



## Pacifist Conference

By TOM CORNELL

The Pacifist Conference at Peter Maurin Farm over the Labor Day week-end was successful beyond expectation. Over one hundred and fifty people attended, though the largest number at any session was about eighty. The level of discussion was on a higher plane than I have encountered in any other segment of the American Peace Movement. The program was diversified, ranging from theological and philosophical discussion, to talks on direct action and conscientious objection, films, and a panel on the American PAX Association and a talk on Russia from first hand experience. Almost everyone had something to contribute, and the response from the participants was much more accepting and enthusiastic than would have been possible only two or three years ago.

### Friday Night

Dorothy Day started the Conference on Friday night with a few prefatory remarks, and then we went directly to a showing of the film *Alternatives* (available from any American Friends Service Committee office). This film presents conscientious objection in a very positive, constructive way. Don Murray, the film star, narrates. It is very effective and suitable for showing in high schools and colleges. There is no reason why this film and an explanation of the federal law that provides for alternatives to military service for conscientious objectors should not be made a part of armed services programs in public and Catholic high schools. Each year, in most high schools, representatives of the Army, the Navy, the Marines and the Air

Force come to address the male students in senior class about the advantages to them of joining their own service. Why should not a representative of the PAX Association, for instance, offer to show *Alternatives*, and give a brief talk explaining to the students an element of our federal law? This would be a good project for any of our readers. If the school authorities turn you down this year, try again next year, and in the meantime, have some respected community leader put some quiet pressure on the school administrator. This is quite possible in the present atmosphere.

After *Alternatives* and a brief talk on conscientious objection, we showed the film *Polaris Action*, and I spoke of the project in New London against the production of *Polaris* missile carrying submarines. From this first evening it was clear that our audience was well prepared to hear some very hard things and respond to them in a very open and imaginative way.

### Saturday

Jack Bettinbender, a history professor at a New Jersey State college, started the Saturday sessions with a talk on the early Christian foundations of pacifism. He went on to the development of the just war theory and the alliance of Church and State beginning with the Edict of Milan. It was this edict, promulgated by Constantine in the West and Licinius in the East, that gave recognition to Christianity, and made the Catholic Church the state religion of the Roman Empire. It was also the beginning of the end

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## POPE JOHN

Why should the resources of human genius and the riches of the people turn more often to preparing arms — pernicious instruments of death and destruction — than to increasing the welfare of all classes of citizens and particularly of the poor?

We know, it is true, that in bringing about so laudable, so praiseworthy a proposition and to level the differences there are grave and intricate difficulties in the way, but they must be victoriously overcome, even if by force; this is in fact the most important undertaking connected with the prosperity of all mankind.

Put yourselves to the task, therefore, with confident courage, under the reflection of the light that comes from on high, and with divine assistance, turn your gaze to the people who are entrusted to you and listen to their voice.

What do they ask you? What do they beseech from you? They do not ask those monstrous means of war, discovered in our time, which can cause fraternal massacre and universal slaughter — but peace, that peace in virtue of which the human family can live freely, flourish and prosper.

—Pope JOHN XXIII



## On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

How often in the spring I have thought exultantly to myself, "the winter is over and gone, the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." I forget then how wonderful are those first days in September when the summer is over and gone, with its conferences, its stream of visitors, vacationers, parents with children, students, the sick, the lame the halt and the blind — all energized by the warmth of summer to set out in search of something. But with September, right after Labor Day, things begin to settle down. I think, as I sit at this typewriter, that now, for the next month, or three weeks, after I have written this account of the last month or so, that soon I will be able to get at that stack of mail, two folders full, before it is time to write the next column, the next article.

Today I am at the beach house, finally vacant after being occupied by eight families, and this last week, by a flock of men attending the Labor Day conferences at the farm.

Before coming down to the Island, Kathleen, Helene Marie and Susanne and I tackled the apartment in front of Marie's and mine — the one where girls and women come and go, and which needed a thorough overhauling. It has been a great year for bugs! Marie says, "I never leave a crumb for them. Nor a drop of grease. If I see them come in under the door, I shoot them out." They were more hospitable in the front apartment!

At the farm there was more housekeeping to be done. Deane

and Frank were baking huge batches of bread and delightful smells began to dominate over fish on Friday and the soap and disinfectant smells. Such physical labors leave one beautifully tired but numb in the head. I thanked God there were plenty of speakers. Besides audience participation was such that the meetings went on in the dining room which is also the library, music-room, living-room and even occasionally sleeping-room, until after one thirty in the morning. Millions of words, stimulating words. "It makes to think!" Peter used to say. How he would have enjoyed it, or rather how he was enjoying it if he listens to us now and again, from his new life. "Life is changed, not taken away!" Month by month we have occasion to repeat these words to ourselves. This last month, my old friend Peggy's husband, Howard Conklin died. May he rest in peace. Fr. Joseph Kiely, friend of both the Conklins and the Peter Maurin farm family brought him great comfort before his death.

### Tamar and Vermont

During the summer I had a week's visit with Tamar and the children in Vermont, and it was so cold that we had to have a fire morning and evening. I had a good drive to Burlington to bring Mary and Margaret home from Camp Tara where a priest and seminarians and young college students take care of scores of children during the summer months. After all the other children were gone, we had a get-

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# THE BIG MARCH — August 28, 1963

By ED TURNER

Peter Maurin once said: "A leader is a fellow who follows a cause in words and deeds. A follower is a fellow who follows the leader because he sponsors the cause that the leader follows."

From the Catholic Worker came Janet Burwash, Terry Lampropoulos, Chris Kearns, Terry Becker, Bill Hart, Peggy Conklin, Paul John Clifford, Johannah Turner, Ed Turner, James Hughes, and Mary Hughes, driven in two buses by Barney McCaffrey and Ray LeClaire.

### A. Philip Randolph

Who is the American leader who could put these fifty buses on the New Jersey Turnpike which, at seventy miles-per-hour, we pass this morning? Who is the American leader who can so fill this Dover, Delaware bus rest stop so full of buses that we can't move for half an hour? Who is the American leader who can bring a quarter million Americans together for a political demonstration? A. Philip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters.

A. Philip Randolph, who on the grounds that nobody expects 10,000 Negroes to get together and march anywhere for anything at any time secured from President Franklin D. Roosevelt the Fair Employment Practices Commission twenty-two years ago.

A. Philip Randolph, who in 1948 secured from President Harry S. Truman, that border statesman, the Executive order ending segre-

gation in the military.

A. Philip Randolph, who in 1957 led 20,000 Americans to Washington to observe the third anniversary of the Supreme Court decision outlawing segregation in public schools, and to ask President Eisenhower to "speak out" for civil rights.

A. Philip Randolph, who in 1958 led the Youth March for school integration of 9,000 white and Negro students down Constitution Avenue to the Lincoln Memorial.

Whitney M. Young Jr.  
and Roy Wilkins

Who are the American leaders who could put us in such a festive mood that when the tabulator at the Chesapeake Bridge told us only 300 busses had passed we could, in amusement among ourselves say: "He's from the New York Times. He got to 1000 and now he's counting backward!" Who are the American leaders who could bring us into Washington singing "We Shall Not Be Moved" and "We Shall Overcome"?

Those leaders are Whitney M. Young Jr., Executive director of the National Urban League, Roy Wilkins, Executive secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and all their predecessors from Frederick Douglass and including Dr. William E. B. Du Bois, founder of the NAACP, who died on the eve of this demonstration in Accra, Ghana.

John Lewis and James Farmer

Who are the American leaders who could inspire in us such con-

fidence, firmness, and dedication that a quarter million of us literally peopling the mile between the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial could achieve our purpose in perfect informality?

Who else but John Lewis, Chairman of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee? John Lewis, echoing the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s remark, "We cannot be satisfied as long as the Negro in Mississippi cannot vote and the Negro in New York believes he has nothing for which to vote," said, "How can we be satisfied with one party that includes Senator Eastland and another party that includes Senator Goldwater?"

And unfortunately these Congressional so-called leaders are the very people we had come to address. These so-called leaders, representatives of institutionalized violence—in the form of slavery for 244 years from 1619 to 1863 and in the form of legalized segregation for 77 years from the Hayes-Tilden compromise in 1877 to the Supreme Court Decision of May 17, 1954—cowardly quake in fear when this institutionalized violence is broken up.

And truly it is a miracle that there is true leadership left in America. This is doubly true, considering that the Negro has been legally free only twenty-three years. This is thanks only to the nobility of men such as James Farmer, National Director of CORE, who could write from a Louisiana jail:

"You have come from all over

the nation and in one mighty voice you have spoken to the nation. You have also spoken to the world. You have said to the world by your presence here as our successful direct-action in numberless cities has said, that in the days of thermonuclear bombs, violence is outmoded as the solution of the problems of men.

"It is a truth that needs to be shouted loudly. And no one else anywhere in the world is saying it as well as the American Negro through his non-violent direct action."

### Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

Who is the American leader who—in the most moving part of the demonstration—could bring out into the streets in cheering enthusiasm the Negro Washingtonians. Especially the children on whose faces was written the knowledge that this is their demonstration; it is for them and they know it. There is disbelief, for they are well accustomed to another kind of so-called leadership because of their geographical vantage point. And though they know this is theirs yet they are disarmed to see the actual fact and there is joy written on their faces at being so disarmed. And on our buses we waved and cried.

Who is the American who could have led this demonstration which was so capably organized by Bayard Rustin?

The Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. whom Peter Maurin would have quoted:

I say to you today, my friends,

so even though we face the difficulties of today and tomorrow,

I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream.

I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed.

We hold these truths to be self-evident

that all men are created equal

I have a dream that one day in the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners

will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of injustice,

sweltering with the heat of oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice.

I have a dream that my four little children

will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character.

I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day in Alabama, with its vicious racists,

with its governor having his lips dripping with words of interposition and nullification,

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## CATHOLIC WORKER

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

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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

## On Pilgrimage

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together to discuss *The Catholic Worker* and the social order for about four hours, while the two little girls waited patiently on the porch or in the car. How angelic children are when they are away from home! But making them wait that way made me think of the times their mother melted away in the bath tub of an evening at the age of seven while I entertained priests and seminarians at our early headquarters on East Fifteenth street! Margaret at ten is a reader but Mary at twelve is more a do-er. When we left finally we went to the Bob Spencer's for the night in Jericho, Vermont where there was more talk. But the kids went to bed after we all had a short form of compline in Bob's study. There were four other visitors besides us three, but there is always room for one more at the old governor's mansion which Bob and Edith occupy and where he also has his offices. He is assistant to the President of St. Michael's College in Winooski Park this year, and Becky, Tamar's oldest, together with the Spencer's second oldest, is starting her freshman year at the University of Vermont in Burlington nearby. Becky is the first of the Hennessy children to be away from home, though the two oldest girls, Becky and Sue have worked the past two summers. The two boys, Eric and Nicky had vacations from home this year, Nicky on a farm south of Rutland, and Eric for a week with me on Staten Island where he and Jimmie Hughes renewed acquaintance. The two of them left for Cardinal Cushing High School in West Newbury, Mass., a few days ago—their first year away from home too. Jim is starting high school and Eric is in his second year. Both are good students.

So now Tamar has only seven at home, and six of them in school. She herself is studying to pass her high school equivalency tests, so that she can prepare herself for working when all the children are in school. Cathy is only three now. Tamar is interested in science especially, perhaps to work as a laboratory technician, and any advice on the subject from our widespread CW family will be appreciated. Also books that would be of help. Her address is Perkinsville, Vt.

## More about Family

When I speak of Catholic Worker families, I mean all those who have worked with us and who married, and are raising children and are encountering all the difficulties of supporting large families, and seeking to earn a living in our social order where automation has put so many out of work.

