

the catholic peace fellowship

BULLETIN

APRIL, 1969



NONVIOLENT WAR ON SLAVERY . . . The Milwaukee 14 sing while draft records burn. The 14, which include five priests, a protestant minister, a Christian Brother and CPF co-chairman Jim Forest, expect the trial to begin in Milwaukee May 5. A "Resistance Festival" is planned to coincide with the trial—those interested in taking part should write or phone the Milwaukee 14 Defense Committee, 2119 W. Vliet St., Milwaukee, Wisc. 53205; (414) 933-3228. The text of the 14's statement is available in leaflet form from the Defense Committee, and appears on page 3. (Photo: Gary Ballseiper)



FROM DRAFT CARDS TO ASHES . . . Marquette students remove ashes of draft cards and other symbols of oppression from burner. The ashes were used in placing crosses on the foreheads of those participating in the observance of Ash Wednesday. (Photo: Tom Liptak)

Milwaukee's Ash Wednesday

Resistance fires are still burning in Milwaukee. After the Milwaukee 14 burned draft files on September 24 and the card burning at St. Boniface shortly after, there was a long, quiet period. People went back to the business of draft counseling and organizing, of rallies and marches and speeches. Then on Ash Wednesday the fires were lit again, this time at Marquette University during a liturgical

celebration. It was advertized as an "Ash Wednesday Liturgy," but the underground had the word that it was to be something special. At 4:30 the people started pouring into the ballroom of the student union. The chairs had been removed, so coats were spread and everybody sat down on the floor, almost five hundred students, faculty and visitors sitting on the floor
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Chicago Flag removal

Do the American and Papal flags, both flags of state, belong in areas where the Eucharist is being celebrated?

The Peace Committee of St. Thomas the Apostle Parish, Chicago, decided that they do not and were considering means of bring the question to the congregation, possibly by ceremonially removing the flags during a liturgical celebration. (It was even considered whether the National Liberation Front flag might be introduced—in order to dramatize the Gospel message that the Christian is to have no enemies.)

In order to bring the matter to a head more quickly, two members of the Peace Committee of the parish decided to remove the flags. On Saturday evening, February 1st, between Mass and Confessions, Jane Kennedy, 43, a registered nurse, and CPF-sponsor Hermene Evans, 62, a nurse and housewife, took the flags from their place just outside the sanctuary,
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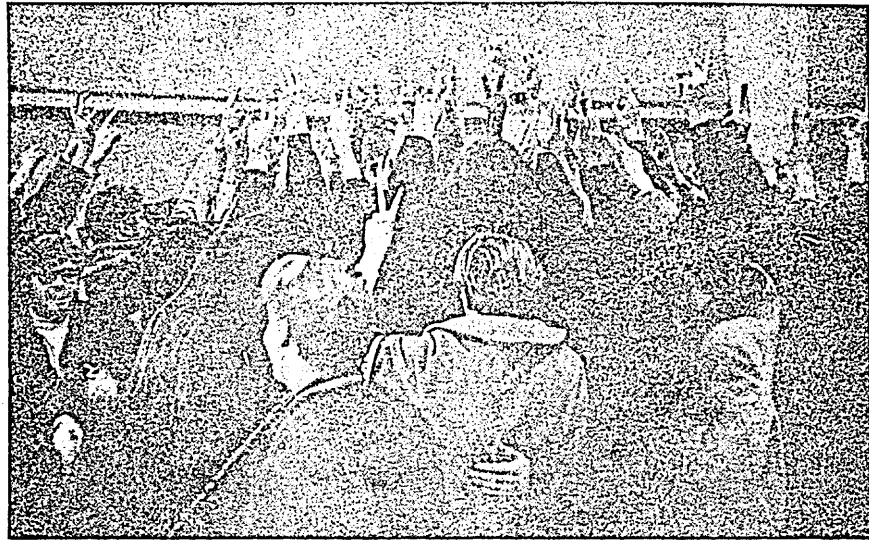
Milwaukee . . .

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singing to the music of electric guitars. That's how it all started.

After a few minutes, Father Quentin Quesnell of the theology department mounted the stairs to the stage and took the microphone. Around a series of scriptural readings he wove an explanation of what Ash Wednesday is all about. We traditionally burn palms because in the day of Jesus palms were a symbol of the royalty the people wished to confer on him, a particular kind of worldly royalty which he ultimately refused. Father Quesnell went on to explain that Christians burn palms on Ash Wednesday as a sign of their own rejection of worldly royalty and empire. Burning palms symbolizes the Christians' desire to destroy all that enslaves man. At this point Father Quesnell took a few palms and lit them. He then explained that in our day there are other more important things to burn, other symbols of enslaving power. He called on those who wished to come up and burn things they felt would be appropriately reduced to ashes.

