Chapter I: Blood Pouring

> *For all the saints, who from their labors rest . . . we feebly struggle, they in glory shine . . . the saints, triumphant, rise in bright array,etc.* —Anglican Hymn

Our group was set—the "Baltimore 4" -- me, artist Tom Lewis, Phil Berrigan, United Church of Christ minister Reverend James Mengel.

On the morning of October 27, 1967, we met at Phil's parish, St. Peter Claver Catholic Church, on Pennsylvania at Fremont, in Baltimore's west side ghetto. We proceeded to South Gay Street and the Customs House, which now housed all the city's draft boards. The ever-present (because invited by us) media was especially helpful that day. It was they, employees of the Baltimore *Sunpapers*, who drove us to our staging area, an artist's loft across from the Customs House. They could have been indicted as coconspirators, but those were different times from today, when progressive media is practically non-existent.

The day before the blood pouring, we emptied the liquid soap from Mr. Clean bottles. A nurse friend was going to draw our own blood to fill them. The only syringes available were oversized; so we supplemented the few drops of our own blood with duck liver blood purchased from the Gay Street Market (Polish Baltimoreans used it to make sausages). The FBI analysis done of the blood for the trial showed it to be "poultry," which led some conservative journalist/wag from the *News American* newspaper to declare it to be "chicken blood"—that is, poured by cowards. I was later told that a friend squeezed the livers to add yet more blood to the concoction.

If I assign myself the role of artist (the role of my dreams), I look back on our pouring blood on draft files, on October 27, 1967, to protest the Vietnam war and going "underground" (as we did not turn ourselves in and the FBI had to pursue us) and prison, which followed, as fabulous sources of drama and intensity, like a journey to Oz.

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times" from Charles Dickens' *Tale of Two Cities* describes another and real revolutionary period. I came of age in the 1960s, an era of protest that encompassed the civil rights movement against racism in the United States; the anti-Vietnam war movement, which grew into a more generalized peace movement; and a growing consciousness by women of their rights and other struggles: of gay/LGBT rights, Native American rights, of environmental issues and the rights of prisoners.

Sensitivity" sessions, where we got in touch" with our feelings, broadened our self knowledge. I jumped in wholeheartedly.

How to live a fulfilled, a fulfilling life!? At 23, in 1964, I was fumbling around to find out how to become an adult. A well-educated, nervous, and "thoughty" (if not thoughtful) fellow—fresh from dropping out of Peace Corps training (seemed too much hard work and too distant from my goal of becoming a poet), fresh from a couple of years of teaching at Boys Latin Prep, in Baltimore (something I knew I could do, having been to a school like it and having grown up in a family of teachers).

But to become a real person? That would take three key mentors and living through some dramatic events associated with them. This, with major interruptions, is that journey. I have been to some very dark places—and will return to them at the end. The gentle Hawaiian doves, or those of Maryland, will "hoo hoo" after I'm gone. Lorikeets will continue to rush by, chattering at Monte Verde or Queensland. Or if extinct, maybe they won't! It doesn't matter either way. Go look at the Zen inscription on the tombstone of the great Japanese movie director Ozu. It means "Nothing"!

From the age of 13 onward, to the age of 36, I lived a pretty parasitic life -- part of growing up, to be sure—living either under the protection of or in institutions: prep school, college, and prison, or living my life through my mentors, Walter Carter, Father Phil Berrigan, and my ex-wife, Louise. The great religions state that you can only get so much teaching from a book— that you need a teacher. My father told me he thought I would make a good monk!

Footnote 1 Walter Carter-

It was only through the crucible of prison that I began to see things as they are and only when I set out to make my own living in 1977 (when Louise asked me to leave after prison) to make my own living, that I realized a true career (a paying one) in the field of criminal justice. After 21 months in federal prison, I was one of the few ex-convicts who actually found a career because of my prison experience (see my later chapter on "Offender Aid and Restoration").

As I left a boring teaching job at Boys Latin prep school, in 1964, I asked, "Whaddya do for action in this place?" -- meaning, the world. After that, always wanting to please, I followed Walter Carter and Phil Berrigan, although not slavishly, like a puppy. I was a foot soldier in Father Berrigan's army. I sensed that following Phil's lead could not be wrong.

Reflection is a great thing. But this book is about my discovery of who I am, at the core (if there is one!). At the time, I can only say, I had good instincts.

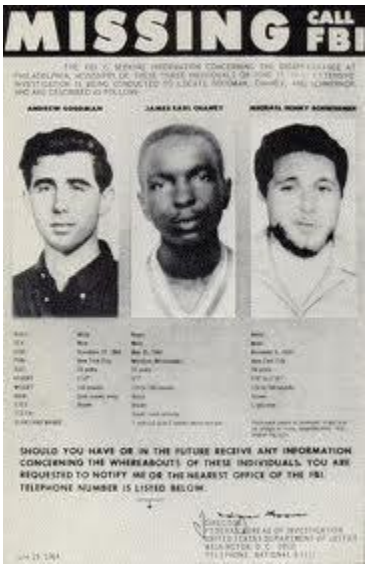
It was easy to see how bad the Vietnam War was, and having a full quotient of self-righteousness, I chose to pour blood on draft files to protest.

But, the first question people asked me was usually: "Where did you get the blood?" And the second, from those more thoughtful: "Why did you do it?" I was not given to self-analysis and was, especially after the act, in a fog—a fog of guilt for not participating in the Catonsville Nine and a fog of fear of what lay before me (federal prison). I've always been in a fog, to a degree. This book is about actions to change things; not just about the discovery of Dave .as interesting as he is (at least to himself!).