We have been seeing a lot of the second generation CW this summer, and even some of the third. For instance, of the Frank O'Donnell family, Damien, Martie, Peter, Michael, Tommy and Joe—I do not know whether they are in right

order—five of them are working on the new Verrazano bridge. Two of them are my godchildren, but besides praying especially for them I pray for them all and I believe I will never look at one of our great bridges again without praying for them. They are a handsome lot, this second generation, and all married but one.

Then there is Elin Paulson, from the Upton Farm, and Carlotta Ribar whose mother and father helped with the house of hospitality in Cleveland with which Jack English, now a Trappist priest was associated, initiated by him I believe when he was in College.

Dorothy and Bill Gauchat, the story of whose work at Avon, Ohio with crippled children appeared last month in *The Sign* (a chapter from my book *Leaves and Fishes* was in the same number) visited us and later sent two of their daughters for a vacation which turned out to be for them just a change of work. They are as hard working as their mother and father, and I do not know how I could have done without them in cleaning up to get ready for the Labor Day week end at Peter Maurin Farm. Sue is just eighteen and Helen Marie nineteen and what a comfort they were! Their father started the first Cleveland house. Ed Lanvermyer, second generation, from St. Louis Catholic Worker group also visited for a bit. His father came to our earliest week ends in '34 and I remember the conferences he attended were chiefly on the liturgy in our first summer place at Huguenot, Staten Island. The rented house we had there was suitable for weekend conferences and were organized by Tom Coddington. They were crowded every weekend. Cecily Coddington, is another second generation CW who visits us. Her mother, Dorothy Weston Coddington was the first associate editor to work with me. She is now in Switzerland, a publisher's representative.

## Wide Range

When I look around and see the wide range of interests in the lives of former Catholic Workers, it makes me realize more deeply the function of the Catholic Worker, and that is to be, as Peter Maurin wished it to be, a kind of school for the clarification of thought. We try to keep the articles in the Catholic Worker reflecting this wide range of interests, and also of style. An article such as this column is sometimes a travelogue, an account of what others are doing throughout the country. For instance I regret very much that my new book, *Leaves and Fishes*, which will be out October ninth, does not contain the chapter on the South which I wrote, telling of my travels and contacts there, on my speaking trips. But some of the book had to be sacrificed to make room for the wonderful selection of photographs which

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## Sit-Down At The A.E.C.

By TOM CORNELL

The most significant feature of this year's pacifist demonstration in New York for the Hiroshima-Nagasaki Day period was the reaction of New York's police. They were very well prepared for us and treated us with restrained courtesy.

We had joined several other pacifist groups in sponsoring a seventy-two hour vigil, fast and sit-down at the entrance to the Atomic Energy Commission on Hudson and Houston Streets from August 6 to August 9. The vigil was maintained around the clock. During the day light hours, one person at a time at the end of each hour, would sit down as near as he could to the door, in order to block entry. The police had told Julian Beck the coordinator of the demonstration, that they would arrest anyone who sat down in attempts to block the building. We knew, however, that there was a possibility that they would not arrest civil disobedients, from the experience of CORE demonstrators at Downstate Medical Center. In case the police failed to arrest individuals as they sat one at a time, we planned to have the sitters stay where they were indefinitely, their numbers growing hour by hour, by one.

On the morning of Tuesday, August 6, at 8 a.m., about sixty people were gathered in a quiet,

our full conviction, as directly as possible.

On Thursday, the 8th, all went smoothly as it had, with over twenty people sitting down. I sat down at 10 a.m. Chris Kearns was already sitting down. At 11 a.m. Deane Mowrer from Peter Maurin Farm walked up to the police lines flanked by Bill Dady and me, and carrying her white cane. The police captain said something about "using a blind lady" which was enough for Deane to let him have it. Deane's spine stiffened as she told him very firmly, though non-violently, that she was claiming her right as an American to demonstrate her conviction. His image of a "blind lady" was fairly well shattered. Deane sat down between Bill and me at the curb, and she stayed there till six p.m., on the pavement, silently telling her beads which she kept in her lap.

The Quebec-Washington-Guantanamo Walk for Peace, sponsored by the Committee for Non-Violent Action had been in New York that week, and some of the most steadfast of the A.E.C. demonstrators were from their number. Eric Robinson, a wiry, intense young man, Bill Dady, a serious young student, Steve Thompson a promising young actor from the Living Theatre and several others were anxious to get behind the barricades, so in the early afternoon, as workers were reentering the building after lunch, individuals sitting on one side of the barricades suddenly appeared on the other side. The police had been told that we might attempt this. By maneuvering the barricades they channeled traffic away from those of us lying there on the pavement. For a while though, the flow of traffic went over Bill Dady and me, as we lay about twelve feet apart. Many people were visibly shaken. If they are willing to prepare weapons of

mass death they should be willing to step over a few bodies.

We decided that the last day of the demonstration, Nagasaki Day, August 9, should be characterized by the most dignified atmosphere possible. We would stress the memorial element and maintain silence and a prayerful atmosphere there were no further attempts to get behind the barricades except a token try by Julian Beck, the coordinator. There were about one hundred and thirty people present, though fifty of them were police, in and out of uniform. At noon we all stood, faced the A.E.C. building, and sang *We Shall Overcome*. We followed this by a few minutes of silent prayer. Then we went to the policemen standing behind the police lines and shook hands.

The police had done their job very efficiently. They were always courteous and gentle, even when carrying us away or dragging us from points of entry into the barricaded area. They made two arrests, of juveniles, Natasha Dellinger, Dave Dellinger's daughter, and eleven year old David Samuels who participated in civil disobedience with their parents' approval. Their parents were to be charged with neglect, but charges were dropped. Dave and Natasha comported themselves with dignity and were a great asset to the demonstration. The attitude of the police, chastened perhaps by their loss of control at the March 3 demonstration last year in Times Square which resulted in a police riot, and educated by the civil rights demonstrations which were carried on with great intensity throughout the summer, put our use of non-violence on a higher level than before. Our militancy becomes more intense and more purely non-violent with this improved relationship with the police. The movement may grow slowly, but it grows very well.



dignified vigil line. At 9 o'clock A. J. Muste walked up to the police who were tending their barricades around the entrance. A. J. explained what he was about to do. The police would not allow him near the door, so he sat down, as near as he could get to the entrance, in the opening of the police barricades. At ten o'clock Miriam Levine, a very attractive young lady, sat next to A. J. At 11 a.m. Judith Malina, the actress, director-producer at the Living Theatre, sat down at A. J.'s other side. They formed a magnificent tableau sitting there with the blue uniformed police standing above them. Each hour there was another sitting at the barricades.

When the A.E.C. workers were entering or leaving the building there was no possibility of blocking their way because the police very skillfully maneuvered their barricades in such a way as to close off and open up passages along the sidewalk so that no one would have to step over any demonstrators. On Wednesday, the 7th the same pattern prevailed. That night, however, we decided to adopt a more vigorous and imaginative attitude, leaving the way open for those who were so disposed to jump the barricades or to slip under them, thus presenting the A.E.C. employees with

## The Big March

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one day right there in Alabama little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls as sisters and brothers. I have a dream today. I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plain and the crooked places will be made straight and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed and all shall see it together. This is our hope. This is our faith that I go back to the South with. With this faith, we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day. This will be the day—this will be the day when all of God's Children will be able to sing with new meaning: "My country, 'Tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing. Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From every mountainside Let freedom ring."

And if America is to be a great nation, this must become true. So let freedom ring. From the prodigious hilltops of New Hampshire, let freedom ring. From the mighty mountains of New York, let freedom ring. From the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania, let freedom ring. From the snow-capped Rockies of Colorado, let freedom ring. From the curvaceous slopes of California, let freedom ring. But not only that; let freedom ring from Stone Mountain of Georgia. Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee. Let freedom ring from every hill and molehill of Mississippi. From every mountainside, let freedom ring. And when this happens, and when we allow freedom to ring, when we let it ring from every village and every hamlet, from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children, black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual: "Free at last, free at last! Thank God Almighty, we're free at last!"



# CRAFTSMANSHIP

By BRON M. WARSASKAS

This essay should be taken as the personal point of view of a working man who earns his living as a craftsman.

We know about the fantastic changes that have taken place since steam and electricity came into use. Greater power has been harnessed also. As a result there was mass production in the factory of goods formerly made by hand. We have read or heard of the migrations from the farm and home workshop to the factory and we know of the evils that came from this. This so-called revolution has made America the Land of Plenty. Plenty of what? Plenty of fragile stereotyped dwellings; plenty of cars rusting in equally makeshift garages; plenty of furniture which after being repaired is in better condition than when it left the assembly line. Hundreds of such masterpieces can be had on time-payments.

Our early settlers left the Old World for various reasons and came here to start a new life and to live in freedom. The land was very important to them. It gave them shelter, food, clothing. They built their homes, wove their cloth, made furniture, bricks, leather, dyes, etc. All of this was done with patience and care. The most important tools were their hands. Life was hard but simple. This simplicity was carried into their products; there was simplicity in line and form. Utility as seen in Shaker furniture and furnishings was more important than ornament and embellishment.

As migration to the Promised Land increased, more craftsmen and artisans arrived. Most of them had the common goals of working the land, raising families, and plying their trades. They brought with them the techniques and rules of their long and exacting European apprenticeships. Then as the nation prospered and more and more individuals became prosperous, the simple and primitive lines and forms gave way to more elegant adornments and decoration. This challenge to the talents of the artisan was most welcome. It soon separated the master craftsman from the novice. Hand-work reigned supreme.

As time went on, homes and farms had not changed too drastically in utility since the earlier days. Work was hard and manual—no gadgets, no motors, no time-saving devices. I feel that workmen were happier and worked harder. People earned very little. There was little starvation—but only after hard work, creative work. A nation was being fashioned—by hand. The greatest and most important tools were the worker's two hands.

From the evidence that has survived, we can believe that our craftsmen were full of pride and joy in their accomplishments. Certainly they felt dignity. We had a budding culture—a depth of soul. These men wanted to work. Many thought of very little but work. Work should be a pleasure and the deep root of one's whole being. It can very easily be a prime reason for one's being—the performance of one's moral duties. There is a fantastic honor in work. Our early artisans knew an honor of work that can be compared to that which dominated hands and heads during the Middle Ages of Europe.

Creative hand work, in my opinion, is most certainly a labor of love. I think it is possible (but not very probable) to still find an isolated craftsman who will weave cloth, make furniture, weave chair seats, create pottery, work silver, etc., in the same love and spirit that was common when the great cathedrals in Europe were being built. I have never seen excellent furniture produced by a man who was not in love with his tools, work and materials—or by a man who did not have honor and dignity absolutely. Perfection is the desire of most hand-craftsmen.

When I make a chair leg or any other article, no matter how small or large, whether it taxes my talents to the limit or whether it is a simple undertaking, I try to do it to the best of my ability, striving for excellence. Not because of the money I will get, not to please the customer, do I make this effort but because the item has to be well-made by itself—for itself. This was and still is the traditional rule of the serious craftsman. An idea that is so old sometimes it looks new!

After a period of hand creation by man, from somewhere the machine came upon the scene and soon it became a member of our household—or should I say almost the head. We all know how this so-called revolution affected individuals and nations. Here in America it's affect on the hand craftsman was disastrous. His first reaction to the flood of machine-produced articles was one of disgust and disbelief. Would people really buy these abominations? Of course they would—they were cheaper!

A great number of these artisans went to work in factories. Competition from the machine was just too much. Shackled to their machines, they were often reduced to a low level of intellectual responsibility. You can imagine the affect of this on family life.

Other artisans stayed in their workshops, reduced their prices, slowly starved. Those who stuck to their handwork were forced to take short cuts in their techniques. Screws and glue replaced joinery techniques. Two coats of finish instead of four became the rule. Hasty and sloppy work was to be found everywhere. Expert craftsmanship declined. Few people cared. Everything could be purchased ready-made. The fore-runner of our supermarket came into existence.