Art Heitzer, the president of the student body, stepped to the microphone. He reviewed the history of war and the history of the peace talks; he spoke of what is right now going on in Vietnam; he recalled that 14 brothers might soon be in jail for burning draft files. Then he took a card from his pocket, a card which he said had been weighing him down for too long, a card which bound him to a selective service system he had long rejected. He took the card to the fire and burned it. Others followed with similar cards and similar explanations. A girl stepped up with IBM cards, a symbol of the way students, who are people, are reduced to numbers. She burned the cards. Someone brought a dollar bill to the fire, explaining that it was a symbol of the way men are made slaves to a competitive economic system that colors their entire lives and their personalities. Finally, a black girl stepped forward with a copy of the Marquette Student Handbook and read from it. "Final responsibility for the conduct of students rests in the president of the university." As she tore the handbook and placed it in the fire she spoke, "Final responsibility for my conduct rests with me." The fire burned and people watched it silently.



THE HANDS HAVE IT . . . V'ed fingers rise from Ash Wednesday celebration as 500 circle dancers rush together on floor of the Marquette Student Union ballroom. Ashes for the service were obtained from palm leaves, draft cards, IBM punch cards, a dollar bill, and "other symbols of oppression." (Photo: Thomas Liptak)

As the fire burned down, the ashes were taken in plates and passed through the crowd. People took the ashes and rubbed them on one another's foreheads, signing one another with the sign of destruction of slavery and hope for a new, free future.

More music . . . *where have all the flowers gone, long time passing.* Something was happening at the center. People were moving together across the floor, holding hands, touching bodies, raising held hands into the air in the sign of peace, still singing . . . *where have all the soldiers gone, gone to graveyards everyone, when will they ever learn.* Five hundred people touching, singing, breathing together, still sitting on the floor, marked with ashes of hope.

After the song, Father Quesnell brought forward the bread and wine. he made a prayer of thanksgiving; he

recalled the night before Jesus died; he passed the bread and cup through the crowd. They ate and drank. Then Father Quesnell spoke a final prayer. The music played again. People stood up as if to leave but reluctant to go. A few people formed a circle and started to dance. They held out their hands and brought others into the circle. The circle widened. More and more joined. The circle expanded almost to the walls of the ballroom. Hundreds of people dancing in a single circle as the music played. Then they broke apart, some running hand in hand out the doors, others staying to meet, to kiss, to talk. Everyone was happy, almost high. Something unusual had happened. The fire was out now, only ashes left, but the fire had been communicated and was burning in people.

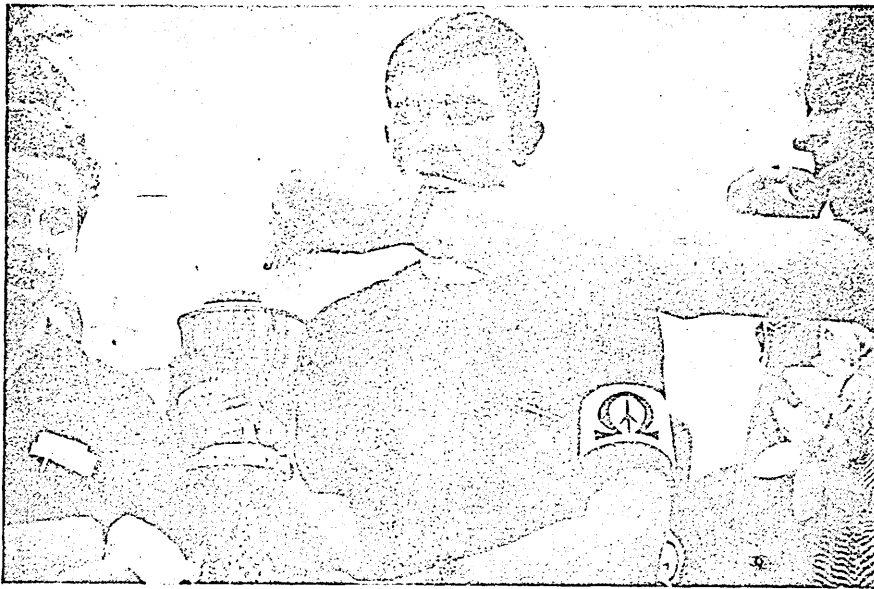
Richard Zipfel

Regarding our starvation diet. . .

The hardest part of the CPF's work is the task of surviving. None of us are talented fund raisers. And we have utterly refused to rely on the gimmicks so often used in gathering contributions. In fact we have relied entirely on occasional fund appeal letters (one has just been sent out) and such notes in the *Bulletin* as you are reading. If you think that nonviolence didn't die with Martin Luther King, if you think there is a continuing need for the Catholic Peace Fellowship—then we hope you will put some money on the line for us; if possible, more than a few dollars. What about making a \$40 annual pledge, to be paid in quarterly installments? That's considerably less than the average dollar-a-week parish contribution. And what about sending the first \$10 today? We really need it. We've had to put the *Bulletin* out on credit. Several of us are still working without any recompense at all.

