Behold, He Comes: The Prince of Peace

Revolutionists and the Cross

By JOHN L. MCKENZIE

(Continued on page 3)

Bishop Calls for Action

By DOM HELDER CAMARA

(Continued on page 5)
Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWDER

Early this morning the wind blew and moaned about the northeastern corner (where our house is located) with a wild cold song and a blast of December's trumpets, though we had heard them from Thanksgiving. Now and again I heard a chickadee taking advantage of a hull to voce its crunching in our sunflower playing. A

But the morning's song was the wind's song, and the wind blew like a prophet, a word in its face. Yet when I looked out and found the wintry sound of the little brook flowing with the rain and melted snow the past week through us (of such little well and reservoir were much in need, John Filligar tells me), making its sweet music and the Christmas cantata of the Hudson and ultimately the mighty solemnity of the ocean.

Those who love Autumn—and I count myself among these—have tradition—

Again I heard a voice of a child and the young mother weeping in cramped cell—

And it seemed a housewarming to you, the farm workers; a good housewarming May God bless these new house and all who dwell therein, and all the work of your hands.

Another Adventure

When Clare and I were ready to leave, Fr. Andy Chromual, who wanted to show us his home, asked if I felt adventurous. After such a wonderful housewarming, I did indeed. And so instead of taking the beaten path, we set out on what I like to call a minia-

But the minor's song was the wind's song, and the wind blew like a prophet, a word in its face. Yet when I looked out and found the wintry sound of the little brook flowing with the rain and melted snow the past week through us (of such little well and reservoir were much in need, John Filligar tells me), making its sweet music and the Christmas cantata of the Hudson and ultimately the mighty solemnity of the ocean.

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ON FIRST STREET

CAMARA CALLS FOR ACTION

By SISTER CHARITY

(Continued from page 1)

Decry Cuba Blockade

On June 7, 1972, the Division for Latin America of the U.S. Catholic Conference issued the following statement on the United States embargo of Cuba.

For ten years our government has observed an economic war against Cuba. Whatever reasons argued for such a policy in 1962, no compelling evidence has been offered to continue it in recent years. On the contrary, one overwhelming argument is that Cuba is in sharp need of food and medicine. It is simply wrong to impose needless hardships and suffering on those most directly affected by this policy: the poor, the sick, the aged and the very young.

Who among us does not know of all kinds of difficulties that are blocking the way that leads to development... external difficulties arising from complications that govern the current economic and fabric of international relations among peoples. These cause Cuba to be shunned for the weak, small and underdeveloped countries.

Doctor, in silence. Some are ready to serve the Church, in concrete terms, from giving support to structures of slavery under the pretext of helping poverty, and under the name of missions, in order to make real the social teachings of the Church. (The preceding is drawn from Dom Helder Camara's talk to the Justice & Peace Commission and to the Catholic Institute for International Relations in England this June. We reprint it from the Pax Christi Bulletin, August, 1972, Eds. Note).

Now it is indisputable that the Pontifical Commission on Justice and Peace should present concrete suggestions to the Christian denominations, beginning with our own, about how they can immediately free themselves from the cogwheels of capitalism.

For instance, the moral impact if the Pontifical Commission on Justice and Peace would encourage the Church hierarchy in the entire world to free the Church, in concrete terms, from giving support to structures of slavery under the pretext of helping poverty, and under the name of missions, in order to make real the social teachings of the Church. (The preceding is drawn from Dom Helder Camara's talk to the Justice & Peace Commission and to the Catholic Institute for International Relations in England this June. We reprint it from the Pax Christi Bulletin, August, 1972, Eds. Note).

By JOHN ADAMS

On Saturday, November 11, about 200 people picketed Columbus Hospital in New York, protesting its efforts to evict tenants from 19th Street, where it planned to replace the buildings with a parking garage and luxury housing. Carrying a sign reading "Stop U.S. Imperialism in Indo-China—Stop Columbus Imperi- on on 19th Street," Fr. Dan Brennan led the picketers past a row of police cars stationed afterward in Stuyvesant Park. Colum- buis Hospital is the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, founded by Mother Cabrini, patron of homeless runaways. The hospital's administrators had planned to coincide with her feast day.

