Daniel in the Lions' Den, and his cook had asked him to ask me to paint the three young men in the fiery furnace. You can imagine that nothing would delight me more than this. I'm beginning to worry that there will not be room on the wall space to hold all of them. But it is a delight to do them and send them to the House in Salt Lake City.

### Rally for Birmingham

We had a fine rally here in San Francisco City Hall Square a few weeks ago, on behalf of Birmingham. There was a long march to the Square. Thousands and thousands of people. Two Maryknoll sisters walked at the head of the section devoted to the Catholic Interracial Council. Trina, the artist

from the Grail who repaired the nose of the St. Francis statue when the CW was on Spring Street, walked with this group and I did also. It was a fine rally, and very moving. One thing more than all the speeches remains in my mind. It was the picture of three little Negro boys, about eight years old, standing in one of the trees way over behind the speakers on the right hand side of the City Hall. You could see these three boys perfectly. There was a kind of window, an absence of leaves in the center of the tree, where they were looking at this great spectacle, which was really theirs—which was done for them. There they were with a perfect frame of beautiful green leaves. One of them was waving a small American flag. It is sights like this that make life a glorious thing. Of course I also thought of the children who climbed up into the trees to get a better look at Our Lord as He went by so long ago.

John Beecher spoke last night at the Serra Library on race relations, under the title, "Birmingham is Everywhere." He is a descendant of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Pat Rusk is trying to get these meetings going at the Library, but is discouraged because she thinks

## PAX BULLETIN

(Quarterly)

Current Issue:

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THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS

Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J.

PSYCHOLOGY AND WAR

Dr. Charles Burns

OUR LORD'S MIND ABOUT

NON-VIOLENCE

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that not enough people are coming to these meetings.

Beecher mentioned that probably the police would not have been so cooperative with the rally here in San Francisco if it had been on behalf of the Negroes of San Francisco itself instead of those in Birmingham. We have our problems here. A girl I know who works for the State Employment Office here says there definitely is discrimination carried on by her office. It is done by means of code numbers. A certain code for Jews, another for Negroes and God only knows what else. I asked Mr. Beecher if grass roots integration could be carried out by the simple means of organizing mass exchanges of residences. That is, Negro families from poor sections could move out of their homes and into the homes of white families in other areas, either poor like themselves or better off, and white families could move into the vacated Negro homes. It seems to me this could be organized. I really don't see why not. And then you would have integration without legislation. When I said this they asked me if I would be willing to do this, and I said yes. But of course the fact that I do not have a family and that I already live in poor circumstances would make it a comparatively insignificant action. So Pat Rusk says, "Well, if it wouldn't work for you it wouldn't work for anyone else." The voice of doom. Well, I can dream, can't I?

I have applied to the Evening Division of the University of San Francisco, even though I still think the Catholic Worker is the best university in America, I'm also taking a course for credit now. It is called Judaeo-Christian Origins, the Acts and Selected Epistles of St. Paul.

### Peter Maurin House

The Peter Maurin House is doing very nicely in Oakland. I was over there for a Friday night meeting not long ago, and also once for dinner before a PAX meeting. The Negro children are always wel-

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## Thoreau's Country

(Continued from page 1)

on his way to a Peace Corps Training Centre. He had just been graduated from Boston College. I naturally assumed that his motivation for attending the conference, for joining the Peace Corps, and for his social concerns, came from his Catholic training at Boston's fine Jesuit university. But this was not so. Frank is a serious and intelligent Catholic, a frequent communicator, but he said his religion played no part in the development of his social conscience. He had developed his social thinking just as an atheist might. Is this not a failure of his educators and of the Church?

Major speakers, or faculty members, address the participants in two meetings a day. There are discussions between various faculty

members, and audience participation. The heart of the Institute for most people is the round-table discussion group. Each participant is assigned to one round-table group, consisting of about ten or twelve others. There is a discussion leader, or round-table clerk, who is trained in group dynamics and non-directive discussion techniques. After two or three days, people in these round-tables find that they are talking on a level deeper than they had expected, trying to find specific ways in which to pursue peace and justice, in their own lives.

Dave Dellinger and Sid Lens, editors of *Liberation* were on the faculty. So were Russ Johnson, who now directs the Quaker International Center in Delhi, India, Ceil Henshaw, one of the pioneer thinkers in unilateral disarmament, Ted Olsen of the New York Friends Group, and Sam Levering of the Friends Committee on National Legislation. Jack Bollens was Dean of the Institute. There was the Senior Advisor to the Director of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, Robert Matteson, who spoke of the U.S. Government's desire for peace and its work to accomplish disarmament, and there was also a man from the Soviet Embassy, Alexander Zinchuk, a specialist in disarmament who spoke of his country's efforts for the same noble ends. The two of them could have exchanged speeches, they were that much alike. They must have used the same fact sheets. It was a good experience for those of us who still believed in the ability of governments to save us.

There were so many old personal friends there, and so many people who introduced themselves as CW readers that I felt at home right away. The food was plentiful, and delicious. The lake, with its white sand and the cool breezes made me idyllically happy. I spoke of the Bowery, of the work of the Catholic Worker community, of voluntary poverty, but mostly I just luxuriated on the sands. My thoughts kept going back to my comrades on Chrystie Street who were bearing the full heat of the day.

When we broke up the conference, and people were promising to look each other up when they got back home, Dave Sawyer offered to drive Sam Levering and me to our connections. I was happy enough to get the ride, but in a 1929 Model A Ford! We chugged up and down back roads of New

(Continued on page 6)

The plight of the small dairy farmer in this area is really sad. Even those born and raised on their own farms are down to a very meager living. The large companies are paying between six cents and eight cents a quart for milk and it costs all of that to produce a quart. The dealers claim that they have such an abundance of milk that we should be thankful that they buy it at these prices and not for even less. The large farmer-businessmen are flooding the market with their enormous herds of high producing cows. They alone can afford the tremendous cost of the new machinery used in dairies. The small farmer is being squeezed out of the picture. What's going to happen to the small family farmer? He cannot possibly hold on and yet he knows only how to farm, and even if he knew other kinds of work, there are no jobs to be had. Automation keeps replacing our working men. Last year our local pickle factory added new equipment that put 50 men out of work.

