

CATHOLIC WORKER



VOL. XXXIX No. 2

FEBRUARY, 1973

Subscription:
25c Per Year

Price 1c

Boycott A&P

By DAN O'SHEA

Farm workers continue the struggle in California to gain the right to bargain collectively through a union of their choice. They are seeking to improve the conditions of their work through the signing of contracts that will provide for such things as toilets in the fields, an end to child labor in agriculture, and strong control over the risk of dangerous pesticides.

The average farm worker family of four earns \$2,700 annually, according to the U.S. Department of Labor. At the same time the accident rate for farm workers is three times the national rate, while the life expectancy for farm workers is 49, compared to 70 for the rest of the country.

The growers in California have attempted to block the efforts of the farm workers' union through the signing of "sweetheart" contracts with the Teamster union. Within weeks of Cesar Chavez's request to the lettuce growers for elections to be held to determine the will of the workers regarding formation of a union, the lettuce growers signed nearly 200 contracts with the Teamsters. This was done without consulting the workers, who found out about these contracts by reading of them in the newspapers.

When the growers refuse dialogue, farm workers have only one way of ensuring their rights. They must strike and extend their strike through a boycott. The farm workers in California are asking the American people to support them in their struggle by not buying or eating iceberg lettuce until the workers have won their contract.

Breaks Agreement

Last August, Cesar Chavez, farm worker representatives, and greater New York area consumers met with A&P officials. A&P then agreed to support the lettuce boycott, but has not lived up to its agreement of cooperation which included limiting iceberg lettuce displays, offering substitutes such as chickory, boston and romaine lettuce, and giving top priority to purchase of Farm Worker lettuce. In many instances, A&P has taken advantage of consumers who have been supporting the boycott by displaying the United Farm Workers' Aztec eagle over non-union iceberg lettuce.

A&P is the largest single purchaser of iceberg lettuce, and therefore has appreciable influence on the outcome of the boycott. Its failure to cooperate shows that A&P is not taking farm-workers and consumers seriously. A&P has long been aware of the plight of workers who harvest the food sold in their stores. A&P has profited enough from this injustice. The United Farm Workers ask you to join in a boycott of A&P stores. Please write a letter to A&P headquarters, informing them that you will not shop at A&P until the entire chain agrees to carry United Farm Workers iceberg lettuce.

"I have to give up a lot of things, because I can't ask people to sacrifice if I won't sacrifice myself. . . . And then of course, . . . you have to get your family to suffer along with you, otherwise you can't do it. . . . Finally we are beginning to see daylight, and that's a great reward. And then you see, these farm workers will never be the same. . . . That's real change."—Cesar Chavez



Robert Hodgell

Saigon Prisoners

By CHARLIE KING and
IGAL ROODENKO

The plight of civilian prisoners in South Vietnam is familiar to you. The September '72 issue of the CW carried Thich Nhat Hanh's urgent plea for support of Vietnamese monks being drafted and imprisoned. Since the cease-fire accords of late January, the situation for civilian prisoners has grown worse. The accords require only that the status of civilian prisoners be discussed. The reasons for doubting the good faith of the Thieu regime in such discussions are obvious. Already attempts have been made to change the status of prisoners by altering the nature of offenses from political to criminal.

Conservative estimates place the number of civilians imprisoned at 200,000. The vast majority are held for such "crimes" as pacifism, neutralism, or dissatisfaction with the Thieu government. Thousands are imprisoned without trial. Prison conditions are unspeakable. The "tiger cages" of Con Son are lilled. Torture is common. No one denies this.

March 1st has been set as a day for expressions of public concern in Saigon. International demonstrations of support will flow from Paris, Stockholm, New Zealand, and Australia. Of key importance will be demonstrations in the U.S. which are to discourage police repression in Saigon.

Plans for March 1st in the U.S. are now being made. For further information please contact us at: 339 Lafayette St., N.Y., N.Y. 10012. Telephone numbers are (212) 673-8990 for Charlie and (212) 228-0450 for Igal.

Their lives are in our hands.

VIETNAM: OUR PEACE IS CHRIST

By PAT JORDAN

The cease-fire in Vietnam, coming at last from the depths of nightmare, causes us to respond with a certain wariness. For the peace in Vietnam is as yet ambiguous at best.

Such wariness is good, as was that of Jeremiah: "They have healed the wound of my people lightly, saying, 'Peace, peace,' when there is no peace" (6:14). The wounds of Indochina will take generations to heal. Not money, not mere ingenuity and advanced medicine, but time and human love will be the effective antidotes. And they will be sorely taxed. How will we respond to the fact that North Vietnam's population, for example, has experienced a five-hundred percent increase in cancers of the liver resulting from our defoliation bombings? Will we treat those wounds lightly and shortly?

Misconceptions of Peace

No, we do not find ourselves joyful at the news of "peace." The conflict continues in much of Indochina, and it is the poor who suffer, not ourselves. In Vietnam itself the cease-fire agreement makes little effort to protect political prisoners and neutralists who have opposed the war all along. The Saigon government is about the business of reclassifying political prisoners as criminal prisoners. Under the latter designation, political prisoners will be retained in prison despite the armistice. In his book *War Hostages*, Don Luce writes of the countless political prisoners in South Vietnamese jails (some estimate 200,000 of them). It is Kafkaesque, and is accomplished by the force of a 300,000-man Saigon police contingent which is financed by the U.S. Public Safety Office in Saigon.

We cannot be joyful in this "peace." Already, after announcing peace, Mr. Nixon had proposed the military budget be raised from \$76.4 to \$81 billion. We cannot be joyful when America continues to arm the rest of the world for fratricidal wars. In the Philippines we house more than 18,000 troops in eight bases. A call from the corrupt, tyrannical Marcos government could lead us into another "war of honor." As long as these exigencies continue, there is no peace and our joy is justly restrained.

Root Out Violence

Nor can we take heart in Mr. Nixon's strident message by which he announced the peace. "Let us be proud of . . . one of the most selfless enterprises in the history of nations," he said. That in stark contrast to Pope Paul's message to the U.N., "Men cannot be brothers if they are not humble. No matter how justifiable it may appear, pride provokes tensions and struggles for prestige, domination, colonialism and egoism. In a word pride shatters brotherhood."

The misconception that peace has been achieved is even promoted in the liberal press and by the so-called enlightened. When Debbie Peck approached the *New York Times* on her pilgrimage of peace (see her letter "Pilgrim for Peace" in this issue of the C.W.), she was told to return home because "the war is over and peace has been accomplished."

Finally, the fact of peace is belied by our daily lives. The war is not far from our hearts and in the making of our daily encounters. Even the massive
(Continued on page 8)

Chinese Cultural Revolution:

"Use Reason, Not Violence"

By JAN ADAMS

Every now and then, one unexpectedly comes across a book which suggests new possibilities, poses new questions. I found William Hinton's *Hundred Day War* such a book. Having read it, I think this book may even be worth the \$7.95 which Monthly Review Press is charging.

HUNDRED DAY WAR: The Cultural Revolution at Tsinghua University, by William Hinton; Monthly Review Press. \$7.95.

Hinton (also author of *Fanshen*) recounts the events of China's Cultural Revolution of 1966-69 at Tsinghua University, the country's most prestigious scientific institution. More comprehensive accounts of contemporary China are available. But somehow the multitude of facts, the array of new social experiments, do less to dispel my ignorance—or compel my interest—than Hinton's spare record of the relatively minor doings in one place and time.

Mao Tse-tung has said: "The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution is in essence a great political revolution carried out under the conditions of socialism by the proletariat, against the bourgeoisie and all the exploiting classes . . . a continuation of the class struggle." It aimed at assuring equality in a

society where the usual Western obstacles had been removed by the abolition of private ownership of land and factories. However, a stifling bureaucracy and a tyranny of "expertise," political (Communist Party) and academic (professorial), still remained. The socialist takeover in 1949 had not done away with some people's striving to set themselves over others, to entrench themselves in power, that is, to become bourgeois, so the class struggle had to move to a new plane. All social enterprise, all work, had to be oriented to the good of the whole, instead of toward personal privilege.

Compelling History

Hinton reports how Tsinghua students attacked the dry professionalism and careerism of University professors and the Party officials who supported the academic authorities, and how the criticism of these Party officials finally led to the overthrow of their leader, Chief of State Liu Shao-chi. But the great mass movement degenerated into name-calling factionalism which student leaders used to promote their own glory. Finally, several hundred students battled to the death over campus buildings until factory workers and an army propaganda team reconciled the
(Continued on page 6)

Vol. XXXIX No. 2

February, 1973

CATHOLIC WORKER

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

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT

PETER MAURIN, Founder
DOROTHY DAY, Editor and Publisher
MARTIN J. CORBIN, Managing Editor

Associate Editors:

JAN ADAMS, CHARLES BUTTERWORTH, JACK COOK, RITA CORBIN (Art), FRANK DONOVAN, EILEEN EGAN, EDGAR FORAND, ROBERT GILLIAM, WILLIAM HORVATH, MARJORIE C. HUGHES, HELENE ISWOLSKY, KATHLEEN DE SUTTER JORDAN, PAT JORDAN, WALTER KERELL, ARTHUR J. LACEY, KARL MEYER, CHRIS MONTESANO, DEANE MOWRER, PAT RUSK, KATHY SCHMIDT, ARTHUR SHEEHAN, STANLEY VISHNEWSKI, HARRY WOODS.