Our membership is small. Most of us haven't very much money. Still, survival—even growth—is possible. If you want it. Please, please help. Send a pledge and a contribution today.

Resistance in Hawaii: a letter from Jim Douglass



Jim Douglass writes: "The scene is the lawn of the Federal Courthouse in Honolulu a few minutes after the sentencing of our first resister, Dana Rae Park, in July 1968. Howard Carry of the Honolulu Lutheran Church is holding the chalice, which is filled with the blood of Don Sharp (on his right). Putting his card in the appropriate place is John Witeck, a former national Newman Club leader. About eight other resisters did likewise, after the cards had been passed among several dozen supporters (for complicity's sake). After a march the cards were delivered to the Director of Hawaii's Selective Service. (Someone put a paper towel on his desk to insure there would be no blood stains on the premises—keep your local draft board clean!) All this is hearsay, by the way. I missed the action by being in jail."

Dear Jim, Tom, Maggie, Lyle,

I'm writing this a few minutes after returning from a Resistance picket line outside the Kaneohe Marine Base, where Tom Met and Gary Gray are spending their fourth month in the brig. Tom and Gary are the two Marines who took part in the four-day sanctuary with the Hawaii Resistance during your visit here in November, Jim. They were court-martialed in January and were sentenced to two years at hard labor and dishonorable discharges. We picketed outside the Base again today for the 14th-straight Sunday and then presented a statement to the captain at the gate relating Tom's and Gary's cases to the 27 at the Presidio and our latest military resisters here, "the Fort Schafter Five" (five soldiers who sat down with signs beside a missile installation two weeks ago in Fort Schafter, also here on Oahu). In further support of the 27, four representatives of the Hawaii Resistance, including our chairman, Stan Masui, are on the West Coast and will take part in the march

from Carmel Valley to the Presidio beginning March 5.

Resistance here is in the process of digging in. We are beginning to reach more high school students, and Vince O'Connor's pamphlet from the San Francisco CPF will be helpful in that area. We're hoping that a few students will decide that non-registration makes good moral sense. Several members of The Resistance flew over to the Island of Hawaii (Honolulu is on Oahu) a week ago and spoke at an elite private school, where they received a very good response from the sons of some of the wealthiest families in the Pacific. I'll be speaking at the same campus in a week or two.

We have five people in court now for refusing induction, and there will be at least half a dozen more refusals within the next two weeks. Dana Rae Park, the first Hawaiian resister to be imprisoned, has been at the Federal Prison Camp in Safford, Arizona, since August. He is conducting a non-violence workshop there with other resisters.

As for the Catholic Church here, its relation to Resistance has been almost totally negative. It is true that several lay people have taken a prominent part in forming the Committee for Conscience to raise legal funds for Tom Met and Gary Gray, and several resisters have their roots in Catholicism. But the diocese is far and away the most militaristic I have ever seen, with ROTC programs entrenched in the Catholic school system, the Bishop regularly on parade with the brass, and the diocesan paper in constant celebration of Country and god. The paper's usual practice is to write violent editorials against peace groups—including the Milwaukee 14—whose activities it refuses to report on its news page. One indication of Church-State-Resistance relations is that a group of resisters, after passing out leaflets at a Christmas Eve Mass, was beaten by ushers on the steps of Our Lady of Peace Cathedral. After a jaw had been broken, and a pregnant girl thrown to the ground, the leafleters were arrested by the police for causing a disturbance. The case is still in court.

But I am optimistic about the possibilities of resistance where the Church and the community as a whole are so dominated by militarism. The situation is combustible, and a number of young people are getting burnt up by it—and are responding with a power of their own, which the community isn't sure how to handle. The conflicts appear quickly, and the possibilities of "creative tension," to use Martin King's phrase, are great.

A factor which helps is that there is little evident alienation in The Resistance from the roots which the Hawaii community proclaims as sacred, whether religious or American. The Protestant clergy's support of The Resistance has been strong, and we have taken part regularly in church services and celebrations of conscience. On the morning of Dana Park's sentencing, on the lawn outside the courthouse, several ministers held a chalice containing blood (donated by a resister) into which resisters dropped their draft cards—which were then delivered by the group to the desk of the director of the state's Selective Service. After the November sanctuary at the University YMCA, the Y program directors were so pleased that they asked The

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A letter from San Francisco

Dear Friends:

If it were up to me the West would never have been won. I was thirty years old before I travelled west of Glen Gardener, New Jersey, and since then I have spent more energy staying as close to Boston as possible, rather than expanding the frontiers. Between them, Jim Forest and Vince O'Connor were able to convince or cajole me to go to San Francisco to fill speaking dates that Vince had set up out there. Little did I know when I sat at JFK airport in New York, for two days waiting for the snow to be cleared and flights to leave the ground, that such a field lay fallow in California, or that Vince had turned up so much fertile ground. In two weeks time we spoke to about 3,000 public and Catholic high school students!

