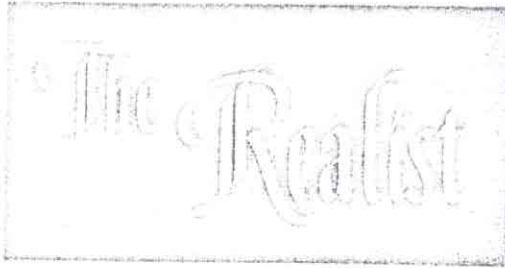
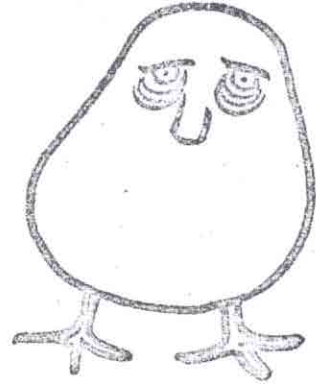


the magazine of wrongeous indignation



No. 73
February, 1967
35 Cents



*Lenny Bruce, Tim Leary and the Search for Alienation
—or, Which Deodorant Does Lyndon Johnson Use?*

by Paul Krassner

I don't know where to begin. The radio announced, "A sick comic came to a sick end last night. . . ." Just another news item. But consider the audacity of a man who would stand on a night club stage—the Gate of Horn in Chicago, December 1962, Lenny Bruce at the peak of his

career—request all lights off except one dim blue spot, ask his audience to have compassion for Adolf Eichmann, and then *become* him, continuing in a German accent: "My name is Adolf Eichmann. And the Jews came every day to what they thought would be fun in the showers. . . . People say I should have been hung. Nein. Do you recognize the whore in

the middle of you—that you would have done the same if you were there yourselves? My defense: I was a soldier. I saw the end of a conscientious day's effort. I watched through the portholes. I saw every Jew burned and turned into soap. Do you people think yourselves better because you burned your enemies at long distance with mis-

(Continued on Page 23)



Speak No Evil



See No Evil



Smell No Evil

The Murder of Malcolm X

by Eric Norden

Shortly after 3 p.m. on Sunday, February 21, 1965 Malcolm X walked onto the stage of the Audubon Ballroom at 166th Street and Broadway. The audience of some 400 Negroes and a half-dozen self-conscious whites stirred in anticipation.

At the podium Benjamin X, an officer of Malcolm's Organization of Afro-American Unity, wrapped up his

introductory speech. "And now, brothers and sisters, here is a man willing to lay down his life for you!"

The applause was thunderous.

Malcolm walked slowly to the rostrum. His face was strained, tired, and his step lacked its usual spring. He held up his right hand. "A *salaam alaikem*," he said in a hoarse voice. "Peace be unto you."

"*Wa alaikem salaam*," some 400 voices responded in unison. "And unto you peace."

The tense silence awaiting Malcolm's opening words was suddenly shattered. "Nigger, get your hands out of my pocket!" a man's voice shouted from the middle

(Continued on Page 4)

Editorial Cigars

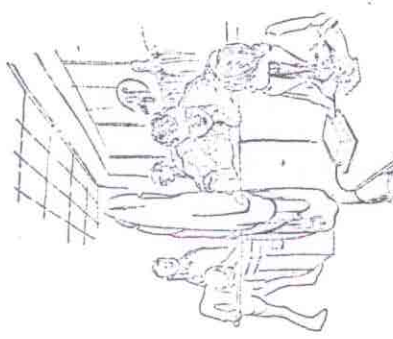
Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse

• How shall I be taken delivery of my subscription? This month? I often meditate on what would happen if there were no coverage of Vietnam. How much war could you have with no coverage? Not much. The just might be absolutely wrong about that. What with plans for increasing coverage by focusing the Vietnam conflict in the coming year's articles, it seems increasingly likely the war will finally come to an end as a direct result of the coverage.

• Conditions that there are certain subjects which are really hot in the anti-war movement. Politics is one of these. And yet, and yet... At a forum *Saturday Review* editor Norman Cousins referred to the four industrial air which blows in from New Jersey as part of New York's pollution. "This invasion air contains up to 24% of our problem," he said. "When air crosses from one state to another, the federal government should step in." Quite a go to my filler notes, this is a states rights issue if ever there was one!

• The New School for Social Research envolved a course by Dr. Allen Krebs because he refused to sign their loyalty oath. To save face, they tried to get it from a previous employer, Adelphi College (loyalty being a transferable quality), and discovered the latter never required one. The New School tutored on Adelphi, which consequently now requires an oath, but at last count 90 faculty members are remaining loyal to themselves by not signing it.

• I've told Jones is alleged to have attacked editor Shep Sherbell for not keeping an alleged promise to



"Miss? Have you ever been so alienated that you wanted to take all of humanity and stamp it down a solid white pill? The other hand you needed to get had badly enough to pay \$100 for publishing a play in *East Side Review*. Average Jones handed a \$100 check on Art D'Lugoff, owner of the Village Gate. This is to suggest that D'Lugoff endorse that check (which he's given up on, but still has), hand it over to Sherbell, who in turn can endorse it over to Jones and, except for the alleged bribe, settle the whole matter out of court.

Ah Sordid Announcements

- John Wilcock, international manager of significant trivia, is leaving the *East Village Observer* to start his own newsletter, *Other Stories* (Box 8, Village Sta., New York 10011). There will be no single issues available, only once-year (20-issues) subscriptions for \$7; the first issue will be ready in late January.
- A Lemmy Bruce Memorial Fund in the form of a savings account has been established. It will be turned over to his daughter Kitty in ten years, when she is 21. Send checks to Helen Elliott, Box 122, Village Sta., New York 10011.
- Ray Anthony, author of *The Housewife's Handbook*

The *Realist* is published monthly, except for January and July, by The *Realist* Association, a non-profit corporation.
 PAUL REASSOUE, Editor & Engineer
 SHEP SHERBELL, Editor
 BOB ASKE, Photographer
 JOHN FRANCIS FURNAN, Vice City Old Man
 DICK GUNDON, New York Funder
 BOB WOLFE, Editor & Editor
 MAESA SAM RIDGE, Editor
 Publication office is at Box 379, Stuyvesant Sta., N.Y., 10009
 Telephone: OC 7-2170
 \$3 for 10 issues; \$5 for 20 issues
 Canada & foreign subs: \$4 or \$6
 Copyright 1966 by The *Realist* Association, Inc.
 Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y.

The *Realist*

on *Scientific Promiscuity*, has published an anti-epigraphical follow-up also a manuscript edition, this one captioned at \$10 (with *Realist*), on the varieties of sensuality. When ordering either book from us, please allow at least 6 weeks for delivery.

• *John Wilcock* had the greatest influence on me—able from the *Realist* to Dalton Trumbo—is now available including heading, etc. *Maier & Palladium*. Company will be handling this for us, so we know the service will be excellent.

• The radical Eric Schrod of New York (29 E. 14 St.; OR 5-7421) charges \$21 for the first course, \$8 for each additional one, warfare techniques from Trumbo don't get paid. Courses begin in late January. Teaching like so: *Trumbo's View of the Press*—a seminar on the satirical implications of current propaganda and reporting.

• Wanted: Sexing chick to assist me in personal research of underground sweat shops.

• I will be in the San Francisco area the last week in December, in the Los Angeles area the first week in January, and I will say silly things into a microphone in both places: on Monday night, December 26, 7:45

Soft-Core Pornography of the Month



Lesbian Dry-Hump in the Times

A House of Homosexual Auto-Eroticism



at The Committee in San Francisco (call for resource: Heald); and on Saturday night, January 7, 8:15, in Los Angeles (check with the L.A. Free Press or the Reason Bookstore for details). I'll also be in Chicago, on Wednesday night, January 9, 10 pm, at Second City (tickets available only at Barbara's Bookstore). Admission will be \$2 in all three cities, and proceeds will be used to continue paying rent for the Parents Aid Society's free clinic.

• Birth control crusader Bill Baird, head of Parents Aid Society (issue #70), was found guilty in New Jersey of distributing contraceptives to the poor, went to jail rather than pay bail while the case is on appeal, but a heart attack in prison, changed his mind and borrowed money to pay bail, is now recuperating.

• There is to be a book of just sentences, or even phrases—which editors have let out of articles and news stories (including old ones) to use in a possible new *Realist* feature to be called "blatant" (credits will be withheld if requested).

• The *Realist* office (at left, with very high ceilings) now has a trampolines. The March issue will be out in the latter part of February, unless I jump a conclusion. Meanwhile beware, the trampolines are after you.

Soft-Core Pornography of the Month



Lesbian Dry-Hump in the Times

A House of Homosexual Auto-Eroticism



Quantitative Success in the New Yorker's pages

Victorian, Male Fetishism and Female Promiscuity

February 1967

Name..... Zip.....
 Address..... State.....
 City.....

- Entered please find:
- \$1 for five extra copies of issue #73
 - \$1 for a lifetime subscription starting with #
 - \$1 for a lifetime subscription starting with #
 - \$2 for Johnny Got His Gun by Dalton Trumbo
 - \$2 for a copy of Paul Kravson's Impolitic Inverities with Alan Watts, Lewis Rens, Albert Ellis, Henry Miller, and William S. Burroughs
 - \$1 for *Victim's Vietnam* by Felix Greer
 - \$1 for *How to Prevent Your Child From Becoming a Victim* by Felix Greer
 - \$6 for *Guides to Rational Living* by Ella & Harper
 - \$5 for *Housewife's Handbook* on Selective Promiscuity by Ray Anthony
 - \$10 for *The New Book* by Ray Anthony (over massed)
 - \$1 for a re-issues and/or back issues
 - \$1 for a bi-monthly One Nation Under God cartoon
 - \$1 for *Purims*, set of 1 empty marijuana seed packets
 - \$1 for *Victim's Vietnam* by Felix Greer
 - \$1 for back-issues (order will hold 35 back-issues)
 - \$1 for back-issues (order will hold 35 back-issues)
- 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72

THE MURDER OF MALCOLM X

(Continued from Cover)

of the auditorium. The words—the word—went through the audience like an electric shock.

Heads craned toward the middle of the ballroom to see what was going on. Malcolm's bodyguards rushed from their rearstrut posts toward the center of the ballroom.

Malcolm stepped out from behind the podium and walked to the front of the stage. "Now, now brothers, break it up," he said in a weary voice.

In the back of the ballroom there was a soft *crump!* as a small incendiary device was triggered. Smoke spiraled into the air and a woman screamed. In the 4th row on the left-hand side of the ballroom a man stood up with a sawed-off shotgun in his hand. There was a muffled roar as he fired point-blank into Malcolm's chest.

Simultaneously, two men in the first row jumped up with pistols in their hands. "They just stood up in front of me, cody took aim and shot, just like a firing squad!" a woman eyewitness in the 3rd row reported.

Malcolm stood erect for a few seconds under the hail of bullets and then crumpled to the floor. "Mrs. Patricia Russell, a psychiatric social worker from New Rochelle later recounted, "It seemed to me to take minutes, like a slow motion film."

As Malcolm lay on the stage the gunmen in the first row emptied their revolvers into his prone body.

In the audience, pandemonium broke loose. Women threw themselves on top of their children. Men fell to the floor or scrambled for cover under the literature tables. Malcolm's wife, Betty, who had attended the meeting with their four children, ran toward the stage, screaming hysterically: "They're killing my husband! They're killing my husband!"

A woman who later identified herself as a registered nurse ran to the stage and threw herself across Malcolm's body. "I was willing to die for the man," she told a *New York Times* reporter. "I would have taken the bullets myself."

One of Malcolm's aides rushed to a phone in the lobby and called Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center for an ambulance. The hospital was directly across the street from the ballroom, but 15 minutes later an ambulance had still not arrived.

Several of Malcolm's guards ran out on foot and brought a stretcher back to the stage. Surrounded by shouting men and women, they carried Malcolm across the street to the hospital. His body was taken to the emergency operating room where a team of doctors cut through his chest to massage his heart.

It was too late.

At 3:35 in the afternoon a hospital spokesman addressed the knots of milling Negroes keeping vigil on the sidewalk. "The person you know as Malcolm X is dead," he told them.

