Boycott A&P

By DAN O'Shea

Farm workers continue the struggle in California to gain the right to bargain collectively and the protection of their choice. They are seeking to improve the conditions of their work through a boycott of A&P stores. Please write a letter to A&P stores. Their workers ask you to join in a boycott. The United Farm Workers iceberg lettuce.

By CHARLIE KING and IGLA RODENKO

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 accord of late January, the situation for civilian prisoners has grown worse. The accord requires 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 300,000. The vast majority are held for such "crimes" as pacifism, neutralism, or disaffection with the Thieu government. Thousands are imprisoned without trial. Prison conditions are unspeakable. The "sugar cages" of Con Son are ill, torture is common. No one denudes 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: 329 Lafayette St., N.Y., N.Y. 10012. Telephone numbers are (212) 673-8990 for Charlie and (312) 228-0940 for Iglal. Their lives are in our hands.

Saigon Prisoners

Chinese Cultural Revolution:

"Use Reason, Not Violence"

By JAN ADAMS

Every now and then, one unexpected 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.


Hinton (also author of Faneschen) 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 mundane, political aspects of new social experiments, do less to dispel my annoyance than to 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 direct opposition to the betrayal carried out under the conditions of socialism by the proletariat, against the Party, against the dictatorship of the exploiters and imperialists." And the CCP's 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

We cannot be joyful in this "peace." Already, after announcing peace, Mr. Nixon has 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 16,000 troops in eight bases. A call from the corrupt, tyrannical Marcos government could lead us into another "war of honor." Korea, too, has not been concluded. While 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 of 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 terrors and war. For peace, we need to destroy nationalism, colonialism and egoism. In a word, pride shatters brotherhood."

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

Surgeons and soldiers, who have fought for fraticidal wars. In the Philippines we house more than 16,000 troops in eight bases. A call from the corrupt, tyrannical Marcos government could lead us into another "war of honor." Korea, too, has not been concluded. While 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 of 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 terrors and war. For peace, we need to destroy nationalism, colonialism and egoism. In a word, pride shatters brotherhood."

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

Surgeons and soldiers, who have fought for fraticidal wars. In the Philippines we house more than 16,000 troops in eight bases. A call from the corrupt, tyrannical Marcos government could lead us into another "war of honor." Korea, too, has not been concluded. While 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 of 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 terrors and war. For peace, we need to destroy nationalism, colonialism and egoism. In a word, pride shatters brotherhood.

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

Surgeons and soldiers, who have fought for fraticidal wars. In the Philippines we house more than 16,000 troops in eight bases. A call from the corrupt, tyrannical Marcos government could lead us into another "war of honor." Korea, too, has not been concluded. While there is no peace and our joy is justly restrained.
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 wind. 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 Krechevsky, who has just returned from Vancouver, Canada, is a bit surprised in seeing how much has changed. He had been away from traveling about in Mexico, remarked last night that it was difficult to imagine tourists and the derelicts weather after the clear, dry sunny days of the Southwest. Yet we have actually experienced a bit of weather which made me very nervous, and, too mild perhaps for the welfare of our fellow-creatures—the plants and trees. With grey skies we awoke in the middle of the night, the place, I'm told; and I've no doubt that if someone were to take a good book, he would probably find himself engaged in stinking cabbage pushing through the old bread which we bought from a little snack bar. The weather is Nile.

Mild January

I have kept the spring in my room for the fourth time in this course of the year. I have another hope of spring—years named, some lovely narcotic flowers which a kind a reader brought me one Sunday morning recently. I keep them in a dark place, to bloom on the day when they bloom, their perfumes will sing to me of spring. Even the cocker spaniels, my young Misty, should be up and racing the vigor of springtime—just as Thoreau remarked their doing in a certain January.
Southern Populism: Small Farmers Make Demands

By MARGE BARONTI

One swallow doesn't make a summer, but when two move in something is going on among small farmers. Populism doesn't happen when one group of working men and women who've never organized before get together as did the southern pulp wood workers in 1917. When southern cotton farmers in Louisiana with a platform of the coming of the small cotton farmer big operations, and the small family-ades 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 organizing the small family farms. They've been to Governor Edwards of Louisiana and now to Mayor Charles Parrish, Mississippi.

