

A FRIEND IN NEED, IS A FRIEND

Swing on my foot, sweet child;
notice your great friend.
forget dead parents—
burned home, charred aunt.
you are now with friends — —
ugly war . . .
beast action. we must because . . .
must justify
guilt,
guilt . . .
we must because . . . because.
those poor men
are not free.
look, son, we come to make you free.
dead father,
burned village,
fourteen year old brother
questioned as Viet Cong,
poss
ibly we're wrong.
again, again,
rat-tat-tat-tat-tat.

—Sister Mary Claude, IHM



World Wide

To Robert Kennedy . . .

We are writing to call your attention to matters of deep concern to our membership. Four men identified with the peace movement in one way or another have been killed within the past three months. The first was Ivan von Auw Johnson, a student at Rochester University whose home was in Binghamton, New York. Ivan was associated with the Catholic Worker movement. He died on March 4, as the result of a beating inflicted on a street in Rochester where he was recognized as a Vietnam war opponent.

On May 16, Leo Bernard of the Socialist Workers Party was shot to death in Detroit. His assailant explained that he was "killing Communists." The hysteria that warped this man to thinking that it was a service to our society to kill Communists can be traced, we suspect, to the effects of the Vietnam involvement.

Most recently, last Friday, May 20, our friend and fellow worker, Addison Wilkins, a member of the Fellowship of Reconciliation and a recent full-

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Please Write a Check Now

Though Catholic Peace Fellowship appeals have happily been rare, we must break our monetary silence before the summer sun begins driving bill collectors to our office and apartment doors.

The CPF is now nearly \$1,000 in debt. Income, though steady, continues to fall farther behind expenses.

We don't wish to bore you with the statistics. We are a frugal group, live simply and spend cautiously. But we do have a growing stack of bills from the printer, the landlord, the telephone company.

We don't enjoy holding out the beggar's bowl. But we must—and hope you will help in filling it.

From Bible Belt to Mary's Day

by James H. Forest

There is a Pima Indian prayer standing out in large blue letters on the wall: "The Creator has made the world. Come and see it."

Right now, I must smile a bit at the thought, with the piles of unanswered letters and unread journals mounting on every side, threatening to hide even the office windows from sight, even that little slice of lower Manhattan skyline that keeps most of the sky from us. The chances of seeing the Creator's world, at least for the next month or so, seem remote indeed.

Yet I am just back from three weeks of world-seeing (Oklahoma City and Norman, Phoenix, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Berkeley). The weeks are worth telling about, especially as many of the persons and situations I came in touch with should be more widely known.

Oklahoma

I confess I approached "the buckle on the Bible belt" with certain reservations. A New Yorker, I have always been puzzled by persons who choose to live away from oceans. Yet my stay in Oklahoma, as guest of the St. Thomas More Catholic Student Center of the University of Oklahoma, was as exciting as the Mary's Day festival that was to come in Los Angeles or life with the intentional community in Berkeley.

I arrived in Norman April 23, a Sunday, to address what turned out to be a large and enthusiastic audience. Even the hostile questions presented by the editors of a local "traditionalist" publication ("The Yellow Sheet," see National Catholic Reporter for April 27, p. 1) were useful for the purposes of the meeting.

Father Swett, assistant chaplain of the Center had met me at the airport. It seemed to be largely his idea to have the Center sponsor meetings which drew upon speakers from fairly distant areas: Fr. John L. McKenzie, S.J., from Chicago, John Leo, Bob Ram-busch and Dr. Mark Stern from New York, Michael Novak from California, etc. Fr. Swett is young, dark haired, cool in what I can only call the hipster sense of the word. With Fr. Ross, chaplain of the Center, and the active assistance of several lay students and faculty members, he has obviously done

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marco j. frisbee writes . . .

In the Abramic Spirit

Dear Editor:

In reports on the Rhodes Congress I was struck by the fact that the Russian Orthodox delegates played such an aggressive role in promoting the Soviet politic of "peace." This of course shows that it is very dangerous for any Church to promote a policy of peace, as it will by the very fact cooperate in the insidious work of the Red imperialism. I am sure this explains why so many moral theologians in this country are ill at ease with the thought of peace and are putting their best efforts into showing us how nuclear war is the courageous and Christian thing after all. Better dead than red.

At the same time I feel we ought to look for a more original and creative solution to the problem: a solution that will be at once religious and realistic. Frankly I agree with those who are beginning to be weary of the sentimentalism of the Sermon on the Mount.

Of course, I think religion is essential. The spirit of sacrifice is essential too. But don't you agree that the spirit of sacrifice has become effete and subjective in our day? It is a kind of wishy washy moralism, nothing more. And this leads me to my "creative" solution. This solution is realistic, and it calls for intestinal fortitude!

I think we ought to go back to the well known practice of the Kings of Israel and Juda in the fifth and sixth centuries B.C. when they were having so much trouble with Assyria and Babylon. They too were disgusted by sentimentality and moralism, and they went right directly into the heart of the problem with a genuine red blooded religious rite: *the sacrifice of the first born*.