Editorial communications, new subscriptions and change of address:
36 East First St., New York, N. Y. 10003
Telephone 254-1640

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

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

Hans Tunnesen

By DOROTHY DAY

Last month Tom Sullivan wrote of the life and death of a Trappist priest, one of our Catholic Workers, and this month I recount the death of a worker, Hans Tunnesen.

It was hard to see Hans going from us. But we were prepared for it, as he himself was this last year. He lived in great pain, bent over with it, in fact, as he took his daily stroll down the lawn, along the river. There he contemplated the tankers, freighters, tugs and barges which went up and down the Hudson—up to Albany, which I had never thought of before as a port city.

"Yes, it has as deep a harbor as Bayonne," he told me. He had himself soaked on tugs all around the harbor of New York for many years before we met him during the Second World War. He knew the harbor as he never knew the city. He came to us from the city, of course, from Bellevue Hospital where he had been laid up with an infected foot which kept him on crutches.

Released from the hospital, he was given shelter at the Seamen's Institute at South Ferry, and daily he walked uptown (on crutches) to our Mott Street house to partake of our early morning coffee and bread. It was good pumpernickel and Lithuanian rye, day-old bread which we bought from a lower East Side bakery.

It was wartime, and we were so short of help that Smokey Joe always boasted that he and I kept the CW going those war years. He was ignoring Dave Mason, Arthur Sheehan and Fr. Clarence Duffy whose age, illness, or priesthood had kept them from being drafted. It was true—all the young men had gone—there was no longer the dazzling array of youth that lightened the Bowery area by volunteering their vacations, and in some instances gave us literally years of work.

Off to Sea

So Hans came in one early morning to cut the bread for the line, a hard job since it needed a strong arm. But he could not endure the city. Another volunteer took his place, and Hans became cook at Maryfarm, Easton, Pa. That farm overlooked two rivers, and it had the joy and glamor of all beginnings.

Fr. Pacifique Roy, a Josephite was living with us then, and other priests came and gave retreats. But Fr. Roy and Hans and John Filliger, the farmer, together with three girls from the Grail—who had come to help us for a few months—did all the work. No one could keep up with them.

Hans had been born on a farm in

Norway, and he and his twin brother had gone to sea at the age of fourteen. Hans was not a man of many words. We had to piece together his past. He spoke with a strong accent (as Peter Maurin also did) till the end of his days.

"Our mother packed our little sea chests and off we went, sailing all over the world. I was cabin boy. Our father was at sea, too."

Hans' travels meant three ship wrecks; once in the Gulf of Mexico



Robert Hodgson

the crew lost everything. There was no compensation, they ended "on the beach." It has always appalled me how the bureaucracy has made the filling out of forms so impossible to so many of the poor, that they have over and over again been defrauded of their rights—one of the seven deadly sins of our time.

Hans lived as waterfront people lived, all his days, until he came to us. Perhaps it was a year or so after he came that he said to me with his usual wry humor, "When I first came here I thought I was in heaven, sitting down to table with priests and college fellows, and all these beautiful young girls." (He had quite a leer, an inoffensive one, when he spoke of the girls.) "But I sure found out it was like every place else. They were like everyone else." An enigmatic remark, a sad remark in a way, but it also meant he felt perfectly at home with us—that he

(Continued on page 5)

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

The snow flakes (how rare they have been this winter) which began falling this morning, causing Dorothy Day to alter her plans to drive over to visit her sister, have turned into a cold drizzle. Yet from time to time a few birds visit my window feeder, calling out now and then what sounds like an expletive against such weather, a sentiment which I share.

Mike Kreyche, who has just returned from visiting his family in Arizona and from traveling about in Mexico, remarked last night that it was difficult to get used to the dreariness of our weather after the clear, dry sunny days of the Southwest. Yet we have actually experienced an unusually mild January, too mild perhaps for the welfare of our fellow-creatures—the plants and trees. Wild garlic is showing all about the place, I'm told; and I've no doubt that if someone were to take a good look, he would probably find some skunk cabbage pushing through. The other day when I was returning with Dorothy Day from the funeral of Hans Tunnesen, she handed me a sprig of lilac, which she had plucked from the lilac tree growing near the Catholic Worker plot. The little sprig was full of buds, a symbol, I think, of that new life into which our Hans has entered.

Mild January

I have kept the sprig in water in my room, and the buds are still alive and growing. I have another hope of spring in my room, some lovely narcissus bulbs which a kind reader brought me one Sunday morning recently. I keep them well watered, and hope that some day when they bloom, their perfume will sing to me of spring. Even the cocks seem to be crowing with the lusty vigor of springtime—just as Thoreau remarked their doing in a certain January passage of his journal which Dorothy read to me a few days ago. That too was a mild January. And the memory of Thoreau is still green.

This is the last Sunday of January. We still have the harsh Lenten days of February and the choleric moods of March to undergo. But a cardinal told me this morning that, whatever blasts and blizzards await us in the days ahead, spring will surely come, with violets and thrushes and the ebullient omnipresent green of spring.

For all the dreariness of this wintry day, there have been compensations—as there usually are here at our Catholic Worker farm with a view. As usual this morning Father Andy said Mass in our living room, with a good part of the community present. Then we enjoyed a very good Sunday dinner with ham cooked by Jorge Kell. After dinner several persons went into the kitchen to wash dishes and put things in order. Some of the young people played ping-pong, which is competing with the piano and guitar as a healthy outlet and escape from boredom. Some read; some typed articles or letters.

Ed's Reading

As for me, my after-dinner tedium was much relieved by Ed Turner's coming to read to me. He has been reading me Professor William Miller's book *A Harsh and Dreadful Love: Dorothy Day and the Catholic Worker Movement*, and I have been recording it on my cassette as he reads. This book was reviewed by Stanley Vishnewski in the January issue of *The Catholic Worker*. It is certainly written in a lively and interesting manner, and contains much information about the Catholic Worker, as well as some mistakes. But then, whoever wrote a book without making some errors? After I have heard the whole of the book, I shall evaluate it more fully.

Ed is one of those who spent some time in prison as a result of his disagreement with our military authorities. He is an Associate Editor of the *Catholic Worker*, has helped in many phases of the work, has done a great

deal of research on Peter Maurin, and has written some articles for the paper. When he stays with us here at the farm, he gets up very early in the morning and gives the dining room a thorough cleaning. He is also one of the leaders and best elucidators in our discussion groups.

Tomorrow Ed is beginning a teaching job at Blue Heaven Farms, which is a rather unique kind of rehabilitation center for young people recovering from hard-core drug addiction. The program includes arts and crafts, industrial skills, basic learning skills, counselling and other therapeutic activities. Our good friend, Lorraine Freeman, is also teaching at Blue Heaven Farms, and I believe has found it interesting work. It is—this program—funded in part by O.E.O. It is good that holy mother the State sometimes does something good with its money. We shall miss Ed, but we know he will be doing good work.

On the Road

Traveling is, of course, one of the traditional ways to relieve tedium. Many of our young people take off at a moment's notice for almost anywhere, usually hitch-hiking. Not long ago, Father Tony set out on a bus for California, and according to a letter from him, the trip was almost as arduous as the return voyage of Odysseus. Four of our people, Cliff, Vivian, Marty and Ed also participated in the counter inauguration in Washington.

Joe and Audrey Monroe, who failed to get here for Christmas because of Audrey's illness, spent a wonderful weekend with us in January. Jan Kohler is also visiting us again before setting off for her home in Louisiana. She and I have enjoyed some good walks and talks together. Earlier in the month, Jan was godmother to Rosina Rouse, who was baptized by Father Andy, with Kofi acting as godfather.

Library for the Blind

One Monday afternoon in January—and a cold one it was—Clare Danielson drove me to Albany to visit the Library for the Blind. When I could see, I always enjoyed libraries and always visited them wherever I went. But I had never been inside a so-called library for the blind. Books for the blind include Braille books, talking books, that is, books which have been recorded on records or tapes, either for cassette or open-reel machines. The program is sponsored by the Library of Congress and the American Foundation for the Blind. Such books are boxed and go postage-free through the mall. Catalogues and order lists are sent out for ordering. It is an attempt to extend the free library service which the sighted enjoy to the blind and others who are handicapped. Of course there are not as many books available to the blind, but it is a good program and should be encouraged.

There are distribution centers for these books for the blind all over the country. The library for the blind in Albany serves the area in which the Catholic Worker Farm is located. This library proved to be a huge warehouse. We first entered a large room in which several persons were boxing books to go out. Then we met two young librarians who were cordial and helpful. When I expressed an interest in Braille books, we were taken to that section where Mr. Stamis, who is in charge of Braille books, did everything he could to find the kind of books I wanted. He found two volumes of poetry—one, selections from Robert Frost, and the other, selections from Gerard Manley Hopkins. He promised to send me *Alice in Wonderland*—which I have been re-reading ever since I was a child—soon; and kept his word. It is difficult to learn to use Braille when one loses one's vision as an older adult. But with the help of the Perkins Braille—

(Continued on page 7)

Southern Populism: Small Farmers Make Demands

By MARGE BARONI

One swallow doesn't make a summer, but when two move in something is going on among the swallows.

Populism doesn't happen when one group of working men and women who've never organized before begin to get together as did the southern pulpwood workers in 1971. When southern cotton farmers, small landholders all, begin to gather together and talk about cotton prices, and over-planting, and the crushing competition from the big operators, it's still not populism. But the coming of the small cotton farmer into the growing number of workers organizing to get a hearing from the consumer and the government does say something to those who watch the southern scene, hoping for rejuvenation of human values stifled these long decades by racial hatred and domination.