The human being is no more to the universe than an oyster, to paraphrase my fellow Scottie, philosopher David Hume. Besides, no one can remember exactly going back fifty-plus years You can only come close. (From prep school on, I was taught to take notes.and that helps)

"Ain't gonna let nobody turn me around." —CORE

The turning point that led me to civil rights involvement and activism was the murder of Schwerner, Cheney, and Goodman in Mississippi.



Footnote # 2 3 martyrs in Mississippi

Two other martyrs captured my imagination, both Baltimoreans. Bill Moore, a Baltimore postman who had gone to Alabama to march against segregation, bearing a sign reading "Black and White, Eat at Joe's." He had been shot by a sniper as he walked down the highway in April of 1963.

Norman Morrison, a Baltimore Quaker, handed his daughter to an onlookerand doused himself with kerosene, and immolated himself and perished in view of McNamara's office at the Pentagon to protest the war in Vietnam.

~~A~~ hymn we often sang at Mount Hermon prep, with lyrics by James Russell Lowell, resonated in me:

> *Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide;*
> *In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side.*
> *Some great cause, some great decision, offering each the bloom or blight;*
> *And that choice goes by forever, twixt that darkness and that light.*
> *By the light of burning martyrs, Jesus' bleeding feet I track.*

Loving music as I did, the music written for these words in this hymn sank deeply in. Music has been a force behind my decisions.

I quit my teaching job at Boys Latin and wanted to participate in my generation's history making. Youngsters made the same decision one hundred years before as the Civil War loomed.

Of course, the sacrifices of that generation—at Wilderness, at Manassas, at Shiloh, at Brandy Station—far outweighed mine. (However, many, then, being drafted, had no choice.)

Although there were large anti draft protests in New York.

It was 1964. The Baltimore chapter of the Congress on Racial Equality (CORE) provided opportunities for accomplishment and grist for the writing mill. I had advanced to the status of vice-chairman of the Baltimore chapter and wrote—and, with the help of photographer Carl X—produced the *Soul Book*, a booklet combining text and photos, and describing CORE activities in Baltimore and the ghetto conditions we were protesting.

I drew courage from the inspired poetry, singing, and imagery of this movement. With all the energy of youth, it was even possible to find beauty in the shattering heat and poverty of the inner city of Baltimore, in the gray, humid light that fell on wan brick colors late afternoons—plum, beige and dirty yellow—next to the gritty green of the slum-growing weed tree, the ailanthus. Perhaps to the ghetto dwellers, it wasn't beautiful.

The civil rights movement incubated exciting new techniques of nonviolent direct action and civil disobedience. Our leaders were Gandhi and Martin Luther King. The Baltimore chapter focused on the issue of segregated housing.

Footnote 3 Antero Pietila

CORE decided that a small group should test racist practices in apartment rentals and risk arrest to dramatize the issue of segregated housing. Harry D. Myerberg, who built apartments in the inner city (and crammed Negroes, as they were called then, into them), also developed segregated suburban apartment complexes. We went in three cars to the Baltimore suburb of Reisterstown, to one of his apartment complexes called Chartley. There we met Fred Nass, a white member of our housing subcommittee. Fred, with his wife and kids, would test availability of apartments for whites; then Walter Carter, a black who was CORE's Housing Committee chairman, would ask about renting an apartment. If they turned Walter down, we would begin a "sit in"(one literally occupies the space until demands are met) Other CORE members came with us to set up a picket line and begin marching outside, if necessary. We had informed the police. We brought walkie-talkies for communication. There was to be no connection obvious tor the rental agent between Fred and Walter.

It wasn't so much that blacks would want to live at Chartley—but they'd be damned if they were going to be told that they couldn't. They wanted the right to say No.

Fred went into the rental office and the agent told him there were six apartments vacant and available. Then the rest of us came in with Walter. The rental agent introduced Fred: "Mr. Carter, this is Mr. Nass." Walt must have been nervous for he replied, "Oh yes, Fred Nass," giving away the fact that he already knew Fred. The agent didn't catch the slip and lied to Walt, saying that Fred had rented the last apartment! The agent then went outside with Fred and gave him a confidential nudge. According to plan, Fred told the agent he would reconsider when Walt asked Fred (as if he didn't know him) if he ("the kind gentleman") would give up the apartment. "I

can't let you sign the lease. I can't give you an application," the agent told Walt, even though he had just mentioned six possible apartments to Fred.

"What's your policy on renting to Negroes?" Walt asked. The agent replied that he'd never done it, refusing to give us any policy. We were wondering whether one of the team, our fellow COREmate Jim Divers, had ruined things by noisily moving around upstairs supposedly "looking the apartment over" because he'd left his walkie-talkie on. We could hear CORE organizer Herb Callender (who was outside) coming in loud and clear through the walkie-talkie-, "Freedom One to Freedom Two, over."

"It looks clear cut, wouldn't you say?" Walter asked and Fred agreed. Then Walter told the agent, "We're from CORE and we're sitting here 'til we get a policy statement and the same treatment as our white brothers." We were "glad" things were going according to plan.

The evening brought more pickets, blankets, food, curious onlookers, and police, but no response from Myerberg. It looked as if he was going to wait us out. But we were ready. "If Conrad and Cooper (who had just returned from space) can orbit for eight days," said Walter, "we can outlast them—an inner space orbit." Herb led the pickets around in front of the apartment building. He was a bona fide "outside agitator," a CORE leader who had come down from headquarters in New York, dressed all in field hand denims like movement organizers in the South. He told us that we would need a continu~~al~~ picket in this neighborhood to publicize the sit-in and to protect us from any mob. "The police might look the other way," he warned. But our excitement was not to come from the onlookers, who were Marylanders, after all, not the more dangerous Mississippians or Alabamians.

