Phil Berrigan says:

"THE SENTENCING OF ROB'T CANNEY IS A FABRICATION AND FRAUD - more than that, a brutal injustice. ... Nor can Rob't Canney's language be considered imprecise or profane. From every standpoint, the debacle in Indochina was damned by God. It was a goddamned war, especially for the Indochinese, and for the Americans who fought, bled and died uncomprehending of any rational reason for conducting it. It was in fact goddamned for everyone but the power mongers and war profiteers - the Johnsons, Westmorelands, Nixons, Kissingers and the corporate pharaohs. In a country with civilized standards, Rob't Canney would have a medal. In the U.S. he receives loss of job, an illegal, unjust conviction, and prison."

YOUR HELP IS URGENTLY NEEDED!  PLEASE WRITE TO:

Governor Reuben Askew, State Capitol Bldg, Tallahassee, Fl 32301

Ask him to: (1) use his authority and influence to have Bob Canney released from jail; (2) that he ask for all charges to be dropped or a new fair trial where all witnesses can be heard; (3) that he ask for a federal investigation of the actions of the "law enforcement" officials on the day of the arrest; (4) to restore Canney to his job at the university with full back pay and payment for all damages suffered by Bob, Connie, and the Canney family.

YOUR LETTERS CAN MAKE THE DIFFERENCE:  PLEASE WRITE TODAY!

If possible send copies of your letters to the Bob Canney Support Committee, PO Box 1463, Gainesville, Florida 32602 - so Bob can know you are supporting him.
I write to you as a political prisoner of the state of Florida presently confined at the state prison in Avon Park.

I have been both a student and a teacher at the University of Florida. In the spring of 1970, I was invited to speak at a rally in St. Petersburg. In my address at that rally against war and for human rights I said, among other things, "Let's bring that goddamn war home." For that statement--though the case has been legally obscured otherwise--I am now serving a six-months to two-years prison sentence.

A police riot took place that April day in Straub Park. Many people were maced and beaten and arrested. It clearly happened as a result of a criminal conspiracy by politicians and law-enforcement and intelligence agencies. It was designed to disrupt a peaceful and legally assembled gathering in order to terrorize and intimidate those in attendance. And it was meant, of course, to discredit what was being said by the speakers.

I returned to Florida last November after living out of state for about five years while my conviction was being appealed in the state courts. At a hearing for reduction of sentence in Dade City the state's prosecutor Richard Mensh argued vigorously that I had "had the benefit of all that the law afforded." (Though no witnesses were allowed to testify at my trial in September of 1970.) Mensh also said, "He was out there raising Cain...instead of coming into the system." (I was clearly exercising my First Amendment rights of free speech and peaceful assembly to petition a corrupt government for a redress of some very serious grievances.)

Trial judge Robert Williams concurred, upheld the original sentence, denied me any further time out on bond while we continued our appeal in the federal courts, and had me immediately slammed into the medieval institution that is known as the Pasco County Jail. (It was as though they both felt that I had escaped being punished long enough.) A while later I was transferred to the Pinellas County Jail, then to Lake Butler Prison where I became state property with no rights that any state employee is bound to respect. I am now at the Avon Park Prison, another one of the many "overcrowded" prisons in the state, after being unlawfully arrested, unfairly tried, and unjustly and inhumanely imprisoned. The state of Florida has twice now disrupted my life and the lives of my family.

I am writing to call on those of you who believe in human decency and social justice to join with me in saying NO! to this kind of political repression--to this kind of state tyranny--in this Bicentennial year. What will there be to celebrate if we don't?

Yours in the struggle for liberty and justice for all,

/s/
Bob Canney, Political Prisoner of the State of Florida

FOR INFORMATION ON HOW YOU CAN HELP RIGHT THIS GREAT INJUSTICE AND FREE BOB CANNEY, SEE THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS LEAFLET. If you can work to help build support thru letters and petitions, contact: The BOB CANNEY SUPPORT COMMITTEE, P.O. Box 1463, Gainesville, Florida, 32602
Dear Mrs. Conner,

Use the letter or use the following quote at the termination of this. We hope Vince Conner is freed by now and that Bob is okay. Please convey love and support to both.

I think it a good thing if you can see my brother Dan and Paul Mayer. Both were strongly instrumental in getting a clemency release for Martin in N.Y. State. F. Dan Berriqan, 1 J. F. Paul Mayer
Woodstock
220 W. 88th St, Apt. 7F
NYC 10025 N.Y.
E. Orange, N.J.
07017

Mention my name and feel free to ask them to do things to get Bob's case known.

Do the same for Barry Wells, the syndicated columnist. Barry is a close friend - his column gets to 50 papers nationwide. Send in all the above whatever material you think pertinent.

We will add your name to our mailing list and see that you get any subsequent material.

Oh yes. Wells address is 100 Upnor Rd.
Baltimore, Md. 21202

You can send material also to Join East, Editor, Fellowship Magazine, 1 Fellowship of Reconciliation, Nyack, N.Y. and to Marie Cabara, Editor, WIN Magazine, Box 547, Ripton, N.Y. 12471.

Hope the above helps a little. I know you'll keep your courage up, and that Bob will live.

Peace & strength
Phil Berriqan.

(Statement under)
"The sentencing of Rob't Carney is a fabrication and fraud - more than that, a brutal injustice. From every evidence, the police are responsible for the "riot" - if slight disruption by spectators and sympathizers can be accurately termed a "riot."

Rob't Carney's language be considered impulsive or profane. From every stand point, the debacle in Indochina was damned by God. It was a god damned war, especially for the Indochinese, and for the Americans who fought, bled and died in comprehending of any rational reason for conducting it. It was in fact, god damned for everyone but the power mongers and war profiteers - The Johnsons, Westmorelands, Nipons, Kissingers and the Corporate pharaohs.