The cotton farmers are organizing. There's a group just across the river from Natchez, Mississippi in Franklin Parish, Louisiana with a platform of action they're promoting far and wide. They've been to Governor Edwards of Louisiana and now to Mayor Charles Evers of Fayette, Mississippi.

They want Evers to help them get their story to the Department of Agriculture. They want a voice in planning the 1974 farm programs and that must be done before March of 1973. The story of the small farm operators is the same as it has been for the past forty years—the rich gobble up the land and make big operations, and the small family-size farms are obliterated.

Threaten Embargo

The Franklin Parish farmers brought to Fayette a stack of materials they are using to put their story across to those they want to help them. The big cartoon they hired a commercial artist to draw up is based on the theme of a possum up a tree. And the big-money operator is the possum up the tree. At

the bottom of the tree is drawn a pitiful figure—the farm day laborer—and he is tied to the tree with ropes and his back criss-crossed with marks of the whiplash. The leader of the group, Mr. Carl Batey, told me that they'd asked the artist to show the treed moneyman with a bullwhip sticking out of his back pocket. But the artist didn't have room to do it, he said. At any rate, the cartoon is perfectly readable and tells their story to all who will draw near enough to look.

And if that isn't enough, they have a mimeographed sheet with their immediate and future goals set out in beautifully clear outline. It is called the Farmers Plan for Cotton and is really a manifesto. They call for organization and education for organiza-

tion warehouses. The farmers' manifesto says that will "force the cotton mills to the lick-log."

Their beautifully organized statement of future goals wants to emphasize to the U.S. Department of Agriculture that family-sized farm representation be included in writing future farm programs. This necessity is one of the hardest things for a bureaucratic and mechanization-oriented Department of Agriculture to absorb.

The farmers point out that farm day laborers do not enjoy unemployment compensation. The act does not cover them. They want this to be corrected. Both federal and state unemployment compensation laws force employers of one or more employees to pay a tax for their coverage, or close down. These

not swallow the little one. They stress that the farmer and only the farmer is providing the necessities of life; that is, food, clothing and shelter.

Natural Fibers, Not Synthetic

Hidden away in the "Future Goals" section is a loaded bomb. One of the threats the cotton farmer (especially the small one) is faced with every time he gets biggity with a broker or textile mill operator is, "Well, if you won't take the price we offer, we'll go all synthetic." But down in Section D, and numbered 3 is a simple statement, the bomb. "Help alleviate fuel crisis by using natural fiber instead of synthetics."

With Cesar Chavez and his United Farm Workers Organization spreading, with the boycott of Farrah slacks, with the quietly growing pulpwood workers organizations, the small cotton farmer is moving into position. There will eventually be a coalition—a coalescence, a natural alliance. That alliance will also include the small wheat and grain farmers after the latest government robbery they suffered. And coming to meet this coalition are the environmentalists and the geologists who are aware that the natural resources for fuel are nearing depletion throughout the world.

Not least of this last triumvirate is that growing group of people, *environmentalists young and old*, who are shedding the trappings of artificiality. The health-food faddists, the consciousness-three people who are not interested in the latest fads and materials in clothing, but who want natural fibers in their clothing. The natural alliance will be augmented by all of these last.

No— one swallow does not make a summer—but something really is going on. If Mayor Evers is successful, as he was once with the pulpwood workers, in focussing attention on the needs of the small family farmer, then the south can rise again.



Rita Corbin

tion for all small farmers; they call for "Goug(ing) and prod(ding) the consciences of mill merchants and cottonseed mills to come into market now with ethical prices." Their ultimate weapon, if arousing consciences fails, is to impose a total embargo on all cot-

small farmers are concerned about workers even more defenseless than they, the farm day laborers.

They want to guarantee cost of production to all producers, and guarantee a living for family-sized farmers. They want to make sure the big farmer does

Peace Chronicle

By EILEEN EGAN

The last issue of the Catholic Worker carried a set of letters entitled "Non-violence in Vietnam: An Exchange." As a party to that exchange, I pointed out that the new "Gospel of Liberation" as enunciated by many "means that one must identify not only with the oppressed but with their violence." The last four words were dropped from the copy inadvertently. What Gandhian Christians (followers of Jesus who find Satyagraha a practical embodiment of His teachings) are trying to say is that men on both sides of a violent conflict are victims because they are dragged into killing other human creatures. Those who are fighting on what we call the "unjust" side are doubly victims since they have been conscripted for an evil cause. Those on the "just" side may be fighting for a good cause but are utilizing inhuman means in the struggle. Let us not delude ourselves. Every side in every war today finds that most of the targets are noncombatants—children, women with children, the aged, and in general the less mobile members of the community.

Time was, when the spiritual leaders, including the Catholic bishops, of the various countries, made a determination of the justness of the cause in an armed struggle. Need it be pointed out that national hierarchies invariably announced that their own side was fighting the "just war"? At a plenary session, however, the Bishops of France denounced such practices.

"Certain bishops appear to take one side or another. This is not their role. By taking sides bishops arouse passions even further and dig divisions yet deeper. It is the mission of the

church of Christ to love and help all men. All victims are our brothers, and what anyone suffers, the Church suffers with him."

The message of Jesus is not selective love, but love for all, and the Christian must resist all wars, must oppose the killing or injuring of any human creature.

Mass of Atonement—Vietnam

On January 20, 1973 a Mass of Atonement was held at the Church of St. Paul the Apostle under the sponsorship of Pax Christi, the Catholic Worker, and a group of lay people headed by Mrs. Sally Cunneen. The Rev. Lyle Young led the celebrated Mass. Before the liturgy Alan Solomonow recited the Kaddish for the dead and blew the shofar as a sign of atonement and cleansing from sin. The Rev. John Sheerin delivered the homily.

Vietnam's Future

Rabbi Mark Tannenbaum made a far-reaching proposal on Sunday, February 4. Learning that Pope Paul VI had asked for prayers and a collection for Vietnam in all of Italy's Catholic churches on that Sunday, Rabbi Tannenbaum suggested that Americans urge their own faith communities to hold a special collection for the rebuilding of Vietnam. The Vietnam collection could be held at a special time—a good time would be the Easter-Passover season. Readers should urge church leaders to undertake such a special collection for all of war-ravaged Indochina.

The Welfare of All

Sarvodaya, meaning "the welfare of all," is the title of an international monthly digest published in English

(Continued on page 4)

Thoreau and Civil Disobedience

By JAMES D. VICKERY

More than one hundred years have elapsed since Henry David Thoreau wrote his essay on "Civil Disobedience." In this essay Thoreau hoped to effect change by appealing "to a human force and not a brute force." Thoreau knew well the significance of true ethics and the value of a man who has "a bone in his back which you can not pass your hand through." Every act, he implied, has a personal effect, a social effect, and hence, a universal effect. Like the oriental Law of Karma, every act reaps its like reward; good producing good and evil producing evil. Sinfulness, in a sense, is social irresponsibility, an act done without honest reference to its effect. And what should our social actions effect, despite their frequent triviality? They should help, in a social sense, to remove all obstacles which inhibit or prevent people from experiencing the happiness of true freedom.

For Henry David Thoreau, the greatest obstacle to man's true freedom is a product of his own creation: a government created to govern, in so far as it is expedient, yet, given corruption and the weak characters of most men, transformed into a "machine," enslaving those whom it was created to serve. And how does one remove the obstacle, a "machine" that has transgressed its purpose? By refusing it one's allegiance, i.e., by retaining one's conscience and character. Indeed, for Thoreau, the greatest possible patriotism, or "highest virtue," is to "dissolve the union between oneself and the union." That is, we serve the real state, the people, and further their happiness, by preventing self-enslavement to an

organization that has usurped its power from the people and placed it in its own hands. To do this is to recognize the palpable reality of kin, cousin, and neighbor no matter how distant. In short, we live our allegiance to the real nation, the real state: palpable, tactile, and human. The other, the "machine," is the inventor of imaginary boundaries, the constructor of prisons, and the wagger of war.

The True Patriot

The government is a "machine," a human contrivance, out of control (like Steppenwolf's "monster"), not governed by real men in good conscience, but by its own rules of order, decrees, and dictates. The government does not represent men, although it wishes us to believe it does, but serves itself to further its own ends and the pockets of those who uphold it. Consequently, the true patriot is he who, to defend man's liberty, lets his/her life be "a counter friction to stop the machine." That is, the truly responsible person, committed to people and not to a misguided machine, will listen to the beckoning of his conscience (often too dim), and, acting not from fear but courage, will declare his liberty, and its concomitant love, by recognizing a higher law innate to man.

Henry David Thoreau, in "Civil Disobedience," spoke of a freedom that knows no bars and sees no walls. His was a freedom that knew no boundaries, fought no wars, and felt no restrictions.

"Jesus would not make atom bombs. Why should you pay for them?"

Ammon Hennacy

Prisoners' Group Finds Hope

By TED GLICK

Over the past several years interest in prisons and involvement with prisoners have increased throughout the country as a result of the mounting number of those imprisoned for protest activities, and because of the growing vociferousness of prisoners to be treated as human beings. At the same time another phenomenon has developed: the emergence of anti-war protests from inside the prisons—both by those in prison for war resistance, and by those who have developed into resisters while there. As I write, a Fast for Peace is taking place inside Lewisburg federal prison. An undetermined number of inmates are taking only water there. It began on Thanksgiving and is intended to continue until Christmas. I myself was on a thirty-four-day liquid fast last summer which began in Danbury, Conn. and ended in Springfield, Mo. Our fast centered around both the operations of the federal parole board and the treatment of political prisoners on Con Son Island, South Vietnam. This summer eleven prisoners from Danbury, of whom only three were draft resisters, fasted for thirty days against the war.