In correspondence with hospital offi- cials, Fr. Brennan said: "It boggles the mind to think that a hospital conducted by the daughters of a national saint for the poor... and Catholic Worker friends by Mother Cabrini... should be trying to evict tenants or to replace the buildings with luxury housing because a luxury parking garage was planned to coincide with her feast day.

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TO THE EDITORS

As Christian tenants, we would like to see a complete list of Houses of Hospitality and Catholic-Worker-type groups that have received or are now receiving offers of assistance or inquiries which could better be referred to local organizations. House of Hospitality, or know of such a group, please send us its name, the name and address, the number and sex of its members, and the address. Thanks. —The Editors

NEED CLOTHES

With cold weather, the men of the Bowery will again be seeking warming coats, hats, scarves and mittens. We will not be able to begin to meet the need without many contributions. Especially needed are men's coats and jackets, pants, socks, shoes and underwear.
Bernanos’ “Diary of a Country Priest”

By ROBERT COLES

No book has meant more to me than Georges Bernanos’ novel, “The Diary of a Country Priest.” I have read it and reread it, and I keep it in front of me on my desk. I hunger for answers, the more clear-cut the better, and to my frustration I find few passages that I don’t already know well, probably because his struggles as a passionate Christian pilgrim almost interest me more than American saints, even those who nominally call themselves “believers.” Perhaps that is why his words on the eight noblest and almost all of his forceful, brilliantly argued political sayings are not even available in English. But “The Diary of a Country Priest” is very much available and the film, done by Robert Bresson, is occasionally shown in a film series—though each reading brings me to a new point in my life. Tillisch’s message came across all the more strongly—so that thereafter I could manage a smile when I heard a mention of the novel—after hearing Paul Tillich refer to it in a lecture sharply critical of psychiatric theory proclaimed as the way to understand the human mind.

Spanish Revolution

Bernanos was a French novelist and a lay mystic who was troublesomely cadenced by the terrible Spanish Revolution years later, though, while taking my training in psychiatry, I went back to the novel—after hearing Paul Tillisch refer to it in a lecture sharply critical of psychiatric theory proclaimed as the way to understand the human mind. Anyway, the second reading marked a turning point in my life. Tillisch’s message came across all the more strongly—so that thereafter I could manage a smile when I heard a mention of the novel—after hearing Paul Tillich refer to it in a lecture sharply critical of psychiatric theory proclaimed as the way to understand the human mind.

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Poll Watching

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Obviously “The Diary” has no formal or coherent plot—any more than a real-life diary would. But lives have their particular trends, and in the long run what seems aimless, haphazard or accidental can figure as all of a piece. In this case the Cure from the beginning is old beyond his years, in almost constant physical pain, and alive in a town that itself seems stagnant. It is not doomed outdoors. The rain beats the land incessantly. Coudert does not make it hard to see beyond one’s feet. The village seems like a hasty afterthought, sometimes a place more meant to be. And the parishioners, they are tired and lonely and bored. Yes, they go through the motions, even work up appetites, preferences, hates, but their priest hears something else: the tears, the misgivings; the self-lacerations, and worst of all, the pride that masks itself in fake piety and in a sly helpless resignation to “things as they are.”

Paganini Wisdom

The Cure knows how awful it is for everyone, and he himself has little to offer—to them or himself. He can offer himself to God, but the church would be known perhaps to the exquisitely pugnacious but pious wisdom he writes down in his diary. In one crucial episode he confronts the town’s leading citizen, a politician, with his pride. He is a child, and she still wears a medal that contains a lock of his hair. And the cure knows all that, and he has come to accept it from the other women, and she is desperately unhappy, but no matter: what seems to have happened is that in the course of his life he has learned to put himself out of sight of others. And in that way he has come to judge all things in life as nothing, or of no account. He is almost unbeatably delicate and touching. He is the Diary

Bernanos made a crucial and inspir- ed decision to write his novel in the form of a diary. The priest can say what he pleases, openly and honestly and completely, even though some readers may not have been prepared for the task. In a sense he is given complete freedom—from the presence of the author. As a consequence, the priest has a right to think about all sorts of things: the value of prayer; the nature of chastity; the nature of poverty on the mind and spirit; the only too apparent flaws in the church, and, indeed, in every single institution

—whether social, political or religious. But he can also act, abruptly and spontaneously; and, above all, he can act unselfconsciously. We as readers can judge him, and later he can judge himself.