In a country with civilized standards, Rob't Carney would have a medal. In the U.S., he receives loss of job, trial an illegal, unjust conviction, and prison."
Dear Mrs. Canney,

Most grateful for the information on Bob’s case—alas, if it were not so real. But given the state of the U. S. and the passivity of power—perhaps it is typical. And ends up being a huge caldron to all the Canneys.

Thank you for the invitation—if possible to me. Yet I hesitate to commit myself, having a trial on Jan. 15th for anti-nuclear weapons demonstration at the Bight (oops! White) house. In addition, we well probably act again in mid-January at the War Dept. on which the govern't well probably grow short on patience and give us some time.

If there are other cases I can help—Bob (statement for rally, etc.) please let me know. Be enclosed well help to explain current pre-occupations.

Please extend our love and thanks to Bob and to the family. Knowing that people like yourselves still exist in this sad century is a source of refreshment and stamina. Please to open.

Sincerely Yours,
Paul Bergman.
Dec. 27th, 1936

Dear Bob,

Regard from one rabbit hutch to another, and to the good people in both, esp. to you.

Guess I heard from all the Connays yesterday—yay, Connie, Vorce, Brit. Thanks them all for me. I wouldn't write them individually, but letters from here are limited—3 a week.

Regarding the matter that Brit mentioned, I don't know him personally, in fact, have heard of him only infrequently. But Connie, or someone from the family, could contact Honey Knapp, 5 Daybreak Lane, Westport, Conn. Honey is a great woman—well, the Prisoners' Visitation League and known to Roy, Collins and others sympathetic to prisoners and prisoners' welfare, esp. of the political stripe. You could get her phone from Jonah House, or from Westport info. Her husband's name being Brit.

Best wishes, brother. I sense that your great family, and the good people supporting you, will send that corrupt Ella, gang into retreat. But meanwhile, a special endurance is required of you.

Our young guys that the brickes tomorrow.
Some of already out here broke, as threats in the open. I'll come out the 90 days - no big thing. In fact, a definite blessing - 7.1. He's up the essential connections - 7.1. to you, John. Bred (one of our people) at Lewisburg, Eddie Sanday in Atlanta Pen, the Hawaiians, Indonesian, Brazilians etc. including the Uzbeks, Armenians, etc. Jews the Soviets have closed up. To be a superpower in the post-prison era, on an international scale.

We'll be praying for you and your release. And for strength to have big heart and spirit. Christ's peace.
Fraternally,
Phil

D.C. City Jail
300 19th St S.E.
Wash. D.C. 20003
Dear Connie,

Wadda, seems like I know all the Cannays. Heard from Mike, and from your daughter up north. Please thank them all heartily—only wish it were possible to see them personally. But as you might suppose, absences tend to be slim here.

Hear of real criminals yesterday. So I might soon be happening, as I wrote this. I hope the good people didn't check and change their plans. I'll call a friend. There are used to make new and the best friends of you won't, could they but understand it. We're the only factor that saves them from total corruption.

The disposition of Bob to Brownsville follows a pattern. They're easing out without admitting a monumental blunder. They just let out a black forlorn of news in N.Y. State—of 209 yrs. 9 B yrs. of solitary—on a frame up and entrapment. They gave him 4 years—He admit it.

I'll be out of this snake pit next week. And then back into the fray. Sidney Long has a devastating article on the nuclear disaster in Feb. Progressive. He somebody said to me the other day, "I don't think we have much more time. Rest to Bob and Vincent and yourself and all the Cannays. Peace and strength.

Phil Remington

Wed. Three feet from "minimum security."
February, 1976. I'm back in circulation after a week's sojourn in D.C. jail. All who dug grave and held banners at the White House last Thanksgiving are now out - except Philip.

That's quite an exception. I had hoped to share his 30 day retreat, but arthritis flared, and I was advised by friends to swallow hard, pay the ransom and walk out. That exemplary brother though, won't give as much as a pinch of incense to Caesar. So he sits there. For many of us, he's the still point of the turning world. Doesn't a single just person save the city?

We all were (he is yet) under 24 hr. deadlock. The arrangement is simplicity itself. You get out of your cell when your sentence is up. You get out of your cell if you have a visitor. You get out if you dig. If you go mad, you stay put. If you get seriously ill you stay put. Except that in the first case, you will be beaten, for cries, incoherent talk. Thus a double bind; the place is designed to drive people mad; madness is loss of control; uncontrol is punished.

You unravel it, I can't. It's called Bicentennial Logic.

As far as serving time, I think I can speak for Phil and myself. In jail, we tasted their hell - and turned it around, gall to wine. We adopted a common discipline, readings from the book of Revelation, exercise, good talk, meditation. I think a space 10' by 7' became a setting of truth and peace, even of rebirth.

We rolled cigarettes, we cleaned the filth, we touched again that old cold texture of concrete and steel. It was extraordinary. They had us where they wanted us in the 3rd circle; and they had us not at all; not a hair of our heads, not a second of our lives, not a shred of our soul.

It is a precious thing to have been through, however haltingly to write of. I think now that ecstasy is possible, even in hell.

The world, and we, are in his hands. The rulers, who put their warheads together for the destruction of his people, shall all be confounded, be scrambled, be dismantled. But only if we resist.

Peace - at a price. Daniel

Dear Connie, It was so good to hear from...
you and to have all that amazing material in the case. I have read it all carefully, only wish I needn't feel so helpless. In any case it seems to me that with such a family and friends, your husband's failing needn't continue for much longer.

I saw Phil yesterday. He is cool and strong. Indeed it was first through him in D.C. jail that I learned of your struggle.