Dorothy Gauchat called to say she had visited you and that she heard that we were going to California, and she invited us to stop off for a visit on our way. Jack wanted either to head East to his beloved Catholic Worker country or West because of the better climate. We thought about last winter and how completely snowed in we were and about the 20 below zero weather. So we decided to go West where we can at least garden most of the year round and have fresh fruit, so that even though we have to leave the farm, we might at least keep our thumbs in the soil in some fashion. Jack has a job for September teaching slow-learners in a desert town called Perris, about 70 miles from Los Angeles. We haven't found a house yet. My sister and brother are looking for us. I hope they find one that can accommodate the 12 of us and in the Fall the new little Thornton that is due.

I wonder if there are any CW people in the San Bernardino-Riverside area. It would be nice to meet up with some like-minded people.

Jack is finishing his M.A. thesis at Allegheny College. It's been a long hard task for a man with ten children and a farm to work, but he has made it at last. He has been

taking courses for the past three years, while working the farm and trying to organize the farmers. His professors want him to go on for his Ph.D. but we fear we'd be old before he gets through. There are days when we just look around at the ten children and say we'll be thankful if we can just raise them in the simplicity, poverty and fear of the Lord that have always been our goals. In this very backward mission country those ideals are constantly shaken. Modern society is so complicated, everyone is trying to keep up with the Joneses. Brotherly love and love of God are replaced with an "I'll take care of myself" attitude. We tried to buy equipment cooperatively, with some of our neighbors. They flatly said NO. They would rather own what they could buy, and rent what they couldn't, rather than share.

We certainly hated to give up. We love the land and Peter's community idea. We were sure we could make it go. But we never did get the community going, and now we have to face up to giving up the farming end also. But immediate tasks like supporting and raising a large family and getting older lead me to realize that your younger, single idealists will have to take over where we must leave off.

Warmest greetings to all our CW family, and much Love in Christ,  
Jack and Mary Thornton.



## Thoreau's Country

(Continued from page 5)

Hampshire, spewing water from the radiator, till we had to stop for a parade. Moultonboro was celebrating its bicentennial. It was better than Macy's or the Barnum Festival parade. Little life and drum corps, out of step and out of tune, floats from various civic organizations. In back of the Brownies there was a float sponsored by the Women's Club, decorated with blue and white crepe paper, a Peace Dove, and one word, Peace on top. The three of us from Aven indulged in the thought that perhaps we were finally getting through to the people.

### Camp World Fellowship

Willard and Ola Uphaus manage World Fellowship. They are wonderfully hospitable and work from 6 a.m. till midnight. I had spoken at the camp twice before, but on the subject of direct-action for peace. Polaris Action and conscientious objection. Though the Uphaus are Christians, most of their guests are not. Most are socialists of one kind or another, and atheists. So I chose to talk on the spiritual, religious basis of the Catholic Worker's activities. I expected an animated reaction, and I got it. The atmosphere was always friendly, however, and respectful. The Catholic Worker's poverty makes people take us seriously. Thirty years of a daily miracle. We live literally from hand to mouth, not knowing from one day to the next how we will manage, or whether we will be able to go to press. We owe the printer a substantial sum. And the grocer.

There were old friends at World Fellowship too, Frank and Madeleine Donner (Frank wrote *The Un-Americans*, the story of the House Committee on Un-American Activities), and Florence Luscomb, veteran radical. I could spend only two days there. Ola made me a special breakfast before the others got up and I set off for Northampton, Massachusetts. Willard and Ola perform a very valuable work, an apostolate of a kind, keeping communications open.

### The Rock

There were 81 people at The Rock, most of them from junior high school to high school age. Robert William, his wife and their daughter Phoebe live there the year round. The kids were the brightest group I had ever met. I taught this age group for three years, so I know. I spoke two nights, and held many informal, spontaneous seminars in non-violence during the days. I sensed that they would like to hear about life on the Bowerly and St. Joseph's House on Chrystie Street, so I told them stories about the people we live with, and how we live our lives together, in poverty and community. They caught the spirit right away, and they responded so well that I became perhaps a little excessive in my description of the joys of poverty.

Bob Williams is a born teacher. His counsellors are all exceptional people, artists, scholars. The atmosphere is very creative. I'm sure that most of the kids go back to school better equipped to learn after their experience at The Rock. They have frequent guest speakers from widely differing points of view and interest. Not only are the campers exposed to the Catholic Worker, but to the John Birch Society. The campers were very courteous to the Birchers, though a few of them had to hide behind a counter to conceal their amusement at the poor soul. In an atmosphere of freedom and accomplishment, in discussion of divergent ideas in an accepting way, the campers learn that what you really learn you learn for yourself. I felt very good after meeting these young people.

### The Boston Area

It was good to get at last to Cambridge, to see Judith Gregory. She is involved in a study of Hannah Arendt. We hope to have an evaluation of her work.

thought in the paper soon. I took a couple of days to spend with friends in the Boston area, and to pay homage to the ghost of Henry David Thoreau in Concord.

Loren Miner and I went out to Walden Pond, where Thoreau lived alone in a hut in the woods, writing of the simple life. The pond is now part of a state reservation, with rules governing conduct of visitors posted on trees everywhere. The area is much as it was in Thoreau's time, though I suspect the pond has shrunk a little, and one side of it has been spoiled by people swimming and leaving cigarette butts and beer cans. It is possible to walk the entire circumference of Walden Pond in a short time, so we set out to do it. On our way we were surprised to see a sign indicating "To Thoreau's Hut." It had never occurred to me that there could be anything left of Thoreau's hut after over a century. We walked up the trail, under an overcast sky. It had been gloomy all day. But as we approached what was the hearthstone, the sun broke through the clouds, and a beam of light came through the foliage of the trees and fell on the walls, as if Thoreau were saying hello.