Footnote 4- Herb Callender

We slept and waited through the next morning, groggy from a night's rest on the floor of the rental apartment. Some of the tired picketers came in and stretched out on the floor to get some rest. At about noon a representative of the Maryland Interracial Committee came out to mediate. Myerberg's attorney was also on hand, offering various ploys to get us to leave. We were beginning to draw unwelcome media publicity for his boss. First he offered to meet us on a Wednesday, then a Monday, then immediately, anywhere but in the model apartment. He still refused to give any policy statement. So it's obviously segregated, we "happily" concluded, a clear policy of discrimination against Negroes.

Then the hammering began! Burly men were covering the windows at the back of the apartment with sheets of plywood. They came in and tore out our only toilet. They attached a hose to the only water tank behind the apartment. We got a little nervous. "Maybe they're gonna flood us out," Walt speculated as they brought the hose in. But for some reason they used it to drainthe toilet. Did they think we were drinking water from it?

The crowd of pickets and onlookers grew. A lumber truck pulled up in front of the apartment and a carpenter made measurements as if to block up the front windows. We had stocked up with food for the long haul: jugs of water, gallons of peanut butter, loads of crackers, grapes, bananas,

candy—even bags as replacement for the toilet. We would have sat in indefinitely, as long as we could get food!

But the end was near. Myerberg called the police in and had us charged with trespassing. They led us out to a paddy wagon and took us to the nearest station, where we waited for processing. We chatted with the very rental agent, who'd sworn out the warrants. Somehow the conversation drifted onto reincarnation and the agent allowed that he wanted to come back rich. "But let me come back a man, one honest and angry man!" Walt retorted.

We signed a prisoner's meal ticket and the jailer took our belts (so we wouldn't hang ourselves, I suppose), then took us into the lockup. Walt regaled us with imitations of civil rights leaders; we chatted with a Mr. Smallwood, who was awaiting trial for assault and battery, and listened to the jailer kidding our friend Ray as he took his fingerprints. The police transferred us to a magistrate at a nearby station on Reisterstown Road. We asked for a jury trial (although the case never went that far), and I requested that the word *wantonly* be stricken from the trespassing charges ("He's a poet," Walt explained). The magistrate quickly processed us out on bond.

Some persons with baseball bats at the exit alarmed us, but it turned out they were softball players who had disturbed the peace. Walt remarked of Herb Callender, "He looks so young . . . so young . . . and you know why? He's paid his dues, suffered, but is the freer inside for it."

Walt was a poet, too.

We stood on the shoulders of others, for demonstrations for integration had occurred in the early 60s in Baltimore: at Read's Drug stores, at the Northwood theatre, and at restaurants along Route 40. The integration of the amusement park at Gynn Oaks was the first large, nationally noted Baltimore demonstration.

Footnote # 5 Fraser Smith

In the standing on the shoulders of others department, also, I noted an obituary in the Washington Post of 8/25/2015: "Led early version of 'Freedom Rides' across the south; George Houser, a white Methodist minister, helped lead an interracial bus trip across the segregated South in 1947…was a pacifist, declared himself a conscientious objector and refused to register for the draft in World War II. He later joined black and white activists in founding the Congress on Racial Equality in 1942."

I had never heard of him!

Freedom Riders

Violent events farther South made our struggle seem quite tame. The freedom riders in the Deep South emboldened us; the huge demonstration in August of 1963, in nearby Washington, DC, called "The March on Washington" in the history books, gave us support and comfort. We joined, knowing demonstrations like the March on Washington in August of 1963, when Dr. King said he had a dream, would go in to the history books. I attended. King's amplified voice

drifted up the mall toward the inverted bell of the Capitol dome, even more bell-like than usual with the echo of the loudspeakers.

Inspiring music accompanied our civil rights involvement; there was the strong influence of black gospel, as in songs like "O Freedom" and "Ain't Gonna Let Nobody Turn Me 'Round." We sang as we sat in a circle with joined hands, out in the middle of the street to block traffic, in protest of the segregated highrise Horizon House, at Baltimore's Calvert and Chase Streets. Along with the wonderful hymns of my religious prep school in the back of my mind, the civil rights songs with their wonderful lyrics inspired us as we demonstrated.

We sang amidst thundering congregations in black churches. All my life, any time the going got rough, the lyrics "Ain't gonna let nobody turn me 'round, turn me 'round, turn me 'round . keep on a walkin', keep on a talkin', walkin' down to freedom land" would pop into my head.

Later, all I had to do was fill in appropriate new lyrics, as we had in the movement days—for example, "ain't gonna let my divorce, or ain't gonna let obsessive compulsive behavior," and so forth.

In one interview before his death, CORE leader James Farmer talked about the Freedom Riders' singing in the Jackson, Mississippi, jail, "driving the jailers crazy."

Footnote 6 "Sweet Honey in the Rock"

A Sense of History

There was a whiff of danger these days. We were righting wrongs that had existed since Reconstruction. I had joined the civil rights movement not just to be a part of history but to right the wrongs of reconstruction.

I think of the Civil War battle at Shiloh, when just before the battle, something was astirring in the air. Confederates were coming through the wood, announced by all manner of wild beasts running before them—turkeys flying high, deer bounding- Our period, like theirs, had some drama, if not as deadly as the cannons at Antietam, the bloody battle that took place in western Maryland.

We wanted to be a part of the "something happening here" about which rock and roll guitarist and songwriter Steven Stills sings in his famous Buffalo Springfield song: "something happening here/ what it is not exactly clear/, stop people look around, /everybody look what's going down."

There is analysis of the Vietnam War aplenty in other books; we hated ~~w~~ar and pretended we could do something commensurate to the risks endured by the Vietnamese people. The idea of old men sitting behind the lines and sending us (me!) into an unjust war? Intolerable and ludicrous. As an English major, I had studied war enough in books by Remarque and Hemingway. The old man image incited my anger more than any other image.