With every blessing and good wish

F. Dan Bernfain, Jr.
Dear Bob,

Thanks for that good & courageous letter of Feb. 18th. I've been running around talking more about hearing from you - Montana and Indiana. In Montana, the Prin- cipalities have 200 Minutemen ICBM's in the eastern part of the state, surely targeted by the Russians. If the crunch comes, what happens to Montana, and Dakotas, Canadians, etc.? People here think about that, and thank God, are beginning to get off their corn dogs, as they used to say down South.

I hear frequently from Connie and will answer her within the next few days. Did some C. D. in Newark the other day. Local folks organized it, and went the whole week with it. culminated by a great day at the Federal Bldg. "We dig gready that they never be filled. The gourn't

---

Mr. Robert Casney
Santa Fe CCF
Bay 1202
Gainesville, Florida

MAR 17 1976
prepare mass graves (mine shafts at relocation centers) and
dwell fill them. "Anyway, about 200 participated, and
five were arrested. A good tone and spirit.

Right now, we're sending labor for the War Dept.
During Holy Week. One has to keep the silence broken-
with the numbness and atomization of people today. -
That is somewhat important.

Very happy that conditions have somewhat improved.
When you're released, we will look for you in Nanking, North,
and feel privileged at meeting you. Peace & strength.

Sincerely,
Phil Rosignol

Sarah Racee
1935 Park Ave.
Bed to 2128
Ttd.
Dear Connie—

With this tracking down the "stars" was more
my cup of tea. Fact is, I've never done it, and
always have had to rely on friends to do it.

Sorry about the long delay in answering.
Have been out speaking in Montana and Indiana
other places.

Let me just track to get Saul Pressberg who knows
where the stars are, or where to locate them. If you
don't have his name on one of the others lined up for a
benefit, suggest you send background on the
case (Bob's) to Saul Pressberg, 4719 Springfield, Phila. Pa.
19143.

Vaccinated by Ronnie Louis's encounter with the
elderly night. And in admiration of his restraint.
We'll try to call Saul again tomorrow. If she sees hope,
we'll let you know. Send Bob and the family our love. Peace & strength.  

Phil Bernard
the politicians get even with us, or think they get even, by saying that at least they are practical and that we are not. In this way they deceive themselves and they deceive others. We will not grant them this much. It is the mystics who are practical and the politicians who are not. It is we who are practical, who do something and it is they who are not, who do nothing. It is we who gather up, and they who pillage. It is we who build, it is we who lay foundations, it is they who demolish. It is we who nourish others and they who live as parasites. It is we who create works and community, peoples and races. and they who ruin all. 

CHARLES PÉGUY

March

Dear Friends:

We cut corners, as you can see - the quote coming from Péguy via Dan. Maybe it will help clarify politics for "Put-on Year".

Flattened out 30 days deadlock in that abominable so-called District Jail. The same day Dan, Mitch Snyder and I saw Wm. Bryant, Federal judge who had ordered a termination of cruel and unusual punishment. We asked him to take lockup with us, to picket the jail, to join us at a press conference. Anything, but to stake reality on the illusions of the law. He declined. The men of power are consistently lionhearted. Why sweat? They are making it.

Had a stint in Montana, that glorious state of natural wonders and 700,000 people. But cursed with the War Dept.'s stamp - 200 ICTs in its eastern sector, ready to go, and targeted by the Russians, our great imitators in death dealing and gaming. Anyway, before I left some folks had resolved to get real security conscious and get them removed. Given native phobias, that will take some doing.

Liz and I have just returned from Indiana and several days at Manchester and Goshen Colleges. The experience left us torn, envious of the Anabaptist tradition, yet appalled at peace church neutralities. Again however, a handful of students declared themselves for peace testimony - the root of Jesse still leaves and buds.

At Jonah, we prepare for another skirmish with the War Dept. - a vigil at both the Pentagon and at Rumsfeld's home, climaxing with civil disobedience at both mortuaries on Holy Thursday, April 15, Tax Day. The vigil will be a 24 hour affair, prayerful and reflective, a plea both to and for the pharaohs. Civil Disobedience will reawaken Thoreau's phrase: "those who dissent without resistance consent" We will begin the vigil on Monday, April 12. We invite you to join us and testify with us against Mother State.

We remind ourselves here that time runs short, as politicians trapped by their crimes and ambition, take us down to the nuclear wire. Yet is the issue simply one of survival? Not at all. The issue is dying inside - it is allowing the bomb to supplant the Spirit of Christ. When that is done, the nuclear crematorium, the world, will be a ghastly anticlimax. Indeed, we die inside when we don't resist - we invite the Day of Man, the Great Apocalypse of death wishes and dead spirits.

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Let us help each other live (resist). We at Jonah look for the better idea. Maybe you have it. Maybe you will share it with us; maybe you will join us. Or we you. Christ's Cross. His love and peace.
Dear Sisters and brothers:

May the life that finally and for all time conquered the power of death give us hope as we struggle against the almost overwhelming forces of death about.

We don't say this loosely. As Holy Week closes we end - for a time - our presence at death's door. The week went well. 50-60 people participated in the round the clock vigil Monday noon to Thursday (Passover, Holy Thursday, INCOME TAX DAY) at Rumsfeld's home and the War Department. We leafletted, sang, prayed, walked, strengthened one another, to the deepest reaches of our beings felt the enormity of the task. Shortly after noon Wednesday the Rumsfeld vigil was terminated by order of Mrs. Rumsfeld. Four who refused to vacate their watch were arrested. We met that evening and not without pain and disagreement, decided to forego the dig-in that was planned as a closing there. At the War Department Thursday morning we prayed together, had a small press conference (since the War Department controls just about everything in this country, it should surprise none that it also controls the press) and then the action began. Six people ran onto the steps at the River Entrance with two wire baskets of burning 1040 forms. Eleven others armed with bottles of blood approached the entrance and when they were stopped the War Department - for perhaps the first time - looked as it should. Every pillar but one was smeared with our blood, as were the steps and some of the doors and windows. It soaked into the porous material of the columns and will require sand blasting to remove. The chant was raised: "The Pentagon is a Temple of Death" as the 17 arrested were escorted onto the bus.