### Back to Chrystie Street

I got back to New York very late at night and went straight to bed. The next morning I found that my little Olivetti typewriter and my stereophonic tape recorder were gone. I felt anguish, sorrow, frustration and even anger, for perhaps one of my roommates had left the door to our apartment unlocked. Mike Harrington wrote in *The Other America* that after a person has been at the Catholic Worker for over six months he does not possess anything he brought with him from his former life. With me it took ten. I had been speaking of the life of voluntary poverty to hundreds of people in New England. But had I accepted it myself? What reality was there to my acceptance of poverty? Was this perfect joy?

Ed Forand, Walter Kerrell, Arthur J. Lacey, Joe Maurer, everyone except Chris Kearns and I, left that day for Peter Mauria Farm to join Dorothy, Charles and the others in a five day closed retreat. Chris and I had to take care of the house, the clothing, the food, the paper and maintain a daily demonstration against South Vietnam. The Catholic government there is persecuting the Buddhists. We thought it most appropriate for Catholics to lead the protests in this country against Diem's vicious persecution. But it seems that the Catholic press would rather whitewash the mess.

We were kept going at a furious pace that week. The others were praying for us at the Farm, and as often happens when things are particularly rough, the men here pulled together and carried the load. Polish Walter, Bob Stewart, Paul, Charley O'Keefe, all the men were so cooperative and reasonable that my sorrow over loss of possessions was lifted, and I thought of what Dorothy had written about community in the last lines of *The Long Loneliness*. We fail in many things here, but we do have that sense of community. There is real joy in the work, each one doing voluntarily what he can. It is this work, together in community, that puts all things in their proper place in our scheme of true values.

## ON WRITING

"If you write for God you will reach many men and bring them joy."

"If you write for men—you may make some money and you may give someone a little joy and you may make a noise in the world, for a little while."

"If you write for yourself you can read what you yourself have written and after ten minutes you will be so disgusted you will wish that you were dead."

THOMAS MERTON



## THE PRODIGAL SON San Francisco

(Continued from page 5)

come. And they rightly treat the house as their home. Hugh is kind to them. The atmosphere is quite informal. The outside of the house is painted a New England barn red color, which I find very attractive. There is also a bamboo tree outside the door in a big wooden box. There are signs inside the house in very nice fancy old fashioned English Script saying, "Please don't panhandle the neighbors." But they are most inoffensive and in good humor. And I'm sure the men appreciate it. When I had dinner I ate with three men at a table apart from the bigger table.

One of the men told me that he worked as a killer of cattle in South San Francisco. He stands at the head of a kind of conveyor ramp on which the cattle are brought up, and as they appear he shoots them with a rifle through the forehead. He says he sometimes kills as many as 200 head a day. This job pays quite well, but he has to commute from across the street from Peter Mauria House in Oakland. He has to be up very early. He said the work didn't bother him, that he had gotten used to it. There is a good deal of children's art work on the walls, and someone, an adult, I am sure, has done a very nice painting on wood of St. Martin de Porres. Underneath it simply says Martin. It is simple and good, and very appropriate for the House. They mentioned at this meeting that they had rented another store which was to be something like Siloe House, more as a special place for the children to come. The place is run on a kind of community-partnership basis. The idea seems to be to steer clear of the whole problem of personalities interfering with the work. This also seems to me to be a good example of anarchist cooperation which is working.

### Joe Hill House

Very many of Ammon's friends and acquaintances, people who have heard him speak and have picketed with him in different places, are always coming to visit him, sending him money ordering copies of the forthcoming new edition of his book, so things are going along very nicely in Salt Lake. He mentioned that one of the priests from the Cathedral of the Madeleine brought down lots of dishes and clothes for the House, and of course they are always sending people down for meals and a place to sleep.

### Migrant Farmers

My partner has been out in Manteca pruning almonds and grapes. The pay is one dollar an hour. It's a four, five or an eight hour day. The men pay Peter Paul Sanchez, the contractor who runs the labor camp, \$2.75 for room and board in his camp for each day they are there. My partner says he does not think they could be spending more than \$1. a day on food. The cooking is bad. The cook is from one of the missions in Stockton. I do not know how much he is paid.

For meat the men get weiners, tongue and baked heart.

From what my partner tells me it is very obvious that the contractor is using the men for his own profit. Here are the figures my partner gave to me. First of all, the \$1.75 for sleeping space multiplied by the forty men comes to \$70 per day, \$190 a week. The contractor charges \$.25 for rental of one blanket, \$.50 for two blankets by the week. The blankets are dirty, and if you want one cleaned, that is another \$.1. But the blankets are not sent to the cleaners. The men pay \$.10 for the renting of shears for the pruning. For forty men this comes to \$.28 a week. Add this to the \$490 a week, with \$.10. a week for renting blankets and you get \$528 so far. The contractor also has a license to sell wine. He gets his wine wholesale for, at the most, \$.40 a fifth. It sells in town for \$.65, but he sells it in his camp for \$.90 a fifth, clearing \$.50 a bottle. He sells maybe thirty bottles a day to the men, which adds up to \$15 a day, \$105 a week. This makes \$633 a week. In addition, the contractor receives from the farmer \$.25 for every hour of labor that each man does. If every man works eight hours seven days a week, as they do in good weather, this is \$80 a day and \$560 a week. Total clear profit, so far, for one week for the contractor, is \$1,193.

My partner also tells me that some men in the camp are so heavily indebted to Sanchez that they never receive a pay check at all. Some men are as much as from \$200 to \$400 in debt to him, and have more or less given up hope of getting out at all. My partner says that Sanchez has two trucks, and they go an average of 40 miles each working day. This is \$.64 a day for gasoline. My partner says he cannot see that there is much more overhead than this. Bathrooms, he says, are in good condition, window panes in all the windows, roofs do not leak. But the camp is dirty, of course, and there is no grass about the place, just sand. The contractor drives a new Ford station wagon, has a wife and children. My partner has not seen the house he lives in. There are many busses in and around Stockton that belong to new contractors. There are more going into business each year. Ten years ago there were none at all. The farmers did the hiring directly. It does not seem to me that there is any doubt that the contractors are parasites. But my partner says to hear them talk you would think they are very poor. God bless you all at home.