Prisoners Strike For Peace

In response to that fast, several ex-Danbury inmates organized a fast, vigil

and seventy-mile pilgrimage to New York City intended to focus attention and to make visible the involvement of prisoners, present and former, in the anti-war struggle. They called themselves Prisoners Strike for Peace (156-Fifth Ave., Room 439, N.Y., N.Y. 10010). Soon after, action work was begun around the case of Fr. Phil Berrigan,



who at that time had just been denied a parole hearing by the federal parole board. Included were a week of actions in Washington, D.C., the arrest of 15 people before Nixon's Re-election Headquarters, and the organizing of a massive letter-writing campaign to the

parole board. The result is an accomplished fact: the release of Phil Berrigan from prison on Dec. 20, 1972.

A former Danbury inmate and faster, I am currently working with Prisoners Strike for Peace. We work in a number of areas: searching out ex-prisoner and prisoner contacts, relating to and working with the Peoples' Coalition for Peace and Justice, speaking before various groups, and developing a supply of resource materials for distribution. In the future we plan to do some intensive traveling to meet with people, to talk from our experience as resisters and as ex-prisoners, and to increase communication and a sense of network among those currently working in local areas.

New Men And Women

We believe that there is a great deal to learn about the society from the experience of prison. Prison is in no way entirely different from the world outside. By its processes of heavy surveillance, restricted activity, milk-sop reforms and heavy overkill, it is a testing ground for a society waiting in store for all of us if we do not become aware of the fact and respond accordingly.

At the same time, prisons can be places of political and human growth. Blacks, Chicanos, Puerto Ricans and Native Americans are rediscovering a history and an identity stolen from them. And some prisoners are being transformed from "criminals" into New Women and New Men.

Community Can Overcome Fear

We learned in prison of the necessity of community. We learned that the greatest impediment to human progress and the cause of justice is not prison, death or tyrannical government, but fear. We learned that it is only when fear is overcome that true freedom in responsible action and life-style is possible.

There is no question in our minds that it is the sense of community, still present now that we are out of prison, which is the key to the development of a meaningful and powerful movement. To share one another's lives, to learn to love and trust honestly and truthfully, to act and work and risk together—all of these are crucial in overcoming

fear and in building a human, responsible alternative to this society.

At Prisoners Strike for Peace we realize that it is not enough simply to be against the war. It is the system of bureaucratic, corporate capitalism which is responsible for our involvement in Indochina. We recognize that our struggle is but one part of a world-wide revolution of people determined to create decent lives for themselves and bring justice to their society. Towards that end we plan to actively search out and create connections with those in other countries who have been imprisoned for revolutionary activity, to develop international ties with other radical movements.

Hope Comes From The Bottom

Hope and strength often come from looking to the lowest levels and the grass roots of a society and of our lives. Hope comes to me from the Black liberation movement, the Chicano and Native American struggles, the women's movement. It comes also from those at the absolute bottom of things—prisoners. It comes from prisoners who are transformed from criminals into resisters while behind bars, from



the continuing acts of protest from behind the walls, and from the strong and clear writings of prisoners such as George Jackson, Philip Berrigan and Malcolm X, writings which are deep, inward, rich in meaning and power. This depth arises because these men have lived with a form of death and overcome it. They have realized the truth, and it has set them free to share it with others.

Village for Handicapped

By PATRICK MURRAY

Innisfree Village is an interdependent working community with mentally retarded adults—an attempt to absorb these handicapped into a community of non-handicapped men, women and children. We are seeking here to present a creative alternative to the grave problem of caring for, educating and working with mentally retarded adults.

The village itself occupies four hundred acres of sweeping farmland adjacent to the Shenandoah National Forest in central Virginia. Our large houses are shared equally in family units by houseparents, their own children and the handicapped Villagers. We all take our meals together in a family atmosphere and share in the responsibility for household maintenance.

At present we are thirty-two people, eleven Villagers, two natural families with six children, and five single co-workers, living in two households. A third, six-bedroom house is under construction which incorporates a spacious weavery. A fourth house is planned for spring, if sufficient funds are available at that time.

A sizeable portion of food needs are provided by our gardens and orchard, plus livestock and a small dairy herd. Whole wheat bread from our bakery is marketed in nearby Charlottesville. Weaving, and durable toy trucks are being produced in our craft shops, and a part of our operating expenses are recovered by marketing feeder calves. At present the village is largely supported by the Villagers' fees. Our goal is to be as self-sufficient as possible. But the bulk of our expenses must be met, as in the past year, by individual contributions.

Innisfree is built on the idea that, given a natural environment, the handicapped can unfold his maximum personal potential with self-respect, dignity, confidence and cheer. Here he will live in an environment that no longer marks him as different, but offers him the benefit of a sheltered community built entirely around him, his needs and his capacities.

Everyone living in the village is a full-fledged and full-time member of the community, and therefore is not considered a patient to be nursed, kept occupied, entertained or treated in any

special way. There is no separation into patient-staff relationships. The handicapped Villager is guided by his own intuitions, a growing sense of self-awareness and an understanding of the needs of others. Each Villager comes to recognize his own worth, sensing that he has rights within the community, as well as daily, supervised duties. This is a place where a person can say, "I'm retarded; this is my life; this is where I can function. I live in a community where I need not be told that I am a member—I know I am a member."

Why do individuals and families without mental handicaps come to live at Innisfree? A desire to be useful, to help the mentally handicapped must be a bond and a reason common to all, but there is more.

There is a desire to find and build an alternative to the life that they had lived—to work the land, build their houses, effect human relationships unbound by ambition, social worth, and the intensity of competition for wealth and position.

As a member of the community, the co-worker is maintained in the same way as his colleagues and assumes the same obligation to contribute his full working capacity to the common cause. He is provided with food, a furnished household, clothing, and medical care as well as the means of gratifying (in a modest way) such cultural and intellectual needs as buying books, attending University courses, going to a play or concert and an annual holiday.

Freed from the competitive struggle for a high income, business, professional, or social advancement, and the necessity of acquiring "things," he is able to concentrate with serenity and dignity on those tasks which he sets for himself within the community.

He finds his reward in the total involvement of his life and work with no separation between the two.

We believe the village will rise and grow because of the natural needs of those of us who live and work here. We need people (Villagers and co-workers) and money. Contributions toward our work and information concerning our program should be sent to Innisfree Village, Rt. #2, Box 506, Crozet, Va. 22932.

Peace Chronicle

(Continued from page 3)

in South India. It is invaluable to those concerned with the ongoing Gandhian social revolution in India as well as to those involved with the peace movement. Each issue of Sarvodaya carries extracts from the writings of present-day Gandhian activists and from the works of Gandhi. A year's subscription is \$3 (airmail \$7) obtainable through Arthur Harvey, Greenleaf Books, South Ackworth, New Hampshire, or direct from Sarvodaya, Thanjavur, Tamilnad, South India.

Pax Christi

The International Congress of Pax Christi, held in Strasbourg, France, in November, 1972, brought together over 1,000 participants from a score of countries to consider the theme "Nonviolent Builders of the New Society." Cardinal Bernard Alfrink, president of the international peace group, reiterated the call for nonviolent action. "Nonviolence," he pointed out, "does not mean passivity and resignation to injustice. Nonviolence is an active struggle for a progressive realization of justice so that the means used in this struggle are not in contradiction with the aim which is to be reached."

The English Bulletin of Pax Christi, which has replaced the Pax Bulletin, is available to American readers. It is published quarterly and can be obtained from the Pax Christi Secretary,

Peace News House, 5 Caledonian Road, London N. 1. Pax Christi Bulletin, \$1.50 annually.

Community for Creative Nonviolence

We hear from our friends in the Community for Creative Nonviolence (936-23rd St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20037) that they received an amazing number of letters from CW readers after we described their work in a previous Peace Chronicle. They are deeply grateful for this response. In that report a plan for a center to feed Washington's homeless was outlined. This center or soup kitchen was to be called Zacheus. It happened not long ago that Mother Teresa of Calcutta and I were dashing about Washington the day Zacheus opened. On the way to the train we went to the soup kitchen, and were welcomed on the line by the Rev. Ed Guinan who had just finished making his first kettle of soup. Mother Teresa and I were among the first to know the hospitality of Zacheus. We sat on benches and enjoyed the hot soup and good bread with the members of the street community. By the beginning of 1973, about 125 persons were being given a daily meal at Zacheus.

The next work of the Community for Creative Nonviolence is a House of Hospitality for the neediest of the street community and for transients.

Hans Tunnesen

(Continued from page 2)

was dealing with reality. "All is not gold that glitters." "Handsome is as handsome does." (My own mother humorously was fond of these aphorisms.)

Carpenter and Baker

Hans loved to work. He had a companion in Fr. Pacifique Roy, a French Canadian, who piped our water down to house and barn from a hillside spring, and who installed electricity, cemented over the barn floor and the cow stalls to make a great hall which was dining room, living room and kitchen. Hans' kitchen coal stove, large as it was, was not adequate to heat it, so Fr. Roy built a great fireplace with chimney extending up thru the library-sitting room and then thru the roof. Two loft dormitories were on one side—on the other side, the chapel.

Hans cooked and baked and helped Fr. Roy with carpentry. There was an abundant supply of food including fish and chicken which the priest knew how to wrangle from the chain stores on Saturday nights (food that would spoil, if kept, but we had a big population to eat it).