I fully realize that this suggestion will shock sentimentalists, but this is no time to worry about their cringing susceptibilities. We have got to get sure fire propitiation if we are going to win this war against the irreligious hordes. Here are the advantages of my plan:

1) Morally speaking, it is simply a choice between two evils. We choose the lesser evil. Is junior going to grow up to be a Red Communist? God forbid! If the war comes junior is going to be dead anyway. If he cooperates in his ritual immolation, he will be doing the greatest thing any man can do. To pass junior through the fire, as the quaint old phrase has it (meaning that junior becomes a whole burnt offering to Moloch), is only a physical evil, whereas if he has to live under Red domination, that would be a moral evil.

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To Robert Kennedy . . .

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time staff member of the Student Peace Union, was shot and killed in Richmond, Virginia, along with a companion who was not known to us, Malcolm Norment, 41, formerly of Colfax, Illinois, the son of an FOR member. The two were shot repeatedly from behind, and their bodies dumped in a ditch.

We are asking your help, Senator, in pressing for a full investigation of the murder of Addison Wilkins and Malcolm Norment.

We feel that extraordinary measures should be taken to ascertain the motives for this killing. If, in fact, Wilkins and Norment were murdered because of their participation in peace activities, federal responsibilities become involved under civil rights legislation. Moreover, if it is found that these killings were in fact the result of their peace activities, an evil undercurrent in our society shall have been more clearly exposed.

Needless to say, we are horrified by these developments and by what they may mean. An increasing wave of violent hysteria bodes ill for our nation. We have seen the effects of such insanity before, tragically and unforgettably for the nation and for your family, in the assassination of your brother John.

Now, with the apparent increase in violent, even murderous hostility aimed at activists in the peace movement, we are turning to you, to members of the Justice Department, and to our representatives in the Senate and the House of Representatives, for help in exposing and curtailing these outrages.

Most respectfully,

Fr. Philip Berrigan, S.S.J. Thomas C. Cornell
Martin J. Corbin James H. Forest
Co-chairman, The Catholic Peace Fellowship

Peace Week At Latrobe

Teach-in's, debates, open forums; these are the basic forms of discussion that have been used in protesting the Vietnam war on the American campus. Few colleges of any worth have not had at least one teach-in or something similar.

Yet Catholic colleges and seminaries might well consider a somewhat different form of discussion—such as was pioneered last February by St. Vincent College students and faculty in Latrobe, Pa.

At the "Week for Peace" held there, the debate atmosphere was entirely removed. While participants represented diverse perspectives on the war (ranging from the American Legion to the Catholic Peace Fellowship), verbal fireworks and point-getting rhetorical displays were replaced by a prayerful atmosphere of learning and exchange.

After classes throughout the week, a Mass for Peace was celebrated in the Abbey church. Afterwards a faculty member addressed himself to the peace question in the light of his particular discipline. In the evenings (long into the evenings) "conversations" with outside guests were held. Among the participants were Professor Dietrich Ritschl of the FOR, Charles Strain, CPF, a Duquesne University graduate student who organized the peace vigil at St. Paul Cathedral in Pittsburgh last Christmas, Mr. James Flowers, commander of American Legion District 61, Latrobe, William Reeds, also of the Legion, and the CPF's Thomas Cornell. Culmination of the Week was a celebrated Mass for Peace with Archbishop Rembert Weakland, O.S.B., officiating.

In announcing the Week a flier explained: "If anything is to be accomplished by this Week for Peace it is strictly of an individual and personal nature. Those of us participating in any of the Week's activities, it is hoped, will come to some decision as to our particular commitment to world peace."

A large percentage of the student body chose to participate. The celebration of the liturgy was joyful and deeply moving, with new found guitars and songs appropriate to the event. St. Vincent College has demonstrated a technique that seems particularly appropriate to the kind of peace education that the CPF hopes to expand in this country. We urge you to investigate the possibility for similar events at your own college campus. Bill Rosendahl at St. Vincent's, who coordinated activities for the Week, assures us that he would be glad to help with suggestions, and you may be sure that the CPF office will cooperate in any way possible for the supplying of materials and speakers.

Vietnam Monk Visits

Thich Nhat Hanh, a monk of the Unified Buddhist Church in South Vietnam, visited the FOR unexpectedly, Friday, May 13. He had been requested by Cornell University to lead three seminars on Buddhism at Ithaca. Thich Nhat feels a strong obligation to speak out against the war while he is in this country, to say what his fellow country men dare not say at home. He is a "militant," though hardly the picture of what one might get from TIME magazine.

At thirty-nine years of age, Thich Nhat is the author of ten books. He has been a scholar and an ascetic all his life. Only within the past three years has he been involved in the social reconstruction program of the Buddhists. He is a very slight man with a thin voice. Listening to him, so unassuming, so humble and direct, it takes a minute or two to notice that his sharp intellect has laid bare a web of contradictions underlying U.S. foreign policy, or that he has just presented a hostile interrogator with his head neatly arranged on a platter. One also senses the humanity of the people he represents. Thich Nhat verified the findings of Al Hassler, FOR executive secretary, on his trip to Vietnam last year, and the findings of A. J. Muste, Bradford Lyttle and Karl Meyer on their recent trip.