Good Friday people returned with a large cross for a silent vigil at the War Department, were arrested and remained silent in court. Charges were dropped and they returned to the site to complete their silent vigil until 3:00 p.m.

In the next weeks we will be meeting to evaluate this action and to determine its direction. It is somehow clear that the War Department has not seen the last of us.

April 10 was the Keel laying for the first of the Trident submarines in Groton Connecticut. Liz went to participate. Along with 5 others, she entered the Electric Boat Company complex with a bottle of blood to pour over the Keel. Others had blood stained leaflets to give to the assembled dignitaries. For some very disturbing reasons, the security force was able to pick out all 6 of us in the crowd of thousands and remove us and there was no civil disobedience as planned. There was a vigil line outside, a Trident submarine/coffin, spectres of death, some street theatre and leafletting.

Phil and Lee Griffith gave a retreat that same weekend in Indiana. They drove out and returned home in time for the opening of the vigil in D.C.

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Dear Connie & Bob -

Enjoyed seeing you so much.

Just home from another stint in jail - this time in Denver. We had another action (c. d.) at the W. Dept. on 14-pr. 30th, and the judge parked 5 of us off to jail.

Trying to lay out the summer - it'll involve a 2-months campaign at the W. Dept. We'll send a proposal on to you soon.

Hope Maine treats you well. Must be damn good to be home. Love from all here - and peace.

Sincerely,

Phil Bennig
the politicians get even with us, or think they get even, by saying that at least they are practical and that we are not. in this way they deceive themselves and they deceive others. We will not grant them this much. It is the mystics who are practical and the politicians who are not. it is we who are practical, who do something and it is they who are not, who do nothing. it is we who gather up, and they who pillage. it is we who build, it is we who lay foundations, it is they who demolish. it is we who nourish others and they who live as parasites. it is we who create works and community, peoples and races. and they who ruin all.  

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Dear Carrie-

We rejoice with Bob, yourself and the family. Though I thought it a shrewd move on the part of the State to exile you to Maine. They protect themselves so neatly.

And thought for some reason that the mandarins were backing out of the case. They don't want anything to do with specialized people who will resent them and fight them, even with their tools.

You and the other Canneys have helped the movement immensely by your conduct, dignity and sense of outrage. Things are less numb because of you.

Here Bob, Bob, love, the family as well. May we someday meet. Peace and Thanks.

Phil Benning.
We don't say this loosely. As Holy Week closes we end - for a time - our presence at death's door. The week went well. 50-60 people participated in the round the clock vigil Monday noon to Thursday (Passover, Holy Thursday, Income Tax Day) at Rumsfeld's home and the War Department. We leafleted, sang, prayed, walked, strengthened one another, to the deepest reaches of our beings felt the enormity of the task. Shortly after noon Wednesday the Rumsfeld vigil was terminated by order of Mrs. Rumsfeld. Four who refused to vacate their watch were arrested. We met that evening and not without pain and disagreement, decided to forego the dig in that was planned as a closing there. At the War Department Thursday morning we prayed together, had a small press conference (since the War Department controls just about everything in this country, it should surprise no one that it also controls the press) and then the action began. Six people ran onto the steps at the River Entrance with two wire baskets of burning 1040 forms. Eleven others armed with bottles of blood approached the entrance and when they were stopped the War Department - for perhaps the first time - looked as it should. Every pillar but one was smeared with our blood, as were the steps and some of the doors and windows. It soaked into the porous material of the columns and will require sand blasting to remove. The chant was raised: "The Pentagon is a Temple of Death" as the 17 arrested were escorted onto the bus.

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Dear Friends,  Sanity and madness are alive and well on the west coast, whence I returned recently. It was a strange ten days, somewhere between mortician and midwifery. West coast or east, though, the question is the same; is one trying to bring something, someone, some community, to birth; or is one participating at a death bed? Probably a taste of both.

- A birth scene. A sit-in of 6 friends at Lockheed in the Bay Area. The sitters were inviting the authorities of the corp. to surface, to answer a few questions. Like, how come the multicorporate mugwumps are engineering the nuclear missiles for the new Trident submarine? no takers, as per. Only a statement from the corporate closet, about how we only do what the gov't. requests of us.' So be it. The 6 were arrested, charges were dropped.

Life on the east coast gets lived. I phoned Baltimore from Berkeley on Holy Thursday night. A vigil had gone on at the Pentagon and Rumsfeld's home, during three days of Holy Week. Then on Thursday PM, the pillars of the Pentagon were suddenly drenched with human blood, the blood of the vigilers. I'll not soon forget Phil's voice,'for the first time, the place looked like itself!' I went on to the liturgy of that night in a nearby church, and heard those words,'My blood, out-poured for you.' verified once more in my friends' courage. Once more.

The Pentagon looks itself when the very pores of the stones are sweating blood. The ominous brow of that portico, that monstrous mind, has produced tragedies more stupifying than classic Greece. The rape of the great dwelling of the world, the self blinding of rulers, crimes against nature, the scattering of bones of sons and daughters across the earth, the unburied dead become the prey of dogs - and all these crimes by design committed off-stage ('ob-scenem', obscene)...But now, the brave bloodletters, letting their own blood; and at least for the moment, the crime has gone public, the secret is out.

