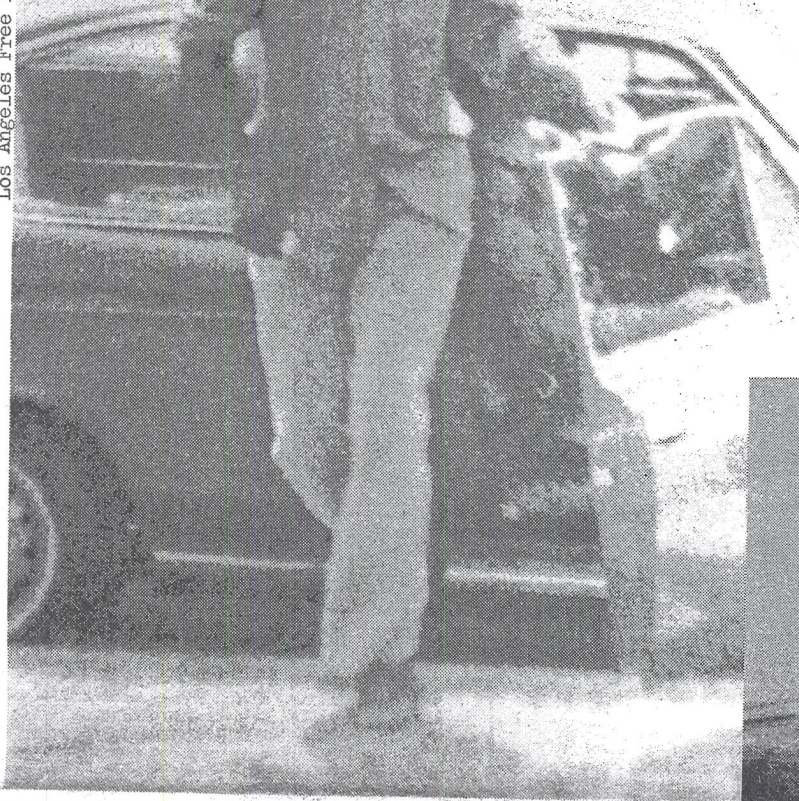


THE GLASS HOUSE TAPES

The story of an agent
provocateur and the new
police-intelligence complex



By C.R.I.C.*

& Louis E. Tackwood

Edited by Donald Freed

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The Glass House Tapes is a work in progress sponsored by the Center for the Analysis of Law Enforcement Practices.

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* (Citizens Research & Investigation Committee)

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22 OCT 71, 50272

Los Angeles Free Press - Part Two - April 21, 1972

THE GLASS HOUSE TAPES

ART KUNKIN & EARL OFARI

The following pages are several chapters from the unpublished manuscript of *The Glass House Tapes*, the life story of agent provocateur and former Los Angeles police informer Louis Tackwood. (The glass house is the modernistic building in downtown L.A. which houses the L.A. Police Headquarters, including its Intelligence Division.) The portions in bold face type are transcribed directly from the tapes made of Tackwood by the committee investigating his allegations against the police.

As told in this manuscript, Tackwood first became known to the public at a press conference held at Los Angeles radio station KPFK-FM, on October 15, 1971. There he told of the Criminal Conspiracy Section (C.C.S.) of the L.A.P.D. which had directed him in provocations to crush the Black Panther Party and Black Muslim church, which was somehow involved in the prior planning of the Marin County Court House shoot out for which Angela Davis is being tried, and which had sent him to Berkeley to spy on the Berkeley City Council elections.

One of Tackwood's most astounding charges was that C.C.S., in cooperation with the FBI, had organized a "Squad 19" to provoke violence at the 1972 Republican National Convention in San Diego, the violence to be blamed upon radicals to "create a situation which would permit the President to invoke special emergency powers leading to the arrest and detention of political activists throughout the country" and the activation of a contingency plan to cancel the 1972 elections. (The most complete account of what Tackwood said at this KPFK press conference is in the *Los Angeles Free Press* of October 22, 1971.)

As told in the original *Free Press* account about Tackwood, he underwent lie detector tests financed by the *Los Angeles Times*, *Newsweek*, and the *Washington Post*. According to reporters from these establishment publications, and polygraphic expert Chris Gugus who conducted the tests, Tackwood "did answer all of the critical questions truthfully on his examination."

But as the following excerpts from the Glass House Tapes show, when Tackwood first contacted the Citizens Research and Investigation Committee, a Venice collective of leftists writing a book about police intelligence activities, (he had first called the *L.A. Free Press* and was then referred to C.R.I.C.) he did not trust them, they did not trust him and everyone was afraid of being double-crossed to the police authorities.

