By PAT HOFFMAN

"I haven't seen a thing in the news. What's happening?" Farm workers are making news; it just isn't often printed. The movement is sending roots down and is spreading across the nation. I would like to communicate some of the meanings of this movement and give a brief rundown of information.

Some Reflections

Cesar Chavez talks about this revolution in agriculture as a two-edged sword. The one edge has to do with the economic and political struggle with the growers in their power. The other edge has to do with keeping the union close to its best ideals, with creating the new man among farm workers.

Those of us who have supported this movement have become accustomed to farm workers who have caught that vision of a new way of being. They have enlivened the vision in the hard work of strikes and boycotts. We need to get our heads right so we won't be surprised when we discover that many farm workers are ordinary folk: who complain when the services of the union are inadequate, slow or confusing to them; and who resist doing the job leading farm workers to take on the union. He has suddenly been thrust down and into a new ball game and no one has told him the rules. Learning what it's about, the procedures, understandings, processes—all this has to be done. 30,000 workers have come under UFWOC contracts since summer 1970. Most of them are new to the meaning of a union. It's an enormous education job.

But more than procedures have to be learned. How about the worker who has been elected to the ranch committee for her farm? The owner has signed a UFWOC and the five-person committee has responsibilities for seeing that the contract is enforced. The grower has signed that piece of paper but doesn't plan to do a thing he doesn't have to do.

Safety equipment for people who use dangerous pesticides is guaranteed in

By TOM CORNELL

Danilo Dolci, who has been called the Gandhi of Sicily, will tour the United States in October. Dolci, who was trained as an architect, left a highly profitable career in Milano to work among the poor of Western Sicily twenty years ago. He had been imprisoned during World War II for refusal to serve in the Fascist army. The same instinct that led him away from military service led him to Partinico, a small village near Palermo, where he organized the people around the Calcutta area.-Ed.)

The leadership of the union has a tough job going up against the power of agriculture. It has another tough job leading farm workers to take on new roles and responsibilities.

When I heard Cesar talk about "creating the new man," he talked about some problems the union is currently having in order to show what the union needs to do. Most of us are aware of the multitude of inter-woven problems farm workers have faced. Most of these problems stem from exceedingly low wages, poor diet, little or no health care, high death rate for babies as well as adults, crowded living conditions and the toll that can take on family relationships. And in our society low wages means lack of prestige and worth as a human being. It means being disregarded by schoolboards, hospitals, community agencies, government officials, and employers.

For years farm workers have lived with these problems, and, for the most part, assumed that they could not solve them. That picture probably still holds for most of the three million farm workers in this country. But workers in California and Arizona have seen a demonstration that a union of their own can begin to solve these problems. Some farm workers now expect the union to do that job for them. UFWOC contracts say that there shall be toilets in the fields, cool drinking water, a just system of seniority when you move on and apply for a job in another place, health benefits, no foreman driving your crew down a row at inhuman speed. But these improved conditions have not been a reality for decades. They don't become reality because they are written on a piece of paper called a contract. The power of that contract is the union that can enforce it. And the power of the union is the people who are a part of it.

So what does that mean? Here's a man doing field work on farm land in Southern California. He never cared that much about the union struggle. He worked while others were on strike. But now he is a member of the union. His employer has signed a contract with UFWOC. He and his fellow workers know the benefits guaranteed by the contract, but he doesn't understand the procedures for getting some of those benefits. His wife is expecting her second child during the summer and the hospital benefits will help. The baby comes and as does the bill. This man knows he's supposed to have hospital coverage, but doesn't know what he needs to do to get it. He feels frustrated and angry at the union. He has suddenly been thrust into a new ball game and no one has
I am a Bowery bum. You have seen me (and many, many others) lying in the streets, drunk, begging for change, or the miles—and all this. So had I the walk, or sprawled in alleys, or on a discarded mattress among the trash cans and the garbage bags.

I am not sleeping. I am comatose—

referred to as just by the three or four bottles of cheap, chemically hopped-up wine.

Even if you overcome your nausea and revulsion and try to rouse me with food which I so often have to take in hospitals, with sympathetic, empathetic doctors and nurses, medications to make withdrawal painless, I will still have some neurotic symptoms.

If you really do love me, you will make me better. You will make it possible for me to return to work and to my job, because I am· much better now and need and have to work, but of course, it will take time—and I will be rejected, insulted, maybe assaulted, and the withdrawal symptoms will become once again.