At white Americans reacted predictably to Malcolm's assassination. It was generally assumed, before the actual autopsy, that he had been murdered by the Black Muslims. Malcolm's letter had been murdered by the Black Muslims, Malcolm's letter. There was a comforting corollary to this theory: Malcolm had preached "hate," and hate, of the Black

Muslim variety, had in turn struck him down. The *New York Herald Tribune* expressed the mass media's attitude in a pungent editorial entitled, "Hate, Full Cycle" in its February 29, 1965 edition:

"The slaying of Malcolm X has shown again that hatred, whatever its apparent justification, however it may be rationalized, turns on itself in the end. . . . Now the hatred and violence that he preached has overwhelmed him, and he has fallen at the hands of Negroes."

Implicit in this view was an unspoken warning to militant Negroes: This is what happens when you go too far. The white press drew this reassuring moral for a few days and then lost interest in the case. But the reaction to Malcolm's assassination in the Negro community was radically different.

Few American Negroes expressed the automatic assumption of Muslim guilt prevalent in the white press. It was well-known that the Muslims feared and hated Malcolm, and would welcome his death, but they were not alone.

Powerful forces, including the U.S. State Department and the CIA, had been deeply alarmed by Malcolm's growing impact, particularly his efforts to internationalize the American racial question by bringing it before the United Nations under the Human Rights provision of the UN charter.

It was not the Muslim's who tapped Malcolm's phone, kept him under 24-hour surveillance in the U.S. and followed him closely throughout his trips to Europe, Africa, and the Middle East.

If the Muslims had their reasons for wanting Malcolm dead, so did Washington—and American Negroes knew it. Certain aspects of the assassination itself, and the events immediately preceding it, heightened doubts among Negroes that it had been a Muslim operation.

The *N.Y. Times* reported (12/6/65) that "most of Malcolm's admirers appear to believe that he was murdered on orders from the United States Government." An unidentified Harlem woman interviewed by a *New York Post* reporter Thomas Skinner the day after the assassination summed up the suspicions of many Negroes: "I don't care if he was shot by Negroes. This was planned, directed and carried out on orders from the white power structure."

Even such a pillar of the civil rights establishment as CORE National Director James Farmer expressed his doubts of the "official version" of the assassination. On February 24, 1965 the *New York Times* reported Farmer's belief that "the killing of Malcolm X was a political act, with international implications and not necessarily connected with black nationalism."

In a more recent interview with this author, Farmer added that "the week prior to his death Malcolm X tried to get in touch with the State Department to demand protection. Now, Malcolm was no fool. If this was a simple thing with the Muslims, he would not write to the State Department."

Farmer revealed that after the assassination, "I spoke to the White House and to officials in the Department of Justice and requested a federal inquiry into the murder. I've heard nothing from them on it."

Farmer was echoing the widespread suspicions of the Negro press and community—suspicions that, almost two years later, have still not been dispelled.

The Realist

If the Muslims really did kill Malcolm (and three men, two of them quite probably innocent, have been sentenced to life imprisonment on just that assumption), then certain questions have to be answered.

Why, one week after the fire-bombing of his house in Queens, were there no police at the meeting where Malcolm was murdered?

Who were the men who followed Malcolm to the New York Hilton the night before the assassination and tried to gain access to his room?

Who was the "light-skinned, olive-skinned man with the farred eyes" whom Malcolm identified as having followed him from London to New York and who fits the description of one of the assassins?

Was Malcolm lured from entering France a week before the assassination, as one *North African* diplomat claims, because the *Dezobrevé Bureau* knew the CIA planned his murder and didn't want him assassinated on French soil?

Why was Malcolm poisoned in Cairo the day before he was to deliver a scathing denunciation of the American Government to the Summit Conference of African prime ministers?

Why was Leont Amerer, Malcolm's New England representative, found strangled to death in his Boston hotel room hours after he had told a public meeting he had evidence that "the white power structure killed Malcolm"?

Who was the "mystery man" arrested outside the ballroom after the shooting as he was being beaten by a mob shouting "He shot Malcolm?"

Why did he disappear from sight immediately after being taken into custody, and why has he not been identified or heard from since?

Who were the two men wounded during the assassination, and why, after initial press reports, have they not dropped out of sight?

Why, on the night of the fire-bombing of Malcolm's home, did a "man in a police uniform" plant a gallon of

*French Department of Alien and Counter-Espionage.



"Jerry, the Negro manikin—the one not light-skinned enough."

gasoline on a dresser in the house, substantiating Malcolm claims that Malcolm had burned down his own home "as a publicity stunt?"

Why did one of the defendants at the murder trial admit his guilt, absolve his two co-defendants, and then claim he and three other men had been paid for the murder by a third party "who was not a Muslim"?

Why, under cross-examination, did the District Attorney not follow up this defendant's admission that in earlier defense questioning the identity of the paymaster had been touched on?

Why did the New York Police Department intimate date witnesses and suppress evidence to fit their own version of the murder?

Why have several of Malcolm's bodyguards, in possession of important information on the murder, fled the country?

Why has Reuben Francis, Malcolm's secretary, been arrested by the FBI and held incommunicado?

Why does Malcolm's widow, Mrs. Betty Shabazz, claim that her husband "knew his life"?

Why did Malcolm himself tell Alex Haley the day before the assassination that he no longer believed it "something large"?

And why does Malcolm's sister, Mrs. Ella Collins, declare flatly that "the CIA murdered my brother"?

All these questions surround the real root of the problem of who really killed Malcolm. Their solution will shed new light on an angle which, as *Ebony Magazine* quotes one of Malcolm's followers, "Makes James Earl Ray look like a narrow-themed fool." It is in Malcolm's buried, brilliant mind that the answers to the questions that the CIA murdered my brother?

Malcolm Little was born in Omaha, Nebraska on May 19, 1925, the son of the Rev. Earl Little, an African Baptist minister who preached the back-to-Africa gospel of Marcus Garvey. Malcolm was weaned from the bitter milk of the oppressed and disinherited people of a West Indian, was born as the result of her mother's rape by a white planter, and Malcolm was brought early to hate the "devil's blood" that gave him his light complexion and rusty hair.

At the age of 4, after his family moved to Lansing, Michigan, their house was burned to the ground by a mob of Ku Klux Klansmen.

When Malcolm was six his father's battered body was found under the rails of a streetcar. Malcolm always believed his father had been killed by the Klan and dumped on the tracks.

(Recounting his father's death in his *Autobiography*, Malcolm wrote that "It has always been my belief that I, too, will die by violence. I have done all that I can to be prepared.")

At 12, Malcolm dropped out of school and traveled by bus to Boston to live with his older sister, Ella.

First in Boston and later in New York, he gravitated to the cool, zest-soaked world of the Negro hip-hop. He drank heavily, took up drugs and made the ghetto scene with the ultimate status symbol: a white mistress.

By the time he reached his late teens his cocaine habit was costing him \$20 a day, and to support it he pushed marijuana, sold numbers, and picked a pistol for emergencies. His height and coloring won him the

sobriquet of "Big Red" and in the wartime jungle of Harlem he was a hustler's hustler.

Nightly he commuted "downtown," picking up wealthy white men and women and steering them to Negro prostitutes. Sex perversion of the white world was a stranger to him; Krazy-Gelling was his first lover, finally, him through the twisted environs of the Caucasian mind.

When Malcolm could no longer support his habit by picking up the white world, he turned to the Negro world and organized a burglary ring. At a few profitable meetings he was arrested and in 1946 he was sentenced to ten years in prison for burglary.

"Big Red" celebrated his 21st birthday in the state prison at Charleston.

Only Malcolm's body was engaged in the human zoo at Charleston. His mind and intellect he began to read voraciously in the prison library; he read the dictionary through, starting with "auntie," copying the words down on scraps of paper and studying them through the bars in his right hand.

When Malcolm told him of a strange new religion preached by a black prophet in Chicago he wrote for information and was personally answered by the Hon. Elijah Muhammad, Messenger of Allah and Shepherd of the Faithful, Nation of Islam in the Wilderness of the United States.

His correspondence with Elijah Muhammad opened up a new world to Malcolm; a world where black men walked in dignity, proud of their skin, their hair, their heritage, eschewing the physical and mental poison of the white blues-eyed devils.

Conversion followed revelation, and when he left prison in 1952 he was a fanatic Muslim.

"Big Red" had died in Charleston.

Malcolm X was born.

Elijah Muhammad was quick to recognize the native intelligence and leadership ability of his new disciple, and appointed Malcolm Minister of Muslim Mosque #7 in Harlem.

Membership and zeal skyrocketed under his direction. Elijah went Muslim across the country, reviving moribund mosques and founding new ones. His oratorical genius won thousands of new converts for the Muslims; by the late 1950's Malcolm had become the Paul to Elijah Muhammad's Jesus.

In 1959 the Muslims burst into public attention as a result of Alice Wallace's TV documentary, *The Hate That Hate Produced*.

Overnight, the mass media, which till then had ignored him, were suddenly made for "Muslim matters." The most articulate spokesman for the movement (Elijah was a clumsy, ineffectual speaker) Malcolm appeared on countless TV and radio shows and was the subject of a book by the author of *Black Muslims*, which American listeners to his bitter denunciations of white supremacy and hatred in general descended on their collective back.

Malcolm knew that to most whites he was just a freak, the perfect out-of-focus for a two-minute time slot on the evening news, but he welcomed news to those same media as means of reaching millions of hitherto uncontacted Negroes.

By the early 1960's Malcolm X was a household word

In America: a boogeyman for complacent whites and many bourgeois Negroes, but a symbol of freedom and independence to the ghetto Negroes. Malcolm said what they had thought for years, and even those unready to accept the pertinent doctrine at the Muslims thrilled voraciously at hearing Whitby say it.

But Malcolm's very success led to the seeds of his downfall in the Movement. Many Muslim officials, including those members of Elijah's family in the United States, resented Malcolm's rise to power and tried to put him back in jail. Even the Messenger of Allah would eventually excommunicate him.

And by 1963 Malcolm himself was beginning to have doubts about the Movement.

He was still a loyal follower of Elijah, but his appearances at colleges throughout the country had brought him into closer contact with the Civil Rights Movement, and he was disturbed about the Muslim policy of standing aloof from it.

"I thought privately that we should have amended, or relaxed, our general non-engagement policy; Malcolm later wrote in his *Autobiography*, "It could be heard interestingly in the Negro communities; these Muslims talk tough, but they never do anything, unless somebody bothers Muslims."

Malcolm was also disillusioned by facts he discovered about Elijah Muhammad's personal life. He learned from indirectly reliable sources that Elijah's former associates and the testimony of disaffected Muslims from Chicago Mosque #2 that the Messenger of Allah had a harem of 7 wives, by whom he had fathered 10 children.

Malcolm's whole existence since leaving prison had been based on his unflinching belief in the divinity of Elijah Muhammad. Now the rock of his faith was crumbling before his eyes.

In desperation, he flew to Elijah's winter home in Phoenix, Arizona and told him everything he had heard. The Messenger denied nothing, but, explained to Malcolm, he was only following his religious destiny.

"You have always had such a good understanding of prophecy, and of spiritual things," he told Malcolm as they walked beside his swimming pool. "You recognize that's what all of this is—prophecy. I'm David, Whyn't you read about how David took another man's wife. I'm that David. You read about Noah, who got drunk—that's me? You read about Lot, who went out and laid up with his own daughters. I have to fulfill all of those things."

Elijah's explanation did little to soothe Malcolm's doubts, and the Messenger of Allah realized that his young disciple was no longer totally loyal. By the time Malcolm arrived back in New York, the word had quickly gone out from Phoenix to Muslim Mosques across the country: "Watch Malcolm. He can't be trusted."

Malcolm was frozen out of the Muslim newspaper, *Muslim World News*, and no longer privileged to give his time writing for the publication, and at to formally excommunicate him. He finally refused on these remarks Malcolm had made right after the assassination of President Kennedy.

Malcolm then fled the association to the murder of Malcolm X. He was welcomed in the home of Madge Evers and Patrice Lumumba and pointed out

that "hate in white men had not stopped with the killing of defenseless black people; hate, allowed to spread unchecked, finally had struck down this country's chief of state." It was, Malcolm claimed, a case of "the chickens coming home to roost."

Malcolm's little homily was no stronger than what thousands of American were saying, including Chief Justice Earl Warren in his eulogy at Kennedy's funeral, but Elijah used it as a pretext to "suspend" Malcolm for 90 days as Minister of the Harlem Mosque. He was also prohibited from making any public statements. A few weeks later, the suspension was extended "indefinitely."

Malcolm, now totally disillusioned, realized there was no place left for him in the Muslim movement; 38 years old, with no money of his own, a wife and three children to support, his home and car the possession of the Muslims, Malcolm nevertheless was determined to fight on.

