

# CATHOLIC WORKER



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## AMMON HENNACY DIES IN SALT LAKE CITY

### *A Pipsqueak Recalls Hennacy*

By KARL MEYER

Dear Dorothy,

Ammon once said to me that, all around, Dave Dellinger was the best man that he knew; and the implication was even clear that Dave was a better man than he, which was quite a compliment to come from Ammon, because he didn't praise other men easily. I agreed with Ammon then, and I think the same way now. Show me a better man than Dave. It wouldn't be easy.

And today we read in the paper that Judge Hoffman has sentenced Dave to thirty months and thirteen days in jail for contempt of court, while Dave's daughters, Tasha and Michele, began to cry, "Daddy . . . Daddy." As the guards led Dave away, he turned around and shouted, "Right on, beautiful people . . . black people . . . young people . . ."

"Right on, David!" the spectators called after him; and Rennie Davis said to Judge Hoffman, "You have just sentenced one of the most beautiful and courageous men."

I remember a day, July 12, 1957, when I first got to know you and Ammon, Deane and the others, about twelve in all. I remember us standing in a row before the bench, and Magistrate Bayer raving and lecturing us about the Bible, patriotism and the law, and Ammon speaking up and answering him, straightforward, calm and clear. Then the sentencing—thirty days in the workhouse.

That was the day I became a radical, standing with you and Ammon and the others. I woke up that morning a pipsqueak liberal, who intended to stay in the basement of Barnes and Noble during the air raid drill, and I went to bed that night a radical, sleeping beside Ammon on the floor of a cell.

Thanks to ideas introduced by my father and mother, I'd been a pacifist by belief since early childhood. At the age of eighteen, I signed in as a conscientious objector under Selective Service. I read Ammon's *Autobiography of a Catholic Anarchist* a week before I was supposed to register. It almost led me not to register, but I regained my liberal equilibrium just in time: to sign up on my eighteenth birthday, in accordance with the law. I wasn't an anarchist and I hadn't met Ammon yet.

Two years later, the summer of 1957, I was working at Barnes and Noble, earning money to go back to school and waiting for a big scholarship to come through. About a week before July 12, I read in the *Catholic Worker* that you and Ammon and Deane were planning to stay outside during the compulsory air raid shelter drills, for the third year in succession. I felt that I should join you, but I didn't want to jeopardize my job, my college admission or the expected scholarship. For several days I debated with myself as I worked at stocking books. Finally I decided to act responsibly; I decided not to join you. But on the morning of the drills, with just a few hours to go, my resolution faltered. I decided that I would join you anyway, but I figured that I would get out on bail and be back at work the next day, then plead not guilty and get a continuance for several months, so that I wouldn't have to stand trial or go to

(Continued on page 9)



### *The One-Man Revolution*

Ammon Hennacy, who called himself the 'One-Man Revolution', died in Salt Lake City January 14 on the way to picket the state Capitol. Ammon was a contributor to the *Catholic Worker* and an editor in the 50's. Above is an engraving portraying one of his favorite saints, Joan of Arc. What follows are excerpts from his autobiography, *The Book of Ammon*.

By AMMON HENNACY

Here is my story of the simple life: At this dairy I live in an old adobe house. Father Sun, as the Indians speak of the ball of fire, rising over the Sandia (Spanish for watermelon) mountains to the east filters through the mulberry and cottonwood trees to my open door. I turn in bed and re-

lax. A prayer for those near and dear and for those loved ones far away; in and out of prison and CO camp, and in and out of man's holocaust: war. The night before I had cooked unpolished rice sprinkled with raisins. With milk, and the whole wheat bread

(Continued on page 10)

### *In Memoriam*

By ED TURNER

The best memory I have of Ammon is of Ammon as propagandist. This is what he called being in the Market Place: being on the street picketing, selling the paper, demonstrating. For there was in Ammon something of the actor. He loved an audience. He enjoyed the exchange of conversation with people since, after all, he knew he could dominate almost any conversation.

#### *In The Market Place*

I remember Ammon picketing on Park Avenue just below Grand Central Station. It was a picket in support of the strikers of Kohler, the plumbing manufacturers. It was a long strike of over five years. And Ammon picketed their sales room in New York each month during the strike. I remember Ammon picketing the Internal Revenue Service office at Varick and Houston Streets here in New York during his Hiroshima tax picketing and fasting. It would be in the August heat, and Ammon would be fasting as many days as years had passed since the dropping of the Atomic Bomb on Hiroshima. He would be carrying signs and handing out a statement explaining that he refused to pay tax to support wars. He picketed with great spirit, much Irish charm and humor. Many of the employees of IRS came to look forward to his annual visits. I remember Ammon selling *Catholic Workers* on the corner of 43rd Street and Lexington Avenue. It was here he was arrested for selling without a license. He served five days. However, having deferred his anarchist principles he allowed the American Civil Liberties Union to represent him on the case, making it a free speech test case. After six months and two appeals they won the right to sell literature on the street without a license. Of course Ammon did not wait for that decision but continued selling the paper on the street, returning to Lexington and 43rd Street immediately upon his release from jail.

#### *Albuquerque*

My first acquaintance with Ammon was in Albuquerque in 1944. I was attending the junior seminary there. The seminary was almost isolated, five miles from town, with only a little cluster of homes close by. The Catholics there attended Sunday Mass at the seminary chapel as they had no Catholic parish. And on the first Sunday of each month Ammon, who was living and working at the Shirk dairy farm there, would come to sell the *Catholic Worker* after Mass. The priests who ran the seminary were neither friendly nor unfriendly. But then Ammon was a personal friend of Father Garcia, who was the diocesan dean for the Albuquerque area. To us pupils it was a revelation, bordering on shock and scandal, to see a Catholic publication expressing ideas so foreign to the then conventional Catholic norm.

#### *An Agitator*

But the lasting memory I wish to record here is the memory of the thought of this man of action. And a man of action, an agitator, is what he was. Ammon was an agitator who agitated because of certain ideas he held. Of all those who have been associated with the *Catholic Worker*—and they have not been few what with almost forty years' history in over eighty houses in some forty cities with more than forty farms, and with independent similar movements in England and Australia; nor have they been insignificant, for many made names for themselves out-

(Continued on page 6)



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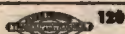
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## Thoughts on the Resurrection

By KARL STERN

The Resurrection of Our Lord assumes even within the framework of natural reasoning a unique position among the miraculous accounts of Sacred Scripture. It is not quite of that "remote," "legendary," and "folkloric" character. Yet, it is not historical in the sense in which Napoleon's retreat from Moscow is. In order to believe in the truth of Napoleon's retreat you do not need any act of faith. All you have to do is go to the nearest library and indulge in a bit of historical research. You will find thousands of references to adduce the scientific proof of a factual account. In the case of the Resurrection we have only the account of the Bible. And yet, even here there is an element of scientific veracity. A leader of a small sect in a remote corner of the Roman Empire was executed. It was certainly not History with a capital H. At best, it was a case for a police blotter for Roman civil servants. Jesus' disciples, who had believed in Him until then, fled and scattered in view of such a dismal and embarrassing anticlimax: an execution together with a couple of thugs. It all has the features of those thousands of unjust obscure deaths of which we are witnesses every day.

Suddenly, and not so long after it, those same disciples preached the Resurrection and, far from being cowardly and in flight, displayed unbelievable feats of courage and gave their lives in testimony of what they had seen. You do not need any sophisticated psychology to believe that an extraordinary event must have happened to explain such a turnabout. The fact that one among the millions of horrid, forgotten deaths of every day became the story of Death, and moreover, from then on became to untold masses the turning point of History—all this speaks very much in favor of the historical truth of the Resurrection. Thus, the Resurrection became the watershed of history, and it is fitting that it should be situated in that twilight zone, that strange, dawn-like hour between the "mythological" and the verifiable.

As I said before, "verifiable" in this case does not quite mean the same thing as the verifiability of Napoleon's retreat or yesterday's headline about an earthquake in Sicily. But you can apply another test, one which you cannot apply in the case of headlines. It is the test of inner truth, the veracity of what Kierkegaard called the subjective.

I used to work at one time as a pathologist in a mental hospital, and I had to perform autopsies, frequently of patients I had known in life. Many of these were anonymous, forgotten people who for years had lived demented and deteriorated in the dark corner of a ward. When their bodies and inner organs were laid out on the autopsy table it often did not seem to make

much difference whether they were alive or dead. It certainly did not make any difference to society at large. In fact, in many cases no person ever turned up to claim the body.

In such a situation you are faced with a simple alternative: either that which we see in that autopsy room is not the whole show and will be transfigured—or the whole of human existence is, as Jean-Paul Sartre's hero, Monsieur Roquentin, puts it, "one big mess that makes you vomit." There are only these two possibilities and, no matter how hard you try, you will find that there is nothing in between. It is one of those formidable "either/ors" of Kierkegaard. Either the whole of living nature, all flesh has a glorious meaning which will be revealed, or else it is meaningless, or, to quote Sartre again, it is "pure contingency."

There is no cut and dried solution to this problem. Nevertheless, we may, as one does in Euclidean geometry, introduce some "tentative factors." We know that it is hate which desires death, and love which desires life. That man whose body was unclaimed had been loved once in his life. We can still visualize him as a baby in the arms of his mother, or at least someone who looked at him with maternal care. And whoever loved him would have been horrified to see him as a mass of dead flesh. He had been loved not as a disincarnate soul (a ghastly thought) but as a living being. His very existence had been brought about by love, at least by that natural rudiment and foreshadowing of love, namely desire. "Every desire demands Eternity." This is one of the most profound phrases of an atheist philosopher of the last century, Friedrich Nietzsche.

### Love's Logic

If our limited human love, as lovers, as mothers, desires the life of the flesh and wishes it never to die—the same thing must be true of Infinite Love, only infinitely more. Hence, if the Incarnation and the death of Christ were the manifestation of Infinite Love, the Resurrection follows quite logically. Love demands life, and Infinite Love demands infinite life.

There are two kinds of people who have difficulty with a belief in the Resurrection: the Manicheans and the Materialists. Or I had better say that Manichean or the Materialist who is hidden in every one of us undermines our faith in the Resurrection. To the Manichean (the "Jansenist" in Catholic tradition and the "Puritan" in Protestant tradition) the flesh in itself is evil. (In this connection it is noteworthy that in the Eastern Church, in which Jansenism never took root, the Transfiguration and the Resurrection play a central part in popular piety.)

The Materialist, who is attached to the flesh and to material things by an

(Continued on page 6)

## Ammon Hennacy— 'Non-Church' Christian

By DOROTHY DAY

One of the great things that Ammon did for the Catholic Worker back in the thirties (we began publishing in 1933) was to increase our ecumenical spirit. There was not much talk of ecumenism in those days in the Holy Roman Catholic Church. His association with us began in the city of Milwaukee where he was living at that time and where we had a house of hospitality. Communists, Socialists, anarchists and an assortment of unbelievers and Protestants of who knew what denomination, used to come to our Friday night meetings. The discussions were lively. It was not long after the Spanish Civil War and some of our friends had served in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. The discussions were mostly on social questions. The group in New York and other centers where we had houses were going in strong for the liturgy then, and lauds and compline were recited in many of our houses. A Cardinal once asked me some years later, "What do they think they are, that Catholic Worker crowd—a bunch of nuns and priests?" The separation between the clergy and the laity was pretty distinct. It was considered remarkable that we lay people were living what is called dedicated lives of voluntary poverty, working without salary and serving our brother Christ in the poor, "inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of my brothers, you have done it unto me."

In New York there were complaints among the staff that they never knew whether I was quoting the Douay version of the scriptures, or the King James version. (Now there are a half dozen English Translations.) When we started to publish Ammon Hennacy's articles, "Life at Hard Labor" in the Catholic Worker, and he made slighting remarks about Holy Mother Church, there were adverse comments among the staff and also more severe criticism from some of our readers. It was in vain that we pointed him out as the most ascetic, the most hard working, the most devoted to the poor and the oppressed of any we had met, and that his life and his articles put us on the spot. He was an inspiration, and a reproach.

Before he came to New York to join us on the staff of the Catholic Worker, while he was still working at farm labor, he introduced us to the Molokans, the Doukhobors, the Hutterites and many another sect which had come to this country to escape war and conscription in their own countries. When he came to live with us he began to attend the meetings of the War Resisters, meetings at Community Church, at Methodist Churches and with Jewish, Episcopalian and other war resisters. He was interested in fact in all religious points of view if they resulted in a real effort to conform one's life to one's profession of faith. He still spoke contemptuously of Jesus-shouters, and religious demagogues who blessed the state and war, and he stated unequivocally that he did not like St. Paul, that St. Paul had betrayed Christ again when he said, "Servants, obey your masters." He didn't see the point of St. Paul sending Onesimus back to his master, in the hopes that the master would be converted so that there would be "neither slave nor free."

Obedience, of course, was a bad word. Authority was a bad word. In vain I pointed out to him that when the retired army major for whom he worked in Arizona told him to do a particular job, he did it, and he did it as he was told to. He admired the army officer because he knew farming. And he cooperated with Ammon in paying him by the day and thus evading the Federal income tax which the taxman was trying to collect from Ammon.

I pointed out that he accepted the authority of those who were authorities, and knew what they were doing, and how to do it. He admired the courage of the major who subdued a bull

which was wild with the pain of a snake bite, and had the courage to handle him with confidence and without fear. But he continued to balk, Ammon did, at the words authority and obedience.

On his coming to New York in the late forties, he attended a "retreat" at Maryfarm at Newburgh on the Hudson which Fr. Marion Casey of Minnesota gave. During the Mass each morning we knelt on the hard floor next to a Greenwich Villager by the name of Kenneth Little. He died some years ago and I always remember him with gratitude (not only for the gardening he did with us but for those retreat days with Ammon). Kenneth knelt next to him and kept pointing out to him all the words in the Mass that had to do with peace.

"Mercifully give PEACE in our days . . . The PEACE of the Lord be always with you . . . Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world, grant us PEACE . . . Lord Jesus Christ, who said to your apostles: PEACE I leave with you, my PEACE I give to you . . . be pleased to grant to your Church PEACE—and unity according to your will."

Poor Kenneth, he did so want to assure Ammon that the Church indeed did desire peace, but I am afraid that neither Ammon nor I could forget how the scrap iron and metal was heaped in the church yards during the Second World War and blessed by the priests, and war stamps sold to the children, and bombers named after the Blessed Mother and so on. It was still all too much like rival armies in Mexico carrying banners with representations of the Blessed Virgin of different localities to bless their wars.

Ammon knew much labor history but very little about Church history. He could get no encouragement from the fact that in ages past there had been far greater scandals of wealth and warfare than even today. Or were there? One priest said of Ammon's anti-clericalism that perhaps he saw the sins of the Church as a human institution far more clearly than we did. Another priest said of Ammon that he had received so great a light during that first jail sentence of his in Atlanta Penitentiary, that it had blinded him. He had read through the Bible nine times and all but memorized the Sermon on the Mount. When he came out he had become a Bible Christian, not in the sense of a sect, but of one who accepted the WORD. He read the Tolstoi who wrote *Anna Karenina* and his faith deepened. In that great novel Levin struggled and fought for a faith. He went through such agony that he was on the verge of suicide (like the Maritians before their conversion) because he felt he could not believe as his wife Kitty and as the serfs around him did. There is a triumphant note of joy in the end of Levin's struggle which warms the heart. It was not the bitter later Tolstoi, who derided religion in the novel *Resurrection*, who could not separate the wheat from the chaff.

For a time Ammon was a Catholic. It was before the aggrornamento and though he had been christened a Baptist, a valid baptism, he was conditionally baptized again by Fr. Marion Casey in Minnesota. His instruction had been slight in spite of retreats and conferences which we were in the habit of having at the Newburgh farm. He assented to what he agreed with, had no mind for philosophy or theology, and he no longer read the scriptures. "I read them nine times in jail," he said on a number of occasions. And once, flippantly, "If I had only a telephone book I would have read that nine times." Just as he said later on, "If Dorothy had been a Methodist, I would have become a Methodist." These were wounding words. I could never understand them.

He was with us,—how many years? Long enough to make an impression on that great pagan city of New York.