The White House looks itself, when a grave is dug on the front lawn. Their decisions would plow the earth to a mass grave. Now they see, in their own yard, the consequences; we wished to close the vast yawn between violence and accountability. 'The modern sin par excellence is to render death abstract.' (Sartre) We reflect too that if we had shed an ocean of blood in S. E Asia, if into the grave we had cast a number of murdered children, our acts would have been accounted civil virtue.  We commend ourselves to your prayer. Again and again, for the harrowing of innocence, and its harvest.

Happy Easter, true Peacemot . DANIEL

April-May  220 W. 98 St. NY 10025
better than no justice at all, I guess. Anyway, since we're all four in regard to that 'good + service,' we can rejoice even in a little. Thank God Bob is out + you all together again after the nightmare. Phil + Liz were here for a few hours a week ago. They are strong + cheerful + always help me walk faster.

Love to all the family

S. Dan Berman, Jr.
Dear Bob,

You don't know me but I feel as if I've gotten to know you a little bit. At this moment I'm sharing a cell with Phil Berrigan and we've just received your letter and those of your beautiful family.

Strange to dwell on the incredibly mixed explosion of emotion that burst through on discovering your history—senses of outrage, feelings of disbelief, incredulity, and a solidarity with you as a brother in the struggle.

It seems so hard, sometimes. We've got such a long way to go, so much to do. We've got to educate ourselves and educate others. We've got to work, we've got to learn, we've got to suffer. Sometimes it seems hopeless. But always / learn of people like yourself, and the Berrigans, and always more about my brothers and sisters in the struggle. And flagging hope rekindles itself. We're small. We're back to year one. But we're there. And if
WE LOSE, WE LOSE EVERYTHING. BUT WE’VE
TRIED. AND IF WE WIN, WE’LL HAVE WON EVERY-
THING.

YOU WERE ALL IN MAINE, UNTIL YOU WENT BACK
to FLORIDA FOR THE FINAL MOVIE. I CAN’T REMEMBER
WHICH OF THE LETTERS SAID THAT YOU WERE SELF-
EMPLOYED (AND I GATHERED, EXPERIMENTING WITH
AN ALTERNATIVE LIFESTYLE. CORRECT ME IF I’M
WRONG). IT’S SOMETHING THAT I’VE BEEN WORKING
TOWARDS FOR A LONG TIME (AN ALTERNATIVE WAY
OF LIVING, THAT IS). MY BELIEF IS THAT, AS
NECESSARY AS IT IS TO SAY NO TO THAT WHICH
IS WRONG, WE MUST FIND THAT WHICH IS RIGHT
AND DEFEND IT WITH OUR LIVES. WE MUST
CREATE THE GOOD IN THE MIDST OF THAT EVIL
WHICH PRESENTLY EXISTS. SOON, SOON, I HOPE,
I’LL BE ABLE TO START ON MY PROJECTED
COMMUNITY PLANS.

I MUST ADMIT THAT IN THE PAST COUPLE
OF YEARS, I’VE BEEN VERY OUT OF TOUCH WITH
POLITICAL ACTIVISM ON THE EAST COAST. I’VE
BEEN TRAVELLING, WORKING, TALKING, LEARNING.

AND SO, IT WAS A SURPRISE TO LEARN OF YOUR
ORdeal. I hope that it will end for you, with all speed. I send all love and support.

Thus far my plans are indefinite, but I was tentatively thinking of being in that area in the next couple of months. I've got friends in Gainesville and I was thinking of spending some time in So. Louisiana.

I'm not sure if that will happen or not. But I hope that you'll keep in touch and keep me abreast of your situation. I'd like to come see you if you're still there.

As for our situation: Thirteen of us, including Lodon, Jim, Phil and Dan were arrested at the White House the day before Thanksgiving for doing our part in the protest against nuclear proliferation. (I don't know how much you know of the situation but:) Lodon, J. Dudgeon, and Joan Buros refused to cooperate. They remained in jail and went to trial several weeks ago after being in for 21 days. For the action on 26 Nov, they were given 5 days, time served, and released.
After several delays, the rest of us (with the exception of a brother from Harrisburg who couldn't make it) came to trial on the 19th Jan. Six of us were sentenced to 10 days or $50. Dan, Paul and Jo Maynes, from Seattle, were sentenced to 20 days or $100. I guess the judge supposed that they ought to know better on the basis of their records. We also felt, I suppose, that we all felt guilty enough to pay. After all, we didn't really want to put nice people like us in jail. He was wrong. And here we are.


Much love,

Brian

Wildlife

8908 Carlisle Rd.

PA, PA. 19418
March 23rd (Wed.)

Dear Connie and Bob,

A real infusion hearing from you, and knowing that you’re well — with the struggle uppermost.

Transferred her about Three weeks ago — a fed. court ordered The jail in Alexandria to depopulate (and crowded). So the federal prisonApps. at this minor league obscurity, big is now in the women’s section — she remains strong, cheerful, buoyant. Dan has finished his sentence. I expect them tomorrow for a visit.

The children remain with our community in Baltimore. Naturally, they have adjusted very beautifully — up to her absence.

And it’s been something of a transition for Liz and me — being the first time we’ve been both separated from the kids and one another. Apart from one another — yes — we’re used to that. But from the children also, some thing of a challenge. But we think of James’ moral equivalent of war. And no mistake, our peerless leaders are at war. It’s their reaction to the world — nip it off or prepare for war, or be at war.

Meanwhile, the community at home prepares for the next skirmish at The Dept. in mid-April, when most Americans pay tribute to Caesar — for the new weapons that may destroy them.

Any way Liz and I, plus a sister at Alderson, and two Brethren in Pa. are coasting downhill. I’ll be out by Apr. 5th and Liz by Apr. 13th. We thank you, with you peace and love.

Where you are, we know, the struggle will stay alive.