So you see, I am a derelict, and I do not respond to the conventional type of help. What you can do is give me a Perhaps you can let me have 50c so I can get me a jug? No? a quarter then? Well, thanks anyway, I am grateful, but I will not take it.

Listen dear reader, I have been putting you on a little bit—for a good hour and a half, but like it was—so you will understand and believe that a small miracle has happened. I have had that kind of therapy before, but like it was—so I guess__ I was hit by head hunters and thank you and God bless you.

On my little brochure, printed by the Paulist Press, called Meditations, the Mysteries of Co-inherence and Exclusion, is a little vague on matters involving time, place, and people. What I am trying to do is that you will solve your own approach to my problem just didn't work. I am a bum, and I have no money—I meant to sustain me until I found a job or got my next welfare check) on two bottles of wine. That just up money—lost or stolen. I just noticed my shoes are gone, and my wallet, and my address is still by group—we are a group—groups of two or three who prowl the Bowery area looking for easy money: the old, the crippled—and handicapped—and drunks like me who have drank themselves into a state of almost unconsciousness.

So here I am. They threw me out of the room that the agency rented for me. In short, I am broke, trembling with imminent withdrawal symptoms, weak from lack of food for several days and several showers. Also, I think, I haven't washed or shaved since I bought the last bottle—and you know what I mean. I am wearing the same clothes on which I was hit by head hunters, and believe that a small miracle has happened. I have had that kind of therapy before, but like it was—so you will understand and believe that a small miracle has happened. I have had that kind of therapy before, but like it was—so I guess__ I was hit by head hunters and thank you and God bless you.

What happened is that about two months ago, wild-eyed and terrified I walked into a Catholic Worker house, a dirty, stinking, smelly, overcrowded, exhausted and more than a little insane. I could walk only a short distance and became too dead to move beyond the entrance. I was trampled, and beaten, and then I was deserted. But slowly, the people there began to come to me with deference and compassion. Even if you overcome your nausea and revulsion and try to rouse me with food which I so often have to take in hospitals, with sympathetic, empathetic doctors and nurses, medications to make withdrawal painless, I will still have some neurotic symptoms.

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Peace Ship

By ARTHUR SEEHAN

I am on a ship in New York harbor which is being made into a radio station with a 6,000 watt power. It is called Peace Ship, for we hope, will broadcast in five languages in the Mediterranean to the Middle East where radio is usually government controlled. Interspersed with music will be news broadcasts, debates with persons of different views, Araba, Jews, Catholics, Mohammedans. Some of these have already been taped. I am here to tell of them.

The ship is the idea of A. B. Nathan, the man who brought food into Biafra. The Catholic Worker had an article on him last year. Able while I sit listening and talking, with Clare reading to me the narratives and prayers at every station and light, not in fear but love, the psychic and spiritual union of the Catholic Worker (Continued on page 7).

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

On the Feast of St. Vincent de Paul, rain began to fall on Tivoli, the Italian farm of a priest who has been in the thick of the midwest of the world of redevelopment. They collect $70,000 for fighting in Biafra. The ship is the idea of A. B. Nathan, the man who brought food into Biafra. The Catholic Worker had an article on him last year. Able while I sit listening and talking, with Clare reading to me the narratives and prayers at every station and light, not in fear but love, the psychic and spiritual union of the Catholic Worker (Continued on page 7).

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Dear Dorothy,

I have missed you very much. When I first came to San Francisco, it was lonely without a community. One of my joys now is the community that is beginning to develop around our house. We couldn't be more wel­come, and we feel that we are part of a community of our own. Our house was an old bar. It is being closed by community pressure since it was a source of alcoholism and prostitution. The people in the neighborhood are so glad to have another bar than a bar in the building.

It is taking a lot of work to fix up the building. We have removed the mirrors behind the bar and have replaced them with bamboo paneling. We are free from the old Bank of America building in San Francisco. They also gave us a large stainless steel refrigerator, and an industrial dishwasher. The stove in the building was replaced by a hot plate designed by P G & E (Pacific Gas & Elec. Co.). We will probably be the only C.W. house with a hot plate. The barroom was painted orange and black. We are in the process of painting it white and blue.

I have been a volunteer worker for 10 to 11 hours a day for a day at the various different things that need to be done. I have never had a job I like better with my hands, and I was amazed at what I could do. I find this work a joy. I haven't slept so soundly in years.