He had already, while living on the outskirts of Phoenix, Arizona, made an

(Continued on page 8)



## Ammon Hennacy

# Combined Pacifism, Moral Passion, Irish Humor

Tom Cornell

Michael Harrington

"A very few, as heroes, patriots martyrs, reformers in the great sense, and men, serve the State with their consciences also, and so necessarily resist it for the most part; and they are commonly treated as enemies by it." Henry David Thoreau

Ammon Hennacy, former Associate Editor of *The Catholic Worker*, died in Salt Lake City, January 14, at the age of 77. He had refused to pay his federal income taxes since 1942.

When Ammon was supporting his two daughters through school, during the late Twenties and Thirties, he worked as a social worker. He refused to register for the World War Two draft, as he had refused to register in World War One. (His story of his imprisonment in Atlanta in WW I is a prison classic, available from *The Catholic Worker*, 36 East First Street, NY 10003, "Two Agitators.") Probably because of his age, Ammon was not prosecuted for this. It occurred to him that if he wouldn't fight in the war he ought not to pay for it, so he worked at day labor, so that his wages could not be garnished. It goes without saying that he had no savings or checking account, and held no stocks or bonds. If the government wanted to take his salary, they would have to send a man out every night to take it. He worked as a migrant farm laborer in the Southwest, and wrote a column entitled, "Life at Hard Labor."

Ammon wrote three books, the first called *The Autobiography of a Catholic Anarchist*. A later expanded version was entitled *The Book of Ammon*. This spring *The One Man Revolution in America* will be printed. He intended to distribute it himself. It is made up of sketches of American radicals such as John Woolman, Jefferson, Paine, Thoreau, Mother Jones, Vanzetti, Dorothy Day, Malcolm X and Yukeoma, the Hopi. These people embodied what he called himself, a One Man Revolution. Ammon's profound insight was the same as Thoreau's. He would not lend himself to an evil he himself condemned. And he did it more consistently than Thoreau. Ammon was the most often arrested man in the pacifist, anarchist or any radical movement of modern America.

Every year at tax time he would

picket his IRS man, after paying him a visit and urging him to an honest living. Every August he fasted as many days as it was years since the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, spending much of that time picketing IRS with a placard announcing the sum of his back taxes and his determination not to pay it. They never got a cent.

Ammon's life touched almost all of us engaged in the peace and pacifist movements over the years. He was greatly and widely admired and loved. Almost everyone measured himself in one way or another in relation to Ammon. He lived simply, took only what he needed, and gave a great deal, serving the abandoned men of the Bowery and the vagrants of the Southwest.

His special love was the Hopi who lived in a pattern of simplicity, of anarchism and pacifism that he greatly admired; they loved him too, and made him a blood brother.

Ammon Hennacy's life is a marvelous achievement not to be appreciated by a scanty farewell. Read his books. The last one, *The One Man Revolution in America*, might be ordered from his widow, Joan, at Box 2132, Salt Lake City, Utah. It is 550 pages, illustrated and indexed, and costs \$5.75 a copy. No tax included!

Ammon Hennacy died in Salt Lake City on January 15 at the age of 76. Even his death was typical of the man: the heart ailment which ended his life first struck him a week before when he was picketing against capital punishment.

I knew Ammon in the early '50s when we were both at the Catholic Worker House of Hospitality on Chrystie Street. For a while we roomed together and, since he regarded me as a champion of the Third Lesser Evil of socialism in the midst of that anarchist commune, he used to be waiting when I woke up each morning to explain the error of my ways. His approach was not theoretical or abstract. It was just that in his already long life in the radical movement he had compiled a prodigious list of socialists who had become capitalists, war mongers, and, for all I know, white slavers, and he recited their iniquities to me to show me how wrong I was.

So there is a certain irony that I should write an affectionate, respectful obituary for him. And yet in that Deb- sian heyday of radicalism from which Hennacy came there was a fundamental fraternity and solidarity which united the leftists of every faction and persuasion. It was only later, when the internecine conflicts sometimes became more bitter than the battles between left and right, that radicals specialized in hating

one another. It is in the spirit of that earlier—more innocent, more human—period that I write this brief farewell to a man with whom I disagreed even as I admired his dedication, was amused by his eccentricities, and touched by his gentleness.

Hennacy incarnated an American radical tradition which New Yorkers often do not know ever existed. Here, socialism and Communism were dominated by the immigrant experience and, above all, the dreams of the Jewish working class and the style of Jewish intellectuals. But Debs himself was from Indiana, Norman Thomas grew up in Marion, Ohio (where the other famous native son was Warren Gamaliel Harding), Ammon Hennacy's long-time friend and associate in the Catholic Worker movement, Dorothy Day, came from Illinois. *The Appeal to Reason*, the most successful left-wing paper in the nation's history and an early influence on Ammon Hennacy, was published in Girard, Kansas. And in the years before World War I, the states with the highest percentage of socialist voters were, in descending order, Oklahoma, Nevada, Montana, Washington, California, Idaho, Florida, Arizona, Wisconsin, and Texas.

That was the political landscape that Ammon came from. He was born in Negley, Ohio in 1893, and spent a year each at Hiram College in Ohio, the University of Wisconsin, and Ohio State University. It was in those days that he was an active socialist (and assembling that dossier with which he was to plague me later on). When the war came he refused to register and served two years in the Atlanta Penitentiary. While he was in jail—where he did time in solitary for activism on the inside—he read the Bible and was converted to a kind of Christian pacifism.

But then, there is no point in reciting a chronology of Ammon Hennacy's life, for he himself set that forth in his autobiography, "The Book of Ammon." A few personal memories might serve to suggest the quality of the man.

He worked morning, noon, and night propagandizing for his pacifist anarchism and he had favorite sayings and bits of the folk wisdom of the left which he repeated often. After he became a Catholic in the '50s, he used to soapbox for his new faith and for anarchism at the same time, a juxtaposition which, in the age of Pius XII and Francis Cardinal Spellman, left many members of both the groups to which he was affiliated astounded. When someone would ask him if he, as an anarchist and a Catholic, was in favor of free love, he used to demand of his questioner if he was in favor of bought love.

And yet for all of his extraordinary commitment—he fasted in protest of the Bomb for more than 40 days on several occasions—he remained a kind, gentle, humorous human being. He could drive me up the wall with the persistence of his anti-socialism, yet he could never make me angry. And for a man who used to get notes from Alexander Berkman, (the anarchist who terrified, but not terrorized a generation) while they were in prison together, he could be courtly and old-fashioned in his way with women.

I don't mean to patronize Ammon's rebel spirit with a sort of preacherly praise which makes of him a moral conscience and an ineffective man. It has always seemed to me that the unique genius of the Catholic Worker movement to which he devoted the last period of his life is that the ultimate vision of people like Dorothy Day and like Ammon never comes to pass but that people in the most diverse, contradictory organizations find ways to use parts of it.

And I think that something of America died with Ammon Hennacy. That innocent, egalitarian radicalism of the plains and prairies and the mines did not have a program equal to the needs of America in the 20th

(Continued on page 7)

## What He Wants To Do Is Live

By MARY LATHROP

I do not feel more separated from him now that he is living another life, a better life. He is surely much closer to all of us now than he was in the more limited life here. I am glad for him. I wonder occasionally which mansion he is living in. But I don't think we should be any more anthropomorphic about mansions than we are about God himself. Those mansions are not constructed, I think, the way we construct them here. They are some kind of spiritual, immaterial mansion, they are mansions with a metaphysical structure, spiritual structure, and Ammon will have one worthy of his spiritual size. And God knows that.

I remember when we were at a meeting once on our way out west. It was a meeting in a private house, I don't remember which city it was in. But it was just a private meeting for Ammon so that he could give his usual witness to his quietly loud One Man Revolution. I remember a priest saying, after Ammon had finished and people were milling about and asking questions, "Ammon, you are a fantastic saint." Ammon said, "No, I am not a saint." But he would never deny that he was a prophet. He used to say to whole assemblies of seminarians, "God has sent me here to wake you up. Now you've got to listen to me. You're caught in here. I'm telling you you'll never be the same after you hear what I'm going to say. Now, you can be a chicken or you can be a man, it's up to you." Of course, he said it a little differently, but this was the essence. Most of our readers know the way it was. He was so honest it hurt, and that is a prophet's way. He never put any sugar on the pill. If you were a chicken that's what you were. Period. You couldn't deny it.

Someday there will be another Ammon. Maybe three hundred years from now. Or five hundred. They don't happen very often.

I wanted to tell you about the one time I saw Ammon cry. We had been out the night before (he tells about this in his book) picketing at Sing Sing in protest against the execution of a young black man. It was terribly cold, with what Shakespeare would call an eager, wind. I don't think either of us had gloves. We walked up and down across the entrance carrying our signs. Occasionally a car would drive up, the

driver would give us a curious, hard look and turn around and go back down to Ossining. Twice in three hours we went down the hill to get warmed up. The lentil soup we had with bread tasted better than anything else you could ever eat. We needed it so much. We were freezing. I will never forget that meal. Ammon smiled. He was happy. We were friends. We were together. We were doing a good work.

I am very grateful to him for all the opportunities he gave me to do good works like that. Obviously, I would never have done them by myself. We counted the wooden stairs on the way back up the hill. It was something like one hundred and seventy two. I don't remember. But we counted them because it was cold and we were conscious that we were making a real effort to keep going. I think it was below zero. When ten o'clock came—the time of the execution—we knelt down on the ice with a piece of cardboard under our knees and said the rosary for the man being put to death. It was a desolate time. I thought, as we walked up and down—and we could see the water from where we were—that this was a wild and tragic place in the world—a barren frontier—a place very close to the edge of nowhere—it reminded me of places I have never been—Cornwall in England, or Brittany. The high places over the sea. The rocky places. Ammon came and knocked on my door and when I opened all he said was, "That man that died last night—" and then I saw him cry like a child.

He didn't want me to see him, so he turned away. God bless him.

Lately, I have been reading a book on early Christian art, and in it are mentioned some of the early inscriptions on the tombs of the catacombs. Most of the earliest ones were simply initialed, or had very simple drawings, a fish and so on. But later on, about the year two hundred and three hundred (excuse this non-professional way of speaking) the first simple prayers appeared. There is doctrine in them. I noticed especially one. "Live in Christ, Petrus, and pray for us." Live in Christ. This is so much better than resting in peace. I doubt that Ammon would ever agree to rest in peace! What he wants to do is live. And I am sure that he is alive. "Live in Christ, Ammon, and pray for us." Amen.

### Seek Help for Hennacy Books

Ammon Hennacy was working on two books when he died. One was his autobiography; the other a book containing sketches of 18 American radicals, entitled *The One Man Revolution in America*.

These have yet to be published, money being needed for both. He had been asking friends to help by sending the price of the second book, \$5.75, to him in advance so he wouldn't have to go in deep debt. Now Joan Thomas (P.O. Box 2132, Salt Lake City, Utah 84110) is trying to produce both. She will welcome help from friends, either in advance orders with cash or money sent as a gift or loan. Those interested should contact her directly.

Joan Thomas also hopes to write a biography of Ammon. She asks people who knew him to send her anecdotes, clippings, or other information about him that would aid her.



# Pacifist Examines the Military Chaplain's Position

**THE MILITARY CHAPLAINCY** by Gordon Zahn (published in Canada and the United States by the University of Toronto Press, University of Toronto, Canada, \$7.95). Reviewed by Eileen Egan.

A young Royal Air Force chaplain felt that his mission, as that of any clergyman, is to "set up shop at the Gates of Hell" if necessary. The author of this book wonders if any clergymen "are likely to carry this to the point of recommending that the churches assign clergymen to serve as chaplains to houses of prostitution, to serve the religious needs (presumably great) of the inmates and clients of such establishments."

If any modern author has been fearless in "saying the unsayable" about the fateful interaction between the Christian church and the military establishment, if any modern author has become the pre-eminent researcher into the military-ecclesiastical complex, it is Gordon Zahn. Zahn, equipped with cogent sociological tools, with dispassionate objectivity and a limpid writing style, has produced countless articles and a series of books in this general area, beginning with the ground-breaking *German Catholics and Hitler's Wars*.

The present book is based on an enquiry conducted through personal interviews and written questionnaires into the attitudes of some 70 chaplains serving, or retired from service, with the British Royal Air Force. It is subtitled "A Study of Role Tension in the Royal Air Force" but it would be a rare reader who would not see that civilian pastors and ordinary civilians might not suffer under the same role tension during hot or cold wars as well as in the unremitting program of war preparation.

The RAF Chaplaincy was a logical subject for study since Dr. Zahn was in England from 1964-1966 as Senior Simon Research Fellow at Manchester University. He is careful to point to his own commitment to pacifism and makes clear that "value-free" research is a fiction. His questions and "probes" do not relate to pacifism but fall under the general heading of "value research." Since all the chaplains belonged to some Christian group, their values were presumed to be, in the broadest sense, those of the Christian tradition. The Christian has clear guides to behavior, not merely from a set of formal commandments, or even prescribed rituals or liturgical practices, but over and above these, from the behavior of Christianity's founder. The world's Christians have a clear behavioral pattern to follow in meeting the human needs of other human beings (including enemies) through the works of mercy, and in meeting psychic and spiritual needs through a loving exposition of the truths received from Jesus. A collision occurs during periods of war when the Christian is called upon to deny all the works of mercy to those denominated as "enemies." In wartime, millions of Christians are engaged in the very reversal of the merciful teachings of their churches and the military chaplain is the hyphen between the teaching church and the actualities of the soldier's vocation.

Zahn points out that "in the Chaplain, we have the individual who, at one and the same time bears direct responsibility for the fullest and most effective display of behavior appropriate to the Christian... and an equally direct responsibility to evince the behavior patterns expected of him as an officer in the military hierarchy. It is, therefore, a logical presupposition for this study that there is, by definition, an enhanced potential of 'tension' in

the military chaplain's role arising from the demands placed upon him by these two separate and distinct dimensions."

The author centered his enquiry on four areas of interest; the chaplains' concept of the qualities needed by a chaplain, their description of the "job" of chaplaincy, their projection of how they felt others saw them and their "job," and finally their response to events and policies in war and in military life that would lead to situations of heightened tension. The real "crunch" of the study is, of course, in the fourth area, covering such questions as the killing of enemy prisoners, the execution of civilian hostages, and the large-scale bombing of civilian areas to "break enemy morale." Some of the questions raised such tensions during the course of the enquiry that chaplains made known their misgivings to their superiors and some phases had to be curtailed.

One of the questions on the section dealing with the "job" of being a chaplain dealt with the possibility of conflict between the duty of a chaplain as a military officer and his duty as a Christian clergyman. More than three out of five saw no possibility of this type of conflict. Others who saw the possibility of conflict, envisioned it in the operational rather than the moral area. Only one RAF chaplain, a Catholic, accepted the possibility of a moral conflict. In the matter of a soldier who developed conscientious objections to military service, 80 per cent of the 56 who replied to the question stated that they would aid the man in obtaining a release from the service or a transfer to another assignment.

The replies to each of the questions on general moral tensions are analysed in great detail. On the matter of an order to kill enemy prisoners of war, all chaplains were opposed, but there was an unexpectedly wide spectrum of views regarding active steps against such an order. Four chaplains were ready to accept the Commanding Officer's decision in such a matter! Seven would protest to the Commanding Officer, forty-six would carry their protest outside of military channels. Two would advise the men not to comply with the order, but one of these two would countermand the order if it had been issued by an officer whose rank was junior to his own.

Chaplains made a distinction between killing prisoners already in custody and an order to take no prisoners. Without relating the details of the many replies, it is instructive to note that only one chaplain stated that he would counsel his spiritual charges to disobey the order to "take no prisoners."

That torture of prisoners was intrinsically wrong was attested to by 62 per cent of those who commented on this subject. Another 20 per cent could find some justification for the use of torture. One chaplain explained, "If I could get the truth that way and save lives, I would not protest." The majority of chaplains would go along with the taking of civilian hostages—one as not a "choice between good and evil, but between a lesser evil for a greater good." While many of the chaplains specified that the civilian hostages should not be harmed, six could see possible justification for their execution, particularly if it were seen as necessary for the survival of his own men.