A few years ago it was proposed that peace people go to their local public and private high schools and offer the principals and guidance directors their services in explaining federal law as it applies to conscientious objection to war. We thought that Armed Forces Career Day might be a good opportunity, or if the administrators thought it inappropriate for the Career Day program, that the fact of the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, Coast Guard and Air Force being welcome on campus for recruitment might well justify exposure to the legal alternatives open to c.o.'s. Oddly enough, the principals approached didn't see it that way. We were turned away consistently. But that was a few years ago. If Vince O'Connor has enough time left before his imprisonment (three years for refusal of alternative service) he might hit every Catholic high school in Northern California, and many of the public ones too.

The CPF in San Francisco operates out of a moderate size room on the third floor of a Victorian frame house one block above Haight Street. The rest of the house is given over to offices of various movement sorts. A few blocks away is Vince's home, a large apartment given over to an informal commune. From the house on Waller Street and the office on Page Street Vince and a hard core of activists fan out by means of borrowed automobiles most of the time. Vince's

need for wheels keeps him in active contact with many people who are kept close to the movement by his importuning them for rides. His modus operandi in this regard has been threatened with the donation of an automobile, but the car is in such condition that it ought not impede charity too long.

The reception we got from the students was another surprise. Even in the most unlikely areas, where many of the students' parents work in war related industry, there was almost no open hostility to us. We were given at least a respectful hearing everywhere, and most often enthusiastic support and expressions of similar concern, support and comradeship from at least a few in each class. There were most often at least two or three potential c.o.'s and a resister or two in each group. The others were, hopefully, more aware of their choices than before.

I had been told that people who like Boston like San Francisco. It is a lovely city, and a lot of it is left. The flower children are a bit seedy just now. On Haight Street youths breathed the words "Grass," "Acid," "Speed," at me as we brushed past each other. I didn't know whether they were selling or begging. But it was nice to know that I still look young and wild enough to be asked. The parks and eucalyptus trees, the color of the air, the mossy looking hills, the verdant freshness of the vegetation where it rains every day, but mostly the people I met made California real and beautiful for me. Along with Vince on our trips to the high schools came Malcolm Dundas, graduate of Lompoc prison, and Dan Due, a candidate for the same. There were evenings with Peggy Quinn who had been a secretary here at 5 Beekman, and the good offices and companionship of Helene Hoffman, a speech therapist in the Marin County schools and a good friend now and faithful peace worker. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Harrington gave us a space of quiet and good food and drink as well, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Berliner who entertained us very graciously up in the mountains sheltered against a sudden snow storm, four inches in one hour!

Young people are making decisions about their relationships to Selective Service earlier than they used to. If CPF folk used to be content to get into the colleges they should no longer

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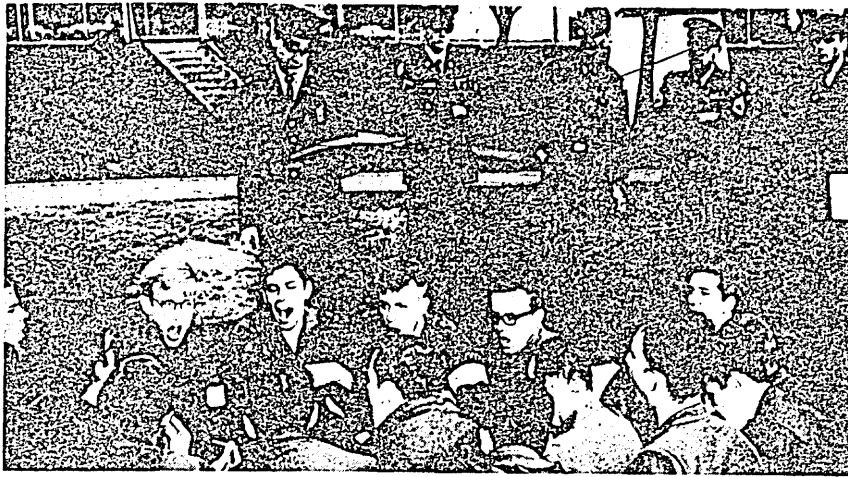
... and one from New York

Merton House is a storefront at 342 East 6th Street in New York's Lower East Side, the East Village. This long-needed local headquarters for the CPF in the New York City area is being funded by New York members who have pledged support and money to keep Paul Kope, S.J., in tuna fish salad sandwiches and the landlord, utilities people and stationer paid. The group at Merton House is helping co-ordinate the Presidio protest in New York, working with Clergy and Laymen Concerned, as well as working and formulating plans for high school draft information programs. The house is named for Thomas Merton, one of our first sponsors, a founder of the CPF, and a dear friend to many of us and mentor to all, who died in Bangkok in January. Fr. Lyle Young, who has been working as draft counselor in the Beekman Street office is working out of Merton House. His letter below reveals some of the activities and tone of the place.