On March 12, 1961 he called a press conference and announced the formation of a new movement, the Muslim Mosque, Inc. Three months later he organized another, broader group, the Organization of Afro-American Unity, a secular, politically-oriented outfit open to the participation of religious and non-religious Negroes alike.

In announcing the Muslim Mosque, Malcolm rejected low radically his ideas had altered since his break with the Muslims. "I am prepared to cooperate in local civil-rights action in the South and elsewhere," he said, "because every campaign for specific objectives can only heighten the political consciousness of the Negroes."

Malcolm had broken the chains of Muslim separatism and was headed on a course of political activism. After at least six other Muslim movements, he was

In April, 1961 Malcolm made a pilgrimage to Mecca. To his surprise, he was greeted in the Holy City as a major world figure, venerated by King Feisal and introduced to leading Islamic religious authorities and Saudi government officials.

His experience in Mecca was one Malcolm would never forget. His contact with other Muslim pilgrims completely changed his views on racism and the possibility of black-white brotherhood. In a bold, passionate



"This man was earned by an elderly Negro who had shared the association to the murder of Malcolm X under the hood for four of some cop taking him."

letter to his aides at the Muslim Mosque he expressed his new viewpoint:

"Throughout my travels in the Muslim world, I have met, talked to, and even eaten with people who in America would have been considered 'white'—but the 'white' attitude was removed from their minds by the religion of Islam. I have never before seen *asacry* and true brotherhood practiced by all colors together, irrespective of their color. . . . Each hour here in the Holy Land enables me to have greater spiritual insights into what is happening in America between black and white.

"The American Negro never can be harmed for his racial animosities—he is only reacting to 400 years of the conscious racism of the American whites. But as racism leads America up the suicide path, I do believe, from the experiences that I have had with them, that the whites of the younger generations, in the colleges and universities, will see the handwriting on the wall and many of them will turn to the spiritual path of truth—the only way left to America to ward off the disaster that racism must inevitably lead to. . . . Malcolm approved apprehensive that his followers might not understand his new attitude to whites.

"You may be shocked by these words coming from me," he concluded. "But on this pilgrimage, what I have seen and experienced has forced me to *re-arrange* much of my thought-patterns previously held, and to *re-see* some of my previous conclusions. This was not too difficult for me. Despite my firm convictions, I have always been a man who tries to face facts, and to accept the reality of life as new experiences and new knowledge unfolds it. I have always kept an open mind which is necessary to the flexibility that must go hand in hand with every form of intelligent search for truth."

The letter was signed "El-Hajj Malik El-Shabazz" (his Arabic name prefixed by the honorary "Hajj" awarded all pilgrims to Mecca). It was significant that the two major changes of thought and attitude in Malcolm's life were accompanied by a change of name.

Malcolm Little, converted to Islam behind the bars of Charleston state prison, emerged Malcolm X: a revelation just as deep occurred in the sacred streets of Mecca, and brought forth El-Hajj Malik El-Shabazz.

"In the Holy World," Malcolm Little wrote in his *Autobiography*, "away from America's race problem, was the first time I ever had been able to think clearly about the basic divisions of white people in America, and how their attitudes in my country were different from the Holy City of Mecca had been the first time I had seen human beings."

Malcolm didn't soften in his opposition to white racism. But from that moment on he never failed to draw a distinction between the evil committed by whites and the inherent evil of all whites. Shortly before his death he wrote:

"In the past, yes, I have made astounding indictments of all white people. I never will be guilty of that again—as I know now that some white people are truly sincere, that some truly are capable of being brotherly toward a black man.

"The true Islam has shown me that a blanket indictment of all white people is as wrong as when whites make blanket indictments against blacks. . . ."

It isn't the American white man who is a racist, but it's the American political, economic and social structure that automatically nourishes a racist psychology in the white man.

Malcolm's new attitude was not only more humane, more religiously motivated. Apart from the moral and religious aspects of the problem, Malcolm had come to realize that the Negro's present component of the American system, instead of scattering his shot at all whites, Malcolm began to train his sights squarely on the political and economic administration of the U.S. Almost subliminally, his position was being radicalized, and he was swinging left.

At the end of April, 1963, Malcolm left Mecca and flew on to a tour of several African countries. Once again, he was astonished at the warmth of his reception. He was greeted as the roving ambassador of an American black nation, praised in the press, feted by diplomats and prime ministers.

In Nigeria, Cabinet ministers vied for his attention. In Ghana, he was received by then-President Nkrumah, who arranged for him to address a joint session of the Ghanaian Parliament—the first American to be so honored. While in Accra he established friendly contact with the Chinese and Cuban Ambassadors, who both hold state dinners in his honor. From Ghana he flew on to Morocco and Algeria, returning to the U.S. on May 21, 1963.

If Mecca had a blinding impact on Malcolm's racial attitudes, his African tour was equally important to his political development. He had always stressed the necessity for Negroes to identify culturally and historically with their original homeland, but his discussion with African leaders had opened up the possibility of tangible cooperation between American Negroes and the more radical African states.

An idea began to evolve in Malcolm's mind—the idea of bringing the American racial problem before the U.S. under the Human Rights provision of the Charter. If South Africa could be arraigned before the world body, why not the U.S.?

Malcolm knew the plan could not succeed without the support of the independent African states, and in the summer of 1963 he made another, more extended trip to Africa, spending 18 weeks touring the continent and conferring with African leaders.

On his tour Malcolm visited Egypt, Kuwait, Lebanon, Sudan, Uganda, Ethiopia, Kenya, Tanzania, Zanzibar, Nigeria, Ghana, Liberia, Guinea, and Algeria. He held successful audiences with President Nasser of Egypt, President Touré of Guinea, President Enkwa of Nigeria, President Nweye of Tanzania, Prime Minister Jomo Kenyatta of Kenya, Prime Minister Milton Obote of Uganda and President Nkrumah of Ghana.

Ghana was Malcolm's most fervent ally, and Nkrumah entrusted him with a letter of commission to arrange upon his return for the purchase and installation of a nuclear reactor in Accra.

So other non-African had ever been so honored and treated by the African. In New York, Malcolm met Laurence Henry, a New Negro leader, who told him that state officials from black Africa could communicate with him. Thirty-two African nations promised to support Malcolm's resolution to the United Nations concerning human rights for black Americans.

John Lewis and Donald Harris of SNCC, who were on a tour of Africa at the same time as Malcolm, attest to the deep impression he made throughout his travels: "Malcolm's impact was just fantastic. In every country he visited he was known, and served as the main attraction, for delegations of other Afro-Americans and their political leaders to meet with him."

Washington was deeply alarmed by Malcolm's African activities. His biting denunciation of U.S. Government ineptness on civil rights coupled with his growing attacks on "American imperialism," were stirring up anti-U.S. sentiment throughout Africa.

As long as Malcolm had been a Muslim he was no threat to the tower structure; the Muslims had developed a rhetoric of violence, but they did nothing. In fact, federal intelligence agencies privately approved of the Muslims because they recruited thousands of the most militant Negroes and diverted their anger into harmless channels.

The Muslims under Elijah Muhammad constituted as much a challenge to the status quo as Father Divine, and had as much influence on foreign policy as Oral Roberts.

But it was quite another thing for Malcolm X to travel across Africa, rekindling public sentiment against Washington, and maneuvering to bring the American racial question before the U.N., a move which, if successful, could force Washington's hand by initiating propaganda reversal of the Cold War. The Government began keeping close tabs on Malcolm and his associates.

Alex Haley, who collaborated with Malcolm on his *Autobiography*, reports that:

"In Washington, D.C. and New York City, powerful civic, private, and governmental agencies and individuals were keenly interested in what Malcolm X was saying abroad, and were speculating upon what he would say, and possibly do, when he returned to America. In upstate New York, I received a telephone call from a close friend who said he had been asked to ask me if I would come to New York City on an appointed day to meet with in very high government official who was interested in Malcolm X."

"I did fly down to the city. My friend accompanied me to the offices of a large private foundation well known for its activities and donations in the civil rights area. I met the foundation's president and he introduced me to the Justice Department Civil Rights Section head, Burke Marshall. Marshall was chiefly interested in Malcolm X's finances, particularly how his extensive traveling since his Black Muslim ouster had been paid for."

On August 13, 1964, while Malcolm was in Cairo to request the aid of the Summit Conference of African Prime Ministers for his U.N. move, M. S. Hinder reported from Washington to the *New York Times* that:

"The State Department and the Justice Department have begun to take an interest in Malcolm's campaign to convince African states to raise the question of persecution of American Negroes at the United Nations. . . . 8 days memorandum to the heads of state at the Cairo conference requesting their support be made available here only recently. After studying it, officials said that if Malcolm succeeded in convincing just one African government to bring up the charge

at the United Nations, the United States government would be faced with a touchy problem.

"The United States, officials here believe, would find itself in the same category as South Africa, Hungary and other countries whose domestic policies have become debatable issues at the United Nations. The issue, officials say, would be of service to critics of the United States, Communist and non-Communist, and contribute to the undermining of the position the United States has asserted for itself as the leader of the West in the advocacy of human rights.

"In a letter from Cairo to a friend, Malcolm wrote: 'I have gotten several promises of support in bringing our plight before the U.N. this year. . . .'

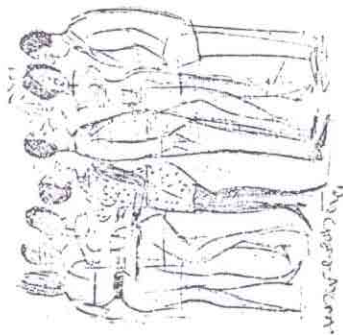
"Although the State Department's interest in Malcolm's activities in Africa is obvious, that of the Justice Department is unimpaired. In fact, Malcolm is regarded as an implacable leader of the deep-seated Negro sentiment classes. . . . Malcolm X line continued in friends that he has an important role to play in New York by the Federal Bureau of Investigation and by the intelligence service of the New York Police Department. . . ."

Throughout Africa Malcolm was followed closely by his fans. Malcolm reports in his *Autobiography* that:

"Throughout my trip, I was of course aware that I was under constant surveillance. There were men in particularly obvious places. They were not, I finally got told in Cairo when I found I couldn't seem to get a meal in the hotel without seeing him somewhere. . . . In Washington, D.C. you would have thought I was an Hitler for Germany."

"I just got up from my breakfast one morning and walk over to where he was, and I told him I knew he was following me, and if he wanted to know anything, why didn't he ask me?"

"I was, to hear him tell it, anti-American, un-American, seditious, subversive, and probably Communist."



"Dear, we forgot to invite the necessary white liberal." February 1967

manist. I told him that what he said only proved how little he understood about me. I told him that the only thing the FBI, the CIA, or anybody else could ever find me guilty of, was being open-minded. I said I was seeking for the truth, and I was trying to weigh objectively—everything on its own merit. I said what I was against was anti-jacketed thinking, and anti-jacketed societies."

Malcolm was initially surprised to find that he was followed not only in America but in Africa as well, but he soon got used to his shadow. "It's like staying in a room full of spider webs," he told his wife Betty upon returning home. "If a man is aware of the web, you're visible in that one room—if you go to another room, you suppose at first that it's not there, and if you look closely it's still being spun around you."

But there is evidence that the CIA did not limit its activities to surveillance.

In July, 1964, Malcolm was in Cairo to address the African Summit Conference. In his memorandum to the Conference he violently attacked Washington's domestic and foreign policy. He said that the U.S. Government's refusal of civil rights legislation "nothing but trials of the century's leading black-nationalist power" and urged the assembled delegates to bring the U.S. before the heretofore public opinion of the U.N.

The American Embassy in Cairo requested in delicate behind-the-scenes negotiations to have Malcolm barred from addressing the Conference, but its efforts were totally nullified by both the Egyptian Government and Washington's efforts to silence Malcolm. They appear to have passed from the diplomats to the intelligence agencies. Their efforts to silence Malcolm, however, did not live to deliver his speech.

When Malcolm first arrived in Cairo he was given accommodations about the Nile. His harbored "Freedom yacht moored on the Nile. The his harbored "Freedom fighters" from all the non-triberal areas of Africa—Angola, Mozambique, South Africa, Rhodesia. When the yacht became overcrowded, Malcolm moved out and took a room at the Nile Hilton, which he shared with Milton Henry, a lawyer and civil rights activist from Detroit.