Thich Nhat emphasizes over again that the desire of the people of Vietnam is *to live*. It is not a matter of an individual being unwilling to lay down his life; but the population, the culture, the religion and the morality of Vietnam is suffering terribly because of this war. In answer to a question from an American Marxist, whether the Vietnamese people desired peace or liberation, Thich Nhat unhesitatingly replied, "peace. There can be no people to liberate, whatever that might mean, if there is no life, no people, no social fabric, and when the spiritual life of the people has succumbed to the demands of dying bodies. Thich Nhat affirmed that the people, if they had a free election (unlikely) would vote 10 percent for the Viet Cong, 10 percent for the Saigon regime, and 80 percent for whoever could get the other two out.

Thich Nhat Hanh's decision to speak out while he is with us may well cost him his life upon his return to Saigon. But he is determined to return, just as he is determined to speak, to keep faith with those who have gone before and with those who are in present danger. The FOR has determined to use their resources to help Thich Nhat contact as many people as he can. We have had several private meetings with religious leaders, and public meetings, press con-



Thich Nhat Hanh

ferences and interviews with mass communications media.

We know that our CPF members will be happy to know that Thich Nhat has joined them as a member of the FOR, our first Buddhist member. Thich Nhat is our courageous brother, for whose safety and whose mission we urge all of you to pray, with the remembrance of all the victims of this war, our own soldiers, Vietnamese soldiers and civilians of both sides and neither, our own Ivan Johnson, Addison Wilkins, Roger LaPorte, Norman Morrison, Thich Quang Duc and the rest in mind.

T. C.

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Eccentrics For Christ et aliis causis

by Richard J. Carbray

The dictionary definition of an eccentric lists, among other meanings, the following: "not having the same center; opposed to concentric; departing from stated methods, usual practice, or established forms." The word *concentric*, on the other hand, is given short shrift in the same dictionary, simply "having a common center." Now whether one chooses to be concentric or eccentric (or neither) and how to implement that choice should be an open and debatable question. But increasingly there are those in the U.S. who would foreclose the discussion, who would hallow the "common center" as sacred and admirably American ground, even admirably Christian ground.

All of which brings us to another word, a seemingly all-purpose word: *beatnik*. Our eyes and ears are assailed with this word in reports of the struggles presently going on in the U.S. and abroad. When newspapers refer, with an ill-disguised sneer, to beatniks (or Communists, Castro, or atheistic materialists) that is one thing. But when professing Christians, sometimes priests and bishops, make these same references with the same sneer, there would seem to be a serious lack of Christian perspective involved.

Cardinal Leger of Montreal, accepting an honorary degree last spring at the University of Toronto made these observations: "We cannot solve our problems by throwing bombs at people. . . . When we get to this stage we have stopp'd thinking of others as *persons* (emphasis added) but as abstractions—they are Communists or Fascists, Socialists or Capitalists . . . beings to be mistrusted, hated, and if possible, destroyed. We have forgotten that they are fellow human beings with the same anxieties, the same hesitations, problems and perplexities before the mystery of their existence."

Bishop Gerard Huyghe of Arras in a pastoral letter of May 14, 1962 said: "That man is a Catholic who opens himself to all. . . . He is a Catholic who becomes overwhelmed by distress, whatever form that distress may take. He is a Catholic who instinctively rejects everything that is a source of division, who cannot meet anyone without tirelessly seeking out an area of agreement. He is a Catholic who sees in each man not the label which is applied to him, of unbeliever, or Protestant or Jew or Communist, but the brother for whom

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Eccentrics . . .

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Christ died, and who has been placed in his path to receive his love."

I would like to expand briefly on the cardinal's and the bishop's words, as they apply to the opprobrious term *beatnik* and its related slurs—Vietnik, peacenik, litnik, etc., in the interest of an 'I-thou' approach to our fellow mortals.

Even a casual reading of Butler's *Lives of the Saints* would reveal many an eccentric for Christ. Need we mention Jerome, Francis of Assisi, Francis Xavier, John of the Cross, Catherine of Siena, and Teresa of Avila? In a similar way, a casual reading of American history would disclose a goodly number of eccentrics in secular history: Thoreau, Garrison, Susan Anthony, Senators Kefauver and Morse, Norman Thomas and A. J. Muste come to mind. Although the aforementioned vary in degree of eccentricity, they share the courage to dissent when almost alone in that dissent. Perhaps they will share one other mark of distinction, too—that, with the passage of time, history will have proven them all substantially correct in their decisions to protest. Certainly not too many people are returning their social security checks while still muttering curses at Norman Thomas, for example, and women's suffrage appears well established.

Returning to the term *beatnik*, it seems to bother many columnists and editors, and some earnest Christian laymen, priests and bishops too, that these scorned beatniks are often casual in their attire to the point of being unkempt, unwashed, and generally offensive to those who like their people of God elegant, scrubbed, fragrant with cologne and above all, kempt.