They want their new farm programs and that must be done before March of 1973. The story of the small farmer operations, as it has been for the past forty years—the rich gobble up the land and make big operations, and small family-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, the big white mill operators. They've been to Governor Edwards of Louisiana and now to Mayor Charles Parrish, Mississippi.

The cotton farmers are organizing. There's a group just across the river from Natchez, Mississippi in Franklin Parish, Louisiana with a platform of organizing the small family farms. They've been to Governor Edwards of Louisiana and now to Mayor Charles Parrish, Mississippi.

They want their new farm programs and that must be done before March of 1973. The story of the small farmer operations, as it has been for the past forty years—the rich gobble up the land and make big operations, and small family-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, the big white mill operators. They've been to Governor Edwards of Louisiana and now to Mayor Charles Parrish, Mississippi.

The cotton farmers are organizing. There's a group just across the river from Natchez, Mississippi in Franklin Parish, Louisiana with a platform of organizing the small family farms. They've been to Governor Edwards of Louisiana and now to Mayor Charles Parrish, Mississippi.

They want their new farm programs and that must be done before March of 1973. The story of the small farmer operations, as it has been for the past forty years—the rich gobble up the land and make big operations, and small family-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, the big white mill operators. They've been to Governor Edwards of Louisiana and now to Mayor Charles Parrish, Mississippi.

The cotton farmers are organizing. There's a group just across the river from Natchez, Mississippi in Franklin Parish, Louisiana with a platform of organizing the small family farms. They've been to Governor Edwards of Louisiana and now to Mayor Charles Parrish, Mississippi.

They want their new farm programs and that must be done before March of 1973. The story of the small farmer operations, as it has been for the past forty years—the rich gobble up the land and make big operations, and small family-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, the big white mill operators. They've been to Governor Edwards of Louisiana and now to Mayor Charles Parrish, Mississippi.

The cotton farmers are organizing. There's a group just across the river from Natchez, Mississippi in Franklin Parish, Louisiana with a platform of organizing the small family farms. They've been to Governor Edwards of Louisiana and now to Mayor Charles Parrish, Mississippi.

They want their new farm programs and that must be done before March of 1973. The story of the small farmer operations, as it has been for the past forty years—the rich gobble up the land and make big operations, and small family-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, the big white mill operators. They've been to Governor Edwards of Louisiana and now to Mayor Charles Parrish, Mississippi.

The cotton farmers are organizing. There's a group just across the river from Natchez, Mississippi in Franklin Parish, Louisiana with a platform of organizing the small family farms. They've been to Governor Edwards of Louisiana and now to Mayor Charles Parrish, Mississippi.

They want their new farm programs and that must be done before March of 1973. The story of the small farmer operations, as it has been for the past forty years—the rich gobble up the land and make big operations, and small family-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, the big white mill operators. They've been to Governor Edwards of Louisiana and now to Mayor Charles Parrish, Mississippi.

The cotton farmers are organizing. There's a group just across the river from Natchez, Mississippi in Franklin Parish, Louisiana with a platform of organizing the small family farms. They've been to Governor Edwards of Louisiana and now to Mayor Charles Parrish, Mississippi.

They want their new farm programs and that must be done before March of 1973. The story of the small farmer operations, as it has been for the past forty years—the rich gobble up the land and make big operations, and small family-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, the big white mill operators. They've been to Governor Edwards of Louisiana and now to Mayor Charles Parrish, Mississippi.

The cotton farmers are organizing. There's a group just across the river from Natchez, Mississippi in Franklin Parish, Louisiana with a platform of organizing the small family farms. They've been to Governor Edwards of Louisiana and now to Mayor Charles Parrish, Mississippi.

They want their new farm programs and that must be done before March of 1973. The story of the small farmer operations, as it has been for the past forty years—the rich gobble up the land and make big operations, and small family-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, the big white mill operators. They've been to Governor Edwards of Louisiana and now to Mayor Charles Parrish, Mississippi.