Yours brother,

Phil Benedict
Carrie and Bob Canney
Bart J
Alfred
Maine 04002
Dearest Friends, on Saturday, September tenth, will be celebrated an event of truly cosmic unimport, my 25 years as a Jesuit priest. Saying Hallelujah with me will be Fr. O'Connor of our community, 50 years as a Jesuit.

We hope you will forgive all of us. My heart rides high as the Big Dipper with gratitude and glory.

On the Day we will tip it all over with frothy converse, swimming and converse, eats and drinks, even a few tears, I suspect. And of course, converse: a lot of air, sea, fire, ground to cover! [Clowns will come too.]

We will get underway about 2:00 PM and go until the dipper is empty and the STARS are down.

Around dusk, a EUCHARIST.

We are asking people who can to bring a favorite dish. All liquids on the house.

WELL

I want to conjure the dead and tempt the living to SAY THANKS for good friends and sideline skeptics, for poems and prose, for jail boxes and big meadows, for court rooms and class rooms, for the Latinsville Nineteen and the witnesses uncountr, for the low points and the high jinks, for titles and giveaways, for the good things here and the better things to come. AND TO YOU KNOW WHO, — THANKS for the empty grave and the quick comeback, for the sillys and the circus and the whole damn THING!

Dan Borjan

Surely wish you could make it!

Every best wish, Daniel
Connie Canney  
P O Box J  
Alfred, Me  04002

Dear Ms. Canney:

In response to your letter in reference to Elizabeth McAllister, I am forwarding the letters to Bureau of Prisons, Washington, D.C.

If the Bureau of Prisons, requests the Marshal to transport Mrs. McAllister to FCI, Alderson, West Virginia to serve the approximately 58 days remainder of her 90 days sentence, it will be accordingly so done.

Her release date is early A.M. on April 13, 1977.

I, remain

Sincerely,

Isaac George Hylton  
United States Marshal
"Nothing should be concealed from children on the pretext that ... it is too early for them to understand. What a miserable and unfortunate idea! And how readily children detect that adults consider them too little to understand anything, though they understand everything."

(Prince Myshkin in the Idiot by Dostoevsky)

Jerome and Frida are not yet two and three years old. I am serving three months in jail in Alexandria, Va. By state law, no one under the age of sixteen may enter these premises. Frida seems to understand a great deal. She has seen others in the community go into jail, has known why they were there, has welcomed them home. But until now, no one has been jailed for three months and, when a child has lived short of two or three years, three months is a terrible slice of its life.

When I told Frida, before trial, that I might have to go to jail, she said, "No, No." J, Ladon, John, Ed- anyone, anyone else may go but not me. As if her denial could be more stubborn than reality itself. Her denial continued for days, to be replaced by anger. But Frida talks, listens, understands.

Jerome—will he even remember a mother he has not seen for three months? He doesn't lack his own version of wisdom; he is now one and three quarter years. Communication with him is very physical. Since I cannot see him, hug, hold, or kiss him, how can I reassure him that I have not abandoned him, that I still love him? Are both children apt to feel deserted, that their mother and father no longer love them? What is the potential for psychological damage from this separation?

I am more than a month away from them now. Neither Frida nor Jerry has forgotten. Recently I received word of Jerry crying in his sleep and saying, "Mommy's in jail." Joan awakened and comforted him and he was fine but once asleep the crying and calling were repeated—several times. Being in jail isn't that hard; it is a different way of being. But being away from the little ones, unable to respond to Jerry's crying in the night is terrible. Separation from Phil is not easy but it has been part of our life together, part of our contract with one another, the furnace in which our love is purified.

Could we say that a similar contract exists with the children? Though they are not as yet willing consenters to it, I think it does exist. They were both born into a community committed to nonviolent resistance. They have been surrounded by people who love them, people who are, in every sense, extraordinary—committed, self-sacrificing, deeply spiritual, women and men with deep Christian values. Each of the adults has developed a unique relationship with the children has shared in their upbringing, has become co-responsible for them. And this without any lack of clarity concerning Mother and Father, without deprivation of a primary relationship there. The community life has not centered on the children but their needs have been more than amply met— at times, overindulged. The convictions underlying their education to date were basically four:

1. That children are not possessions but gifts from God. Frida and Jerry are not MINE. This conviction is so ingrained that I wince
when asked "Are they your children?" I refer to them as "little sister, little brother," the best description of the relationship I want to develop with them.

2. That these little people are symbols for us of all the little ones for whom we are responsible. As community, we share the conviction that we are mature only to the extent that we live for the next generation: "We want a future for our (all the world's) children." (an essential dimension of our resistance to nuclear annihilation.) Frida and Jerry keep that sense of responsibility alive and before us, day in, day out.

3. So many experiences have taught us that children want to see commitment lived out by those they love:
   -the terrible dislocation and alienation of German youth after World War II as they realized their elders remained silent in the face of Hitler's crimes in order to protect them...
   -the British children rushed to safety in the country away from the bombings in London fared not so well as those who stood up to it an risked death with their families...
   -the witness and dedication that inspired each of us as children against the vicarious quality that passes for life that is so prevalent.

Our resistance, however modest, is perhaps our only armor against the hard "why" the children will inevitably ask. It will enable us to invite them- if they will- to share in a struggle against the forces of death.

4. The times are not normal. Annihilation is over all our heads. "Yet people cling to normalcy, barnacles to rock." (D.Berrigan.) In preparations for war, as in war itself, pain, separations, the break up of families, even death, are the price. Do Frida and Jerry have more of a birthright to normalcy than the children of war-torn Indochina, than those starving in Bangladesh, the Sahel, elsewhere, than the poor and dispossessed in these United States?

