

Who Assassinated Malcolm X ?

By HERB FOX

It was only 1964, but already he extolled the right of armed self-defense and the need for community control of the ghettos. His powerful rhetoric could ignite and then extinguish his audience's rage and passion as if their emotions were butane gas, and when he spoke of a liberation movement devoted to Allah and wed to the newly emerged nations of Africa, it was clear that to Malcolm X, politics was not defined in terms of right and left, but in terms of black and white.

And then he was dead, his future annulled by a shotgun and pistols in front of hundreds of stupefied onlookers at the Audubon Ballroom in Washington Heights. Two hours after the shooting on the wintry afternoon of February 21, 1965, the police announced that the assassination was apparently the result of a "long-standing feud between the followers of Elijah Muhammad and the people who broke away from him, headed by Malcolm X."

Within days, theories and rumors as to who really killed Malcolm were manifest in the media and in private conversations among those claiming to know the inside truth. The accusations ran the gamut of the political spectrum—the men who shot Malcolm were hired or set-up by the Chinese communists, the Mafia or the CIA. And if Elijah Muhammad's Black Muslims were involved, then it was only with the acquiescence or support of the American authorities.

But within two weeks of the assassination, three men, one of whom was arrested on the scene, were charged with the murder. At least two of them were active Black Muslims. The rumor mill slowed down, and a year later these three were convicted of homicide in the first degree and sentenced to life imprisonment (one of the three confessed to the crime, but denied the complicity of the other two). Neither the police investigation nor the trial proceedings ever revealed who gave the orders to have Malcolm killed, but the overriding assumption that



the crime was staged by, or at least on behalf of, the Black Muslims, has never successfully been challenged.

A recent inquiry into the assassination of Malcolm X and the resulting murder trial has served to raise questions pertaining to the possible role of a police infiltrator in the unexplained disappearance from the scene of the crime of one murder weapon, and of the role of the FBI in the strange recovery of another. While these questions do not indicate the innocence or guilt of the three men convicted of the crime, the quality of the case presented against them in court is

dubious, partially due to new information recently obtained from the New York Police Department.

The Murder Scene

Malcolm did not usually appear alone on stage, but on this particular Sunday all of the scheduled co-speakers cancelled their appearances. It was to be an important speech for Malcolm—he promised not only to outline his new political program but to name those he believed were trying to kill him. Benjamin Goodman, one of Malcolm's most trusted aides, opened with a 30 minute build-up to Malcolm, finally introducing him with "Here's a man who would give his life for you . . ."

Malcolm began with the customary Islamic greeting, "As-salaam alaikum," (peace be unto you), and as the two to four hundred people attending the rally responded with "Wa-alaikum salaam," a disturbance broke out in the middle of the floor. Two men were on their feet, one shouting "What are you doing, man? Get your hand out of my pocket!" Malcolm's bodyguards immediately converged on the two men while Malcolm kept repeating, "Keep cool brothers. Keep it cool."

Suddenly there was the roar of a shotgun blast; then another. People in the audience turned to the stage to see Malcolm grab his chest and fall to the floor; a billow of smoke rose from the rear of the auditorium as two men discharged their pistols into Malcolm's prone body. The two turned and ran the length of the ballroom towards the front entrance, at least one of them firing wildly in order to clear the way. But at the entrance doorway one of the perpetrators was slowed by a bullet in his leg; he was apprehended by a pursuing crowd which angrily attacked him until a lone police car rescued the man from a sure lynching. The other gunman escaped from the pandemonium, as did the man with the shotgun.

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observation post

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Friday, May 21, 1976

Seymour Posner Isolated Defender of City University

By MARC LIPITZ

And ANDREW FEIGENBAUM

Until Governor Carey's recent speech on the inevitability of tuition, our elected representatives have been hemming and hawing behind the relatively safe veil of such hired guns as the Board of Higher Education and CUNY Chancellor Kibbee. Few publicly support the dissection of the University even though they scurry behind the scenes to accomplish just that. And only a handful have actually stepped out front and reaffirmed their belief in the principles of free higher education and open admissions.

Seymour Posner, the Assemblyman from district 76 in the Bronx is one of the few who has committed himself to the battle. He has been arguing in support of CUNY for years on the floor of the State Assembly, drawing criticism from many of his colleagues, and he has been an active participant in teach-ins and demonstrations. Most recently, Posner was the only politician to walk in the candlelight procession to City Hall in support of John Jay College, and when students at Hostos Community College staged their takeover, he was also there.

"I have a feeling that the economic establishment has a surplus of people who not only can read books but can write them," Posner said in an interview at his Bronx apartment on the Grand Concourse. "And what they really need is more skilled hands for the factories. From an overall point of view, there's no need for these people (CUNY students). They need more blue collar workers."



Assemblyman Seymour Posner

"You have to understand who the enemy is," he continued. "Kibbee is not the enemy. He's just the agent of the BHE, which is taking its orders from the Emergency Financial Control Board, which takes its orders from Wall Street—which is Wall Street. And we have to battle Wall Street in the arena where it's all happening—Legislature."

The last remark was in reference to the March 16 rally in Albany. Posner, himself a veteran of many such marches over the years, was deeply frustrated by the chaotic scene in the state capital on that day. He stresses that rather than making a lot of noise, the pragmatic approach would have been for students to have addressed their elected representatives.

"Big deal," he said. "They took complete control of a museum with civil war uniforms. If the students had gone to see their legislators and said, 'oh, wait a minute, you cut us back and we're going to cut you back' in an election year—the legislators would have taken notice. Some legislators have only a thousand people voting in the (Continued on Page 5)

Paul Simon Presents Awards and Sings at the Fourth Annual Poetry Festival Here

By JEFF BRUMBEAU

On Friday, May 14th, the College presented its Fourth Annual Poetry Festival and once again, it was an exciting celebration of an art both dynamic and entertaining.

As in the past, diversity was the ingredient central to the success of the festival. Those who attended found this year's program, more than ever, a showcase of a host of poets, each with voices hugely varied and individual. Barry Wallenstein, who organized and MC'd the occasion, succeeded in bringing together for a day the many poetries being created today. To say that this was a rich experience would be an understatement. Too seldom is an event of this magnitude and scope undertaken. In seven hours we leaped from the liveliness of the fifth and sixth graders to the intensity of Alicia Ostriker, the sexual mirth of undergraduate Eric Booth and the sharp poignancy and humor of Karen Swenson.

Spirited young Poets

The day began with the vivacious elementary school children who, year after year, remain the event of the festival. These kids, drawn to the College by the English Department's writing program, are a spirited bunch and gave an energetic, uninhibited reading. Their work is always refreshingly unstructured and free of the literary influences that often impede the creativity of young poets. The poems take off into unimaginable directions but somehow always manage to maintain a seemingly unconscious consistency throughout. There were about 150 kids from various schools who had come for the reading and they were as

receptive to their classmates as to the undergraduates and professional poets who performed.

Paul Simon Presents Awards

Featured guest singer and songwriter Paul Simon introduced the winners of the High School Poetry Contest. In addition to first, second and third prize cash awards, fifteen students received honorable mentions. As a whole their poetry was a breath of fresh creativity and indicative of the young talent that exists in the New York City school system. Of particular interest was Beth Kaye's poem *Wet Dreams* which earned her second prize in the contest. This is a work wonderfully executed with electrified language and an exciting graphic content. Kaye's new and vibrant poetry should develop into a highly individualistic voice.

Following the students, Paul Simon took the stage for a brief question and answer session

reminiscent of a teen-age magazine interview. Confronted with the inevitable query as to whether he and former partner Art Garfunkel would join musical forces again, Simon replied, "We have no plans." When asked to sing, he said, "I didn't bring a guitar, but if someone in the audience has one, sure."

With borrowed guitar he then launched into "American Tune" from his *Rhyming* Simon album. His voice, still as sweet and expressive as in the past, is now technically more agile. He sang "Me And Julio Down By The Schoolyard" and "Bridge Over Troubled Waters." In light of his performance, his disdain at being called a poet afterwards seemed hardly warranted.

They were all fascinated by the poetry of June Jordan, who teaches at the College, and whose writing has a double-edged consciousness that is alternately comical and (Continued on Page 5)



Poets June Jordan, Paul Simon, and Barry Wallenstein at the Fourth Annual Poetry Festival on May 14.



Editorial

Taking into consideration the poor planning and lack of adequate publicity that characterized the May 5-7 strike, it is an impressive achievement that the strike was 85 per cent effective, as reports indicate.

This encouraging turnout of students proves that there is more than a spark of resistance left in what has come to be viewed as a cynical and apathetic student body. However, for this spark to be fully ignited, future protest must be planned with greater care, and must allow for more student input. The self-criticism by the Committee in these pages is well taken.

As encouraging as an isolated success can be, it cannot succeed in building widespread organized resistance among all segments of the City University.

Regrettably, the University Student Senate, which had originally called for a CUNY-wide strike that was to last until the end of the semester decided to backtrack at the last minute, when it dawned on them that no serious planning had been done. Somehow, the USS (and its nimwit President, Maynard Jones) expected a miraculous shutdown of CUNY without their having to work to make it happen. This irresponsibility is characteristic of the USS, which has been unable to provide meaningful leadership in this crisis.

Meanwhile, "leadership" comes from various activist groups, many of them unable to transcend personal and ideological squabbles to work toward a common strategy to fight the cuts.

If tuition is imposed next term, we urge all students not to enroll, and in effect, boycott the University until Free Tuition and Open Admissions are restored.

What would Hugh, Felix, Robert the K & Co. do in such a case? Import Angolans?