The destruction of Dresden was prepared and carried out by the RAF and was therefore a natural focus for a moral probe with the chaplains of that branch of service. In the wake of a 1942 British Cabinet decision to concentrate

aerial bombardment on German cities sheltering the bulk of the working population, the decision to bomb Dresden was a logical expression of policy. Of the three bombing waves, the first two were perpetrated by the RAF, the third by the U. S. Air Force, 60 per cent of all residences in Dresden were destroyed and an unknown number of people in the refugee-filled city died—the lowest estimate being 135,000. 15 RAF chaplains accepted a description of the Dresden bombing as an unjustifiable act of terror-bombing, while 11 rejected completely such an assessment. Of the latter group, six felt that there was nothing wrong with the Dresden attack; it was merely an extension of currently acceptable methods of warfare. Five denied it was a civilian bombing and insisted that Dresden was a justified military target. Some reserved judgment because "they did not have all the facts." Ten chaplains felt some misgivings about Dresden but would not agree to condemning the air attack as unjustifiable or terror-bombing. The inquiry went on to the subject of total war. The Chaplain-in-Chief, who would not comment on Dresden because he lacked the facts, stated of indiscriminate bombing of enemy cities, "They (i.e. the bombings) were part of the cumulative evil set in train by the outbreak of war. There are no non-combatants in total war."

The last two chapters, "Summary and Implications" and "Suggestions and Recommendations" provide the easiest reading of the book as well as the analysis-in-depth for which Dr. Zahn is so uniquely equipped. Here are raised the inescapable questions about the implications of the acceptance of a military rank and the donning of a military uniform by a Chris-

tian clergyman. Can chaplains in uniform be more than "sacramental service stations operating at the sufferance of the secular powers?"

If things are to improve, Zahn urges, the chaplain "must force himself to study the morality of war so that he may know the psychology of 'the military mind' and be alert to the subtleties of the crises of conscience his charges might have to face—or, even, that he might be called to awaken in them." The prophetic and salvational aspect is part of the Christian ministry, whether that ministry is exercised for soldiers or for civilians. THE MILITARY CHAPLAINCY indicates why the uniformed officers who serve as chaplains, well-intentioned though they may be, are too often a muzzled ministry.

The news of the alleged massacre of Vietnamese civilians at My Lai appeared shortly after I had read Zahn's book. A young man present at My Lai, who refused to fire but kept the muzzle of his gun pointed to the ground throughout the shooting, was deeply disturbed by the event. In all the months he remained in Vietnam after the "event," the young man, a graduate of a Catholic Military Academy, never approached a chaplain for advice or guidance. A comment was made by the Senior U.S. Chaplain in Vietnam after the speculations about My Lai became public. He stated that if the reports on the shooting of civilians were correct, "there was a breakdown, a moral collapse." He went on to make a statement which might have served as the epigraph for THE MILITARY CHAPLAINCY: "We do not debate the morality of war in general or the morality of any particular war. Our job is to look after the spiritual welfare of the men."

## "Russian Mike" R.I.P.

By BOB GILLIAM

Mike Herniak, our "Russian" Mike, is dead. We loved him. I would like to make him real for you, but I am not sure how. The written word is pale. If we could sit across a table I would try to tell his wonderful stories. They must be heard. It would be a gift, a grace, a joy. But I mustn't be romantic. He was also impossible. He drank far too much and stayed drunk for months. He was less than clean when he was drinking. He was demanding and he could raise more hell than anyone we know.

Mike died in his mid-fifties and he looked seventy. Everything was wrong with him—heart, liver, lungs, stomach. He was tall, about six feet, and thin. He was stoop shouldered and limped slightly. He had a small face on the end of a long neck. His face was thin except for the odd pouches in his cheeks. His eyes were lively and deep set under full eye brows. When he was sober he seemed to be watching everything. There played constantly across his face a small, sly, knowing smile.

My words limp. Let Mike speak for himself. These are the things he told me. Things I will never forget.

Mike made life hard for us. Harder but better. I remember once he asked me for a second package of tobacco, only hours after I had given him the first. I chided him, told him I couldn't give it to him, told him tobacco was not so cheap. He said, in his own way, halting, gesticulating, composing. "What can I do, Bobby, my brothers are in need. They say, Mike, can I have a paper? Mike, have you got tobacco? Mike, roll me one? I cannot refuse, Bobby, my brothers are in need. Remember, Bobby, whatever you do unto these the least of my brothers. Yeah." I gave him the tobacco.

Another time I was telling Mike he ought to think about doing a little work on the paper. He reminded me, "I built these tables, Bobby. They're good tables, but I can't do like I used to. I can't do like I used to. But there's different kinds of work—physical work, spiritual work. I been doin' spiritual

work, Bobby. Teachin', prayin', helpin', guidin'." He was.

This summer Mike was in Bellevue and we visited often. He was there during the moon shot and the self congratulating hysteria which followed it. "Bobby, those people must know a lot, but they don't seem to know what's important. If a man has a family and his son, brother, nephew has no place to stay, nothing to put on, and not enough to eat, does the man buy a new boat or a second car or does he take care of the family? Yeah. Well, he oughta take care of the family. By my way of thinkin', we're just all one big family and, Bobby, there's lots of people with no place to stay, nothing to put on, and not enough to eat. They oughta take care of the family first and then go to the moon. Yeah. They seem to know a lot but they don't seem to know what's important." These are the wisest words I remember hearing at that time.

I remember the day I found out about Mike's death. I walked, crying a little, and thought about him. Mike had suffered terribly. He had been on the skids for more than twenty years—in and out of hospitals and jails, working at crummy jobs, living in flop houses, drinking and panhandling, sleeping in doorways. He lived for awhile with our friend Ed Brown. Brown says Mike was the kindest, most deeply Christian person he had ever lived with. I feel somehow that if we can begin to see Mike, to listen to his life we will be a long way toward understanding the mystery of the Catholic Worker—and much more. In the eyes of the world he was a bum, less than nothing. In fact, he was gigantically real. He was fully alive, and despite the horror of his life, more than intact. He embraced his life like a vocation. He had a rich and varied internal life—he thought, he felt, he prayed. Every man is precious. Every man is an end and not a means. Every man is to be treated like Christ. We mouth these hard, hard words but every now and then we meet a man,

(Continued on page 7)

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# LETTERS

## Friend of the Hopi

January 25, 1970  
Sunday

Dear Dorothy Day,

Today, Thomas the Hopi Indian and three other Indians asked if I knew about Ammon passing on. They also want me to attend the Bean Dance in the Hopi Indian village about the middle day of Feb. I said, yes, sure would like to attend the Bean Dance this year. Thomas had said, last December 10, that I was invited to attend the Bean Dance. Ammon told me several months ago that I should attend the Bean Dance of 1970 as Thomas would ask.

So, if all works out well, will get to enjoy the wonderful Bean Dance of the Hopi again. Ammon and I were at the Bean Dance about 1952, which was the first Bean Dance I ever saw. This year will be the second Bean Dance I've been invited to attend.

Sure sorry Ammon will be unable to go with me this year. Thanks to Ammon I know the Hopi Indians, which are good friends.

Friend of the Hopi,  
Joseph Calgmyle

## A Friend Gone

485 Le Comte  
Montana, Calif.  
Jan. 27, 1970

Dear Dorothy,

I've lost my best friend, Ammon!! No one told me of his attack or his death on Jan. 14th. I read the notice in NCR paper. If I knew beforehand, I would have flown to Salt Lake City; especially for Ammon's funeral. Too bad the Catholic Worker didn't have charge of the funeral arrangements. It was good Fr. Winters anointed Ammon, and that he did have a Catholic Church burial, and that he died a Catholic! Ammon wrote me on Sat. Jan. 3rd that he was coming to California to see me in 6 or 8 weeks. That fly he had twice last year in Phoenix, Arizona weakened him and doctor may have done better on his examination. Ammon felt he had TB of chest but I feel now it was his heart. He is now at Peace and Happy!! Good Selma and girls came to funeral and he got his wish for cremation. That, Fr. Kaiser is an old friend of Ammon and I met him. I am having Masses said for Ammon here in my parish. Did you know our mission Church here, that I belong to is named "Lady of Lourdes Church"? Ammon was buried from Lady of Lourdes in Salt Lake City. Will his ashes be spread over Haymarket Grove in Chicago, as he wanted? I will write Fr. Casey in New Benton, Minn. and have him say some Masses for Ammon. No doubt, Fr. Casey is pleased to hear Ammon died a Catholic!!

The world is a better place because of Ammon, and he did "touch" hundreds of people. In all our CW-journeys around midwest and Utah we never had so much as a flat-tire or any trouble, and we covered many, many miles together. I will miss him but know where he is now, he will be of more help.

Love,  
Francis Gorgen

## What a Man

P. O. Box 1224,  
Tryon, North Carolina  
23, Jan. 1970

Dear Dorothy,

When I received your note, Ammon was not any more with us! I saw the news of his death in the N.Y. Times two days after it was published as with the snow I have received the mail with some delay—I could not believe it—not long ago he wrote me that he had a physical check X-ray etc.—and he was O. K. You, too, were speaking to me about him, certainly not expecting that the end of his pilgrimage was so near—I cannot tell you how much I miss him even if I was seeing him not often—but I knew he was there, had a friendship for me and was indulgent of my weakness, praying

for me—a real friend—who has left an empty place in the heart of many people—I know how much in you, as I know you loved him and how much he loved you! although somehow I feel him near us present—with his wonderful kind smile that never judged anybody, loving and ready to do everything for everybody—what a man!

Love,  
Ditta Shafer

## Good Battle

January 1, 1970

Dear Miss Day:

I was so shocked today to get a short note from Joan Thomas that Ammon Hennacy died of a heart attack last week. I searched in the Salt Lake papers in local library—but found no notice of his death. I wonder if you have any further information on it—and on what day did he die; apparently Joan was so distraught that she neglected to mention the date—except to say it was Thursday. I hope you will have an article about this in the CW—I took Ammon as one of my best friends. When I was in N. Y. some years ago—he allowed me to use his room—which was so good of him. I trust you will have Prayers for him and that he will find Peace & Harmony—which he did not have too much of in this life. At least he did not have a long lingering illness—which he would have disliked—He passed with his Boots on—fighting the Good Battle.

Sincerely,  
D. Hauser,  
1608 Francisco St.,  
Berkeley, Cal., 94703

## Richer World

January 21, 1970

Dear Dorothy Day:

I saw the item in the New York Times for January 16th that Ammon Hennacy had died in Salt Lake City. I have known of his long connection with the Catholic Worker. I thought the most appropriate thing I could do in his memory was to drop a note to you.

I first met Ammon back about 1941 in Chicago. I had just finished serving about a year in jail as a non-registrant in the first draft. Ammon was at that time in Milwaukee and of course had been in prison during World War I. I had the greatest respect for him. He was one of the most committed and uncompromising men that I had ever known. At that time he did not call himself Catholic although he was regularly distributing and selling the Catholic Worker on the street.

One of the most marvelous things about Ammon was his marvelous sense of perspective on himself. He had a sense of humor and an optimism which was infectious. Although I have not seen Ammon in recent years, I have never forgotten him. The world is a much poorer place that he is no longer here, but is a richer place because he lived. I will always be grateful that I knew him and had the opportunity at one point to work quite closely with him.

Sincerely yours,  
George M. Houser  
Executive Director  
American Committee on Africa, 164  
Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016.

## Chinese Crafts

January 16th 1970  
R D #1  
Narvow, Pennsylvania

Dear Dorothy,

It was good to see your handwriting again! It's been over ten years since we've seen each other and nearly that long since I wrote the last article on handicrafts.

We have in the meantime discovered a lot of things about crafts and have met some wonderful craftsmen (and women) who are equally good as teachers and story-tellers. It has been an

(Continued on page 12)

## My Walking Friend

By PAT RUSK

I received news this morning of someone's death. It came to me from a dear friend. She walked into the room where I was sitting in a chair facing the window looking out at the gleaming snow in the sunshine and said I have sad news to tell you. As soon as I heard the name Ammon I knew the sad news was his death. I didn't feel stunned as I usually do on hearing news of this kind, the death of someone I have loved. Rather, I looked out on the bright sunshine and thought a light has gone out. Something has left the universe, something important. The more I thought of him the less I could acknowledge his death. It doesn't seem real. He was bigger than his time and people like that never die. They are out there somewhere waiting for us to catch up with them. I don't like to muse on such matters as it can be construed as idle dreaming, but on this occasion I think it permissible to be carried away. I will always see Ammon walking the streets with his giant strides, going somewhere to deliver his message of the One Man Revolution. He had his corner of the world to take care of as other men of renown had theirs, and now I think Ammon has linked arms with those men he so admired: Thoreau, Debs, Tolstoy, Christ, Gandhi, Joe Hill and even some Catholic saints like Martin of Tours.

I think his spirit along with these others will prevail and help us who must go on living. His convictions, rooted in the Gospel of the brotherhood of men, their ability to live in peace and to love one another, are what kept him poor all of his life because he lived those convictions as fully as he could without possessing a superior attitude towards those who did less. He did chide them, however.

His refusal to fight in wars, to pay taxes for wars, and his protests against the government's actions in these matters was a full-time job. When he wasn't carrying a picket sign against capital punishment, he was pushing a wire basket to pick up food tossed out by super markets as refuse out which he found good enough to put into soups for the men of the road that he housed in his Joe Hill House of Hospitality. Often he came back to the house with such a luscious assortment of vegetables and fruits I would think that he actually paid for them, except that I had gone along with him on these trips through the long, long Salt Lake City streets. Those blocks almost made me hate walking. But with Ammon it was fun. He loped along fast and talked, and no walk was too long with him. We'd go 35 blocks south for doughnuts, 18 blocks for bread, and I don't know how many miles to the University to attend a Newman Club meeting or a Mormon Church service. Sometimes to visit friends. Wherever it was, Capitol Hill to carry a picket sign or get food, we walked. Besides all these trips he made several trips a day to the post-office.

Ammon was strong. He kept short nights and long days. Many nights I stayed around the office at the old "Chrystie Street House" in New York City till one or two in the morning with Ammon engaging visitors in a discussion. During those days we went all over New York City hawking the Catholic Worker paper on windy corners and sunny ones. We made a schedule because someone was always looking for him and Ammon was all too ready

to meet people anywhere. The beat took us from Wall Street to St. Patrick's Cathedral and many points in between, like mingling with the Saturday crowd along 14th Street. It was a great way to see the city and I think we always walked to these places and back to the Chrystie Street house. It was at that House in the Fifties that I first met Ammon.

Nothing could make Ammon do something he did not wholly believe in. Whenever the subject of food came up, he would carefully explain his views on not eating meat. And I would muli over in my head the fact that God put man in dominion over everything and everything God made was for man's benefit so why not eat meat. But killing, for Ammon, was such a horrendous act that he could deprive nothing of life. I think Ammon had eaten close to a million eggs in his lifetime. So it seems when I think of the omelettes as big as the platters served to him at old Chrystie Street. Even with his strictness he enjoyed whatever he ate and people always were anxious to please his palate.

Often I went at meetings at which Ammon spoke to learn his message of the One Man Revolution, and he would give a blast to the Church that would get me angry. Not because I didn't think he was right. What he said was so obviously true. I just felt such truths ought not be broadcast. But Ammon's way was open, honest and straight.

He was, I think, a lonely man in his fight, but I know he must be in good company with all the past men of worth whom he so often quoted like Thomas Jefferson who said, "That government is best which governs least," and Lord Acton's words, "Power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely." Ammon continued Lord Acton's words with, "and therefore no one should have power over others."

The revolution goes on in the world and from somewhere Ammon will have his eye on it. His will be the guiding spirit. Some of his phrases ring in my ears like, "I may not change the world but the world won't change me." He explains his ideas on anarchism in his autobiography this way... "My idea of God was not an authority whom I obeyed like a monarch but a principle of good as laid down by Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount which I interpreted in day-to-day decisions as the forces of the state came in conflict with these ideals. And in the same manner every person had to make a choice between his conception of good and evil."

Throughout a dozen pages of his book on what the Church meant to him he quotes St. Augustine, "Love and do what you will." "What," he says, "to-day could be more anarchistic?"

Of the early Christians, he writes, "They were also anarchists inasmuch as they took no part in government, were denied communion if they went to court on anything, and no one was exploited."

But the words that more fully express Ammon are, I think, Eugene V. Debs: "While there is a lower class I am in it; while there is a criminal class I am of it; while there is a soul in prison I am not free."

Now, however, I believe Ammon Hennacy is free. He lived his 76 years upon this earth preparing for that total freedom which comes with death.