On July 23, 1964, the day before he was to deliver his speech to the Summit Conference, Malcolm dined in the Hilton's main restaurant. Shortly after dinner, Malcolm collapsed in his hotel room, suffering from severe abdominal pains. He was rushed to a hospital. In an interview with the author, Milton Henry reported that "he would have died if he hadn't been able to get to the hospital in a hurry. His stomach was pumped out, cleaned out thoroughly, and that saved him, but as Malcolm said afterwards, he would have died if he had not got immediate treatment."

Analysis of the stomach pumping disclosed a "toxic substance." Its nature was undisclosed, but food poisoning was ruled out. Malcolm was hospitalized for a day-and-a-half, but against his doctor's advice he managed to appear at the Summit Conference and give his speech. He was shaky for several days afterward. According to Henry, Malcolm believed "someone had deliberately poisoned me." Malcolm tried to find the waiter who had served him, but he had disappeared.

In discussing the incident with Henry, Malcolm stressed "the fact that CIA men were all around him

in Cairo. He later told Henry that "Washington had a lot to do with it."

In an interview with this author, Mrs. Ella Collins, Malcolm's sister, reported that Malcolm told her of the poisoning incident on his return from Africa. "He told me that he felt that the CIA was definitely responsible for it. After that he was very careful. In fact, on another occasion there was an affair given in his honor in Addis Ababa, and in observing the water he got a heavy feeling and refused the food. He never had any proof, of course, but he always felt sure somehow that he had by-passed another poisoning."

Malcolm's poisoning in Cairo was a failure in more ways than one. His speech won tumultuous applause, and shortly afterwards the delegates adopted a resolution condemning U.S. racial policies. No formal stand was taken on bringing the question before the United Nations, but Malcolm received private pledges of support for the plan from several nations.

Upon his return to the U.S., Malcolm stepped up his efforts to bail the U.S. before the UN, but he found little support for the move among the established civil rights groups. It was too "radical," too "anti-American," for their taste. Malcolm was also hampered in building a strong organization of his own by his reputation as a "traitor." He writes in his *Autobiography*: "One of the major troubles that I was having in building the nation that I wanted, an all-black organization whose ultimate objectives was to help create a society in which there could exist honest white-black brotherhood—was that my earlier public image, my old so-called 'black Muslim' image, kept blocking me. I was trying to gradually reshape that image. I was trying to bring a corner into a new road by the public, especially Negroes, that I had been very busy with. I had set in the Holy World, but influenced me to recognize that anger can blind human vision."

Malcolm was not discouraged by the rebuffs he encountered. His track in Africa had widened his traditional horizons. He had learned rapidly to the left even to the point of an all-black working class with the Trotskyite Socialist Workers Party.

In his public statements he increasingly gave expression to the view that domestic exploitation of American Negroes, especially Negroes, was the most heinous crime. "We've got to get out of here to control the poorer, predominantly non-white nations."

"This system is not only ruling in America, it is ruling the world," he said in an interview with the *World Socialist* magazine shortly before his death. At a World meeting in Detroit he declared that:

"This society is controlled primarily by the racist and segregationist and are in Washington, D.C. They possess our power and are in Washington, D.C. They are the same forms of brutal oppression against the dark-skinned people in South and North Vietnam or in the Congo, or in Cuba or any other place on this earth where they are trying to exploit and oppress."

"That is a society whose government doesn't hesitate to inflict the most brutal form of punishment and oppression upon dark-skinned people all over the world."

Malcolm became an uncompromising opponent of the war in Vietnam long before Martin Luther King opened his mouth on the subject.

"What America is doing in South Vietnam is criminal," he told a meeting of the Militant Labor Forum in 1964, "that the oppressed people of South Vietnam . . . have been successful in fighting off the agents of imperialism. . . . Little rice farmers, peasants, with a rifle, up against all the highly-mechanized weapons of warfare—jets, napalm, helicopters, everything else. And America can't put those rice farmers back where they want them. Somebody's waking up."

Malcolm adopted an increasingly pro-Chinese position on international questions. In a telephone interview between Malcolm in London and Afro-American students in Paris on February 9, 1965 he was asked about the recent explosion of China's first atom bomb. Malcolm replied:

"I think it's one of the greatest things that has ever happened. Because up until now the nuclear devices have been in the hands of the Europeans—they have exercised a monopoly over the nuclear weapons or over the ability to produce nuclear weapons. But, now the Chinese have entered it. . . ."

"So, as far as I am concerned, it was a very good thing and I do hope they will be able to build bigger ones and better ones every day—because the only language that America understands is the language of power and a dark nation has to be in a position to talk or speak the language that these Imperialists understand."

After his African trips Malcolm leaned more and more to socialism as an alternative to the American economic system, which he believed fostered and institutionalized racism. During his travels he discussed socialism with Marxists in Zanzibar, Guinea, Ghana and Algeria, and on more than one occasion had a fruitful ideological discussion with Ernesto Che Guevara of Cuba.

(During his U.S. mission in December, 1961 Che sent a warm message of greeting and support to Malcolm on behalf of Fidel Castro.)

In May, 1964, when asked what political system he desired for America, Malcolm said:

"I don't know. But I'm flexible. As was stated earlier, all of the countries that are emerging today from under the shackles of colonialism are turning towards socialism. I don't think it's an accident."

"Most of the countries that were colonial powers were capitalist countries, and the last hallmark of capitalism today in America, and it's impossible for a white person today to believe in capitalism without racism."

"And if you find a person without racism and you happen to get that person into conversation and they have a philosophy that makes you sure they don't have racism in their outlook, usually they're socialists or their political philosophy is socialism."

Just a few weeks before his death Malcolm expressed his opposition to capitalism in the strongest terms he had yet employed. In an interview with a socialist magazine he declared that:

"It is impossible for capitalism to survive, primarily because the system of capitalism needs some blood to suck. Capitalism used to be like an eagle, but now it's more like a vulture. It used to be strong enough to go and suck anybody's blood whether they were strong or not. But now it has become more cowardly. Like the vulture, and it can only suck the blood of the helpless."

As the nations of the world free themselves, then capitalism has less victims, less blood to suck, and it becomes weaker and weaker. It's only a matter of time in my opinion before it will collapse completely."

Malcolm X was leading American Negroes on a road followed by millions of their brothers in Asia, Africa and Latin America. But it was a road that the U.S. Government had long ago marked closed. It would lead to Malcolm's death.

By the fall of 1961 Malcolm's plan to indict America in the U.S. was in high gear. He had established close working relationships with the U.S. delegations of several African nations, and was a familiar figure in the Delegates' Lounge.

In November, 1961, when the U.S. intervened in the Congo, Malcolm took the lead in whipping up opposition to the U.S. He belayed rebuffingly with his U.S. contacts, urging them to strongly condemn the move, unless you want to be next."

Malcolm was one of the driving forces behind the unprecedented ball of abuse rained on Washington during the General Assembly Congo debate in December, 1961.

M. S. Handler reported in the *New York Times* of January 2, 1962 that Malcolm had urged the African delegates not only to attack U.S. intervention in the Congo but to employ "the racial situation in the United States as an instrument of attack in discussing international problems" because "such a strategy would give the African states more leverage in dealing with the United States and would in turn give American Negroes more leverage in American society." Handler added:

"The spokesmen of some African states acted precisely within the framework of those recommendations last month in the Congo debate at the United Nations. They accused the United States of being indifferent to the fate of blacks and cited as evidence the attitude of the United States government toward the civil-rights struggle in Mississippi."

"The African move profoundly disturbed the American authorities, who gave the impression that they had been caught off guard."

Malcolm had become, within a period of 9 months, Washington's black Public Enemy Number One. George

Brettman, editor of *Malcolm X Speaks*, writes that: "The State Department credited him, or rather blamed him, for a good part of the strong stand against [the] U.S. taken by African nations in the U.S. at the time of the latest activities in the Congo. As he knew, the CIA and similar agencies take an interest in what the State Department doesn't like."

In a domestic context, Washington saw Malcolm as a long-range threat; he was widely popular with the black masses, but plagued with organizational and recruiting problems that reduced his political effectiveness.

But in foreign affairs, Malcolm was an imminent and serious danger; more than any other single factor he was responsible for the growing suspicion and fear with which many African states viewed Washington's intentions.

At the very time that the U.S. was making an all-out effort to penetrate Africa, it found its efforts frustrated by one man, an ex-convent and deep-cultist whose record would have made him unemployable as a State Department chauffeur.

It must have been piling that such a man, by promoting the African U.S. delegations against America's Congo intervention, had been responsible for America's most stunning setback in the U.S. since the Bay of Pigs fiasco, but Washington did not accept its humiliation with equanimity.

As his anti-U.S. activities grew more widespread and effective, a few of Malcolm's associates and relatives began to warn him of the dangers of government retaliation. He had been under surveillance for some time, he broke with the Muslims, and just then there were as many as three different agents shadowing him at one time.

His phone was bugged—"On my home telephone, if I said 'I'm going to bomb the Empire State Building,' I guarantee you in five minutes it would be surrounded," and the homes of such associates as Alex Haley were asked about it. (He began to infringe his meetings with the would-be "honored guests, leaders, and sisters, friends and enemies; also ABC and CBS and FBI and CIA.")

But he knew that powerful forces were after him. His widow Betty told this author, "He believed that the power structure in Washington wanted him dead. He once said, 'If anybody kills me it'll be the police surrounding this house.' He was followed wherever he went; it was a constant thing."

As Malcolm's UN move grew to fruition, his sister Ella asked him if he knew to what lengths Washington might go to stop him. "I asked him if he really recognized the importance of his attempt to go to the United Nations," Mrs. Collins told this author.

"He said to me, 'You know, Ella, maybe I haven't fully realized how vital this thing is to the government.'"

"I told him that to take a step of this kind he needed protection, real protection, that he felt secure with. But he couldn't even trust his own bodyguards. I've been informed by reliable sources that there were CIA agents right in the Organization, and I've been given their names. Malcolm knew the dangers, but he said he had to go ahead."



"Darling, my schwartzia is threatening to quit!"

February 1967

The Realist

flicker of expression crossed her face as she murmured softly: "That's a lie."

And Alex Haley commented, "Deputy Police Commissioner Arm's statement that Malcolm X refused police protection conflicts directly with the statements of many of his associates that during the week preceding the assassination Malcolm X complained repeatedly that the police would not take his requests for protection seriously."

The point, of course, is that it is the police's duty to protect a man in Malcolm's position whether or not he sends them a formal invitation. When a man's house is bombed and he and his family almost incinerated, police protection is automatic and unsolicited. Except, of course, when the man is Malcolm X.

(When George Lincoln Rockwell, who prides himself on requesting police protection, arrived in New York City for a public meeting on February 10, 1966, the *New York Times* reported that "a number of his men, thus and out to keep order . . . Rockwell was clearly panicked. . . .")

Malcolm himself had previously been given heavy police protection without asking for it. Alex Haley reports one instance where Malcolm went to court to contest the order to vacate his house in Queens and was guarded by "twenty uniformed policemen and twelve plainclothes detectives."

If there were no uniformed policemen to protect Malcolm, there seems to have been a contingent of plainclothesmen in the audience. Their role in events deserves closer scrutiny. Under the headline, "Elements of City's Secret Police Unit Saw Malcolm Shot," the *Herald Tribune's* Milton Lewis reported on February 24rd that:

"Several" undercover plainclothesmen were in the up-down meeting hall at the time Malcolm was shot dead there. . . . According to a high police official, "several members of its outstanding unit, the highly secretive Bureau of Special Services (BSSS) were in the Audubon Ballrooms. . . ."

"It is no secret that BSSS police—who never wear uniforms—have credentials to cover almost any situation, so that if they were required to have a card or emblem of the Black Nationalist sect it is a safe bet they had them."

A police official told Lewis, "It is sufficient to say that we had him covered."

If BSSS agents were in the ballroom—either as members of the audience or infiltrators in Malcolm's organization—they did not lift a finger to protect him or to apprehend his killers.

In defending themselves against charges of negligence or complicity, the police claim the assassination took them by surprise. (This, despite the fire-bombing attempt on Malcolm's life one week before.) In fact, the N.Y. Police Department was informed that an attempt was to be made on Malcolm's life well in advance of the assassination.

The day after Malcolm's murder the Chicago police force revealed that when Malcolm had visited Chicago in December, 1962 the Los Angeles police informed and relayed a warning that plans were afoot to have Malcolm "killed publicly." At the press conference in

And there were no Jack Ruby around to silence him. The police may have tried a more subtle method; police suspects were instructed to leave the bullet in Haley's leg for several weeks, although there was no medical reason why he could not have been operated on immediately. Was someone hoping that complications would set in and Haley would die "naturally"? When he only grew stronger, the bullet was finally removed.