The cotton farmers are organizing. There's a group just across the river from Natchez, Mississippi in Franklin Parish, Louisiana with a platform of organizing the small family farms. They've been to Governor Edwards of Louisiana and now to Mayor Charles Parrish, Mississippi.

They want their new farm programs and that must be done before March of 1973. The story of the small farmer operations, as it has been for the past forty years—the rich gobble up the land and make big operations, and small family-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, the big white mill operators. They've been to Governor Edwards of Louisiana and now to Mayor Charles Parrish, Mississippi.

The cotton farmers are organizing. There's a group just across the river from Natchez, Mississippi in Franklin Parish, Louisiana with a platform of organizing the small family farms. They've been to Governor Edwards of Louisiana and now to Mayor Charles Parrish, Mississippi.

They want their new farm programs and that must be done before March of 1973. The story of the small farmer operations, as it has been for the past forty years—the rich gobble up the land and make big operations, and small family-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, the big white mill operators. They've been to Governor Edwards of Louisiana and now to Mayor Charles Parrish, Mississippi.

The cotton farmers are organizing. There's a group just across the river from Natchez, Mississippi in Franklin Parish, Louisiana with a platform of organizing the small family farms. They've been to Governor Edwards of Louisiana and now to Mayor Charles Parrish, Mississippi.

They want their new farm programs and that must be done before March of 1973. The story of the small farmer operations, as it has been for the past forty years—the rich gobble up the land and make big operations, and small family-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, the big white mill operators. They've been to Governor Edwards of Louisiana and now to Mayor Charles Parrish, Mississippi.

The cotton farmers are organizing. There's a group just across the river from Natchez, Mississippi in Franklin Parish, Louisiana with a platform of organizing the small family farms. They've been to Governor Edwards of Louisiana and now to Mayor Charles Parrish, Mississippi.

They want their new farm programs and that must be done before March of 1973. The story of the small farmer operations, as it has been for the past forty years—the rich gobble up the land and make big operations, and small family-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, the big white mill operators. They've been to Governor Edwards of Louisiana and now to Mayor Charles Parrish, Mississippi.

The cotton farmers are organizing. There's a group just across the river from Natchez, Mississippi in Franklin Parish, Louisiana with a platform of organizing the small family farms. They've been to Governor Edwards of Louisiana and now to Mayor Charles Parrish, Mississippi.

They want their new farm programs and that must be done before March of 1973. The story of the small farmer operations, as it has been for the past forty years—the rich gobble up the land and make big operations, and small family-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, the big white mill operators. They've been to Governor Edwards of Louisiana and now to Mayor Charles Parrish, Mississippi.

The cotton farmers are organizing. There's a group just across the river from Natchez, Mississippi in Franklin Parish, Louisiana with a platform of organizing the small family farms. They've been to Governor Edwards of Louisiana and now to Mayor Charles Parrish, Mississippi.

They want their new farm programs and that must be done before March of 1973. The story of the small farmer operations, as it has been for the past forty years—the rich gobble up the land and make big operations, and small family-farms are obliterated.
Innsfree Village is an interdependent working community with mentally retarded adults—an attempt to absorb these people into non-handicapped men, women and children. We are seeking here to present a creative solution to the problem of caring for, educating and working with mentally retarded adults.

The villagers work 10 or 12 acres of sweeping farmland adjacent to the Shenandoah National Forest. The houses are surrounded by some 80 acres of slopes and woods. We all take our meals together in a dining hall and are responsible for household maintenance.

At present we are thirty-two people, eleven Villagers, two natural families with six children, and five single children and the handicapped Villagers. We are striving to be as self-sufficient as possible. The bulk of our expenses must be met, as in the past, by individual contributions.

Innsfree is built on the idea that, given a natural environment, the handicapped can unfold his maximum personal potential with self-respect, dignity and serenity. Here they can live in an environment that no longer marks him as different, but offers him the chance of proving to himself that he is as capable as those of us who live and work here.

We all take our meals together in a dining hall and are responsible for household maintenance.