But are not these beatniks, people of God, if you will, *persons*, "with the same anxieties, the same hesitations, problems and perplexities before the mystery of our existence"? Would they be more acceptable to the general public in their picketing, teach-ins, sit-ins, etc., if they were the height of fashion? Conversely, if in a parade of adults down a busy metropolitan thoroughfare, adults who might happen to represent some of the less attractive, demimonde elements of our society, would they be more acceptable to the viewing public if they were attired a la Brooks Bros. or Dior than those other less stylish people of God?

This curious preoccupation with how people look! All the bathing and showering and spraying of arm pits in TV commercials has, for some time now, left me with misgivings. It is my understanding that the Sixth Beatitude refers, not to the Clean of Shirt or the

Pepsi Cola Co.



From Bible Belt . . .

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much to make Catholicism something more dynamic than the two-dimensional cautious ritualism found in most parishes and far too many campus centers.

Indicative of the quality and momentum of the work Fr. Swett has undertaken there was an event I happened to witness during my four-day stay, a marriage in the chapel of two non-Catholics. Their civil wedding, performed about a half hour after the 5 pm week-day Mass and witnessed by Fr. Swett, included Indian music, jazz, folk music sung by a member of the English faculty, Old Testament readings and the Beatles ("Help!" was played at the end of the ceremony, after the exchange of rings—which

Clean of Sock, but to the Clean of Heart.

It would appear, to me at least, that our beatniks (the term for some would include anyone to the left of William Buckley or Barry Goldwater and in need of a haircut), our eccentrics, have contributed a great deal more than most of their strident, less engaged detractors. Perhaps these latter, devotés of the cleanliness-is-next-to-godliness cult of Christian witness, might have their motto emblazoned on a banner in their next Fifth Avenue Easter Parade: "Videri quam esse."

In general, maybe all this looking for consensus is an indication of how our society has drifted from what it was meant to be. Consensus indeed! It is very possible that our Revolution wouldn't have gotten off the ground if Sam Adams, Patrick Henry and the rest had gone shopping around for a consensus or for some concentrics, instead of the eccentrics who not only rocked the boat, but spilled the tea overboard, and didn't shave or wash for days at Valley Forge.

It may well be that some of our "beatniks" will turn out to have been the conscience and the prophetic voices of our time.

were 39c Woolworth variety). In another Catholic Center, or in most parishes, it is hard to imagine such a ceremony occurring—or in conceiving of two non-Catholics wanting to be married by a Catholic priest in a Catholic chapel. Yet here such a thing seemed to be natural.

I think of the stations of the Cross in the same Chapel: all of them made by the students, including Vince Maefsky, local CPF leader and editor of the campus SDS publication. The station for Christ's condemnation was a photograph of the Jews being herded from the smoking remains of the Warsaw ghetto; Christ Falls was a Life magazine picture of a Negro woman unconscious on the Selma bridge, a policeman with a night stick standing over her body; Christ is Taken from the Cross, a Vietnamese mother running in agony with the bullet-shattered corpse of her infant child in her arms. I saw similar stations in two other churches in the same diocese.

While the number of Catholic conscientious objectors is increasing at a startling rate throughout the country, there seemed to be even a higher proportion among the Catholic students I spoke with here. But with the kind of spiritual life going on in the diocese, with its concern with injustice and human suffering, this came as no surprise.

In Oklahoma City itself, 20 miles to the north west, I visited Sister Nativity, a nun who had come to Norman for the Sunday meeting. Dorothy Day had stayed with her last year, I discovered. Sr. Nativity had been with the Daughters of Mercy for some years, and for many of those years she had sought permission from her society to carry out work in the Mexican/Negro slum areas of the city, but to no avail. Finally she and the six nuns who were interested in the same project were sent out of the diocese, each of them to different states. A year or two later, when Sr. Nativity returned to Oklahoma City, she discussed her project ideas with Bishop Victor Reed. Eventually she made vows directly to the Bishop, was given a small home next to a Catholic school that was to be closed down. Under her direction, the retired school now functions as a community center. A neighboring house has been made into a Montessori school. She is assisted by several laymen in her work and hopes eventually others will take vows with her in this community.

I wasn't able to visit with Father John Vrana, dean of the diocesan minor seminary; he was in Washington for a peace meeting. Father Vrana, a CPF sponsor, is local chairman for the American Friends Service Committee. Father Vrana is much criticized by local conservatives: "He lives in a little dump in the colored section of town," the *National Catholic Reporter* was told. "He's dean of a two-and-a-half million dollar seminary; you'd think

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... To Mary's Day

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he'd be able to find himself a pillow (there)." Fr. Vrana is being attacked by the same group of "traditionalists" for giving lectures on the Jesuit philosopher-scientist, Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. A few weeks before my visit in Oklahoma, he had been one of several priests who had taken part in a local demonstration against the Vietnam war.

Los Angeles

I spent two years in Los Angeles the better part of a decade ago, then going to school. Not a Catholic at that time, I hardly noticed Immaculate Heart College (Western and Franklin Avenues in Hollywood) though I lived only a half mile away and walked by the college countless times. Through several of the nuns doing graduate work in New York last year, and through the

little) "Hey, you cannot hide your love away."