But the miraculous, though, Bernanos has removed himself from the novelist’s great temptation, to cheat his readers by not taking the risk that their speech, their ideas and ideals have been earned—that is to say emerge as naturally the property of the person portrayed. Not once does Bernanos call attention to himself as the author. When “The Diary” is over, and its author dead, we feel we have met him; an ordinary priest whose parish is “like all the rest”; a tempted priest, who inevitably succumbs, regretfully, to his weaknesses, and confused priest, who drinks and almost stumbles his way through a short and apparently unremarkable life; and finally, a man of God, perhaps a saint whose faith we can appreciate, even as he doubts it until the very end.

But beyond aesthetics, beyond any choice, the self-serfing ones of everyday life, or the literary ones, or the exalted and agonized religious ones, a kind of purity; a purity, after the chaos and confusion has been made; “True grace is to forget oneself. Yet if pride could die in us, and our sin, then we would be able to forget oneself in all simplicity—as one would love any of those who have loved and suffered in our place.”

A saint and the grace he or she somehow could not get enough of anywhere to be found, though in “The Diary” one does get the impression that some places and some roads are better than others. More than anything else, Bernanos fought the temptation to write out of self-importance and ambiguity, its built-in mysteries, its set-backs that can mean so much and its victories that are nothing really. For years he succumbed to sin and raged against this, but in the end there was to be a man whose holiness is unknown himself, but instructive beyond all words for us who read the diary.

Right and Burden

A writer, Bernanos profoundly dis-trusted words, which he knew to be the money that intellectual confidence when they are given to a man in every conceivable way. In “The Diary of a Country Priest” the words are plain and unadorned, a description of nothing, a simple, practical, direct words. Bernanos must have believed—al— that is why he calls himself a “believer.” But beyond aesthetics, beyond any choice, the self-serfing ones of everyday life, or the literary ones, or the exalted and agonized religious ones, a kind of purity; a purity, after the chaos and confusion has been made; “True grace is to forget oneself. Yet if pride could die in us, and our sin, then we would be able to forget oneself in all simplicity—as one would love any of those who have loved and suffered in our place.”

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teaching of Jesus is so clear and uncompromising. You understand poverty and wealth as compared, for instance with his teaching about birth control and abortion, then you would find only at the dexterity of the official teachers of the church. lointing other emphases than Jesus himself. What I do not find in The Radical Bible are texts concerning resistance to evil—which is broader than non-violence. This teaching is as radical, surely, as anything else. Nothing is more conventional and conservative than violence, the oldest and often the most successful means of imposing personal and social differences. I pick these words carefully in preference to phrases such as the "spirit of Hinduism: the book is a fine introduction to the wisdom" covers those Hindu scriptures and practices, and saints of the East. We have heard that non-violence does not work; and one is tempted to remark that it has not been tried at least in the Roman Empire, in which possibly it did work. Violence, of course, does work; that is why I am against it. I am not sure that Jesus ever promised that non-violence would "work", whatever that may mean. Possibly he meant that a community of love cannot be proselytized by it. He spoke to the wealthy as well as to the poor, he showed them the way of salvation. Then he followed it, and his pastors have not led them to a headlong rush towards the practice of non-violence. He said that either way either. Jesus wished to save all men, rich and poor, not to kill them. As George Edwards says in Jesus and the Politics of Violence, the image of Jesus with the machine gun does not come as a surprise, I am willing to believe that the revolutionaries show no concern for the salvation of the rich and the oppressed. He spent most of the book discussing the "Law of Sacrifice" as it is often found in Indian spirituality which he personally encountered. The first chapter, "The Voice of Intuitive Wisdom" covers those Hindu scriptures and philosophies. He conveys the idea that God or the Kingdom of heaven can be found within. The chapter includes an account of Ramana Maharshi's enlightenment experience and teachings. His "Voice of Intuitive Wisdom" deals with karma yoga, described in the Bhagavad Gita as the purification of fruit of activity to the Lord. Emphasis is placed on Mahatma Gandhi's life, and mention is made of the Swami Vivekananda's work and Mao Tse Tung's service to the people. "The Voice of Discourse on Conscious Discipline" concerns the different disciplines of yoga: yoga defined as union with God or the Absolute. Here, as well as in each other chapter, Moffitt interweaves the Eastern ideas and practices by showing its parallels in the Christian faith. He concludes his study of spiritual experimentation. Ramakrishna attainst realization or enlightenment through nearly all the existing paths, and his experience includes visions of Christ and Mohammed. For most of his disciples, this process was immensely confusing. God, as Moffitt quotes Bishop Kedra, a Greek Orthodox, who like Ramakrishna says, "God is one, but his names are many."

