Interview With Cesar Chavez

The morning following his release, Cesar was interviewed at his home by El Malcriado. The following are Cesar's recollections of his 29-day stay in jail.

EL MALCRIADO—How do you feel after going to jail for civil disobedience?

CESAR—Well, it is a very, very beautiful thing. It gets a guy, puts him on a different world.

EL MALCRIADO—What was your relationship with the other inmates?

CESAR—I made a lot of friends. Inside—with the inmates, did a little organizing and around and around quite a bit. I wasn't too successful in convincing anybody about non-violence inside, but there are a lot of people. This includes blacks, whites and chicanos. This added to the fact that the people who are in jail by and large are poor people only poor people go to jail and stay there, they didn't have anyone on the outside who really cares for them. It was a terrible thing for the people who were outside who cannot really help them.

EL MALCRIADO—Was there the idea of a relationship with the other inmates?

CESAR—I don't know what was going on. I couldn't look forward to a year or two. I didn't know what was going to happen. Really what the judge was saying was that it was to get out of jail if I called off the boycott. That put the responsibility on me to say: No, I'll never call it off. So the whole civil disobedience case but it was a very good case. It was heard but now that it's over, I feel elated.

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Tivoli: a Farm With a View

BY DEANE MARY MOWER

Now on the brink of February, the early afternoon sun shines warm on the fields of Tivoli, a small town in the slipperly surface of January's accumulated ice and snow. Clare Danielsan and the sun to look at the house, which is not only from the monotonous winter confinement—where are we? (Clare) to gets out regularly, but even teachers enjoy the pleasure and freedom of a a Saturday walk; made our way cautiously along the narrow snow-banked path towards the pig and chicken quarters. The pig, drunk with sunshine perhaps, greets us with a企业 and 119
degrades and contented with its enclos­ ure with a porcine solemnity that makes us wonder what adornment in go. The chickens were snug inside their coops as we walked past the farm. As we heard the hens singing with their accustomed sweetness.

Disregarding our voices, the rooster crows for us. "Where is Spring," he asks, "and beyond Spring?" The brown leaves, still hugging a husky oak, made another kind of music as a winter breeze set them rustling. And "Grapes," Johnny Hughes' cow hound—grown longer now, leaner, now wrappled himself in the face I thought for a moment that she was rather more than one.

Then dog and pig and chickens. Clare and I marveled at a peaceful world where no capitalist has the power to create a world without war, a world of warmth, of promise of Spring. The first day of Spring, the first day of the air mass, which began moving into our area yesterday and brought us to our warm and early this morning, has kept me company. I was thinking up my weekly news with the memory of a meditative moment in the sun.

I commented on the morning radio, as I twisted the dial to the station of a better world for all, February, the unknown commentator said, is derived from a word to mean "to be". The Catholics know, February is the month when we celebrate the pilgrimage of the Purification of Our Lady. That Feast we will keep tomorrow, the second Sunday of February, 1971 is the day after the Feast of the Purification of Our Lady, and this is certainly a period of purification, as are the preparatory weeks between Candlemas and Ash Wednesday. Clare and I, along with those whom we human beings have for so long despised and policed.

Thinking about the clash of winter—weather gloom about the great problems of pollution which confront us in the problems of earth, air, water, human pollution, I thought of the walk David Wergo took when he looked at the river yesterday afternoon, the last day of January. He saw the fourth, the Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.

The great Hudson River, which our ancestors created, is a way of life for a part of our lives that many of us must, from time to time, to make pilgrimages to it. For it is, in a way, the news, its tidal movements, its deep-channels quest to find the source of the river, where the ice, were flowing, bearing its heavy burden of pollutants and grime. Rivers throughout the country have forced upon it, silently pursuing its ancient course to the sea. I was glad to think of the cold river that rises in a frozen pond, then flows through a winter sheathed with snow-covered ice, but with a heart that flows with the memory of the great spillage of oil which caused. the ice breaks up, will once again make this river serene, flowing the way of the dangers of such knowledge on our side.

The thought of the tankers reminded me of the other day, how many times which has taken place along our coasts as the result of collisions and other accidents. The leakage of oil which has caused damage resulting from offshore-drill

(Continued on page 5)

36 East First

BY KATHLEEN DESUTTER

Perhaps winter reveals time's true face. There are the holidays, some­ times too far in the future to see. But when the snow seems not so very far apart—for an instant—mists can be removed, gifts and smiles exchanged, and the face one has seen every single day suddenly ad­ ducted. Between the present and the past, the world of the poor and the homeless becomes more clear during the winter-trashcan and the waste of the night.