## LENTEN-PASSOVER FAST

Clergy & Laymen Concerned About Vietnam and the Fellowship of Reconciliation have inaugurated a Fast and Vigil for Peace in front of the White House. The Fast will last from 9:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. daily from Ash Wednesday to the end of Passover, April 27.

People in local communities are invited to join in the fast and, if possible, to combine it with a vigil in front of a Federal Building every Wednesday. The money saved by not eating can be donated to Clergy Concerned & FOR, 1516 M Street N.W., Washington D.C. 20005. It will be divided between the Canadian Friends, National Welfare Rights Org. and SCLC. It is suggested that on Good Friday religious processions for peace be held, and that on Easter Sunday there be vigils in front of specific churches in the community. During the Jewish Passover season, people are encouraged to join in the Freedom Seder prepared by Dr. Arthur Waskow. For the text of the Freedom Seder and of an Easter Pastoral, send ten cents to above address.



## In Memoriam

(Continued from page 1)

side the Catholic Worker—it is fitting that the one who, after Peter Maurin, should be remembered as the other great agitator of the Catholic Worker should have been that later-date Simon Stylites, Ammon Hennacy.

As a man of action he came to his ideas, through what is frequently, flip-pantly, called the best of all schools—the school of hard knocks, experience. But it is easier to learn nothing from experience. For to learn from experience one must do what Ammon did: attend to the meaning, the significance, of experience.

### Early Life

And that experience was rich and came in 1954 to join the Catholic Worker. It was only after what for many would have been a full life that Ammon Worker staff. This life had begun some sixty-one years previously in a small Ohio town. In 1917, at the age of twenty-four, Ammon did time in jail as a Socialist opponent to the First World War. While in solitary for leading a strike against the poor food at Atlanta Federal Penitentiary, he became a non-church Christian Anarchist—a Tolstoyan. After serving time, he married and took an extended honeymoon trip across country, supported in part by a couple of teaching jobs along the way. He settled down, built a house, ran a farm, raised two daughters, and earned a living as a social worker in Milwaukee. It was here that he first became acquainted with the Catholic Worker when Holy Family House opened in 1937. He lived the life of the average man in the modern world without, however, ever ceasing to be an agitator. At the coming of peacetime conscription he refused to register. Due to the break-up of his family and the passing of the withholding tax law, he became a migrant worker in New Mexico and Arizona, living what he called the simple life on the land by which he was able to put his daughters through college.

Before he came to join the Catholic Worker staff, Ammon wrote the story of his prison experience, *God's Coward*, which was published in four parts in 1941 and 1942. Beginning in 1945 Ammon wrote a regular column for the paper. These were not his first writings. Some seven earlier manuscripts are on deposit with the Labadie Collection at the University of Michigan.

### A Catholic

In 1952 Ammon was baptised in the Catholic Church. Later he was to say that he did so because Dorothy Day, whom he admired as the most courageous woman he then knew, was a Catholic. He had done the same kind of thing previously, when he became a vegetarian because at the time he admired the courage of the Socialists, he became a Socialist, and thought it was part of the creed. He was to remain a vegetarian first because he didn't wish to kill animals for himself and therefore didn't want someone else to kill them for him. His final position on this was that he didn't smoke, drink, eat meat, or take medicine, for, if tomorrow "came the revolution," he couldn't revolt if he were tied to an aspirin or a cigarette. He was further opposed to medicine because he believed in health without medicine. However this may be, it is cited here to point up some of the shifting attitudes that Ammon could maintain within the basic principles that formed the framework of his life. And Ammon's Catholicism fell very much into this category. He did not hold certain principles because he was a Catholic but rather he became a Catholic because it fit in with the principles he firmly held. He did not come to terms with the Church. The Church was very decidedly going to have to come to terms with Ammon. For Ammon was in his fifty-ninth year and had already consciously formed out of his experience those principles of his philosophy that we are analyzing here.

When the Maritains converted, someone is supposed to have objected to their "going into that dung heap," and Maritain is supposed to have answered that if God decided to hide in a dung heap, then they would have to go there to find Him. Such was Ammon's attitude. However, he did not hesitate to say on any occasion that it was indeed dung. He was not one to mince about,

talking in hushed tones of the 'human element' in the Church. The epilogue to his autobiography is a quotation from Dostoevsky's *Grand Inquisitor* which denounces Roman Catholicism in no uncertain terms. When Ammon married the first time, he and his wife married themselves 'till the Revolution. Later, his wife joined the I-Am Religion before the Revolution came, and ended their marriage. Ammon was then free to marry again. And when he found a woman whom he loved and who wished to be married to him, he married her. And if this bothered the Church, well, so much worse for the Church.

### New York and Salt Lake

Once at the New York office Ammon led an intensive life of writing, answering mail, speaking, picketing and selling the paper on the street. Most significant was that from 1955 to 1961 Ammon mounted the protest that defeated New York City's compulsory air raid drills. This six-year struggle deserves careful attention and study. It is an exemplary action. It rebuts both those who, on the one hand, summarily dismiss non-violent action as ineffective, and those who, on the other hand, think non-violent action can be lightly considered or seen as an easy task to accomplish.

After 1961 Ammon went to Salt Lake City and ran his own house, Joe Hill House of Hospitality and St. Joseph's Refuge. He came to Salt Lake in Mormon country to remind them of their historical opposition to the State and to keep alive the name of Joe Hill. Joe Hill was the I.W.W. organizer and song writer. It was in the City of Salt Lake and the State of Utah where the officials legally murdered Joe Hill on November 19, 1915.

### History

Out of this experience of over fifty years in the radical movement, including stays in thirty-two jails in eight states, Ammon created and espoused a point of view, a social philosophy. He attended not only to his own experience but also to his country's history, and he saw it in dynamic terms as a continuing struggle for liberty. It is subtler and more profound than history seen as a continuous, progressive development, or than history seen as a concatenation of evils; the following greater than its predecessor in some gigantic fall from a primitive arcadia to the abyss of today. Ammon said:

I have tramped in all of these United States. In and out of prison I have refused to honor the jingoistic Star Spangled Banner. Truly America, the Beautiful means much to me. I refuse to desert this country to those who would bring it to atomic ruin. It is my country as much as it is theirs. Despite Bilbo I think of Jefferson; despite Edgar Guest, Bruce Barton and Dale Carnegie, I think of Walt Whitman, Vachel Lindsay and Edwin Markham. Despite the two warmongering Roosevelts and Wilson, I think of Altgeld, old Bob LaFollette and Debs. Despite the Klan and Legion vigilantes I think of the old-time Wobblies, of Sacco and Vanzetti, and of Berkman and Emma Goldman. Despite the warmongering churches I think of the oldtime Quakers who paid no taxes for war and who hid escaped slaves; I think of Jim Connolly and Ben Salmon. Despite the warmongering Lowells and Cabots. I think of William Lloyd Garrison and Henry David Thoreau.

His last book is about 18 American dissenters. It is the book he was working on at the time of his untimely death. (For those who knew him, any time would have been untimely.) It will be published this Spring as *The One Man Revolution in America*.

### Radical Saints

And so out of his experience, out of his understanding of American History, Ammon saw life as a struggle for liberty, a struggle for dignity over against oppression and tyranny. And wherever he kept his desk, he kept a place to post pictures of those heroes who had fought the good fight, his Radical Saints. Among his Radical Saints were:

The beautiful Hopi and Navajo women, Christ on the Cross by Velasquez, and the cartoon drawing of Christ by Art Young after the

manner of a 'Wanted' circular (WANTED: Christ the Radical). Gandhi, St. Francis of Assisi, and St. Joan of Arc who, while not a pacifist, did listen to her 'voices' and was not intimidated by the corrupt clergy who told her she would burn now and later in hell. She had that greatest of virtues: integrity. John the Baptist who lived the life of voluntary poverty and told off the rich of his time. St. Martin of Tours who refused to take a bonus from Caesar or to carry a sword or shield when as a soldier he became a Christian. Debs the great-souled labor leader and socialist. Tolstoy, whose *Kingdom of God is Within You* converted me to anarchism. Kropotkin, the kindly anarchist, whose *Mutual Aid* refuted Darwin's and Spencer's survival of the fittest. Proudhon, whose anarchism inspired Peter Maurin, co-founder of the Catholic Worker. Abdul Baha, leader of the dissident Mohammedans known as the Bahais, who while in prison for twenty-six years sent out to the world the message during World War I, "Soldiers of the World, Strike." Thomas Jefferson who said "That government is best which governs least." Albert Parsons, who was hanged at the Haymarket, November 11, 1887 for agitating for the eight-hour day. Joe Hill. Malatesta, the Italian anarchist and pacifist. Thoreau, who said that "One on the side of God is a majority." Sacco and Vanzetti whose brave lives and noble deaths will live when the names of the politicians who killed them will be forgotten. Danille Dolci who today lives and works among the poor of Sicily. William Lloyd Garrison who said "I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard. The Constitution is a covenant with death and an agreement with hell. All human governments are anti-Christ. We must pledge to voluntarily exclude ourselves from every legislative and judicial body and repudiate all human politics, worldly honors, and status of authority." He made Tolstoy a Tolstoyan. And Vinoba Bhave, the follower of Gandhi who leads the land-gift movement in India today.

### Communities

Besides individual heroes (his Radical Saints who exemplified the one man revolution in their ability to speak Truth to Power), Ammon also cited groups who stood up to or against the State. These were groups who had made a successful social life without and against the State. They lived without government, without coercion. Especially he liked the American Indian. He visited them and became an authority on some of them. The Hopi recommended themselves to him because they not only resisted the White Man's Civilization but were also prepared to go to jail rather than fight in a White Man's War. He was close to and had friends among the Isleta Pueblo Indians, the Cherokee and the Mohawks. Of the international and religious communities he spoke of the Mennonites, the Hutterites, the Doukhobors, Koinonia, the Mormons, the Amish, the Quakers, the Jehovah's Witnesses and the Molokons. Ammon's was never an uncritical attitude. The Jehovah Witnesses he admired for their steadfastness in their opposition to the present wars, but he abhorred their expectation of Armageddon. He would contrast the faithfulness of the Doukhobors to their communal pacifist life, as against the Molokons who quickly became Americanized. Both of these groups had come out of Russia in opposition to the Orthodox Church and the State to which that church had been tied. He did not hesitate to point out that most of the Quakers had given up their radical pacifist traditions. Among them, of course, were those presidents who have belonged to the Quaker faith. We have seen how Ammon had gone among the Mormons to be a reproach to them for their abandonment of their old principles against the State. And as to their position toward the Negro, he pointed out that it is a matter of church history that Elijah Able, a Negro, was ordained an Elder on March 3, 1836, and a Seventy on April 4, 1841. And he upheld the

polygamous Church of the First Born and Dr. Glendenning's communal but non-polygamous Order of Aaron over against the establishment of Salt Lake City. However, Ammon's charm and sincerity made him many friends among all these groups. And his name especially endeared him to the Amish children, for the Amish founder was Jacob Ammon.

### Personal

But it is to the personal that Ammon chiefly referred. And not being a modest man it was to himself that he especially referred as an example. Many women he acknowledged to be his equal or superior, beginning with his daughters whom he idolized. But the highest accolade he gave any man was Dave Dellinger, of whom Ammon said, "He is the one man whom I respect. He is anarchistic and not super religious. He has character and I love him like a brother." All other men never measured up. They were all more or less "pipsqueaks". Ammon was always personal. He always told the story of his life. And with monumental egotism he told this story: "A spoiled and arrogant priest wanted to know if I was 'holier than thou'. I told him that I hoped by Christ I was, for if I wasn't, I would be in a hell of a fix."

### Humor

And yet Ammon was charming. He was engaging. For he was telling a story and there was a wry sparkle in his eyes as he told it. His *Autobiography* is a classic American Radical's book—loose, amorphous, written on the run. And yet it is not dull. For it is a succession of anecdotes. He was a Midwesterner and he was in the tradition of the Midwestern Humorists: George Ade, Finley Peter Dunne, Will Rogers, and Jean Shepherd. And there is that element in Ammon's writings. He was, besides all else, a humorist. And he had a good sense of humor. He enjoyed a Christmas play put on at the New York Christie Street house in which he was parodied as Father Aaron Heresy.

As against the humor of wit where the point is in the play on words, for the anecdotist the humor lies in the story, the action. And indeed Ammon was a man of action. This action had thought behind it as we have seen. Thought that came from experience that dictated or indicated a point of view, a philosophy. But Ammon was not a philosopher in the analytical sense. He saw other points of view not analytically but ideologically. He wanted to know what action your thought would produce. Are you a Wobbler, a Catholic Worker, a Communist, a Socialist, a pacifist, an anarchist, a vegetarian, an agrarian, a tax resister, a draft resister? Do these ideas you have lead to some definite action? For if they do not you are merely a pipsqueak.

Ammon's writing was immediate, graphic and humorous. Descriptive is the word for it. He described Life at Hard Labor, how following the counsels of the Sermon on the Mount leads to the simple life of the One Man Revolution. He described the Apostolate to the man in the street and the Apostolate to the Left by travelling On The

(Continued on page 7)

## Thoughts on the Resurrection

(Continued from page 2)

attitude of possession, has, paradoxically enough, a deep secret disdain for what he seems to love. Hence, those who are detached from the material things of this world, in a spirit of poverty, love the world much more than a materialist does. To Saint Francis of Assisi the whole of Nature, every blade of grass and every animal, appeared already in this life in a transfigured, paradisaical light.

Thus we see that the mystery of the Resurrection, not only of the "First-born among the Dead," but of all of us, is deeply intertwined with the mystery of love.

ED. NOTE: Karl Stern is the eminent Montreal psychiatrist and author of *Pillar of Fire*, *The Third Revolution* and *The Flight from Woman*.



## In Memoriam

(Continued from Page 6)

Road, by selling the Paper in the Market Place, by speaking on the Platform. He described bearing witness to truth and speaking Truth to Power by fasting in reparation and picketing in demonstrations against the evils of past wars, the taxes for present wars, the preparation for future wars, and the general hypocrisy of trying to achieve peace through wars.

### Three Principles

Having said all this we are prepared to speak of the main principles of Ammon's social philosophy, those principles that we saw he used intentionally to guide his life. This social philosophy of Ammon which saw meaning in man's life in the struggle for liberty had three cardinal principles. First, the grounding of this philosophy, which dictated its ethics, was in what Ammon called the most revolutionary teaching in the world: The Sermon on the Mount. Second, and grounded in the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount, Ammon saw the ideology of Pacifism and Anarchism. Third, the goal of that life, which found its meaning in the struggle for liberty, was revolution: the One Man Revolution.

### The Sermon on the Mount

Ammon tells of how he learned in solitary that the most revolutionary teaching in the world was contained in the Sermon on the Mount:

Gradually I came to gain a glimpse of what Jesus meant when He said, "The kingdom of God is within you." In my heart now after six months I could love everybody in the world but the warden, but if I did not love him then the Sermon on the Mount meant nothing at all. I really saw this and felt it in my heart but I was too stubborn to admit it in my mind. One day I was walking back and forth in my cell when, in turning, my head hit the wall. Then the thought came to me: "Here I am locked up in a cell. The warden was never locked up in any cell and never had a chance to know what Jesus meant. Neither did I until yesterday. So I must not blame him. I must love him." Now the whole thing was clear. This Kingdom of God must be in everybody: in the deputy, the warden, in the rat and the pervert — and now I came to know it—in myself. I read and reread the Sermon on the Mount: the fifth, sixth and seventh chapters of Matthew thus became a living thing to me. I tried to take every sentence and apply it to my present problems. The warden had said that he did not understand political prisoners. He and the deputy, in plain words, did not know any better; they had put on the false face of sternness and tyranny because this was the only method which they knew. It was my job to teach them another method: that of goodwill overcoming their evil intentions, or rather habits. The opposite of the Sermon on the Mount was what the whole world had been practicing, in prison and out of prison; and hate piled on hate had brought hate and revenge. It was plain that this system did not work. I would never have a better opportunity than to try out the Sermon on the Mount right now in my cell. Here were deceit, hatred, lust, murder, and every kind of evil in prison. I reread slowly and pondered each verse: "Ye have heard that it hath been said an eye for an eye, and a tooth . . . whoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also. Take therefore no thought for the morrow. . . therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

### Pacifist and Anarchist

Having seen this teaching as the most revolutionary in the world, Ammon lived it. He became an anarchist and a pacifist. To Ammon these were one and the same thing. One could not be a true anarchist and a warmonger nor could one be a true pacifist and support the State. However, he did honor these pacifists who were not anarchists and those anarchists who were not pacifists, for they had fought the good fight and they did

have at least one foot on the right road.