There is some evidence that another of the murderers was caught by the mob, but this time police authorized not to him in time, covered up his traces and spirited him to safety. The first (City) edition of the *New York Times* reported the murder on "Monday morning, February 22nd," with the subtitle: "Police Hold Two For Questioning." The *Times* revealed that, in addition to Haley, a second man had been apprehended:

"Patrolman Thomas Hoy, 22, said he had been standing outside the 10th Street entrance when I heard the shooting and the police exploded. He rushed in, saw Malcolm lying on the stage and grabbed a suspect who he said some people were chasing. 'As I brought him to the front of the ballroom, the crowd began beating me and the suspect, Patrolman Hoy said. He said he put this man—not otherwise identified later for news—into a police car to be taken to the Wadsworth Avenue station."

Here, clearly, is a man whom both Patrolman Hoy and the crowd had good reason to believe was involved in the assassination. And yet, from that moment on, no more is heard of him.

Someone had sent out word that the subject was to be dropped, and the press apparently obeyed. For in the late City edition of the *New York Times*, which is printed only 3 or 4 hours later, the earlier sub-headline "Police Hold Two For Questioning," has been changed to "One Is Held in Killing."

A similar feat of legendmaking occurred in the *New York Herald Tribune*. In the first (City) edition of the *Tribune*, put to press early Sunday evening, the sub-head under the lead article by Jimmy Ressler on the assassination is "Police Reserve Two Suspects."

Ressler reports in his story that the first suspect, Haley, had been taken to Bellevue Prison ward while the other suspect was taken to the Wadsworth Avenue precinct, where the city's top policeman immediately conveyed and began one of the heaviest homicide investigations this city has ever seen.

But in this (late City) edition of the *Tribune*, the second has been changed to "Police Reserve One Suspect" and all mention of the second suspect has been culled out of Ressler's story.

What makes the case of this "mystery suspect" even more intriguing is the evidence that he was not a Negro, but appeared to be Puerto Rican or Cuban. In an article on Malcolm's death in the October, 1965 issue of *Ebony Magazine*, Alan Morrison asks, "What happened in the thin-lipped, olive-skinned Latin-looking man who emptied a pistol in the direction of the stage at the hands of Malcolm's followers?"

Morrison's description of the "mystery suspect," corroborated by eyewitnesses at the murder scene, tallies almost word for word with Malcolm's description of a man who had trailed him through London and was on the plane that returned him to New York one week before

Chicago police headquarters, Captain William Duffy, head of the city's police intelligence division, and Sgt. Edward McClellan of the District Government, revealed that they had warned New York of a possible murder attempt on Malcolm.

According to the *NY Times* of Feb. 22, "Sgt. McClellan said today at the police headquarters news conference that Malcolm said December 31 that he feared he was being stalked for death here, and the *New York Police were alerted*" (emphasis added). The *Journal-American* reported on February 22nd that "According to the police spokesman, the department knew in mid-January that an attempt was to be made on Malcolm's life."

There is only one explanation that fits all aspects of the New York police department's behavior, including its attempt to blame Malcolm for the bombing of his own home: Certain high echelons of the department, most likely including officials of BSSS, knew of the assassination attempt and wanted to insure its success. Thus, when the first murder try failed, and Malcolm survived the fire-bombing of his house, it was essential for the police to play down the seriousness of the attack. If the public really believed an assassination attempt had been made against Malcolm, pressure would have been brought to bear on the police to protect him; and with a second assassination effort already under way, the conspirators could not afford this.

So it was claimed, and a good many people believed, that the whole thing had been a publicity stunt rigged by Malcolm himself; when he argued otherwise and demanded protection, he was coolly ignored by the press.

The police role in the murder itself was apparently a passive one—they just stayed away and left an open field for the assassins. (It is unlikely that the mobsters would have gunned Malcolm down in broad daylight before 400 people unless someone in a position of authority had assured them they would not have to worry about police interference.)

Thus the unsuspecting Patrolman Henry was recruited in the Rose Room of the Audubon Ballroom and told to report back to his superiors when he heard shots.

On the basis of all the available evidence, elements of the New York Police Department were willing to acquiesce in the assassination of Malcolm X. Despite police cooperation, the assassination was not an unqualified success. One of the assassins, Palmadze, a member of the Black Nationalist sect, was shot in the leg as he fled the ballroom, allegedly by Malcolm X's secretary, Reuben Francis. Haley was arrested by a mob and almost torn apart before he was trapped by two policemen whose squad car had been cruising in the neighborhood.

(They evidently had not been tipped off to stay clear of the ballroom.)

Haley had a clip of .45 bullets in his pocket which matched one of the murder guns found on the scene, and his thumbnail was later found on the remains of the fire-bombing exploded as a diversion in the rear of the ballroom.

The capture of Haley must have been a major blow to the organizers of the assassination. Would he talk if the mob had taken him to death, or if the "right" cops had taken him into custody, there would have been no mob, Haley would have to stand trial.

One basic fact emerges ineluctably from the tangled skein of events surrounding Malcolm's murder: he could not have been killed without the assistance—direct or otherwise—of the New York Police Dept.

At all his previous meetings at the Audubon Ballroom the building had swarmed with police, assigned both to protect Malcolm and stave off any clashes between his followers and Black Muslims. But at the meeting on Sunday, February 21st, one week after his house had been fire-bombed, the usual police detail was nowhere in evidence.

Mrs. Patricia M. Russell, a psychiatric social worker, was an eyewitness account of the assassination for the February 27th *Baltimore Afro-American*. Discussing her feelings at the ballroom ten or fifteen minutes before Malcolm was gunned down, she reports: "The atmosphere in front of the ballroom was clear of policemen. There was not one officer in sight."

Another eyewitness, journalist Herman Porter, told me: "I arrived at 2:15, and it struck me as strange that there was such an absence of police. I had attended every one of Malcolm's Harlem rallies in the year since he broke with the Muslims, and at all of them there were at least half a dozen policemen standing outside of the downstairs entrance, or just inside the door. On this occasion I didn't see any."

But there *was* one uniformed policeman inside the building. During the trial of Malcolm's alleged assassins one of the witnesses was Patrolman Gilbert Henry. Some significant facts emerged in his testimony.

Henry testified that he had been assigned to the Audubon Ballroom on the day of the assassination. But instead of being stationed at the entrance or in the lobby, as at all previous meetings, Henry was told to conceal himself in the Ballroom's Rose Room, some distance from the main auditorium where Malcolm was to speak.

Patrolman Henry testified that he had been told to stay where he could not be seen and communicate by walkie-talkie with a police detail concealed across the street in the Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center, the hospital complex where Malcolm's body was taken after the shooting.

Henry was told to notify the police in the hospital "if anything happened"—such as shots or other sounds of trouble. Before Henry could go any further, or be asked why the police expected trouble on that particular day, the Assistant District Attorney choked off the line of questioning and hustled Henry off the stand. The *moribund defense attorneys* never recalled him.

Immediately after the assassination police officials plainly assured the public that they had tried to give Malcolm protection, but were rebuffed. One day after the murder Tom Fonton of the *New York Post* reported an interview with Mrs. Betty Shabazz, Malcolm's widow, in the course of which they stopped to listen to television coverage of the assassination.

"It was an ABC-TV round-up last night on the assassination," Fonton wrote in the February 23rd *Post*, "and the attractive, round-faced young woman looked on impassively as Deputy Police Commissioner Walter Arm was saying of course we offered Malcolm X police protection many times as late as the day his house was bombed but he always refused it." Not a

his death. "He was a light-skinned, olive-skinned type with ferret eyes," Malcolm reported.

He knew that the CIA employs many Cuban exiles in its overseas activities, and when denounced the CIA-supplied Cuban exile rolls which flew for Thonnie's mercenary air force against the Congolese rebels.

Malcolm's sister Ella told me that "members of his group who had this man in their hands have passed things on to me. When they were about to attack him further, a policeman pulled a gun and told them that if they attacked this man he would shoot.

"Then the police rushed him to a police car and, according to one member, told him to get down between the seats. Then they raced away.

"It was told me by several people that this man looked like a Cuban or Puerto Rican, he looked like a foreigner. I got good descriptions from two people in particular. They said he was wearing a turtle-neck sweater and was very thin-skinned.

Why has this man disappeared from sight? Why have the police never identified him, or attempted to explain the reason for his arrest? I have repeatedly tried to contact the newspaper editor, Philoman Hoy, at Wadsworth Avenue and neighboring precincts, but he too seems to have become a non-person. There are two explanations for this "mystery suspect" that make sense. One is that, as usual with the police, they were cooperating with the assassins, and did everything possible to protect them. The other is that the man was one of the ubiquitous BOSS agents sprinkled throughout the audience, and once he was identified at the Wadsworth Ave. precinct, the police tried to protect his "cover."

But in that case, why did the mob believe he had shot Malcolm?

Another question about the assassination that needs answering deals with the two members of the audience who were shot. The *New York Times* reported on February 23, 1965 that: "Two spectators who were wounded—William Harris of 934 Oak Tree Place, the Bronx, and William Parker of 25-85 30th Avenue, Astoria, Queens—were treated at a satisfactory condition last night at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center."

After a few brief subsequent references, the press seemed to lose interest in Harris and Parker, and they dropped out of sight as completely as the "mystery suspect." But it seems important to know more about anyone who was wounded during the shooting; the one assassin captured as the scene unfolded, the one shot by one of Malcolm's followers, and other of the assassins may have been similarly wounded.

The first of the two men, William Parker, can be safely ruled out as a murder suspect not only because he was a follower of Malcolm (the CIA and New York Police had infiltrated Malcolm's generation) but because he brought his 4-year-old son with him to the meeting. Parker was apparently wounded in the foot by a shotgun pellet as he tried to protect his son during the shooting.

The case of William Harris is more intriguing. Harris was shot in the right side as he was running from the ballroom, and was hospitalized in serious condition. (The bullet that wounded him, Harris told me in a guarded interview, came from a .32, the same caliber bullet as hit Talmadge Hayer.)

The *New York Times* reported on February 24th that

Assistant Chief Inspector Joseph L. Coyle, in charge of Manhattan North detectives, "said that William Harris, who was in the hospital with a bullet wound in the abdomen, refused to say anything except that he would take care of his own problems."

The brief *Times* report was the last mention in the press of William Harris. One would have assumed the case of a man seriously wounded during Malcolm's murder would be, if nothing else, good human interest copy—but not in this case.

As the police "investigation" of Malcolm's murder got underway, there was a weird sequel to the assassination.

Leon Amner, Malcolm's New England representative, traveled from Boston to New York immediately after the assassination to confer with Malcolm's aides. He charged that Malcolm had been killed by "the power structure" and urged that a mediator confer with Elijah Muhammad and members of Malcolm's OAAU to bring the two organizations closer together. There were some indications that Amner might be Malcolm's successor in the OAAU.

(A week before his death Malcolm had warned, "If my life is worth three cents, then Louie is worth two cents.")

On March 13, 1965 Amner delivered a scathing speech before the Boston Millant Labor Forum, a branch of the Socialist Workers Party. "I have facts in my possession as to who really killed Malcolm," he told the meeting. "The killers aren't from Chicago [Muslim headquarters]. They're from Washington."

He promised to hold a press conference in the near future to reveal evidence involving the "power structures' responsibility, including documents and tape-recordings he had been given by Malcolm before his assassination.

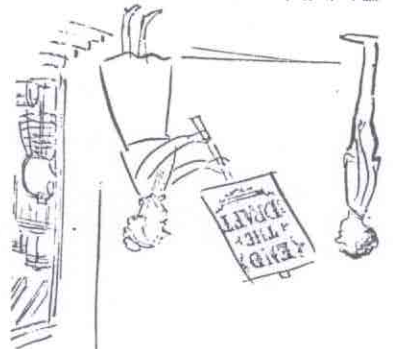
"I know my life is worth nothing," Amner told the audience. The next morning his dead body was discovered by a chambermaid in his room at Boston's Sherry Biltmore Hotel.

He had died of strangulation.

The police immediately announced that the cause of death was an epileptic fit. But Amner's wife revealed her husband had a complete medical checkup just one month before—and there was no hint of epilepsy. She also disclosed that when her husband's body was discovered, his blackened tongue protruded between his lips; in an epileptic seizure severe enough to cause death, the tongue is generally swallowed, causing asphyxiation.