It would be ridiculous for anyone to advocate the making of locomotives, steel rails and other such items by hand. If these items are needed, then they should be produced with the appropriate technical proficiency. But I never have and never will see an assembly line, mass-produced piece of furniture that could compete with its properly hand-made counterpart in utility, strength, and beauty.

Today the hand craftsman in America is almost extinct. We have no constructive apprentice system to teach the complete and exacting traditional techniques of the trade. One reason might be that, like the stagecoach, we have no more use for the craftsman. Machine products demand far less know-how in their construction. My radio blasts constantly about the shortage of teachers; college is America's best friend; help the college of your choice; the colleges are crowded. Never once have I heard a plea to further the education of our potential artisans (we can't all be intellectuals), and to find them spiritually rewarding work.

This is beginning to interest some Americans, our President and First Lady included. Automation in the factories reduces some types of employment. Among these unemployed one could find much craft potential. Who will teach them, and what will they do, what will they make and where will they work? In another factory with assembly lines and future automation. This would only mean that after a few years the same problem would appear.

Slowly, a hint of awakening is becoming apparent. The do-it-yourself craze which has bombarded us since World War II was a brilliant gimmick on the part of Madison Avenue to sell, among other things, surplus lots of unattractive knotty pine that any self-respecting cabinet maker would reject. At this point, the market cannot keep up with the demand for knotty pine.

A constructive by-product of this mammoth selling scheme has been the fact that many men whose daily jobs lacked creativity and spiritual fulfillment were driven by their creative urge to their basement shops (furnished by time payments) where they tried to make some furnishings out of this unattractive knotty pine. But—their hands felt the touch of tools; many found joy in this refuge from non-self-satisfying occupations or tensions, in outlets for their inventive impulses. Some became good "mechanics."

One of my pupils, a medical doctor, prescribed cabinet making for himself to relax his nerves. He has become an excellent craftsman and claims that his heart pains have disappeared.

Peter Maurin said "Fire the bosses." Most craftsmen can do this by becoming self-employed. This means owning your own tools, shop and materials and living with the conviction that though the world goes crazy you might retain some sanity through your work. A sensible standard of living is helpful—if done on the land this is far better but good work can be done almost anywhere. A philosophy of work is most important. One's tools are vital also.

Life can be good when you have constructive work to do—a lot of it. And when you love your work. And when people need it.

In a small way I have sold out



to the present economic system because I realized a number of years ago that the slow, time-consuming techniques of making furniture completely by hand would never bring me an adequate livelihood for the time I would have to put in. After all, I was competing with the assembly line. However, I still do make furniture by hand for family and friends and a few customers.

Therefore, I decided to concentrate on restoring, repairing, and refinishing antique furniture. I could still ply my cabinet-making techniques, handle fine work of the old craftsmen and receive a fair livable wage. Sentimental value of these antiques insured sufficient compensation for their repair more often than not. Since most old pieces have utility, I felt I would be contributing to something useful. It was necessary for me to learn wood finishing. I could not find anyone to teach me this gentle art so I took my apprenticeship at the public library. It also became necessary for me to buy some small machines. Kropotkin wrote that the machine as an extension of the worker's hand is a valid tool. I like to think of my own small machines as part of my tool chest—I control them. They save me many hours of sawing, chiseling, planing, etc. But the largest part of my work is still by hand. My wood finishing is all done by hand—to me the most rewarding phase of my work.

We should not confuse the few small machines in the one-man shop with the huge giants found on assembly lines. The difference is that in the first case the operator runs the machine; in the second, this is often the reverse.

# JOE HILL HOUSE

72 Postoffice Pl.  
Salt Lake City 1,  
Utah 8-24-63

Lost 15 lbs. in my 18 day fast and picketing; nothing during the last 7 days. Many people were friendly and no one made any disturbance. The Mormon daily gave a factual writeup and the radio wanted to know about my radical ideas again. Folks around the Postoffice tell me that a companion of the head tax man in Washington, D.C. Mortimer Caplan, who visited here, asked for one of my leaflets and gave it to his boss. Could be, for I handed out 2,000 of them. Several young Mormons wanted to know about pacifism and I had a few arguments on capital punishment from the die-hards.

Janet Burwash was here for 3 days and helped me picket one day and went with me for groceries two mornings. The cart was really too heavy for me to push. Janet had thought that she might have to visit me in jail again, as she had done at Hart's Island and Sandstone, Minn. but the authorities came on the 16th, and praised the cleanliness of the freshly painted House, but said instead of padlocking the place now I would receive a notice to go to court and each of us could tell our story to the court and see who won. I told them there was no use in going to court for I had already won. For I would make them look silly in removing 30 men from my House at night and taking them out in the street so I could obey their foolish order to only have 10 on the floor. They admitted that I was doing a good work. I told them not to mess it up then. I doubt if they will do anything.

Lea Provo from Belgium came for two days and helped me get groceries. She had visited Dr. Shelton and other places where fasting is done for health, and had herself fasted 47 days. Like Peter Lumsden she marvelled at our "corn on the cob." Her Belgium is only 200 miles across, so she was excited at our great distances. She was interested in the Mormon welfare plan as we visited their welfare Square.

Several youngsters from CNVA West stopped on their way to join the Cuba Walk. If I could have transportation to the Dugway Base where poison is developed for warfare I ought to go there picketing. I have to run this House and cannot go over fences and do time unless I have some one to take my place. This last week there was a temporary layoff on the railroads so I had many Navajos at all hours. One Indian lives in town and comes from those Sioux who did not fight Custer, and thus feels he is a renegade. Johnny Rainbow is his name. Jimmy Hughes helped me "get garbage," as he called it, for three weeks, and he did get half way up that

mountain we climbed. Our front room is bright yellow and Mary says that is a good frame for her Holy Family mural. I spoke on Sacco-Vanzetti last night. Next Friday on John Brown.

Ammon.

# C.O.

Raceland, Louisiana  
August 4, 1963

Dear Tom:

You stated in an article some months back, that many people come to the pacifist position because of their sensitivity to its moral vision. I think the opposite has been true of me. I realized the logical aspects of nonviolent resistance before I was ever convinced that I myself was opposed morally and in conscience to preparation for war. I didn't act then because I didn't feel quite so bound yet to follow the logic I was discovering in the techniques of non-violence. But I feel very bound to follow my conscience, and now I find it natural and necessary to ACT. More Christians than you think see the logic of non-violence. But to many it is not quite a strong enough logic, because they don't see it yet as the true approach to the Sermon on the Mount; they aren't convinced of its relation to virtue. So not many Christians are actually acting along with you and the Worker.

The men who will direct military operations, the men who will supervise the dropping of bombs—do you think they are seriously listening to debates on whether or not nuclear war could be justified? People are listening yes, but are those men listening and are they concerned about so many opinions, and does speculation over meeting St. Thomas' conditions for just war bother them? In the end they will act as the soldiers they are. The whole machinery of compulsory service (somewhat a contradiction in terms) is running too smoothly for them to worry about words at the moment. But if enough young men show their espousal of the principles behind the words by refusing to cooperate with the System, at the point where they first come into contact with it—registration, then maybe the politicians and even the commanders might pause to reflect upon the entreaties of the moralists. And if more of us who did register (as I did in '59) would turn around and send our cards back to them saying, "We don't believe in the idea behind conscription," then even the Selective Service System itself might droop a little. Of course men refused to

(Continued on page 8)

# Police Beat, Acid-Burn Weinberger As He Demonstrates for Integration

From The Peacemaker

Eric Weinberger was the victim of extreme police brutality in Brownsville, Tenn. (Haywood County), on August 5. He was in a group of 20 who sought to picket the courthouse following refusal of local officials to discuss overall integration demands.

Police met the group, throwing acid and swinging clubs. Eric, the only white participant, was singled out for the worst treatment. Police turned the dog "Grief" loose at his face as he lay on the ground, and threw acid on him. He was the only one arrested. Although police allowed a doctor to examine his injuries, they would allow no treatment.

Three charges were placed against him, one of which is "assault and battery." He took from his pocket a handkerchief to wipe his face. Police said he was holding a "gasoline-soaked rag."

As we go to press he is out on bail of \$1,500. A call to Elaine, his wife, gives information that he

is entering a Memphis hospital to determine the seriousness of his injuries. He was, she says, kicked, struck with sticks, jabbed with cattle-prodder, dog-bitten all over his body, and burned with acid over two-thirds of his body. FBI is having a chemical analysis made to determine the kind of acid used.

Plans are being made to go on with the Brownsville demonstrations, partly because the young people want to continue their efforts to desegregate the town and partly because they want to emphasize that demonstrations can proceed without Eric, a fact which they say that the police at present do not believe.

Eric Weinberger has been living in Brownsville for the past two years, commencing and taking charge of the tote bag project. This is not the first time he has suffered at the hands of the Brownsville police. He and Elaine will return to Brownsville after his stay in the hospital.



# CHRYSTIE STREET

By TOM CORNELL

As the summer's heat and the oppressive humidity lift from New York at the end of August and the beginning of September, the air is fresh, and the sun's rays, more oblique now, have an unusual refracted quality. The city looks almost clean. There are songs written about New York in the fall. Students leave their summer jobs and head back to school and seminary, and on their way over one hundred of them have stopped off at St. Joseph's House. We have enjoyed their visits, all of them, though I get dizzy when I try to match their faces with their names.

## Peter Lumsden

Little by little we have learned more and more about Peter during these past three months. He is a very unassuming person, modest, quiet, but strong. He has been attempting to put a Catholic Worker house in London into working order, and finding the going getting rough, he decided to leave his house in the hands of two young men from the Committee of 100 and to come to the United States to survey the work of the CW across the country. Peter had walked from London to Moscow on the famous San Francisco to Moscow Walk for Peace where he met Karl Meyer who runs the CW house in Chicago, and Gerry Lehmann, who is also interested in work along the lines of hospitality.

Peter was an aviation engineer in his unconverted state. He had worked seven years in the aviation industry. But after the Walk, Peter decided to establish a house, and to support it by his own manual labor. Discouraged by the slow progress of his project in London, Peter came to take a look at our operations, visiting Chrystie Street, St. Stephen's House in Chicago, Joe Hill House in Salt Lake City, and the house in St. Louis. Peter was quite an asset during our Pacifist Conference at Peter Maurin Farm over the Labor Day week-end. He spoke of the Moscow Walk and compared the American and the English Peace Movements. He thinks ours is healthier. Peter will address our Friday night meeting just before he flies back to London. We have enjoyed and appreciated his presence among us, and wish him all success in London.

## Comings and Goings

In the state of flux that is the CW we have had Carlotta Ribar leave for school to continue her studies in music at De Paul University in Chicago. Carlotta lent considerable brightness to our surroundings. She was a steady, faithful worker in the women's clothing room. She writes that we can expect her younger sister to replace her. Mike O'Neil from the Young Christian Workers in San Francisco is with us for a while, and we have had Phil Leahy with us from the St. Louis house for a few weeks. Phil is wonderfully direct and deeply radical, and his whole wheat bread has won him many friends. Terry Becker made it back in time for the Conference,

and will be with us till school starts.

## Speakers

Roy Hansen has just taken over the supervision of the Friends' East Harlem Neighborhood Group. He came to tell us about the operations of this project. Roy had been with the project for three years, with his wife and little daughter. The Neighborhood Group grew out of a Quaker work week-end when participants realized that a week-end is not enough to devote to the revitalization of a neighborhood. Participants have outside jobs and support themselves in little apartments in Spanish Harlem. Each apartment is an open center for the accomplishment of some particular end: the production of a neighborhood newspaper or folk-singing. Participants get together once a week for a common meal and there are group meetings often. As a group they go out to paint apartments, help people move from one apartment to another, organize clean-up committees and such direct self-help programs. We admire this approach because it is direct and personal, not bureaucratic and paternalistic. These people work with rather than simply for those with whom they have identified themselves by living as they do, in their midst.