Ammon saw the function of the state as essentially exploitative and immoral with its denial of the Sermon on the Mount, in the return of evil in courts, prisons and war. And to avoid paying taxes that paid for the judge, the warden and the hangman (that would make these people his agents) Ammon came to live what he called the Simple Life, the life of voluntary poverty. But Ammon maintained that he held a realistic approach to pacifism and war. "As Gandhi said, 'It is better to kill a tyrant than it is to knuckle under and obey him, but it is much better to convert him.'" We have seen how Ammon found room among his Radical Saints for some who were neither anarchists nor pacifists but who nevertheless had fought the good fight, and how courage could influence Ammon in his life. This courage was one of the virtues which gave his pacifism its dignity. He put it this way: "Love without courage and wisdom is sentimentality, as with the ordinary church member. Courage without love and wisdom is foolhardiness, as with the ordinary soldier. Wisdom without love and courage is cowardice, as with the ordinary intellectual. Therefore, one who has love, courage and wisdom is one in a million who moves the world as with Jesus, Buddha, and Gandhi." This gave his character a gentle quality by which he could be obedient to any request without being servile. And because he held to Thoreau's principle that a prison is the only house in a slave state where a free man can abide with honor, he was able to practice the work of mercy, of visiting the imprisoned, without condescension. On a day to day basis Ammon practiced what Gandhi called moral jiu jitsu. His autobiography is replete with instances where he overcame violence through wit, humor and quick thinking; in which he did not use the adversary's superior weapon, violence, but used instead his own superior weapon, humor.

To Ammon, the only social order a man can uphold if he wishes to live the Sermon on the Mount is that of Anarchy. And, as we saw, he studied those communities which (as Ammon saw it) approximated that ideal, or were guided by that ideal. Ammon defined Anarchy as voluntary cooperation for good, with the right of secession. And he further held that within the terms of this definition an anarchist is one who will support a decentralized administration of things which excludes the legislation of morals—such as in the New England Town Meeting. For anarchists do not believe in political action. Anarchists do not need a cop to make them behave.

### The One Man Revolution

In a radio discussion with a Christian banker, Ammon summed up his philosophy as being the One Man Revolution. The banker, on Ammon's hint, asked him how the anarchist order was to come about, and Ammon answered him: "That's easy. If you want to change things you have to get 51% of the ballots or the bullets. If I want to change things I just have to keep on doing what I am doing; that is, every day the government says 'pay taxes for war'; every day I do not pay taxes for war. So I win and they lose. The One Man Revolution—you can't beat it. The only revolution that is ever coming, as the poet Robert Frost says."

The Greenwood Reprint Corporation of Westport, Conn. soon hopes to publish a facsimile edition of THE CATHOLIC WORKER, vols. 1-27. The attached list, however, represents those issues which thus far we and the Greenwood Reprint Corporation have been unable to secure in the original edition. If any of our readers might be able to help us secure these issues, we would be most appreciative.

### THE EDITORS

Vol. 1	No. 1 (May 1933)
Vol. 1	No. 7 (December 1933)
Vol. 1	No. 9 (March 1934)
Vol. 1	No. 10 (April 1934)
Vol. 2	No. 1 (May 1934)
Vol. 7	No. 2 (October 1934)
Vol. 7	No. 4 (December 1939)
Vol. 10	No. 7 (June 1943)
Vol. 12	No. 3 (April 1945)
Vol. 12	No. 6 (July/August 1945)
Vol. 12	No. 7 (September 1945)
Vol. 18	No. 18 (February 1953)
Vol. 20	No. 5 (December 1953)
Vol. 20	No. 6 (January 1954)
Vol. 20	No. 7 (February 1954)

## The Peacemaker Reports

Ammon Hennacy, known to pacifists the country over, died in Salt Lake City on Jan. 14. Death came after six days in the hospital where he seemed to be recovering from a heart attack. His companion of many years, Joan Thomas, has just written me that death was due to collapse of the heart wall.

Ammon had planned carefully, as was his style, a month-long picket of the Capitol in Salt Lake, beginning Jan. 5, protesting the impending execution on Feb. 5 of two condemned prisoners. The leaflet he had prepared said:

"Christ said, 'He without sin among you cast the first stone.' Utah law says: 'Death by hanging or shooting' . . . The Sixties have brought thousands of deaths in Vietnam. They have witnessed the revolt of youth against a smog-covered society that uselessly piles up profits. The world starves while we pay farmers not to grow food, and while we contaminate the food we do produce. We transplant hearts for a time. We go to the moon. Our commercialized life makes for death in new diseases, kills our fish and wildlife . . . Despite the shilly-shallying in the White House, it is possible that the Seventies might mark a new direction which could spell out life instead of death in the world."

I, like so many others, knew Ammon by reputation long before I met him in person. He was one of the pacifist tax refusers during World War Two, at a time when I could count them on the fingers of one hand. He was in Arizona during those years, working as a day laborer in the fields. To the few of us who made up the Tax Refusal Committee of Peacemakers, which began in the spring of 1948, he is memorable, not only because the number was still very small but mainly because he was simple, direct and dramatic. He saw that the government got none of his tax at the source (through withholding), he refused the total amount of income tax, he took steps so that the tax man could not garnishee money from his employer, and he went straight to the tax man and to the people with the message that he would not pay for the weapons or the soldiers. He was basic, cryptic, humorous. When the tax collector asked him if he thought he could change the world to his point of view, he answered, "Of course not, but I'm damn sure it won't change me." Then, referring to his contest with the government, he said, "Every day I win and every day the government loses."

He once told a tax man, "Peter could return to his nets, but Matthew could not return to his tax collecting." It was in World War One, while doing time in Atlanta Penitentiary for opposing the war, that he read the Bible and became a Christian. He was also turning from socialism to anarchism. It was not however, until the early 1950's that he joined a church. Soon he wrote his first book. The Autobiography of a Catholic Anarchist. Later he revised this book, calling it in the new form The Book of Ammon. While in Arizona he wrote a column in the Catholic Worker, entitled "Life at Hard Labor." He managed by doing day labor in the fields and irrigation ditches, to contribute financially to the education of his two daughters by his first marriage.

After moving to New York in the early 50's he became one of the associate editors of the Catholic Worker with Dorothy Day. In 1961 he moved to Salt Lake City and began a "House of Hospitality." Borrowing the language of Robert Frost in one of his poems, "Build Soil—A Political Pastoral," Ammon spoke early and often of the "one-man revolution — the only revolution that is coming." He felt that the only way to change society is for each to become a radical and responsible person. He detested dependence on government, state, institutions. He wished to live as the early Christians did. He did not join organizations or participate much in conferences or committees. Most of the actions he took were solitary ones.

After leaving Arizona he travelled several weeks of each year, going to homes of friends. Innumerable oppor-

tunities opened up to him to talk to small groups of people. Many young idealists got their inspiration from a first contact with Ammon Hennacy. He was always quick in tongue and caustic in comment. He could state his views briefly. Once when asked why he refused to pay Federal taxes, he said, "Jesus wouldn't make atom bombs. Why should I pay for them?"

Some will now remember Ammon for this or that bit of a piece of incisive wit, an affectionate note. Others will remember him for the yearly fasts commemorating Hiroshima and Nagasaki (and trespassing on a missile base which got him six months in Sandstone), and his refusal to take shelter during the NYC compulsory air raid drills. All will remember his hard work, humor, buoyancy, courage. It is hard to believe that Ammon, with so much energy even in his 77th year will not come to visit us anymore.

Ernest R. Bromley  
Cincinnati, Ohio

## Russian Mike

(Continued from page 4)

a man on the absolute bottom, a man who, the world says, doesn't exist and he shows us, so that we cannot escape it, the truth of those words. In knowing Mike we were touched and burned with the hard, deep, living truth of those words.

I remember a talk Mike and I had this Summer at Bellevue. "You know, I been thinkin' about the old saying 'you can't take it with you.' Yeah. Well, I believe that's true. Fame, fortune, recognition, medals. They are as nothing. The only thing you can take with you is what you did, what you said, what you are. The only thing that is essential and primary is when you stand before the seat and the Lord says, 'When I was hungry did you feed me?' Can you answer yes? 'When I was naked did you clothe me?' Can you answer yes? 'When I was homeless did you shelter me?' Can you answer yes? Yeah. And how does the rest of it go, Bobby?" And I finished the passage from Matthew about the beloved of the Father entering into that sweet place that is prepared for them.

Mike said, "That's right, Bobby. I wish that to be said to you. I could not ask for more. May you have eternal life."

We wish that to be said to you, dear Mike, dear brother and teacher. Rest in Peace.

## Irish Humor

(Continued from Page 3)

century, but perhaps it had the spirit which this nation and the world will require if it is to live in the 21st. For if the technical questions are all solved, if poverty is abolished, there still remains the question of whether there will be genuine fraternity among men and women. At that point the parallel lines must meet: all men must become brothers.

That, it seems to me, was the vision which Hennacy carried from his socialist days in the Midwest, into Atlanta prison, and throughout a life of picketing, fasting, and sacrificing in his struggle against war and all authoritarianisms, even the benevolent ones. May this lesser evilist salute a dead—and intransigent comrade? Or better yet, as I suspect Ammon would want it, may I remind the reader that after his hero, Joe Hill, was killed, the Wobbly slogan was: Don't Mourn. Organize!

### Ed. Note:

Michael Harrington's article originally appeared in the January 28 issue of "The Village Voice."

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## 'Non-Church' Christian

(Continued from page 2)

impression on that city with his picketing as well as the few local communists who lived there. I taunted him—"You'll not make the impression on New York that you did in Phoenix. Those Republicans like to show how liberal they are in having a pet anarchist confronting them on their streets every Sunday and legal holiday."

But he did make an impression, and when I travelled on my own pilgrimage around the country I met hundreds (of course there were thousands) who had encountered him when they themselves had visited New York.

Which brings me again to Ammon's life of hard work and voluntary poverty. In those two aspects he outshone everyone. There were a few hall bedrooms in the old Chrystie Street house and Ammon had one of them most of the time, though he never hesitated to give up the room to guests. That was one of the reasons he had it, because he could be trusted to relinquish it immediately. He claimed nothing as his own, nothing but the clothes on his back, and when he gave up his bed, he slept on the floor in the big living room where we had our meetings. He slept side by side with all the Bowery men whom Roger O'Neill brought in on cold winter nights.

He went to Mass early every morning and kept a list of all who had asked his prayers in the front of his missal which he read over after communion. After Mass he went to the post office for mail, opened it, entered any donations in a big cash book, answered every note or letter in a short and almost illegible script, sent out papers, and by noon was ready to take his stand on the streets to sell the CW. He had a regular route. I cannot remember without consulting old papers exactly how it went, but this will give an idea of it. Mondays, Wall Street; Tuesdays, Lexington Avenue and 43rd Street; Wednesdays, Fordham University; Thursdays, New York University, and so on.

Evenings it was the same, Cooper Union on the nights they had lectures; the New School; and any radical meetings which were taking place around the city. He was there rain or snow, with anyone who would accompany him, selling the paper. Often conversations would last into the night at some coffee shop. He sold the papers and so always had a pocket-full of pennies or silver to buy extra food or an occasional book, to feed others, or go to some movie with social significance. He used to say that Wall Street clientele gave pennies, and charitable ladies in the shopping centers gave dimes and quarters.

Peter Maurin quoted Cardinal Newman—"If you wish to reach the man in the street, go to the man in the street." The War Resisters have a motto, "Wars will cease when men refuse to fight." Ammon went directly to people and persevered in friendship with them though he soon realized that they were not going to go very far in building up a new society. In spite of his critical attitude he had a great warmth and loved to be with people and made them feel his closeness to them. I would not say he ever despaired or felt hopeless. He could not have gone on if he did. Part of his love for people came from his great inner loneliness—there were so few to work for the non-violent revolution, so few ready to sacrifice all for it.

Of course Ammon was a romantic Irishman, basically, and never lost that sense of drama, that love of life, tragic though its outcome so often was. He literally would have liked to give his life for the obliteration of wars and all injustice from the face of the earth. He would have welcomed being shot as Joe Hill was, that labor martyr he named his House of Hospitality after in Salt Lake City. But Ammon's death was a triumph just the same. His first heart attack came to him on the picket line on his way to the Federal Court building in Salt Lake City. He died suddenly a week later, when his friends thought that he was on the way to recovery.

He died in protesting the execution of two of the least of God's children

who had been justly sentenced, as the Mormons thought (believing as they did in the shedding of blood to atone for the shedding of blood).

He was already dead when the January Catholic Worker paper arrived in Salt Lake City with his last article. His last appeal was for the lives of these two men.

I have said that Ammon was a romantic and once he said to me, "I do not remember the time that I was not in love with some woman." Believing as I do that being "in love" is a reflection of the love God has for each and every one of us, I am glad that this kind of love illumined the last seven years of Ammon's life. We are grateful indeed to her who made his last years so happy and that she is continuing to work for him in getting out the new edition of *The Book of Ammon* in addition to his last work, which is a series of sketches of many people who make up the one man revolution. There is of course a great deal of Ammon in this work, and we are all looking forward to reading it. In addition to this issue of the Catholic Worker which is dedicated to him, we are holding two memorial meetings, one at Community Church and one at the Catholic Worker, and we are urging our friends who wish to make some final tribute to Ammon to send money to help pay his printer.

Ammon had long ceased attending Mass, though on his travels, as his wife



states, he went to Mass with her and even received communion. But "in peace was his bitterness most bitter." He rejected the "institutional church" even while he received the sacrament. The monks at the Holy Trinity monastery with whom he was friends never questioned him, nor would I. Who can understand another, who can read another's heart?

When I received word of Ammon's death and flew to Salt Lake City, I arrived at five in the evening and had time only to go to the funeral parlor where he was laid out. The room was only to be his, and ours, from four to six that afternoon; it was to be taken again by another client of the establishment, so there was little time to talk or even meet the others who were there. I noticed as I left that two priests had signed the register and a Methodist minister.

I was told that Ammon was to be buried from the church of Our Lady of Lourdes the next morning at eight. I stayed at the Y.W. for the night, though several friends hospitably offered me a bed. I was tired from traveling, too tired to question how was it that Ammon was being buried by the Church he had rejected. Fr. Kaiser, an old friend of his, was offering the Mass. He was to be cremated. He had been anointed the morning he died, after he had lapsed into unconsciousness, but before he stopped breathing. Fr. Winterer the chaplain of Holy Cross Hospital told me later that he and Ammon had talked together every evening of the week that he had been in the hospital, that is, after he had left the special care room. I did not ask him whether Ammon had gone to confession. (Ammon never thought that he had anything to confess, and had rarely received the sacrament of penance when he was practicing the faith.) I do not think that Ammon expected to die, since all felt he was on the way to recovery, so there was no question of his preparing for

death in the way of confession or asking for the last rites, or the sacrament of the sick as this sacrament is now called. In fact, I am not sure if Ammon knew what the sacraments were, or what they were all about, that they were channels of grace. If they had been explained I am sure he would have considered that grace had already been poured out upon him abundantly in the sufferings he had endured in jail. God's ways are not our ways.

One of Ammon's favorite quotations from Scripture was, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." And he used it in relation to judges who sat as Judge Hoffman has been sitting

all these long months in the Chicago courtroom.

But I must admit that Ammon was a great one to judge when it came to priests and bishops, and his words were coarse on many an occasion, so that it was a hurt to me to hear him, loving the Church as I do. But there's that love-hate business in all of us, and Ammon wanted so much to see priests and bishops and popes stand out strong and courageous against the sin and the horrors and the cruelty of the powers of this world. But we cannot judge him, knowing so well his own strong and courageous will to fight the corruption of the world around him.

## An Enemy of The State

By MICHAEL TRUE

His latest leaflet, with the headline "Thou Shalt Not Kill!" and a scribbled note on the back ("Good TV coverage this campaign—Love, Ammon"), arrived on January 9. Like many previous flyers, it announced a protest against capital punishment: "Picketing the Board of Pardons at the Capital [in Salt Lake City] at noon, from Monday through Friday, January 5 to February 5, 1970."