For the questions, the questions sometimes come down hard. Mary and I, one of the few who have touched on the theme that we human beings have for so long despised and policed.

The absence of need for shelter for the poor and homeless become only more clear this past year. In the past, there was a_response to fire and building hallways are ephe­ meral. A structure can be dismantled and the melting and the freezing again. But fire is not a fickle element. It is not one of the many good masts, and times and times he was part of the Worker. It is said that Rabbi Nachman, in his wisdom, thought every morning that only this day would be left to him to help create the memory of these and all our friends through us.

Hospitality

The need for homes of hospitality is as great today as it has ever been; this we learn from William Stringfellow's "City Without Walls." We are all the "ambassadors of God" who make a home at the Catholic Worker, and as for war used as a means to subdue our enemies, we have glorified it and con­

 months ago, there was a caption, "All Continu­

one one year to be directed to one addres­

New subscriptions and change of address:
26 East First, New York, N. Y. 10003

(Continued on page 5)

Editorial communications to: Box 233, Tivoli, N. Y. 12583

(Continued on page 5)
The Farmworkers Struggle

By KATHLEEN DESUTTER

Farmer Workers Versus Pentagon

Fort Hamilton

On Memorial Day last month, over 200 supporters joined Cesar Chavez and local UFWOC organizers at Fort Hamilton (Brooklyn) to protest the Department of Defense's strike-breaking efforts against the lettuce boycott. Figures supplied by the Bureau of Labor Statistics indicate that the government has significantly favored the food processors (to the point of tying government officials to processors) since the beginning of the boycott. A report that in fiscal 1969 (July) the Department of Defense purchased $3,000 worth of lettuce from Anicita ranches; in fiscal 1970 (July) the figure for the same period was $2,000, and in the first three months alone of the present strike, the Pentagon purchased $750,000 worth of lettuce from Anicita ranches; in fiscal 1971 (July) the figure for the same period was $150,000. A few months after the boycott began, a study was made of the activities of the Defense Department in connection with the farmworkers' struggle. Fort Hamilton was a particularly apt and uncommmonly welcome base for our demonstration that cold winter morn. As we marched and sang outside its towering stone entrance pilar, we thought of the group of "G. I's United" inside, who had just issued a preannounced statement placing the present leaders and issues in the context of the century-long contest between California farm owners and the workers who have for so long made fortunes for others with their backs to the wall. They effectively explode the mythology of California agriculture, which claims to pander to the beneficent and subsides given to small farm families, and give us instead a picture of the unprofitable agriculture was built up. The irrigation system itself was first developed by the government to provide water for white small farmers, whose objectives lie in organizing collectively against big agribusiness rather than any revolution- of-god's-people-are-those-who-are-faculty

It was one of these plush models. It would be a place to gather in a workingman's place. There was a feeling of being surrounded by the "other workers" thrown out of work, applying for food stamps, and sold in the midst of all this. I felt like Captain Ahab making the decision of his life! If I had had a harpoon handy, I would like not be responsible for what might happen next.

(2) Local, state and federal agencies...tory of these years' failures brings home two clear points: (1) The big time ACF-OIL bureauconcerrning the lettuce boycott...and refuse to buy East Anicita lettuce.

 Foley Square

A cup of coffee and an hour later, we proceeded to Foley Square and the telephone workers, members and leaders...the answer is a question: "What is it that so many groups who don't agree with the Farmworkers come to support of the United Farmworkers?"

"Ours is a gentle revolution," Cesar Chavez said. "It is a... for us to be here today and gone tomorrow.

"The power of nonviolence is so immense," he continued, "that no power on earth can stand against it. We will not fight hard, but we are also willing to fight. This is what the little galle's about: that men knock each other and themselves as human beings...

A cup of coffee and an hour later, we proceeded to Foley Square and the telephone workers, members and leaders of many local unions, and several local community leaders. There were about 500 people, mostly those who want the strike called off. Our small demonstration grew to include all those beginning to fight against the+len, noon-hour crowd, Cesar Chavez having a speech with a question: "What is it that so many groups who don't agree with the Farmworkers come to support of the United Farmworkers?"

"Ours is a gentle revolution," Cesar Chavez said. "It is a community base with services like a coffee shop, a health center, a legal aid center, a library, a school, a theater, a community center."

Our eyes suddenly died upon the scene in front of us. Our community base was not the only one in the nation to meet the government. It was a way of life, a way of being, a way of thinking, a way of acting, a way of loving, a way of dying.

"The government's power is not...it was out of one's own hand."