Ed Turner spoke one Friday night about the conditions upon which an integrated and peaceful society must be based, and about ideas he had formulated after reading Hannah Arendt. Ed's comments were very stimulating and controversial. Just before the magnificent March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom we had Dore Ladner from the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee speak about the activities of her group, SNCC, pronounced "Snick" for short. This is the most imaginative of all civil rights groups, and the youngest in spirit.

Bradford Little of the Committee For Non-Violent Action (CNVA) who is leading the Walk from Quebec to Guantanamo, Cuba, spoke about the organization and purposes of this project. The responses the Walk has received in Quebec Province and in various sections of the U.S. have ranged widely, from active interest to violent hostility. The most dangerous part of the Walk will be through the South. The Walk will be integrated. Tempers often run hot south of the Mason-Dixon Line, and participants have to be prepared for serious situations, even danger to their lives. The Walk could not have a better leader than Bradford, who has conceived and engineered some of the most dramatic and effective non-violent action demonstrations and projects in recent history.

## Our Sick

Indian Pete, "The Chief," is in Bellevue with a heart condition, and Pat McGowan is in Columbus awaiting surgery for a hernia. Jimmy took a dry-out at Bellevue and is back looking fine and seeking a job. Josephine gave us a real scare. We had been trying to talk her into going to the hospital as

her stomach swelled with dropsy, but she would have none of it. We knew it would take a crisis to get her into a hospital. Ed Forand drove her up to Columbus when she collapsed. She had been spiking her wine with wood alcohol. George Johnson, Milly and Arthur J. Lacey have been visiting all of our sick frequently. I went to see Josie after about ten days, and she was so glad to see one of us that she almost cried. She was on the critical list and had received the sacraments. She is recovering slowly. Josephine told me that she had not told the doctors what she had done, but that after her doctor had her blood analyzed in the lab he came back up to her with his head in his hands. Josie said he had never seen anyone like her in his life.

## The Good Life

We don't eat very elegantly here at St. Joseph's but we eat well. It's the best food on the Radical Left, I like to say. Although I have had stomach trouble off and on for the past ten years I have had less of it here on Chrystie Street than anywhere else. My sister and her husband who live sixty miles away in Connecticut came in to New York for an evening. Did they stop in to eat with their beloved brother and his friends on the Bowery? No! They



went to a fancy Italian-American eating place in midtown Manhattan, where they spent twenty dollars for the two of them. By the time my brother-in-law got Ann Marie home she was contorted in pain. At the hospital they told her she had ptomaine poisoning. I've never known it to happen here.

## Art Exhibit

Walter Kerell has been painting on horseshoe crab shells for years. He collects them on Staten Island, near our beach cottages. His work is fascinating. The shells are made to suggest faces. He also makes ink drawings (some of them painted as well that he modifies with spit on his fingers. They are abstract, sometimes quite elaborate in design and detail and often catch the spirit of the subject with amazing accuracy. He has many crucifixion scenes, and a statue of the Mater Dolorosa. Walter's work in both media is being shown at the Cafe Manzini on Third Street in Greenwich Village. The Cafe Manzini is the most beautiful coffee house in New York, and as yet undiscovered. It is quiet and dignified, and an excellent setting for Walter's art.

## Viet-Nam

We were unhappy, but not overly surprised to see the white-wash job the National Catholic wire service did on South Viet-Nam in the Catholic papers all over the United States. According to Fr. O'Connor, the NC correspondent in South East Asia, there has been no persecution of the Buddhists. The secular press has been sold a bill of goods on South Viet-Nam, according to Fr. O'Connor.

Admittedly, the situation there is not simple, but as the facts have become known the Diem family's stranglehold on that land and their disregard for the welfare of the citizenry have become patently evident. Madame Nhu has emerged as the female Rasputin of Viet-Nam, rejoicing over the self-immolations of Buddhist priests and nuns. If the NC wire service re-

# CULT :: CULTIV

ports conflict with our own interpretation, we take consolation in the fact that Pope Paul has expressed his concern twice, once in an address to South East Asian students at Castel Gondolfo, and again in a letter to Diem concerning human rights. Henry Cabot

Lodge, certainly no progressive, was sent by President Kennedy as ambassador to S. Viet-Nam to try to end the repression. Diem's observer to the U.N., whom we picketed recently, has resigned in protest. We plan another demonstration.

## BOOK REVIEWS

### Thoreau

By CHARLES QUINN

Thoreau might have used a quotation or a flowery description for his opening sentence in Walden. He did not. He said simply:

When I wrote the following pages, or rather the bulk of them, I lived alone in the woods, a mile from any neighbor, in a house which I had built myself, on the shore of Walden Pond, in Concord, Massachusetts, and earned my living by the labor of my hands only.

The greatest mistake any writer can make is to write about a subject of which he knows little. All too many people talk about all too many subjects and show their ignorance by talking nonsense.

Thoreau tells the reader he intends to write about himself, to tell what he was doing at Walden Pond, and to answer some of the questions of his fellow townspeople.

He writes,—and it cannot be repeated too often:

I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and to see if I could learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived.

A baby lives like an automatic machine. The mechanism of his small body drives him. His stomach tells him when he needs food. If he is not fed, automatically he opens his mouth and cries. A young child wants to occupy much of his time with fun and playing. School in the early grades is often considered by him to be an interruption of play.

(How many of the ants who crawl in and out of the New York subways are living deliberately? Are they not automatic machines who look at the bomb shelter signs with dull, vacant eyes? They are neither children nor adults but more like automatic machines.)

Thoreau believed that a man should work for the "necessaries of life." He writes:

The necessities of life for man in this climate may, accurately enough, be distributed under the several heads of Food, Shelter, Clothing, and Fuel.

Present-day sociologists and psychologists also list these items as among the principal "drives" of mankind.

Thoreau adds:

For not till we have secured these are we prepared to entertain the true problems of life with freedom and a prospect of success.

He continues:

Near the end of March, 1945, I borrowed an axe and went down to the woods by Walden Pond, near to where I intended to build my house, and began to cut down some tall, arrowy white pines, still in their youth, for timber.

Because he was a nature-lover, Henry David Thoreau thoroughly enjoyed laboring in the woods. The words "labor" and "laborer" have a lowly sound in the minds of many people today. That a man might

love his job and his labor sometimes means little to the "modern" way of thinking. What usually comes to the mind of many is that a laborer does not earn a large amount of money as a general rule.

But Thoreau was happy. He tells us:

I went on for some days cutting and hewing timber, and also studs and rafters, all with my

(Continued on page 7)

## Tax Refusal

HANDBOOK ON NONPAYMENT OF WAR TAXES; published by the Peacemakers' Movement; 35 cents; 52 pages; available from the Peacemakers (1208 Sylvan Ave., Cincinnati 41, Ohio). Reviewed by JAMES FOREST.

For all those who have ever felt a deeply responsive chord struck upon reading or re-reading the story of 10 just men saving the city, this book on conscientious tax-refusal should be meaningful.

The book is divided into a number of sections: there is a good collection of fairly brief quotations by a wide range of tax-refusers, a chapter on the philosophy and history of this particular form of conscientious objection, considerable material concerning the inherent legalities/illegality, descriptions of the basic forms of refusal (surprising variety) and, most important, a substantial collection of "personal experience" sketches.

The reader might find it useful to see a tightened version of the major contents:

## Philosophy

Nonviolence begins with personal disarmament: "Lord, make me an instrument of your peace. Where there is hate, let me sow love." It is not a partial disarmament. At least that isn't the goal. It is a serious and concerted effort to shred the rhinoceros hide which makes us either witting or unwitting enemies to other men. (I recently had the opportunity to hear a young woman describe the effect her first long term contact and participation in a nonviolent project—in this case the Walk to Cuba—had on her. She spoke of the sensation of peeling off layer upon layer of dead skin, of feeling the wind for the first time.) What is it the pacifist says? I refuse to be your enemy. I refuse to be your enemy so much that I will fight for you, fight with you, fight with love to see justice done—even at personal risk. The Great Commandment: "Love one another as I have loved you." I cannot be free until you are free. I cannot be comfortable or safe or satisfied until these things are common property.

It is not necessary to quote here statistics offered in the book on where taxes go. We all know. A good deal of it goes to the arms race in all its continuing facets. I don't think it would make much difference if it were only a little. There is nothing more moral in contributing a nickel to a child's death than in giving a dollar for the cause. But the plain fact is that more than half that money

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## Prayer to St. Raphael

O RAPHAEL, lead us toward those we are waiting for, those who are waiting for us. Raphael, Angel of Happy Meetings, lead us by the hand toward those we are looking for. May all our movements be guided by your Light and transfigured with your Joy. Angel guide of Tobias, lay the request we now address to you at the feet of Him on whose unveiled Face you are privileged to gaze. Lonely and tired, crushed by the separations and sorrows of life, we feel the need of calling you and pleading for the protection of your wings so that we may not be as strangers in the Province of Joy, all ignorant of the concerns of our country. Remember the weak, you who are strong, you whose home lies beyond the Region of Thunder, in a land that is always peaceful, always serene and bright with the resplendent glory of God.

Ernest Hello



# CULTURE VATION ::

## The Sea

Northbound  
June 28, 1963

Dear Dorothy:

Thought you would be interested in some information on home-steading—out in the Aleutian Islands—especially around Dutch Harbor, our last port of call.

There is plenty of land to home-stead on, as the local Standard Oil Co. agent said: "The only catch is you have to live there"—but anyway a sheep ranch has been started on a nearby island and it is doing real well. Their wool is prime stuff due to the cold. Having an island makes it real convenient—there are no fences and no predatory animals. In some places they can graze all the year round.

They have no trouble to raise spuds and root vegetables. The earth is black and rich. This is all the S.O. Co. employees use in their greenhouse for lettuce, celery, etc.

They also do fine in beef cattle—this is where Standard's employees buy their beef dressed at 50c a pound—It is time to go to the wheel.

8:30 a.m. Being on the "12 to 4 watch," I sleep from 4:30 a.m. to 7:30 a.m. And then again a few hours before going on watch again.

Did you know that seamen are now allowed to eat meat on Friday? This came out a few months ago but on trying to eat meat once, give it up and feel better with the old habit.

Once in a while Standard Oil hires out of the ordinary seamen. On the last ship there was an O.S. (ordinary seaman) 28 years old, full beard and with a Master's degree in teaching. He has given up teaching school and four of them around the same age had planned to sail around the world in a 45 foot ketch. Well, romance scratched out one and one is a bit uncertain on leaving his girl friend for two years, but the other two will still have their problems when they come back.

The O.S. on my watch is 23, had a degree in mechanical engineering, but doesn't care much for the profession. He went to the University of New Mexico where his girl friend still goes to school. He is now thinking hard on the idea of entering a Methodist Seminary in San Francisco. He is a pleasant change from some of the brassy O.S.'s they sometimes ship aboard.

Then there is another O.S. who is 46 years old and an ex-torture man from the carnivals. He could lay on a bed of nails, eat razor blades and a few other tricks. You know he wouldn't show me how to lay on a bed of nails—he had to pay a percentage of his earnings to acquire this talent—which he hasn't been able to use for the past ten years.

We will arrive at Nome anchorage about 4 p.m. where we discharge our cargo in lighters—when the Seas aren't running—some of S.O.'s ships have been here as high as ten days waiting to unload.

It will be interesting to go ashore there, as my father was there during the Gold Rush. You know this one trip would do me.

North of Nome is Kotzebue where the Atomic Energy Commission wanted to explode a bomb to make a harbor, but were prevented by the reaction of the natives. In summer time this was their ancient get-together grounds

and if the "White Father" wanted to drop it, they would have to take them with it, so there will be no man-made harbor at Kotzebue.