But within the week, the local newspaper carried a brief excerpt from the Times obituary, saying that Ammon Hennacy, graying enfant terrible and one man revolution, at 77, was dead.

We met four years ago when he and Joan arrived to stay with us during a swing east, before the closing of Joe Hill House. Although I had read his column in the Catholic Worker, which he served as Associate Editor during the fifties, my knowledge of his goings and doings came principally from the first edition of his own story, *The Autobiography of a Catholic Anarchist*, an item in a bibliography in Mark Harris' dissertation on Randolph Bourne. Ammon loved to repeat Bourne's famous statement "War is the health of the State." He had given his bed over to Bourne when the social and literary critic visited Madison, Wisconsin, in 1915; they shared a common ideology, socialist and anarchist, even in those pre-World War I days, before Ammon served his first prison term for refusing to go to the army in 1917.

Since that initial sentence, Ammon had been returned to jail over thirty times: in Atlanta, where a note from a fellow anarchist, Alexander Berkman, restored his courage and determination to live, even in "the hole"; in New York City, at the request of an old priest for selling the Worker outside the church after Mass; in Nevada and Nebraska, while picketing against war bases and atomic blasts in the desert. His descriptions of these experiences have become standard anthology pieces on anarchism and non-violence in America, particularly that initial journey to Christian anarchism made many years ago: "I had passed through the idea of killing myself. This was an escape, not any solution to life. The remainder of my two years in solitary must result in a clear-cut plan whereby I could go forth and be a force in the world . . . Gradually I came to gain a glimpse of what Jesus meant when he said, 'The Kingdom of God must be in everyone': in the deputy, the warden, in the rat and the pervert—and now I came to know it in myself . . . To change the world by bullets or ballots was a useless procedure . . .

Therefore the only revolution worthwhile was the one-man revolution within the heart. Each one would make this by himself and not need to wait on a majority."

The uncompromised principles and the practical wisdom, the idea and the deed, appear side by side in his autobiography, as they do in the book he was writing at the time of his death: a collection of portraits of his fifteen great Americans from John Weelman, Tom Paine, and Thomas Jefferson (the only president in the group) to Malcolm X, Helen Demoskoff, and Dorothy Day, with selections from their writings and reflections on their lives and times. One of the best tributes to him would be for his friends and admirers to see that that book is brought to a large and appreciative reading public. His associates at the Worker and in Salt Lake, I am sure, are working on it already.

In the meantime, we are left with memories: the sight of the gray-haired, slightly stooped, but still virile man in a dark shirt, with a Western, Indian-decorated tie (the picture in the recent bulletin of the War Resisters League, which named him Pacifist of the Year last spring); the witty, even bawdy remarks, barbed comments and critiques of friends and enemies, particularly when the former didn't measure up to his (or was it their?) principles. He could excuse ignorance; but once a man drew the line, Ammon expected him to hold fast. And he always cautioned people against drawing it too fast and then "chickening out." He thought Eugene Debs was probably the greatest American, but he admired several of the younger radicals, too. At Christmas, he always sent cards to young men in prison for conscience's sake, from Fort Dix stockade to Sandstone and beyond.

It would be ridiculous, however, to romanticize him. Ammon was a crusty old Irishman—cantankerous, gregarious, stubborn—constantly confronting his listener with his attitude on diet favorite sayings on sometimes obtuse ("no fish, flesh, or fowl") or his own subjects. He advised reading the morning paper "to find out what the bastards are up to today." Even last spring, he carried through a busy schedule of a radio-talk show, a peaceful protest supporting the Catonsville 9, and a speech before local college students, in one day. He liked poetry, and he talked precisely about books he had read in any discipline.

He is a chapter in the history of American radicalism. Indomitable, singular, humane. I loved him.

## Future of Non-violence

Archbishop Helder Camara;

"Personally I do not favor violence, because of my religious convictions. Christ taught peace. I believe in the force of liberating moral pressure.

"But," he said, "many young people are disillusioned with the possibilities of nonviolence. They tell me that all we have done is wasted, and that the church still only speaks in platitudes. They say the only remaining way is the violence way.

"I reply to them," he continued, "that a future of 10 or 15 years of violence is in itself a waste, even by their own criteria.

"The United States was stunned," he added, "when it first encountered the new techniques of guerrilla warfare in Cuba. Those techniques involved arming the guerrillas with weapons captured from the enemy, and so forth.

"But now, the Pentagon, which has learned a great deal, is creating an anti-guerrilla corps in collaboration with Latin-American governments. It would not be so easy the next time."



## A Pipsqueak Recalls Hennacy

(Continued from page 1)

jail until autumn when I'd be safely back in college.

So when lunch hour came I punched out and started for the door. Al Doherty, the assistant manager, said, "See you, Karl. Now don't get caught in the air raid drill." What I was afraid of was that I'd be too late to get caught in it. I rushed out, grabbed a cab and raced down to the Catholic Worker office. You and Ammon were sitting there, relaxed, talking quietly, waiting to go outside. My heart was in my mouth. I introduced myself and stammered that I wished to join you. You didn't ask me who I was or where I came from. You didn't ask my age or occupation. You just said, "All right. Now, you know we don't take bail and

"If I am in a state of grace, may God keep me there; if I am not, may he bring me to it."

Who will carry on for Ammon? God giving me the grace, I will.

I wish that I might have written something about Ammon. But in thirteen years, I spent only a few hours in his company; so I know nothing of him that it not amply recorded in the Book of Ammon and his columns. The only original thing that I can tell is what he has written in my spirit.

In closing I want to remind you that Ammon wouldn't pay taxes that go for war. In his last letter to me (November 17, 1969) he wrote, "I think your idea of claiming a million dependents is o.k. for a joke between you and the tax



we all plead guilty." I said, "Okay." What else could I say?—The making of a radical, 1957.—Out the window went my plan to take bail, to plead guilty, to seek a continuance, to play it safe.

Shortly, we all got up and went out and sat down in the sunlight on benches in the park across the street, I all the while quiet, and relaxed now too, listening to the fascinating conversation all around me, you, Ammon, Julian Beck, Judith Malina.

Then the sirens began to wail all over the city. People got up and scurried from the park, and cleared the streets, and hurried into buildings, until we were left alone in the sunshine, with the cops and the accredited reporters.

I did the thirty days alone on Riker's Island, because I was the only juvenile. When I came out, I discovered I'd been adopted as one of the family by you and Ammon. So now I had a father and mother, William and Bertha Meyer, who had set me on a good path, and a Catholic Godfather and Godmother, Jim Guinan and Jeanne Wyman of Friendship House, and a radical Godfather and Godmother, who had the greatest radical integrity in America. That was my good fortune in growing up.

In 1958 I opened a house of hospitality in Chicago. In 1959 I tore my draft cards in half and sent them back to the board for good, and later, when they tried to draft me for my delinquency, I refused induction. In 1960 I stopped paying taxes. Step by step I tried to make the one man revolution—the only revolution that is coming.

If we ask now, "Who will carry on for Ammon? Who will carry on the one man revolution?" there will be many young men and women who heard him and knew him and will say, "I will." I remember when Jerry Lehmann named his farm, the "Ammon Hennacy Farm," and Ammon said, "Don't name it after me yet. I'm not dead yet, and I might still chicken out." Joan of Arc was one of Ammon's favorite heroines. When she was on trial, her judges sought to trick her by asking, "Are you in a state of grace?" If she said yes, they would convict her of presumption and pride. If she betrayed doubt, they would infer weakness of faith and sinfulness. She replied to them boldly,

man, but to consider it for a group of people is not being a bit realistic. Hardly half a dozen in this country would have nerve enough to do it for fear of losing their jobs."

That was the main fault Ammon had: he never had faith that other people would be radicals, would change their lives and live the revolution. But I remember a pipsqueak boy of twenty once, who didn't want to lose his job, who wanted to take bail and get a lawyer and a long continuance. And one summer day that boy went down to Chrystie Street, and that was the day that he met Hennacy.

That's why I have faith that a lot of people are not going to go on paying taxes for another five years of national murder; and anyone who really wants to stop can send me a couple of stamps for our leaflet entitled "Common Sense for Every Concerned Taxpayer—YOU CAN STOP PAYING WAR TAXES NOW," or send a dollar for fifty copies.

Karl Meyer  
War Tax Resistance/Midwest  
5615 South Woodlawn  
Chicago, Illinois 60637

## Mourn Not the Dead

By JOAN THOMAS

For those of you who do not already know: on January 8, 1970, Ammon Hennacy had a heart attack on the way up the hill to picket the Capitol. It was thought that he would get well, but on January 14, he had a sudden relapse and died at Holy Cross Hospital.

Ammon, during his last years, did not wish to be known as a Catholic. He called himself a nonchurch Christian. But because he happily accompanied me to Mass when we were traveling around the country (and sometimes in this city, too); because I am a Catholic and have never ceased to be or thought of ceasing to be since the day of my baptism; and finally, because Ammon received the Sacrament of the Sick (this was while he was unconscious following his relapse—he made no final confession), on January 16th he had a funeral Mass at Our Lady of Lourdes Church. I chose that church because Bernadette was one of the few saints in whom Ammon believed.

Outside of God, Ammon was my best friend and he said I was his. He said that he loved me best of anyone as did I him. Part of the secret of this Friendship was that we did not try to infringe upon each other's individual identities or destinies. We all know that Ammon's destiny was to be—yes—the one-man revolution for this century. For myself, I have been a writer since I was five years old. Part of my being a writer is my name. Although we were legally married, I did not want, nor do I now want, to be called by Am's last name—any more than he would have wished to be called by mine. Both of us belong first to God (or for Am—to use his word—to good). Marriage is an inward growing and crippling thing. Marriage can never compare to Friendship which reaches outward to the ends of the world and the universe like the arms of the cross. "Greater love than this hath no man," Ammon, who was my best friend, has laid down his life for all his friends.

Two years ago he wrote a novel which in truth was not very good he was not a novelist), but we thought of a lovely title for it from Chapman's poem, MOURN NOT THE DEAD. There is no point in mourning for Ammon, for he is with God. Rather we must mourn for ourselves, who are left without him. But not for too long. We must go on living as he would have wished us to do, and as he, a great man of Courage in these cowardly times, would have done, should he have been stricken for any reason with the grief with which we have been stricken because of his death.

Ammon was in the process of getting out his new book, THE ONE MAN REVOLUTION IN AMERICA. However, because of his untimely death, I am first having printed (through God's grace) the fifth and final edition of his autobiography which will include a small (and lamentably poor) chapter of mine to end the book. For one thing, the autobiography is less expensive to get out as the plates are all set up at the printers except for the ending

chapter. The printer tells me we can have the autobiography out by the first of April—and hopefully sooner.

I am asking a suggested price of \$6.00 (if you are very poor, send less, rich, send more), as I do wish as soon as possible to get the ONE MAN REVOLUTION out. I am also doing one brief chapter about him to include in the latter. I ask those who have already ordered and paid for this book, to please be patient, as God willing, you will eventually get it.

I am asking a flat rate of \$5.00 a book from every book store or other type establishment who wishes to handle his autobiography. We have never done anything but lose (or barely break even) from sales to book stores—except for those very few charitable ones who paid us \$3.00 for each book. Now in some book stores his book sells for \$7.50 or more. This does not seem fair to me.

In everything concerning Ammon and his affairs I am endeavoring to do as he wished. Thus I'm paying no taxes nor if I can help it, allowing the taxman to get any—it always seemed so stupid to us to not pay taxes and then have money and possessions around so that the tax man got the tax money anyway) on any profits (should there be any) from his works. If I allow any publisher to take over with Am's works, that means taxes could be taken maybe, which of course was his reason for publishing his own books in the first place.

Should there be enough profits from his works, I will try to set up some kind of free mental health clinic here for the poor. But those kind of remote plans are in the Hands of God (as is everything).

I am going on to write his biography—something he always wished me to do—and I didn't want to do, as I consider myself a novelist, not a biographer. However, in this instance I must



try to be a biographer. Help in the form of brief sketches concerning your own friendships with him, or tapes, photos—anything you wish to contribute will be appreciated. I never knew him as a public person and this part of the biography will be most difficult for me.

Alms of all kinds are needed. I will send a book or books to anyone who sends enough alms—that is, if you request the book. Either one or both.) Also, if you would care to loan money, rather than give it, this, too, would be appreciated. I would rather owe money to some of his better friends, than to these business establishments here in the city, although I must continue to owe a little everywhere so the taxman can't step in.

And finally, I am remaining here in Utah. Ammon and I both agreed we loved this state the best of all. (I hope that the latter part of this article does not sound too confused. I am no business woman.)

—Joan Thomas  
Box 2132  
Salt Lake City  
Utah 84110.

Any unintelligent movement started against any government, will only bring on a situation of lawlessness and indiscipline and the society will die at its own hands.

GANDHI

### PAX ANNUAL MEETING

on

### MIDEAST CRISIS

### Aboard THE PEACE SHIP

Sunday, March 8, 1970 at 2 P.M.

26th Street and East River, Manhattan, New York City

ABIE NATHAN on PEACE THROUGH COMMUNICATION  
WILLIAM EVAN on IS THERE BASIS FOR ARAB-ISRAELI COOPERATION?

DOROTHY DAY on RECONCILIATION

Liturgy of Reconciliation—Revs. David Kirk, Lyle Young & Albert Gorayeb (in Melkite Rite as Used in Holy Land)  
Folk Singing

WAR IN THE MIDDLE EAST, FAR MORE THAN  
WAR IN VIETNAM  
CARRIES WITH IT THE HORRIBLE PROMISE  
OF WORLD WAR III

Come and find out how the PEACE SHIP, operating as a floating Radio Ship, can beam peace messages to both sides in the Mideast Conflict.



# The One-Man Revolution

(Continued from page 1)

I have baked, my breakfast is soon finished. It is now 8 o'clock. I go to the dairy to see if any change has been made in plans for work for the day. If my student friend in the milk truck appears, he will take my letters to the mail box; otherwise I will take them myself.

Now the German prisoners have arrived from the nearby prison camp. Paul is to continue his work with me in the orchard pruning dead wood from the trees. Each of us knows a little of the other's language and we each aim unconsciously to please the other by speaking in the language native to the other. "Guten morgen, what speak you?" I say. "Hello Hennacy," he smiles, "nothing much."

In this high altitude it is chilly for perhaps an hour, then we take our shirts off. Perhaps the branches scratch us, but we do not need to worry about tearing our shirts. He wears his North Africa cap and I wear my white Gandhi semi-turban. The orchard has not been pruned thoroughly for some years. We are late with the work, for 5,000 trees have accumulated much dead wood.

Mourning doves have commenced to build their make-believe makeshift nests. They will contain two eggs which will hatch out a little brother and a little sister; the former combative and the latter as quiet as the proverbial mouse—that is, unless the owl or roadrunner gets the eggs or the young birds. This roadrunner is a carnivorous bird, killing snakes and small animals also. It is streamlined, runs swiftly after its prey, and is mostly bill and tail.

As Paul views the countryside from the treetop he says that hardly a house can be seen, and contrasts this with the many houses in sight of his father's farm near the Polish border. A quarter of a mile away we see the morning train coming from Los Angeles. Today we have a row of trees with bits of dead wood scattered near the tops which takes more time. Yesterday we had old trees, half dead, which required but several large limbs to be severed. Fido and Borso follow us to the orchard and it seems they must lie under the very tree where limbs are falling, gnawing a bone or a bit of frozen and dried apple; but they lead a dog's charmed life and are never hurt. Soon it is noon as Paul goes to the dairy to eat his lunch with Fred, Frank and Karl, and the guard who carries a gun but never uses it. I have cooked a kettle of pinto beans, and not having planted any chili peppers last summer I have added some vegetable shortening and onion for flavor. Orthodox vegetarians do not drink coffee, but not being orthodox in much of anything I have some coffee in cool weather. And of course the balance of the loaf of bread with oleo. For a few minutes I may finish writing a letter which I have begun earlier, or finish an article in a paper. I do not take a daily paper, getting the news from two weeklies. I would not have the noise of a radio around.