Dear Jim:

Before I went away for my holidays in January there was some talk of starting a storefront for the extension of the work of the CPF in the metropolitan area. Maggie and I had often talked about the need for getting information on the draft and the whole matter of peace and war to more young men, particularly those in the last years of the high schools. I know that this was what you had been wanting to do for a long time, but had had no possible time to do anything about it while you were so pressed with the work of the national office, with all the talking and travelling that entailed. Well, I wondered if this would all just stay at the point of talking and saying that it would be a good thing if someone could ever be able to do the necessary work and the arousing of interest. So I was delighted and I must say astonished to hear what had been happening in the month while I was out of the City. Paul Kope appeared and has been able to give reality to the ideas and the hopes. A varied group of married people, nuns, college and graduate students had coalesced and, as a result of their pledging money and regular volunteer help, the

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SOME CALL IT MUTINY... GIs in the Presidio Stockade singing at roll call. They sought to protest the shotgun slaying of 19-year-old Private Bunch and stockade conditions. For their songs and sit-in, 27 are being tried for mutiny.

The Crime of Protest

"I recognize that the Army is based on discipline, but this is absurd."

—Mayor Joseph Alioto

On October 11, 1968, 19-year-old Private Richard Bunch walked away from his work detail in the Presidio Stockade and, not responding to a guard's orders to return, was shot-gunned in the back. A note found on the dead man's bunk read, "If you can't love me at least exterminate me."

Three days later 27 prisoners in the Presidio sat down at morning roll call, sang "We Shall Overcome" and asked to read a statement protesting the murder of Private Bunch as well as other grievances. (The Army had already found Bunch's shooting to be "justifiable homicide.") They asked permission to see the press. Permission was refused.

On October 23 mutiny charges were brought against the 27; death is the maximum penalty.

Despite the Army hearing officer's recommendation that the charges be reduced and the men tried by special (as opposed to general) court martial, thus reducing the maximum possible sentence to six months, the Army decided to "make an example of these men." General court martials commenced. And now three of the men have been sentenced: two to 14 years, one to 16.

Although the press has largely ignored the Presidio 27, public indignation has been aroused. The New York CPF, working with the Com-

mittee for the 27, has begun work to further stimulate support for the men—men we see as victims of the military's fear of conscience and dissent.

Our primary effort has been at college student activity centers, where we have set up tables, handed out leaflets and circulated petitions. We have been asking people to write to their congressmen and to the Secretary of the Army:

Stanley Resor
4959 Millbrook Lane NW
Washington, D.C.

Student support has already brought into formation campus support committees for the 27 at Fordham, Union Theological Seminary, Manhattan College, NYC Law School, Hunter College, and St. John's; the CPF's city-wide work has been coordinated out of the new storefront, Merton House at 342 East 6th Street (phone 212-533-9670).

It is our belief that the depersonalization, dehumanization and brutality taking place within the armed forces is an affront to the intelligence and dignity not only of GIs but of the human person.

Soldiers are people, not machines. But for acting like men, these 27 are being given—not medals—but hard labor.

Still, in the Presidio Stockade, there is little they can do for themselves. They desperately need civilian help and support. If you are willing to stand by these courageous young men, please get in touch with me.

Ann Breen, NY CPF

A letter from New Zealand

Dear CPF People:

Last November the CPF in New Zealand had been around for two years. It had built up considerable files and a mailing list of about 150 through the good work of Randall McMullan and Roy Murphy as national secretaries. Two groups existed, one in Wellington and a fairly new one in Auckland. This had been started by a Wellingtonian in Auckland, Sue Welch. The main activities of the groups consisted of discussions and flat meetings. The significant conference, "Peace, Power and Politics in Asia," held at the same time as SEATO talks early in the year at Wellington, brought Australians from the Catholics for Peace movement and cemented the New Zealand group. However, by the end of the year the new group in Auckland was considerably more active than the Wellington one as many of the latter were students involved with exams.

This increased activity culminated in a Labour Day anti-Vietnam war demonstration. At this the Auckland CPF took part as a group. Two priests marched as members, Tony Peterson and Con Kiernan. The effect of the CPF on the march was to make it a more constructive and positive demonstration. However, some time later Archbishop Liston, 87, a good and saintly man with strong reactionary opinions, called the priests up and temporarily suspended them, sending them for a few days to a nearby Friary. This news got to the press and all hell broke loose, particularly as the Archbishop had himself participated in an anti-Soviet demonstration re Czechoslovakia.