Father Jim Hagan, a priest at St. Peter's Parish, a block and a half away, commented: "The C.P.F. in San Francisco, are the people who wish to start the house. They asked me if I would help. There are several parishes in the area that give the men who come to them a meal ticket and a hotel ticket. We are hoping to lodge these people here. Also, we are near San Francisco General Hospital. There are many people who are often discharged with really no place to go. We are hoping to take some of these men.

The building has an upstairs floor which we plan to use for lodging. There is a family there now, but they will be moving out. When they find a new place, we will rent it to them.

For the present, we are working on getting the downstairs set up and the feeding operation going. As it goes along, we will be able to move into lodging.

We have had a good response from the people we have contacted. Peter's Parish has been sending people to help with the work. To keep the work going, we will have to do start feeding and lodging; more than just part-time help will be needed to keep all the daily activities going.

One of our hopes is to involve men in working outside the house. We are thinking about recycling, collecting cans, bottles, newspapers, etc., so we certainly will need at least two more volunteers before we will be able to do that.

I hope by the time you come to California, we will be in full operation. God bless you.

Love,

Chris Montesano
P.S. Anyone interested in working as a volunteer, please write to me.

Baltimore

Viva House
36 South Mount Street
Baltimore, Maryland 21223

Dear Sisters and Brothers,

We write in a spirit of joy and in­

vitation. Viva House has been in exis­
tence for almost three years now.

Much has transpired; some goals have been realized; perhaps we are on the brink of something real. We feel it is important for Viva House to continue to grow, to be a part of that force working toward a revolutionary change of our society.

Willa and I have been working through some long days and nights with Viva House. From the very beginning we have reevaluated andquestioned what we are doing, where we are headed, how that can be improved, whether the burden on poor people's backs will ever be relieved in view of America's monstrous greed, whether we can do more or not the people who visit us each day will ever take matters into their own hands, demand and taking what is rightfully theirs. We wonder about Viva House's effectiveness and whether or not we are merely involved in another do-gooder endeavor, thus an unwilling ally of welfare - depart­
ments and other agencies which keep people groveling on the ground. We wonder if we are headed toward the brink of something real. We wonder about the statement of one of our hun­

garians: "You people who work in our problem is not to be found in a bowl of soup." After three years the answers to these questions remain at best half-answered and the body count increases. Despair comes easy. And yet a few people have been radicalized.

(Continued on page 6)
The contract—but after two weeks no agreement had been provided. Then the ranch committee meets, this member asks about the health and safety of the workers, and then reminds the committee that there is no pesticide sanction on the farm. Fumio Nakamura, then, that since she brought it up, she should be their spokeswoman at a meeting with the growers. For years farm workers have been kept down by the ever present threat that they could be kicked off the farm by their bosses, kicked off the job. Now members of ranch committees are being asked to stand up and negotiate, to make demands.

The power of that contract is the union that can enforce it. And the power of the union is the people who are part of it. UFWOC is an enormous force in helping people who have been put down all their lives to begin acting out a sense of worth for themselves and on behalf of others.

Some Information

People often ask questions that have to do with buildings and numbers. Here are a few figures for answering those kinds of questions.

There are now approximately 40,000 workers under UFWOC contracts. (That figure more than doubles when we include the 4,200 in the planning stage.) Thirteen service centers are operating. There are 17 UFWOC offices in 17 towns.

A medical clinic building is under construction now on the 49 Acres in Delano. The farm workers hope it will be in use in August. Medical clinics are badly needed near Los Angeles. Four other service centers are in operation.

The headquarters for the union has been moved to La Paz, a retreat center. It is needed for the farm workers and is located 10 miles west of Tucumcari, New Mexico.

Who's running all of those offices? Some students, some volunteers, but mostly women. (Of UFWOC's full-time workers continue to receive subsistence level support!) Since 1965 a lot of women have learned to be organizers, public speakers, administrators. Now they are also learning to work in and run offices in order to do the gritty-jotty jobs that are making it possible for farm workers to have a better life. Getting people trained to run the offices in the service centers, the health clinics, the personnel office, the housing office, is a difficult job. Some of these achievements may come to birth without this help, but they are coming, and they belong to farm workers.

Three strikes are in progress in California as of this writing: at Farmland near Fresno; in the Imperial Valley at Butterfield; and in the northeast near Fresno; in the Imperial Valley at Minetti Liquors, Smla. Inc., Tulare and the southeast near Fresno; in the Imperial Valley at Schenley Liquors, Perelli.