Mrs. Ella Collins, Malcolm's sister, who lives in Boston and knew Amner well, told me: "I firmly believe that Leon Amner was assassinated. . . . In Boston everything was kept very quiet. The police hushed it all up." Mrs. Collins added, "I spoke to his wife on her telephone. She said that she'd been married to him for 11 years, and he'd never had an epileptic fit of any kind. But that's what the police kept telling her did it."

The slaying of Leon Amner was an object lesson to Malcolm's other aides. Earl Grant, who had in his possession most of Malcolm's tapes and files, had with them to Ghana, James Shabazz, his #2 man, dropped out of sight. Evelyn Francis, his secretary, who had been indicted for shooting Talmadge Hayer, jumped bail and went into hiding.



"Father carried it against the Lincoln administration."



"We're not trying to get a confession. We're just hearing you up."

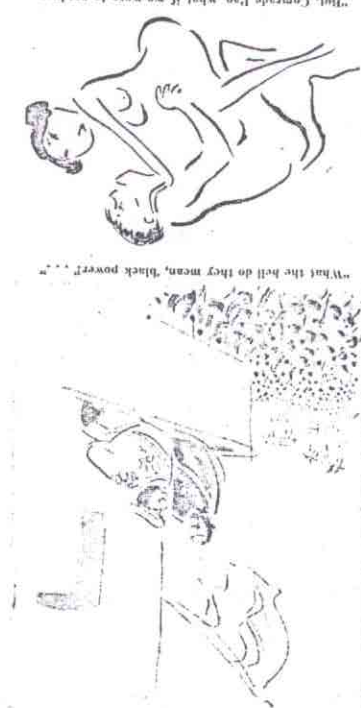


"I can get you LSD in a super cube, or, if you're counting calories..."

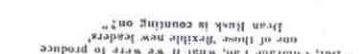


"If God is dead, how come we're not allowed to say in school?"

Ed Fisher's Page



"What the hell do they mean, black power?"



"That, Comrade Pan, what if we were to produce one of those flexible new leaders?"

Eight months later he was arrested by the FBI while the trial of Malcolm's three alleged assassins was in progress, but he was never allowed to testify despite the vital importance of his testimony to the case against Hayer. His present whereabouts, and the disposition of the charges against him, are a complete mystery. For those who had been close to Malcolm, silence became equivalent to survival.

The capture of Talmadge Hayer at the murder scene placed the police in a difficult position. He would have to stand trial, with all the risks that entailed. But all eyewitness reports of the assassination indicated that a total of 5 gunmen had been involved.

Initial press reports of the assassination also reported that five men were involved; thus the N.Y. Post stated on February 23 that "four alleged Hayer accomplices who vanished from the ballroom are still at large," and the *Herald Tribune* reported the same day that "at least five men were believed to have taken part in the plot."

If only one man were tried for the murder the police would be admitting incompetence and might stir up latent doubts about their own role in events. In order to convince the public, scapegoats had to be found who could be framed for the murder and made to stand trial along with Hayer. Fortunately for the police, two such men were ready at hand.

Two enforcers for Black Muslim Mosque #7 in Harlem, Thomas (DEX) Johnson and Norman (GEX) Butler, had been arrested in December and 1963 for the shooting of a Muslim defector, Benjamin Brown. (Brown was not seriously wounded.) At the time of Malcolm's assassination they were both out on bail awaiting trial on assault charges.

Here, someone in the police department seems to have realized, were the two perfect patsies. The Muslim would have no difficulty believing them capable of Malcolm's murder; had they not already attempted to kill another Muslim defector, of much less importance? It was decided to throw Butler and Johnson into the pot with Hayer.

After going through the motions of an "intensive investigation," Butler was arrested on February 25th and Johnson on March 3rd. The police went to fantastic lengths to convince the public the two men were dangerous criminals.

After Butler, an alleged karate expert, was arrested a story was given to the press that when he had been apprehended a month earlier for the shooting of Brown the police had approached him wearing steel alloy face masks as protection against his karate attacks. Before he was subdued, the police handout claimed, Butler had cracked the mask of one cop with a single karate chop. This fairy tale soon evaporated.

Reporters who had accompanied the arresting officers revealed the whole story as a complete fabrication.

When Hayer, Johnson and Butler were finally brought to trial in January, 1966, almost a year after Malcolm's murder, the prosecution contended that Butler and Hayer had created the diversion in the center of the auditorium, while Johnson felled Malcolm with a shotgun blast. Butler and Hayer then were supposed to have run towards the stage firing with pistols at Malcolm's prone body.

of the slaying. . . . He had been strategically placed in the Audubon Ballroom, and by his own admission armed with a .357 Magnum pistol. He testified that he had been carrying a gun since he was 15. . . . But the initial round of rapid fire had sent him scurrying for cover under the table.

There are a number of interesting facets to Cary Thomas' testimony. For one thing, in the days after the shooting he never mentioned to Malcolm a widow or any other of Malcolm's friends and associates with whom he was in close contact that he had seen all the way through March 2nd, when he was arrested by the police, that he began to "snap."

For a "star witness," Thomas' own background hardly induces faith in his veracity. The defense attempted to introduce into testimony a psychiatric report from Belleme on Thomas, who had been hospitalized in 1962 after he ran through the streets screaming: "I'll kill you! Jesus Christ! I did it! I did it! I did it!" The judge refused to admit the report into evidence.

By his own admission Thomas had been a heroin addict and in a sense, it is hard to see how he could be the rightly puritanical Black Muslim, an abolitionist. The most interesting thing about Thomas (which impressed upon James Earl Ray, the peculiar genius of his counsel, W. Lee Rouseff, before the Grand Jury that fired indicted the three defendants in March, 1965, he told an entirely different story.

At the trial in January, 1966 he testified that Hayer and Butler caused the diversion, while Johnson fired the shotgun. But in his earlier Grand Jury testimony he swore under oath that Johnson and Butler caused the diversion while Hayer fired the shotgun. This fitted the early police version of the murder.

But after the 15 bullets in Hayer's pocket were traced to one of the murder weapons this story had to change. So Johnson became the shotgun-wielder and Hayer was shoved back into the audience with Butler. Cary Thomas willingly switched stories, perjuring himself in the process.

While he was initially held as a material witness to the shooting he was placed in Alimony Jail, a relaxed, barracks-style detention center. But in June, 1965 he was applied for release. The police promptly accused him of committing treason while in the Alimony Jail, and he was transferred to a regular prison. After that he caused no more trouble, and willingly played out his role as "star witness" against Butler and Johnson.

The only other witness to identify all three co-defendants as being involved was Charles Blackwell, and he too gave an entirely different story to the Grand Jury. Like Thomas, Blackwell was one of Malcolm's bodyguards. He was stationed at the left-hand side of the stage when the shooting began.

Blackwell at first gave signs of being as much a "star witness" as Cary Thomas. He followed the prosecution version of events right down the line, and conveyed an impression of quiet integrity.

He told the court that Hayer and Butler started the diversion in the middle of the ballroom and ran towards him firing at Malcolm. He then heard a shotgun blast right behind him but did not see who fired it. As

he moved to stop the two men, Butler pointed his pistol at him and he fell to the floor.

When they turned to flee, Blackwell testified, he chased after them, and as he ran down the aisle in pursuit he saw a man "looking startled, or frightened," who then turned and ran into the Ladies' Lounge. He identified this man as Johnson. Why, in the aftermath of a shooting that had thrown the entire ballroom into hysteria, he would stop to notice a man who appeared "startled, or frightened" was never brought out.

With minor variations, Blackwell's story echoed the testimony of "star witness" Cary Thomas, and his general demeanor and his calm, slow, voice favorably impressed the court. But Charles Blackwell's lister was quickly tarnished.

It was revealed that in his Grand Jury testimony on March 3, 1965 he too had told a totally different story. There he testified that Hayer and Butler were sitting in the front row, and that two other men had created the disturbance in the middle of the ballroom, neither of whom he could identify. He told the Grand Jury that he had never seen anyone shooting at anybody.

Q: "Did you see anybody fire a gun?"
A: "No, I didn't."

But at the trial he gave a detailed and dramatic description of Hayer and Butler pumping bullets into Malcolm. The only part of his Grand Jury testimony which he repeated in the courtroom was his identification of Johnson as the "startled, frightened man" who had fled into the powder room.

When trapped in his contradictory testimony, Blackwell tried to justify his perjury before the Grand Jury (the judge presided, telling the truth at the trial) by saying that he had not wanted to admit that Hayer and Butler had been sitting right beside him and he had done nothing to stop them.

"I was ashamed to say 'I left my post,'" Blackwell said, "but that I went to the floor when I heard the shots that he had fired from the Grand Jury testimony. Blackwell replied, 'Yes, I did.'"

The jury had at best a choice of perjurings, but for some strange reason apparently chose to believe the Blackwell was telling the truth in his courtroom testimony. Veteran crime reporters at the trial told me that, next to Cary Thomas, Blackwell's testimony was the most important factor in swinging the jury against Butler and Johnson.

The other three witnesses who identified Johnson, Butler and the five who identified Butler, were even less believable and more contradictory than the two "star witnesses," Cary Thomas and Charles Blackwell.

A case in point: Edward D'Hyma, a 70-year-old floor waxer, dramatically left the stand to point an identifying finger at Norman Butler. He had, according to D'Hyma, definitely been one of the assassins. D'Hyma was a dignified and good-natured old man, and his testimony at first appeared impressive. But not for long. Under cross-examination he firmly identified one of the defense attorneys, Charles T. Bowers, as the detective who drove him to Bellevue Hospital to identify the wounded Hayer. Even after his mistake was pointed out to him he continued to insist that his identification was correct. From then on he contradicted himself on every major point of his testimony, demonstrating pathetically in the witness box. The consensus of the trial

However, all reliable eyewitness evidence indicates that 4 men were actually involved: one who caused the diversion in the middle of the ballroom and didn't participate in the shooting, another in the front row who fired from the fourth row and into Malcolm as he fell to the stage, there was one way who was most likely to determine the actual number of men involved. Peter Klus reported in the N.Y. *Times* on Feb. 23, 1965 that "the police were in possession of motion pictures that had been taken at the Audubon Ballroom . . . where the killing took place."

These films would have been invaluable evidence—but there has been no further mention of them by press or police. They have dropped out of sight as suddenly and thoroughly as the "mystery suspect" who may well have appeared in the film along with his four accomplices.

Hayer's guilt was conclusively demonstrated at the trial, both through evidence such as his thumbprints on the remains of the smoke-bomb and through reliable witnesses who identified him as one of the gunmen. But the case Assistant District Attorney Vincent Der-mody presented against Butler and Johnson was incredibly weak.

No material evidence linked them to the crime; their guilt rested solely on the testimony of 10 witnesses, carefully hand-picked by the DA's office from among the 100 people who attended the meeting where Malcolm was shot. Four of those witnesses, identified Johnson and six identified Butler. The testimony of Johnson and those prosecution witnesses is riddled with accusations, distortions and outright lies.

They were all carefully coached and manipulated throughout by the police and the District Attorney's office, and those most important to the DA's case were arrested on a variety of trumped-up charges prior to the testimony. Out on bail at the time of the trial, the witnesses knew that their fate depended on how closely they cooperated with the prosecution.

The most telling of the witnesses against Butler and Johnson were Cary Thomas and Charles Blackwell, both of whom corroborated the prosecution case in every detail. In the chaos that accompanied the shooting both Thomas and Blackwell claimed to have seen everything happen just as the prosecution said it did, and identified Hayer, Butler and Johnson as the three assassins.

Cary Thomas, the "star witness," had been held in jail under \$50,000 bond since March, 1962. He identified Hayer and Butler as the two men who caused the disturbance in the center of the ballroom. He testified they then charged to the stage firing at Malcolm with revolvers. Thomas added that he also saw Johnson standing near the stage with a sawed-off shotgun in his hand.

Thomas' testimony fitted the prosecution case letter-perfectly, and veteran trial reporters told this author, who attended the trial daily for six weeks, that his testimony was vital in turning the jury against Butler and Johnson. (The jury itself never took notes, and as the trial's seemingly interminable evidence dragged on, several members could be seen dozing in the jury box.)

Thomas' own role in events was rather blurred. As one of Malcolm's bodyguards it was his duty to protect his leader's life, with his own life if necessary. But, as the *Post* reported on January 27, 1965:

"This had not been the role of the hero on the day

reporters was that sentility had triumphed over the DA's coaching.