The issue for many was one of obedience. Had the two priests explicitly disobeyed their superior? If so, they were justly disciplined. Word was spread, even by a prominent layman on television, that it was disobedience and that undisclosed "other matters" were involved and the suspension didn't relate only to the march. Most of the subsequent comment was slanderous. The fact was that the Archbishop objected to the march. He had not previously told them not to march. They were not, therefore, "disobedient" as people were led to

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Chicago flag

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folded and wrapped them and laid them in the rear of a small chapel adjoining sacristy and rectory. No one was told; the removal was an experiment to see what, if any reaction there would be at the Sunday masses the following day.

It turned out to be Boy Scout Sunday—and indeed the flags were missed. The action, which had been meant to open dialogue within the parish concerning nationalism and peace, provoked a vehement response from many parishioners.

A Statement of Conscience, endorsed by a majority of the Committee, was distributed at the Sunday Masses on February 23rd. Parishioners were invited to discuss the action and its significance with the Peace Committee the following Sunday.

Emotions ran high at the discussion. Many of the parishioners present considered the act "un-American and disruptive of the parish." The Committee described the act as "one of reconciliation and brotherhood, not only among nations but also among the people of the parish." The flags of armed states are symbolic of division within the human family, they said, and especially have no place at religious gatherings.

The flags were returned to their places, not by the clergy, but by lay

people who looked upon their removal as not only unpatriotic but irreligious. The tension in the situation is not to be resolved but it has moved the parish forward to planning for a parish council.

In their Statement of Conscience, signed by 21 members, the Committee proposes:

"If we wish to place symbols in our house of worship, let us not use flags which symbolize a partial reality. Let us rather fly a banner that represents a fuller vision of the Church, a vision which invites us to make no divisions in the human community for reasons of race, religion, politics or national defense. Love of our country and countrymen must be extended to include love of all men in Christ."

The Statement went on to speak of the flag removal which already had occurred:

"In the course of these discussions, and acting on their own initiative, two members removed both flags from their usual places beside the sanctuary. They promptly told the clergy and other members of the committee what they had done and explained their reasons for doing it. After much earnest soul-searching, the Committee decided to endorse the step which had been taken."

While the future fate of the two state flags near the sanctuary remains uncertain, a banner expressing universal brotherhood is now being designed by three members of the Peace Committee and will be placed in the church at a Peace Mass to be offered Sunday, April 20th. The guest celebrant is to be Fr. Robert Cunnane, co-director of the Packard Manse Retreat Center in Stoughton, Mass., one of the 14 now awaiting trial for the destruction of Selective Service System records in Milwaukee last September.

Hawaii: a letter

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Resistance to become a fellowship group—which it now is—and to plan with them Resistance-YMCA activities. The fact is getting through to a number of people that The Resistance is digging at the roots of their own beliefs, and their confusion is in many cases turning to support. (Recently at a conservative Protestant service

Wayne Hayashi, a Resister, heard what he felt was a good sermon on love. When the minister asked his listeners to come forward to profess the faith, Wayne, who is an agnostic, stepped forward and made a profession of Resistance—as a personal expression of his understanding of the sermon's doctrine. He was thrown out of the church but a number of high school students followed him and got turned on to the good news.)

I think what I'm saying is that we are discovering in the Hawaii Resistance just how important roots are, both to sustain ourselves and to reach out to those who would move with us. From a recent trip to the Mainland I have the impression that resistance in a few places is collapsing because there are no roots, just hopes and sporadic tactics. To be more precise about "roots", I mean the kind of belief capable of filling a life, not just a campaign, and capable of sustaining life through suffering. Catonsville and Milwaukee have it, the Harris-Baez community has it, and I think we're learning it. The symbol of all this for me remains the Cross—and I remain optimistic about the increasing involvement of people who profess the Cross as their faith. (As a comprehensive symbol, the Omega does all right, too, though, doesn't it?)

It was great seeing Tom at the U. of Santa Clara. He had a gleam in his eye which I love—while sitting at an elegant setting with phrases of death drifting down from the far end of the dinnertable.

Love and peace,
Jim Douglass

(Jim Douglass, an assistant professor of religion at the University of Hawaii, is author of *The Nonviolent Cross: A Theology of Revolution and Peace*, recently published by MacMillan (\$6.95); the book will be reviewed in the next Bulletin.)

Deedy Joins Sponsor

John Deedy, managing editor of *The Commonweal*, has agreed to serve as a sponsor of the Catholic Peace Fellowship.

An article of Mr. Deedy's on the CPF appeared in the August 1968 issue of *U.S. Catholic*.

He served as editor of *The Pittsburgh Catholic* before coming to *Commonweal*, and before that was editor of the *Catholic Free Press*.