Hans taught us all to bake from that day to this, though now the new vogue among some of the young means that those emulating the Way of the Pilgrim with his sack of bread and Bible, bake bread made of wholewheat, rye, soybean flour, cornmeal, molasses and who knows what other nourishment all combined which has to be cut with a saw. (I do not know any "walking" pilgrims. Only hitchhikers.) But they all know how to bake good bread, too. And they like to experiment.

Hans helped work as carpenter on the chapels at the Newburgh farm later, and the Peter Maurin farm on Staten Island. His most triumphant baking exploits were at Peter Maurin farm where in a little brick shed, which had been a cannery, we installed a "surplus commodity" oven from an Army-Navy store which could bake for hundreds. Mixing the dough by hand in a huge wash tub, he produced a hundred loaves for our soup line which did not need a strong arm man to cut it and took into consideration the toothless.

Many a time former Bishop Shannon, then studying at Yale, drove down from New Haven to visit us and delivered a carload of our bread to our Chrystie Street House of Hospitality (always taking one fragrant loaf himself, "for pay" he said).

When I told of Hans' baking at one of my speaking engagements, a judge's wife gave me a hundred dollars (or more?) for an electrified mixer, and when she found that our editor and bursar, Tom Sullivan, had used the money for some pressing bill, she swore that she'd never give another dime. Tom was a city man and never went for this farm stuff! Why bake when we could get lots of free bread from bakeries and "day-old" cost sometimes as low as 5 cents a loaf?

Compline

Fr. Roy and Hans were a good team, but Hans, a non-churchgoing Lutheran, was not converted by Fr. Roy who heavily condemned smoking and drinking as "attachments." Hans loved his beer and would walk miles to get it when appreciative guests used to give him a few dollars. He did enjoy going to Compline every night, especially since

we sang the hymns. Coming up the stairs from the basement kitchen he'd say, "Shall we complain?" The word Compline was a mystery to his Lutheran training.

Fr. Shritz, an 80-year old retired priest from Minnesota, stayed with us a few years at Maryfarm, Newburgh. After "complaining," Hans and Fr. Shritz used to sit down to a game of pinochle while they smoked big black cigars! Whether it was during or after the game that they discussed Lutheranism and Catholicism, I don't know. But they studied Catechism and Hans remembered his, and accepted the mysteries the Catholic Church presented to him, and was formally "received" into the Church. From then on, a picture of the Virgin and a rosary hung over the bed. I have his rosary around my neck now. (There is no pocket in my dress.) His crucifix, a black iron Christ on a plain wood cross, and a worshipping angel, a foot high (which probably came from some church Christmas creche) on top of his wardrobe completed the decoration of his little ship-shape room. Not a superfluous thing in it, only a change of clothes, and a good, unworn suit put away for his burial. Nearly eighty, he was ready to die.

He did not want to go to the hospital. He had been only to emergency wards in the thirty years with us. Once he broke his wrist in a fall. Once he was bitten in the calf of the leg by an enraged sow when he was attempting to save her new litter from the boar, who had gotten into the sow's enclosure. (At that time we had sheep too, which devoured Stanley's large and perfect garden in one night when they were suddenly left out of their enclosure.) We were foolish enough not to want either man or beast imprisoned. Hans had lived close to beasts in his childhood and could have taught us



much, but he preferred the sociability of the kitchen, especially the appreciative attentions of the girls.

My daughter and grandchildren grew up knowing him and he loved them all and visited with me when they lived in West Virginia, and literally watched their growth from birth. (Two were born at Easton, Pa., two at Stotler's Crossroads, West Virginia, four at Staten Island, and only one in Vermont. The afternoon the day before he died, his voice was very weak, but he took out a bill from his wallet (ten dollars)—his entire worldly wealth—and said, "Send it to Susie" who is having her second child soon out in California.

When he died, he had one dollar and a dime in his wallet.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His little ones. He was anointed, there was a "wake" at the funeral parlor in Rhinebeck and those he loved said the rosary for the repose of his soul. He had earned his living literally by the sweat of his brow, and the suit he was laid out in was one he had put aside for the purpose less than a year ago. He gave us, and all who came to us, far more than we gave him, like so many of those who come in to us from "off the line." My heart swells in gratitude to him and to the dear Lord who sends us such friends and fellow workers.

36 East First

By ELLEN MOORE

As I walked down Chrystie Street Park this morning, I suddenly realized that spring is very close at hand. The temperature hovered at a comfortable, almost warm level, and the brisk winds seemed gentler. Further downtown, on Grand Street, I noticed some elderly people taking advantage of the early sunshine. Propped up in their folding chairs, they were talking and drowsing in small groups on the sidewalk.

The winter is a hard time for the poor, and none of us will be sad to see it go. Many members of our family were afflicted with the flu which was a plague throughout the country. Bob Baez, John-Michael, Anna, Mary, Jane, Julia, Michael Kirwan, Bob Murphy, Mike DeGregory, Jan, Ed Forand, Susie, Angie and her husband Ray, Catherine, Pat, Tim, Polish Mike, Frank Donovan, Arthur Lacey, Jean-Pierre, Bill and Ellen Heine all were sick. Dorothy was still convalescent after a particularly severe bout with "the bug" when she came down for her pre-Christmas visit. Hiram escaped the epidemic, but spent several weeks in the hospital undergoing treatment and surgery for frostbite on his feet. But all are well on the road to recovery now.

Holidays

The winter is also a time of great joy, especially at Christmas. Harold Henry Gay outdid himself in devising decorations out of odds and ends which transformed the second floor. An Advent wreath hung from the ceiling of our first-floor kitchen, thanks to the creativity of Michael Kirwan. Walter arranged our Christmas cards in fantastic displays of color on the walls.

Carmen Mathews, a good friend of the C.W. and a fine actress, read Dylan Thomas' "A Child's Christmas in Wales" at our traditional holiday meeting (the last Friday before Christmas). This was followed by the unaccustomed luxury of fruitcake, stollen, and Jonas' fragrant tea—all eaten in the soft glow of our Christmas tree, procured through the capabilities of Earl. Carmen's warmth and simplicity gave the evening a real glow of family intimacy.

On Christmas Eve, the gifts (which had been selected and wrapped by Sandy, Jan, Kathy, et al.) were distributed with great flair by Jean-Pierre. Afterwards we all sang carols (greatly aided by Rosemary Morse and her electric organ), until time for midnight Mass.

Many people also shared birthdays during this time: Pat and John Geis in December; Walter, Mary, Jean-Pierre, and Arthur Lacey in January; Danny, Mike DeGregory, Bob Murphy, Ida, Richard, Darwin, Micki, and myself in February. And no occasion for celebration can go ignored at the Catholic Worker!

Comings and Goings

Our family has experienced growing pains over the last months: Mark Samara left in December for sunny Los Angeles, and lunch is simply not the same without his caustic wit and philosophical discussions; Tom has returned to Ohio after many months of loving service; Bill Butler has returned to the Ammon Hennacy House in L.A., and his political opinions are sorely missed; Jim Chapman's new residence is the farm, which he describes as "practically a Garden of Eden"; Jean-Pierre just returned from a visit with his parents in Denver; Pat and Kathleen visited the DeSutters in St. Louis, and Susie shared the ride in order to spend Christmas with her family there; Sr. Mary Bernard flew to Florida to spend some time with her father.

New people have come to share our home. Danny has just joined us from a seminary in Rhode Island, and his

sense of humor makes everything more fun. Bob Murphy came to us from St. Francis House in Montreal, and dinners have not been the same since. Susie, the "pint-sized volunteer," arrived in late November, and is a very stabilizing influence in the third floor dormitory. Anne Marie has given up teaching for cooking, but her "school teacher attitude" has calmed many a tempestuous situation. Richard is back, and now it's hard to understand how we ever got along without him. Tim can really handle a bowl of soup like a pro. Pat Murray comes on weekends, when he can slip away from medical school at Stony Brook. Bob drives in from New Jersey at all hours, and is truly the master of the "odd job."

Mainstays

With all the sickness and travel, there's no way we could have managed without our strongest members. John McMullen cooked soup in a veritable marathon while Ed was sick, and kept the soup-line running smoothly. Richard answered the door with his usual enthusiasm, and kept the evening meal as calm as possible. Esther, Charles, Bob Baez, John-Michael, Wong, Gus, Sandra, Harold Henry, and Frank Camella with John Geis made sure that the paper got out in time. Indian Jim fixed two radios so that we could have music while we worked. Mr. Anderson kept the fourth floor in fine order. Sal made sure that there was enough milk and margarine on the tables at dinner. Brother Paul's help is priceless in making our small backyard tidy, and at times he can even favor us with a song!

Somehow, old ideas keep popping up with new life. Vespers has begun again as a nightly gathering, capably led by Michael Kovalak, with an occasional guest commentary by Mary Lathrop. Michael Kirwan, Danny, and Anne Marie have cleaned out the back of the Clothing Room and installed benches, so that the men might wait inside, out of the wind. They even rounded up a transistor radio. Richard has revived the custom of "tea at two" to the gratification of all. Arthur Sullivan just gave us a tasty week of bread baking, an experience that was both delightful and fun.

We have always been fortunate in having interesting speakers at our meetings, and January was not an exception; Igal Roodenko led a superb discussion on new directions for the peace movement; Marcos Munos spoke on the present situation of the farm workers; Sr. M. Luke Tobin shared her experiences as an "envoy of peace" in



Ade Bethune

The National Farm Worker Health Group is seeking medical personnel: doctors, nurses, lab and x-ray technicians, dentists, to help in establishing new farm worker medical clinics. Join us in working to bring better living conditions and health care to farm workers. For details contact:

National Farm Workers
Sister Pearl McGivney
P.O. Box 131
Keene, Ca. 93531

Europe; and Paul Avrigh of Queens College explored the thought of the anarchist Peter Kropotkin. The National Council of Catholic Women presented *Something Beautiful for God*, a film on Mother Teresa and her Missionaries of Charity in Calcutta.