Love,  
Mary

## Cuba

Habana, Cuba.  
June, 1963.

Dear Dorothy:

Your letter postmarked in March arrived two months later. The CW paper has not reached me since the last time I told you, but I did receive David Dellinger's *Liberation* with Merton's cautious letter, and a note from Rev. Ernest Bromley that he will continue to send me his *Peacemaker*. Also I received Mildred Loomis' *Way Out*, which always interests me inasmuch as her group in Brookville, Ohio share many ideas in common with mine including Borsodi's clever integration of opposite terms to do away with old verbal conflicts and useless sensational battles.

Finally I received a strange letter from a group of intentional living who are planning to hold some kind of thoughtless trial against me to expel me from their mailing list because I have not removed myself from Cuba, etc. The surprising part of it is that this Holy Inquisition is held in the name of freedom and anti-Catholic libertarianism. Yet I somehow suspect that their real motive is anger and resentment for the letters I have sent them criticizing their frivolous preoccupation with material objects and their disregard for the more serious and

grave reality of our human situation in this absurd world of cruelty and callous indifference. Another error this group is falling into is that of believing that there are some people who are wicked and deserve to be punished or ostracized when the only noble truth about people is that some of them are ignorant, misguided or emotionally disturbed and in need of our help. My best hope is that this group will rectify their error and stop looking for helpless victims or witch hunting opportunities. Otherwise they will become an example of what a pacifist anarchist group can do when it is confused about its values, beliefs and practices.

No doubt most of us are confused and I have my own share of incompetence in understanding many things, but that is precisely why we must search for clarity without fear of gadflies like Socrates under whatever guise they may appear. Regarding the Inquisition, it was one of the things that weakened my Catholic faith and made me seek spiritual refuge in the Protestant Church where I often read the enlightening story behind such passages as are found in the Gospel of Luke XXII:7 and even more explicitly in Matthew XXVII 12-14, which clearly show Christ's view about trials. It is true that then I read this passage in a most superficial manner as most Protestants do, and it was not until recently that I began to see the contradiction between the U.S.A.'s claim about being a Christian nation and its addiction to all sorts of inquisitorial investigations so much so that the Americans are already getting a reputation as the greatest snoopers on earth. This is quite commendable in the realm of scientific research but it shows a deplorable disregard for Christian ethics when it is directed to invade and degrade the individual.

Science can be very much benefited with such voluntary confessions as found in the work of St. Augustine, Rousseau, Nietzsche and Henry Miller, but society is defiled when it pretends to enforce it. Those who know Gandhi's thought are aware that since no man is capable of knowing the whole truth, no man is capable of judging others. It is enough to say that if Christians really obeyed Christ's sentence of judgment on punishing Mary Magdalen, no Christian nation would have ever instituted the systems of trial and punishment which inspired Kafka to write his appalling novels. It is still necessary to recognize that in alienation and estrangement it is impossible to expect anything better. To practice Christian morality or brotherly love among strangers is as difficult as rolling a Sisyphean rock uphill and just as despairing. It certainly requires the courage of an absurdist.

Will you send me the address of your Miramar friends again? It seems that I lost your card and could not make it when I decided to try to make the trip in the bus even if the smoke and gasoline kill me, which is another reason for my being a hermit. There are rumors that Havana will soon have subways so that will settle the transportation problem not only for allergicals like me, but

To me the monk surpasses the anarchist in devotion and sense of reverence while the anarchist surpasses the monk in broadmindedness and understanding, although the example above shows that even anarchists can fall into the mentality of the Inquisitor. Actually the one in his claustrophobia resembles the other in his agoraphobia. Either the security of a trap or the freedom of empty space is not much of a choice and without relatedness plus tolerance the third way is always in danger of falling into the monk mentality of Sorokin and sex-repressed reconstruction of society and, on the other hand, the anarchist mentality of Norman Mailer and unprogrammatic and aimless roaming as a lonely wolf.

In India, it seems that Vinobha

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# ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

and not to buy from stores where Negroes were not employed in fair ratio to the whites.

There was much to quote from Pope John: what he had to say about the rights of conscience; about unjust laws; about the place of women, the part they had to play in the world.

And I told my listeners too, that after so many years of work in the Peace Movement, I had come to the conclusion that basic to peace was this struggle of the colored for education, job opportunity, health, and recognition as men. That while we talked of averting war, we were in the midst of one of the strangest wars in history, where the side which had declared the war were using no weapons but those of suffering. They were praying; they were marching; they were doing without (by boycott); they were in a way offering their own flesh, their suffering, their imprisonment, for their brothers.

"A new commandment" (not a counsel) "I give to you, that you love each other as I have loved you." And that commandment of Jesus means the laying down of life itself for one's brother, colored and white.

It is the Negro who is leading the way, and it is among the Negroes that the ranks of the martyrs is increasing. They are uncounted, unknown, many of them. Medgar Evers leads them, going out as he did with fore knowledge of his doom. He fell, and his brother is taking his place. Others are unknown, unsung heroes. Something is happening in our midst that we do not recognize. We have eyes and see not, ears and hear not. The last are becoming the first. "He hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted the humble."

## "Not Worthy"

It is hard to feel that the color of our skin in a way separates us from this mass of people whom we have injured. It is with too little and too late that we are engaging ourselves. But even if it is at the eleventh hour that we are called to serve, we can respond.

We can pray too that we may be "counted worthy to suffer," a fact the apostles rejoiced over when they put up their non-violent struggle for the Faith, and were imprisoned and beaten. I felt that I had not been counted worthy when I learned that the Danville police have been imprisoning all the pickets since I left, besides all those who have been engaged in sit-ins. The jails have been filling up.