Remarks of A Concerned Observer

What makes you think they will not be happy to close the university? The point to be emphasized about a protest movement is that it cannot succeed as long as it remains a protest movement. To succeed, any movement must put forth a program with the hubris to take the helms, administer with competence what the present administrators had proved, for a long time, they are patently incompetent of doing. To protest against an incompetent system of administration of affairs is nothing more than an infant screaming (for milk) on a mother who is drained of it beyond hope of redemption. We have to mobilize ourselves to produce that milk (of life) which Mother Authority is no longer capable of giving us!

Csajunn Hagit-Lugaynon
New York Student

Observation Post

*Voice of the Student Body. Conscience of the Administration.
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What did we accomplish?

By PAUL MINKOFF

"What did it accomplish?" seems to be the most prevalent reaction to the May 5-7 strike. It is a question that begs for an answer — either Open Admissions and free tuition were saved, or the University was not magically rescued, and the strike failed.

We must realize, however, that even a strike that is 100% effective could not, by itself, bring the bureaucrats and bankers who are aligned against the university to their knees.

Even the term "strike" to describe a boycott of classes is deceptive, because it calls to mind the image of industrial workers using their collective strength to halt production and force a settlement of their grievances with those who own the means of production. Obviously, a student strike cannot be measured with the same standards that apply in a labor conflict.

And yet, our strike did accomplish something. It put a stop to the dangerous process of increasing acquiescence to the cuts by the College's students, faculty and staff. The "what's-the-use" attitude that both characterized and ensured our continuing defeat by CUNY's enemies was dramatically supplanted with a clear signal of anger, resistance and action. Fight

back *felt good*, and it *did good*. The significance of this strike was that it replaced the previous mood of despair and acceptance with a climate of resistance that raises the serious possibility of more protest actions in the months to come.

The success of the student movement in the 60's is not measured in specific reforms or changes brought about through campuses and had a broad effect throughout American society.

Now, in New York City, the University community can again help build a spirit of protest against the deterioration of the quality of life that is taking place under the guise of massive budgetary cuts affecting nearly all segments of the City's population.

If CUNY students, faculty and staff can link up with the many other victims of the slashes in social services and fight back with a united strategy, then the direction of events can be turned around.

We might begin by singling out specific targets for such protest — such as making Hugh Carey visibly unwelcome in this city, or by encouraging massive protest actions at the National Democratic Convention in July. This is where the power brokers are vulnerable, and we should kick them as hard as we can.

Where do we go from here?

The following article was submitted by the CCNY Emergency Committee:

The recent CCNY student strike was an extraordinary protest. On Wednesday, May 5, the most successful day of the strike, over 2000 students picketed the school and marched through Harlem. Probably another 10,000 students boycotted classes.

The strike did several important things. It gave a focus to the anger of thousands of City College students. To the working people and poor communities hit by the cutbacks, the strike added to the protest and dissent against the destruction of our city by the Emergency Financial Control Board and its politicians. The Thursday march to Sydenham hospital, which is scheduled to close down in two weeks, in particular demonstrated our strong ties with other people hurt by the cutbacks. To those in power, the strike was one more warning that the people of New York will not allow the destruction of our city.

Finally, and most importantly, the strike created a climate of resistance here at City College. It was the first time most of the strikers had been involved in any sort of militant political activity. All of us who joined in the strike had a sense of being part of a movement, a movement that can go forward to force the restoration of Open Admissions and prevent the imposition of tuition.

At the same time, we see the need to criticize ourselves and other members of The Committee involved in leading the strike. If our movement is to win, we need to learn from our mistakes as well as our successes.

The strike unleashed the energy of thousands of students, but we failed to develop a mechanism for these students to participate in the decision making process during the strike.

In a matter closely related to this lack of democracy, the strike leadership often misunderstood or underestimated the militant attitude of those participating in the strike. Because of this, strikers were forced to look for leadership to other more irresponsible groups advocating building takeovers and violence, but who had no strategy for winning.

We and the rest of the strike leadership failed to prepare for the strike with a coherent plan. To some extent this was inevitable, as the level of student participation was far greater than in any protest on the campus since 1970. Unfortunately, the initial lack of planning was worsened by disagreements among the groups leading the strike, and by our failure to make concrete plans at our meetings during the strike.

There was not nearly enough work done in the period just prior to and during the strike to publicize our demands, and how we viewed the strike as a step forward in the fight for Open Admissions, free tuition, and against all cuts.

We welcome additional criticism from people who were involved in the strike.

The crucial question now is, where do we go from here?

On Friday, May 21, top College administrators and City officials are getting together for a conference on "urban policy" at the Hilton. In the past their "urban policy" has included destroying open admissions, closing colleges, hospitals, day care centers, firehouses, public libraries and schools, and raising the transit

fare. Abe Beame, Felix Rohatyn of Big MAC, Robert Kibbee, Albert Shanker, Roger Starr of the Housing Development Administration, and assorted other corporate and government heavies will be there. The keynote speaker at their banquet will be Carey, and our own Bob Marshak, who is throwing this party with City College funds. Since they are meeting to decide our future, we think that all City College students should come down to the Hilton (at 53 St. and 6th Avenue) at 6:30 p.m. to tell them we won't take any more of their shit. In the last week, the Emergency Committee has been contacting tenant groups, groups defending hospitals, day care centers and schools, and others affected by the cuts.

We have also been talking to these groups about holding a joint conference in June, to plan a united strategy against the cuts, including an action at the Democratic National Convention in July.

We must also continue to work on letting "our" elected officials know that if they continue to support the cuts they will soon be looking for new jobs.

It seems likely that tuition will be imposed during the summer. We don't think they should be allowed to collect it. If we can't all go to school, nobody goes to school.

Letters

Yellow Journalism?

Dear Editor,

We, the members of Paul Mann's Acting II class wish to make a formal reply to Joseph Lauria's April 22 article about Mann (*Marshak Backs Decision in Sex Charge on Professor*, OP, No. 5).

We resent the implication that on the day in question there was any sexual abuse of a person or persons in Paul Mann's class. The incident grew out of an acting exercise and was not sexual in nature.

We also like to correct certain statements made in Lauria's article. First of all, we are shocked by the following statements: 1) "The students have not stepped forward to report the incident to the police" 2) "The Lights were turned down during the alleged sexual abuse." 3) "About twelve students chose to leave Mann's class."

We are shocked by statements such as these because 1) they are taken out of context and 2) they are libelous in content. We resent your implication that there was any need for police action, and that some form of sexual abuse had taken place during the class exercise. We, the students of Acting II consider this a piece of yellow journalism that conveys a one-sided story based on hearsay which was not investigated.

We also wish to say that there was no investigation — the remaining twenty students of the class were never questioned about the incident, and twelve students did not leave the class. There was never a formal complaint made.

We demand a retraction and clarification of Lauria's article.

Sincerely,

FRACASWELL HYMAN, ANETTE STUBBINS, STEVE FESSLER, RODNEY NUGENT, BARBARA PERKINS, DAN SHOR, JEFF CUBES, BILLY STULBERG, TARA ZUCKER, BARBARA ENGLEBERT, CHENISSIE WILLIAMS.

Death of Malcolm X

"It Was a White Man's Voice"

(Continued from Page 1)

The man rescued by police was Thalmadge Hayer, 22 years old, from New Jersey. While riding to the police station, a clip with four unused .45 caliber cartridges was found in his pocket.

A week after the shooting, the police arrested Norman 3X Butler, a 26 year old Black Muslim karate expert who, at the time of this arrest, was free on bail for allegedly shooting a Black Muslim defector who set up his own mosque. A week after Butler's arrest, the police charged Thomas 15X Johnson, also a Black Muslim, as being the third accomplice in the assassination.

The State's Case

As Vincent J. Dermody, an assistant District Attorney, presented the case to the jury a year later, it was Hayer and Butler who staged the disturbance in order to detract attention from Johnson who, sitting a few rows closer to the stage and armed with a sawed-off shotgun, fired twice at Malcolm from a range of only 15 feet. Both Hayer and Butler then purportedly drew pistols, charged to the stage and shot Malcolm a total of nine times, then turned and ran back toward the entrance. Hayer still shooting his .45 (Butler dropped his gun at the stage). The D.A. did not even try to explain who set off a makeshift smokebomb (a sock stuffed with matchbooks and photographic film) found on a rear window sill.

It was clear that Hayer, Butler and Johnson could not have committed the crime alone. Hayer's thumbprint was found on a piece of film in the smokebomb, but it could not be determined who lit the bomb. The police also theorized that at least one getaway vehicle was waiting to whisk the assailants away (and probably transported Johnson and Butler after they escaped). It was also not clear why two of the gunmen would take part in a scheme that drew attention to themselves as the third gunman opened fire on Malcolm.

But most disturbing of all was the implication that someone inside Malcolm's organization, and probably inside his group of bodyguards, had betrayed Malcolm. Butler and Johnson were well-known within the Black Muslim community in New York, of which Malcolm had once been leader. Malcolm's security guards were supposed to scrutinize at the doorway everyone who entered the Ballroom (the usual procedure of searching people before they entered had recently been discontinued). Considering the degree of tension that existed between Malcolm and the Muslims at the time, it is unlikely that Butler and Johnson could have entered the ballroom without being stopped by a guard, unless they were *let in*. (When Hayer confessed during the trial, he made an oblique remark insinuating that someone in Malcolm's inner circle had hired him to kill Malcolm).