Marion Duke, a long time friend of the Catholic Worker, and a member of our family, died recently. She was a tiny bundle of energy, well known to us all. We all mourn her here, and ask your prayers.

Chinese Revolution Gives Lessons

(Continued from page 1)

factions in a non-violent intervention.

Hinton sets down his informants' stories without comment so that the book seems at times to proclaim the clear-sightedness from the outset of the victor, Mao Tse-tung. Though the reader may suspect that there were more doubtful twists and turns to events than appear in this account, it is hard to imagine how Hinton could have written otherwise without relying on unfounded speculation.

One reason Hundred Day War is so compelling is simply that it is a tale of world adventures in, to us, exotic settings. Students trek all over China by train and on foot fomenting rebellion against bureaucratic Party officials and visiting the historic sites of the Chinese revolution. When the factions form up against one another (each labelling the other "counter-revolutionary"), they call themselves the "Heaven" and the "Earth" factions, taking the names from their bases at the Aeronautical Institute and the Geological Institute.

But the book also makes clear the deadly seriousness of the Cultural Revolution. The upheaval was an effort, simply staggering in its immensity, to involve all the millions and millions of Chinese, as conscious participants, in building an equalitarian socialist society. The sheer numbers involved may explain in part what so often seems strident to the American reader: the huge detachments of people marching about, the constant rallies, the importance of symbolic actions such as Mao's gift of mangoes to the workers intervening at Tsinghua, and the interminable sloganeering.

Cure the Disease

For all the seriousness of the struggle, since the budding bureaucrats and academic professionals did not give up their privileges easily, there was a remarkable strain of non-violence about the Cultural Revolution. This is not to say that China as a nation-state has embraced non-violence: Mao's dictum "political power grows out of the barrel of a gun" still stands in relation to China's capitalist and socialist enemies.

In fact, one way of looking at the Cultural Revolution would be to see it mobilizing the potential nationalism of the Chinese masses against external threats. But within China, the object was not to annihilate the enemy, but to reconcile him: the Maoist maxim for the Cultural Revolution was "cure the disease and save the patient."

Thus, most of the action began with familiar forms of non-violent protest. Students pushed their demands through posters, leaflets, sit-ins, and hunger strikes. Only when factionalism divided those who had begun with common aims did bloody fighting begin. The most striking section of Hundred Day War is the account of the workers non-violently halting the student factional fight for the campus. After the fighting had gone on for several months, thirty thousand Peking workers occupied Tsinghua repeat-

intervention gives the flavor of the action: "Some hotheads wanted to strike back. I got very angry myself. As the reports flowed in of more wounded and more killed, I cursed and pounded my fist on the table, but in the end I still had to calm down, because we had come for propaganda work, not for fighting. . . . One wrong word could have cost many lives; one wrong word could have led to disaster. Bloody incidents were swirling all around us, but we had to stick to one idea and one idea only: 'Use reason, not violence; use reason, not violence.' . . . What we really depended on was the workers' loyalty to Mao Tse-tung. . . . With 30,000 people one can't rely on the consciousness of a few, for there are always those who have lost contact with headquarters. They still have to stick to their orders, no matter what the provocation. And they stuck, in the main, throughout that terrible day and

and advancement came to depend more on work experience than on performance on tests. Before the Cultural Revolution, an older electronics professor had refused to lecture on transistors because his American training had not included the "subject" and he feared losing prestige. The textbooks he had written were full of abstruse mathematical formulas which made experienced workers in electronics plants feel they could not grasp the matter which was their daily work. By giving classes in factories to those who already knew the practical side of electronics so much more intimately than he, he learned to connect his research and writing with practical needs. He summarized his new insight: "working people create the world." I was reminded of Paulo Freire's *Pedagogy of the Oppressed* which describes education as a dialogue eliciting from both educator and educated the liberating consciousness that, as a Chilean peasant put it, "without man, there is no world."

Hinton's report of China is disturbing as well as enlightening. How soundly based can the great thrust toward equality be when it depends on loyalty to one man's dictums? Can a human society really go forward at the peak of intensity which the Cultural Revolution demands from Chinese? The continual self-questioning and striving to become "new socialist men" seems to ask a daily struggle for impossible, heroic virtue. (And yet Christians are called to an even more impossible, heroic virtue: "You must be perfect, just as your heavenly Father is perfect.")

But whatever misgivings we may have, we should be glad there is a society which seems to be trying, not only to fulfill its people's material needs, but also, unprecedentedly, to raise individuals within it consciously out of themselves to serve their fellows. And we can pray that that spirit of reconciliation which prevailed within China during the Cultural Revolution, might come to extend, not only to international injustice certainly, but to the possibility of fellowship with all peoples.



ing the slogan: "Use reason, not violence; form a big alliance." They demanded that the students turn in their homemade weapons, come together in study groups to reconcile their differences, and return to the struggle to restructure their education. Furious students attacked the workers, but although five workers died and 700 were injured, they did not strike back. Thus peace was eventually restored.

One of the leaders of the worker

night. They didn't strike back. They didn't counter-attack."

The reconstruction of education at Tsinghua also came about through reconciliation. Rebellious students, workers who had been attacked by student factionalists, old professors, and party officials joined together to connect technical study immediately with the work of the factories which use scientific knowledge. The demanding grading system was weakened; admissions

Chile Breaks Chain of Oppression

NEW CHILE, Prepared by the North American Conference on Latin America, Box 57, Cathedral Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10025; 1972; pb. \$2.00.

THE CHILEAN REVOLUTION: CONVERSATIONS WITH ALLENDE, by Regis DeBray, 1971; Vintage pb., \$1.95. Reviewed by Jan Adams.

"I invite the North American reader to overcome all prejudice and listen to us with an open mind. To fully grasp what Chilean socialism proposes, an objective understanding is necessary of the true character of our people, whose aspirations, so often passed over or betrayed, are manifestly just. . . . Reformism in Chile has not been able to eradicate the endemic evil of a society which has permitted a life of leisure for a few and deprivation for the majority. The search for a differ-

ent formula, more daring and identified with the common man, could not do other than lead us to socialism, Chilean socialism. . . . We believe in the justness of popular aspirations, for we identify with the peasant, bowed down by his task of providing his daily bread; with the worker who gives us the wealth he has created with his hands; with the white collar worker, the soldier, the intellectual, the student, and all those who have the inalienable right to enjoy the wealth they produce by their effort and sacrifice."

President Salvador Allende's appeal to North Americans to pay open-minded heed to the aspirations of Chilean socialism, embodied in his Unidad Popular government, which unites Communist, Socialist, and several progressive middle class parties, responds to an evident need. If we believe the occasional coverage of Chile in our press, we will get a picture of a country suffering from economic dislocation, shortages of goods, and internal strife threatening imminent collapse, all because it has a Marxist government. We are not getting the whole story by any means.

The two books under review help to provide the information we lack. New Chile, the NACLA publication, is a real mine of back-ground material. It traces the growth of popular leftist groups which led to the UP alliance, surveys the difficulties the Allende government faces from sabotage by the old Chilean oligarchy and from ultra-

leftists who, quite reasonably, suspect the possibility of building a "revolution from above" using the forms of a parliamentary democracy. The book provides an excellent analysis of American exploitation of the Chilean economy, especially its rich copper deposits, through such "developmental" subterfuges as AID and American-dominated international financial institutions. Anyone concerned in translating a vague sense that American business in the "underdeveloped" countries is less than altruistic in to a concrete understanding of how American business robs these countries of the fruits of their resources and labor should read this case history.

The Allende-DeBray conversations are more theoretical. DeBray often pesters Allende again and again to affirm the Marxian-socialist character of his unusual revolution which is proceeding through bourgeois democratic forms. It is as if DeBray, finding his observations of Chilean reality differing from his revolutionary theory, is frightened lest, reporting his observations truly, he somehow loses his Marxist purity. Allende's answers again and again call DeBray and the reader back to the actual history and progress of Chile, seeking to have us look to what is really happening rather than our preconceptions, as in the quote which opens this review.

Neither of these books, both cast within a traditional Marxist framework, answer a question which would occur to CW readers: how are Chilean

and Latin American Christians relating to Chilean socialism?

Fortunately the newsletter of CAGLA (Chicago Area Group on Latin America, 2546 N. Halstead St., Chicago, Ill. 60614, \$2.00 a year) has been giving good coverage to this question, even though it does so with some misgivings, lest by investigation of the Christian position, it fall into unrevolutionary company. Volume 2, No. 4 of the newsletter prints part of the statement of Latin American Christians for Socialism who met in Santiago, Chile in March, 1972.

An article by Joe Collins on the meeting, in the same issue, includes two quotations which are worth thinking about. "As one of the work groups summarized the consensus: 'Christian faith itself is not socialist but it implies a permanent force for breaking the chains of oppression and building a new world. Yet, once motivated by his living faith to such a commitment, the Christian uses the tools of Marxist scientific analysis to determine what liberation concretely means, and how to achieve it. At this time in the history of our peoples, such a Christian is a socialist.' Furthermore, to speak of 'Christian Socialism would be,' as Bishop Mendez Arceo of Cuernavaca told the conference, 'to absolutize socialism and relativize the Christian faith. We already have absolutized Western civilization and bourgeois democracy by naming them Christian, and thereby, have impoverished the Christian faith which is the living experience of God.'"