For example, at the first meeting with Tackwood, C.R.I.C. investigators secretly took pictures of Tackwood for identification purposes from a second story window. Tackwood did not know of these photos for months. (One of these photographs is printed on the front cover of this section of the *Free Press*.)

At the first meeting with Tackwood, the C.R.I.C. investigators did not tell Tackwood their real names and he was monitored and tape recorded secretly from another room. But one of the tests given Tackwood to confirm the fact that he really was an agent for the police department was a list of names of radicals in Los Angeles, including some of those in C.R.I.C. In two days Tackwood was back with complete dossiers on all of them and astounded C.R.I.C. with what he was so quickly able to find out about them.

Another test made by C.R.I.C. in their early association with Tackwood was to have him call the Glass House and speak to his contact, a Sergeant Brown of the Los Angeles Police Department. (The tape recording of this conversation in the Fall of 1971 was played for newsmen at the KPFK press conference last October to authenticate Tackwood's relations with the police). Following is an interesting excerpt from that tape (Gwen is Tackwood's wife; James Carr, Tackwood's brother-in-law, a prison associate of George Jackson and a former member of the Black Panther Party.)

(Sgt. Brown speaking, special investigation section)

Sgt. Brown: May I help you?

Tackwood: Yeah. I hope the heat kills you.

B: Hey, what's happening?

T: Nothing much. Just trying to get ahold of someone.

What's happening?

B: Well, I'm just sitting here sweating and perspiring.

Waiting to go on my vacation —

T: When's your vacation starting?

B: Starting Friday.

T: Good lord.

B: That's why I'm not getting involved in anything.

T: I talked to Mahonney yesterday.

B: Yeah, he mentioned it. This morning just in passing.

That you'd called.

T: Yeah, he told me what Oston said.

B: Who?

T: You remember where I went out and bought that dynamite?

B: Oh yeah. What did he say?

T: He told them, "Hey, you got a man on your force named Tackwood working for you?"

B: Is that right?

T: That sure kinda hurt me. They should have busted him when I got the dynamite

B: Yeah.

T: Then I gonna tell you Gwen going up to see James soon.

B: Oh yeah?

T: You know something, old man, they should have killed him.

B: Who, James Carr?

T: Yeah.

B: Well, it's the only way you're going to stop him.

T: They should have killed him when they had a chance to in Los Angeles. I don't know what they were bullshitting about. That dude is dangerous, he's a mad man. What I wanted to ask you, old buddy, are you going to leave Friday?

B: Actually I start Friday, I'll be here 'bout half day Thursday and that's the end of it. What's up?

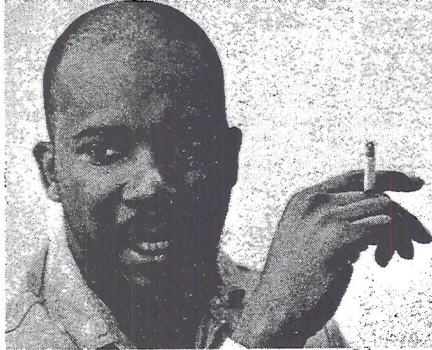
T: I'll have to get down before Thursday to see you, huh?

Now James Carr was executed on April 7, 1972, as he was getting into a car behind the home of his mother-in-law in San Jose, California. Two men were quickly arrested for the murder and the press has had a field day with charges that the two alleged killers were members of the Black Panther

Party and Carr was killed because he had stolen funds from the Angela Davis Defense Committee.

(See the stories about Carr written by Jerry Cohen in the *L.A. Times*. Cohen, remembering the conversation between Tackwood and Sgt. Brown about James Carr, spent many unsuccessful hours trying to relocate Tackwood after Carr was killed, according to C.R.I.C. investigators, but this writer has not seen one word by Cohen since Carr's death discussing Tackwood's relation to Carr, his revelations about C.C.S. holding back information about the Angela Davis case, or the fact that a Los Angeles policeman said about Carr when it was proposed last Fall that he be killed, "Well, it's the only way you're going to stop him.")

Tackwood claims that Carr had been scheduled for assassination as early as one year ago in Los Angeles as part of a general plan by C.C.S. to create divisions within the radical movement and eliminate its leadership.



James Carr, Tackwood's former brother-in-law, murdered this month in San Jose, California.

Tackwood further claims that Carr and Huey Newton supposedly were to have been set up for a bust in connection with the death of Fred Bennett, a Panther slain under mysterious circumstances. The prosecution evidence in the trumped up case was to have been supplied by a suspected police agent in the Panthers, James Mosher. Mosher later testified before a Congressional subcommittee about the Panthers' alleged illegal activities.