On January 7, when the magistrate sentenced me to six months in jail, the rhetoric, the fine ideological base evaporated. All I heard- though no one said it- was "six months away from Frida and Jerry." I grabbed Frida, held her tight, and cried. I had requested four days with my family before beginning to serve my time. Four days to treasure the intimacies, to mother then. And the children seemed to understand. Phil was facing two trials later in the month, with jail time inevitable from both- we could not guess how much. On January 8th, he was arrested in Georgia- trying to see and talk to Jimmy Carter about the nuclear sword.

The six month sentence was reduced to three months. I went to jail one day, Phil the next- a total of seventy days for him. Our community decimated, Joan Burds, Ladon Sheats, John Ragusa alone were left at home. John is new to the house but Joan and Ladon know and love the children and know their routine. There were a few details I had to tell them about: the children's prayers, the dimension of gratitude in prayer, remembrance of Grandma Frida, the location of special toys...

In jail, my first conflict came with the recognition that I was
issuing too many instructions. Since I had complete confidence in Joan and Ladon it was clear that they needed no such instructions. I needed to be administering them! I was forced to face the possessiveness—the pretension that no one else could really care for them. Detachment comes hard, if at all, and by degrees. It was a while before I could say with meaning: "You make the judgements and I will respect and trust them."

In a recent letter Ladon wrote: "We are discovering a whole new relationship with (the children)...." I rejoiced as one would in sharing a treasure, the appreciation of others increasing its value. And then the thought took a different turn eating like dry rot at my insides and a second major conflict was upon me. A treasure snared can also be a treasure lost. Didn't their relationship threaten my special relationship with the little ones? I realized that while in my mind Frida and Jerry are not MY CHILDREN, in my heart they very much are. The struggle against that suffocating possessiveness promises to be a long one. It can't be resolved by willing it. Having now seen it I can merely hope to deal with the dimensions of the conflict as they arise.

One dimension suggested itself immediately— as a series of questions: What will it be like to return to them? How best reverence the relationships my sisters and brothers have developed? Will I work to further deepen them— as I hope to do— or, however subconsciously seek to undermine those relations, to return to Frida and Jerry as MY CHILDREN.

Good Lord, how do we know, do we ever know what is best for our children? What is this pretension that we are indispensable, if only in their lives?

At the time of sentencing I requested designation to a federal prison so that I might have contact visits with the children. The Magistrate concurred and recommended Alderson. His initial recommendation never reached the U.S. Marshal's desk. The Marshals refused to transport me, citing a ninety day cut off point— that is, any sentence under three months makes prisoners ineligible for transfer. (an arbitrary thing at best which we had seen them ignore within the month, when one of our own co-defendants, a man with a ninety day sentence, was transferred to a federal prison within a week of sentencing.) Friends outside wrote, phoned, telegrammed, visited the judge, the Marshals, even the Bureau of Prisons to pressure for transfer; those of us in jail fasted, wrote letters. Pressure mounted.

After thirty-two days, the Marshals came to transport me to Baltimore City Jail. "Your kids can visit you there. That's what you want, isn't it?" Over a telephone, through a glass pane they can visit. But how does one explain to little ones who are in such matters far more rational than their elders that they cannot touch or hug Mommy? Explain the inexplicable! I resisted the transport but, resisting or no, in jail they have the power. Orders were reversed during transport and we drove back to Alexandria.

It is a suspicion, with bits of evidence I may never be able to
substantiate, that the Marshals for their own reasons have blocked my access to Frida and Jerry. I feel from some of them a sort of personal vindictiveness. It is now clearly too late for transport though the "short time remaining" is 1/11th of Jerry's whole life. The battle for transfer has colored my jail time. The inability to see the children at all has constituted a qualitative difference in the punitive dimension of my sentence.

Elizabeth McAlister
Alexandria City Jail
February, 1977
Dear Bob & Connie —

Jim, Phil, & Jerry Berrigan along with Ed Clarke from Jonah House are all here doing 30, 60, 10 & 30 days respectively. They are all together in a cell block with 22 other guys and no T.V. or radio. Such a blessing. Release dates: Mar. 1, Mar. 31, Feb. 12, & Feb. 20 again respectively. We communicate through the U.S. Mail and we know we're not alone.

Thanks for the letters home and the presents. The weather is good though I think it is very clear that I'll be doing my time here. I did a fast of protest which had the effect of enabling me to dig in here. And it is going well.

You can send in most anything in the mail: Stamps, writing materials will be very useful. I'd appreciate that very much. Also books. A good novel. Just about anything. The mail comes up here and we open it and they are happy for us to get anything that will keep us busy because there is no program here at all. I stay well occupied but will run out of good reading stuff. I've never read The Narnia Tales by C.S. Lewis. It may seem retrogressive but they are a classic that I want to read with the kids. But that is only if you have no ideas at all. There are times when the racket
We is such that you must read something light and easy. Another suggestion would be an art book—Picasso's art, or one on graphic arts, a good novel. In short anything that strikes your fancy.

The hardest thing is separation from the little ones. I continue to miss them and then some. They are so young to try to understand this.

Love and gratitude to you both.

Liz
January, 1977

Over the past year, the Atlantic Life Community, a network of peace communities in the Northeast, has maintained a steady, nonviolent, and civilly disobedient presence at the Pentagon calling for nuclear disarmament. This has involved plantings and Dig-ins on the lawn ("Disarm or Dig Graves"), vigils in front of both the River and Hall Entrances, blood pourings, disruption of the Bicentennial tours, and recently, chaining shut the doors of both entrances to prevent employees from going to work.