With regards,  
John Givins

## Italy

Florence, Italy  
June 26, 1963

Dear Dorothy:

I am back in Italy after a tour of Spain, Portugal, southern Italy, Greece and six days in Cairo. I only talked to George Mathues in Cairo because I met some Egyptian students who planned my whole

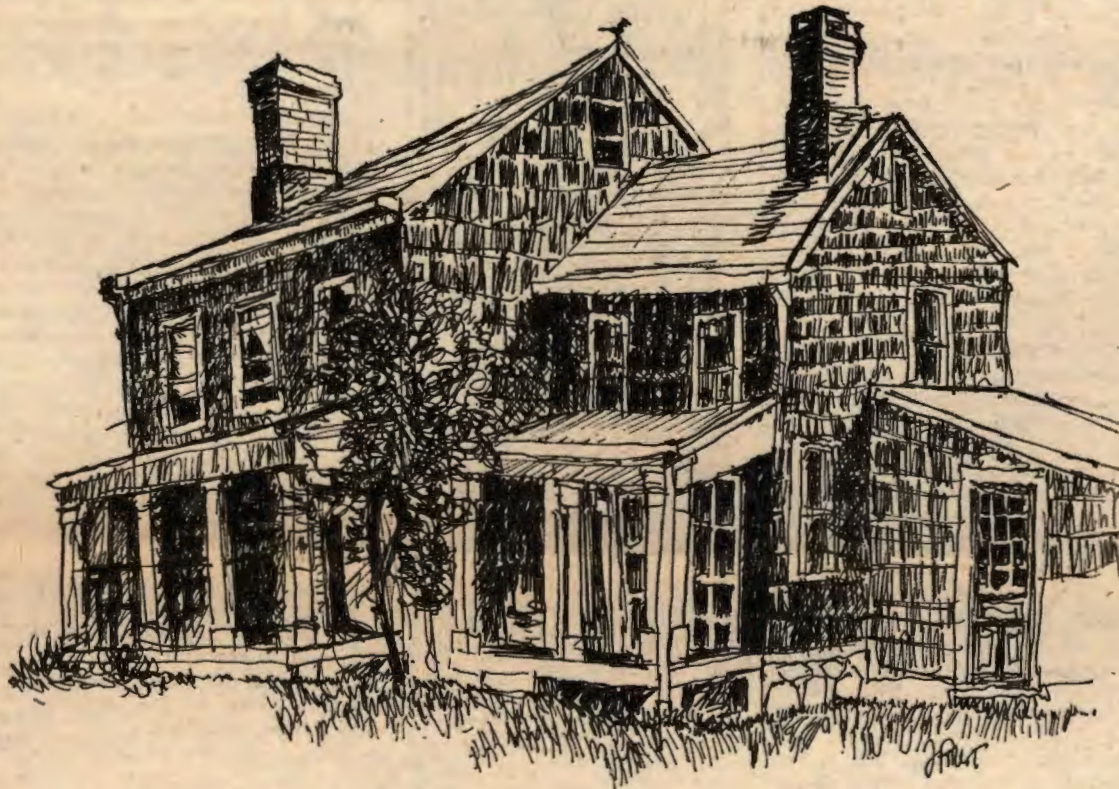
needed for a week. (Egyptian bread is round, about the circumference of a dinner plate and puffed up about 4 inches thick. It is not very tasty, but goes best with the vegetable butter that is most widely used in Egypt). For a hot, poor country there seems a good measure of vitality and eagerness about the younger people. One can only hope that it will not be swallowed up by the military and wasted in violence in devastating wars for Arab unity.

I did not go to the Holy Land as I was running short on time and money for that part of my trip. Perhaps it is best to keep one's illusions anyway. From the reports I've heard from other tourists, it is disappointing.

Greece was the most beautiful, friendly and historically fascinating country to me. Outside the cities, life remains simple and fairly primitive. I was impressed by the fact that of all the countries I have visited (about 16 now) the Greeks seem to be the only ones who still sing at work, at leisure, and just for the joy of it.

Sorry I'm such a bad correspondent, but this trip I've done no writing—not even a journal.

Love to all,  
Carol Gorgen



## Cuba

Committee to Uphold  
the Right to Travel  
c/o Kipp Dawson  
1037 Page St.  
Berkeley 10, Calif.  
August 14, 1963

Dear Dorothy:

Perhaps you and your readers would be interested in a new committee that has been formed in the San Francisco Bay area. Its name is the Committee to Uphold the Right to Travel, and we are directly concerned with welcoming and, if necessary, defending the United States students who will soon be coming home from Cuba.

Our main activities now include preparing a welcome, distributing leaflets and petitions on the subject of the right to travel, planning forums, panel discussions, etc. for the students and/or members of CURT, trying to get money to continue these activities and to make others possible, and building a large, strong Sponsoring Committee. So far we have not had much trouble in our efforts to get sponsors. We are seeking people with "names" who are willing to let the public know that they are concerned about the restrictions which have recently been placed on the right of U.S. citizens to travel where they please. Several people have already agreed to be on the Sponsoring Committee. They include: J.P. and Marge Morray, Al Beendich (an attorney and professor at the University of California at Berkeley), Benny Bufano (a well known San Francisco sculptor),

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## Peter Maurin Farm

By DEANE MOWRER

September — beautiful month commingling Summer sun's ripening warmth with Autumn's cool brisk breezes—comes holiday in hand, bringing us that festival of working folk, Labor Day. It is fitting that the Catholic Worker with its philosophy of work — which our critics sometimes say remains too much at the philosophy level—should keep this holiday with some special observance. For many years this observance was a Labor Day weekend pacifist conference at Peter Maurin Farm. With the advent of other peace groups and other conferences this custom had fallen into abeyance. I was therefore delighted when the vision and energy of Dorothy Day and the fine planning and organization of Tom Cornell made it possible to resume these conferences here at the farm. It seemed to me that there was a need for such a conference to be held in a specifically Catholic setting in which Mass and prayer would be as much a part of the conference as talk and discussion.

All in all, there has been quite a lot of discussion at the farm this summer. Every Sunday afternoon a group of us gathered out under the trees to listen to some speaker discussing some topic, from various aspects of peace and integration to Recovery, Staten Island Core demonstrations, the arts, and the crafts. Among the speakers have been: Dorothy Day, Eddie Turner, Jim Forest, Anne Marie Stokes, Bronnie Warsaskas, Bill Oleksak, two young leaders of the Staten Island Core group, and Julia Porcelli Moran. But perhaps the high point of the summer was the week without talk—the week of the Retreat. We did, of course, enjoy and I hope profit from Fr. Casey's wonderful conferences; and I think most of us enjoyed the silence, but the evening after the retreat was over there was such an explosion of talk that it seemed as though a volcano of words had erupted among us.

Visitors have also made considerable contribution to our summer talk-fest. New visitors are usually interested in hearing about the farm and the Catholic Worker, while old friends come with news of their own. I particularly enjoyed the visit of the Gauchats who were associated with the Catholic Worker many years ago, who met and were married at the CW, and whose life work has been in the best tradition of the Catholic Worker. Those interested will find something of the work of the Gauchats described in a recent article in Sign magazine. Other old friends who have visited this summer are: Mr. and Mrs. Philip Moran and their children, Mr. and Mrs. Don Dreyer and son, Philip, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Monroe, Mr. and Mrs. Marty Corbin, John Stanley, Annabelle Lund, Emma Greiner, Beth Rogers, Frances Bittner, Beverley DeVore and her children, Classie May and Lucille Holman with their sister Maggie from Alabama and Brenda Fay and David, Larry Evers, Tamar, Becky, Susy & Eric Hennessey and Bill Callahan, one of the early editors of the CW who brought his children by for a brief visit. There have been too many newcomers to mention, though I should like to mention Fr. Kelly from South Carolina, who came with a young seminarian from Mississippi, largely because these two renewed my faith in the goodness and good will of at least some of the Southern whites. We have also had a number of persons coming to live with us as members of our family for a few weeks or months as the case may be, so that our family has been quite large most of the summer. Oddly enough all those coming to stay for any length of time have been men, so that our household still has something of the look of a men's barracks. Often Agnes who is in her eighties, Peggy who is seventy, and I are the only women here. There is no doubt that there is a great need at Peter Maurin Farm for a capable practical, cheerfully dedicated woman on the younger side. One might as well ask for the moon while one is asking.

There is no doubt that many of us at the Catholic Worker are fond of talk and discussion, but now and then some of us try to realize some of our words in action. The vigil and sit-down before the AEC building on the anniversary of the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, seemed to me an occasion for trying to translate my horror at the whole idea of nuclear warfare into some small protest at least. Tom Cornell came out to the farm and accompanied me to the scene of the demonstration. I stood for an hour in the vigil and then joined Tom and the others in the sit-down. I spent the day in that cramped position, saying my rosary — the one Dorothy had blessed by Pope

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# ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

illustrate it. It is too bad the cost, \$4.95, is prohibitive for many students, but let us hope that parents will buy it, at their local book stores, or directly through Harper and Row, the publishers.

Peter Maurin always stressed the need for a new synthesis, recalling the synthesis at the time of St. Thomas Aquinas, whose preoccupation also was the Common Good. One of the first books Peter used to discourse on, was *The Thomistic Doctrine of the Common Good* and now our beloved Pope John, God rest him, also stressed the Common Good in his great encyclical *Pacem in Terris*.

So we try in each issue of the paper to bring out aspects of our secular life in poetry, literature, science, philosophy, sociology and even theology and when we get top heavy with pacifist articles, I feel it my duty to write such a column as this—news of the apostolate, of the family, reminders of books to read, and lectures to attend.

I can think, for instance of articles I would like to write, if only there were more women to help at the Catholic Worker, women who can do housekeeping, taking care of shopping at the farm, planning meals, hospitality, laundry, secretarial work which means filling, typing, taking dictation and so on. There are but a few of us in town and country, however, compared to the number of men. While there is a population of twenty five at the Peter Maurin Farm right now, only three are women, for instance, and they are Deane Mowrer who bakes and writes, and sees people. (I write this, meaning it in a most profound sense, that she will sit and talk with them, and discuss problems and take part as far as she can in not only discussion but agitation and demonstration.

There is also Peggy and Agnes both of whom contribute greatly to the common good and are beloved by all. In town there are more volunteers who come by the day, but women certainly have a fundamental desire for their own home, and we have right now no women taking care of hospitality for women, taking charge, I mean. There are individual women with us, a dozen among many of men, but no one woman who will be responsible as we have had in the past in a Julia Porcelli, Jane O'Donnell or Beth Rogers. Without Marge Hughes who has her own family in one of the beach houses, we would not be able to carry out our summer work there, and indeed her hospitality extends throughout the year and in its warmth and generosity she sets an example to all of us.

All of this is a hint that women volunteers are needed. We do have volunteers who come as they think, for a good long stay and they see the reality and their illusions vanishing about voluntary poverty and manual labor, they leave after a day or so. Others have come for a day and remained for months to give us days of hard work. Like Greta Mitchell, for instance.

## Bede Griffiths

I hope this paper will reach those in the New York area so that they can hear Dom Bede Griffiths, O.S.B. who will lecture on *THE MEETING OF EAST AND WEST: The Church and Emergent Asia*, on Wednesday, September 18, 8 p.m. at Carnegie International Center, 345 East 46th St. Admission one dollar and the whole staff of the CW is going to get there. Dom Bede's book, *The Golden String* is one of the best stories of conversion I have ever read. Many have read his articles in the *Commonweal* and know of his positive work for peace in starting an Ashram in India where there are now 18 monks.

I had so wanted to get to the 26th of July meeting this summer, the reception at the United Nations

Lounge which is held every year as the Cuban Mission to the United Nations celebrate what to them is their day of liberation. It is like our Fourth of July. But I was on retreat and since Father Casey had not been able to come to us for some years, I could not miss this opportunity when he did.