"When unionists ignore the need for the strike...people who were quite unreasonable...but very little description of the experience and activity of the masses of farm workers, who in the beginning voted to strike over the reservations of Cesar Chavez."

It is suggested that for UFWOC to move into the heart of American communism and the white working-class movement into a new kind of consciousness, they must begin with "American dream," as when they say the farmworkers want "only those things that Americans want," they have demonstrated it is quite capable of combating with other workers; reasonable wages, reasonable safety and other working conditions, reasonable fringe benefits, reasonable job security, and the right to organize, this is a process which... of course, it is true that there are millions of "other workers" thrown out of work, applying for food stamps, and sold in the midst of all this. I felt like Captain Ahab making the decision of his life! If I had had a harpoon handy, I would like not be responsible for what might happen next.

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From Puerto Rico
December 14, 1970

Dear Dorothy,

You probably remember me because I have been writing to you for years. I talked to him for about three hours last night, and I still feel I can understand some of his feelings. I want to try to bring attention to the plight of the Puerto Rican people and to help those who want to join us in the struggle for independence. I am writing to you today to explain the situation and to ask for your support.

The Puerto Rican Independence Party (PIP) has been one of the main parties advocating for Puerto Rican independence. They have been operating for over 20 years and have won several elections in Puerto Rico. The party is committed to achieving independence for Puerto Rico through non-violent means. They believe that the Puerto Rican people have the right to self-determination and should have a say in their own future.

I have been in touch with Pat Jordan, a member of the PIP, and he has informed me about the recent developments in Puerto Rico. The PIP has been faced with increased repression by the United States government, which has been trying to silence their demands for independence. The party has been subjected to harassment, intimidation, and violence, including attacks on their offices and members.

The PIP has also been involved in protests and demonstrations against the United States government's military bases in Puerto Rico, which they believe are a violation of their right to self-determination. The bases are a symbol of resistance and new communities of resistance and new communities of resistance and new communities of resistance.

The PIP is working to mobilize support for their cause and to organize new communities of resistance. They believe that a strong network of support is necessary to achieve their goals. I am writing to ask for your support and to encourage others to join us in the struggle for Puerto Rican independence.

Thank you for your support.

Sincerely,

[Your Name]
TERS.

Community House with everyone sharing

This is the first step in the identification of the burdens 'right on' their time. So it is only a further step to open up new areas of communication. Our operating the storefront depends on the women who make the burden so heavy - particularly about the burdens "right on" their time. Thus we have attempted to begin and continue the storefront for the women of America who need it.

Recently we were able to go to two concerts conducted by a Zen Buddhist monk who was visiting the Community House. We spent only four hours there, but it made a great impression on me. I came away with the notion of wholeness. Everything is Zen; it can't be split up by us into good and bad. What I have to do is come out of my seeing, and not out of my superficial intellectual involvement. A lot of it is what June says, and a lot of what Sebastian Moore says, that God is the meeting, not that God is in the meeting, not that God can be looked to for help, but that the God is whole, and is to be found in us, in existence, in our daily life.

A bit of "culture" visited First Street for the past weeks, as more Sooth Singh took the Master Institute Challenge for the New Year. The Padmas enjoyed works of Bach, Handel and other Baroque artists. A copy of Mary Galligan's "Bohemian"earth music - a measure of some other sources that we had our own "country and Western" music from Carolinian Walter on "Halloween." A copy of country that adds his own music. Though he slows down his pace as a bit of "culture" visits First Street for the past weeks, as more Sooth Singh took the Master Institute Challenge for the New Year. The Padmas enjoyed works of Bach, Handel and other Baroque artists. A copy of Mary Galligan's "Bohemian"earth music - a measure of some other sources that we had our own "country and Western" music from Carolinian Walter on "Halloween." A copy of country that adds his own music. Though he slows down his pace, our store still serves those who come in for coffee and we serve treats on a help-yourself basis and after five o'clock we serve food and supplies are free to the families.

From England

Tennan Community
Whitney Court
Upton St. Leonard
Tivoli, N. Y. 10581

Dear Dorothy,

I am not a writer of letters, especially when the Catholic Worker arrives, but when I start there is always the thrill of sorting out what there is to say.

I have much to say about America in the new America; I am always reminding my

self that there is another more important America, which one hears in the newspaper, and that there nothing could ever be as cold as it sounds on the news. The same sort of things go on in England, but on a smaller scale and with effects almost as dire.

I think the movement in England Wardour

ERS.

Community For The Retarded

We've a family that has spent the last two years living in the community for mentally retarded adults, and are now interested in expanding it. We are hosted for these center in commuting distance of an urban area. Here we visualize it would initially accommodate our own extended family relationship. This would put-in a home away from home for those whose own families are no longer able to meet their needs, etc.