The power of the boycott has created that atmosphere of collective bargaining. Only the power of the boycott. Schenley liquors, Perelli.

When employers fire their friends for supporting their union, that is what happens. The power of the boycott has created that atmosphere of collective bargaining. Only the power of the boycott. Schenley liquors, Perelli.

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Dear Friends:

Greetings! We haven't sent a personal letter since last December to all our friends. Since then we have been mailing you our paper, The Catholic Agitator, which has been getting a good response. So we feel the absolute need once again to try to say hello to you in a more personal way, by this letter. (The Agitator will resume next month.)

Our group living and working full-time here at the House of Hospitality consists of Dan and Chris, Ammon Henney (22 months old), Jeff Dietrich, Sue Pollock, Dan Bender, and our latest member just arrived from New Jersey, John O'Neill. Also staying with us is Molly Morera, a foreign student from Costa Rica.

All of us operate as generalists, doing lots of everything, a la Buckminster Fuller, but we each spend much time in some work or study we individually prefer. We feel that's the way a freely formed community should operate, both together and as individuals.

Dan Bender, besides being the resident and draft counselor, has emerged as head cook for the meals we are currently serving out of the back of our van to the men on skid row three days a week. (The average crew runs 250-500 per day.) He also collects the willow branches for firewood, brings in the vegetables and fruit from our local markets for the meals on skid row and for our table, and purchases or secures most of the other supplies needed.

Jeff and Sue have complete responsibility for The Catholic Agitator and do about 85% of all the work it takes to edit and put it out (which is at least 10 days’ hard work each issue). John O'Neill, who has been with us for a few weeks, takes our turn in our daily morning work with the men coming out of the central fall. He also works with the rest of the gang and other volunteers (of which we could use more) in putting up the meals for the men on skid row.

Chris Delaney has been coordinating a special research project to bring low income public elementary school for the past 3½ months. Though she had thought the work would prove more exciting than her previous years of teaching, and though her in some help has kept us and many hungry men alive during this terrible recession, we are determined rather than defeated. Chris will be back in September, she prefers staying home to care for John and to have time to do some writing.

Dan Delaney tries to keep the bills paid, do other needed work (paper and phone) and still phone calls on one else wants, and acts as a greeter and spokesperson for (himself) to the individuals they constantly passing in and out of our doors. He also celebrates during the first two Sundays of each month at 11 a.m. (Please come, if you can.)

We need about $400 to meet all expenses. So that we would like to ‘point out that we each freely pick out or create for ourselves individually rather than to live in a routine like the Harpies. You will recognize our talents and energies. It is necessary that we concretize these feelings and that we are left free to take over the storefront if you feel it worthwhile.

Since our last newsletter Frank, Chris and Jim have moved and Joe, Wills, Kathleen and I remain. The beginning of April, Joe and I have been cleaning swimming pools in an effort to support ourselves and to start the storefront alone serving a meal to about 80 people each day. We always believed that if we were able to support ourselves and use all the donations for the storefront. This is in keeping with Paul’s idea to preach the Gospel free of charge.

To get back to the point then. We must keep saying that you and we are committed to ourselves to running the storefront until September, and then to try to run the store ourselves. We hope we will be able to take over the storefront by the end of August and that you and we will hope to start working full-time.

If no one can come on the scene by September we challenge all the individuals here to begin to take over and to try to organize a new sort of second coming. Even if this has happened before to a group in our generation, it will emerge as a new and different thing for us Americans that allows the war to continue.

Chris' income has been down for some months (last week, plus many other expenses, $175 per month for 5,000 copies, not including postage for the 1,500 we mail out. And there are other small expenses, like gas, $100 per month and clothing, $100 for the 10 men and ourselves each week, plus many other expenses, $100 per month). With these restrictions we have been able to keep the store open for some time.

We are becoming more aware of the crushing recession. Even social workers call us to ask us to take in whole families because welfare agencies have been tightened up. This is happening during a time of full employment when normal charitable agencies and resources are turning people away. There are simply not enough people in need to operate fully. We face every single day, including the six or more men who sleep on our parlor floor. We are beginning to see that some of the people who call for places to stay that they should begin to take some of these poor into their own homes. Millions for bombs and a handful of people for poor.

We continue to struggle on against the war and against glutony and self-indulgence of Americans that allows the military bloodletting to drag on and on.