Prisoners Strike for Peace

In response to that fast, several Innsfree inmates organized a fast, vigil and seventy-mile pilgrimage to New York City intended to focus attention and to make visible the involvement of many people in the Danbury inmates and faster, I am currently working with Prisoners Strike for Peace and the Anti-War Committee of area: searching out ex-prisoner and prisoner contacts, relating to and participating in the Anti-War 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 ofNeeded among those currently working in local areas.

New Men And Women

We believe that everyone should deal 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 responsiveness, it is a learning ground for a society waiting in store for all of us if we do not become aware of the need for change.

At the same time, prisons can be places of political and human growth. Blacks, Chicanos, Puerto Ricans and Native Americans are rediscovering a life—a life based on an identity with their people and their land. And some prisoners are being transformed from "criminals" into New Men and New Women.

Community Can Overcome Fear

We learned in prison of the necessity of community. We learned of the greatest impediment to human progress and the cause of justice is not the fear of the handcart and the gaol but fear. We learned that it is only when fear is overcome that true freedom and a meaningful and powerful movement is possible.

There is no question in our minds that the root sense of community is present now that we are out of prison, that we are the development of a meaningful and powerful movement. To share one another's lives, to learn from one another, to honestly, fully, 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 protest against the war. It is the system of bureaucratic, corporate capitalism which is responsible for our involvement in this 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 resistant groups.

Hope Comes From The Bottom

Hope and strength often come from looking to the lowest levels and the grass roots of our society. Huerta, Philip Murray, Philip Berrigan and Hope comes to us from the Black liberation movement, the Chicanos and the Native Americans. They are the people who have lived with a form of death in a world of freedom and have realized the truth, and it has set them free to share it with others.
was dealing with reality. "All is not gold that glisters." "Handsome is as handsome does." (My own mother humorously was fond of these aphorisms.)

Carpenter and Baker

Hans loved working with wood. He was a companion in Fr. Pacific Joe's, a French Canadian, who piped our water down to a house where they lived in the spring, and who installed electricity, cemented over the barn floor and the cellar stairs, and then remodeled the dining room, living room and kitchen. Hans built the cellar stairs for us, just as it was, not was not adequate to heat it, so Fr. Roy built a great fireplace with chimney extending up thru the living-room 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 (who knows what other nourishment all combined with Hans' large appetite and which devoured Stanley's large chicken which the priest knew how to bake good bread, too. And they like to experiment.)

Hans helped work as carpenter on the chapels on Mt. Sac, at the Newburgh farm on Staten Island. His most triumphant baking exploits were at the Commons on Myrtle Avenue in a little brick shed, which had been a cannaery, we installed a "surplus commod- ity" into, made a coffee shop and a New York store which could bake for hundreds.

Mixing the dough by hand in a huge wash tub, he pull a hundred leaves 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 Shan- non was sitting at a table by the fire at St. Mary's and the Peter Maurin farm on Staten Island. His most triumphant baking exploits were at the Commons on Myrtle Avenue in a little brick shed, which had been a cannaery, we installed a "surplus commod- ity" into, made a coffee shop and a New York store which could bake for hundreds.

Mixing the dough by hand in a huge wash tub, he pull a hundred leaves 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 Shan- non was sitting at a table by the fire at St. Mary's and the Peter Maurin farm on Staten Island. His most triumphant baking exploits were at the Commons on Myrtle Avenue in a little brick shed, which had been a cannaery, we installed a "surplus commod- ity" into, made a coffee shop and a New York store which could bake for hundreds.

Mixing the dough by hand in a huge wash tub, he pull a hundred leaves 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 Shan- non was sitting at a table by the fire at St. Mary's and the Peter Maurin farm on Staten Island. His most triumphant baking exploits were at the Commons on Myrtle Avenue in a little brick shed, which had been a cannaery, we installed a "surplus commod- ity" into, made a coffee shop and a New York store which could bake for hundreds.