The District Attorney prosecuting the case certainly did not prove that Hayer, Johnson and Butler acted in the exact capacity that he accused them of. Out of ten eyewitnesses who testified to seeing one or more of the three participants in the crime, only two saw it happen exactly as the D.A. described it and even they gave totally different stories to the grand jury a year earlier. The eight other eyewitnesses all offered versions of the assassination that differed in detail from the prosecution's official scenario. The three defendants were convicted not so much for taking part in the killing as the D.A. insisted they did, but for taking part in *some manner*. Even Hayer's confession, which was unacceptable to the jury because his credibility was nil, included a scenario of the shooting that made more sense than the District Attorney's.

The Muslim Connection

There was always good reason to suspect that the Black Muslims wanted Malcolm dead. He had been the number two man in the religious organization that merged traditional Islam with a peculiar myth about the creation of the present world order by a renegade black scientist who bred the white race from the recessive genes of blacks with the intention of enslaving the black race. Malcolm received his knowledge of the "blue-eyed devils" and of the ultimate redemption of the black race from Elijah Muhammad, a sharooprop's son who claims to have been told by a human incarnate of Allah to form the Nation of Islam in order to prepare black America for the deluge to come (The Muslims have since revised their ideology, and now accepts whites into the faith.)

Malcolm was in prison when he converted to the Nation of Islam in the early '50's. After his release, he swiftly rose in the ranks to a position just under that of Elijah Muhammad himself, as Malcolm's power of intellect and oratory became apparent. He was truly an Allah-send for the Muslims, and soon became minister of Mosque #7 in Harlem, perhaps the most important mosque in the country. But as Malcolm's reputation and popularity among blacks grew in the late '50's and early '60's, so did his political consciousness, and he became known as a community leader in Harlem. It is said that Elijah Muhammad feared Malcolm's growing prominence, and when Malcolm began to openly question Muhammad's propriety (alleging that Muhammad had sexual relationships with his secretaries), tensions between the two increased until Malcolm was suspended from his position, ostensibly for making a political statement during a rally soon after the death of President Kennedy (Malcolm said the assassination was a case of the "chickens coming home to roost").

In March of 1964, Malcolm formally left the Black Muslims, taking with him a flock of supporters, and set up his own religious group, which he named Muslim Mosque, Inc. (MMI). A few months later he formed a secular political association, the Organization of Afro-American Unity (OAAU), which had strong bonds with MMI.

Malcolm immediately lashed out politically at the white establishment and advocated the need for blacks to arm themselves in self defense and to control their own communities. Even more important, however, was Malcolm's pilgrimage to Mecca and visit to Africa. When he returned to America he had developed a philosophy that meshed Orthodox Islam (which is not a racially oriented religion) with a black liberation movement in the United States that was to be tied directly to the ongoing or successful liberation struggles of Africans against European colonialism. Malcolm's problem, though, was that he was at least two years ahead of his time.

Malcolm became infamous in this country. He was regarded as a dangerous, racist hater among the white establishment, and the evolving black leadership dissociated him from the Civil Rights

movement for the same reasons. The Black Muslims, though, became his real nemesis. Malcolm openly attacked Elijah Muhammad, accusing him of making deals with the KKK and the American Nazi Party for a racially segregated state. He called Muhammad's brand of Islam "propaganda."

The Government Connection?

During the last few months of his life, it was apparent to all, especially Malcolm himself, that he was a marked man. While attending the Organization of African Unity conference in Cairo during the summer of 1964, Malcolm was hospitalized with a stomach ailment. He immediately suspected that American agents who he knew were watching him, had poisoned his food.

Back in the States, members of the Fruit of Islam, the "security" force of the Black Muslims, would solemnly appear at Malcolm's rallies and in hotel lobbies; rumors of beatings of Malcolm's followers across the country abounded. On Christmas Day, 1964, Leon Ameer, Malcolm's New England organizer, was stomped into a coma in the lobby of a Boston hotel by four men identified as local Black Muslims (Ameer mysteriously died in March, 1965, the day after he told a meeting of the Socialist Worker's Party that he had information concerning government involvement in the death of Malcolm).

Less than two weeks before his death, Malcolm landed at Orly Airport in Paris, enroute to a speaking engagement in the city. But French authorities refused him entry into the country, citing fears that he would incite violent demonstrations by African students, even though Malcolm had spoken at a similar engagement in Paris just three months earlier without causing any incidents. Malcolm could not understand why he had been barred from entering the country, and a few days before his death he confided to close aides that the implication of his being denied entry into France was that someone larger than the Muslims were out to get him. (Eric Norden, in an article in *The Realist* some years later, maintained that a North



The arrest of Thalmadge Hayer

African diplomat confided to him that French officials had learned of a CIA plot to kill Malcolm X on French soil, and refused him entry in order to avoid the incident).

Malcolm's fears were exacerbated the Sunday before his death when his small brick home in Queens was firebombed. He and his family narrowly escaped death, and it was assumed that the Muslims were responsible. But the house was Black Muslim property which had been given to Malcolm when he was still a minister; after the split, Malcolm refused to vacate the house and the Muslims brought a lawsuit against him, which they won just days after the bombing. It was not clear why the Muslims would firebomb their own property, and when the media began to tacitly imply that Malcolm had endangered his own and his family's lives for sympathetic publicity, he became angry and paranoid, suspecting that the white establishment was in league with the Muslims in "getting him."

At the time all this was occurring, the MMI and the OAAU began to drift apart. Malcolm's original co-defectors from the Nation of Islam distrusted both the leftist leanings of the OAAU as well as Malcolm's increasing rejection of Black Muslim ideology. During Malcolm's long absences (his African visits), the two groups factionalized — the religiously oriented members gathering behind Benjamin Goodman, while the politically motivated were led by James 67X.

Malcolm awoke on the morning that was to be his last to a phone ringing in his hotel room. "Wake up, brother, before it's too late," was all the caller said. As ostentatious as it was, the threat itself wasn't what bothered Malcolm; he told his wife, Betty Shabazz, later that morning, "It was a white man's voice."

The Missing Luger

The case against Johnson and Butler was based solely on eyewitness testimony; no physical evidence (fingerprints, possessions, etc.) was produced against them. The shotgun allegedly used by Johnson was found on the stage of the Audubon Ballroom by police, but it had no fingerprints, and ownership could not be traced. The luger—which according to sworn testimony was found by one of Malcolm's followers along with the shotgun just minutes after the shooting—was missing.

Where was the luger? The D.A. made no attempt to explain its disappearance, while Butler's attorney insisted that since there was no physical evidence against him, his client was innocent. Fred Williams testified that he saw his friend Chris Blackwell, a bodyguard, pick up both the shotgun and luger from the floor in front of the stage. Blackwell swore at the trial that he wrapped the shotgun in his own jacket and the luger in a jacket he found, and gave them both to Reuben Francis, another bodyguard.

Upon cross-examination, however, it was revealed that in statements Blackwell had made to the police and repeated in sworn testimony before a grand jury within days of the assassination, he claimed to have given the shotgun to Francis and the luger to a "Brother Gene." Even though the grand jury transcript showed that he repeated the name "Brother Gene" a number of times, even correcting the District Attorney when he erroneously called him "Brother James," Blackwell later said at the trial that he had been "mistaken" in his earlier testimony.

Obviously, the whereabouts of the luger could have been traced further had either Reuben Francis or "Brother Gene" been called to the witness stand. But Francis was in police custody at the time of the trial (he had been charged with shooting Hayer after the assassination) and he wasn't called to testify because, according to District Attorney Dermody, that would infringe upon his own right to a fair trial (Dermody was in possession of a statement made by Francis, which he refused to turn over to the court.) The defense attorneys declined an invitation to question Francis in jail, and "Brother Gene" was not called to testify because he was an agent of the Bureau of Special Services (BOSS) of the New York City Police Department.

Eugene Roberts ("Brother Gene") posed as a clothing salesman when he first joined up with Malcolm in 1963 or '64; he soon secured the trust of Malcolm and was admitted into an inner circle of two dozen followers who served as staff, advance men and bodyguards. This was Roberts' first assignment for BOSS, the clandestine intelligence arm of the police department (it was once known as the Red Squad and is now called the Security and Investigation Section). BOSS had a large file on Malcolm, and had at least one agent assigned to Muslim Mosque #7, the Harlem mosque which was Malcolm's fiercest rival in New York.

"Brother Gene's" identity as a police agent was not revealed during the trial, and Roberts went on to infiltrate the Mau-Maus, an early Black Power group, and then, with two other BOSS agents, Roberts became a part of the nucleus of the New York chapter of the Black Panther Party. It was not until 1970, when 21 Panthers were accused of conspiring to blow up department stores, police stations and other sites in New York, that Roberts emerged from his cover identity to become a key witness for the prosecution in the nefarious Panther 13 trial.

While testifying against the Panthers, Roberts admitted having infiltrated Malcolm's inner circle, and being present at the assassination. Gerald Lefcourt, one of the attorneys defending the Panthers, bluntly asked him "Isn't it a fact that you helped murder Malcolm X?"

Roberts, of course, denied any complicity in the assassination and proceeded to outline what had happened that day. He explained that he had just been relieved of guard duty up front when the disturbance broke out. After the shots were fired, Roberts ran to the entrance of the ballroom catching up with the two fleeing men. Roberts said that Hayer fired a shot at him from a .45 caliber pistol, barely missing him (the bullet made a hole in his jacket tail), and that he then threw a chair at Hayer, knocking him down. Hayer then escaped, Roberts said, only to be shot by a bodyguard, and he was caught by the pursuing crowd. Roberts then went up to the stage and administered mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to Malcolm. He made no mention of having received the luger from Blackwell.