One of us has an appointment, as this goes to press, for a hearing at the Internal Revenue Service as to why four 'war exemptions' were claimed on the (our) federal tax return last year. If (The IRS sends back shortly after the form is sent, a U.S. Treasury check for the amount claimed.) Sorry, the money's been invested in the poor! What will happen as a result—public discussion of a call to share what the IRS has taken from us or the house or taking money from the House of Hospitality bank account— we don't know. They haven't had apparatus to do all of them. The right of the State to collect taxes to wage war and to have this money is not a right of the individual to refuse is nonexistent. Instead we invite the 5th Commandment.

Besides refusing to pay taxes for murder, some of us here are also future subjects for the federal court and prisons for draft refusal. It is a fearful thing to have the power of the federal govt on your back, but we say we are determined and we are willing to go to prison. Rather than to stay out of prison, we say we are determined to buy one more bullet for one more American to kill one more Asian soldier. So we hope you are brave enough to back up our brave words when they come to collect their money. We are all ready to go.

Ammon Hennacy done to Karl Meyer, a well-known tax refuser who runs the Catholic Worker Center in Los Angeles. Lead on, Karl, you give us courage.

We mentioned in a past issue that one of us needed a piece of machinery. Roland Hanselman has overhauled the engine for free, besides helping us with the skid row. Now that the Lord and Roland have "provided" that, we must mention how much we need help. The level of skill on skid row. Now that the Lord and Roland have "provided" that, we must mention how much we need help. The level of skill we have is odd and we convince you of the individual to refuse is nonexistent. Instead we invite the 5th Commandment.

People and money have helped us in recent years—people who have supported and encouraged us, and a conviction that, no matter what the political heavens of the fame groups we might have to say, there can never be anything wrong or unpolitical about feeding, clothing, and housing hungry, naked, or sleeping in the open streets. Such actions are only just and right. So we hope you will help us and more and more sisters and brothers are being brutalized is every reason for us to keep on.

Our main reason for writing then is very simple, Viva House needs much blood, news visits, a new injection of life, more people willing to share and take responsibility for running the thing.

The storefront has become too much of a routine for us and this is not healthy for the people with interested their whole lives are routine. So new people with fresh ideas will provide a new revolution. We hope you will have a great desire to become involved in issues which are directly related to Viva House. At present, our women's movement demands more of her time, and we both feel that the Harpies will like the Harpies. You will recognize our talents and energies. It is necessary that we concretize these feelings and that we are left free to take over the storefront if you feel it worthwhile.

All thanks and love to all.

Willa, Brendan, Kathleen Walsh, Joe Lynch

Los Angeles

Annem Henncy

Ammon Henney

House of Hospitality and

Berrigan Restistance Center

Los Angeles, Calif. 90029

June 14, 1971
To Love Rather Than Be Loved

(Continued from page 3)

Order members from their military obligation to fight at the behest of their feudal lord. As a result of this fall of the military hold of feudalism in this prophetic act of liberation.

In the last chapter, "Marriage," Jean Erikson reminds us that the saint and artist have in common the struggle to reconcile the seemingly opposed drives to monasticism and sexuality in themselves. She adds a crucial point. "However, the saint who is an artist too many will always be a saint of two sides of our basic bisexuality which struggle for reconciliation in all of us, but he must also maintain a counter-alliance of self-denying asceticism and receptive sexuality."

Francis, the saint, "could be all this: Knight Errant, troubadour, long-haired dramatist, teacher, artist and saint."

Proximity only a saint who was also a great servant of the sensuous and who happened, to be a totally dedicated monk, could proclaim so freely and joyously his devotion to the Ladies in his life. The saint lives in awareness of the presence of God, in himself, in all creatures and in all things. In the infinite in the finite, the divine in the natural. Whether the infinite is the inner finite, the infinite in the finite, the sacred in everyday moment.

The "Poverello" is probably more in the public mind now than at any time since he breathed his last on the earth, nailed and filled with thorns. In this sense, cruciform and blind but singing to the very end. Millions will see his story in a film "Brother Sun, Sister Moon," being made in Italy by Franco Zeppetelli.

Dolci Plans October Tour

(Continued from page 1)

and it seemed less than the best situation for a public speaker to have to go through. The Jato dam, a project of Mario Mantonge, of Philadelphia, the novelist and biographer of Dolci (A Passion for Sicily, Pantheon, 1971), is not a Doiel's manner makes it heaven for even a pool of stasis and fat fate. So the first job to do is to change the stasis of the dam. Some of the time that it should not be Mafia. water, but "aqua democratica." (Democratic in the literal sense, means "for the people.") In the building of the dam it was necessary to hire laborers. Previously, Dolci organized a consortium of peasants, including some of the most Sicilians though it would never be possible. Now they are demanding more and more.