Millions of Vietnamese and 60,000 Americans died in the Vietnam war. As Betty Medsger states in *The Burglary, Vietnam lost 12 to 13 percent of its population. Between 1965 and 1970, more than 17,000 young men were officially recognized as conscientious objectors* [myself among them]. *Opposition to the war among active duty troops was unprecedented. According to the Pentagon records, 503,926 troops deserted between 1966 and 1971. One group of soldiers based at Fort Hood, Texas, refused to report for riot-control duty at the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago. They knew their assignment would be to control antiwar activists. Because they agreed with those activists, they refused the duty and served time in military prison.*

Footnote 7 Betty Medsger

Noam Chomsky, as a linguist always keen to word choice- describes the Tet Offensaive as a turning point in the Vietnam War- "It was not an 'offensive', rather an 'uprising'." As a poet I appreciated this.

It was plain to see, that, as my peer and civil rights leader Stokely Carmichael described it- this was a "racist and imperialist war"- a war fought for tin and rubber. Why would a black soldier fight to defend a country where he was called a "nigger" and had to fight for equal accommodations?

By the time of our blood pouring, in 1967, I had applied for and received the classification of a 1 (One) -A-O medic conscientious objector from my draft board in Towson, Maryland, a Baltimore suburb.

In the 60s, to youths, even dry and boring acronyms had panache—SDS (the Students for a Democratic Society) and CORE and SNCC (the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee). The young people who had gone south for Freedom Summer (some from my own alma mater of Oberlin) were our heroes, just as were the later community organizers, such as the youngsters of SDS organizing in the ghettoes of Newark, New Jersey, in-ERAP (Economic Research and Action Project).

Father Philip Berrigan, a Josephite priest; Tom Lewis, an artist, and me, an alleged poet;-were veterans of the civil rights movement who had become more and more deeply involved in antiwar work. We had been together in CORE. Now we were members of a Baltimore peace group, the Interfaith Peace Mission. Footnote 8- Tom Lewis

As we movement whites left the civil rights movement, having experienced the thrill and power of resistance and protest, we moved over to the peace movement, to protest the Vietnam War. I worked as a draft counselor for the American Friends Service Committee (AFSC), supporting myself with part-time jobs for the city's Department of Welfare and as a librarian at the Milton Eisenhower Library, at Johns Hopkins University.

My Motives—a Hairball

For me,my activism was simply a move "from dissent to resistance". We weren't the ones who coined the phrase which was also used to describe the mass demonstration against the Vietnam War on October 21st, one week before our blood pouring.

The motives that took me to the blood pouring were various—a mix of the influence of the civil rights movement, Phil Berrigan as a father figure, and rebellion against my own father, who like so many of the men of his generation, did not express his feelings. As a professor of the philosophy of religion and a minister, he was very aware of the prophets of the Old Testament and their protests against the Kings of Israel; once he saw the connection to our blood pouring, he changed his mind and approved. I had grown up with the Bible. Here I was mentored by a genuine 20th century prophet, Phil Berrigan, who had been influenced by a 20th century saint-Dorothy Day.

My mother was very sympathetic to my peace movement activities from the beginning, when I applied to become a conscientious objector. I had received the designation of I-A-O, meaning, I would be sent to Vietnam as a medic. (In prison, my draft board in Towson, Maryland, changed the status to 4-F, meaning unfit for service—as an insult, no doubt!)

As of 2015, I can see how young Muslims can fall under the sway of an influential cleric- as I did re Phil Berrigan. If the prophet is preaching violence? He is in the wrong! Norman Morrison and Buddhist monks who immolated themselves to protest the war were also role models for me. They were, unlike Jihadis, martyrs of non-violence, not –as are suicide bombers and their ilk- martyrs for violence against innocents.

Both Mother and Father had attended New York Biblical Seminary and were vaguely aware of the pacifist teachings of Union Theological Seminary theologians Reinhold Niebuhr and Dietrich Bonhoeffer (later executed by the Nazis). Bonhoeffer, not a strict pacifist, asked the question, "Would you grant absolution to the murderer of a tyrant?" His church had been bombed by Nazis after a sermon he gave with the title "God Is My Fuhrer."

I was in a car with Martin Niemoller, another re~~k~~nowned resister to Nazism (my father helped drive him to speaking engagements). I first became aware of World War II when listening, during that war, to the Presbyterian Church~~'s~~ radio program *One Great Hour of Sharing,* a program which described the deportation of the Jews to the death camps. Thus I had experienced war since my birth in 1941. To me that war was the only just one for U. S. participation.

Another part of the hairball? I felt like Holden Caulfield, the protagonist of J D Salinger's famous novel *Catcher in the Rye*, who was able to sniff out bullshit and everything phony and expose ~~it~~. Like him, I rebelled against the preppiness of my private school, Mount Hermon, in Massachusetts, and the grey suits of the fifties.

Ego was another factor. I had a romantic desire to do something exceptional and wanted to have something to write about: I was bored with my job teaching at a private school, Boys Latin School, in Baltimore. I did not want a boring life. I had the vague sense that risk was required,

that you would have to sacrifice to learn. Also, in the "write what you know" department? I knew nothing—and I knew it!

Another motivator was my love of "guerilla theatre" à la the Yippees (the Youth International Party), part of the counterculture of the 60s. Never forget that we had fun. Fun was especially key for those of us who considered ourselves artists or poets. We saw that our parents did not necessarily enjoy stifling and oppressive jobs. Mine, at least, had careers as Christian teachers and believed in what they were doing.