Robert's testimony is uncorroborated by the testimony elicited during the trial of Hayer, Butler and Johnson. No mention was ever made of Hayer being knocked down by a chair. Photographs of the stage, taken moments after the shooting, show Roberts kneeling over Malcolm, trying to revive him. Roberts' jacket does have a hole in it, supporting his statement that Hayer fired at him, and there is a bulge in Roberts' back pocket which even BOSS officials assumed was a gun. If this was Roberts' own pistol which he carried in his dual role as police agent/bodyguard, then it could be assumed that he would have fired back at Hayer, instead of throwing a chair. Or was the bulge in his back pocket the missing Luger?

The significance of the Lugers' disappearance is difficult to determine. The gun did exist; at least three witnesses testified to seeing Butler with a German Luger, and two nine mm. (Luger caliber) bullets were found in Malcolm's body. If Roberts was handed the gun, as Blackwell originally testified to doing, and if Roberts in turn, gave the gun to the police, the gun could have been entered as evidence without endangering Roberts' cover, since the court accepted Blackwell's revised testimony that the Luger was given to Francis. The presence of the luger in court would not threaten Roberts' identity any more than the shotgun did. If Blackwell was mistaken in his original statements to the police and grand jury, then questions relating to the role of Reuben Francis in the guns disappearance were in order (As already mentioned, the District Attorney refused release of Francis' statement or allow him to testify).

New York's Finest?

The actions of the police at the scene of the assassination was noticeably lackadaisical. Whenever Malcolm was scheduled to speak in New York, large numbers of uniformed police would appear as a visible deterrent against the threat of Black Muslim violence. But on the particular Sunday that Malcolm was killed, the police assigned only one uniformed man to the entrance to the Ballroom, and two others out of sight in a backroom inside. Twenty policemen were stationed across the street in a hospital. Police officials later said that one of Malcolm's aides asked them to keep their visibility low that day.

And apparently, the police honored the request. The two policemen stationed inside the ballroom testified that they got lost in the panic of the crowd. (but only after having difficulty radioing the police contingent across the street for help: they were slow in responding to his "Shots fired, Audubon Ballroom!" message) Hayer was rescued, and arrested, by the officer assigned to the door and two others who testified that they had been cruising in their squad car nearby when they heard the shots. They arrived before the police stationed in the hospital across the street who had been assigned to protect Malcolm.

Roberts himself volunteered, during Lefcourt's cross-examination at the Panther trial, that the police seemed to be particularly slow in responding to the murder that day. "I proceeded to give Malcolm mouth-to-mouth resuscitation," Robert sardonically said. "What appeared to be twenty minutes later the police finally arrived and took him over to the Medical Center."

Hayer Too Guilty?

The case against Thalmadge Hayer was the strongest of the three. He was the only defendant directly implicated by physical evidence. (Continued on Page 6)

New Chabrol Film A Revealing Study of Sexist Marriage

By FRED SEAMAN

"All my films are feminist. I have told the truth while seeming to film fiction," French director Claude Chabrol is quoted as saying about his latest film, "Une Partie de Plaisir" (A Piece of Pleasure), which opened on Wednesday at the Quad theatre.

While this may sound rather presumptuous, Chabrol does deserve credit for some of the most penetrating studies of bourgeois marriage in the contemporary cinema.

In Chabrol's films, marital frustrations and boredom often lead to adultery and "crimes of passion" which expose the hypocrisy and ugliness of many so-called model citizens. For instance, in Chabrol's last film, "Just Before Nightfall," a mild-mannered family man murders his mistress, the wife of his best friend.

Perhaps Chabrol's films are feminist in the sense that his male characters are often weak and vulnerable, driven by destructive frustrations, jealousies and egotism, while the women in his films are strong and level-headed.

"Partie de Plaisir" starts out with what appears to be a perfect, happy marriage. Philippe (Paul Gegauff) and his wife Esther (Danielle Gegauff) live with their small daughter in an idyllic country house, deriving a small income from a walnut tree farm. On weekends their house is crammed with their Parisian friends, a mixed crowd of professionals, intellectuals, and artists.

However, Philippe is bored. He confesses to his wife that he cheated on her several times, and after reassuring her of his love, he suggests they live up their marriage by taking up sexual relationships



Paul and Danielle Gegauff in a scene from Claude Chabrol's "Une Partie de Plaisir."

with other partners. Anything goes as long as they love only each other. Esther is not very happy with this arrangement, but she has learned to accept the fact that her husband makes all the decisions in their marriage. Philippe, who comes from an upper class background, has shaped his socially less sophisticated wife into a perfect reflection of himself. Therefore, he is annoyed at his wife's lack of "taste" when she chooses as her sexual partner a young Arab, Habib, whom Philippe dislikes "intellectually."

Philippe feels threatened by Esther's affair with Habib. Afraid of losing control over her, he humiliates her in public to assert his superiority, and Esther slowly grows contemptful of the man she had idolized. When she suggests they sell their ailing walnut tree business and move to Paris, Philippe agrees in despair, hoping to regain Esther's "loyalty" once they start "a new life" in the city.

But things don't turn out as Philippe expected. Esther takes a job in Habib's music publishing business and becomes increasingly independent-minded. Philippe tries to force her into submission through harassment and intimidation (at the end of an argument he forces her to lick his feet), and when she finally

leaves him, he becomes obsessed with the thought of regaining her. Even after he remarries, Philippe tries to use their small daughter to bring Esther back. When all his efforts to regain Esther fail, Philippe becomes violent and tries to destroy her.

The plot may sound like that of an adult soap opera, but under Chabrol's skillful direction and Paul and Danielle Gegauff's superb acting the film becomes a highly intelligent, engrossing psychological study of male chauvinism at its neurotic extreme. Chabrol doesn't preach or moralize, he merely exposes layer after layer of hypocrisy, allowing the viewer to draw his or her own conclusions.

Surprisingly, the two leading actors are amateurs. Paul Gegauff, a long time Chabrol scriptwriter who also wrote the script for this film, is utterly convincing as the neurotic husband, while his real-life wife, Danielle, gives a sublime, understated performance as the docile housewife transformed into a self-confident individual who comes to the painful realization that her husband doesn't accept her as an equal partner, but sees in her only a slave.

Davis Center Stages Award-Winning Plays

By PETER RONDINONE

For the 200 people who attended the Leonard Davis Center's staging of the three winning plays in their annual One-Act playwriting contest it was an historical event. For the first time, award-winning plays would be staged, rather than honored with cash prizes only. But for the playwrights whose entries did not win it was a symbol of defeat, a time for bitterness.

I sat amongst them as we tried to justify the failure of our plays by unjustly criticizing the winners.

The flaws of the play which won the top prize had been examined in an earlier classroom discussion, so we concluded that the judges were incompetent. As for the play which had been awarded second prize, it was common knowledge that the playwright was a "visiting dignitary" from Greece, and it was assumed that some public relations effort was at work. Nothing was said about the third play, because we weren't familiar with it.

Jealousy? Ego? I'm not sure.

The top play, "A Short Ride On The D Train From 59th to 125th St.," by Mitchell Yachnowitz, was appropriately set in a subway car. A white teacher, Miss Weintraub, enters the car at the 59th Street station. She sits between a dirty bag lady and five of her students who are in the midst of a violent dispute about the virtues of Puerto Rican women. When the students become aware of her presence they decide to have some fun.

"Hello, Miss WeinTUB!" Arnetta, a Puerto Rican girl says. "Do you remember me? I'm in your class."

"She don't remember you!" a black girl, Joanne, jeers.

And as the others join in, the game continues until Miss Weintraub, looking her cool, puts her book aside (which she had kept in front of her face for an entire half-hour) and calls to the only white student in the group. "You have to help me, you're the only one." And at this point the theme becomes obvious.

Although I liked the way Yachnowitz used the relationship between the white student and Miss Weintraub as a metaphor for contemporary racial problems, the play suffered from a major flaw. Why would Miss Weintraub choose to sit next to an old crab-infested bag lady? It doesn't make sense; and it becomes distracting as the play continues, because one is never sure whether we are dealing with drama or farce.

Toward the end of the play, as the train pulls out of the 125th St. station, Mike, the white student, turns to Miss Weintraub, who is sprawled in the aisle after a row with the girls, and says, "I told you. You should've gone into the other car." He then walks away as the new passengers sidestep Miss Weintraub to reach their seats.

Second prize went to "The Beheading," written and directed by Konstantin Hermes Marius.

Two men, a transvestite named Anestis who likes to tie up his roommate and put him in a bathtub whenever he leaves the apartment to visit a mysterious woman, and a seemingly retarded undernourished

youth, Kosmas, who plays in the bathtub with playboy pin-ups when he's not tied up. Anestis wants Kosmas and the audience to guess what's in a red package that the old lady sent.

"Come on. Guess. Guess what it is."

Anestis gives Kosmas a knife and wants him to slaughter the chicken the old lady promised him would be in the box. But the box turns out to be empty and Kosmas beheads Anestis instead. Kosmas then runs off the stage to the accompaniment of a Greek tune, shouting something that sounded like: "Ha-Ra-Ra-Tan."

We never find out why these men are in the room; why the transvestite binds his roommate; why the old lady sends them a "chicken"; and why Kosmas kills Anestis after he discovers there is no chicken.

From what I understand the play, originally in Greek, lost something in translation. The playwrights in the first row thought it was "stupid."

The "hit" of the evening was Emmanuel Westbrook's "Doing It To Death." Fashioned after some gags one might see on the Sonny and Cher Show, the play includes music.



Lionel Pina and...

Crystal Lilly in E. Westbrook's "Doing It To Death"

dance and mime in a story about Mr. T.T.T. Doit, who sues his wife, Mrs. Love T. Doit, for divorce, after he finds her in bed with five other men. During the trial we learn that Mr. Doit is always Too Tired To Do—It! and so on... Westbrook could be a Hollywood hopeful.