On the cover of the program for the day were words taken from *No More Strangers*, the Macmillan book by CPF chairman Fr. Phil Berrigan:

"The future of the Church, our country and the world depends directly on the solution of certain key human problems, to whose presence the whole of mankind reacts today, immediately and unanimously, and with astonishing sensitivity."

Inside were special songs for the day, the mass responses, a "Come Alive!" sticker, the CPF's Pope Paul button (No More War, War Never Again) and, in the center, an essay of Father Dan Berrigan, our friend and sponsor. It was headed POWER UP after a serigraph by Sister Corita and, in part, read:

"God has chosen his mother to put

and falls all over everything and then we EAT; bread gets inside humans..."

The Mass for Mary's Day was prefaced with a film concerned only with bread, bread of every shape and color, the color camera wandering around the loaves like a child in wonderland: bread being sliced, bread coming from the ovens, black bread, wheat bread, pumpernickel, rye, white. Bread being torn, bread in hands. "We become what we eat," Father Wally Inglis had said at mass the day before, and it is a wonderful thing, one realized, to become like bread, whether it be Jewish matzoh or Russian black bread or Italian or French long loaves, or even the Wonder Bread that can either be a brand name or which is the Eucharist.

The mass took place mid-morning in the auditorium. Above the temporary altar on the stage was a huge POWER UP banner. On a 40-foot table in front of the stage, oranges, bananas, cherries, bread and rolls baked by the students—all heaped high in readiness for the lunch on the lawn outside which was to come later in the day. Hanging in long streamers from the sides of the hall were front pages from newspapers, pasted one after another, which gave the mass a sense of taking place with one foot inside history, one foot out. Adding to that sense of Now was the piping in of the morning news report just as the mass was getting underway: news from Saigon, from Washington, London and Paris, then local news—civil rights, poverty, elections, etc.

Everyone was wearing panchos, three by eight foot pieces of silk, with a slit for the head to come up through. Designs were stenciled on the panchos by the art department. The colors very bright. Also flowers, large and made of colored paper, all of which had been produced at a "pre-party" the night before.

At the end of mass balloons (blown up and full of confetti) dropped from the balcony, carried out over the auditorium by fans. As they reached head-level, the community reached up and popped them. It sounded like a non-violent Fourth of July. As the theme of the day was Revolution and Evolution, it was appropriate to the moment.

There followed a great colorful parade that steamed down the hill, led by a bag-piper in full Scottish attire. A lunch occurred beneath the banners on a huge green hillside lawn, looking out over the city. There was a return to the auditorium for presentation of awards and a speech by Ned O'Gorman, the poet, essayist, Princeton lecturer and, as was said on the college posters announcing his presence as "special" guest, Great Man.

I cannot finish my account of the week in Los Angeles—during which I spoke at Loyola, El Camino College and at a Quaker meeting house, counselling COs in my spare time—without mentioning the visitors from Berkeley

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THE HEALTHY LIFE

We cannot love God unless we love each other, and to love we must know each other. We know Him in the breaking of bread, and we know each other in the breaking of bread, and we are not alone any more. Heaven is a banquet and life is a banquet, too, even with a crust, where there is companionship. We have learned that . . . love comes with community." Dorothy Day

Mickey Myers

artwork of Sister Mary Corita and the community of artists and musicians there, I had become interested in the campus, though now three thousand miles removed.

It was especially good to be at Immaculate Heart for the first week of May—Mary's Day was scheduled for the 5th. For those of you who may not have read of this remarkable event—or seen the Mary's Day film made by Baylis Glascock which the CPF has circulated—I should just quote one of the students: "It's a day in which we use natural and material things in an ordinary way, doing un-ordinary things for a special day." It is obviously a day that honors the mother of God, yet not in a vacuum removing her from the rest of the human family. It is a day which says (to turn the Beatle song around a

an end to all distance. The first choice of Christians is Christ. Where is your brother? Want nothing small about men. Except maybe their words, which should be modest and thoughtful and almost inaudible before their DEEDS. For the rest, bigness; heart, brain; imagination too; let it take the world in two hands and show us what it's like to BE! . . . Where's the man who says yes, says no, like a thunderclap? Where's the man whose no turns to yes in his mouth—he can't deny life, he asks like a new flower or a new day or a hero even, what more is there to love than I have loved?

"When I hear the sound of bread breaking, I see something else; it seems almost as though God never meant us to do anything else. So beautiful a sound, the crust breaks up like Manna

Booklets

CATHOLICS AND CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTION

by James H. Forest, 15c.

A 16-page booklet dealing with the background of conscientious objection in the Catholic community; much material on current U.S. law, the Vatican Council, etc. Carries *imprimatur* of the New York Archdiocese.

ALTERNATIVE TO WAR

by Gordon Zahn; 50c.

The Loyola (Ill.) sociologist discusses the theory and practice of nonviolence in a readable 50-page booklet from the Council on Religion in International Affairs.