Some have told me they want to know more about me. Partly, I was in a fog at the time. I don't want to go on exhaustively about my or Phil's motives. You can read our beliefs in our statement written for the blood pouring. I have been able to describe my motives only after the passage of time, just as I have been able to describe Phil's character~~,~~ only after rooming with him in prison, speaking with him years after the blood pouring, and reflecting upon it all, as you shall see.

There is a documentary with the great Swedish movie director, Ingmar Bergman reminiscing about his life, loves and death. He wonders if he ever possessed any sort of core? As have I. This book is a search for same.

Interfaith Peace Mission, Blood Pouring

With Tom Lewis, my friend from the civil rights movement, and others from the Interfaith Peace Mission, of which I was the secretary, I took part in more and more protests against the Vietnam War: We picketed local city draft boards with placards showing skulls and crossbones and stating, "Draft cards are death warrants" or "End the war." We applied enough pressure that Selective Service consolidated its Baltimore draft boards at the downtown Customs House, on South Gay Street, near the Baltimore harbor.

Authorities threatened Tom and me with prosecution when we ripped up a crude painting of the American flag at a local coffee house. We worked closely with the media, who seemed to sympathize with us and enjoy our antics.

The local Induction Center was in the Baltimore suburb of Dundalk, at Fort Holabird, and one day we decided to up the ante from the usual leafleting of the busses that left from the Customs House. We got onto one of the buses along with the inductees. An informant had given authorities advanced notice, and they had the whole bus route blocked off, adding motorcycle police escort in front of and behind the buses, not realizing that we were already inside on ~~the~~ bus. We enjoyed our tomfoolery, and the young men about to be processed greatly appreciated us. They were our peers.

On another occasion, we decided to picket the homes of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, at Fort Myer~~s~~, which is adjacent to Arlington Cemetery and the Robert E. Lee mansion, in Virginia. I thought of Normon Morrison's self-immolation at the nearby Pentagon as we took out our placards beside the cannon pointing across the Potomac River toward the Capitol—beds of chrysanthemums as crisply spiky and as orange and yellow as flame in the cool autumn air. Base authorities sent an

Army bus to take us off the base, but as we left the bus, who remained behind, hidden at the back and starting to sing but Jim Mengel, who would join us for the blood pouring? M.Ps. dragged him off forthwith.

We got back into cars and, followed by a reporter for the Associated Press, headed right back to the Joint Chiefs' bungalows. This time, they let us demonstrate until we decided to leave.

Origin of the Baltimore 4

As recounted in the Murray Polner book *Disarmed and Dangerous,*

> *Phil Berrigan had arranged a meeting between members of the Baltimore Peace Mission and Philip Hirschkop, a lawyer in Alexandria, Virginia. Phil opened the meeting by informing Hirschkopf that the group had been considering a plan to blow up the U.S. Customs House in Baltimore where thousands of military draft files were stored, but wanted to keep the action "nonviolent" by ensuring that no one would be anywhere near the building.*

Footnote 8 Polner

Hirschkopf , who says we suggested arson, said ,"My God, don't do that," then jumped out of his chair and ran from the office. (I don't remember any of this and perhaps was not present at this meeting, but this is the way it happened, according to peace movement activist and friend Bill O Connor.) Bill says he and the others had to search up and down the halls before finding the shaken lawyer and guiding him back behind closed doors. Phil, according to Bill, adjusted to Hirskopf's alarm by disclosing the group's Plan B: to enter the draft board and jam up its door locks with a jellylike substance. What, he wanted to know, was the legality of such a protest? Phil told me later that he had ducked out of the office to avoid being part of a conspiracy.

Hirschkopf thought it over, then suggested that the group do something less serious, like pour blood or honey or red paint on the locks. That way, he said, you'd avoid doing serious property damage while making a symbolic point. On the drive back home, Phil derided Hirschkopf's idea as the tepid proposal of "just another bourgeois lawyer." "But," Murray Polner writes, "pouring blood in a draft office struck David Eberhardt as a prophetic stroke worthy of the biblical prophets, Amos and Hosea. Phil began to change his mind."[5]

I remember the part about the prophets and discussing the blood at the Howard Johnson's restaurant on New York Avenue in D.C..

My memory blurs the events. Writing things down—is an attempt to capture the truth: what actually happened. What we remember may differ from what actually happened! I definitely remember the most momentous events of my life. But—and this is partly the theme of this book—the events may help me unders tand myself but only upon later reflection!

The fact that my version may not square perfectly with the facts, the realization that there are details of the action unfamiliar to me, annoys me to this day! It's not enough to be included in events gone by—I want the right details.

As time passes, my memory makes a necklace of my peace movement past, stringing the dates together like so many beads. But time happens to each of us, like the string itself without any pearls or polished gems.

I see these memories as the great explorer John Lloyd Stevens describes ancient Mayan ruins at Palenque, Mexico, which I have visited. The pyramidal temple is misty, and howler monkeys surround it, hooting and roaring. Great roots, the distance of time, smother the stelae, on which the hieroglyphs are now barely decipherable. The glyphs are obscure. I write about the incidents of my past .s Stevens' illustrator, Catherwood, copied the glyphs, one for the great emperor Pacal, who almost shares my birthdate, March 26th (his the 23rd!) The meaning of the glyphs becomes clearer.

Consider the image of a library—memory is a library; the synapses flash, and a moment of the past presents itself boldly. Sometimes I want to tidy up and go back over my memories, as if I could organize them better. Layers upon layers—how the brain works, firing, the smells soy and ginger.