Before I forget, some outstanding actors deserve mention. Kim Weston did a beautiful job as the bag lady in "D Train." Michele Mais was divine as Mrs. Doit. Crystal Lilly outstanding as the Defense Attorney, and Greg Long hilarious as the judge in "Doing It To Death." Victor Barrett did an impressive job of directing the more than 20 actors in "Doing It..." on a stage the size of a classroom.

Now, that wasn't too bad a review. But you should have seen the notes I took the night of the performance, when I was still bitter about the results of the contest. What ego... I should learn to mind my own business, write my plays and live like a crab

Wings at the Speed of Sound: Muzak and Silly Love Songs

By ED CASEY

Following the strong tailwind created by Paul McCartney and Wings' last two albums, *Band On The Run* and *Venus and Mars*, their latest release held the promise of high flying success. Unfortunately, *Wings At The Speed Of Sound* is just background muzak for McCartney's embarrassing lyrics. "Let 'Em In" opens with the sound effects of door bells ringing (clever!) and continues with a repetitive two-note piano and bass. Paul chucks in a few important names like Martin Luther and Phil and Don Everly, typifying the pablum he doles out in the rest of the record.

Wings seems to have gone full circle back to when they were a misdirected band turning out tunes like "Mary Had A Little Lamb" and "Hi, Hi, Hi." On *Band On The Run*, Wings finally discovered the synthesizer and made use of it brilliantly to construct a conceptualized album. "Listen to What the Man Said," last year's hit song, used Dixie horns to give the disc some local color and body. But the latest album shows Paul leaning heavily on his old standby — the love song — instead of devising more innovative music.

The title of Paul's single from the album, "Silly Love Songs," speaks for itself. Why does this talented writer of touching songs like

"Michelle," that would make Barry Manilow swoon, turn out puppy love songs even The Osmonds have outgrown?

Paul McCartney is a male who needs to be liberated. Two songs, "She's My Baby" and "Warm and Beautiful," are overly concerned with homage and unrelenting devotion to the singer's wife.

Another track with similar overtones is "Must Do Something About It." Like Eric Carmen's "All By Myself," it's a somber piece that tells of a lonely chap looking for love to pull him out of his misery. The message in Wings' album is clear: just as Linda's love eased the pain of Paul's separation from the Beatles, love will cure all for everybody.

Teacher Co-Authors Play

"Hail! Hail! The Gangs!" is an appropriate title for a new play which opened at the New York Theatre Ensemble and is co-authored by James DeJongh, a member of the College's English Department.

The play is an ironic tribute to a

street gang, the Super Sixers, and the self-importance it provides the new cat on the block, Ceelow, whose belief in the gang's macho code of honor falters in the cruel face of city life. Ceelow is portrayed by Anthony Chase, a junior in the College's Theatre Department who recently starred in the Finley Program Agency's production of "Blood Brothers" and the Leonard Davis Center's "27 Wagon Loads of Cotton."

"Hail, Hail The Gangs!" is a joint effort of DeJongh and Charles Cleveland, who are both active members of the Frederick Douglass Creative Arts Center and the Harlem Writer's Guild.

"Hail, Hail he Gangs!" their first play, is directed by Reggie Life, and will be presented Thursday through Sunday, May 13-30, at the N.Y.T.E., 62 East 4th Street.

Judy Mangus



Author James DeJongh

A New 'Legal High'

By PETER J. RONDINONE

My sample of Lettuce Opium arrived with the Monday mail, wrapped in a brown envelope. Riding in a friend's car later that night, I eagerly filled my pipe with the blackish green leaves. I smoked it and soon found myself gliding along the West Side Highway, singing "Yambu, Yambu." The stuff works — and it's legal.

The active ingredient in Lettuce Opium is the chemical lactacurium, a natural extract of lettuce. It was used as early as 1789 by medics as an opium substitute to induce sleep.

Bill Olmstead, President of Natural Enterprises in Gaithersburg, Md., manufactures and sells the stuff for \$4 a gram, or if you're planning a party, \$650 a pound. An instruction booklet on growing your own lettuce is thrown in for \$3.50.

Bill explained in a phone interview, that lactacurium is legal, since the federal Food and Drug Administration "can't make up its

mind whether or not the chemical should be classified as a drug or a vegetable. In fact," he said, "you can buy it in your local grocery store. We use brand name lettuce like iceberg and put it through our special process. Anyone can do it."

So-called "legal highs" vary from mild chemical stimulants and depressants to ancient hallucinogenics like the Kava Kava Root and old American Indian smoking herbs. Most of this legal stash can be ordered from mail order enterprises found in the classified section of Rolling Stone, and other pop culture journals. There are enough order blanks to keep you tripping, zipping and popping along for at least a year.

But some friends who've experimented with many of these legal substances tell me that they don't all work. Right now, Lettuce Opium, a newcomer on the scene, is considered the best legal high on the market.



What is this man smoking?

According to Olmstead, there is also a wild lettuce that is ten times stronger than what he uses now. In the future, he says, he plans to get enough seeds to start his own farm.

"We're not as good as the real stuff yet," Bill concedes, "but we're working on it. In the meantime we plan to hit the retail market with our product, the head shops, because we're the best 'legal high' around. If things go well, my lettuce will even be patented."

Posner Isolated in CUNY Fight

(Continued from Page 1)

primaries. In New York City, they all have at least 1500 CUNY students in their district. The potential for pressure is there.

"I had one student government President actually say to me, 'we didn't come here to talk to politicians. We came here to demonstrate,'" Posner said, grimacing.

Up Through The Ranks

As an undergraduate student at City College, Posner, who says, "I majored in extracurricular activities," was a co-founder of *Observation Post*, then primarily a veteran's newspaper advocating better economic and political support for veterans returning from the second World War. His tactic of fighting from within the system's political structure, utilizing established institutions along with civil disobediences, is an outgrowth of the early 1960's civil rights struggle in which he was national publicity director for Martin Luther King, Jr.

Following King's march on Washington in 1963, Posner formed his present political club with about 26 people, mostly union activists and freedom riders. Upon making his decision to try to unseat the incumbent Assemblyman, he rode



around in an old sound truck offering a five dollar bill to anyone who could name the district's representative. But in his usual offhand style, Posner modestly attributed his electoral success to "charisma."

Hostos Community College is located outside his district, but Posner was an active participant in the recent student siege of the school.

"I identify with them," Posner said. It's a threshold school for the poor, the underprivileged, for the bottom of New York."

Posner, who has been arrested a number of times during the course of protests and likes to "drop arrests

like some people drop famous names," offered to remain in the building when the students were threatened with arrest. When the authorities caught wind of this, however, the mass arrest was postponed until Posner was forced to return to Albany.

Inside Analysis

Posner's anecdotal style tells more about the machinations up in Albany than any citizen's guide could hope to. During the conversation he offered a unique analysis of debates on the floor of the Assembly, and he devised a key that determines their importance.

"Abortion is a seven to eight hour bill. Capital punishment is an eight hour bill. ERA is two or three. Give away four or five million dollars to Con Edison, that's four hours," he quips.

But much of the fun seems to have vanished. The long struggles and lapses between victories have taken some of the edge off his enthusiasm. However, Seymour Posner is extremely dedicated to his constituents and to the struggle for free, quality higher education.

"My idea of being an Assemblyman is not to change the world," he says. "But I do want to change things a little bit."

particularly when she's singing. Ted Pritchard and Chip Zien gave adequate performances, but were unable to match Perkins' magnetism.

The staging is nothing fancy, yet it is quite effective nonetheless. The stage consists of three elevated round platforms with the audience sitting at tables around the platforms. The Backdrop of colorful slides of familiar City scenes is an original touch adding realism to the musical.

The only annoying thing about the show is that some songs sound forced in their attempt to be funny. Bill Hever's lyrics often miss their mark and spoil portions of Hank Beebe's otherwise delightful score.

If you like purse snatchers who date their victims, this is your show.

Joyce Meisner

Necrophiliac Society Gala Held at the Bronx Morgue

By JOYCE MEISNER

On the night of April 17, I boarded a train for the Bronx, decked out in a 1930's shocking pink cocktail dress complete with a vomit green turban to match my green and purple spikes. When I arrived at the morgue it appeared vacant. A few lights escaped dimly from within the building. I knocked on the door. An emaciated, tall and balding man in a tuxedo answered my call. "Please come in," he said, "guests and refreshments are in the Arrival Room."

The Arrival Room was chock full of people mingling in small groups, holding frosted goblets of Bloody Mamas (Cow's Blood and Sweetened Plasma). Mrs. R. Manea, wife of the President of the National Necrophiliac Society of America (NNSA) stood by the blood bowl, glowing in her black silk cape emblazoned with blue lettering that read: "Kiss me till I turn blue—and then don't stop."

I had first heard about NNSA from a High School acquaintance with whom I used to raid cemetaries on Saturday nights. When I gave the Society a ring, a friendly lady at the other end of the line suggested I come down to one of their monthly gatherings, held at various morgues throughout the City.

So here I was, at an Easter Party held at the Bronx Morgue, a blacktie affair sponsored by DOAL (Dead On Arrival Lovers) of Pelham Parkway.

I chatted with Godfrey Gangrene-Incision (reportedly a prominent mortician) who stood behind Mrs. Manea like a Rasputin decked in tails. Many Bloody Mamas later he went around dapperly proclaiming, "Boy, would I love to eat you," as he stuck a fork into various asses.

Another body I found rather interesting was Arthur Chillum, President of Chillum's Body Refrigeration ("You killum, we Chillum—Since 1937"). He told me a story about some member who brought his Great Dane and Mexican Hairless to a Christmas Party, where both dogs proceeded to munch on some of the bodies. The Hairless gouged out and ate three eyes, while the Dane totally devoured a leg. Needless to say, the morgue was aghast for months.