CONSTITUTION ON THE CHURCH IN THE MODERN WORLD, 75c.

The key Vatican II text, with index, as published by the National Catholic Welfare Conference; 138 pp.

POPE PAUL IN NEW YORK

The NCWC paperback on the Pope's UN trip, with photos and the text of all his statements during the visit; 75c.

FOR THOSE WHO SIT IN THE WARM SUNLIGHT

by James H. Forest, 10c.

A reprint from *Fellowship* magazine on the Catholic Worker movement.

THE QUESTION OF WAR: A MORAL EVALUATION PROMPTED BY THE VIETNAM CRISIS

by Fr. Peter Riga, 10c.

The Notre Dame theologian, in a *Fellowship* reprint, explains his opposition to the Vietnam war.

HANDBOOK FOR CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS. The indispensable and authoritative guide through the maze of selective service regulations. Published by the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors; 50c.

PACEM IN TERRIS. Pope John's great encyclical on peace and the social order; 50c.

Books

THE QUIET BATTLE, writings on the theory and practice of nonviolent resistance, edited, with an introduction and afterword by Mulford Q. Sibley; \$1.45.

THEY CALL US DEAD MEN, reflections on life and conscience, by Daniel Berrigan, S.J.; \$4.50.

IN SOLITARY WITNESS, by Gordon Zahn. The life and witness of Franz Jaegerstaetter, Austrian Catholic peasant beheaded by the Nazis in 1943 for his refusal to enter Hitler's army; \$5.95.

GERMAN CATHOLICS AND HITLER'S WARS, by Gordon Zahn. Profoundly important study of the German Catholic experience, demonstrating how the German crisis of conscience affects the traditional theology of the just war and concepts of nationalism; \$4.75.



Rita Corbin

NO MORE STRANGERS, by Philip Berrigan, S.S.J. "No serious Christian can read this book without reexamining his social commitment, and being shattered out of any comfortable adjustment to evil"; \$4.95.

CHRISTIANITY VERSUS VIOLENCE, by Stanley Windass. A scholarly survey of the development of Christian teaching of war, from Apostolic times to the present; \$1.75.

GANDHI ON NONVIOLENCE, Excerpts from Gandhi's *Nonviolence in Peace and War*, edited and with an introduction by Thomas Merton; \$1.50.

BREAKTHROUGH TO PEACE, edited by Thomas Merton. Essays on nonviolence and related problems. Seminal essays of lasting importance; \$1.95.

MORALS AND MISSILES, edited by Charles S. Thompson. Catholic essays on the problem of war today by leading spokesmen for nonviolence in England; 50c.

Films

In Solitary Witness: A dramatization of the life and witness of Franz Jaegerstaetter, Austrian Catholic peasant beheaded in 1943 for his refusal to join Hitler's army. 27 minutes, 16 mm. black and white, sound. Produced by National Council of Catholic Men for NBC TV. Rental fee, \$7.50 per day of use.

Mary's Day: The meaning of "celebration" in Christian life is exemplified in the 1964 festivities at Immaculate Heart College in Los Angeles, under the direction of Sr. Mary Corita, I.H.M. Mary, Pacem in Terris, and Food the theme. 20 minutes, 16 mm. color, sound. Produced by Baylis Glasscock. Rental fee, \$7.50 per day of use.

Tapes

(\$1.00 per tape per day.)

Martin J. Corbin on Pacifica Radio. Catholic Worker managing editor speaks on Christian-Marxist dialogue, nonviolence, communitarianism, libertarianism, in a distinguished series presented last winter on WBAI, New York.

CPF Conference at Tivoli, 1965. James Douglass, Father Daniel Berrigan and others.

James Douglass at Pacem in Terris Convocation in Los Angeles, 1966. Extremely provocative treatment of the power of the powerless.

James Forest, Fr. Philip Berrigan, Christopher Kearns and John Leo on Pacifica Radio. Nonviolence and its relevance to the Christian community in the age of Revolution and the Bomb.

Dorothy Day, Howard Everngam, Martin Corbin and Thomas Francis Ritt on Pacifica Radio. A discussion of Catholic radicalism.

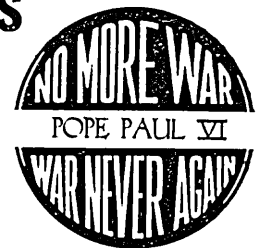
Thomas Cornell on the Catholic Worker movement at St. Thomas College, St. Paul, Minnesota.

CPF Fordham Conference on Pacem in Terris and the War in Vietnam, 1966.

Fr. Thomas Hasset, S.J., Dr. Bennet Basore, Fr. Philip Berrigan, Ned O'Gorman, Fr. Herbert Rogers et al.

Gordon Zahn at the Church Center for the U.N. on Pacem in Terris in an Age of Fear.

Buttons



"No More War, War Never Again," the words from Pope Paul's UN speech, are printed in white against a blue background. The name of the pope appears in red across the center.

A wide assortment of peace buttons is stocked by the Student Peace Union, 5 Beekman St., NYC 10038. A list may be obtained from them on request.