THE CATHOLIC PEACE FELLOWSHIP BULLETIN is intended as a bi-monthly publication and may yet appear that often; in the meantime no one need complain as it remains free in single copies. Editorial responsibility is with the staff of the CPF national office—Jill Boskey, Tom Cornell, Jim Forest, Maggie Geddes and Lyle Young being the most visible at present. CPF sponsors include Daniel Berrigan, Claire Huchet Bishop, Graham Carey, William Clancy, Corita Kent, Dorothy Day, Jack Deedy, Leslie Dewart, James Douglass, Paul Hanly Furfy, Dom Bede Griffiths, Robert Hovda, Edward Keating, Justis George Lawler, Robert Lax, John L. McKenzie, the late Thomas Merton, Ned O'Gorman, Charles Rice, Edward Rice, the late H.A. Reinhold, Peter Riga, Archbishop T.D. Roberts, Karl Stern and Gordon Zahn. The co-chairmen are Philip Berrigan, Martin Corbin, Tom Cornell and Jim Forest.

5 Beekman Street, New York City 10038

(San Francisco regional office: 584 Page Street, San Francisco, Calif.)

... New York

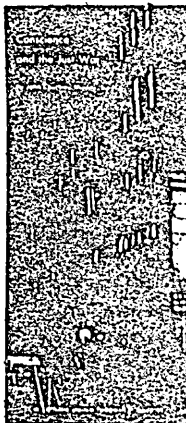
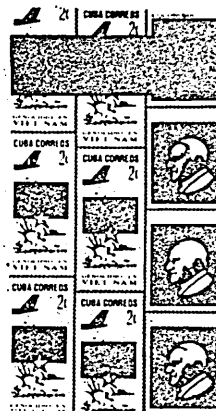
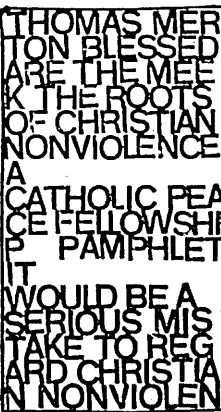
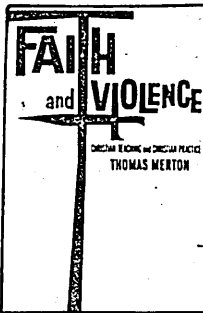
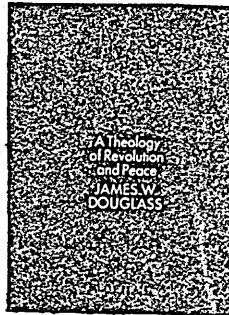
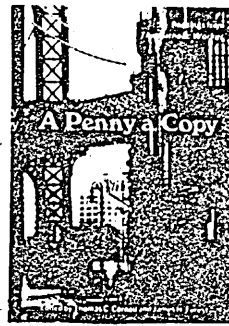
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storefront opened the beginning of March. There is a roster of counselors and soon-to-be counselors, including myself whom I heard described as the official CPF counselor.

Here I am now at 9:30 on a Wednesday night trying to slap out these notes on the terrible old office typewriter in between phone calls and people coming in for advice and help of all kinds. It was a good choice, this street in the middle of the East Village, where we are getting more casual callers than we get in the Beekman Street office. When I came in at 7:00, I thought I'd have most of the night to do some reading in the Selective Service Law Reporter and file some of the back material that'd come in since I last was counselling, but there has not been a moment. People just see the name on the glass door and come in. A counsellor from the Jewish Peace Fellowship was in just now offering his services, and before that, I was talking to the American Friends' Service Committee people who were asking us for a helping hand if we had any counsellors to spare! I told them that I'd take on some of their cases if they got too much of a back-log, but I doubt very much we will be able to do it if the traffic keeps up as it has tonight. After the high school kids get wind of the place we'll almost have to open another somewhere else. But what on earth will you do, or will we do, I suppose I should say, to keep the place going... there's such an amount of stuff we need? Books for one thing. I couldn't sell the only copy we have of "The Draft and You", for instance, that a man wanted. You know how much the men we have counselled in the past at Beekman Street have appreciated the literature and hand-outs of various sorts that we've always had on hand. Often I was told how useful it was to have something to refer to after the actual talking. But the money will come from somewhere, I suppose....

I have got to end this now... I must just say how glad I am to be back at work with the CPF again and especially here in the store. There's a good feel about the place and even a good smell with the new paint, and certainly good sights as the neighbors go past the door and windows or come in to look and to talk.

Shalom,
Lyle



FOR SALE

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New Zealand

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believe. Following their time in the Friary they were given various directions which involved suspension from normal priestly duties for some weeks. Contrarily it was reported through the chancery that they were back in their parishes. (One had actually been sent to a Cistercian monastery.)