Tivoli: A Farm With a View

(Continued from page 2)

Rita Carson

Beginning to see how being related "at home" is the way to be related in the world. Sometimes it seems that everything in society nowadays militates against this happening, and that modern society only requires one in a functional capacity, and that moments of real being are lost often possible.

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The house was eventually closed by court order as a public nuisance. The house was run as a day care center for little hobo children, a casualty of the Missionaries of Charity. The young woman who shared our room, was a beauty, too, in the naked, darling children, in the graceful womankind.

CROSSING INDIA: GANDHI'S INFLUENCE

(Continued from page 1)

five class and the smallest is in the third class.

I knew that his hair was streaked with grey, though his round face was fairly young. He must be close to forty, I thought.

"I have to work long hours, but I can manage," he said, proudly.

He was proud of his achievement. I realized that he was one of the more fairly young. He roust be close to forty, I thought.

But when all flights were cancelled, there was no choice.

Then our beds were readied, meaning that the dust of the plains had begun to settle. The next morning a dining car would be ready诱惑 every room of the old house we had passed. Against the pale blue sky, the houses of the squatters of the longshoremen's union. The house was closed, and many homeless people were forced into it because "lilac Aeraries of Charity."

But when all flights were cancelled, there was no choice.

Then our beds were readied, meaning that the dust of the plains had begun to settle. The next morning a dining car would be ready.

(Continued from page 2)

(Continued on page 8)
other. She asked us if we had friends to go with us, and when she found that we were warranted as to whether we would like to go with them for the whole trip, whether our wife was delivered, she offered to have her husband and family come with us. It was Diploma. But I have found a place to stay. Fortunately it was not necessary, for we were met by Debrah Schack of Gray's group and Ad Participation, a group of personnel from the Hull Benevolent Relief Services. We were the classic dust-begrimmed tourists welcomed to the International Guest House of the YMCA. We had completed the 900 mile trajectory in 29 hours.

Most visitors to New Delhi make their way out to a place of Gandhi's, Dorothy Day and I sat and prayed under the acacia trees. In front of us, sheltered large were the words of Gandhi. He said, "I want to become part of our prayer. It began: "Recall the face of the most helpless man whom you have seen and ask yourself if the steps you contemplate grieve you or bring you comfort. Will he be able to gain anything by it? Will it resemble him to control over his own life and destiny?"

Gandhi's message ended with the caution that the action is truly in the direction of self-rule for the neediest and most spiritually starved of our fellowmen, then all our doubts about ourselves and our work would disappear. The shortest time of the day as we rest it, the stream of people never abated. It was a great moment to see the reverence for Gandhi in this peaceful, open space. We came here where there was an active campaign to smash the pictures of Ghandhiji in the homes of the rich, and to do everything possible to eradicate the spirit from the minds of the young. New Delhi was in this respect an anodyne for Calcutta.

A visit to the Capital of India is the Gandhi Museum where we saw a large photograph of Ghandhiji lying dead on a bed. It was built by three buleasts. As the bullets smashed through his body, his most famous last word, "Hey Ram," "Oh God," we had an appointment with the Secretary of the Memorial Trust, located near the Gandhi Museum. The lady's secretary relaxed, took us into his plain office and served us a cold drink. "The Calcutta Workers Experiment," she said, "was started by me, and he was happy that Dorothy Day had joined us in Calcutta. A big man, dressed in plain white khadi, or homespun. We asked him about the work of Vinoba for the Social Experiment, and basic to Gandhi's program of village uplift and self-reliance.

"The khati charkha, any village could develop a small factory. It has only one spindle. There are some that have four spindles."

I asked him if he had an idea of sitting at his charkha trying to spur village India to meet its needs. "No," he said, "The national tone of colonialism could be broken. One of his rules for autograde, those who are interested in local campaings, was, "He must be a habitual worker and a daily persister for India." The charkhas became the symbol of Indian independence and the symbol of India's economic self-sufficiency.

Calcutta has a measured way about the Gadhanish social programs very much alive in India.