Mixing the dough by hand in a huge wash tub, he pull a hundred leaves 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 Shan- non was sitting at a table by the fire at St. Mary's and the Peter Maurin farm on Staten Island. His most triumphant baking exploits were at the Commons on Myrtle Avenue in a little brick shed, which had been a cannaery, we installed a "surplus commod- ity" into, made a coffee shop and a New York store which could bake for hundreds.
Chinese Revolution Gives Lessons

(Continued from page 1)

facions in a non-violent intervention. Hence set to begin with narratives of non-violent action, such as Mao's gift of mangoes to the budding bureaucrats and workers, since the budding bureaucrats and workers seldom have the will or the ability to form up against one another (each claiming his right to leadership) and label the other "counter-revolutionary", they call themselves the "Beaver" and the "Earth" factions, taking the names from their homes in the Aeronautical Museum and the Geological Institute.

But the book also makes clear the deadly seriousness of the Cultural Revolution. The upheaval is not a new effort, simply staggering in its immensity, to involve all the millions and millions of participants, in building an egalitarian socialist society. The sheer numbers involved may be part of what is often seen as the appeal of the Chinese reader: the huge detachments of people marching about in the streets, the constant rallies, the importance of symbolic actions such as Mao's gift of mangoes to the workers intermingling at Tsinghua, and the interminable slogans.

Cure the Disease

For all the seriousness of the struggle, since the building bureaucrats and academic professionals did not give up their privileges easily, there was a remarkable strain of non-violence about the Chinese Revolution. This is not to say that China as a nation-state has embraced non-violence: Mao's dictum of "a big alliance" shows clearly that the most famous slogan of the Cultural Revolution, "Workers and students attack the earth; with the worker who gives us bread; with the peasant who created with his hands; with the white collar worker, the soldier, the intellectual, the student, and all those who have the eternal right to enjoy the wealth they produce by their effort and sacrifice."

President Salvador Allende's appeal to "be a people of a new culture" to understand the manifold need to the aspirations of Chilean socialism, embodied in his Constitution which unites Communist, Socialist, and several progressive middle class parties, resulted in a revolution which raised the question of how to proceed through bourgeois democratic forms. It is as if DeBreay, finding his observations of Chilean reality differing from his revolutionary theory, is trying to do the best he can with the resources at his disposal, even though he somehow loses his Marxist purity. Allende's answer again is that if DeBreay the reader has been taught to ask the question which would occur to CW readers: how are Chilean and Latin American Christians relating to Chilean socialism?

Fortunately the newsletter of Aglaia (Chilean Christian Newsletter on Latin American issues) has given good coverage to this question, even though it does so with some misgivings, best illustrated in the following.

New CHILE. Prepared by the North American Conference on Latin America, 527, Cathedral Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10022.


"I invite the North American reader to overcome all prejudices and listen to us, with an openness to fully grasp what Chilean socialism proposes, an objective understanding is necessary of the true character of our people, with their aspirations, so often passed over or betrayed, who claim to be the new Chile. Reformism in Chile has not been able to eradicate the endemic evil of a society which has been wholly dedicated to the pursuit of leisure for a few and deprivation for the majority. The search for a different solution is a problem of immediate urgency. And the genuine Chilean Revolution is not only an attempt to change society, but to change the mind of the people."

The two books under review help to provide the information we lack. New CHILE is a clear and well-documented history of the real mine of back-ground material. It traces the growth of the popular leftist groups which led to the Alliance in 1970, 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 the American ownership of major international financial institutions.

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

February, 1973

Chile Breaks Chain of Oppression

An article by Joe Collins on the meeting or the issue, including two quotations which are worth thinking about. "As one of the work groups opines, "Chilean Socialism is not itself socialist but it implies a permanent force for breaking the chains of the past and building the hopes for a new world. Yet, even motivated by his living faith to such a commitment, the Christian uses the tools of Marxist scientific analysis to determine what libido politics we have, and how we can achieve it. At this time in the history of our peoples, such a Christian is a serious matter to speak of "Christian Socialism would be," as Bishop Monseñor Arco de Guarnacas told me, "the way to achieve the task of the Christian" and relativize the Christian faith. We need to see that Western industrialization and bourgeois democracy by naming them Christian, and thereby, have a better understanding of Christian faith which is the living experience of God?"
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, ice, and winter. Stores continue peddling an expensive Merry Christmas and the newspaper headlines scream destruction and destruction for someone else's Christmas.
Who is responsible? The obvious answer works hard and studies. And Tatibu. The world, being a complex place, doesn't lend itself to such an easy condition. All I can say is 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 what I think or the most effective myself. But I do know that I share the responsibility for the death. It isn't just up to some one else and the war, and it won't end by itself.
I have decided to go to Washington, D.C. as an expression of my anti-war sentiment. Along the route I will be encouraged to do what I can to stop the war and rebuild the destruction. Along with me I will be walking 10,000 miles to the Bach Mal Hospital fund headed by Ramsey Clark in Washington. My purpose is to clear away the military image of our president and hope for the restoration of peace in all of our lives.
Then, 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 retribution under the influence of our president.