Initiated by the Jonah House Community in Baltimore and the Community for Creative Nonviolence in Washington, the demonstrations began in January of 1976 with a request by a "delegation of peacemakers" to talk with then Secretary of Defense Kissel to discuss their proposal for a national debate on nuclear policy. Receiving no response to that request, about 12 people began a sit-in on the steps and others did a "Dig-in" on the lawn. During Holy Week of '76, another Dig-in and a blood pouring occurred, with participants from across the country. In the summer, four separate groups called together again by the Jonah House Community, met together to work out their own expressions of Resistance to the Pentagon and its madness. During the first "session" four people took advantage of the Bicentennial Tour to bloody files in the office of the Undersecretary of the Navy for Research and Development. (Charges against all but one were dropped, and his charges were reduced from a felony to a misdemeanor because the government refused to bring the destroyed files to court.) Other demonstrations over the Summer included the planting of a complete garden on the lawn in front of the River Entrance, more Dig-ins and blood pourings, continued disruption through the reading of prepared statements on the Pentagon tour lines, and an initial "lock-out" at the River Entrance. A few second and third time "offenders" served up to 10, and for some, as much as 30, days in jail.

The last demonstration took place on December 28th, in commemoration of the Feast of the Holy Innocents. (The day on which King Herod ordered the slaughter of all boys under two years, so Jesus would not live until adulthood.) Twenty-nine people were arrested for chaining all the doors to both entrances in a "lock-out" of employees and for labelling the pillars with blood. Of the twenty-nine, many were "re-cidivists." First offenders were sentenced to probation. Some non-cooperated, remained in jail pending trial, and were given "time served." Others, all second and third, or fourth time "offenders" were given sentences ranging from 30 days for Joan Cavanaugh (of Advaita House in Baltimore), 90 days (Ali Gorshe, Hartford, Ct.), 100 days (J. Dudgeon, Jonah House, and Rose Bramble, of Baltimore), to 6 months for Elizabeth McAllister (Jonah House, Baltimore.)

As the long sentences for the last demonstration show, the government is as tired of our activities at the Pentagon as we are of theirs. That means those people from our own communities who return again will draw heavier and heavier sentences, and that our communities will be operating at a bare minimum of resources. Unless new people come forward to continue the presence it will be seriously diminished because we will be serving long stretches in prison.
The Jonah House and Advaita House Communities in Baltimore would like to plan something at the Pentagon during Holy Week. Many of us, however, will still be in jail or will just be getting released. We will act if necessary, but we would prefer other people to join us, people who would be more likely to get probationary or light (10) day sentences. We believe the demonstrations are valuable so that the government knows that its conspiracy to radiate the next generation is not ignored. If you agree with that idea, we appeal to you to join us, when and if you can.

If you're interested in Holy Week activities or other times, please contact either:

Jonah House
1933 Park Avenue
Baltimore, Md. 21217
301-669-6265

or

Adva'ata House
2410 No. Calvert Street
Baltimore, Md. 21217
301-467-0312

UPDATE: in Alexandria City Jail
519 Princess St
Alexandria, Va 22314

Joan Caravaghi - 30 days → Feb. 5
John Hruschka - 30 days → Feb. 16
Bob Smith - " " "
Ed Clark - " " "
Uzi McAlister - 90 days → Apr. 15

Also to be sentenced: Dan, Phil, Thomas Berrigan

At Alderson Federal Prison for Women (W.Va.) - Rosemary Brumelle → 100 days → Apr. 13

The Georgia Kangaroo court decision was appealed and thrown out & all released.

The judge was also the mayor & the bartender. His processes and decisions unparsable by any legal standard.

To do: calls to U.S. Marshall's office in Alexandria, Va. re: transfer for me to Alderson and then an eye on Phil's sentence and determination.

Address is 52 Washington St - U.S. Post Office building - Maybe a telegram!!!

Thanks so much for the check. The community has been devastated and earning power will be pretty limited until we hit the streets again.

Am doing well in spite of the constant tug at my heart from the children & Phil.

Love and gratitude

Uzi McAlister
U2 McAllister
Alexandria City Jail
519 Princess St.
Alexandria, Va. 22314

letters from B + C
COPY OF MARIJUANE
2/7/77

Connie & Bob Canney
P.O. Box 5
Alfred, Maine 04002
2/26/77
Dear Connie & Bob

I sincerely hope your package gets through. At the moment I am just not certain. So if it comes back here's the reason: Phil, Dan & I were among 15 federal prisoners transferred to Arlington Thursday. Alexandria has a law suit against it and has to reduce population to 80 and no vacations so the feds were shipped out.

I am still trying to acclimatize myself to this scene. It is far more rigid. I do not know the system here yet and what will be admitted. Also I do not totally trust the folks at Alexandria to forward your package.

All this last it is returned. I sincerely hope it is not since I am excited about what you sent.

Dan will be released by Wednesday. Phil has been granted a furlough, Mar 1-5 to lecture in Kentucky. He'll have to return on 5th & do

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3/25/77
Dear Bob & Connie

I know what you mean. As long as there's a soul in prison I am not free. A major part of me will be liberated 9 days from now when Phil leaves here. But he'll still be here because I am. Dan visited yesterday. He suffered terribly with us till now. The kids are really aware that the end is near. And the closer it comes the harder it is to relate fully to the people here as the most important people. Though that is what we are, it seems, called to do.

My heart turns homeward and I so want to be there: 19 more days.

Your work and the country sounds delightful. For a glimpse of fields and snow or spring blossoms we have followed the Seabrook program closely. I rejoice that so many, including yourself, are part of that. We need a victory in that direction so much.

Have done some good reading and it's been
30 more days without Dan.

The adjustment is somewhat shattering. Loss of the property that was such a crutch to doing time well. Separation from friendships created at Alexandria - for all it lacked in physical set up, it had some fine human beings on the staff. Mostly the sense of being properly with which they can do as they will. Then the break in communication via mail that was so much a part of jail. Will it ever pull together?

We'll hope. And I'll certainly let you know when the things arrive.

My love & gratitude

[Signature]