

# Epithets Cover Walls Of Sniper's La. Shack

By Austin Scott  
 NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 12—The last known address for Mark James Robert Essex, who was killed on a New Orleans hotel rooftop by police sharpshooters after six persons were slain by sniper fire, is a rundown, two-room shack with the words "hate . . . kill . . . blood," and "pigs" covering the main room's walls.

Almost every inch of the yellow walls, from floor to ceiling, is covered with words. Letters painted in red and in black, range from four to eight inches in size:

"Kill pigs . . . death . . . blood . . . hate pigs . . . black revolution . . . kill white devils . . . kill black pig devil . . . kill pig Nixon and all his running dogs."

The slogans appear to have been painted in at least three distinctly different styles.

Mixed with the English words in roughly equal proportions are words that appear to be African in origin: "Bawama . . . Baramba . . . Etomo . . . Pata . . . Adoma . . . Ocapa . . . Momo . . . Kabamba . . . Obaluba . . . Ondo

. . . Watara . . . Umballa." A huge, black-lettered "AFRICA" takes up two-thirds of one wall in strokes three feet tall. Scattered through it are the small, penciled names of third-world revolutionary figures, many misspelled: "Eldreige Clever . . . "Mao" . . . "W. E. DeBois" . . . "Nat Turner" . . . "Malcom X."

Scattered throughout are some of the slogans commonly chalked on walls by the frustrated and alienated black youth of America's central city slums:

"Political Power Comes From The Barrel Of A Gun" . . . "The Quest For Freedom Is Death—Then By Death I Shall Escape To Freedom" . . . "Dare To Struggle, Dare To Win" . . . "Stop Imperialism" . . . "The Black Man In The Third World" . . . "Shoot The Devil Like You Shoot A Dog" . . . "Kill The White Devil" . . . "Revolutionary Justice Is Black People." "Hate White People"

Right below the large "Africa" is a slogan written in red with letters larger than most: "My Destiny Lies In The Bloody Death of Racist Pigs."

"Hate," "Kill," "Blood," and "Pigs" are words that appear over and over and over again, slanted at crazy angles across all the walls. There are a couple of references to "KKK," the Ku Klux Klan. Neither the walls of a small back room nor the tiny bathroom bear lettering.

The shack is set deep in a New Orleans slum, in the back yard of another house. It has no direct street entrance. Neighbors estimate Essex lived there for about two months.

His mother said she received a letter some time in November giving her the address, and warning her that it was not a "safe" address, so any mail she did not want to risk having stolen should be sent to a different address.

With one exception, all the

neighbors said they saw no one visit Essex during the time he lived there. He kept very much to himself, they said, greeting people cheerfully and politely when he ran into them, but never getting into any conversations.

"He didn't talk to nobody," said Matthew Corley, who shared the other half of Essex's square, wooden duplex, which is set up on concrete block stilts.

"He was a fellow who didn't have nothing to say, and for a young man he didn't have no company or nothing," said Corley's wife. "I only saw him once, when I was hanging up clothes. He told me he sure enjoyed my praying at six o'clock every morning . . . you can hear right through the walls, everything goes through them."

One neighbor said he saw one man visit Essex five times during the time Essex lived there, but said he could not remember what the man looked like.

The Corleys pay \$41 a month for their half of the building. They have two small rooms, a bathroom, and a water heater. They must furnish everything else, including a small gas heating stove.

Essex's half contained a leaking waterbed, set directly on the floor, considerable clothing scattered about, a television set, two fans and a hot plate. There was no stove, no utensils, no refrigerator, and no groceries.

Three police detectives dusting the walls for fingerprints refused to say whether police had removed any of those items from the apartment, and refused to give their names.

"If you talk to his mother, tell her she'd better make some arrangements to pick up his stuff," one said, "because it won't stay here long in this neighborhood. Someone will come in and get it."

When they left, they left the door unlocked, and there was no police guard.