Or, as described by the great American poet William Matthews' poem "A Happy Childhood":

It turns out you are the story of your childhood
and you're under constant revision,
like a lonely folktale whose invisible folks

are all the selves you've been, lifelong,
shadows in fog, grey glimmers at dusk.
And each of these selves had a childhood

Footnote 9 Matthews

Phil Hirschkopf and I may have thought up parts of the blood pouring. But without Commandante Phil Berrigan, you'd best believe it would not have happened!

Regardless of my memory of this, Hirschkopf and I met again when we shared a speaking engagement in 2009 . He was not "just another bourgeois lawyer." He had trained as a Green Beret, but after graduation from law school, during the Freedom Summer of 1964, he went south to Mississippi and defended civil rights workers who had gotten into trouble there and in Danville, Virginia. He had gotten Dr. Martin Luther King himself out of jail. Phil was friends with all the reknowned movement and leftist lawyers in the civil rights movement—Arthur Kinoy, Bill Kunstler, and Leonard Boudin. A chapter in Norman Mailer's memoir, *Armies of the Night*, features Phil and describes the Pentagon demonstration that took place the week before our blood pouring.

Thank God for leftist lawyers! We followed Phil's suggestion to get Baltimore attorney Fred Weisgal for our defense.

I joke with Phil about the gestation of the blood pouring and his role in it: "You ruined my life."

"Rather," he wisely retorts, "I saved you guys from blowing up the Customs House." (I'm sure we wouldn't have). He tells me that he had never ran scared out of his office upon hearing about our scheme, as Bill O'Connor's account had it (how memories twist the past!). Hirschkopf says he may have stepped out to avoid being part of a "conspiracy," and that sounds logical. Nor does he remember Phil Berrigan's talking about bombing the place (although when you think ahead to Berrigan's schemes with the Harrisburg 8—that is, sabotaging heating ducts beneath the city of DC—it's entirely possible that the thought crossed his mind. Which means he played with the idea and speculated about it—not that he would have done it.

At the big Pentagon demonstration the week before the blood pouring, I remember holding hands with fellow demonstrators in a grand circle around the Pentagon. The Yippees were trying to levitate the building in their exorcism.I was buoyed up by the spectacle of the crowd and the socializing—and the fun. And proud to be planning our own action, proud that we would also practice guerilla theatre on a grand scale!.

Just Do It!

I met Louise, my "flower girl" (she actually did look like one of the Hours in Bottecelli's "The Birth of Venus", one of the hours off to the side, wearing a negligee of flowers-) at a C.O.R.E. meeting. The daughter of a Presbyterian Synod Executive in Detroit, who had come to Baltimore to help set up the Cooperative Ministry in the then new city of Columbia, Maryland, she shared the same values as mine. She was a strong, quiet blonde bombshell.

On the night before the action, Phil married us in a highly abbreviated ceremony. A dramatic thing to do, it fit that wonderful slogan of the time "Make Love, Not War!" Like soldiers going off to war before me, I worried about the wolves who might steal my girl while I languished in prison. Besides, Louise's standing beside me just before I acted conferred some kind of authority. I had a lot of respect for her, and in fact, she was the compass for my boat heading into prison. Phil, who supposedly opposed marriage for those participating in the draft actions—thinking that it would mean they would not want to part from their families—did not oppose ours. He later married Elizabeth McCallister.

Looking back, I'm lucky she agreed to such a marriage. What I was about to do would be okay if she approved; she was, after all, someone my own age, of our generation. I never could quite be sure about doing something the oldsters approved of. Not unless it was someone of Phil's stature.

Our generation had good reason to distrust "anyone over 30," as have many generations before and after! The blood pouring-, first and foremost, had to feel right to me, but it was good to have peers, like Tom and Louise, who agreed. Now a senior, I am still distrustful and disdainful of adults! (And now—alas—I am one!) So few have any élan vitale, any ability to take risks, to protest. Every day we notice life's injustices. What do we do about them (another major theme of this memoir).

Louise and I -(1967~~,~~ in our apartment on Madison Street, after the blood pouring. Note Louise's unforgettable knees and curls (*I do!~~!!!~~*). Photo by Gary Florian. Poster by Tom Lewis.

We were about to turn our backs on our "normal" lives. Jim asked how our families might be affected, and Phil said, "You're joining the family of man."

Tom Lewis was to give us an "all clear" signal as he mounted the Customs House steps. He pulled out a hanky *but* only to blow his nose—a false start.

We crossed South Gay Street and strode through the massive doors of the Custom House. We gained entry to the draft files using various ploys: I pretended I needed to see certain records to assist a counselee; Phil expressed concern about a draft-age parishioner; Jim Mengel, our lookout, waited at the door ~~in~~to the file room, to divert any security guard who might arrive. With a photographer from the *Baltimore Sun* nearby, shooting film, we pulled drawers out and drenched the files with blood. Clerks stood by, aghast, until we finished. We returned to benches set aside for waiting by the main door. As had Gandhi and King, we would accept the consequences.

Phil pouring and Tom held by Draft Clerk.

I was off photo to the right, having found out the 1-A Qualified for Induction files, which meant that the persons therein were ready to be shipped off to the killing fields of Vietnam (I knew the details since I was a draft counselor for the American Friends Service Committeer in Baltimore- advising persons facing the Selective Service as to their options).

Thus, my pouring came closest to actually obstructing induction, although the files were not really damaged. They could easily be washed, pulled apart, and reread (except for the fear of the blood),. The files Phil and Tom were defacing—who knows what they were? At least they made the action available to the photographers and thus to the rest of the world (our "15 minutes of fame" or rather, my 15 minutes—Phil-'s well-deserved years of fame were just beginning.) Not that this country's media ever covered him very much.