Then I usually walk across the road a block to say hello to my Spanish friends; especially my four-year-old Lipa. She will be kneeling on a bench eating tortillas and beans from the table and will greet me with a mixture of Spanish and English in precise, quick words. The father and older brother are employed on the farm also and I have worked with them at odd times. The older sister passes the orchard on the way to school and likes apples. Now I have to forget my German and see if I can remember a few Spanish words. Lipa will proudly say "apple" and I will say "manzana." She will point to my pocket and say "pocket" and I will reply with "bolsa." Soon it is time to go to work. As I leave, Lipa or some of the family will give the traditional Spanish, "come back again." It would be good if I would reply, "Come over to my house," but the accommodations of a bachelor are not conducive to visiting. Brother Joe has been over to practice typing letters, and Lipa has come running several times to "see your girls" (the pictures of my daughters). Seeing the typewriter she took great pride in say-

ing this long word. Another English word which delighted her, in taste and in tongue, was "gingerbread."

The mailman comes in the afternoon. Perhaps today I receive several letters from boys in CO camps discussing Tolstoy and bringing up questions which puzzle them. It is now 6 p.m. and I go to the dairy for my quart of milk, perhaps carry a can of water also, and chop wood for half an hour. Evenings are cool and even in the summer a cover is required. The apple, cherry and peach wood burns brightly in the fireplace. Even twigs burn well in the range.

It is now early April and asparagus, which has come up for years throughout the orchard, presents a fine supper



for the vegetarian. Many times with a half pint of milk, a little pepper and shortening added, it makes a filling and delicious meal. At other times slowly fried and mixed with rice it gives a flavor resembling oysters. (Some meat eater may correct me, for I have not tasted oysters for thirty years.)

Perhaps a letter or article in the CHRISTIAN CENTURY, which a friend kindly subscribed to for me along with several other papers, suggests an article which I feel impelled to write. Perhaps I am writing another Tolstoy booklet corresponding with my Doukhobor friends in Canada, or writing a digest or review of a book which a friend has loaned to me. My only luxury, a semi-stuffed armchair, is in front of the fireplace; the stove to the right and a table of apple boxes to the left, where my typewriter and current correspondence is scattered. A large table to the back which has been used for apple sorting is used for bread mixing, hectographing, and a general place for material I want within easy reach. I use a board across my lap for a table and have the food handy at the stove.

Before me, above the fireplace, are oil paintings by the former owner of the orchard. This man was a Christian Scientist whose mother knew Mrs. Eddy. Neighbors tell of his reading "The Book" to sick animals and saying that the power of right thought would make grain instead of the weeds grow in the fields. There are undoubtedly metaphysical laws little understood by most of us which show the relationship between the great waves of hatred, fear and war which sweep over and surround the atmosphere of this world and the waves of epidemics, blights, floods and so-called "Acts of God." St. Francis could tame the man-eating wolf of Gubbio at a glance, but he had first tamed the passions, hatreds and materialism which had previously held sway in his own being. Christian Scientists or any of the cults springing from that premise cannot expect to control weeds, insects and wholesale epidemics as long as they bless war and the economic system which feeds on war. When they have the courage and the spirituality of the early Christians then they can surely "take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them." But warmongers and Mammon worshippers need not expect miracles.

A picture of Jesus at the carpenter's bench finally wore out after I had put it up and taken it down when moving around. My half-pacifist young Lutheran minister friend, Leeland Soker, gave me Sallman's Head of Christ. My unorthodox array of "Saints" on the

wall are Tolstoy, Debs, Thoreau, Jefferson, Abdul Baha, St. Francis, Vanzetti and Gandhi. The pictures of my own girls and family and that of an Indian maiden are the only touch of femininity in the house. This room is 14 by 16 feet with two windows and three doors, and the bedroom is 13 by 13. The walls are nearly four feet thick, made of native adobe, and the ceilings are ten feet high.

Tradition tells of treasure hid here in this house at the time of Indian raids. For the house was once an old fort in the times when the whites were encroaching upon the Indian country. The treasure that I have found here was buried, all right—buried deep within my personality, and it took the peace and quiet, the productive labor among kindly, common and everyday sort of people to discover it.

Originally all doors led upon a small patio in the center open to the sky. The east wall is now torn down. Part of the house was used as a Catholic chapel in the early days. Enough cracks here and there allow Brother Mouse to come and go. At a former place where I lived by myself, I was able to stop up all cracks and holes within two months so that mice did not enter. It was their home before it was mine. They have a right to live, to chew and gnaw, but they do not need to do so in my two rooms. There is plenty for them in nearby fields and farm buildings. They do not bother old copies of the CATHOLIC WORKER or other pacifist or radical papers. Their especial taste seems to be for the CHRISTIAN CENTURY—but they may have developed certain tastes from the former owner of the place.

It is now a bright morning in early May. By this time my skin is nearly as brown as that of Hans. Last year the blisters on my back worried others much and myself but little. This year not a blister came from my exposure to the sun. Two electric pumps bring water from the irrigation ditch and from a well to irrigate the 100 rows of trees. For a short distance the water runs between banks uphill until it reaches the trees. (The saying here is that only a Mormon can make water run up hill. They understand irrigation, are good workers and their system of helping each other could easily be studied and used by all of us. I have some Mormon friends who like to read the CATHOLIC WORKER.) The gopher has made holes in the ditch bank and this is a continual trouble until they have all been stopped up. Hans watches the ditch bank for leaks and I see that the water reaches each tree.

Melons have come up from some left



in the field last year. I plant onions, parsnips, rutabagas, tomatoes, carrots, lettuce, blue Indian corn from nearby Isleta pueblo, and the native pinto bean. Later sweet potatoes and peppers will be planted. Last year I planted a small patch of wheat but soon afterward came to work here and did not harvest it. My employer has doubts about my ability as a wheat farmer but I planted about an acre. Much of it is up but some of the ground is black alkali where even weeds will not grow.

Old timers here and there along this Rio Grande have watermills where corn is ground between two stones. They go with exceedingly slow motion but there is no cost and these stones have been grinding for centuries. If it is possible to get my blue corn and wheat ground at such a mill I will do so; if not, the hammer mill of my employer can grind it. The primitive way of cutting wheat, binding it by hand (for few people raise wheat and use a binder here) and threshing it out by

hand on canvas seems queer. By itself it may seem foolish, but taken as part of a pattern of life it has meaning. Orthodox economists tell us that the farmer who uses a horse and a plow and very little machinery cannot afford to compete in the market with the farmer who uses up-to-date machinery.

It happens that I do not care to own property and have it taken away by the government for non-payment of taxes, for most of the taxes in my lifetime will go to pay for World War II and to prepare for World War III. One who eats meat can raise a few hogs and chickens in the country and here turkeys do well. For a vegetarian who simplifies his needs, the cash that is needed for certain purposes can be earned as a farm laborer; and most of the food to be consumed can be raised on an acre or two. To raise food for animals and then eat the animals is expensive. Why not raise the grain and eat it yourself?

I am not competing on the market with others any more than I am losing an election when I do not enter the lists of voting. My ideals are above and beyond that nose counting which takes place at the ballot box, and the economic system which myself and other free spirits follow is above and beyond the market place. The B-29's roar over my head hourly. These planes of death exist, as do the market place and the voting booth but they do not need to be a part of my life if I do not choose to help pay for them or live in fear because of the warmonger's security in these false gods.

## MY BUDGET

I keep ten dollars for expenses and send the remainder to my wife and girls. During the month of May, 1945 my expenses were as follows:

Whole wheat flour, 25 lbs. ....	\$1.25
(could grow own wheat)	
Vegetable shortening, 3 lbs. ....	.68
Cornmeal, 5 lbs. ....	.46
(could grow own corn)	
Oleomargarine, 2 lbs. ....	.38
Rice, 4 lbs. ....	.58
(price is too high)	
Raisins, 2 lbs. ....	.23
Syrup, 5 lbs. ....	.47
Yeast, salt, sugar, etc. ....	.50

TOTAL 4.55

Electric light bill ....	1.00
Bundle of CO and CW's ....	2.40
Postage stamps, haircut, etc. ....	2.05

TOTAL \$10.00

I bought a quantity of pinto beans (seconds) last year and still have some left. Have a few jars of apple butter which I put up last fall. Get a quart of milk free from the farm daily, and asparagus, wild lettuce, and later fruit and vegetables. Irish potatoes do not grow well here. The ones that you buy at the store now are not worth the money, so I buy rice instead. Another year I should get a few hives of bees.

It is Sunday morning. I get up at 5:45, eat a hurried breakfast, take my good clothing in a grip along with about 50 CATHOLIC WORKERS and go to the orchard to look over the situation of the water, which has been running all night. Here the water has gone into another row and missed half a dozen trees; there it is dammed up with weeds and a furrow. I channel the water in the proper places and look over the next row for potential breaks, and turn the water into this new row. I oil the pump, and then a dash of cold water livens me up. Change my clothes, and walk a mile down the road to the seminary chapel, where I give a CW to each person as they enter for 7:30 Mass. Then I walk the five miles toward town. Many times a workman picks me up.

I worked day by day for the produce company at sixty cents an hour. I worked at different kinds of weeding in the fields, and one Saturday the man across the road asked me to cut wood at seventy-five cents an hour.

One day I was working with an old man over seventy years of age. He was illiterate and when we signed our names to our checks he made an X mark. When he saw another fellow mark his check with an X he thought his signature was being forged. He asked me, "Have you got the mark of the beast?"

I knew what he meant by this ques-

(Continued on page 11)



# The One-Man Revolution

(Continued from page 10)

tion but asked him. "Has the gov't got your number; did you give them your name and get a number on a social security, ration or draft card? For if you did you have the mark of the beast which in these last days seeks to corrupt all of God's children."

I answered that I had used a social security card for three months, but since a tax had been withheld from my pay I had stopped working where it was necessary to have a social security card; that was the reason I was now working on a farm. I had used a ration card for a time, but had refused to register for the draft and did not intend to take any old age pension.

The old man answered, "I have nary a card. Guess they thought I was too old to register for the war and didn't bother me. All of my family made blood money during the war and now my wife and brothers have the mark of the beast again, for they accept old age pension. I will work until I drop before I take money from the beast; from the gov't that makes bombs!" And he added "Yes, in these days they number the babies in hospitals when they are born; get boys, and even girls, numbered up for the war as they grow up; pester them with numbers when they die. The Mark of the Beast is everywhere. The Bible says that people will be divided, for folks who witness for the Lord can't be a part of numbering and voting and war. If their families prefer blood money, then such as I have to go where we are not numbered and do not get the Mark of the Beast. I'm sure glad to find a fellow who only has two marks against him."

"You are a better man than I am," I answered.

I came to Eloy to try my hand again at picking cotton. Tradition says that this growing settlement received its name years ago from the Jewish merchant who stepped off the train and whose first words were the Hebrew, "Eloi," meaning "my God," which was ejaculated, not in praise, but in dismay at such a desert waste. This was later Anglicized into "Eloy." If he had viewed this area in the spring or to the immediate north, and east had seen the giant suahare cactus and the beautiful desert flowers he would likely have said, "eloi" in praise.

Getting in after dark I paid 75¢ to occupy cot number seventeen among the thirty in one of the unventilated cothouses in the center of town. I did not see any sign limiting inmates to the Jim Crow category as I had noticed in most restaurants, but all whom I saw here were whites. After renting my cot I went to a restaurant and had a small order of fried beans with some kind of Mexican noodles on top, a nice warm tortilla, and pie and coffee. Most of the men were already in bed at 8:00 P.M., perhaps not sleeping, but resting. A few were around telling stories. The red-faced elderly man at my left was asleep. The one to the right tried to sleep but coughed violently and spat on the floor all night. (I don't believe much in germs so I didn't worry.) Across from me was a wine who also wheezed and coughed all night. He was not yet in bed but was spreading his disgust with himself and the world to the man next to him who was in bed and to a man sitting nearby.

"I used to drink a quart a day for four years but I quit it. I'm not so damn hot now, for I mess around a little, but I found out one thing in life; that is not to worry about anything; it'll get you down," said the elderly man in bed next to the wheezing wine.

"Oh, I don't know. That might be true and then again it mightn't; that's just one excuse for not accepting responsibility" said a man up the row, not to him who had spoken, but to the room in general. This wisdom was not taken up, being lost in the void. Meanwhile a man brought the wine a loaf of bread and cheese.

"Ought to have some salt on this cheese; some salt and pepper," mumbled the wine. After he had said this a couple of times the man next to him in bed said he would get him some and got up, and put on his shoes (we all slept with our clothes on in this sheetless and ragged comfort, discomfort. I

learned long ago though to always take off socks, for toes must stretch out and rest and kind of breathe). The man walked the length of the room to the office and came back with salt for the wine.

"What, no pepper!" the wine exclaimed.

"Ain't got none," was the answer.

A beefy wine up the way dropped his bottle. After bemoaning his loss for a few minutes he had sense enough to get the broom and sweep up the glass.

"Yes, that Indio is a tough place," a fellow up the line was telling his buddy. "I was shaved, had on clean levis, shoes shined and money in my pocket when I hopped off a freight and started across the tracks to get some breakfast when two bulls pulled their guns and told me not to cross the tracks but to keep on the freight out of town. I told them I had money in my pocket and took it out and showed it to them, and they said Indio didn't want me nor my damn money. And they kept on poking their guns at me so I didn't cross the tracks."

The lights were out at 9:30 and somehow I slept through the night. The manager woke us at 6:00 a.m. as the trucks would be leaving around seven. I got up and went to the nearby restaurant which crowded with every kind of cotton picker. There was one empty place at the counter which I soon occupied and ordered hot cakes and coffee. To my right was sitting a saintly looking middle aged man who greeted me with a Southern drawl. His kind voice was in keeping with his countenance. Old, decrepit and unshaven men; stocky kids; white and colored women and a few Indians occupied the L-shaped counter. I am not especially hardboiled and there have been very few times since I left Atlanta prison that I have shed tears. I know there is suffering and misery, and as Dorothy says, I know that the poor do not have many of the common virtues which the rich applaud. Yet this morning I could hardly eat as the tears came because of this spectacle of those faces around me.

I have tramped in all of these United States. As I write I look on the fields of waving grain, the huge cottonwoods that line the laterals, and the jugged stretch of seeming cardboard-like mountains at whose feet live the Pima and Maricopa Indians. In and out of prison I have refused to honor the jingoistic Star Spangled Banner. Truly America the Beautiful means much to me. I refuse to desert this country



to those who would bring it to atomic ruin. It is my country as much as it is theirs. Despite Bilbo I think of Jefferson; despite Edgar Guest, Bruce Barton and Dale Carnegie, I think of Walt Whitman, Rachel Lindsay and Edwin Markham. Despite the two war-mongering Roosevelts and Wilson, I think of Altgeld, old Bob LaFollette and Debs. Despite the Klan and Legion vigilantes I think of the old-time Wobblies, of Sacco and Vanzetti, and of Berkman and Emma Goldman. Despite the war-mongering churches I think of the old-time Quakers who paid no taxes for war and who hid escaped slaves; I think of Jim Connolly and Ben Salmon. Despite the war-mongering Lowells and Cabots, I think of William Lloyd Garrison and Henry David Thoreau.

It was hard work which built this country. Despite the bourgeois philosophy of the go-getter we worship that machine which now enslaves us. Our

military training will not corrupt every youth; a few will appreciate the path of manual labor, economic uncertainty, an absolutist stand against war and against the state whose main business is war.

Lettuce is the main crop in the part of the valley where I live. The efficient farmer discs, drags, scrapes and floats his land over and over until it is really level. In this southwest everything runs southwest. The field is separated into "lands" about 35 feet wide. Often rye or green grass is planted and then sheep graze at 4c. per head per day. It is irrigated again and again as the sheep graze. Then it is disced and the remaining green and the sheep manure add to the value of the soil. When once water is ordered, it generally takes a day and a night



to irrigate a large field. I have irrigated by myself at night in this fresh ground. No matter how careful you may be, the water will tend to furrow in on one side or the other and miss the opposite side. Mormons and Mexicans are the best irrigators. The expert knows just where to put the "checks," extending out like arms from each side to divert the water so that no dry land remains. You may have from two to six lands running at once depending upon the volume of water. First you put a "tarp" of canvas across the ditch, leaning it against sticks and banking it around with dirt making a dam; and generally, further down the ditch, it is well to put a second tarp in case the first one leaks or washes out.

Walking around in this mud to make new checks or to plug up a gopher hole where water is going in the wrong direction, your shins become sore with the rubbing of the boot tops against them. The shift is generally 12 hours at 60 to 70 cents an hour.

