

*Sylvia - Have you seen this? Notice the time
relat. to our Feb 69 trial. Cyril*

on the first floor, the glass would scatter on the streets . . . This would cause chaos and confusion."

Toward Easter, the detective said, a list of target "priorities" materialized: the New Haven Railroad first, five department stores second, the botanical garden "and other things" third. King, he testified, ordered up gasoline by the 5-gallon can for Molotov cocktails, directed everyone in the guerrilla group to lay in ten Molotovs and ten aerosol-can grenades apiece and slotted a demolition class for March 27—a bare week before the day allegedly set for the operation.

Spies: Roberts as double agent seems to have played his role masterfully well: he survived in an atmosphere paranoid about spies, and his reports—along with those of at least five other infiltrators—led to the Panther roundup the dawn before the suspected bomb runs. Roberts as witness was a less settled question. He radiated a sort of calm plausibility on the

dressed conservatively and wore his hair in an impeccable military brush cut. On the bench, he was given to sudden, angry outbursts against long-haired youths arrested on drug charges. Once, in fact, he refused probation to a pair of hippies until they agreed to get their hair cut.

Today, there are people around Washington—including perhaps a few of his colleagues on the bench—who think that Judge Halleck himself could use a haircut. For now, the judge's hair descends to his collar, and he affects thick, flared sideburns, a bristling mustache and a glossy goatee. He sports a new wardrobe as well: brightly colored shirts, flared trousers and high brown shoes with buckles. And Halleck's judicial views have undergone a transformation almost as dramatic as his wardrobe's.

Vocal: Lawyers with youthful clients in trouble over drugs try to get their cases before Halleck rather than the 22 other judges on the General Sessions



Chevalier



Walters deNunzio

There went the judge: Charles Halleck then and now

stand. But his flat, unaccented narrative did not discriminate between small talk and serious business, between maneuvers in the park and revolutionary warfare in the streets; the Panthers within his earshot seem forever to have been talking about explosions and waiting for someone to produce some real explosives. The loose ends were left dangling when court adjourned for the weekend. It was left to this week for Roberts and the prosecution to show how much the Panthers meant it when they wished New York an unhappy Easter a year and a half ago.

THE LAW:

The Greening of Halleck

When Judge Charles W. Halleck was appointed to the District of Columbia's Court of General Sessions five years ago, he quickly established himself as the very model of an up-tight law-and-order jurist. A short, stocky man who was a well-known figure on the hunting and polo fields of suburban Maryland, he

bench because he is known to be lenient with first offenders. More than that, he has become one of the Capital's most vocal advocates of judicial reform—a subject he is fond of discussing at the parties given by young activists that he now attends in preference to the horsey affairs he used to frequent.

What happened to Judge Halleck? In Washington, the question has aroused unusual attention if only because of Halleck's antecedents. A former prosecutor in the U.S. Attorney's office, the 42-year-old judge was appointed to the bench in 1965 by Lyndon Johnson as a favor to his father, Charles A. Halleck, the former arch-conservative leader of the House Republicans. Although he had won a reputation as a shrewd legal mind, the congressman's son had, by his own admission, a narrow view of criminal justice when he first came to the bench. For one thing, as he told Newsweek's Philip Cook last week, "I didn't know anything about jails."

Two years ago, Halleck began to broaden his education in earnest—largely, he says, because many of the people he

had sent to prison began coming through his court a second time. Soon, the judge was visiting inmates and supervisors at local youth centers, mental institutions and at Lorton Reformatory in Virginia where he voluntarily spent a night behind bars. And last June, he attended a conference of trial judges that, as he puts it, "really took my head all apart."

Wild: For Halleck the moment of truth came when he volunteered to participate in a psychodrama with a Lorton convict named "Cueball" Irby, a Negro about the same age as Halleck. In front of an audience of about 100, the two men described the moments of crisis that had most determined their lives. Irby led off: he was, he said, born in a public toilet, the child of a 15-year-old unmarried black girl who had been thrown out by her parents when she became pregnant. After that, as one member of the audience recalls, Irby's story was "one tragedy after another." Then it was the judge's turn. He confessed that he had been a fairly wild youth who had had occasional brushes with the law—scrapes that were resolved in friendly discussions between his father and the police. And at one point, he recalled, his father quit work to devote more time to his upbringing. The judge's participation in the psychodrama was indeed cathartic. According to one witness, Halleck finally broke down in tears and blurted to the audience: "I should have been there in Cueball's place."

Equally significant in the greening of Charles Halleck, perhaps, was his divorce a year ago from his wife of eighteen years (with whom he had seven children), and his subsequent remarriage to Jean Wohl, a 33-year-old former probation officer in the General Sessions Court. Having worked with reform-minded young lawyers and black activists, the judge's attractive new wife greatly enlarged his social circle (and his vision, says Halleck), and it was she who suggested he grow a beard.

Mod: Though Halleck admits that his views have changed since he took the bench, he denies having been "radicalized." He wears modish clothes, he insists, "because that's what they're selling these days"; his philosophy, he says, is simply that of a "pragmatic realist" who wants to make the court system "serve the people—all the people."

In one respect Halleck plainly has not changed at all: he still indulges his penchant for angry outbursts from the bench—a practice that has sharpened his image in Washington as a judicial maverick. Just recently, for example, he threatened to jail policemen who fail to show up in court for trials, and a few days later, he ordered a court clerk locked up until a missing file was found. Still, as attorney Ronald Goldfarb points out, even the outbursts are evidence of a new Judge Halleck. "He's always been a quick-tempered judge," says Goldfarb. "Only now, his anger seems directed not at offenders, but at the system itself."