But while Jerry Cohen in the *L.A. Times* has been concealing the link-up he has knowledge of between Carr and Tackwood's revelations about the Los Angeles police, he has been throwing up smokescreens about the involvement of the Black Panther Party, The Angela Davis Defense Committee, and the killing of James Carr. (Lloyd Mims, one of the two men charged with Carr's death, is actually a member of a Panther split-off faction in Northern California while Richard Rodriguez, the second man, is not known to have ever been a member of the Panthers. Also the Angela Davis Defense Committee denies that Carr ever had access to any defense funds. The committee views the attempt to associate Carr's death with it as an attempt to discredit Angela's defense while shifting attention away from police complicity.)



Even at this late day, however, the Tackwood story is not fully known. For example, the San Diego documents mentioned in the section of *The Glass House Tapes* that we are publishing still have not been seen by anyone connected with C.R.I.C. Tackwood claims that they are his life insurance. Other key elements remain obscure. But there is sufficient substance to his allegations that his demand for a Senate or Congressional investigating committee should be honored.

Tackwood alleges that the police are trying to put him back into prison on a parole violation where he would likely be killed by the men imprisoned because of his previous police informant role. If this indeed happens without a public outcry, without someone in public office or with access to the national media taking advantage of this unparalleled opportunity to look into the intelligence activities of a modern day police force, the United States will have taken another long step to the day when the police will fully control the rest of us instead of pretending to be our civil servants.

Listen to Tackwood. Try to understand his convoluted mind even when you don't like him. Even if he surfaced just to save his own neck, he has valuable information. And hopefully the publication of these *Glass House Tape* excerpts in *The Free Press* will interest some book publisher in making the whole tragic-humorous true adventure story available to the general public.



Let me tell you. There are three things needed to win a revolution of any type. First of all, you need a cause that everyone believes in — for unity. Second of all you need a song. I don't know why, but you need a song — I'll tell you that's how Hitler got so popular. The marching song of the republic in the civil war is what kept everybody going. And in World War II it was, you know, the stars forever, y'know: the stars and stripes forever.

You need a motto, and a flag. Now this gives people three things to look up to. The song they can sing, the motto they can always say. Like King — he had a hell of a motto: "We shall overcome" and everybody really believed it too. He had people marching in front of fire hydrants, dogs, bullets and they wasn't gonna do no violence on him. He came up with that motto. "We shall overcome." And they had a song, right? Now these three things people can relate to.

And also you need a program that everyone can agree upon. You got to promise business something, you got to promise poor people something, you got to back stab over here, and back stab over there. How can I put it? It's all reality.

You need a strong police force, not this type of police, you know. I'm talking about like the black shirts or the brown shirts. You need this to control people. First of all, if you place enough fear in people's heart, they'll go along with anything. This is in the ghettos now, it's the principle that they work on. When they see a black and white pass by — everybody's radios go down, lights go off, everybody's throwing the dope under their chairs. Somebody knock on the door too hard and say "police," everybody jumps. This is the fear thing they're working on.

What you gotta do is give 'em a counter fear. See my point? All this is completely for the revolution and then after you get your revolution going, you must get rid of all intellectuals. Seriously, to build a new order, you have to get rid of all the old intellectuals, like I mean nationally known ones. If I took power they're the first ones I'd have shot. The night I took power I'd put them against the wall and have 'em shot 'cause they're dangerous. See my point?

You have to, like, have all books that don't believe in what you're doing squashed from the start. 'Cause first of all when you come to power it's a struggle, 'cause you still have the old power somewhere lurking in the background. So you must destroy it. You got to put enough fear in the people's heart, that they think, "If we try to take over, phew!"

Sometime in September, Tackwood indicated he was being prepared for a new assignment, "Squad 19." It involved a coordinated contingency plan under the joint direction of the FBI and CCS. A steering committee had been set up, he said, with Edward Birch of the FBI and Sgt. Daniel Mahoney of CCS as liaison officers in planning and coordination.

The incredible plan entailed planting a number of agents — provocateur both inside and outside of the 1972 Republican Convention in San Diego. Agents were to infiltrate the groups planning demonstrations against the war and poverty. At the time of the demonstrations, these agents were to provoke street battles with the police surrounding the convention hall. Meanwhile, agents inside the convention hall were to have planted explosives timed to blow up coincident with the "riot in the streets." The purpose: to kill a number of delegates.