I talked to some of the women who had been beaten by the police and their deputies and the savagery was incredible. The only thing they were spared were the humiliating stripping and searching that all women are subjected to in the Women's House of Detention in New York.

## All ages

On the picket line which I participated in through the downtown streets of Danville, I was preceded by Mrs. Chase, wife of the minister of the church where I had spoken the night before, and Mrs. Lawrence Campbell whose husband is the executive secretary of the Danville Christian Progressive Association and minister of one of the other leading churches of the city.

The very young among the Negro students have led in the integrating of public facilities, lunch counters, hospitals, libraries, theaters and housing in many places, and have engaged the minds and hearts of youth in Danville also. It was fascinating to see and hear these young ones, some of them only fourteen, talk of the work and the struggle ahead.

Just as in Birmingham, many of these young ones have already

seen the inside of the prisons. Comparing them to the gangs of unemployed teen-agers who are looked upon with fear and trembling by the householder everywhere, one can only see in these young ardent souls great hope for the future.

John Davis was one of the first from Danville to take a position of responsibilities in these activities. In an interview at the office of Liberation in New York, he told how a group of young people were arrested for trespassing when they sat on the steps of Charcoal House, a segregated restaurant, after the manager closed the place in the face of their picket line. When they were arrested there were two news men present and Chief of Police McCain warned the police to handle their prisoners with care, but when they arrived in the jail cells where there were no witnesses they were kicked and "cursed in most vile language."

Ivanhoe Donaldson who drove down from New York was halted by the police outside Danville and arrested for driving with faulty brakes, handcuffed, taken to the police station, and struck in the face several times. Another student from Brandeis University who came to help the SNCC group was beaten so badly with clubs that Mother Teresa said it was a wonder he had any sense left. The police kept saying, one of the young colored girls told me, "Is you a white man or is you a nigger?" and when he would not answer, they kept beating him.

This same little one, who looked no more than twelve years old, had been thrown into prison too together with a crowd of others, and "the prison was so full that they had to put us in the side with the white people,—so we integrated the jail!" Truly this is also a children's crusade. It is not that they have been led into it,—it is hard to keep them out.

An Emergency Food Drive has been announced by representatives of SNCC and the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) in Danville, to help ease hunger due to the cutting off of unemployment compensation and loss of jobs which occurred in reprisal for participating in demonstrations.

## Parents in Jail

"There are also many families where one or both parents are in jail, and they have vowed to remain there without bail. Food is needed for their children," according to Rev. L. G. Campbell. Staples such as flour, canned milk, and canned vegetables and meat are needed for immediate distribution.

"We are making a special appeal to all friends of justice for small and large packages to be sent to 226 North Union St., Danville, Va., said Avon W. Rollins, Executive Committee, SNCC.

Besides the relief that is needed and the money for all the expenses and legal fees of these committees (they are doing a lot of work and not spending much on literature) there is the problem of the building of a kind of social order which can handle the problems of automation, the building of a new society within the shell of the old. The continuation, in other words, of Peter Maurin's program of Farming Communes and Agronomic Universities throughout the country. Besides teachers, students, workers and scholars, all are needed who have funds to invest in land and enterprises, those who know how to plan and those who know how to build, those most especially who know how to teach,—to work with others. There is not much room for the individualist, but much need for the personalist, in the communitarian society where the aim will be the common good; the need to make the kind of social order "where it is easier for man to be good," as Peter Maurin said.

There is time to talk about these things in prison, in meeting halls, in times of unemployment and tension. We each have our vocation—the thing to do is to answer the call. We each have something to give.

## LATE NOTES

We last went to press June 12. So far five families have had vacations at the beach house in Staten Island. There is usually a day or so in between to clean up a bit and defrost the ice box. With lots of kids there is bound to be some disorder and breakage, but this year one of the unemployed men of the family repaired a bit of plumbing, something we had been trying to get done for months. There is so much building on the island it is impossible to get a plumber. Also we like to think of the miracle of a house free from bugs all these summers. In spite of the fact that these families come from the real slums and are crowd-



ST. MARY  
MAGDALEN

ed into a few small rooms in town, none of them have brought with them any noxious insects. But as for mosquitos,—we haven't a single mosquito, says Stanley. They are all married and with large families.

## Fr. McSorley Died

Our dear friend Fr. McSorley, with whose encouragement and advice Peter Maurin and I launched the Catholic Worker back in 1933, died, and was buried Saturday, July 6. I thought, during the requiem Mass, how gentle and how saintly a man. His whole life reads like the life of a saint. It was all entirely directed to the priesthood and I felt, as I never did before at anyone's passing, that here had been a man of complete innocence and yet one to whom one could go loaded down with guilt and misery and know that he was filled with loving kindness and understanding. "He is a priest forever," as the priest who preached his funeral sermon said, "and so we can still count on his help."

## Sasha Died

In the mid section of The Long Loneliness when I wrote of a time of "natural happiness," I tell of a Russian Jewish family who figured largely in my life at that time. The father of that family died during the month and it was a shock to hear that he had gone from us. There are so many memories of discussions, literary and political, with a background of guitar music and Russian folk songs. Sasha introduced to us Dzarjevsky (who gave me his baptismal cross and for whom I am bound to pray), Salama, and the Bulgakov family, and I remember how Freda and I taught Varya how to read English from Candide. Sasha had a little garden and he told us once that he

# First Sit-in On Staten Island

By JEAN FOREST

I have lived on Staten Island for almost a year and have not yet recovered from the shock I received when I discovered the apathy of the community here—both black and white. Do they know about the "freedom now" revolution? If they don't, where have they been? How has it passed them by? If they do, why doesn't it effect them? Don't they care?

I still don't have the answer. A strange smokescreen of indifference seems to overhang this island. The "issues" are perhaps ignored or feared. Maybe it takes too much effort to shake ourselves from our safe, comfortable, split-level shackles.