NOTE CARDS

\$2.00 per doz.
(postage included)

1973 CALENDARS

\$2.00 each
(postage included)

Illustrated by
RITA CORBIN

Write: Rita Corbin
Box 33, Tivoli, N.Y. 12583

+ + + LETTERS + + +

Pilgrim for Peace

Dear Friends and Family:

It has been a dreary Christmas and a sad New Year for those of us who like snow falling instead of bombs. The stores continued peddling an expensive Merry Christmas and the newspaper headlines screamed death and destruction for someone else's Christmas.

Who is responsible? The obvious answer would be Nixon, Kissinger, and Thieu. The world, being a complex place, doesn't lend itself to such an easy condemnation. We are all responsible, no one escapes the burden of guilt.

The problem is what to do? I can't answer or try to convince anyone of what they should do. I'm not even sure of how to be most effective myself. But I do know that I share the responsibility for the death. It isn't just up to someone else to end the war, and it won't end by itself.

I have decided to walk to Washington, D.C. as an expression of my anti-

war sentiment. Along the route I will be encouraging people to do what they can to stop the war and rebuild the destruction. Along with me I will carry a small contribution and a letter to the Bach Mal Hospital fund headed by Ramsey Clark in Washington. My letter will disavow the military actions of our president and hope for the restoration of peace in all of our lives.

There are those of you who will think this is a useless endeavor. It won't end the war. It won't stop the bombs. I may fall in walking all the way. It's an attempt to take some personal responsibility to oppose death and restore some life.

"Just as every soldier shot to death is the eternal repetition of an error, so the truth must be repeated forever and ever in a thousand forms."
—Herman Hesse.

Sincerely,

Deborah A. Peck

(Ed. Note: The author recently delivered this to our First Street House in the course of her walk to Washington.)

Farm With a View

(Continued from page 2)

a kind of Braille typewriter—for writing, and some books which can be read at a more leisurely pace, I think I have already improved. A person who cannot see needs every additional skill and aid he can acquire to give full meaning to his life.

On this trip, as always, Clare's descriptions were invaluable. One needs books, but friends are also necessary.

Farm Folks

Claudia's Spanish class continues to be lively and really helpful in improving one's knowledge of Spanish, Helene Iswolsky, who has just returned from New York City, where she held a very successful Third Hour meeting, is now ready to resume teaching Russian to several really good students. Marge's new guitar, which has a soft and golden sound, is her way of escape from the tedium and frustrations of trying to manage the unmanageable Catholic Worker.

Meanwhile, the new people's food collective—a group of young people who are doing the shopping, meal-planning, and cooking, including baking—is taking some of the burden off Marge. As for really hard work, Marcel is up to his ears in it, since he has been installing the new showers upstairs and trying to make the floors leakproof. If he succeeds, I, for one, will be deeply grateful.

As always, there are more people doing more things than I can mention, but our gratitude goes out to all.

We do miss Hans. He has been so much a part of the Catholic Worker for so long. I hope everyone will read Dorothy's story of Hans, which is in this issue.

One mild afternoon recently I went out for a little walk and found Mike Sullivan taking the sunshine and enjoying the view. It is good to have him back with us.

Night has fallen. More snow, I am told, has also fallen. In the house, the sounds of children romping have subsided under the influence of the sounds coming from the movie Marcel is showing. When I open my window, I hear the music of the little stream flowing down the ravine, almost as in the spring.

We move toward Lent. Let us remember most particularly this Lent the victims of this terrible war, which is now supposedly ending. Let us not forget that we have a share in the sin of this war. Let us do what we can to make such another war impossible. O Christ, teach us your Peace, your Way to resurrection. *Miserere nobis.*

The Work

959 Stevenson North, NIU
De Kalb, Ill. 60115

Dear Friends,

Some may question your support of the derelict and other useless people in our society. After all, why should a person who has chosen to be non-productive eat? It is a good question and one that deserves a good answer, too, because for most people, including myself, money is a heavy investment in blood, sweat, and tears.

Upon some consideration, however, one is humbled and reproved by the fact that we are all sinners in the hands of an angry God who rescues us in spite of the fact that we have fallen by rejecting His love in the first place. Even as God made a heavy investment of his Son in blood, sweat, and tears to save us from eternal death and darkness, so must we save our fallen brethren from the physical wages of their sins.

And so, your work and my work become God's work and we share in His life and become, hopefully, visible instruments of His peace.

Good luck and best wishes,

Bob Olson Jr.

Mental Patients

LAMP

2014 Channing Way
Berkeley, Cal. 94704

Dear Friends,

Thank you so much for the fine article on mental patients in the September, 1972 issue. I agree with Ms. Shewbridge that mental patients may be the single most oppressed minority group of all, and wish there were more awareness of their plight.

I'd like to tell you some things of interest concerning mental patients. *Rough Times* (P.O. Box 89, West Somerville, Mass. 02144; formerly *The Radical Therapist*) printed an October issue dealing with mental patients liberation groups and containing some legal research on the problem based on the work of the Center for the Study of Legal Authority and Mental Patient Status (LAMP). The Center is an agency for research and education concerning the problems of persons accused of mental illness, and the work that will be needed to secure civil rights and simple humanity for the present victim-patient-prisoners. We try to supply information on the present state of mental health institutions to the public and to put interested people all over the country in touch with resources in their area. We need contributions to continue and expand our work and appreciate people send-

ing us news clippings, magazine articles, etc., on mental health law and mental patient-inmates.

Best wishes to you all at the Worker. I've been acquainted with your work since 1964 when Fr. Herbert Rogers, my friend and teacher at Fordham, brought me there for a discussion evening.

Sincerely,

Bob Roth

Ninth St. School

220 East 7th Street
N.Y.C., N.Y. 10009

Dear Friends,

The Ninth St. School is alive and well on Seventh Street! You may remember, we had an article about the school in the January, 1972 edition. At that time, we were struggling along with three volunteer teachers, eight students and a storefront which was given to us by a community agency. Almost immediately after the Worker printed our article, things began to jell. The response from people was warm and welcome. We would like to thank everyone who either gave, wanted to give or just listened to what

with math. Three of the students want to "split" and act out in order to get thrown out for the day. One of them decides that he's been kicked out for good and tells everyone as much so he doesn't have to come back. Alberto nervously chews his finger nails as he plunges into his math lesson. He is much improved over last year and he knows it; but the responsibility that accompanies this growth weighs heavily on his mind, and you can feel him pondering the road ahead. You want to pick him up and carry him through it; but you know that there are certain things you can't do for him.

Problems are dealt with. People are yelled at and screamed at; but no one is brutalized in their being. There is respect, above all. People are hugged and caressed; and this is independent of whether something has happened or not. Sometimes, to admonish is to hug or caress.

At present, we have twenty students, three full-time teachers and two part-time. We have rented a larger storefront with the money we got together from here and there. Three of the teachers are paid by that same community agency that continues to help us. The other two are still waiting for a grant that has never come in. Last spring we got incorporated and applied for tax exemption. But the foundation can't give us the money until we're tax exempt. And in the meantime, we've seen two teachers come and go because they couldn't survive on promises.

So here we are one year later and just about in the same situation. We need rent money for February and March. If you can help, please write or call the NINTH STREET SCHOOL, 220 East 7th Street, N.Y.C. 10009, 212-982-8077.

Shantidas

Community of the Ark
La Borie Noble
Le Bousquet d'Orb—34260—
Herault, France

Dear Dorothy and Dear Eileen:

Deeply thankful for that day passed with you and with the Catholic Workers and their friends. We have been

(Continued on page 8)



Rita Corbin

we had to say. The response brought home to us that we were on the right track and going the right way.

A year has gone by and a lot of things have happened. We are a little bigger, a little older and a little wiser (we hope). One thing that hasn't changed is our philosophy. The kids are still the focal point of everything we do in the school. They and their beings are the most important things to us. I suppose that should say it all. But, I think, more has to be said. Who out there is not for the kids? Quite obviously, it's not what men say, but rather, what they do—either individually or through their institutions, the character of which is determined by the humanness of the builders and shapes the humanness of the inheritors.

An example of a typical day in the school is when Jose comes. Instead of sitting down to his reading lesson, he decides he wants attention and disturbs the others who came to work. Miguel, who all of last year couldn't get through the basic phonetic sounds, is beginning to read and write and is liking it. Rosalie, who hasn't been seen for a week, walks in and sits down as if she hasn't missed a day. Elda, who recently passed the High School Equivalency Test and is eagerly awaiting college, is helping someone else

Friday Night Meetings

January 5—"Something Beautiful for God": Documentary film on the work of Mother Teresa.

January 12—Igal Roodenko: Where Does the Peace Movement Go Now?

January 19—Marcos Munoz: The Meaning of the Lettuce Boycott.

January 26—Sr. Mary Luke Tobin: Religion Girds For Peace.

February 2—Prof. Paul Avrich: The Anarchism of Peter Kropotkin.

February 9—Michael True: The American Tradition of Nonviolence.

February 16—Rev. Thomas Cowley: The Road to Socialism in Chile.

February 23—Joseph Separich: Ritual and Myth in Daily Life.

March 2—Rev. Jude McGeough: Charismatic Renewal and Parish Rebirth.

March 9—Hannah Arendt: Revolution.

March 16—To be announced.

March 23—Rev. Lyle Young: Justice and the Poor.

March 30—Barbara Deming: Some Aspects of Women's Liberation.