Later that night, a young girl, close to my age, seeing that I was uneasy, offered to show me the bodies. She was dressed rather conservatively in a grey knit jumpsuit, with a positively nifty nipple punctuation. "The bodies are in great shape tonight," she told me, "I must show you this one guy. He was working with a metal cutter and his hair got caught . . . He's stuck holding his head, and looks simply gorgeous." And with this she climbed into a long locker with the body she had swooned about. I discreetly closed the door.

Suddenly, the lights were turned out. A color wheel was set in motion and a D.J. dressed as a mad doctor pronounced that "it was time to waken the dead and dance." We hustled all night to disco versions of "I Left My Baby In The San Francisco Morgue", "I Can't Live A Day Without You (So I'll Die Tomorrow)", and my favorite song by The Departed Lovers entitled "When They Found My Baby":

"When they found my baby She was lying on the floor In fifty million pieces With her fingers out the door She was always suicidal And she wished to take her life But someone beat her to it— With a highly sharpened knife."

City College now has a small but active Necrophiliac Society operating out of Finley 340. Originally the Society had ten members but they are now down to eight, and plan to build up their enthusiastic (but dwindling) club with a summer membership drive. If you are interested in joining CCNY's Necrophiliac Society please leave a note with your name, address, phone number, and decomposition preference in O.P.'s office. Ed.

Simon Presents Poetry Awards

(Continued from Page 1)

serious. Her voice is melodic and contains a rhythmic drive that captures the listener's ear with its special music. But it was Jayne Cortez's practiced rendering of her work that was the most captivating. Her voice dips and weaves and comes up swinging words and continually building peaks in the poetry. Her material exhibits an apparent conciseness and iron-grip control that allows her to strike out on daring tangents.

Wallenstein Reads

After a rendition of his poetry, someone once commented that Barry Wallenstein's reading was like singing. In his delivery of *Liberty, U.S.A.* and *Legend Of The Wild West* there is certainly a music apparent throughout. Like a jazz singer he is careful in his phrasing, lingering on certain lines and spitting others out. He'll lean on a word to get it's best value, pause on another and consequently create in his poetry a real drama.

Readings by Joel Oppenheimer and Paul Oppenheimer, Victoria Sullivan, William Packard and Alicia Ostriker were also well received. Marguerite Harris provided an entertaining interlude of several short, turn-of-the-century songs accompanying herself with one high-heeled foot tapping the rhythm. Israeli writer Rebecca Rass read a prose poem in which the punctuation system came alive. The poetries of Puerto Rican poets Americo Casiano and Lorraine Sutton were intense, often with a political base or ribbed with humor. David Rosenthal, a friend of City College and recently returned from Catalonia, Spain, read a selection of poems he translated from the Catalan dialect as well as one in the original.

A festival such as this, with its greatly varied audience, smashes the misconception that poetry is an elitist art form, revealing itself instead as a popular art that everyone is capable of enjoying.

Taken from the page unto the stage, poetry comes dramatically alive and acquires a vividness and excitement unrealized on paper. But still, poetry remains largely ignored by the public and will stay as such until it is acknowledged as an art that is as much for as of the people.

'Tuscaloosa': Amusing View of City Life

"Tuscaloosa's Calling Me. But I'm Not Going," now at the Cheeca West Side Theater is a catchy and amusing combination of songs and skits designed to portray the most familiar elements of New York City. Rapists, robbers, loneliness, graffiti, and perverts are immortalized in such numbers as "Things Were Out" (dedicated to all the New York City exposure artists), and "Everything You Hate Is Right Here" (the sum of all the Big Apple's achievements thus far).

Some of the skits are pretty funny, too. "New York '69" is about turning the City into a country of its own and having Breslin, Mailer and Steinem run it, and Fugue for "A Menage A Trois" is a mini operetta depicting a sexual threesome. The cast of two men and one woman work together like a well-oiled



Chip Zien

machine to bring you an energetic and captivating performance. Patti Perkins' moppet face with its orphan eyes makes her the most interesting performer to watch.

Thirty Kill OP!

By HERB FOX

This is weird. After spending years writing how I see everyone else, I'm faced with writing how I see myself. A journalist puts a version of the truth on paper as the truth; I feel anxious about the commitment a printed word makes when it's about me. Who am I to tell you who I am? Which role do I start with? Which friend, which class, which space, which time?

I once was astonished and liberated to learn that we all construct the world differently in our own heads. Consider the possibilities! But now that causes despair in me.

The reality of me, of everyone, is a gestalt, whether we are conscious of it or not. Usually, we are stuck in the particular role or part we choose for any moment. In my struggling to incorporate all my parts into one, I've discovered that all I can put together are thoughts, thoughts and more thoughts, none of which have anything to do with reality. I've put myself together only to realize the world still is as it is, and that my

thoughts only get in the way of my knowing this.

We're at War. Onward, Christian Thoughts! Kill, eat, move, love, be. All thoughts. Bah!

I want to stop thinking and find out what's going on!

This comes from the New York Times, May 1, 1976:

WASHINGTON—April 30 (AP)—A report from the Central Intelligence Agency warns of global political and economic upheaval almost "beyond comprehension" because of climatic changes that have already occurred.

I wish I was making this up. I could finish typing and light up a joint and revel at my precise hype. But now, but now all I can do is finish typing, light up a joint and . . . What are you going to do?

Buy the New York Times tomorrow morning and read it on the subway. In between each apocalypse you read, look up and observe yourself, where you are, how you feel, what you hear, who you're seeing and how they all look and act. There's a New York Times



Herb Fox

going on in our heads all the time.

We exist in a stratified, cruel culture, the ultimate contradiction of which is that the vast majority allows a very, very few to dictate the conditions. But an implication of this contradiction is that the situation is as it is because we all want it this way; otherwise, it wouldn't be so.

What I'm grappling with is that the more I understand that a reality does exist independent of my projections, I'm also seeing how this reality is shaped by our consensual projections. This is risky for me to say, but I have an inescapable belief that if we really didn't want war, we'd stop fighting.

Sometimes I wonder why the OP staff thinks I'm too serious.

Who killed Tim Buckley?

This is getting difficult. I've always had a problem with words; I find they don't say much for me (this isn't too cool for someone who conceptualizes himself as a writer of sorts). I feel like ripping out my gut and distributing a piece to everyone. My contribution to the world.

But words? They don't even belong to me; how can I give them away?

.....

To Ken Eisold and Bob Hamburger, perhaps the only two teachers I've let inside, I humbly offer my blessings.

To the school that protected me for so many years, I leave 20,000 students in the trust that they will protect it, by whatever means necessary.

To OP, my only home for a long time, I gave myself.

To Marc, Peter, Leo and Fred, all we have left, I'm afraid, are moments. But that's all there ever is.

To Nancy, for being, and to Joy, for resisting. Thank you.

To Marsha . . .

And, to me.

Tathata.

The End

By Michael Drabky

When my editor asked (or should I say beseeched) me to write a thirty column, I thought it a little premature. Why write what amounts to a retirement column, I figured, when I have a lifetime ahead of me?

After mulling over the matter, and spending some time on the rack, I recanted and agreed to write a column. The next problem was what to write.

Should the column be a spicy combination of Hedda Hopper and Walter Winchell, City College style? That would be fun to write, but would it be as much fun to read in ten years? Embarrassing, I believe, would be the word for it. Instead, I'm writing what amounts to a perspective based on four years here, and what you've probably guessed by now, a long good-bye.

City College is a good training ground for reporters. Unlike smaller, out-of-town colleges relatively isolated from their surrounding communities, City

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Malcolm X: The FBI and the Evidence

(Continued from Page 3)

and his mid-trial confession didn't help him any. There is no doubt as to his guilt, but there is controversy surrounding his exact role in the shooting. A close examination of the evidence against him, including his own confession, reveals a disturbing set of coincidence and contradiction that make Hayer look too guilty.

First, there is the strange tale of Ronald Timberlake, the man who recovered the .45 caliber Army Colt automatic that Hayer admitted to firing at Malcolm. Timberlake was a subway conductor who was willing to testify for the State only if the press and public were banned from the courtroom. He said his life had been threatened if he testified (he was the only witness who reported having been threatened, even though his testimony was only tangential to determining if Hayer shot Malcolm). Timberlake refused to settle for court appointed protection, and he asserted he was prepared to face contempt of court charges rather than testify in public. The judge acquiesced over the strong objection of the defense attorneys, and the courtroom was emptied of all spectators.

Once on the stand, Timberlake recounted having seen three men flee the ballroom after the shooting, and that behind them were Hayer and Butler. At the small flight of stairs leading to the outside door, Timberlake approached Hayer, who pointed a gun at him. Timberlake then turned toward Butler and knocked him down the stairs with a bodyblock. Hayer then jumped over Butler's body, and Timberlake picked up a gun he spotted lying on the stairs. Timberlake said he aimed a shot (presumably at Butler) but the gun would not go off.

Timberlake testified that he was then jostled back into the ballroom by the crowd, at which point he put the gun in his back pocket, hung around the ballroom for a few minutes and then went home. Once home, Timberlake took the gun apart (finding that the safety catch was on, which explained why it did not fire), emptied the clip of three unspent cartridges, and asked the FBI to pick up the murder weapon. Timberlake explained that the reason he had left the scene of a murder with the murder weapon in his pocket (a crime itself) was because he was afraid of the police; no further explanation was offered (However, while reading aloud the text of the FBI report into the trial proceedings, a defense attorney said, "Timberlake was arrested . . ." then stopped, had a conference with the judge and district attorney, and announced that the sentence would remain unfinished).