(We were all a bit grateful to DePina, however, for adding the sole note of humor to the proceedings. At one point, when it was brought out by the defense that he had been arrested some time ago for holding a woman in an upstairs New York. DePina was asked what kind of a lady he had used. He thought a moment, obviously amused, and then smiled brightly. "Just a second, I'll show you," he said and pulled a heavy cheap knife from his pocket, its long blade glinting brightly. The old man was so pleased with himself that the judge didn't have the heart to even reprimand him.)

DePina was an alien, originally from Portugal's Cape Verde Islands, and he testified that he had joined Malcolm's OAAU in an effort to get enough money to return home. He received no financing from Malcolm's group but he loathed on the witness stand that "I'm going back soon now." The more cynical reporters assumed that the DA had promised him return fare if he "cooperated" in his testimony. If so, DA Dermody must have wanted his money back after the m-e-s the old man made of things.

Another typical witness was Verard Temple, a 22-year-old dishwasher who identified Butler and Johnson as two of the assassins. He said he had whirled to face the men after he heard shots somewhere behind him. He suffered from an ear-drum defect that had impaired his hearing since the age of two; he had great trouble hearing the questions of attorneys standing a few feet away from him. But, he said, his hearing had been perfect on the day of the assassination.

He was able to identify Johnson, he testified, because he had seen him once before in 1962, at a Muslim convention in Chicago. He couldn't remember anything else about the convention—where he stayed, what his hair was, even the name of a friend of his who had beaten him the bus fare. But he clearly remembered Johnson, whom he had seen only once 3 years before in a crowded auditorium!

Witnesses like Thomas, Blackwell, DePina and Temple could have been shushed to ribbons by any first-year law student. But Johnson and Butler's court-appointed "defense" attorneys, after a few tepid forays, always let them off the hook.

One unusual aspect of the trial was the introduction of two "secret" witnesses. During their testimony, reporters and press alike were barred from the courtroom.

George Bayer reported in the *Australian News* on Feb. 12, 1967, that the hearing of secret witnesses at the trial "marked the first remembered time when such a step had been taken in a homicide in the 26-year-old Criminal Court building at 400 Center Street. And only one other case had been recalled there for any other type of trial: the Mitchell-Jones Ward vice-hearing several years ago." At the trial, the press and public were barred when the name of a high Washington official was about to be entered into evidence.)

I subsequently learned the name of the two mystery witnesses.

The first was Ronald Timmelohle, said he told the closed court he was an employee of the Transit Authority. The TA personnel often have their names listed on their records, substantiating speculation

among trial reporters that "Timmelohle" was in actually an undercover police agent.

The second "secret witness" was named Sullivan. He in FBI agent. He testified that he had identified Butler, but never made note of the fact that Butler had been in the back of a "Star Chamber" proceedings.

Butler argued in his defense that he had been at home the afternoon of the assassination, suffering from an inflamed vein in his right leg. Dr. Kenneth Saslow of Jacobi Hospital in the Bronx testified that the morning of the assassination Butler had been treated at the hospital for "a superficial thrombophlebitis," a painful infection which makes walking difficult. "I gave him bandages and a shot of penicillin," Dr. Saslow told the court, "and told him to keep his leg elevated."

Butler left the hospital shortly before 1:00 p.m., and returned home. Two witnesses placed him in his home at the time of the murder. Mrs. Gloria Wells said she telephone Butler's home minutes after she heard a radio bulletin that Malcolm had been killed, and he answered the phone. Mrs. Jamilla Gibbs also testified that she called shortly after 3:00 p.m., the time Malcolm was killed, and spoke to Butler.

His only other witness was his wife, Theresa, who said he came home around 1:00 p.m. and lay down to rest his bad leg. She swore he never left the house that day. (In murder trials the testimony of a defendant's wife and immediate family is almost automatically disregarded.)

Johnson's defense claimed that he had been home taking care of household chores the entire day. A neighbor, Edward Long, testified that he visited Johnson in his apartment around 3:30 in the afternoon, less than 20 minutes after Malcolm had been shot.

Johnson's case was also supported by the testimony of Earl Greening, an eye-witness to the assassination. The prosecution claimed that Johnson had fired the assault-shotgun at Malcolm, and Greening testified that the man who wielded the shotgun was "very, very dark, and had a heavy beard," Johnson replied, "Green had been sitting on the right-hand side of the hallway when he saw this stout, dark-skinned man with a beard fire at Malcolm. His testimony was particularly impressive—except to the jury—because, as a supporter of Malcolm, he was hostile to the Muslims and was unlikely to have perjured himself on Johnson's behalf.

But the strongest witness for Butler and Johnson was their co-defendant, Talmadge Hayer. On February 26, 1966 Hayer took the witness stand and in a dramatic move confessed his guilt and absolved Butler and Johnson of any involvement in the murder.

Hayer told a stunned courtroom he had "decided to tell the truth" after a brief conversation with his two co-defendants in the "bull-pen" adjacent to the courtroom. "They said it was about time," Hayer quoted the two men as telling him. "We were wondering when you were going to do this."

When the judge asked Hayer why he had decided to confess, he replied simply: "I just want the truth to be known—that Butler and Johnson didn't have anything to do with this crime, because I was there. I know what happened and I know the people who were there."

The Reclut

According to the *Times* of March 1st, Hayer "said he had three accomplices, but he declined to name them. He said he had been approached early in the month of the murder and offered money for the job, but he refused to say by whom. . . . One thing he did know, he said, was that no one involved in the murder was a Black Muslim."

Hayer revealed that he had been promised \$25,000 for the job by a co-defendant who approached him in Harlem, and "was not a Muslim." When Assistant DA Dermody specifically asked Hayer why he did not reveal the name of this paymaster, he replied that "if Mr. Chance [a defense attorney] had kept asking me at one point he would have found out."

Dermody dismissed his questioning like it had no teeth and—faced with—Chance did not back-track and try to elicit the question that had somehow touched on the identity of the organizer of the assassination, a point crucial to the fate of his client.

Throughout the trial, the court-appointed defense attorneys conducted themselves with desultory insouciance. They apparently had neither the time, the money



nor the inclination to conduct an investigation into the one area that could have saved their clients—the organizers of the plot against Malcolm, and the fact that the Muslims were not involved.

"Although Hayer told the court several times that 'the only reason' he had confessed was to protect two innocent men, his motivations may have been somewhat more complex. Part of the 'contract' for Malcolm's murder reportedly provided that Hayer's family would be paid money if anything went wrong. Apparently the evidence piling up against him and hope of acquittal fading, he may have grown bitter.

Hayer may have decided to employ a form of not-too-subtle pressure on his unknown paymasters. He revealed enough to frighten them, but not enough to expose the conspiracy or his co-assassins (all three of whom Hayer claims to have known for over a year). Hayer's confession is all the more convincing because his account of the assassination is the only one advanced at the trial that corresponds to the initial press reports and to the testimony of eye-witnesses. Hayer testified he and his accomplice both sat in the front row and shot at Malcolm with revolvers while a third man fired a sawed-off shotgun from the fourth row.

According to Hayer, the man who started the shooting by shouting, "Nigger, get your hands out of my pocket!" sat in the center of the ballroom, and took no

part in the actual shooting. Unlike the prosecution case, which artfully twisted evidence to conform to its own thesis, Hayer's description of the murder is fully consonant with the facts as reported by eye-witnesses and newsmen at the murder scene.

It also answers the major question pertaining to Butler and Johnson's guilt—how could two men, well-known "outcasts" for the Muslim Mosque, enter a ballroom clearly pursued by their former co-defendants—men who had defected with Malcolm? Why were they not recognized and elevated, or at the very least frisked for weapons? Interestingly, this simple question, vital to Butler and Johnson's defense, was never once asked of any of the witnesses by attorneys for the two defendants.

Talmadge Hayer, of course, supplied the answer—neither Butler nor Johnson was ever in the Audition Ballroom, and both had been suitably framed by the Police Department, which intimidated witnesses and suborned perjury in order to convict them and protect the real assassins.

Bogoly Hayer's dramatic confession and the testimony of defense witnesses that Butler and Johnson had been in their homes at the time of the murder, the somewhat jury chose to accept the DA's case. Judge Marks, a pasty-faced little man with arctic eyes and a bored expression, changed the jurors to accept what they wished of Hayer's courtroom confession and disregard the rest—implying that the jury should accept his confession of guilt but disregard his testimony about a conspiracy and Butler and Johnson's innocence. (Marks was apparently selected by the powers-that-be for this trial on the basis of his reputation as a "hanging judge"; the *NY Post* reported in a article on Feb. 17, 1966 that Marks habitually "presides over first-degree murder trials, in which, as it happens, the defendants are usually convicted. . . . In fact, when capital punishment was abolished in this state, five of the 20 minutes of the death house were there as a result of trials heard by Supreme Court Justice Marks.")

On April 13, 1966 Hayer, Johnson and Butler were sentenced to life imprisonment. A life sentence in New York State means the defendants will become eligible for parole after serving 26 years and 8 months in prison.

In any murder case, a primary factor in determining guilt is motive. From the day of Malcolm's death the only motive, ascertained by the police, assumed that only the Black Muslims had a motive for the crime. The police believed that the Messenger of Allah and his followers hated Malcolm with all the frenzy, the orthodox reserve for the honor.

But the Muslims are anything but impulsive. Before Elijah Muhammad reached a decision on such a major matter as assassinating Malcolm, he had carefully weighed the pros and cons of the matter. Malcolm's organization was weak; his frequent travels abroad reduced his proselytizing efforts at home and created serious administrative problems for his group. Few Muslims had looked to Malcolm's banner since his original defection.

Elijah Muhammad is as much a cost accountant as a prophet. It is hard to believe that in his icy analytical brain the delta of killing Malcolm would not have outweighed the losses. Elijah's religious and economic empire insured the serenity of his fading years; he was not likely to risk it just to avenge what he would see as

Urinal Pepsi Generation

(Continued from back cover)

A law in New York requires that restaurants post signs in the lavatories reminding employees to wash their hands. The *Parade* says it this way: "If you work here, please wash your hands so as not to get pee or shit in the food; it's not on the menu."
In the men's room at *The Church* discotheque, over the sink where you can see it as soon as you come in, there is a sign warning: "For your protection and to follow police requirements, we have installed closed circuit TV—The Management." The reason? Girls leave their purses on the tables when they go to dance, men pick them up, take them into the bathroom and rifle them. There is not—at this writing—a similar sign in the ladies' room.

Traffic Jamming

About 100 protesters chanted at the President: "Hey, hey, LBJ—how many kids did you kill today?" Eight motorcycle technicians immediately gunned their motors, effectively jamming out the chant.
How the *N.Y. Post* saw it: "Two motorcycle officers were revving their vehicles at full blast where the demonstrators were chanting. Johnson apparently didn't hear them."
How the *N.Y. Times* saw it: "The police were keeping 60 more pickets out of sight and sound of the President when he emerged. . . . [He] received scattered cheers from about 1,000 persons. . . ."
It was the *Daily News* saw it: "Some 75 anti-war pickets were chanting. . . . But LBJ couldn't hear them. There were some 2,000 other New Yorkers and they were yelling some kind of, 'We're behind you 100%' and the boys in Vietnam 100%."
The *World Journal Tribune* didn't see anything.

We Are All One

During a campaign tour, the parents of a lost child appealed to Democratic Party officials to call the name of their daughter over the loudspeaker before Lyndon Johnson and Robert Kennedy began their speeches. The request was refused because "A girl who gets lost will get all the attention."
At an anti-war demonstration, a police captain asked a rally official to help find an elderly woman who had been separated from her husband in the crush of people. The leader ignored the request, and a musical interlude continued.

Things Don't Always Go Better

Finishing his marriage wasn't "the pause that refreshes" for a friend of mine. He got carried from his job as a par. man with Coca-Cola. They didn't feel that a divorce furthered the company image.

Integration Note

Manhattan's Spiral Tull Club, which insists that made members be no shorter than 6'2" and females no shorter than 5'10"—advertisers that its drosses, open to the public, have "no height requirements."
"Help your child." In Spanish, "Help your children."

Lost in the Translation

The best story in *The 9th Precinct Newsletter* is titled, in English, "New Precinct Captain." In Spanish, it says: "New Precinct Captain." In Spanish, "Help your child." In Spanish, "Help your children."



"Making love? Like hell! You were fucking—I saw you!"