On July 24, five people, under the auspices of CORE, finally conducted the first sit-in on Staten Island in conjunction with the struggle of the other boroughs of New York City to break through the stalemate of the construction industry's failure to place Negroes and Puerto Ricans in jobs. I was one of the people who sat in. We decided to commit ourselves to the small protest of five individuals in the hope that we might stir up some community spirit.

We received very fine treatment from the Police Department and greatly appreciated this after reading about occurrences elsewhere. We were brought to the station for the necessary induction and then put into cells to await our hearing. While in our cells we overheard a most gruesome story discussed by two guards. A man who had been in the jail the previous day, had slit his wrists and throat with a half razor blade which he

wished we would some day plant some dill on his grave when he died it was so delectable an herb in salads. I lived with them in the city for a time, and when I had my home on Staten Island, the Maruchess family bought a place next door and we were constant companions for years. May he rest in peace!

## Michael Died

One can think peacefully of the death of a Fr. McSorley but not of a Michael who was too young to die. Michael Willock was only eighteen and the last time I saw him was when he and his father Ed had spent a Thanksgiving vacation with us on the Staten Island farm.

Suffering is a mystery and often one cries out, Why, why? We ask the prayers of our readers for Dorothy Willock and the children.

## Hiroshima Day

As we go to press, Aug. 6, A. J. Muste has been leading a large group of demonstrators in a sit-down before the Atomic Energy Commission on Hudson and Houston Streets. A vigil is lined up before the block long building, which will be continued for the next three days. Hour by hour, one of the watchers goes to take his place beside A. J. Muste who has led in the sit-down, blocking the door of the main entrance to the building. We will write more of this in the next issue.

## Danville Again

Late News. Rev. Chase of Danville whose wife led the Mothers for Freedom picket line in Danville in which I took part, was arrested. Police came at four-thirty in the morning and kicked in the door of his home and dragged him out in pajamas to the local jail. Later in the day eighty more pickets were arrested, including Mrs. Chase, his wife.

## Retreat Movement

Fr. Marion Casey of Belle Plaine, Minnesota gave us our annual retreat which began on a Sunday night and lasted until Saturday. I am writing a book about this spiritual adventure, which the Catholic Worker Press will publish later.

had sewn into the lining of his trousers. He was an alcoholic and in the early stages of the d.t.'s. When they discovered him covered with blood, he told the guards he did it because he could not face the prospect of returning to Hart's Island prison since he had sworn to his fellow-inmates that he would "remain straight this time," and they would laugh and mock him if he went back. The police chief, whom the guard described as "coldblooded," made the dying prisoner sign a statement which asserted that he did not find the razor blade on the premises. The guards said he did this to clear himself of any responsibility. The prisoner, age 29, died shortly afterward.

At the hearing, the judge said he sympathized with the "cause" but did not approve of our "methods." He did not suggest alternative methods or allow us to speak in our own defense. Perhaps he is in favor of the more "lawful" gradualism which the Negroes have smothered under for the last 100 years. "Gradual methods" have not borne much fruit as is proven by the existence of Negro ghettos such as Harlem, the Negroes' inferior education and job preparation, his lack of involvement in the political, social and cultural movements in this country until very recently.

The judge asked us if we were not ashamed to be under arrest. What would our children think? Our children were with us on the picket lines. We are doing this for our children. Our children have done it themselves in Birmingham.

The judge also claimed that our activities may lead to violence. There is always a possibility of violence in any tense situation. Does he prefer the outright hate and violence programs of extremist groups such as the Black Muslims or the non-violent actions of such groups as CORE and SNCC. Ultimately, that is the choice he and all of us must make. Violence or non-violence. It will be an overwhelming tragedy if the non-violent movement does not succeed in winning the allegiance of all people. The judge would not permit a Negro minister to even stand by our sides in the courtroom. I cannot understand this negative action. We were released and our hearing postponed to a later date.

We have not found a great deal of support (or un-support) for the sit-in. If we have found anything, I suppose it is a kind of disbelief, and that at least is a challenge to apathy. The most important realization that we who sat-in have had, however, is that this is only the beginning, and beginnings are hard. But we have done that. We have begun.

## Papal Revolution

"The Papal Revolution established once and for all that a man may have two loyalties, a local loyalty to the region where he is born, lives, and dies, and a universal loyalty to the truth which is the same for all. Whenever scientists and artists of different countries exchange periodicals they are enjoying a right won for them by the popes of the eleventh and twelfth centuries: whenever a national state keeps scientific discoveries secret or censors artistic creations for reasons of national security or public order, it is attempting to undo the revolutionary accomplishment of the Middle Ages. It is right and proper that the setting of The Canterbury Tales should be a pilgrimage in which all sorts and conditions of men are brought together away from their homes in a common intention to pay homage to one of the martyrs of that revolution, Thomas a Becket."

W. H. Auden



# ON THE BOMB

(Continued from page 3)

one must beware of making examples of them and of drawing general laws from them, and above all of proposing theories concerning their legitimacy.

The greatest part of human conflicts occur quite otherwise; they are susceptible of legal or moral solutions, in short, of human solutions, while rendering blow for blow until the stronger wins against the other is of the nature of a reflex action properly belonging to animals and has nothing to do with law or reason.

In case of war, who is the aggressor? Each one says it is the other. As proof, today one calls the War Office the "Department of National Defense." "If everyone is defending himself, where does the attack come from?" asks Tolstoy. If we begin to justify defense, we shall have to proceed with justifying an attack as preventive defense, or as a return thrust after some provocation, or as revolt against an oppressor, or as a means to recover something that was taken from us.

Or to take from a neighbor something that is necessary to us, either because he has no use for it or because he has acquired it unfairly.

Or to defend our honor, to fulfill our obligations, to maintain our prestige.

Or to divert attention from the scandals in the government, to solve the problem of unemployment, to turn against the foreigner our enemies in the interior.

In order to establish peace on justice, and justice on force . . .

And while the chain of the fury and horrors of war is lengthened, the chain of their justifications doubles it and reinforces it.