We waited excitedly about an hour for the FBI to arrive. We tried to hand out paperback bibles and the following statement:

> *On Friday, October 27th, 1967, we are entering the Customs House in Baltimore, Maryland, to deface the draft records there with our blood.*
>
> *We shed our blood willingly and gratefully in what we hope is a sacrificial and constructive act. We pour it upon these files to illustrate that with them and with these offices begins the pitiful waste of American and Vietnamese blood 10,000 miles away. That bloodshedding is never rational, seldom voluntary—in a word, non-constructive. It does not protect life, but rather endangers it.*
>
> *We wish neither notoriety nor labels of martyrdom or messianism. We desire merely to stand for human life and human future. We realize painfully yet clearly that what we have done goes beyond the scope of Constitutional right and civil liberty, and is therefore not to be taken lightly.*

WAR AND PROPERTY: We believe that war proves nothing except man's refusal to be man and to live with men. We say that man must end war, or war will end man. We deplore our country's hot and cold warring and its crime against the often unwilling and powerless bodies behind these files.

Thus we unite with our servicemen against their real enemies. We shed our blood as they do theirs. We disrupt our lives as the draft does theirs.

We quarrel with the idolatry of property and the war machine that makes property of men. We confront those countrymen to whom property means more than human life. We assert that property is often an instrument of massive injustice—like these files. Thus we feel this discriminate destruction of property for human life is warranted.

Nonetheless, we take every measure to protect the personnel here from hysteria or injury. We are content to remind them of their complicity in the untimely death of young soldiers, in the murder of innocent civilians, in the pain of parents and sweethearts. We ask their resignations.

AMERICA: We agree that America is the greatest manufacturer and salesman of violence in the world today. We feel this is so because power rests not with the people to whom it belongs, but with an economic, political and military cabal whose aims can tolerate neither foreign autonomy nor domestic freedom.

We charge that America would rather protect its empire of overseas profits than welcome its black people, rebuild its slums and cleanse its air and water. Thus we have singled out inner-city draft boards for our action.

We love our country and celebrate its greatness. But our love cannot accept its evil with silence and passivity. We withstand that evil with our consciences and bodies, and invite the punishment that this entails.

LAW: We state that any law which forces men to kill and face death furthers war as surely as it encourages those who profit from war. We feel that Vietnam is a rich man's war and a poor man's fight—it is an unjust war backed up by unjust laws of conscription, tax preferences and suppression of dissent.

We indict such law with our consciences and acts and we appeal to Americans to purge their law, conform it to divine and human law, apply it impartially, and build at home and abroad with it. We cannot accept the law as it protects injustice. This is not law but a travesty of it. Thus we refuse any counsel that would bargain for our benefit within the law, and stand on our merits alone.

We seek neither to avoid detection nor to escape, but submit to apprehension and the consequences of our action.

We implore our countrymen to judge our action against this nation's Jud~~a~~eo-Christian tradition, against the horror in Vietnam and the impending threat of nuclear destruction against, finally, the universal human longing for justice and peace.

We invite [this was the conspiratorial part] *friends in the peace and freedom movements o continue moving with us from dissent to resistance. We ask God to be merciful and patient with us and* ***all*** *men. We hope he will use our witness for his blessed designs.*

One of the clerks took a paperback Bible from Reverend Mengel and bopped me on the head with it. Maybe it gave her a Christian feeling.

Footnotes Chapt. One?

Footnote # 1 Walter Carter page 2

> From wikipedia on Walter Carter: "In 2012, Carter's relentlless struggle for human and civil rights was the subject of a documentary film produced by the University of Maryland School of Psychiatry: Walter P. Carter:Champion for Change. In the film, Carter is referred to as the "Martin Luther King of Maryland".[15] The film will air on Maryland Public Television February 25, 2013, at 10:30 p.m.

Carter led voter registration drives in the South, was a World War II veteran. As chairman of the local chapter of Congress of Racial Equality (CORE),[3] he was an organizer massive and aggressive campaigns, including the 1960 Freedom Rides to the Eastern Shore of Maryland, Gwynn Oak Park, Howard Johnson Chain, and other eating establishments along Routes 40, 1, 150, and 50; apartment buildings, hotels, and other public accommodations throughout Maryland. Maryland coordinator of the March on Washington in 1963. He was a coordinator of the massive Federated Civil Rights Organization march, of more than 3,000, to protest segregation in housing in 1965.

In 1966, he and five other CORE members formed Activists for Fair Housing, later shortened to Activists, Inc. That year, the Apartment House Owners Association of Maryland was forced to open facilities to all.[4] In the late 1960s, Carter convinced the Community Chest, now known as the United Way of Central Maryland, to fund grass roots organizations with African American constituents, such as Echo House.[5] Carter protested segregated housing and poor living conditions that African Americans faced in Baltimore in the late 1950s and through the 1960s. He organized protest marches, often taking the fight to the homes of the whites who owned the segregated housing.[6]

Carter was appointed by mayor Thomas L. J. D'Alesandro III, to head the Community Action Agency (CAA). But the Baltimore City Council voted 10-8 on September 30 to not confirm Carter's appointment. According to news accounts, William Donald Schaefer complained that

Carter was "too radical", and would move the agency forward at a pace at which the city was not yet ready. Due to Carter's rejection, 12 of 21 members of the Community Action Committee, three top members of the Urban Coalition including Parren J. Mitchell resigned from their positions in demonstration of protest to the rejection of the nomination of Walter Carter.

In 1963, Carter created the William L. Moore Foundation, for fellow CORE activist and Baltimorean William L. Moore. Moore was marching to the mansion of the Alabama state Governor to deliver a letter. While embarking on this lone march on April 23, 1963, in Gadsden, Alabama, Moore was shot in the head twice and later found by a motorist passing by. The letter that Moore intending on giving to the Governor was later found and never delivered to the Governor of Alabama

Footnote # 2. pg 4 Schwerner, Cheney and Goodman: These three martyrs changed my life—the saints whom I refer to in the title of this memoir. They were civil rights workers murdered by members of the Mississippi Ku Klux Klan in June of 1964, and these murders led, in part, after national outrage, to passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the Voting Rights Act of 1965.