I wanted to go to give evidence of my continued interest and respect for the attempts made in Cuba to build up a better society "where it was easier for men to be good," as Peter Maurin put it so simply. (Also it is easier to stress our differences when one seeks for concordances. Peter Maurin used to say "Find the good and build on it.")

## Cuba and Sex

I am reminded some more of Cuba when I read an article last month in a pacifist paper entitled "Forget about Gandhi!"

The author writes about the "indigenous, improvisatory character of Negro non-violence" and about "the asceticism and puritanical practices of the Black Muslims with their bitterness and overtones of violence." But "In Birmingham the motto seems to be: Let's eat, drink and make love tonight, because tomorrow morning we will be in the white man's jail. One man told me with obvious gleam, that when some of the imprisoned demonstrators were released from jail because friends or relations had posted bond for them, he heard one of them say: 'Don't worry, I'm just gonna take a bath and get some sugar from my honey. Then I'll be right back in'."

"When the Committee for Non-violent Action" the writer continues, "organized an integrated peace walk through a portion of the South last year, it required all participants to take a pledge of celibacy and abstinence from alcoholic beverages for the duration of the project. But a pacifist who went South last month to take part in a Freedom Walk, and who fasted during his entire imprisonment, told me that the day before they went out to face almost certain brutality and arrest they had a gala party at which the whiskey flowed like water. 'Pacifism was never like this,' was his happy comment just before he set off for the South once more, thoroughly prepared to face whatever mortifications of the flesh lay in store for him but obviously feeling liberated by the realization that he would not be required to add his own mortifications and punishments to those imposed by his opponents."

There is a certain arrogance about this writer's attitude giving the white man's stereotyped picture of the Negro. And also evidence of his own belated adolescent retreat from the Protestant Puritanism of New England forebears. I am reminded when I hear these middle aged liberals sounding off on sexual and other fleshy freedoms, of some of the men of the same middle-class, middle-aged liberal background who used to hang around Greenwich Village probing into and fixating the young people about them, to a free sex life as though hoping youth would not miss those ardors that they perhaps feel that they had missed. Or perhaps they had not missed them but their pleasure in sex had been dimmed by just that sense of sin natural to man when he lets his lower nature take over irresponsibly. Some men have incited their own children to gratify their desires and to get rid of the fruit of their intercourse by abortion, as I know happened in two families. It is one thing not to judge others, and it is still another thing to expect men and women to live according to right reason, to seek wisdom and live by it. The wisdom of the flesh is treacherous indeed.

Cuba is held up to us as an example of the Puritanism of the Marxist-Leninist, and dismal pictures of her are painted. No more houses of prostitution, no more gambling halls, no gay babs! When

someone implied that Fidel Castro might have a mistress, (to use old fashioned language) the students with whom I was talking during my visit to Cuba last September looked shocked. "There is no time in his life for that kind of playing around," they said. And the girls looked as though mud had been thrown at their idol, regarding such a question as a desecration of a hero.

There is the story in Scripture of King David who had remained behind in Jerusalem when the army of Israel were fighting in the Ammonite country. One day he had risen from midday rest and was walking on the roof of his palace, when he saw a woman who came up to bathe on the roof of the house opposite, a woman of rare beauty. She was the wife of Urias who was away at war. King David sent for her and when she was brought to him, "he mated with her." When she found that she had conceived, she told King David. Whereupon the King sent for Urias, and when he arrived from the scene of battle, he questioned him for a while asking him how the battle was going, and so on, and then told him to go home and refresh



A. de Bethuni

himself. "So Urias left the palace, and the king sent food after him from the royal table; but Urias slept the night at the palace gate among his master's attendants; go home he would not. Then David, learning from common talk that Urias had not gone home, said to him, 'Thou art newly come from a journey; why wouldst thou not go back to thy house? What?' answered Urias, here are the ark of God and all Israel, and all Juda encamped in tents, here are my Lord Joab and all those other servants of my master sleeping on the hard ground; should I go home and eat and drink and bed with my wife?"

King David kept him a few more days, made him eat and drink until he was bemused with wine, but still when he left at night he slept at the palace gate. "So David sent for his General Joab to put Urias in the first line where the fighting is bitterest, there to die by the enemies' hand."

Recently during the Profumo scandal in England there was much talk as to how much freedom a man should take to himself in public life, how much freedom to love, to drink and make merry.

Certainly food, drink and sex are good, in their proper order, in their place. In time of battle, such a strange and mighty battle as is going on now between armed and unarmed forces in our country and we too on the unarmed side with our Negro brothers, the weapons of the spirit certainly do not include the strong drink and sexual license celebrated by this pacifist leader.

I know one of the white demonstrators who told one of our group that when he was arrested he was so "hung over" from a party the night before that he was glad to be arrested and thrown into jail, that he could not have walked another step in the march he was undertaking. He was one of those too, who wished to get "some sugar

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# Pacifist Conference

(Continued from page 1)

for active opposition to military service on the part of orthodox Christians. Jack went on to treat modern theological and papal thinking on the subject of peace, culminating in the encyclical *Pacem in Terris* of Pope John XXIII.

At noon Fr. McCoy of St. Francis Xavier Church in New York said Mass in our chapel, served by Michael Kowalak and Joe Drexel. The community mass, recited in Latin by the whole congregation, was a high point, uniting us all in a spiritual rededication to the works of peace. Fr. McCoy reminded us afterwards of the great effects the first session of the Vatican Council have had on world thinking and the general atmosphere in which we have to pursue peace, and exhorted us to pray for the success of the second session.

That afternoon, after a splendid meal served by a heavily overburdened Fama crew, Ed Turner spoke of the conditions for peace, and led a discussion which lasted until about four o'clock. Topics ranged from individual responsibility to the social organizations, adequate to bringing about peace and full employment in an integrated society. Widely varying views were expressed very freely.

Ed Egan, a philosophy professor at Mount Mercy College in Pennsylvania, delivered a fine lecture on the ethical systems of modern philosophers and their inadequacy in dealing with the pacifist imperatives of our time. While he characterized the pacifist role as prophetic at this stage, he also stressed the need for action designed to make the public more open to accept the truth of the pacifist vision, and the necessity of offering practical solutions to the problems arising from transition to a non-violent society. This was one of the high points of the conference, though I am afraid that not everyone was prepared for the intellectual content of Ed's presentation. This was not in any way unfortunate, for in such a conference we want to offer something to everyone, the most advanced thinkers in the movement as well as the neophyte, and the uninitiate.

## Sunday

We went to Mass at the local churches on Sunday, and early in the afternoon Helen Iswolski spoke of her recent trip through the U.S.S.R., in Central Asia. Helen was born in Czarist Russia. Her father was a Count in the court of Nicholas II and ambassador to France and Japan before World War I. She has taught Russian language and literature at Fordham and at Seton Hill College in Pennsylvania. Helen had been in Russia all summer, with a tour, but seeing what she wanted to see and going where she wanted to go. Her stories of the people she met were filled with their own spirit, so warm and human and hopeful. She spoke of the churches, Orthodox and Catholic, of the Mosques and the Islamic culture that informs the Central Asian republics of the Soviet Union. She spoke of the great development of this area, which had been left undeveloped by the Czarist regime. We await publication of her latest book with great happiness.

In the evening Howard Evernam spoke of the organization of the American PAX Association, and led a discussion with others close to the group, James Forest, who helped in the original planning, and Eileen Egan, who is editor of the American PAX Quarterly *PEACE*. I gave my report as Counselor for Conscientious Objectors, and Ed Turner, Anne Marie Stokes and Janet Burwash spoke of the areas appropriate for PAX activity. The audience joined in for a very fruitful session.

Peter Lumsden showed the film made of the San Francisco to Moscow Walk for Peace and spoke of his part in it, of the message the Walk Team brought to

the people of the countries of East and West through which they walked, and of the various receptions with which they were met in the countries on either side of the Atlantic. The most striking feature of the response in the Soviet Union was its similarity to the response of Americans. "We can't disarm in the face of threats of (Russian) (American) (West German) aggression." The same old theme. The same cycle of fear and mistrust that Pope John saw as the great danger that has to be removed before we can plan for peace instead of war.

Peter told of the reception the Walkers received in Moscow University, when the students listened perfunctorily to their own Communist representatives as they gave the old government routine about preparedness, and the animation and interest with which they heard the Walkers. When the program chairman tried to clear the hall after an hour, the students rose up and would not have discussion curtailed, but insisted upon hearing the Walkers out. The program was prolonged, and finally, a note was passed up to the Walkers from the students saying, "My dear friends, do not believe absolutely this dirty official and his common demagogic phrases. Go your path, we are with you." This Walk was far and away the most dramatic accomplishment of the Committee for Non-Violent Action to date. It was a great advantage to have Peter with us to tell us about it.

A captain from the Strategic Air Command who will be teaching at the Air Force Academy in Colorado contributed very valuable insights from his own experience. It is extremely important that we are able to talk to these people and share our concerns with them.

## Conclusion

Martin Corbin, who has translated many very valuable articles from the French, presented a translation from the work of Fr. Regamey, a French Dominican, who has contributed very significantly to the body of Christian pacifist literature. We will publish the article soon. He followed with a translation from Lanza Del Vasto, who is a truly prophetic voice, the leader of the Community of the Ark in France.

The real success of the conference was in the response from the participants. It was gratifying to meet people who came from as far away as St. Louis and Minneapolis, people with whom we have been corresponding, and people with whom we formed new friendships. But it was much more important to see the readiness for active participation in spreading the Christian teaching on war as we understand it, and the openness to direct action techniques and non-violent action as a positive force. The civil rights struggle, and the massive March on Washington the Wednesday before undoubtedly contributed to this. An inescapable conclusion is that we have moved to higher ground in the struggle for peace.

## Tolerance

"There is real and genuine tolerance only when a man is firmly and absolutely convinced of a truth or of what he holds to be a truth and when he at the same time recognizes the right of those who deny this truth to exist and to contradict him and to speak their own mind, not because they are free from truth but because they seek truth in their own way, and because he respects in them human nature and human dignity and those very resources of intellect and of conscience which make them potentially capable of attaining the truth he loves, if some day they happen to see it."

Jacques Maritain, *Truth and Human Fellowship* (Princeton University Press, 1957)



## Peter Maurin Farm

(Continued from page 3)

John—several times; and though I was very tired at the end of the day, I was glad that I had shared with the others from the CW and with our friends from the other peace groups in this protest against war in its most hellish form. Charles Butterworth and others from the farm also went in to spend what time they could on this vigil. Joe Dumenski not only stood throughout the demonstration, Charles Butterworth and Michael Kovalak, who usually spends most of the summer with us, also took part in one of the Core demonstrations on Staten Island. On the great day of the March on Washington four from the farm went along—John Clifford, Bill Hart, Peggy Conklin, and Paul Lerner. Eddie and Johanna Turner, and Jimmie and Mary Hughes also went with the Staten Island delegation.

Peter Maurin Farm is however a real farm with real farm activities, as John Filliger can testify. In spite of the great fire of the Spring and the drought that has plagued us most of the summer, John has managed to produce his usual wonderful garden. Fortunately John has good help this year. Frank Crocitto, Joe Dumenski, Albert and Shorty have been on call for field work most of the time, and a number of others have given occasional help. Needless to say Joe Cotter has been busy in his cannery and has had to call on Jim Canavan and others for assistance. Hans Tunnesen is much improved after his crippling suffering during the winter and spring, and manages to keep busy at repair jobs. During the retreat and pacifist conference, he took charge of the cooking with his usual success. Slim still presides over the dishpan with time out for reading the New York Times and supervising his cat family. Larry Doyle continues to look after most of the weekday cooking, with Peggy cooking on Fridays. Andy Spillane is ever ready with a paint brush and does much to keep things clean and shipshape. Agnes Sidney is glad that German George, who served tables so long at Chrystie Street, has taken the table setting off her hands, but she keeps busy with her mending and upstairs cleaning. George, I might add, performed invaluable service taking care of tables and serving during the retreat and pacifist conference. Peggy has brightened our yard with many-hued flowers, and never fails to put fresh flowers on our dining table and in the chapel.