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

Sincerely,

Pilgrim for Peace

Dear Friends,
Some may question your support of the War in Southeast Asia. In our society, after all, why should a person who has chosen to be non-productive (i.e. anti-war) be a person that deserves a good answer, too, because for most people, including myself, there is a lack of investment in blood, sweat, and tears.

Upon some consideration, however, one can understand and respect the fact that we are all sinners in the sight of God. Everyone who resists us in spite of the fact that we have failed by rejecting His love in the first place. In my opinion, Jose needs very much a part of the Catholic Worker. As always, there are more people who need help and aid and he can acquire to give full meaning to his life.

Claudia's Spanish class continues to be lively and really helpful in improving one's knowledge of Spanish. Helen Livewski, who has just returned from New York City, has cared her a very successful Third Hour School. She is now ready to resume teaching Russian to several really good students. Marga's new guitar, which has a deep and golden sound, is her way of escape from the tedium of the task 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, cooking, including baking—is taking some of the burden off Marga. As for really hard work, Marcel is up to his ears in it, and he has been installing the new showers upstairs and trying to make the floors leakproof. If he succeeds, it 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 Hana. She has been so much a part of the Catholic Worker for so long. I hope everyone will read Dorothy's story of Hana, which is in this issue.

One mild afternoon recently I went out for a little walk. Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan taking the sunshine and enjoying the beauty of it. It is good to have him back with us.

Night has fallen. More snow, I am told, has also been forecast. In the sounds of children romping have subsided under the influence of the sounds coming from the movies next door. When I open my window, I hear the music of the little stream flowing down the street, almost as if at the spring.

We move toward Lent. Let us re-member and re-tell the story. Let us remember the victims of this terrible war, which is ever-present. And let us not forget that we have a share in the sin of this war. Let us do what we can to make such an end ever possible. O Christ, teach us your Peace, your Way to resurrection. Misereore nobis.
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 can society, was his tendency to over-simplify.' (p. 113.) Here Baker accuses Merton of not giving both sides of the argument equal weight and of not supporting his own theories. Despite this apparent shortcoming, Baker presents his own thorough research and his own insight and a deep interpretation of events. "He (Merton's) predictions of gloom are based on his social crisis, his advice to the Church about what position to take on the moral issues of the day and his analysis of the causes and future course of the war in Vietnam and its all pervadedective and prophetic. (p. 114.)"

In the sixth and final chapter, Baker discusses what he calls "Merton's Humanism in the Modern World." Baker points out that Merton aspired to be a 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 his genuine interest and thought and interest ran the whole gamut from Protestant Reformation right up to Bishop John Henry Newman. Harvey Cox, Thomas Altizer and the rest.

Perhaps more important even than his dialogue with his "separate without repression" and the atheist was Merton's contact and dialogue with Eastern religions and cultures. Baker believes 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 would have been con­stantly on it: first Mystics and Zen Masters, then Zen and the Birds of Paradise. Merton would have been a lover of music and a lover of art. Merton, in fact, reviewed this work in the Aug­ust 22, 1967 issue of the National Cath­olic Reporter.

In conclusion, Baker's message is that we need a thread that runs through all Merton's works, from the early poetry through his "spiritual" writing, from the social and economical teachings of the 1960's, and this thread is the theme of unity: unity of man with God, of man with man, of this world and of that. We would like to think 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 not as the "spiritual writer" nor as any sociological phenomenon. He will be remembered rather as a man who by his consistent success achieved in combing both roles; the one much more profound than the other, a unique vocation.

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