To this there is no reply, except that the reasons are too good. So much so that there is no cause which is not justified, and no atrocity which is not also justified in view of the just cause. And this mass of justifications, so well bound together that one cannot reject a single one, covers entirely the Fifth Commandment of God:

## THOU SHALT NOT KILL

which was given on a table of stone and without margins, so that one could not hook on to it any commentaries.

So they put their own commentary not at the side, nor at the bottom, but on the top, and in place of the commandment; there are now all the teachings and recommendations necessary to cancel it.

In consequence of this, war comes like a scourge.

And it is a scourge made by the hand of man.

And everyone knows that it is God's punishment.

By what does one recognize God's punishment? By this that the guilty person applies it to himself with zeal, with fury; and he himself regulates it to his own case.

From the series of legitimate and repeated violence, which finds its justification in the injustices of the adversary, there are two possible consequences, and there can be only two:

Either perpetual war, as history proves it; and now, with the advent of total war and the ultimate weapon, total destruction;

Or else the breaking of the chain, or liberation, or conversion, or yet Nonviolence: that which the Gospel preaches and, five centuries earlier, Buddha, and ten centuries before Buddha, Joseph, the son of Jacob of Israel; of which an uninterrupted tradition of saints, sages, and prophets has established the spiritual conditions, the interior disposition; while in our century which is in extreme danger Gandhi has shown its practical applications.

He has shown that this resistance by Spiritual Force (for it is certainly a matter of power and struggle, not of resignation and

acquiescence) is capable of repulsing an invader, even if the invader were a thousand times better armed, even if he had installed himself in the country for over a century.

Capable also of liberating an oppressed class, as is proved by the liberation of the pariahs. Capable again in a few days of ending a war, since the massacres of Hindus and Pakistanis were stopped completely.

Justice requires that we fight for it even unto death, but these historical examples open the way to other forms of combat and teach that recourse to war, doubtful at all times, today disastrous, is henceforth useless.

Having said this, and having given the gist of my thought in a few words, I come again to the first point, I mean the bomb, and find those who do not want to follow me up to the end, who hold on to the reasonable and traditional argument that weapons are justified by the necessity of war, and war is justified by the necessity of defense.

Were this true—and one could well believe it at the time of MacMahon and even of Joffre and Foch—there still remains the fact that nuclear weapons are specifically different from all the others. The number of victims and the amount of damage are not the only things to be taken into account. There are critical points, going beyond the limit, where the quantitative difference affects even the quality of things and the nature of problems.

If war is acceptable up to a certain point as defense, as the lesser evil, as an advantage over the immediate and certain harm that it causes, as some superior good that one expects from it, armament, likewise, is only acceptable by a balance between offensive and defensive weapons.

The Middle Ages, an age called

barbarous, but an age of legend and epic poetry had as its characteristic a remarkable superiority of defensive weapons.

Its offensive weapons were almost as rudimentary (their form and decoration excepted) as those used in the time of the cavemen: slings, mows and arrows, maces hatchets, swords, lances, and that is about all.

But what technical marvels and what inventive genius in defense! Coats of mail, complete armorplate for man and horse, helmets with visor, jointed gauntlets, shields, mobile carapaces, and then ramparts, double and triple fortified curtains, moats filled with water, barriers, draw-bridges, fixed railings, doors and gates plated with metal, watch-towers, battlements, barbicans, machicolations, and the dungeon and the underground galleries.

The knight was nearly invulnerable, and scaling the ramparts often impossible. It was necessary to reduce citadels and castles by famine or take them by treachery. An historical battle was settled by a few dozen deaths. The overthrown enemy was made a prisoner, released through ransom, and often freed on word of honor. War kept the aspect of a tournament, a sport sometimes deadly, but by accident, a test of bravery and of self-control.

With the cannon and the musket, the predominance of offensive weapons is admitted (and immediately the chivalric virtues fall into disuse and are brought into discredit). The breast-plate is broken up and the ramparts are thrown down. Man ends up by presenting himself to the cannon with his chest uncovered, having as defense only the chance of moving among cannon-shots and bullets, having as protection only the line of those who precede him.

The First World War marked the extreme limit of the renunciation of all defense, except the most elementary, which is that of burrowing into the earth, that is, of throwing oneself down flat on one's

face in the holes laden with earth.

The waves of assault move forward again and again, making havoc of all and building up an embankment or slope with hundreds of thousands of corpses.

At last, one sees an uncertain helmet reappearing to watch over the wasted shots, some bursts of fire and some small stones falling again, and, in the last months, a number of assault wagons go forward to take the trenches by force.

Between two wars a complete defensive system appears, founded on false estimates, on outdated strategic theories. The Maginot Line rises, or rather is sunk into the earth. But from the first thrust, this new Chinese Wall melts, a house of sand on the sea-shore engulfed by the tide; the aerial attack with parachute troops leaps over it, making fun of it, and takes it from the rear.

It was the same in their time with the blockhouses of the Atlantic Wall and of the Siegfried Line. Besides, the entire front of the armies constituted only a very imperfect protection for the country in the rear, subject to aerial attacks and long-range fire. One could oppose to it the so-called "passive" defense, which is to shut oneself up in the cellars, to shoot at the airplanes or to give them chase.

Against the atom bombs and rockets, nothing of this will be effective, and even the underground shelters will not protect us against atomic bombardments, if they poison for a long while the outside air.

The sword, offensive weapon, noble weapon.

It is offensive by its point only, and defensive by the rest of it.

The Bomb is an ignoble weapon and forbidden by definition, because without parry or defense. If the legitimacy of combat is defense, the Ultimate Weapon which is without parry or defense is totally offensive and absolutely evil.

What is absolutely evil is also absurd.

One can conceive of a man who sacrifices himself for his land and for his family, but if he sacrifices at the same time that for which he is sacrificing himself, there is no longer any sacrifice, but suicide and unpardonable crime. To die in a nuclear war is to die three times; to die oneself, to die in one's children and to die together with nature.

Ah, my friends! Raise your eyes, quickly raise your eyes toward the sky while it is still blue.