Footnote # 3. pg 6 Antero Pietila's 2010 book, *Not in My Neighborhood: How Bigotry Shaped a Great American City,* Chicago: Ivan R Dee Incorporated, describes Baltimore's history of discrimination in neighborhoods.

Footnote # 4 pg 8 Herb Callendar

Makaza Kumanyika, 60, Leader Of Civil Rights Protests in 1960's Callender later changed his name to Makaza Kumanyika which according to his son means "a cold wind blows for Black people."

By RONALD SULLIVAN
Published: September 29, 1993

Makaza Kumanyika, a civil rights leader in New York City in the 1960's when his name was Herbert Callender, died on Sept. 22 at his home in East Orange, N. J. He was 60.

The cause of death was cancer, his family said.

Mr. Kumanyika helped lead civil rights protests as chairman of the Bronx chapter of the Congress of Racial Equality, beginning in 1963 with demonstrations against the White Castle hamburger chain, which the group asserted had discriminatory hiring practices.

A year later, he and a coalition of other protest leaders threatened to tie up the city with a series of huge traffic jams and a subway tie-up to disrupt the opening of the 1964 World's Fair in Flushing Meadows, Queens.

But the "stall in" never occurred and Mr. Kumanyika said later that it was mostly a bluff.

Clash With Commissioner

A month earlier, the Police Commissioner at the time, Michael J. Murphy, denounced Mr. Kumanyika, along with Malcolm X and the Harlem rent-strike leader, Jesse Gray, as "lusting for power" and vowed he would not allow them "to turn New York City into a battleground."

The denunciation came 10 days after Mr. Kumanyika handcuffed himself to the bars of a door outside Commissioner Murphy's office at Police Headquarters in a protest against what he said was police brutality.

Later that year, he was arrested and committed to the psychiatric wing of Bellevue Hospital Center for trying to make a citizen's arrest of Mayor Robert F. Wagner for allocating public funds to projects that allowed racial discrimination. Helping Poor Farmers

Mr. Kumanyika, who went on to graduate from Cornell University in 1977, shifted his concern to poor black farmers here and abroad, heading the Federation of Southern Cooperatives.

He ultimately settled in Essex County, N. J., where he was director of the Irvington Neighborhood Development Corporation, a staff member of the Chad School in Newark and most recently director of East Orange's Clean & Green Center.

He also was the founder of the Urban Center for Public/Private Partnerships, which offered technical assistance to grass-roots organizations in Essex County.

Eleven days before his death, Gov. Jim Florio of New Jersey proclaimed Sept. 11 as Makaza Kumanyika Day.

Mr. Kumanyika is survived by his wife, Kathleen Mudiwa Kumanyika; two sons, Herbert Biwa Callender of Yonkers and Chenjerai Kumanyika of State College, Pa.; two daughters, Bayo Callender of Brooklyn and Meredith Kilolo Kumanyika of East Orange; a sister, Bernice Callender Brewington of North Carolina, and two granddaughters.

A memorial service is to be held at 11 A.M. on Saturday at St. Matthews African Methodist Episcopal Church in East Orange.

Along with Malcolm X and rent strike leader Jesse Gray, he was denounced in the press by Police Commissioner Murphy. It later came out that Callender had been targeted by the Bureau of Special Services (BOSS/NYPD) who had planted an undercover police agent, Ray Wood, in his chapter.

After placing the Mayor Wagner of New York City under citizen's arrest with Wood, Callender was briefly sentenced to Bellevue for mental observation. Unperturbed, he became one of the three leaders of the 1964 Stall In campaign.

He eventually became a field secretary and then the national organization director for CORE, the third highest ranking position at the time. He left just before Roy Innis became the national director but was part of the unsuccessful effort in the mid-1970's along with James Farmer to

take CORE back from Innis. In between he received a degree from Cornell University.

Footnote #5 pg 9 . Baltimore journalist, author, and newsman C. Fraser Smith covers the history well in the 2008 book *Here Lies Jim Crow: Civil Rights in Maryland,* Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, a history of the civil rights movement in Maryland. p

Footnore # 6 pg 10. The singing group Sweet Honey in the Rock and Bernice Reagon has recorded a CD of these songs. P

Footnote #7 Medsger The Burglary Alfred Knopf 2014 pg 45,6 p 12

Footnote #8 pg 17 *Disarmed and Dangerous,* by Murray Polner and Jim O'Grady (New York: Basic Books, 1997), pg. 172. Polner also examines what transformed Daniel and Philip Berrigan from conventional Roman Catholic priests into "holy outlaws"—for a time, the two most wanted men by J. Edgar Hoover's FBI." Polner poses the following question: "how did the Berrigan brothers evolve from their traditionally pious, second-generation immigrant beginnings to become the most famous (some would say notorious) religious rebels?"

Footnore # 9 William Matthews, 1942-1997 pg 19

fr The Poetry Foundation: "In *A Happy Childhood*, Matthews set out to investigate the psychological aspects of human life, using the theories of Sigmund Freud to inform some of his verses. Freud is in fact "the muse of *A Happy Childhood,* " according to *Washington Post Book World* contributor David Lehman. Matthews "renews Freud's metaphors . . . or propounds new ones. . . . Most of all, Matthews emulates the poet in Freud, fastening on our errors and dreams and accidental patterns as badges of enchantment, clues to a mystery that retains something of its inscrutability even as it fosters new forms of revelation."