Meanwhile controversy concerning the Peace Fellowship hit headlines. Archbishop Liston had never approved of it in Auckland. In Wellington the Metropolitan Archbishop McKeefry, had once sent a charming letter when first told that the group was forming. The press took this to be approval so to avoid seeming to conflict with his fellow bishop McKeefry issued a statement saying that he had considered the Fellowship to exist only for education and study, in spite of "techniques of non-violent resistance" being explicitly mentioned in the original guidelines sent by Randall to him.

Statements from Sue Welch, the Auckland secretary, appeared first, explaining why the priests had a conscientious right to march. Sue appeared on tv and did very well. It was trying for all of us because we were the first Catholic group to publicly be at odds with the hierarchy. After the affair in Auckland was a couple of days old, I, in Wellington, was tearing my hair in frustration. I was supposed to be national secretary and had just taken over the job, green as anything. However, we swang into action with press and radio statements that at one point accused the bishops of deviating from Catholic teaching! The CPF had begun to move.

The main upshot was a broadening of the Fellowship's concerns. We became concerned with overseas aid, the true meaning of politics, the immediate things wrong with the Church here. The group began to emerge as a "yeast" and radical Catholics were encouraged to take part. We emphasized our difference with the CPF in America—one didn't "join" by specifically signing anything—there was much discussion about the exact nature of the group and this is still continuing. We realized the need to adjust to NZ conditions—the pressure of military service is not so important here, nor is conscientious objection. We found ourselves becoming a body, the only Catholic one, that had peace and social justice as its explicit reason for existence. We had a fresh, uninhibited

attitude to authority, a new thing in the NZ church. We were full of ideas and, we hoped, initiative.

On New Years Day we had a 'national conference' to plan a programme and mark the world day of peace. 45 were there from various parts of the country. A nearby university conference which some were parts of the country. A nearby university conference which some were attending made the thing feasible. The conference was held in a Quaker Meeting House, all things Catholic being anathema. The Mass for Peace that we had there was one of the most relevant and beautiful that many of us had taken part in.

Over the next while I hitch-hiked some of the North Island making contacts with people on the mailing list and Susan Notley looked after the mail that was coming in. Right now we send material to about 300 people, not all of them as committed as some but most of them looking for ideas and a forum for them. The number is double what it was three months ago.

Next was the formation of a third group. This was in Christchurch and the group there looks very healthy. I went down there (my home town) and worked up enthusiasm with friends and we got a turnout of over 40 at the inaugural meeting, including 5 priests and 3 nuns. A noted musician, Professor Vernon Griffiths, has become a keen patron, and the meeting received a full page report in the *Tablet*. Since then requests for a further group have come in.

The Christchurch group is now having discussions, starting with Vatican Two on peace and war, and also using CPF newsletter material that we try to send out from Wellington every month or two. This is what the people there wanted: basic thrashing out of ideas and getting a better spirituality of peace individually. The other groups need this too but at the moment activity with them is more of the activist type—providing an information service for out-of-town parishes, planning cooperation with liberal studies courses in a few schools, helping with the current lecture tour of South African Dennis Brutus, organizing a conference on politics and democracy where citizens can work out ways of actually getting the government to take notice of those who want 1% of GNP for aid—this sort of thing.

We are not sure just how deep our expansion has been. We get depressed

as well as excited. Our only priest in Wellington has been told to stay away from us and the Archbishop has let it be known that he thinks the Pontifical Commission for Peace and Justice will be sufficient for interested Catholics.

A few vague ideas are circulating about a NZ Catholic Worker and full-time workers for the CPF. But this is such a happy stable, prosperous country Thanks for the very helpful info about what CPF is doing in the States. We look forward to getting the literature. I'll send some of our historic press statements.

Can you work through all this guff? No more!

peace and revolution,

Rupert Watson

CPF

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be. It is time now, past time no doubt, for us to make strenuous and relentless efforts to move into the high schools with speakers, literature such as *Catholics and Conscientious Objection* (which Jim Forest has just revised) and films such as *Alternatives* from the American Friends Service Committee, and materials from the Resistance. I'm not sure that not all of the country is as open to us as Northern California. (One guidance counselor told me that they no longer have Armed Forces Career Day because "the students would riot.") Still, on getting back to the office there was an invitation to a Catholic school in Newark and a public school in Morristown, New Jersey. So the time is ripe. If you were rebuffed two years ago, go back to that high school and let them know that their students need not riot. They can Resist!

Peace and Love
Tom Cornell

From the Milwaukee 14

We have chosen to act publicly and to accept the consequences. But we pay the price, if not gladly, at least with profound hope. Just as our own hearts have spoken to us, just as we have been welded into a community and delivered into resistance, so do we see the same spirit of hope and courage, the same freedom pouring into others: joy surprisingly is made possible only in the laying aside of plans for a comfortable, private future.