BAY AREA CPF

The San Francisco and Bay Area Catholic Peace Fellowship meets regularly in San Francisco or Oakland and welcomes all who are interested. For further information write: Catholic Peace Fellowship, P.O. Box 693 Pacifica, California or telephone Sylvia Coddington at Olympia 5-7813 in Oakland.

'They Must Settle Their Accounts With God'

Early last November Norman Morrison, a 31-year-old Quaker, burned himself to death in front of the Pentagon as a protest against the war in Vietnam. He came to his decision after reading the article about a French priest in Vietnam that is reprinted below.

The article appeared in *Paris-Match*, the French equivalent of *Life Magazine*. The author, Jean Larteguy, is an anti-Communist novelist.

Near Duc Co, 17,000 refugees, for the most part Catholics from Tonkin, had been settled in some ten villages. Father Currien was their curé. He is a stocky, robust native of the Vosges. He won the Military Medal for going out among the Vietminh in 1944 to find the wounded French. I found him stretched out on a bed in the St. Paul Clinic in Saigon. He had been caught for several hours under the beams of his wrecked church and his spine felt the effects. In his hand he held a small pyx, a small round metal vessel in which the Blessed Sacrament is carried, which had been pierced by two bullets. He showed it to me:

"This was the consecrated host. In this war they even shoot God himself. It all began one Monday at 9 a.m. The Viet Cong were in the vicinity, but not as many as reported—many less. . . . No one was in the village except for some women, children and old people whom neither the Viet Cong nor the regular troops thought to pick up to serve as coolies.

"I heard some planes. The first bomb fell at 6:05 on my church. There was nothing left of it. I ran for shelter to the presbytery, a wooden house adjoining the church. A second bomb crushed it and I was pinned under the beams. Children cried, women shrieked and the wounded moaned. They were near me but I could not budge. Finally, some of the faithful who had been looking for me everywhere, dragged me out. I made the women and children lie down under the flooring of the house. There we passed the entire night while those accursed planes hammered with rockets and bombs at my village.

"There were no longer any Viet Cong around. They had fled into the forest long before. Next morning my back hurt badly, but I gathered 42 women and children

and took the Host in its bullet-pierced pyx and started off for Pleiku. The bombing could start again at any moment. On the way I buried as best I could the bodies of my faithful. Yes, I remember now. I buried seven of them completely torn to bits. I had to abandon some wounded and dying. I gave them absolution. I tried to keep alive those who were still alive. The children were exhausted, the women wept; they dragged themselves along. It was a real way of the cross. . . .

"The march continued. The children lay down along the road; they no longer wanted to move. Finally we arrived at a French tea plantation where they gave us to eat and drink, and a place to lie down."

The Padre tried to turn himself on his bed but made a grimace. He showed his fist: "Today nothing remains of all that region. All is razed. As for the poor mountain people whose villages and rice granaries have been destroyed, they can live only as wild boars in the forest. Before the bombardment, the loud speakers, in the planes above them, told them not to go into the fields and to stay in their huts. They stayed in their huts and the huts were bombarded anyway. Or again the Viet Cong obliged them to come out and machine-gunned them in the fields. Some villages were warned, others not. I have seen my faithful burned up in napalm. I have seen the bodies of women and children blown to bits. I have seen all my villages razed. By God, it's not possible!" Suddenly the priest burst into tears. His nerves had given way. He cursed the war and its attendant horrors and absurdities. He railed at the Americans in English, as if they were there to hear him. He finally calmed down:

"They must settle their accounts with God. When I arrived in Saigon, I could barely drag myself along. Two Americans wanted to give me a lift to the hospital in their automobiles. I couldn't stand it. Always before my eyes were those burned up women and children. I told them to get the Hell out because I didn't like murderers. They were probably nice guys who wanted to help me. In Saigon they probably pound away at typewriters in an air-conditioned office and know nothing of this war. They couldn't understand what was the matter with me."

. . . To Mary's Day

(continued from page 5)

who drove down for Mary's Day, staying—as did I—with Gerry Hucksby, a poet and member of the English faculty at the college.

For Mary's Day this group had VIVA MARIA inscribed on their cheeks, the same stenciled on their t-shirts and army surplus jackets.

Artists and musicians like the Berkeley visitors had a jug band in full swing through much of Mary's Day, singing Spanish ballads, songs to Mary. Later, as did everyone else, they danced to exhaustion — doing mostly Jewish circle dances.

At the end of Mary's Day the Berkeley group went over to the famous

cemetery, Forest Lawn (no relation to myself), and sang in this place where death is thoroughly minimized by the park/museum quality the owners have tried to instill in the place. (For a price, the dead can listen to stereophonic music, we were told.) Here, in a land area that seems to sum up the comfortable death most of us are supposed to accept in place of life, the jug band sang the Pepsi Cola jingle, Come Alive!, until a guard offered an escort to the gate. The incident, however, symbolized for me the work of the Christian community as salt of the earth, making me think of a poem Sister Ann Peter Feagen, C.S.J., had written:

You are the salt of the earth,
the salt of the earth, the salt.
Or, you are the cheese on hot apple
pie,

The Worcestershire sauce on a steak,
You, says Jesus, are the fizz in a
Coke

And the nuts on an Almond Joy
You are the alligator on a short's
pocket,

Or, O Christian, a new girdle's
stretch.