There are many more plans at the Centro Studi and for the redevelopment of the earthquake zone in the Bellice Valley, where the homeless villagers have been living in army barracks for three years. For the establishment of a school for 400 boys and girls age four to 14, for the children spent a week looking at the structures with new, truly democratic agriculture and structures throughout the whole life of the area. If the word revolution really..." is cut off.

"concentrationism," or as Peter Maurin put it, "clarification of thought."

Through his Centro Studi Initiatives, Center for Study and Action, Dolci has organized the people into concentrationist, then action groups. In this way the state of the people is still very much most Sicilians though it would never be possible. Now they are demanding more and more.

"...it is messianic and it is messianic in every way."

"...it is messianic and it is messianic in every way."..."because we are crowded; and all visitors should get in touch with Marge Hughes, either by phone or directly."

Among the visitors whom I was particularly glad to see recently were Jacqueline and John Fetter, who drove up with friends of theirs to visit before Jacques left for his annual visit to Moscow. Among the visitors was Alice Lawrence, who teaches French at Brooklyn College, has given a number of talks both here and at our First Street house. It has been good to have some of Dorothy Day's grandchildren and a few of her grandchildren with us now and again; and we hope that Tamar will be able to come for a visit soon.

Betty Zimowska, who visited us recently, took Eady Hennessey and Maggie Corbin for a trip to Washington, D.C., where the children spent a week looking at the architectural wonders of our Capital.

Even without visitors, we are a large family. We are, therefore, glad that Mary Wagnier, with her little daughter Beth, could come and share responsibility with Marge Hughes, who was much in need of a vacation. Mary, who is quiet and capable, has been Marge Hughes' right hand in her first vacation in some time.

As always, there are more that help than can be named: Alice Lawrence, John Filliger, and Mike Sullivan always bear responsibility. John's health has improved after his stay in the hospital late in the Spring, but well or ill, he always does his part. Sean continues to look after the chickens, which re­ spond by laying magnificently. Dom­ inic is at work in the garden and decked with flowers and is our most efficient cleaner. Now that the school term is over, Claire goes into New York City to direct psychodrama sessions.

Gardens have certainly been a major activity this summer. Already our own vegetables are a big asset in keeping down our grocery bill, and with enough rain we should be able to supply many of our own needs. We have already eaten from our own little garden is redolent of sage, lavender, and mint.

Summer is a time of comings and goings. The Jacks are about ready to move to Canada, where they expect to continue their own community. Tommy and Johnny Hughes have gone to California, that Margo and we will be going. Dorothy's work in the United States and in Russia. We look forward to her return and the story of her journey.

We have a number of visitors: we are not Utopia. We are all imperfect instruments. Many children live with us; and there are many of whom we are very grateful. Sometimes games are tried. Sometimes we get very peaceful; sometimes frenetic. Sometimes we sound the alarm of the festival. And you will find us in the quiet of Fr. Andy Cruciel's Sunday morning services, in the presence of all ages, of many backgrounds, of many tastes and antipathies. With the help of God, we persevere.
A Return To Life

(Continued from page 2) 

f a few weeks ago) when I discovered that a change was taking place within me. I was nearly always fatigued and began to have friends, and with their help, or rather by their examples, to find myself taking a sudden, unexpected interest in life. This was quite new. For several years I had believed in God, but I could not and would not find any real conviction or motivation in my heart. I considered most of the people I met as unimportant, and even the ones I thought as hope less as I was.

One last thing. This change in me is not a result of any kind of therapy. I am slowly and carefully to the locked cage—opening me to open the door. Nobody was waiting for me, nobody gave me a second chance, and for a moment again I felt myself in my imagination, with the clerk and his son playing a game where a player might continue or stop the trials and trouble—alas, as John Fillingour our farmer calls them, of the day and within minutes the bloodbath followed as the army kept on firing in, the doors were bolted from the outside.

And pray for all the ones who are appointed to work on me in relays—when one working on me in relays—when one stop, another took over. I was never as I felt like Noah a little, and all the bread we wanted. But it could, and I will tell you how. Pray for me. Pray that I will continue in faith and purpose. That when I die it will not be in some flophouse among stran gers with dugs and with friends, and in a state of grace.

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