Timberlake's testimony at the trial sharply contradicted the statement he made to the FBI the night of the assassination. According to the report made out by Special Agent John Sullivan (who later testified himself), Timberlake had said that he had knocked down the man who had the gun, whom he described as falling down the stairs "dropping a gun. The fourth man was apparently stopped and arrested outside the ballroom." In other words, Timberlake had originally told the FBI that it was Butler who was holding the .45 that was recovered. But at the trial a year later Timberlake said he did not know who had the gun. The only fingerprints found on the gun were Timberlake's.

This contradiction in testimony becomes significant when the evidence linking Hayer to that gun is examined. The four unused cartridges found in a clip in Hayer's pocket when he was arrested, as well as the three cartridges Timberlake said he found in the gun had extractor marks that could only have been made by the .45 caliber Colt Timberlake said he found, and which was later entered as evidence against Hayer.

The problem that arises, however, is that unspent cartridges should not have any extractor marks on them. A cartridge consists of a bullet, gunpowder, and a shell. An extractor mark is made by an automatic pistol on the spent shell of a cartridge when the shell is ejected after the cartridge has been fired. In order for a live cartridge to have an extractor mark it has to be fed into the chamber of the gun, then ejected whole, without firing the gun. The seven cartridges marked by the .45 Colt were put through the gun purposefully with the result that the cartridges found in Hayer's pocket "prove" that the gun was in his possession.

In his confession, Hayer claimed that the people who hired him had

supplied the gun. He denied having placed the cartridges through the chamber, but acknowledged that "maybe" someone else did. The point remains, though, that one of the key pieces of evidence implicating Hayer was manufactured by someone.

How Many Shots?

The .45 Colt was positively identified by police ballistics experts as the one that fired at least three of the four .45 caliber bullets found on the scene. One bullet was found lodged in Malcolm's spine; one was found in a door post by the entrance; one was found in an apartment across the street from the Ballroom, and the fourth bullet, mutilated beyond identifiability, was found in the street outside the Ballroom. These four bullets, with the three unspent cartridges Timberlake provided, make up the seven cartridges a pistol of this type carries in one clip. The implication of this evidence is that Hayer fired at Malcolm once, or twice at the most. This contradicts all the eyewitness testimony, Hayer's own confession, and logic.

Eyewitnesses at the trial testified that they had seen both Hayer and Butler fire repeatedly at Malcolm; Hayer said himself that he fired "about four times" into Malcolm's body. It was determined by Milton Halpern, the Chief Medical Examiner, that nine bullets (aside from the shotgun pellets) entered Malcolm's body. He testified to finding one .45 caliber bullet, and four nine mm. bullets (fired by the Luger) in Malcolm's body; the rest are unaccounted for. If Hayer fired only once or twice at Malcolm, then Butler fired the (missing) Luger seven or eight times. Yet all the eyewitnesses who saw Butler and Hayer said that they arrived at the stage, fired, and fled together. Did Hayer stand idly by after firing one or two shots, waiting for Butler to finish up before they turned and ran?

It remains a possibility that Hayer first emptied one clip, and then replaced it with a fresh one, thus allowing for a total of up to 11 shots. But there is no evidence supporting this possibility.

Another possibility, albeit a paranoid one, is that Hayer fired all seven shots of one clip, and that Timberlake lied about finding the three cartridges in the gun that he handed over to the F.B.I. (which would explain why the gun wouldn't fire for him).

What about the unidentified .45 caliber bullet recovered by the police? Could that have come from a second .45 caliber gun on the scene? In all of the testimony elicited at the trial, the only other gun mentioned was a .32 caliber which Reuben Francis allegedly fired at Hayer (doctors removed a .32 caliber bullet from Hayer's leg, and two other bullets were found by police on the scene). Detective Ferdinand Cavallaro testified that he had been Francis' arresting officer, charging him with three counts of assault and one count of illegal possession of a pistol, "the same weapon referred to in the previously listed counts." Cavallaro swore that he did not recover the gun Francis allegedly used to shoot Hayer with, but he understood it to be of a "small caliber" (a .32 is a medium caliber).

A recent check of police department records, however, has revealed that according to the arresting officer's report, Francis had been charged with using a .45 caliber Smith and Wesson revolver on the night of the shooting (before Hayer was operated on). This closely jibes with a newspaper report the day after the shooting which quoted a police department official as saying that Francis shot Hayer with a .45 automatic.

This raises a series of important questions which were never dealt with at Hayer's trial or during Francis' court proceedings. (Francis was released on \$10,000 bail, which was forfeited when he failed to show up in court some months later. He was re-arrested at the start of the murder trial, held on \$25,000 bail, and was eventually found guilty of the illegal possession of a firearm charge in lieu of the assault charges. He was sentenced to time served, and released.)

Was Francis armed with a .45 caliber gun that day? If so, then who shot Hayer? If Francis was innocent of charges in connection with the shooting of Hayer, why did he jump \$10,000 bail? Even if he did shoot Hayer, he was sure to beat the rap because he had been acting as a bodyguard at the time. Why did Det. Cavallaro swear that he did not know what kind of gun Francis had in his possession when he was arrested, information contained in the arrest report? Why wasn't the fact that there was apparently another .45 caliber gun on the

scene included in the D.A.'s scenario?

Hayer's Confession

Perhaps these perplexing details are inconsequential in light of Hayer's Confession that he shot Malcolm X. But Hayer's confession did little more than raise more questions about who else took part in the assassination, and who gave the orders.

Hayer's confession surprised everyone. After taking the stand in his own defense and claiming that he was an innocent bystander who ran out of the Ballroom after hearing the shots, only to be shot and mistaken for one of the gunmen, Hayer came back as a defense witness for Butler and admitted his role in the murder. However, he denied that Butler and Johnson were his accomplices. His credibility at this point of the trial was zero, but the description he gave of his and his accomplice's movements still made more sense than the D.A.'s improbable scenario.

Hayer said that he, armed with a .45 caliber pistol, and an accomplice armed with a Luger, sat in the first row; that the man with the shotgun sat in the aisle seat of the fourth row, and that a fourth man set off the smokebomb and created the disturbance alone, by accusing a stranger of picking his pocket. This explained two questions the D.A. never answered: who lit the smokebomb, and why would two of three gunmen draw attention to themselves before shooting Malcolm?

Interestingly enough, Hayer's description corroborates the grand jury testimony of Chris Blackwell, who stated that the men armed with handguns sat in the first row and were not the same men involved in the scuffle (Blackwell testified at the trial that he had lied to the grand jury, and proceeded to recount the District Attorney's exact scenario. Blackwell, it should be remembered, was also the witness who made a "mistake" when he told the grand jury that he gave the Luger to police agent Roberts).

One of the most intriguing details of Hayer's confession was his admission that he and his three unnamed conspirators had been hired to kill Malcolm. He refused to disclose who engaged his services, or for how much, but he did flat out deny that it was the Black Muslims (The prosecution insisted that Hayer was a Muslim, although the only reliable evidence entered merely indicated that he had Muslim acquaintances.)

At one point, Hayer said "I was offered some money for doing it from people who would have been revealed if Mr. Williams (Joseph Williams, an assistant defense attorney for Butler) could have continued his examination." Williams only interrogated three witnesses during the entire trial, asking a few questions of each. One of these three witnesses was Charles Moore, a reporter for ABC who was on hand for the assassination, and who joined the OAAU right after Malcolm's death, becoming the Organization's chairman within a month. Williams asked Moore, "At the time you were chairman of the OAAU, who were the other officials. Do you know?" Before Moore could answer, the District Attorney objected to the question, the judge sustained the objection, and Williams ended his cross examination.

Who Was Involved?

It is clear that the case against Thalmadge Hayer, Thomas 3X Johnson and Norman 15X Butler was streamlined for their conviction. None of the points raised here indicate the possibility of their innocence, but the manner in which they were convicted suggests that others were involved, both at the assassination scene and behind the scenes. One murder weapon is missing while another turns up under dubious circumstances, complete with improbable but incriminating evidence, it has not been established as a fact where Butler and Hayer were sitting in the Ballroom, which weapons they used, who created the disturbance or who set off the smokebomb. The question of who, if anyone, set up Malcolm from inside his organization (who let Johnson and Butler in? Who asked the police to stay out of sight?) has never been answered. And, of course, the question of questions: who ordered and financed the assassination? These questions were largely ignored at the trial.

These questions must be asked, and they must be asked of the right (Continued on Page 8)

CONSIDER ANTHROPOLOGY THIS FALL

Anthropology 10 - Introductory Anthropology for the Core Requirement

Recently the *New York Times* conducted an examination among graduating highschool students on American history. Knowledge of your own society and its history is important but what do you know about other cultures and the rest of humanity?