Unintentional Collaboration

Outside the critically-savored Museum of Modern Art, *Black Meek*—three white revolutionists—banded out a MUSEUM CLOSED.

Their bandall explained: "We will close the museum, another front in the worldwide struggle against oppression. We seek a total revolution, cultural as well as social and political. Like the streets of Watts, we burn with revolution. . . . *Destroy the museums*. Our struggle cannot be hung on walls."
One of the three explained: "We don't believe in burning art, no. We believe in burning institutions. Art should be a way of life; it should be freely exhibited in parks and playgrounds, not charged \$1.25 to see."
Police unwittingly aided the demonstrators. A detail of 8 policemen had been called by museum authorities who feared for the museum's safety. Police set up a wooden barricade on the sidewalk between the artists and the museum doors. Their intent was to keep the hooligans from blocking the doors, but the barricade served only to convince many passersby that the museum was indeed closed.

Diplomatic Immunity

At and in the *Playboy* *Voice* said, "Lessons in the game. The news from the inventor, from the inventor, \$5," and listed it as an appointment.
"The only response I got was from a man who thought it was a lousy beats thing," said the inventor, sitting alone in a rented meeting hall.
The game is played on a Monopoly-like board, with the players moving their markers around the sections—intermittent intrigue and running monopolies. It sells well in West Germany and Israel, the Dominican Republic and Venezuela. A play-by-mail group was formed by a law-war-tos organizer. A British journalist reported that JFK was a player of the game. And Brittan's bookstore in the Pentagon has reported unusually high sales.

Lost in the Translation

"The National War College wanted to buy it outright," said the inventor, "but they were afraid someone might accuse them of teaching their men to play dirty deals."
The best story in *The 9th Precinct Newsletter* is titled, in English, "New Precinct Captain." In Spanish, it says: "New Precinct Captain." In Spanish, "Help your child." In Spanish, "Help your children."

Integration Note

Manhattan's Spiral Tull Club, which insists that made members be no shorter than 6'2" and females no shorter than 5'10"—advertisers that its drosses, open to the public, have "no height requirements."
"Help your child." In Spanish, "Help your children."

Lost in the Translation

The best story in *The 9th Precinct Newsletter* is titled, in English, "New Precinct Captain." In Spanish, it says: "New Precinct Captain." In Spanish, "Help your child." In Spanish, "Help your children."

Let Them Never Find Thy Heart at Home

By F. D. White

Recently newspapers celebrated the dramatic events that took place in the rooming house where a man's heart, by hitting him with a mechanical heart, is made up of plastic and is usually performed by the work, normally performed by the left ventricle, that action of the heart most commonly damaged by a heart attack.
Up to this time the device had been used only on dogs and cats, and a few experiments on animals. The percentage of success was attained in the animal experiments and so it was decided to give it a try on a human. The subject of the history-making operation, a fifty-year-old little old man, would you believe it, died sooner than he did without the operation.
Sloggers of the mechanical heart promise that soon it will be available for chest-pain human use on a practical basis. But they warn it will be an expensive proposition, what with installation, maintenance and the like.
Unfortunately, heart disease is not restricted to rich. Many citizens of moderate income and limited resources are the unwilling victims of heart ailments. How will they afford it?
The answer should be obvious to any observer of the American scene. It will depend on the government's policy, the way the stock market falls, the price of oil, the price of wheat, the price of steel, the price of aluminum, the price of copper, the price of zinc, the price of lead, the price of tin, the price of nickel, the price of cobalt, the price of manganese, the price of chromium, the price of vanadium, the price of niobium, the price of tantalum, the price of tungsten, the price of molybdenum, the price of selenium, the price of tellurium, the price of iodine, the price of bromine, the price of chlorine, the price of fluorine, the price of oxygen, the price of nitrogen, the price of carbon, the price of hydrogen, the price of helium, the price of neon, the price of argon, the price of krypton, the price of xenon, the price of radon, the price of francium, the price of actinium, the price of thorium, the price of protactinium, the price of uranium, the price of neptunium, the price of plutonium, the price of americium, the price of curium, the price of berkelium, the price of californium, the price of einsteinium, the price of fermium, the price of mendelevium, the price of nobelium, the price of darmstadtium, the price of roentgenium, the price of copernicium, the price of nihonium, the price of flerovium, the price of tennessine, the price of oganesson.

With that, the young man produces a revolver, the husband starts talking off his shirt and the wife rushes out. The young man, busy with his revolver, "Have a heart, will ya?" should've gotten the one with the quarter-day slit."

Sir Realist:

Anonymous Promises
What happened to Ralph Ginsburg will happen to you. Washington, D.C.

Testing—One, Two . . .

An interesting test of the Warren Commission's theory that the assassin of President Kennedy was a lone gunman would be to allow the delivery of similar weapons to all individuals of similar weight and height in the Dallas area. If the assassin had been a lone gunman, he would have been one of the many who were tested in the Dallas area.

February 1967

pass through one body. I don't believe a bullet fired from this rifle could pass through two bodies even at a point blank range. Can one of your readers test that?
Name Withheld
Chicago, Ill.

Stretching a Point?

Does the new Truth-in-Packaging law require that manufacturers include in their advertising copy a statement advising their readers to have the prevention of disease only?
Mike Miller
Lawrence, Kansas

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGER, AND EDITOR OF THIS PUBLICATION FOR THE QUARTER ENDED OCTOBER 1, 1966.

1. Name of publication: The Realist.
2. Title of issue for the quarter: October 1, 1966.
3. Issue date for the quarter: October 1, 1966.
4. Location of the office of publication: 25 West 12th Street, Suite 20, Lubbock, Texas 79401.
5. Location of the principal office of the publisher: 25 West 12th Street, Suite 20, Lubbock, Texas 79401.
6. Name and address of the publisher: F. D. White, 25 West 12th Street, Suite 20, Lubbock, Texas 79401.
7. Name and address of the editor: F. D. White, 25 West 12th Street, Suite 20, Lubbock, Texas 79401.
8. Name and address of the business manager: F. D. White, 25 West 12th Street, Suite 20, Lubbock, Texas 79401.
9. Name and address of the circulation manager: F. D. White, 25 West 12th Street, Suite 20, Lubbock, Texas 79401.
10. Name and address of the advertising manager: F. D. White, 25 West 12th Street, Suite 20, Lubbock, Texas 79401.
11. Name and address of the printer: F. D. White, 25 West 12th Street, Suite 20, Lubbock, Texas 79401.
12. Name and address of the distributor: F. D. White, 25 West 12th Street, Suite 20, Lubbock, Texas 79401.
13. Name and address of the circulation agent: F. D. White, 25 West 12th Street, Suite 20, Lubbock, Texas 79401.
14. Name and address of the advertising agent: F. D. White, 25 West 12th Street, Suite 20, Lubbock, Texas 79401.
15. Name and address of the circulation agent: F. D. White, 25 West 12th Street, Suite 20, Lubbock, Texas 79401.
16. Name and address of the advertising agent: F. D. White, 25 West 12th Street, Suite 20, Lubbock, Texas 79401.
17. Name and address of the circulation agent: F. D. White, 25 West 12th Street, Suite 20, Lubbock, Texas 79401.
18. Name and address of the advertising agent: F. D. White, 25 West 12th Street, Suite 20, Lubbock, Texas 79401.
19. Name and address of the circulation agent: F. D. White, 25 West 12th Street, Suite 20, Lubbock, Texas 79401.
20. Name and address of the advertising agent: F. D. White, 25 West 12th Street, Suite 20, Lubbock, Texas 79401.

Reporter at Small

by Robert Wolf

Unidentified Grounded Objects

Members of the *Saucer and Unexplained Celestial Events Research Society* (SAUCERS) met to witness a 15-year-old boy demonstrate a little black box he claims to have found 9 years ago in a saucer-landing area in New Jersey. The box emitted random light and sound in a seemingly unmechanical, inconsistent pattern—"in such a way as to indicate that the mechanism is still in contact with the aliens who built it," *Saucer News* reported.

At the following meeting, a young mechanic demonstrated a little black box he'd built which does the same thing. He received no applause, as opposed to the custodian who flicked every light in the room on and off, trying to find the stage light, finally found the right switch and received a long round of applause.

Trick or Treat?

It had been advertised as "a Black Power party mainly for whites." Fifty northern white liberals—mostly middle-aged and many professionals—gathered to hear a young southern Negro tell them how little he needed them.

The SNCC field worker had barely begun his talk when he rubbed his head, whispered, "Things are going to get difficult now—I've had only two hours sleep in the last three nights," and fainted in exhaustion on the floor. Three white men dedicated 15 minutes and a cup of tea to reviving him.

Later, he Freudian-slipped: "The mass communications media has never given us a chance to view our airs." A man, waving his hands wildly to phrase a question, knocked over a glass of milk on the rug. "White milk!" he gasped.

Disturbed about the effect on white backlash of the "black power" slogan (which was called "a Rorschach test for liberals"), a woman asked: "What about your responsibilities to us?" Another woman complained that "Many white people feel they're being left out of the Black Power movement."

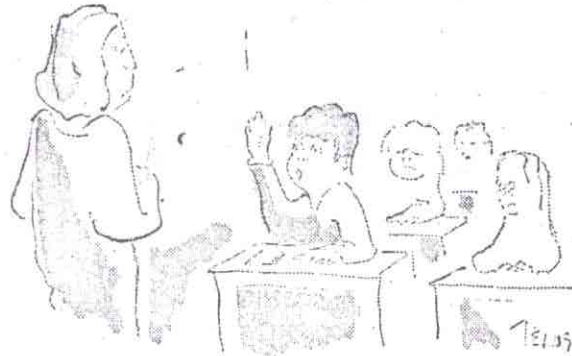
The Counter-Revolutionists

"Should we aid the hetero sex revolution?" was the question before the West Side Discussion Group, a homophile offshoot of the educational Mattachine Society ("We were sort of disowned by the Mattachines for being too social," said an official).

The audience, mostly men, attacked the question from all angles—mostly the rear—and the discussion sometimes broke down to philosophical questions on the order of *How many homosexuals can swish on the head of a pin?*

Some of the views expressed:

"Liberalizing any sex laws could help set a favorable climate for us." "Let the straights get out and fight for themselves." "I can't see carrying posters for wife-swapping." "Hustlers are different from prostitutes." "I don't think heteros understand us." "Homos shouldn't put their noses into other people's business." "What are we going to do, add to our troubles by associating with a bunch of non-conformists?" "If we associate with radical sex-freedom groups we better beware of the hetero backlash." "Gay power!"



"May I leave the room? I have to cut a record."

The evening ended with an announcement about the prize to be given to the member who signs up the most new members—a set of 8 color slides, plus viewer, of nude young men with super phalluses. Said the announcer: "A comparable prize will be given if a woman wins."

The Tacticians

TACT, a computer dating service, held a free outdoor party in Bryant Park behind the New York Public Library on a Wednesday afternoon from 5 to 8 p.m.

A dozen hired girls distributed white cards and questionnaires. Each recipient was asked to list on the card the names and addresses of any dozen members of the opposite sex whom he or she had met at the party and would like to meet again. The filled-out cards were supposed to be sent to TACT's office with \$5, a completed questionnaire and the name circled of the person you most desired to meet.

The reaction of most male predators was simply to take the card over to a girl and ask for her phone number. Said one: "What do I need with TACT? I go up to the girl and say, 'Do you think we're compatible?' Right away, this gets a laugh. Then I ask for her phone number." He looked over his nearly-completed card. "I better get a clean card," he said. "They'll get wise to me."

The statue of William Cullen Bryant smiled benignly down at the crowd, over the inscription at his base: *Yet let no empty gust of passion find an utterance in thy lay.*

Requiem for a Lost Cause

A spokesman for the Police Benevolent Association was unable to appear at a pre-election debate on the Civilian Review Board; instead, two conservatives urged defeat of the board. One was chairman of the Greenwich Village Conservative Club, who said, "I believe Negroes and Puerto Ricans are people" and pointed out that police brutality is no earth-shaking problem as long as it's "below 3%." The other simply shouted—"Sir, I'd like the policeman's name, please!"—every time someone would describe a case of police brutality.

Paul Chevigny of the ACLU referred to the fact that the review board referendum question contained a sleeper clause which would allow a policeman to refuse, without penalty, to appear before any hearing in the city, even an investigation of bribery. Responded the conservative: "Please, sir, I'd like to have that policeman's name!"

(Continued on Page 30)