Touch the land before it is exhausted.

Go, run and drink at the spring, before it is poisoned; go and bathe in the sea before it is polluted.

But above all look at your children; see how they play before they drop helpless, before their blood is upset, before they are consumed, inch by inch, by slow flame or radioactive fallout.

You are afraid that they may get their feet wet, poor little ones! You are afraid that they may catch cold. You are afraid that they may not pass their examinations, poor children!

But as for the deep and rankling sores that the dalliers in atoms are preparing for your children, this does not concern you; is it not so?

To exterminate the enemy mechanically, from afar, and without even seeing them, men, women, and old people, without distinction, is the contrary of all justice, of all honor, and of all glory.

It is indeed a question of prestige! To prepare in cold blood this enormous crime is a sign of the greatest cowardice and baseness! A ruse inspired by terror—and, besides, a blind ruse that is caught in its own trap!

Blessed are the people who have not this temptation, and more so those who know how to resist it with magnanimity or simply through sensibleness!

Those who do not have the bomb are also those who have the greatest chance to be unharmed by it, whatever one may say.

For if a conflict breaks out between two powers possessing nuclear weapons, it will be fatally

## Cuba

(Continued from page 6)

Bhave has done much to work out the Gandhian idea of Trusteeship, requesting land, money (that odious word) and equipment to erect communities. Recently I received some literature from Wilfred Wellock in England with appeals for that double revolution where social change is accompanied by human change. The question is how fast can this be done before the conditions in the world aggravate to a point where violence and despair become madness and war. Perhaps in part speed is conditioned by the relation between monks and anarchists or between the Sorokins and the Norman Mailers. Although once unity were achieved there is still the material obstacles of over-privilege, fear of losing class prestige, the neurotic need for hoarding and channelling sex repression through the grooves of power and ostentation. The need is for able activists and organizers with enough tact. Public demonstrations help but tend to encourage the mass psychology of dehumanized quantity. The need for communication, dialogue and concrete suggestions about the giving away of surplus wealth for definite and meaningful projects is the most important.

With love and respect,  
Mario Gonzales

nuclear (heads of state have declared it so without equivocation).

But if a conflict breaks out between a power provided with nuclear weapons and one not provided with them, it is probable that the power so provided will rest content with using classical weapons, as was the case in the Korean War, although a decisive victory could not be obtained.

The most ambitious and most inhuman conqueror cannot have the least interest in ruling over disintegrated peoples or annexing radioactive deserts.

To speak of conquest or of defense through the use of atomic instruments it to give proof of being of an unthinking cast of mind; it is to believe oneself to be living in the good old days of Deroulede.

The future belongs to the nations without the Bomb. They represent moreover the majority, the foundation, the reserves.

Will they be able to see with clearness that it is an honor, an advantage, and an assurance? Will they know how to stand up to the Disintegrators and to dissuade them?

Who is able to speak in their name, to defend them, to unite them, to be covered in their eyes with the glory of a savior, unless he who could possess the ultimate weapon, but refuses it?

That is the role of the first magnitude that France can have.

Is she going to desert, to join the ranks of the Great, an earthen pot between two iron pots, to stir up distrusts and hatreds on all sides, to hurl herself headlong into labors, vexations, and dangers, for the sole purpose of claiming the right to have her share in the Great Destruction?

Or rather is she going to show herself intelligent enough, free enough, courageous enough to assume that mission which will cause her to be praised and blessed by the entire world and by the future generations?

## THE PACIFIST

It seems necessary to insist that the Church has never condemned the attitude of mind of the pacifist, nor do I know of any utterance, even of a semi-official kind, made by any Catholic bishop or theologian which must be taken to mean that the pacifist is committing sin. On the contrary, pronouncements on the subject generally include a qualification paying tribute to the sincerity of the conscientious pacifist.

Rev. Thomas Corbishley, S.J.

## NO TAXES FOR WAR!

### I HAVE OPENLY REFUSED TO PAY INCOME TAXES

SINCE 1943, and while I owe nothing for last year, as I work for free in running the Joe Hill House for transients, I do owe around \$1,500 in back taxes, and a \$500 fine for going over the missile base fence in Omaha in 1959. As I begin where the state leaves off in my work with the transients and the unemployed, I figure that I act in a socially responsible manner in my duty to society, and as I oppose killing in war and capital punishment I am acting as those ethical members of all religions have acted. As a practicing Catholic, and an anarchist I am acting true to these beliefs, although most Catholics support war and capital punishment, and few Catholics or anarchists refuse to pay taxes for war. If Darrell Poulsen had not had his sentence of death reprieved on a U.S. Supreme Court appeal I would include picketing on his behalf at this time, as I did last year for Garcia and Rivenburgh. I am fasting and picketing from 10 a.m. until noon Mondays through Fridays from August 6 to 23 as a penance for our sin in dropping the atom bomb at Hiroshima August 6, 1945 — 18 days because it is 18 years since that fateful day. I am not doing this to coerce the tax man, but to waken up the public to its responsibility on war and capital punishment, and the economic system which is based upon a denial of the Sermon on the Mount, and which needs the violence of war and capital punishment to keep it going.

**PACIFISTS HAVE EDUCATED THE RULERS OF THE WORLD TO BAN ATOMIC TESTS! THIS HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED BY THEIR ACTIVITY IN THOUSANDS OF PICKETING DEMONSTRATIONS, AND BY RECEIVING JAIL TERMS FOR CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE AT MISSILE BASES, POLARIS LAUNCHINGS AND AIR RAID DRILLS; ALSO THROUGH "WALKS FOR PEACE" ALL OVER THE WORLD.**

### THE NEXT STEP . . .

is to cease supporting the tyrants in Spain, Portugal, Formosa and Viet Nam, and to cease our persecution of the people of Cuba.

AMMON HENNACY, Director

Joe Hill House of Hospitality and St. Joseph's Refuge

72 Post Office Place, Salt Lake City 1, Utah

Phone 363-0930

August 6 to 23, 1963