You are the orange glaze on a clay
pot,

The scent in a grove of pines.
Christian, you're the fiddler at a
country dance.

But what if the salt of the earth loses
its saltiness?

Or what if the fizz fizzles out, you
its saltiness?

Or the elastic loses its stretch?

What, when these things lose their
stuff, their tang, their shine?

Well, then, says Christ,
You can just call them junk.

Merton Remains CPF Sponsor

Despite his withdrawal to a hermitage on the grounds of the Abbey of Getsemani in Kentucky, Thomas Merton has announced his intention to remain among the sponsors of the Catholic Peace Fellowship.

Father Merton, a founding sponsor of the CPF, released a statement to the press on the subject in December:

"... I have been granted an opportunity for greater solitude and more intensive prayer, meditation and study. As a result of this, I am less involved in various activities than I was before. In particular, I have no further opportunity to engage directly or indirectly in politics. . . .

"However, I certainly believe it is my duty to give at least general and moral support to all forms of Catholic action, especially to those which seek to implement the decrees and teachings of the Second Vatican Council. In particular, I continue to give such moral support to those who are working to implement the teaching of the Council and of the modern popes on war and peace. My name remains among the sponsors of the Catholic Peace Fellowship because I believe that this dedicated group is sincerely striving to spread the teachings of the Gospel and the Church on war, peace and the brotherhood of man. . . ."

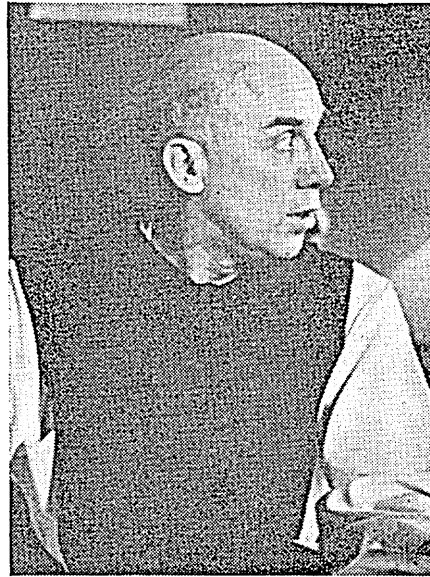
THE CATHOLIC WORKER

Founded in 1933 by Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day, The Catholic Worker has become the largest pacifist monthly in the English-speaking world, each issue offering a highly readable selection of articles and reports as well as excellent artwork.

Annual subscriptions are available at 25 cents.

175 Chrystie Street
New York City 10002

James Forest



Thomas Merton

Frisbee Writes . . .

(continued from page 2)

We ourselves would sin gravely in exposing him to this danger.

2) There are innumerable secondary gains, or bonuses, connected with this noble act. First of all it will cut down the number of teenagers and make society as a whole more tranquil. I do not of course suggest that you wait until junior becomes a teenager. Better make your offering while he is still under the age of five, when he will be more cooperative and easier to catch.

3) If everybody everywhere can be persuaded to get in on this, it will certainly cut down the danger of the population explosion. But in any case it will mean one less mouth to feed in the family shelter.

4) The Kings of Juda sometimes made this offering as part of the consecration of a new fort. You might offer junior to bring down "good luck" on the new shelter.

5) Finally, from the psychological viewpoint, it offers a challenge to the whole

We Need a Car

The CPF staff, both of us, are without wheels. Our national headquarters in Nyack is 40 miles distant from our Beekman Street office. Frequent calls come to us to speak within a reasonable radius of New York City. We could save time and money and increase the efficiency of our operation if some kind reader would offer us an automobile in reliable condition, one that can be operated at modest cost. We would, of course, accept the responsibility for picking the car up. We have long been convinced that possessions, in the words of Thoreau, are an iron leg. Yet we find that sometimes the lack of a piece of equipment impedes us even more.

ANNUAL PAX WEEKEND

The American Pax Association, an association of Catholics and others who seek to promote and to encourage the practical application of Christian principles to the question of war, has announced that its annual conference will take place at the Catholic Worker Farm August 29th through the 31st, beginning Friday evening. Theme of this year's conference will be "Beyond Vatican II." A fee of \$10 is asked for food and lodging. Reservations may be made by writing Pax Reservations, Catholic Worker Farm, Box 33, Tivoli, N.Y. 12583.

rising generation. Junior's brothers and be sure of our deep gratitude. sisters are going to get a new outlook on life from assisting in this moving ceremony. It will give them an inkling of what it means to live in the modern world and snap them out of the dangerous dream state induced by any moralistic religious training they may have hitherto received.

I am sure you will take this suggestion in the liturgical spirit in which it is offered.

Yours truly,

MARCO J. FRISBEE

[Marco J. Frisbee has written for The Catholic Worker under the name Benedict Monk.]

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