Test Your Anthropological Knowledge:

- 1) Until recently Man was defined as "the tool making animal". This definition will no longer do. Why?
- 2) During the last decade how have discoveries in Africa altered our views on how long Man has been on Earth?
- 3) Is there any evidence that writers like Erich Von Daniken are correct in thinking that visitors from Outer Space have come to Earth in the past and influenced Man's development?
- 4) How have our views of American Indian civilizations been altered by the recent excavations at the ruined city of Teotihuacan ["Place of the Gods"] near Mexico City?
- 5) Are there peoples today that still live by only hunting and gathering wild animals and plants?
- 6) In the last few years a new form of "scientific" racism [i.e. the hypothesis that some races are more or less intelligent than other races] has reappeared. What do anthropologists have to say on this issue?
- 7) Are humans naturally aggressive and territorially inclined?
- 8) Archaeologists are presently excavating the sites of former slave plantations in Florida and Georgia. Why?
- 9) Can you locate the following cultures on a map: Eskimo, Bushmen, Ashanti, Basque, Zulu, Ainu, Berbers, Papuans, Lapps, Iroquois
- 10) Can you locate the following archaeological sites and cultures on a map and can you place them in time: Ghana, Toltecs, Jomon, Stonehenge, Zimbabwe, Lascaux, Inca, Olduvai Gorge, Timbuktu, Chokia

Answers

- 1) Chimpanzees have been found using and making tools in the wild.
- 2) It is now known that hominids (man-like creatures) were in East Africa between 4 and 5 million years ago and had started to use chipped-stone tools about 2 million years ago.
- 3) It is possible that intelligent beings may have evolved elsewhere in the universe and may have developed complex technology before Man but there is no good archaeological or historical evidence for them reaching earth. The "evidence" used by Von Daniken and others is taken out of context, distorted, or simply fabricated. The fact that there is no evidence for intelligent life in our Solar System weakens even the possibility of such visitations. If intelligent beings exist outside of our solar system the great distances involved and the apparent inability to go beyond the speed of light (talk to members of the Physics-Astronomy Department on this point) are major barriers between them and the Earth.
- 4) A decade of excavations at this archaeological site has proved that it was not only a ceremonial center of pyramids but also a true city with a population of perhaps 150,000 at its height and entire neighborhoods given over to the production of pottery, Obsidian, and other craft specializations. American Indian civilizations were much more complex and urban than previously believed.
- 5) There are still a very few bands of such people in Australia, South Africa (Bushman), the Arctic (Eskimos), and perhaps in parts of Asia and the Amazon area.
- 6) Most anthropologists feel that the basis of such studies (various forms of "tests") is invalid. It is not possible for one culture (or subculture) to make up a test and give it to its own members and those of other cultures (or subcultures) and come up with meaningful results. Also when the last 50,000 years of cultural development are examined on a global level

- there is no consistent correlation between level of cultural development or major advances in cultural evolution and any one racial group. For the last 50,000 years there has been one species of humans on Earth, *Homo sapiens*, and there is no evidence for variations in intelligence within that species above the individual level.
- 7) Although this is a complex question involving debate even among anthropologists there are strong indications that aggression among humans is more of a cultural than a biological pattern and attitudes toward territoriality seem to have more to do with technology and economic structures than any underlying genetic factor. Even among the apes, our closest living relatives, aggression against their own species seems slight and well territoriality is well developed with some species (e.g. the Gibbon) it is not pronounced with others.
 - 8) A new field of historical archaeology has emerged within anthropology in the last three decades and involves the archaeology of our own society (e.g. colonial sites, South-western missions, fur trading forts, and even industrial sites). Slave plantations are being investigated in order to discover the actual conditions under which the slaves, overseers, and plantocracy lived by excavating the remains of their dwellings and refuse pits. This new type of data is being used to test interpretations of slavery, such as proposed in *Time on the Cross*, which are based on documentary research.
 - 9) Eskimo - arctic area extending from Siberia through Alaska and Canada to Greenland.
Bushman - Kalahari Desert in South Africa
Ashanti - African kingdom basically limited to what is today the modern nation of Ghana.
Basque - between Spain and France in the Pyrenees, are different in language, genetic makeup, and culture from other Europeans and may be an isolate left over from antiquity before the Indo-European

- invasions of Europe
Zulu - Bantu African empire and present ethnic group in the Republic of South Africa
Ainu - northern island of Japan, possible remnant of people who originally occupied much of the islands before the expansion of the Japanese
Berbers - northern Africa
Papuans - people living in agricultural villages found in New Guinea
Lapps - nomadic peoples in far northern Europe
Iroquois - a number of Indian tribal groups in northern New York
- 10) Ghana - first of the great Sudanic civilizations of West Africa (ca. A.D. 400 - 1250)
Toltecs - second great civilization and empire in the Valley of Mexico (ca. A.D. 900-1200)
Jomon - earliest clearly defined hunting-gathering cultures of Japan dating back to at least 5000 B.C.
Stonehenge - great monumental Neolithic-Bronze Age site in southern England
Zimbabwe - complex Iron Age site in Rhodesia (ca. A.D. 800-1800). Nationalists fighting to liberate Rhodesia want to rename the country "Zimbabwe" and use the name "Great Zimbabwe" for the archaeological site.
Lascaux - cave in France (Upper Paleolithic) that contains some of the earliest known art.
Inca - American Indian civilization and empire that occupied much of western South America (ca. A.D. 1400-1535)
Olduvai Gorge - one of the most important Early Man sites in Africa (Tanzania)
Timbuktu - major Sudanic trading city and center of literate culture (ca. A.D. 1100 to present). Today the site is a small town in the modern country of Mali.
Chokia - largest prehistoric American Indian mound center (A.D. 800-1350) near present-day St. Louis, Missouri.

If you would like to learn more about the origins of Man and the great varieties of cultures that have existed in the past and that exist today

— then TAKE ANTHROPOLOGY 10
THIS FALL.

Anthropology 10 A M W F 9	(Professor N'Neill)
(Professor Schuyler)	" 10 F M W F 2
" 10 B TTH F 10	(" Mbatha)
(" Marks)	" 10 R M12 TT11
" 10 C M W F 11 (To be announced)	(" Ripley)
" 10 D T W F 12	" 10 X M1 T1 2
(Professor Sank)	(" Jacobson)
" 10 E T W F 1	There are also evening sections of Anthropology 10

Drabyk ...

(Continued from Page 6)
College's problems, especially budget problems, are entangled with the rest of New York.

For a reporter, this is an opportunity to test his ability in a situation remarkably close to the real thing, and the chance to try to correct what should be changed. Bullshit? Maybe, but it's a worth while goal.

City College is too noble an experiment to fail. Ending Open Admissions and Free Tuition would deny many people the chance to move from one social strata to another. In spite of years of questionable bookkeeping by New York and the City University, I still feel the University could be preserved intact if that was desired by those really running the city.

A good word should be put in at this point for Professor Peter Goy, Director of the College's Slavic-American Studies Program. Goy deserved better than the vindictive, distorted treatment he received last year from certain members of the College's Press. The Slavic Program's credibility contradicts the picture its detractors tried to paint, and I hope the Program will be around for years to come.



Michael Drabyk

If another issue of OP were coming out this term, I could fill it by mentioning all the people I've met here who deserve a good word. But space dictates that I cannot mention everyone I want to from OP, WCCR, The Campus, the Slavic American Student Association, the Delta Alpha Fraternity House, and all those who will remain friends although they are not mentioned here.

If I must mention names, however, I have to start with my current newspaper, which has character, and some characters, even a writer specializing in pornography.

There's Joe "Ben Bradlee" Lauria, Claudia Coyle, whose wish for fame has been granted, and Marc Lipitz, last seen cracking a crab somewhere in Chinatown. The rest of the staff also has its assorted quirks and idiosyncracies, none serious.

It would take an hour's reading at a rate of 16 lines per minute to name all the good people, both past and present, up at WCCR. Steve Schoenholtz, however, does have a unique deck of playing cards (no, not five aces). I extend special regards to the crew working at the penthouse, and anyone else who remembers the General.

As for the future, I have been referred to as "obnoxious" and "opportunistic" by someone who I hope was kidding. But based on those recommendations, who knows, I may make a capable reporter.

**Pussfeet -
HAPPY BIRTHDAY!**
May your next twenty-three be
even better (for both of us,
together)

Love,
Honeybear

Malcolm X Assassination

(Continued from Page 6)

people. A good place to start would be the police department, and the FBI. When John Sullivan, the FBI agent who received the .45 caliber Colt from Timberlake, was asked by a defense attorney whether the FBI had files on Malcolm X, the OAAU, or the assassination itself, the District Attorney objected to each question and the agent never had to answer them.

Following the exposure of the FBI's harassment of Martin Luther King, the provocation and murder of Black Panthers, and the use of police agents in the assassination of George Jackson, it is clear at whom the right questions should be directed.

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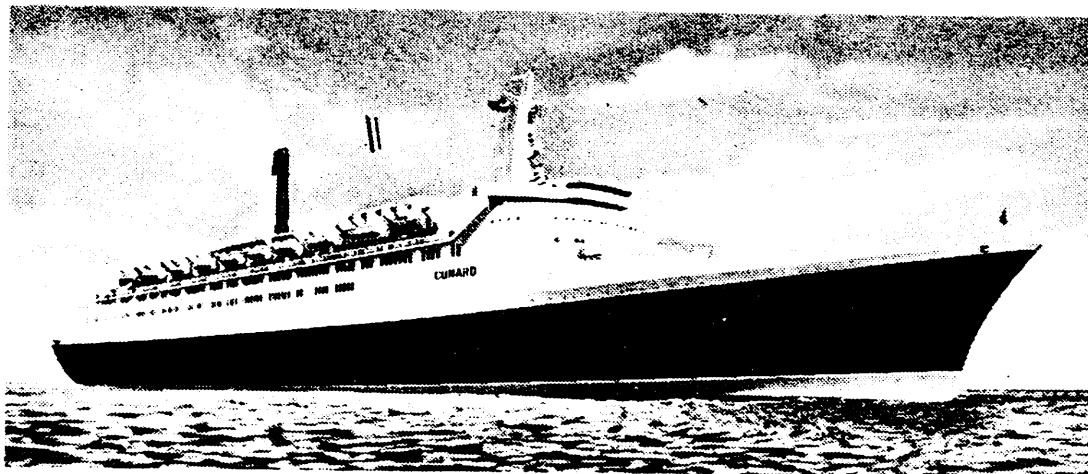
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