After the ground has been soaked, vegetation, which includes the weed seeds, is thus given the chance to grow and then is disced under. When the weather is just right for planting special machines make straight, level beds about 2 feet across, with irrigation runs in between. The lettuce comes up on the very edge of each side of this bed. First come the thinners who generally work by contract and thin out the lettuce to one head every 14 inches. Afterwards it is found that in many places there are two heads, or what is called "doubles." These are then thinned. All this is done with a short hoe; handle about 2 feet long. A worker on the end of a long handle tends to get careless and chop anything in sight if the lettuce is small. Later, when the lettuce is bigger, long hoes are used to cut the weeds and grass. The reason hundreds of people have to work at this job is that the weeds have to be removed before the next irrigation, and then you have to wait a few days until the ground is dry. Meanwhile, at daylight or dusk when there is little wind, an airplane dusts the field to kill bugs and worms. Every season some of these dusters are killed and the planes are wrecked. A liquid fertilizer in tanks is emptied gradually in the irrigation water at the intake. The advantage of having a large farm is that at times the run-off water from one field is used on the next field—or in some cases far out in the desert it is saved in reservoirs. Otherwise the water runs back in the lateral and is sold to another farmer.

When a good proportion of the lettuce has solid heads, and especially if the price is high, the long, yellow trailers are at the end of the field. Three men line up on each side of the trailer and two behind it and it is

pulled slowly by a small tractor or, if the ground is wet, by a small caterpillar. The tool used to cut the lettuce is about one and a half inches wide, sharp, and curved a bit. The handle is about one and a half feet long. First, you feel the lettuce with your left hand and see if it is hard and, if so, you cut it with the knife in your right hand and throw it with your left hand in the trailer. I generally work on the outside row and, if possible, get the side away from the exhaust, for it would soon give you a headache. This means throwing further but there is less likelihood of there being a collision between human and lettuce heads. At times I have steadily cut lettuce without straightening up for the quarter of a mile row. Generally there are enough immature heads to give you a rest in between. This work pays from 75 cents to a dollar an hour depending upon how many hours you are able to work in the day, for at times there is frost until noon. When there is no frost you can commence at daylight, but when it is hot in the afternoon it is best not to handle the lettuce. If touched when frosty it leaves a black mark on the lettuce. No portal-to-portal pay in this agricultural work as there is when you enter a mine and pay starts at the time of entrance. You stand around shivering and waiting on the frost to melt and if it is not too hot you work until dark.

The lettuce is hauled to the packing sheds—two trailers at a time—which are in town or in sheds along the tracks. Here the lettuce is wet-packed in crushed ice. It is dumped in huge hoppers; one person cuts off the excess leaves or discards unfit heads. Another places paper in the boxes at the head of the belt line. Another keeps him supplied with boxes. One hands the packer the heads and another tops the crate. When the price is high and the crop is coming in heavily, the big money is made in these sheds with overtime. Many make \$30 a day. Here the packers get more than the others. The union books are closed and it is difficult for a new-comer to get work in the sheds. If the price remains high the field will be worked over and over again to get all possible good heads of lettuce. We worked half of Christmas. As the saying is here, "When there is work you work night and day, Sunday and Christmas morning."

In the midst of the season crews of Filipinos come from California. There are about 45 in a crew. They man a huge combine. As far as I can make out this is the system they use: a crew goes ahead and cuts lettuce in the rows where the combine travels. This combine looked like an airplane. These heads are placed to one side. A truck with empty boxes keeps pace with it on one side, and one on the other to take care of the full crates. Lettuce heads are tossed on the wings of the combine and worked over just as in a dry packing shed. The girl who lines the boxes with paper, the cutters, the sorters, the packer, and the man who nails the boxes, all ride on the machine.

They sure ate up the field. They had huge lights and worked most of the night if necessary. The only drawback was rain which would bog down the heavy machine. They worked as a crew and each man received a more or less equal share of the 55¢ a crate the owner paid. These workers are very quick and sober and dependable. I know of a case where a Filipino leased land and raised lettuce, hiring men of his own race. Some Anglos grumbled about it and so he built a shed and hired Anglos also. This was dry packing of lettuce in the field. He found that the shippers had to repack most of the crates of lettuce which the Anglos had packed. And in the hoeing, the Filipinos could hoe twice as fast as the Anglos and much better. I will admit I would not speed up the average of the Anglos myself.

One morning the boss told us to get in the closed truck and we would all go to the sheds. I had never been there. I found there was broccoli to pack. We finished all there was in a few hours. Meanwhile, I had heard the conversation of the workers and had picked up a bulletin of the union and found that there was a strike of the shed workers. The fields are not organized. I then looked outside and

(Continued on page 12)



## The One-Man Revolution

(Continued from page 11)

saw the pickets. The foreman told us he would take us home early for dinner and pick us up and pack lettuce until late that day. I told him that I was not working in the shed that afternoon because I did not want to be a strikebreaker. He said, "You are already a strikebreaker." I replied that because I was dumb I did not have to stay dumb. Here the pay was about \$1.25 an hour but in the fields where I worked from that time on it was 85¢ and at times 60¢. Afterwards they never asked me to work in the sheds, and did not discriminate against me because of my refusal to scab, although the foreman would at times, jokingly refer to me as a strikebreaker. Two IWW's, one of them a Mormon, also refused the next day to scab. The strike finally lost and the head of the union resigned and started a tavern.

It is March of 1949 and I have sent in my tax report. I did not work Sundays this year. I worked for nineteen different farmers and made \$1,569. With free rent and often free



meals where I work and with simple one dish vegetarian food my actual living cost has been less than \$200. I filled out my report accurately, not wishing to have my non-payment of taxes confused by any other issue. In the space listed "AMOUNT OF TAX DUE" I wrote "not interested." The tax man told me six weeks ago he would have me arrested for continual non-payment of taxes, but would wait until the last minute as he disliked to cause trouble. I told him that he should do his duty; that there were no hard feelings on my part, for he had always treated me courteously. Now with Truman calling for universal conscription and the U. S. winking at Dutch imperialism in Indonesia there is less reason than ever for paying an income tax. If I am arrested I am doing time for a good cause, for, paraphrasing Thoreau, a prison is the only house in a war-made world where a Christian pacifist can abide with honor. If I am left free I will continue to be a non-tax payer, sell CW's, and aid my daughters. I win either way.

On March 14th, 1949, I carried signs saying that 75% of the income tax goes for war and the bomb and that I have refused to pay taxes for seven years. Right away a squad car came up and I was taken to the police station to see Captain Curry.

"Do you know there is an ordinance saying you can't picket?" he asked.

"Do you know, there is a Supreme Court that says in the case of the Jehovah's Witnesses that it is o.k. to picket?" I replied.

"You're a smart guy, eh!"

"Sure, it takes a smart guy to deal with the cops," I answered.

"Smart fellows like you; we take you upstairs in jail and give you 30 days for not registering as an ex-convict," he said.

"O. K. Take me up. You got me," was my reply.

Not being used to this moral jiu jitsu he said he would have to go upstairs and see the mayor for further instructions. He came back and in a confidential tone said:

"I fixed it up for you. Just go home and rest and don't picket and we won't give you 30 days."

"I don't feel like resting. I feel like picketing. Go ahead and give me 30 days upstairs or arrest me for picketing; whatever you like," was my reply.

"I have to confer with the authorities some more" he said as he left me. Coming back later he said rather

simply: "Alright, smart guy. You know the law, go ahead and picket, but remember if you get in trouble we will pinch you for disturbing the peace."

"I'm not disturbing the peace. I'm disturbing the war," was my rejoinder.

"You will be on your own," the Captain said.

"I've been on my own all my life; I don't need cops to protect me," I answered.

"If you get knocked down we will pinch you for getting knocked down," was his retort.

"You would!" I said, as I went out to my picketing.

After an hour of picketing the same cop who pinched me before came along and said, "You here again!"

"Captain Curry said I could picket," I replied.

"To hell with Captain Curry" was his answer.

"That's a nice way to talk about your boss," I told him.

He advanced to me roughly and said that unless I got a written permit from the City Manager he would put me in solitary. There is a time to talk and there is a time to walk, so this was the time to walk. I went with my signs to the City Hall. The Mormon Mayor, Udall, had offices to the right and he was not on good terms with the City Manager Deppe, with offices to the left.

I sat in the waiting room for an hour while their secretaries sent notes or phoned back and forth as to the procedure in my case. Between them, this Pilate and Herod finally came forth with the wisdom that I was to write a letter to the City Manager asking permission to picket and in three days I would get an answer. I wrote the letter and said that in three days all the taxes would be paid and picketing would be of no avail; that I was going out at once and deliberately break the law and they could do as they liked. I did so and was not bothered. Soon the papers had a picture of myself and sign, and were joshing the police for arresting me twice and letting me go. Several months later I had a letter from Manilal Gandhi of Phoenix, South Africa, praising my publicizing of my non-payment of taxes in Phoenix, Arizona.

"Hennacy, do you think you can change the world?" said Bert Fireman, a columnist on the Phoenix Gazette.

"No, but I am damn sure it can't change me," was my reply.

On a Sunday morning I was selling CW's across the street from St. Patrick's Cathedral as usual when a cop came along and said that his brother was a priest and I had no right to sell my Communist paper here. I told him it was not a Communist paper and if it was that this was a free country and I had a right to sell it here showing him a newspaper clipping of the court decision.

"I don't care anything about the law. If I don't want you here I'll arrest you and you won't be here. You will be in jail. And if the judge lets you out and you come back I'll pinch you again; and if he lets you out and you come back I'll pinch you again; I'll wear you out."

"What if I wear you out?" I asked. He laughed and went away. If you are not ready to die you are not ready to live.

"There are two kinds of people in the world; those who have done time and those who haven't, said a lifer to me in Atlanta prison in 1917. In prison and out of prison about a third of the people are stool pigeons who are ready to name names for a profit to themselves. In a recent issue of the prison paper in Leavenworth there was a reprint of an article by Judge Leibowitz in New York City praising the Russian prisons that he had visited. Here families would visit and prisoners were paid to going rate for their work. Nothing was said about political prisoners. Like John Bartlow Martin who wrote *Break Down the Walls* that Carol Gorgen reviewed in the CW once. I am not interested in making big-

ger and better prisons. The current issue of the Atlanta prison paper says in an editorial that 95% of the men there are recidivists, that is they came back again to prison. It would be around 85% in Sandstone. I know men there who have been in jail for many years and have not learned a thing. I know others who have been caught in a mail fraud which is no worse than regular business who will now be more careful and who will not knowingly break the law again. I know kids from Milan who will likely go in and out of jails for years to come. None of the officials ever used the word "rehabilitate" without excusing themselves, for they know it is a farce. Attitudes towards prisoners range from the sentimental who says, that "there are no bad boys" and that most prisoners are incarcerated unjustly, to sadists like J. Edgar Hoover who want more jails and more punishment. There are bad boys and bad people who knowingly choose to do evil. Jesus gave us the method of overcoming evil when he said to the woman caught in sin, "He without sin among you first cast a stone at her." If the early Christians went to court they were not allowed to go to Communion for 6 months, and if they were in the army and killed a man they had to do penance for ten years. Since the time of Constantine the Church has tried to cooperate with the State and capital punishment, prisons and war. All this is done in the name of Christ while Christ is denied. The darkest place in the world is a prison and this is where light is needed. When I left Sandstone I told the Warden and Mr. Eearhart, who had already met Dorothy who had come to meet me, that the prison had not hurt me any, and perhaps I had helped in my attitude of being the kind of radical who does not believe in prisons at all but who while there tries to give his fellow

prisoners the idea that there is a different way of looking at life, on the inside and on the outside. My time in prison was not wasted and if in the future I do up to five years for civil disobedience I think it would be time well spent on my part. I often say that a fellow who is any good on the outside does does much better on the inside, for as Debs said, "While there is a lower class I am in it; while there is a soul in prison I am not free."

"Why do you fast in public when Christ said to do this in secret in your closet?"

If I was doing this for any vainglory it would be terrible, but it is, like the small top of the iceberg appearing above water, only an indication of the huge mass beneath. It is only the result of a dedicated life which appears because of an emergency in the war-mad world, meant to say "Danger" to those about to be wrecked. You can't obey all scripture at once. You have to choose. Christ also said to "shout from the housetops," "not to hide your light under a bushel." If I did not speak and fast they very stones would cry out.

I also fasted before I was a Catholic. I do this as a penance for all of our sins. I do not do it to coerce or embarrass my enemy the government, and the tax and war officials. I do it to waken up the timid pacifists who know better and don't do better. Someone has to raise the ante of what should be expected of a Christian and a Catholic. Talk is cheap and in this gluttonous world fasting can be a means of waking up some people.

If anyone thinks the mainspring of my action is egotism I would ask by what measure they value their own actions. I am willing to be judged as a man, not a mouse, by my fruits, both now and hereafter. My message is not meant for those unable to receive it.

## LETTERS

(Continued from page 5)

exciting time . . . with hardly a dull moment. There have been trials and there have been errors, lots of them. But may God be praised for His wonderful providence.

Yesterday Francis and I skied mostly into town and got a rucksack full of potatoes and carrots at a Mennonite farm to the north. It is an organic farm where horses are still used. The farmer invited us into his warm shop which is built over a new nine-foot oak water-wheel from which he gets power to run his saws, pump, and lathe. He was making a wheelbarrow . . . one of those handsome, robust, ample kind common in these parts; doubtless once made by those rugged, knowledgeable men who made the famous Conestoga wagons . . . just a few miles South of here. It was a joy to see its curved oaken handles so neatly chamfered and its strong mortices.

And there were his two teenage sons, so engrossed over their work . . . while out the windows lay the white snow two feet deep.

"Why don't more people use water-power?" I asked. "I don't know. It doesn't pollute the air; and it can be used over and over again" was his reply.

He didn't mention it, but the absence of violent noise was conspicuous . . . only throbbing hums and muffled splashing sounds was all one heard.

Doubtless, waterpower will be rediscovered, and the creeks and streams will yield a helping shoulder to man again . . . as the re-discovery and admiration of nature continues to grow. May we stop this insane idea that nature must be fought!

Thank you for the reminder and words of St. Augustine (in the C. W.). "To love God and do what you will." What a lot said in a nutshell . . .

I hope my thoughts on handcraft will be of value in encouraging others for the "green revolution" and voluntary poverty.

Blessings and good wishes,  
Daniel

P. S.

I've got bogged down trying to write the important things about handcrafts . . . there is so much to say!

So, I'll just have to do chapter by chapter, so to speak. I'm enclosing what I wrote this morning . . . about China and handcrafts . . . which has been with me so much of late.

No one really interested in handcrafts can avoid (for very long) making an acquaintance with the Chinese; and it will be an uplifting and happy experience for them . . . for they will be meeting a most wonderful race of people . . . and they will begin to see why God has liked them so . . . having made so many of them.

While in China at the end of World War II I was greatly impressed; and I was gripped with the thought that if we, who preach democracy so strongly . . . were to choose one man to represent us earthlings . . . he would be Chinese.

Handcrafts in China stretch back across the centuries and have a profound simplicity, ingenuity, and thorough workmanship that justly depict a people who love things that are effective, well-made, and in accord with nature.

One thing that crowns Chinese craft like a lustrous diamond is their scholarship . . . their sense of history, their caring enough to take time and energy to write things down; and so have the most interesting records of the beginning of certain inventions and discoveries which were used in China long before coming to light in the West.

With this great treasury of handcrafts in mind, we are less amazed that a wealthy man from Douglastown, Pennsylvania, Henry C. Mercer, would after setting up a fabulous handcraft museum (across from the County-jail) commission a friend, a German, Rudolph Hommel, to go to China and very thoroughly record with facts and photos the ancient Chinese crafts before technology might sweep them away, as Henry noticed was happening in America, circa 1923.

The result is an endlessly fascinating book "China at Work" which describes, with great respect, things as different as well-digging to bamboo salt-shakers. Although now out of print, it can, no doubt, be seen at the museum library . . . which does (I believe) still sell Mr. Mercer's own interesting and well pictured book . . . "Ancient Carpenters' Tools." A "must" for every serious student of crafts, especially wood-working.

Daniel O'Hagan

January 21, 1970  
Lancaster County  
Pennsylvania