Revolutionists and the Cross

The Discipline of Nonviolence


John Moffitt introduces his book with the statement: "I am a Christian, but I can no longer say I am not a Hindu or a Buddhist. It is my duty to examine the meaning of these creeds. In exploring the religious practices, and saints of the East. He spends most of the book discussing the "Law of Sacrifice" as it is often found in Indian spirituality which he personally encountered. The first chapter, "The Voice of Intuitive Wisdom" covers those Hindu scriptures and philosophies. He conveys the idea that God or the Kingdom of heaven can be found within. The chapter includes an account of Ramana Maharshi's enlightenment experience and teachings. His "Voice of Intuitive Wisdom" deals with karma yoga, described in the Bhagavad Gita as the purification of fruit of activity to the Lord. Emphasis is placed on Mahatma Gandhi's life, and mention is made of the Swami Vivekananda's work and Mao Tse Tung's service to the people. "The Voice of Discourse on Conscious Discipline" concerns the different disciplines of yoga: yoga defined as union with God or the Absolute. Here, as well as in each other chapter, Moffitt interweaves the Eastern ideas and practices by showing its parallels in the Christian faith. He concludes his study of spiritual experimentation. Ramakrishna attainst realization or enlightenment through nearly all the existing paths, and his experience includes visions of Christ and Mohammed. For most of his disciples, this process was immensely confusing. God, as Moffitt quotes Bishop Kedra, a Greek Orthodox, who like Ramakrishna says, "God is one, but his names are many."

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The warrior's loyalty consists in never betraying or deserting his leaders, in never raising his hand against them, and in showing them the respect which is due to them, even if they ill-treat him. Jesus proclaims this rule clearly and emphatically.

Whosoever shall smite thee on the cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will take away thy cloak, let him have thy coat also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him two. What, then, is this rule? It is the Law of Sacrifice, laid down by Jesus, for the redemption of the world.

These excerpts are from the book From Gandhi to Yinsha, Eds. note.

NOTICE TO LIBRARIANS

A facsimile edition of The Catholic Worker (Vol. 1-27, 1933-1961) is now available through the Greenwood Reprint Corporation of Westport, Conn. The four-volume set includes an introduction by Dwight MacDonald, and a preface by Dorothy Day.

December, 1972

THE CATHOLIC WORKER

Page 6
The Cell: A Prison Novel

Elia Carkin

I believe each man's most real weakness, and it is usually unrecognized, is his haraçã, merciless, pin-point judgment of his own guilt. And that is the clearest way of understanding this "Devil" whom man has blamed so much on himself. There must be something supposed to appeal to the "bad" part of each of us, because I am "good" part of us. As if we came in pairs? As if there were a bad part of us that seeks to be deprived of the wondrous ability of being our own whipping boy? The "Devil" to me is not some other creature, but each man's terrible inhumanity toward the flaws in his own marvelous self.

We don't have to go to the wasted world of drug addiction, or to prostitution, to find degradation; we only have to look in the mirror. These are the single most important judgments. (Try it.) And of course to us, the weak half of our Godhead.

The most common result of such a harsh judgment of our faults is the inferiority complex. This means our hatred of the existence of a place than we really belong. (The Latin word inferior means "lower.") In present terms, it is "putting ourselves down."

But there is a further facet, the real oddity of Bieneck's prisoner (and here we have another aspect of Bieneck's realism), endures, he endures that I shall not give up, especially not in this situation. The marvel of this brief book is that we come to know a prisoner's feeling toward the warden, to understand how he, but become endeared to him. The prisoner maintains a remarkable sanity by the exercise of his own strengths. In a sense, he is not really the prisoner any more, he is himself.

Finally, while the novel portrays death is a hundred gulfs, life abounds. The price is real, but the warden's heart is as capable of love as his heart is as capable of love. He does not sink beneath his stats, but more clearly defines it. And I should like to end it this way. Kropotkin's only reply was: "What can I do for you that you make him just adapt to community life? And to prisoners' suffering, has the warden become a mere spectator? And in the meantime more and more people are locked up, even from the poorest and the very young, who have the hypocrisy to turn them out feeling like kings, claiming we have the right to keep them in jail.