Most of the farm family miss Jean Walsh who was called away by the illness and death of her father. We continue to pray for the repose of the soul of Mr. Walsh, and for Jean and her family in their bereavement. Charles Butterworth, who is in charge here, most particularly misses Jean's able never-flagging assistance. Many of our readers will also be sorry to learn that Howard Conklin, who had been hospitalized during the past several months in a gravely paralyzed condition, died recently. Howard and Peggy have lived here off and on for several years, and he will be remembered and prayed for by many of our CW family and friends.

Nor has our summer passed without other troubles. We have had our share of difficult situations and frictions. Yet we, too, have our lighter moments, times when Frank Crocitto, that versatile young man—poet, calligrapher, chief assistant to John, goatherd, my partner in bread making takes out his guitar and plays to the delight of any children present and all folk-song singing young folk; or times when Stanley sets the whole house rocking with

laughter with some Stanleyesque witicism. There are moments of beauty, too—moments of summer-glad bird-song, sweet-clover-scented afternoons, moon-shimmering nights loud with the whip-poorwill's call. We have our barnyard gladness, too. John Barry's horse continues to be a great attraction to all the neighborhood children. But our three goats, I think, are almost as much of an attraction. Charles Butterworth, in fact gave goatmilk lessons to all interested during the pacifist weekend, and some of our young pacifists had a ride on Johnny's horse as well. Then there are our geese, who deprived of their pond by the drought, now roam freely about the farm, often visiting our discussion groups and loudly gabbling their approval or disapproval. Finally there are two ducks which usually accompany the geese, some chickens, and a gayly plumed bantam rooster to crow the dawn for us and trumpet his barnyard triumph like a true cock-troubadour. And now it is September, and somewhere trees are beginning to put on a gaudier dress of red and gold. Out in our little corn field there are corn shocks standing among the stubble of the cut corn. And under the night sky crickets sing merrily, merrily, and so shall sing until the hard frost come and stop their singing; and all the red gold leaves come tumbling down to make a coverlet to warm chilled crickets and winter-keeping geese.

## Thoreau

(Continued from page 4)

narrow axe . . . singing to myself . . . Sometimes a rambler in the woods was attracted by the sound of my axe and we chatted pleasantly over the chips I had made.

Thoreau states in Walden:

The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation.

He was a critic not only of the new industrial society in America, but of the farmer who sought to make a profit from a farm too large to manage.

He asks:

Who made them seeds of the soil? . . . Why should they begin digging their graves as soon as they are born? . . . How many a poor immortal soul have I met well-nigh crushed and smothered under its load, creeping down the road of life, pushing before it a barn seventy-five feet by forty, its Augean stables never cleansed.

Thoreau would probably approve of many labor saving devices of today which allow a man more leisure time. He would certainly approve of the 40-hour (or 30) work week, in preference to what he termed "excessive toil."

We know, of course, that he would shudder to see women working in present day factories, no matter how modern the factory or short the hours.

What he also would not admire is the amount of work and time consumed in paying for many of our present labor-saving devices. Nor would he approve of the purchase of a fine home if the would-be owner has to pay money to a bank for thirty years in order to pay off his mortgage.

One wonders whether many a highly-paid executive of a corporation, dashing through the city subways and the dark corridors of concrete and steel buildings, would not willingly trade places with a man engaged in an occupation similar to Thoreau's.

At length, in the beginning of May, with the help of some of my acquaintances, . . . I set up the frame of my house . . . I began to occupy my house on the Fourth of July . . .

Thoreau makes note that quite appropriately, this was Independence Day.



## Cuba

(Continued from page 5)

Urban Whitaker (Coordinator of the Urbanships and a professor in the International Relations Dept. at San Francisco State College), James McTernan (a Bay Area attorney), Irv Fromer (of the Graphic Arts Workshop), Dr. Carlton Goodlett (of the Journalism Dept. at San Francisco State College), Paul Heide (a business agent for the Oakland Division of Warehouse Union Local 8, ILWU), and James Prickett (of the San Francisco Young Democrats). We would be extremely grateful if you or any of your readers in a position similar to yours would be willing to add his name to this list.

We need all of the help and support we can get, for we may soon find ourselves fighting the State Department or the Justice Department. There have already been threats (such as those made by President Kennedy in his press conference of August 1st) that some of the students now on the trip will be prosecuted upon their return. In order to properly plan a defense of these students we need willing workers and money. If any of your readers can help with either of these things we would again be very grateful.

Thank you very much for your help.

Kipp Dawson,  
Exec. Sec.

908A Sanchez  
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Friends:

I am one of 50 students who went to Cuba this summer against the wishes of the State Department. We had a great trip. But there are some problems on the home side.

There is the somewhat complex legal case regarding passports. We did not use our passports in going to Cuba, and we violated no regulation. Nevertheless the State Department has declared our passports invalid. There has been no hearing.

And now, five students have been subpoenaed to appear before the House Un-American Activities Committee on September 12. A number of issues are involved, but foremost is the history of HUAC as an instrument for the suppression of political ideas and acts. So we are going to Washington.

The government of Cuba is certainly the most progressive government in Latin America. It is likely that a direct correlation exists between the progress of the Cuban people and the attempts of certain branches of the U. S. government to overthrow the revolutionary government of Cuba. It is certain that persons who have built their careers upon the Cold War have a vested interest in the ignorance of the American people.

A travel ban is a restriction upon freedom of inquiry—as well as a number of other freedoms. What are these passports for? What are governments for?

"As the benefit of the governed is, or ought to be the origin of government, no men can have any authority that does not expressly emanate from their will." Percy Shelley, the poet, said that, if any authority is needed.

What we have now is a group of people who went to Cuba and are interested in other trips for other people. When to the real issues—freedom, from hunger, prejudice, ignorance—that we live on the earth, a home.

Chris Rainer

## Tax Refusal

(Continued from page 4)

goes for that purpose, and we do give it.

Said one woman, Miriam Nicholas, deciding this was one contribution she would be unable to make, " . . . the government expects me to help pay for weapons that could destroy all life on this earth." "This I must not give," said Wendell Bull, finishing a similar statement. "You may be imprisoned, but that is sometimes more honorable," Ross Anderson stated. "I can't stop other people's killing," Milton Mayer decided, "I must stop my own."

### What IS the Law?

The legal aspects of tax refusal are complicated and inevitably vary from case to case. It is, of course, a punishable offense to refuse all or part of one's taxes. It is also an offense not to submit the required documentation. Any non-cooperation with the Internal Revenue Service is illegal. The penalty can be as high as a \$10,000 and a year in jail plus the cost of prosecution.

In practice, for reasons which one can easily understand, no such sentence is ever meted out. In fact few tax-refusers ever find themselves in front of a judge at all. It is interesting to draw some quick statistics from the 41 cases detailed in the handbook (these do some slight overlapping): Four lost their jobs (two were Protestant ministers). Six were jailed, average sentence served being about three months. (Those jailed, it should be noted, refused any alternatives: put no money in the bank so that it couldn't be seized, held no valuable property in their own names, etc.) Nine had property or funds seized. (The government, when it desires to seize anything, prefers funds: attempts to garnish salaries or draw from checking and savings accounts are most common. As a last resort it may seize property for public auction, such as a house.) 25 received no punishment and had no property or funds seized. That is not to say there was no intimidation, that the going was easy. It wasn't. But the simple truth is, or at least has been, that there are still relatively few tax collectors, district attorneys or judges who wish to play a modern version of Pilate's role. We can be glad there remain many (perhaps even a growing number) who do not feel justice is served by state coercion of conscience.

### Forms of Refusal

There are, and this I don't realize, several distinct forms of tax-refusal, each with its own sub-variations. The first and probably most well known is absolute non-payment.

### Absolute Refusal

To practice absolute nonpayment is to practice either to earn an income too low to be taxable (Citizens and residents, under \$5, can figure as nontaxable any income which is below the number of members in the family times \$600. Thus a family of three would be tax exempt if it made less than \$1,800 in the course of a year), or, if this is impossible or philosophically repugnant, to earn a taxable income where one is not subjected to withholding tax, such as by having one's own business or forming one with others of similar concern. Ammon Hennacy, though he owes \$1,500 in back taxes, is for the present in the first group, earning less than a taxable income. Karl Meyer was in the latter group until he discovered he could count all the members of St. Stephen's house of hospitality as dependents (as long as they had lived in the hospice from the beginning of the year and received half or more of their subsistence from him). Persons interested in both tax refusal and running a small house of hospitality might find this an ideal solution.

### Partial Refusal

For persons who are having taxes withheld from their incomes there is the opportunity of refusing to pay the balance due, or part of it. Others, whether they have taxes

withheld from their earnings or not, sometimes choose to pay only the percentage which they feel is used for peaceful purposes—30% to 40%. UNESCO seems to be one of the frequent recipients of the balance.

A third form of partial refusal includes persons such as Franklin Zahn, who annually withholds a "token ten dollars." These believe that the minimum one can do is to refuse a symbolic sum. "Ten dollars is large enough to be noticed," Zahn says, "but small enough to avoid excessive penalty." The "token ten," he suggests, could be given to some constructive project and the IRS so notified.

(The book also relates Zahn's refusal, beginning in 1951, to pay that portion of his telephone bill which was a federal tax, at the time 48c monthly. He explained this action to the telephone company, saying "My refusal to pay this tax is part of a larger rejection of all participation in defense activities." Before long his telephone was removed. His resultant letter of explanation to friends, an apology, is a document worth reading: "Three times I have refused the monthly telephone company tax of 48c (15%) and now I, Yearling 9, 1953 is no more, as of November 14, 1951. I regret much of the inconvenience of this falls on you, and offer my apologies to you and others who thus suffer from my act of conscience. When linked, please consider: 1. Somewhere in the world there may be one less bullet killing a human being. 2. The \$3.74 saved monthly will be used for CARE parcels. 3. If it actually is the narrow choice I feel it to be, you would prefer me to be connected with my highest conscience than with a mere gadget.")

### Conclusion

Finishing the handbook, I am reminded of a brief epigram of James Baldwin contained in *The Fire Next Time*. "To act is to be committed, and to be committed is to be in danger." How we admire action and commitment! St. Francis strikes off to the Holy Land with his nonviolent "Army of Love," an army, as Clement of Alexandria would call it, "which sheds no blood." And we applaud this, one of the few moments of sanctity which occurred during all the Crusades, one of the few a Christian can recall with pride. St. Maximilian refuses to serve in the military and shortly dies under the executioner's axe. The Cure d'Ares, as a young man, changes his name and flees to the mountains rather than be conscripted. Before death he recalls this, saying he never felt his conscience burdened by it. And on and on. Thank God the list is endless. No editorializing is needed on lives like these. Somehow they change the question. It is no longer Should I be a tax-refuser? It becomes How can I be anything else?

It is fitting to end this discussion with a quotation the book provides from Milton Mayer:

"The power to stop war is not in my hands, and never will be. The only power that is in my hands is to stop killing my fellowmen. A thousand, or two thousand, or fifty thousand people refusing to go on killing via the tax method may save the old way of life; fewer than that were required to save Sodom. But if a new way of life is the condition of the revolution to which we are called, then we must find it in our hearts, and when we do that we will stop killing our fellowmen and, best of all, stop justifying our doing it. If I can't stop other people's killing, I must still stop my own."

### CRIME

"The Negro in America is not a part of the American society. This is the greatest single crime that the American people have ever committed, and one of the greatest crimes that any people has ever committed."