The discussions will take place at St. Joseph's House of Hospitality, 36 East 1st St. in Manhattan at 8:30 p.m. They will be followed by partaking of Jonas' sassafras tea.

THOMAS MERTON: SOCIAL CRITIC

THOMAS MERTON SOCIAL CRITIC. A Study by James Thomas Baker. The University Press of Kentucky; Lexington, Kentucky. Pp. vii-173. 1971. \$8.00. Reviewed by Richard Weber, Monk of Gethsemani

In a book review of *Disputed Questions* in the January, 1961 issue of *Sign*, John J. Kirvan, C.S.P., makes the following statement: "It would be interesting to know whether Thomas Merton will be remembered as a sociological phenomenon or a spiritual writer." It is significant that such a remark should have been made eleven years ago—several years before the publication of such studies of social issues as *Seeds of Destruction and Faith and Violence*. It is to this type of question that Baker addresses himself in this book.

It should be stated however that the question is not as simple as all that, and Baker takes great care to point this out. His investigation proves that there was at one time a clear-cut line between the spiritual and social attitudes of Merton. In time, Merton's thought developed from an almost overly spiritual and narrow preoccupation with the problems of the inner life to include the whole of man and his complex relationships. And one of man's basic relationships is with the society in which he finds himself.

The book opens with a biographical sketch, and an interpretation of Merton the man and writer. Merton was a complex and lonely man, and had a near compulsion to put his thoughts and ideas into writing. Baker points out that the monastery made Merton a certain kind of writer. No doubt Merton would have been a writer whether he entered a monastery or not. But by the very fact of being a monk, Merton had a distance and perspective that "gave his life and thought the quality that was uniquely Merton, and any other career would have robbed his work of that quality." (p. 20.)

Baker draws a masterful comparison between what he calls the "early Merton" and the "late Merton," and the way Merton related to the world in these two rather distinct periods. The "early" Merton of *The Seven Storey Mountain* concerned with his own happiness and rejection of the world was to become the "late" Merton of *Seeds*

of *Destruction and Faith and Violence*, listening to the world and addressing himself to its problems. Baker spends many valuable pages tracing Merton's spiritual isolationism to involvement in the affairs of contemporary man.

Merton never lost his interest in contemplation. He did change his opinion that contemplation in the monastic sense was for everyone and that the monastic life was superior to life in the world. As Baker points out so



Robert Hodgell

Christ's Peace

(Continued from page 1)

peace movement which takes some just credit in "forcing the administration to the peace table" by now realizes that for all its efforts and because of them the police forces in most American cities have become veritable armies, that in countless places of commerce and recreation uniformed men with guns are now commonly accepted as part of the landscape.

Our Joy

No, our joy will only come when all the hidden forms of violence have been rooted out, when we seek forgiveness from our brothers and the Lord, "the Lord God, merciful and gracious, patient and of much compassion and true, who keepeth mercy unto thousands who takes away iniquity and wickedness and sin, and no man of himself is innocent before thee" (Exodus 34: 6-7). Joy will come from a change of heart, a change in our way of life. As St. Paul put it, "Put on compassion, kindness, lowliness, meekness and patience. As the Lord has forgiven you, so you must also forgive. Let the peace of Christ rule in your hearts" (Col. 3: 12-15). Peace remains gift and task. There will be no peace as long as we rely on fear, force and violence which perpetuate the total crisis of man in our century—the crisis which denies the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of men.

well in his important chapter: "The Social Ethics of Contemplation": "It was only in the latter part of his career that Merton finally achieved what he had worked for all his life: a consistent and reasonable theology of contemplation." (p. 45.) It is to Merton's everlasting credit that he was to overcome the "holier-than-thou" pose that marked much of his earlier writing. Merton's new attitude was truly refreshing. He came to realize that both secular and monastic contemplatives must devote themselves to the world as well as to God, and neither the monastic nor the secular contemplative life is an escape from time, matter, or social responsibility.

A chapter called "The Battle of Gog and Magog" (Gog or the East, is a lover of power while Magog, or the West, is a lover of money) presents Merton's basic ideas on Communism, Americanism, Marxism, and nationalism. This is one of the most important chapters for understanding Merton's criticism of modern philosophy and culture. This chapter also contains Merton's thought on modern war—especially nuclear war.

In the fifth chapter, "Grim Reaper of Violence," Baker presents Merton's stand on the issues of race, nonviolence, and especially the Vietnam war. These positions are generally well known, so it remains to enlarge on a Baker statement that: "One obvious characteristic of Merton's social criticism, both of the world and of Ameri-

can society, was his tendency to oversimplify." (p. 113.) Here Baker accuses Merton of not giving both sides of the story, but simply presenting the facts that supported his own theories. Despite this apparent shortcoming, Baker gives Merton credit for his prophetic insight and a deep interpretation of events. "His (Merton's) predictions about America's racial crisis, his advice to the Church about what position to take on the moral issues of the day and his analysis of the cause and future course of the war in Vietnam have all proved incisive and prophetic." (p. 114.)

In the sixth and final chapter, Baker discusses what he calls Merton's "Catholicism in the Modern World." Baker points out that Merton aspired to be a true Catholic in the traditional definition of the word—"universal." And a serious study of this chapter will reveal Merton's universal concern which extended to non-Christian and even atheistic thought. His interest in the various Christian schools of thought—Catholic and Protestant alike—attests to the fact that his thought and interest ran the whole gamut from the Protestant Reformation right up to Bishop J.A.T. Robinson, Harvey Cox, Thomas Altizer and the rest.

Perhaps more important even than his dialogue with his "separated brethren" and the atheist was Merton's contact and dialogue with Eastern religions. As Baker writes: "He (Merton) came to believe that the survival of mankind depended upon a synthesis of Eastern and Western cultures and that the histories and philosophies of India, Japan,

and China should be studied alongside those of Greece and Rome in American universities." (p. 135.) Above all, Merton loved Zen. He wrote constantly on it: first *Mystics and Zen Masters*, then *Zen and the Birds of Appetite* along with a barrage of articles and reviews. He was familiar with Mircea Eliade's brilliant and seminal work: *From Primitives to Zen*. Merton in fact reviewed this work in the August 23, 1967 issue of the *National Catholic Reporter*.

In conclusion, Baker's message is that there is a thread that runs through all Merton's works, from the early poetry through his "spiritual" writings to the social and ecumenical teachings of the 1960's, and this thread is the theme of unity: unity of man with God and of man with man. This is not an oversimplification. It is rather the logical conclusion reached by anyone who does an in-depth study of Merton such as the one by Baker. Merton, then will be remembered neither as a "spiritual writer" nor a "sociological phenomenon." He will be remembered rather as a man who by constant struggle and suffering succeeded in combining both roles; the result: a profound unity, and a unique vocation.

Any comment on this work would be incomplete without mention that the book contains a bibliography of Merton works, notes on the chapters, and a comprehensive index. All of which combine to make this a work of true value not only to the student of Merton's social criticism, but to the student of his spirituality as well.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 7)

reading the *Long Loneliness* in its French translation—a very moving and very inspiring book. What a lesson of life. We want our companions and friends to read it.

It is amazing to see how near we are to Peter Maurin on all points of doctrine. Keep good courage. God bless you with His peace, strength and joy.

Love from Chanterelle.
Shantidas
(Lanza del Vasto)

Milwaukee

2133 W. Juneau
Milwaukee, Wisc. 53233

Dear Dorothy,

These are unusual times. There is the quiet talk of peace and yet the war rages on, destroying lives. There is the satisfying talk of prison reform and yet the inhumane and violent prison system remains. There are stock market reports of prosperity and yet men and women go hungry and homeless. Perhaps these conditions signify what we should expect in the next "four more years."

The houses of hospitality of the Catholic Worker movement across the country remain consistent signs of human hope during these times. The age-old Christian works of mercy continue to reach out to the people rejected by the "Great Society."

Our family is doing fine. Pat, Peter, David and I now share our daily lives with a friend and his two small sons, a teenage friend we came to know in the alternative school in which I work, and a friend from the neighborhood who was just released after serving three years of a life prison term for a murder he did not commit.

The judge released him quite suddenly one day, admitting he was unjustly arrested, prosecuted, convicted and imprisoned because the police and DA did not release information proving his innocence. He came out with one dollar in his pocket. He had spent every

cent of his miserable prison pay of 40c a day in the maximum security prison to write letters to prove his innocence. The fact that he was black and had few friends in this state, which he had just moved to, made him an easy victim. He is presently writing the story of the events of the last three years.

I was glad to hear the good news of Father Phil Berrigan's release. Men like Phil and this friend of mine coming out of prison will do more to witness to the inhumanity of the prison system than all the Federal and State task forces and commissions reporting on the subject.

Pat and I are giving thought to moving to a farm next summer for a year or so—a time to reflect, pray and redirect our commitment to social justice.

Peace,
Bob Graf

Peace Gatherings

The Third Regional Conference (New England) of the Catholic Peace Fellowship is slated for Saturday, March 31, 1973 from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

The site has been designated for Waterbury Catholic High School (Exit 22, off Interstate No. 84) Waterbury, Connecticut.

The day's program includes workshops, speakers, films, literature and liturgy on issues related to peace education, alternative life styles, the draft, social change and religious education.

For further information and suggestions, please write to Sister Mary Friel, S.N.D., Urban Sisters Center, 142 Grigg St., Waterbury, Connecticut, 06704, or to Michael True, Assumption College, Worcester, Massachusetts, 01609.

In another gathering, the Peacemakers will meet from May 1 to May 14 at Peter Maurin House, CW Farm, Tivoli, N.Y.