The Cell, a Noval

By DAN DELANY

The L.A. County Jail usually has two men sleeping in each cell. It is a six-man cell downtown, in each six-man cell due to overcrowding. Why should our institutions be crowded? For the very reason that in the inhuman, the real test, the expressions of each soul that is unfaithful to friends, and worse.

The Cell makes it clear: the prison experience is horrendous. I have never read anywhere before, Dr. Jack Kevorkian, when Bieneck does. From Dan Bellissag's introduction one surmises that Bieneck sees it with singular and unique precision. The prisoner faces judgments which he could believe that the world can be divided into the guilty and the innocent, and that they, as judges, are called upon to separate the one from the other.

Of his guards he says, "One day we would exchange roles; then I would be the guard and he my prisoner; not much would change.\"

Both are caught in the bonds of jail. We see the prisoner becoming "strange and unknown to himself."Names take on the sense of "feeling," while labels re-

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The Cell makes it clear: the prison experience is horrendous. I have never read anywhere before, Dr. Jack Kevorkian, when Bieneck does. From Dan Bellissag's introduction one surmises that Bieneck sees it with singular and unique precision. The prisoner faces judgments which he could believe that the world can be divided into the guilty and the innocent, and that they, as judges, are called upon to separate the one from the other.

Of his guards he says, "One day we would exchange roles; then I would be the guard and he my prisoner; not much would change.\"

Both are caught in the bonds of jail. We see the prisoner becoming "strange and unknown to himself."Names take on the sense of "feeling," while labels re-

The most common result of such a harsh judgment of our faults is the inferiority complex. This means our hatred of the existence of a place than we really belong. (The Latin word inferior means "lower.") In present terms, it is "putting ourselves down."

But there is a further facet, the real oddity of Bieneck's prisoner (and here we have another aspect of Bieneck's realism), endures, he endures that I shall not give up, especially not in this situation. The marvel of this brief book is that we come to know a prisoner's feeling toward the warden, to understand how he, but become endeared to him. The prisoner maintains a remarkable sanity by the exercise of his own strengths. In a sense, he is not really the prisoner any more, he is himself.

Finally, while the novel portrays death is a hundred gulfs, life abounds. The price is real, but the warden's heart is as capable of love as his heart is as capable of love. He does not sink beneath his stats, but more clearly defines it. And I should like to end it this way. Kropotkin's only reply was: "What can I do for you that you make him just adapt to community life? And to prisoners' suffering, has the warden become a mere spectator? And in the meantime more and more people are locked up, even from the poorest and the very young, who have the hypocrisy to turn them out feeling like kings, claiming we have the right to keep them in jail.

The Cell, a Noval

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Apple Picking

By PAT BURK

The fall, for a short time, became a migrant farm worker. I harvested apples for three different growers in New Hampshire and one in south-central Pennsylvania. In New Hampshire, Arthur Harvey's Greenleaf Harvesters had a crew of 20-30 workers and went our. When the New Hampshire season ended on October 25, several of us went south to pick the last of the apple crop with Don Hoffman and Steve Gratf, both former Greenleaf Harvesters.

Of all the work I've ever done, in hospitals, factories, I have never worked in so dirty a place. The air was filled with the smell of rotting apples. The ground was covered with apples, both good and bad. The job involved picking, leafing, sorting, and loading. The work was hard and the conditions were terrible. But it was better than being on the street, looking for food and shelter. I was able to earn a living wage, which allowed me to save money for the future.

I learned a lot from this experience. I realized that the problems of the working class are not just economic, but also social and political. We need to organize to fight against the exploitation of workers and to demand better conditions.

I hope that my experience can inspire others to get involved in the struggle for justice and equality. Together, we can make a better world for all.
On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

not much food in the house, either." The old pastor grunted, "You don't look as if you've been hungry?" She had lost her figure with much child bearing, and from finishing up the sewing, the children left as poor mothers do. But no steaks, salads, fruit and cheese — not to speak of wines and liquors—on the tables of the poor.