Robert M. Hutchins



# Peace March In Rome

By PATRICK O'REILLY-PERSICHETTI

On June 15, at 6 p.m., Rome had its first important peace march, the largest pacifist march ever held in Rome, and the second ever held in Italy, after the Assisi-Perugia Peace March of September, 1961. It was organized by the Consulta della Pace (Peace Council) headed by Aldo Capitini, a Catholic dissident who led the March in Assisi two years ago.

The March started from Piazza Mastai, in Trastevere, a medieval section of Rome. Piazza Mastai is a large square, which has a quaint ancient little fountain, and is dominated by a huge yellow building, a 19th century monster, strikingly out of contrast with the surrounding architecture. The side of the square is flanked by Viale Trastevere, the main street of Trastevere, which leads from the river to a suburb called Monteverde Nuovo.

I arrived at Piazza Mastai at a quarter to six. It was jam-packed with people and placards. The afternoon sun was bright, though there were some clouds in the sky. The approaches to the square were lined with police jeeps and crowds of riot squad men in their green uniforms, while other policemen, in tan uniforms, flanked the square itself.

The crowd was enormous, and had a gay, festive air. The predominant note was hustle and joy. All these people were gathered to demonstrate for peace, and they were showing by their gaiety that peace is the natural, normal, healthy condition of human beings. Very noticeable by their absence were brass bands, orators, and sullen regimental order. Instead, there was a roaring of voices and a happy confusion.

I spent some time looking for the FOR sign, but couldn't find it. Then I met Nicoletta Riccio, the Secretary of "Reconciliation." She had her hand in a sling because she had got it caught in an elevator door. I saw also a very young Italian Methodist Minister, with whom I am acquainted, who gave us our banner: "Movimento della Reconciliazione." Nicoletta took one end, I took the other. It wasn't a very big banner, and sort of rough-and-ready, but it was sufficient. We were joined by my cousin Bjorn Kumlien, Hjalmar's brother, and by another fellow who carried a placard declaring Pope John's desire for peace.

The March started at about six thirty. We proceeded down Viale Trastevere towards the river, passing by the 13th century House of Dante and a monument to the 19th century Roman Poet Gioacchino Belli. We crossed the bridge of Garibaldi and went down Via Arenula. People started chanting "Pace sì, Guerra no!" (Yes to peace, no to war) and "Three cheers for peace, hip-hip-hooray!" When we reached Largo Argentina (Pompey's villa is there, sunk into the ground, inhabited by cats). We turned to the right and went through Via delle Botteghe Oscure (Dark Shops Street). We passed a little church and one of the corner shrines to Our Lady. "Regina Pacis, ora pro nobis," I said. To my right there was the Communist Party Headquarters, a massive red building. Three people, men in shirtsleeves, were watching us go by. To my left was a grey-black building, Renaissance, Baroque—The Jesuit Headquarters. One solitary Jesuit was looking at us go by. Photographers snapped pictures, film makers made films of us. A friend of mine from the Folkstudio in Trastevere came up and said hello to me. He is a way-out swinging cat who makes it with the real cool jazz.

We passed the Victor Emmanuel Monument (a great white monstrosity which looks like an enormous typewriter) and went down Via del Teatro Marcello, where there is an ancient Roman theatre. On the left is the Altar of Heaven

Church and the green trees of the Capitol. Dorothy Day and I went up this street in a taxi one day, coming from Jim Douglass' place near the Ostiense station.

A girl came up to me carrying a placard reading: 200 billion lire each day for armaments (620 lire equal 1 dollar). I said to her that it was much more, and that if they used a fifth of that sum on relieving the poverty of the world the whole capitalist economy would collapse, and that was the reason they were spending all that money on weapons, because otherwise, the cause of their defence would disappear, and hence all their vested interests would go down the drain. We passed by the Anagrafe, or Central Registry Office, where the "Enemy of Bureaucracy" made his deprecations two months ago, and I prayed to Our Lady that she send destruction to all these government systems and barriers, by which God's poor children are separated from one another. Then it occurred to me that only a consistent living of religion, which meant abandonment of all state systems, such as marriage registrations and licenses, taxes, and all documents, only this could deliver God's poor children from their evil slavery.

We walked through the Roman Forum, on an ancient Roman street with huge flagstones. Here and there people began to light torches, for dusk was coming on. The procession went across Via dei Fori Imperiali and up Via Cavour fairly near the Church of St. Mary Major.

My cousin and I found ourselves in the midst of a crowd of shouting marchers who were yelling "Peace! Peace! Down with Imperialism! Down with Armaments!" I turned to my cousin. "Bjorn, who are the ones who do the most howling?" We both guessed we were amongst our Red Brothers, so we went a little ahead. There, behind us, was a large banner which read: COMMUNIST YOUTH FEDERATION. Catholics, it seems, are sadly lacking in such things.

A red-haired youth behind us was talking. "Sixty per cent of everyone in this march are Communists," he said. "There are those here far more radical than the Communists," I said. He shrugged his shoulders, then we got to talking about Castro, Batista and the witness of non-violence. Violence breeds more violence, I said, but before I could finish, he went off somewhere else.

By now it was night, and the street was ablaze with countless torches. The Colosseum, symbol of our Christian tradition of non-violence unto death, was illuminated dimly from its many arches. The procession moved half-way around it, to within two hundred yards of the arch of Constantine. There, lit up, was a stage decked with the colours of many nations. Music of Verdi wafted across the gathering crowd. Nicoletta, her two friends and Bjorn were anxious to hear Aldo Capitini speak, but I could not, for I had the theatre to deal with (I had to accompany poetry on the guitar). So, after bidding goodbye to Nicoletta and Bjorn, I started walking down Via dei Fori Imperiali (Road of the Imperial Forums).

I was greatly surprised and pleased to see large numbers of soldiers gathering to hear Capitini speak. They, naturally, were severely forbidden to join the Peace March, but they flocked to the Colosseum to share in the witness for peace. . . . A young girl, her face glowing in the flickering golden light of a flame, lit her torch from a companion's torch. People, young and old, sat on the ground in scattered groups, waiting. . . . And the children were everywhere with their laughter and merriment. And I took my way towards the Tiber and the Teatro Goldoni.

# CHRIST

is

ACTION,



Christ is the force which raises the world to higher things; to be in Him means to share in an activity that is immense; to possess Him is to possess in one's soul a constant incentive to action.

meroch

nica

# Poverty In The Church

"What is the meaning of poverty within the Church? No one can deny that it was chosen by the incarnate Son of God, who being rich, made himself poor. This choice he constantly maintained throughout his life, from the stable at Bethlehem to the nudity of the Cross. What is more, he preached poverty and held it forth as an inescapable demand for those who wished to be his disciples.

"This seems to me to constitute above all the mystery of poverty in the Church; a mystery, moreover, which is bound up not only with its evangelical origins but its entire history. So much so that the great epochs, the great movements of internal reformation and renewal within the Church, and the periods of its most auspicious expansion throughout the world have invariably been those epochs in which the spirit of poverty has been affirmed and lived to the most manifest degree."

—Giacomo Cardinal Lercaro, Archbishop of Bologna, Dec. 22, 1962.

# Peace Prayer of St. Francis

Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace.

Where there is hatred, let me sow love;  
where there is injury, pardon;  
where there is doubt, faith;  
where there is despair, hope;  
where there is darkness, light;  
and where there is sadness, joy.

O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much  
seek to be consoled, as to console;  
to be understood, as to understand;  
to be loved, as to love.

For it is in giving that we receive.

It is in pardoning that we are pardoned.

And it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

# On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 6)

from their honey" before they went on to jail. A far cry from Urias!

I have been asked to express myself on these matters, especially since there has been a pamphlet published in England by the Quakers which is said to condone premarriage sexual intercourse "if the parties are responsible." My reaction is that of woman who must think in terms of the family, the need of the child to have both mother and father, who believes strongly that the home is the unit of society.

Sex is a profound force, having to do with life, the forces of creation which make man god-like. He shares in the power of the Creator, and, when sex is treated lightly, as a means of pleasure, I can only consider that woman is used as a plaything, not as a person. When sex is so used it takes on the quality of the demonic, and to descend into this blackness is to have a foretaste of hell, "where no order is, but everlasting horror dwelleth." (Job x.22) Aldous Huxley has given us a glimpse of this hell in "After Many a Summer dies the Swan," showing the sexual instinct running riot like cancer cells through the body, degenerating into sadism and torture and unspeakable violence. I speak in extreme terms I admit. But long before I was a Catholic I felt how prevalent was the demi-vierge attitude. I certainly felt that the teaching of Jesus, "He who looks with lust after a woman has already committed adultery in his heart." There is no such thing as seeing how far one can go without being caught, or how far one can go without committing mortal sin.

On the other hand, the act of sex in its right order in the love life of the individual has been used in Old and New Testament as the symbol of the love between God and Man. Sexual love in its intensity makes all things new and one sees the other as God sees him. And this is not illusion. In those joyful days when one is purified by this single heartedness, this purity of vision, one truly sees the essence of the other, and this mating of flesh and spirit, the whole man and the whole woman, is the only way we know what the term "beatific vision" means. It is the foretaste we have of heaven and all other joys of the natural world are intensified by it, hearing, seeing, knowing.

And here I would like to recommend COUNSELLING THE CATHOLIC: Modern Techniques and Emotional Conflicts, by George Hagmaier, C.S.P. and Robert Gleason, S.J. published by Sheed and Ward, New York, 1959.

When I became a Catholic forty years ago, I felt with joy that my faith brought me what scripture calls "a rule of life and instruction." So I recommend also the Gospels which are so potent, so grace-bearing, that the priest says when he has finished reading the Gospel, "By the words of the Gospel may my sins be blotted out."

I finish this writing down at the beach house with the waves pounding on the beach in a foretaste of an equinoctial storm. It is only September 6th and there are probably two more months of warmth

ahead, and these months are quiet months as no other months are quiet. One rests between the tumult of summer and winter. In October I shall be travelling. I hope with the money I earn speaking, to travel still further, to England to attend the peace conference at Spode House. So expect a couple of travelogues these next two months, but not much letter writing will be done. I shall take to postal cards!

# C.O.

(Continued from page 3)

register and cooperate in the past, and the machinery of compulsion is still there. Now is when activated consciences could have greatest significance. I'm just one of the "many" that must reject classification before change is in sight. . . . Even with no assurance of the refusal affecting anyone, it is morally necessary for me. The ultimate and primary object of conscription is military. Thus cooperation with it is in the end a contribution to war. The provisions for non-combatant training and C.O. status are like a tranquilizer, coercing men into the System, silencing opposition. So I believe some C.O.'s might do well to reconsider their positions, limited though their cooperation may be.

It seems to me that the whole nation has come to take conscription for granted. I talk to young guys getting ready to register soon on their coming eighteenth birthday, and ask them why they are registering and what it means to be registered, and if they've thought about such a commitment. They all say, "It's just something every man has to do, or else." And if they think a little about the "something every man has to do" part, the "or else" keeps them from thinking much. I'll take the "or else." Maybe a few others will do the same as a result of examining and thinking over their motives. Maybe not. And if not, my protest will still be necessary for me as a Christian.

If training were set up to teach methods of non-violent resistance and positive pacifism, I would be happy to become a soldier. But isn't that what the Church is supposed to be—an army of lovers? Others often look at us as though our reason for being stems from our pacifism. The Catholic Worker shows, more than any other group, that it's the other way around.

I've received notice to appear for induction on August 19. No pre-induction physical was necessary since I've been declared delinquent for some time. Of course I won't appear.

In One,  
Murphy Dowdells

"Nobody can subscribe to the thesis that it would ever be lawful to use indiscriminate nuclear weapons on centres of population which are predominantly civilian."  
—Cardinal Godfrey (England),