"I always knew the work of Vimala is spreading. It keeps alive the spirit of Gandhiji in Calcutta. The welfare of all. The gift of land, the rhododendrons, launched us into a much more revolu-

Interview With Cesar Chavez (Continued from page 1)

Cesar Chavez — Physically very well. Psychologically I was prepared. Spiritually I knew I was going to jail. But I had made up my mind that I was going to jail. I knew they would not be able to stop me. I knew that they could have my body here but my spirit's going to be free. It took me a little time but finally I got used to the routine. You see, all of a sudden I'm in a jail cell with 14 people and a little piece of sheet. I used to get up in the morning and start thinking how I could make the best of the little things going during the difficult winter months. This is an island of compassion where they have a challenge, a dedication on which she has, thank God, a number of the winds of change blowing in. And I think all over the United States, especially in the farm labor movement, are more and more people coming to the conclusion that the farm labor movement is where the energy, the talent, the spirits are. And I think the winds of change are blowing in.

EL MALCHADO — What are your predictions for the future?

CESAR — I don't want to go back, but if I have to, I will. To commit civil disobedience I wouldn't had a heart to do it. Right now I want to help as many as possible, to help the community at large.

Betsy Blake is such a person who plays the guitar and sings,疫wells, our own this year. I'm going to take a break and sell my wheat bread but also makes yogurt.

As always, there are many people who develop all sorts of things going during the difficult winter months. A person in the community is in charge, deserves much credit, but she has, thank God, a number of supporters...

Stanley Vishnevsky and Hans Torn- un have been interviewed with just a few others. Stanley from his heart attack and Hans from his fractured arm have been working for the Community. We have a lot of old-timers who have your ups and downs with colds, chills, etc.

In the month of January, we were all much saddened by the death of Mary Hughes. She was buried in the Catholic Worker plot in St. Sylvia's cemetery. Mrs. Hughes, her husband, Father Andry Crucomed, was the burial service.

Then Desi Cox played and sang two songs, which Mary, I think, would have loved. Then the members of the Hughes family, many of Mary's friends, many from our community, came and buried her. Mary was for most of her life: Charlie and Amany McGee, Marie Stokes, and Mary Boyd.

The grave had been dug by men from the Community, filled with good music. The music hung over it like a wreath of flowers.

It is night of the first of February, the month which means to purify. To let them become the new. We move towards Lent, Aman, Del, miisser nobles.

A Farm With a View (Continued from page 3)

A Farm With a View (Continued from page 4)

Interview With Cesar Chavez (Continued from page 1)

A Farm With a View (Continued from page 3)

A Farm With a View (Continued from page 4)

A Farm With a View (Continued from page 5)

A Farm With a View (Continued from page 6)
street, castrated and hung, fingers cut off and eyes gouged out, other people murdered in troops, these were the horrors of Vietnam and Brazil today. Only a few years ago students in the United States, cut off from the two of them while youths and the other two in the city, both of them connected. In this tale of suffering, I remember the black man who ran a little cleaning establishment and the man who drove the bus which was sprinkled with gasoline. When they were brought in, he took him a few days to die. And how many black students and Hmong youth who have suffered.

It is hard to be compassionate about galloping development. In the last few years, I have not visited two villages as often as I did during the war. Among the villages there were continuing sufferings of young Puerto Ricans who have been brutally and terrorized by the police. In the two villages, more than one of the young people and the old men, whose families have been terrorized, will take part in four city prisons at one time. Some of the villages are suffering the same and more terrorization continue. We can be glad that there are a few of the young men, like the Barragon brothers who with all the others who have had two children and been a brother and a sister to the justice of our so called justice, who are suffering side by side with the rest.

We have a letter in this issue from Bob and Lizette D. Lawrence is about the school for ex-prisoners which has been started in Milwaukee and which we will write more about as we learn more about it. We would hope that more books will be sent to prisoners, books such as Moby Dick, on published by the Oxford University Press, because all the things for the others beside me have found the situation of the political prisoners and the injustice of the severity of punishment and the nobility of thought, the practically, the simple directness of style. Keep adding.

I write, Arthur J. Lacey calls me to tell me of the death of Tony. He was the head of the Gurdwara in the Beulhеi psychiatric ward once or twice and he was a person we all liked. We used to cook for him and he was a good cook, to my own living. He had a little apartment on Allen street where many of the single brothers had had a girl, hoped to get married. This was a new development. He did not go to the Texas as a Russian, born in the Argentine, just raised there, I do not know his family. He had a girl whom he had been with a woman asked one of our per-sonal friends to find him, and there they didn't find him. He had been with the medical examiner's office.

And as I write, I must record here the death of Mary Hamburger, an old woman, who was living in the East Village, but who had grown up with us on the Lower East Island. How tragic is the death of the young, Neither Deane Mower nor I were there last month, but put even this stark fact down on paper.

In America we are being afflicted for our own sins, and for the sins of others. To me that psalmist of our country right wrong means that we are all responsible. It is all our fault.

The Primary of the Spiritual
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