Yet, "in peace is my bitterness most bitter." Yet every bitterness subsides, the pretty in my heart grows, and even a love and some understanding grows through these "enemies of our own house—shall tell all to the universe. Poor, to the jail, visiting the prisoner being "Forgive us our trespasses as we for- Nor did we call on the squirrels and who were doing stor ies on her seventy-

Parables

I must tell the stories, as Jesus taught us to do in trying to teach. They call it "reminiscing," when you are old. I believe. I believe in reminding. Besides, every pastoraloner past one long ago who was always blashing women in his sermons for sitting around gossiping, not cleaning their houses, and spending their hus- band-soldiers' pay on beer and mov- ies. It was during the Second World War. And there was a man in our house of hospitality arrested for in- decent exposure at the parish church who told me this called it "insulting a child," and I had thought she said "assaulting" the child of God. He was charged with fear and trembling. With no one else to turn to, I went to the pastor, the rigid and cranky. The pastor listened and said it would not be good to go to the jail, visiting the prisoner being one of the seven corporal works of mercy. Within a week the young couple was at home, but with the utmost kindness and the deli- cacy of few words, he did as I request- ed and interceded for this man off the road and got him a lighter sentence of sixty days. When this happened once again some years later, another priest, a saintly well-spoken one, was appeas- ed to. He had reported to say wis- dom, "Too bad they don't give him a life sentence!"

You never can tell! But there are still, God thank, plenty of priests. One can shop around, though it was not encouraged, but he knew who were on our "spiritual advisers." Perhaps they were right. Priests and laymen educate one another over the years. Besides, the co°!essional...manding help. Keep asking for help. That the Priest knows, and we know, who is in charge here, profits much. I almost unbelievable horror. We A Jnust

"Judge not."

"Forgive us our trespasses as we for- give those who trespass against us."

And so, when it comes to divorce, birth control, abortion, I must write in Thanksgiving and Advent and spiritually nourishing, and ought to be read by everyone who really wants to understand the Catholic Worker.

A Farm With a View

(Continued from page 2)

...all burghesses. These two words have been dropped in perhaps not unreasonable error. It is "bishops" instead of "burghesses." There is a story told by a saintly well-spoken one, who was appeased to. He had reported to say wisdom, "Too bad they don't give him a life sentence!"

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I learned from a famous psycho-anal- yst, that these men (and women who have not seen them) who express them- selves, are dangerous, and are often cured; and this man was, and did later. In this case, no one is comforting Church phrase put in.

Boycott Lettuce

Dear Caesar Chavez:

□ I pledge not to eat or buy iceberg lettuce, to tell my friends about the lettuce boycott and to raise the issue wherever I see lettuce (stores, conventions, diners, airplanes, restaurants, hospitals) until the farm workers' boycott is won.

□ I enclose a donation to support the non-violent efforts of the United Farm Workers.

Name ________________________________

City and State ______________________ Zip ______________

UNITED FARM WORKERS, P.O. Box 62, Keene, Calif. 93531

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THE CATHOLIC WORKER

Deborah Carbone

December, 1972

A Farm With a View

well-kept cottage, not at the old trailer where Christ hopes to make his home. Nor did we call on the squirrels and those in our squirrel dwellers in our hollow trees, nor on the woodchucks, chip­ munks, raccoons, skunks which have their homes in our woods. But we knew they were there. And to all of them, we said: Good day and God keep you warm through the Winter.

Thanksgiving and Advent

On this, the Eve of Thanksgiving, I thank God for so many fine young peo­ ple with a true interest in conservation, organic farming, and—whatever their formal or informal religious beliefs—that understanding which St. Francis and the Buddha lived and taught of man's relationship with (this being with) nature. De Craties

I thank God, too, for the older per­ sons in our community who have been around a long times and keep us in touch with our roots, our tradition.

Bhoff Stanley Vishnevski and Marge Vogel came to the Catholic Worker when they were so young, and have lived through so many crises and ex­ pected that they are walking his­ tories of the Catholic Worker. Marge, who is in charge here, profits much. I believe the priest is empowered Filligar and Hans Tunnesen are

THE FATAL FASCINATION

"In attempting to make his ends and his means match, the fascist, or in the pacifist is both a revolutionary and a political realist. Only radical social reconstruction can provide a frame­work which will encourage respect for human personality. But peace cannot be attained by bilateral surrender for human beings will not be advanced by methods deliberately meant to kill and malign them—only when radicals emancipate themselves from the fatal fascination which violence still apparently has for them can they become leaders in the cause of equilibrarian revolution." MULFORD SIBLEY