The results, of course, would be to create a nation-wide hysteria that would then provide President Richard M. Nixon with the popular support necessary to declare a state of national emergency. He could then arrest all "militants" and Left-wing revolutionaries and cancel the 1972 election.

Duggan and Katz were stunned. American history was filled with bloodshed and wholesale roundups of militants, presidents had even been assassinated; yet, never had the American "ruling class" had the audacity to kill numbers of their own kind to achieve the elimination of their opposition.

Furthermore, it seemed impossible that Tackwood would be included in such a bizarre plot this far in advance of the Republican Convention. The story was too fantastic. Yet Tackwood was willing to remain on the "Squad," until the very moment that the explosives were to go off, and then expose the entire scheme to the press. He would record all progress and plans. No compensation or guarantees were demanded by him.

The arrangement was acceptable to both sides. They would protect his identity and he would protect them against any entrapment. No citizen could afford to ignore the opportunity to view the working of the secret political police of the country from such a vantage point, and expose them!

On September 15, Tackwood called and said, "I got the plans for San Diego. I'll bring them to your place at six o'clock tonight."

Duggan put the phone down. He could not believe what he had heard. All the trust so carefully developed over the months suddenly evaporated. This was clearly an entrapment. No one in his right mind would use what must be a tapped phone and announce possession of the plans to blow up the Republican Convention and his intentions of delivering them.

He had to see Joan and Dan at once to swear out an affidavit declaring his suspicions that CCS through their agent Louis Tackwood was getting ready to bust him on a charge of receiving stolen documents, or worse.

The affidavit was drawn up at the Bar Sinister office within an hour of the phone call. Duggan then contacted a friend to set up a stakeout of the meeting place. He intended to meet Tackwood outside the house to avoid any search and destroy mission by CCS agents. Marilyn was out of town; it was just as well to have her on the outside where she could do some good.

Tackwood failed to show. He had disappeared. "Duggan sure is jumpy," Tackwood thought as he hung up the phone. "I wonder what that white boy's up to. Maybe I shouldn't give him those papers on San Diego yet — he may be trying to set me up for something. You can never tell with those SDS people." But after three months he no more trusted Duggan and Katz than he did the "vultures" at CCS. They all operated on ideologies — right or left. They all had a purpose and you could never tell what they would do to achieve it.

He lit a cigarette, took a beer out of the refrigerator and sat down to think about how he could best "cover his ass." If

(please turn to page 3)

Tackwood & C.R.I.C. worry about double double-cross

(continued from page 2)

he gave Duggan the San Diego papers his usefulness to him might be over. If he didn't — well, he didn't know what to expect, Duggan knowing all that karate.

From the next room he could hear his young wife arguing with her mom about when she and Louis would move out. Tackwood didn't want to hear it. The only time he got on with Gwen's mama was when he brought her money or beer. "Doesn't matter," he thought as he closed the door to shut out the bickering. "we'll be splitting this place soon and once the book is written we won't have to come back — if they don't cross me."

The ringing of the phone jarred Tackwood from his thoughts.

"Tackwood?" It was Sgt. Stewart from CCS and he didn't sound friendly.

"How ya doing, good buddy? What's going on? Shoot anybody lately?" Tackwood said, trying to feel him out.

"Look, I want to see you downtown in the morning — early."

"Sure. Whatcha got? New job for me?"

"Just be down here."

Sounds like trouble, he thought as he put down the receiver. There had been none of the usual shared jokes or camaraderie in that call. His fantasies about a "setup" seemed to have some reality. Maybe that was the reason Duggan was so jumpy. — maybe Duggan was crossing him. There was no use in panicking, he decided. "I'll check it out in the morning."

Before going to the Glass House, he picked up his grandma. If there was trouble, he'd need money and he could always count on grandma for that. "Look mama, before I take you home I got to stop by the Glass House. About a little business."

"You ain't messing around with those policemen again, are you Reese? You know they ain't gonna get you anything but trouble."

"No, mama, I just got to do a little business in the building — somebody stole some money from me — that's all," he lied.

He parked across from Parker Center, left his grandma in the car and started to walk in. "Maybe I'd better call up there first, no use asking for trouble."

"Hello, this is Red, is Sgt. Stewart there?"

"One minute, hold on. Hey Stewart, it's Tackwood."

Through the muffled receiver he heard Stewart reply, "That double-crossing son-of-a-bitch, tell him to wait."

Tackwood hung up quickly. He had heard all he needed to know. Somehow they had found out about him. His suspicion that Duggan was crossing him was steadily taking shape. He got in the car, drove to his mama's, got some bread and rushed home to get his wife.

"Gwen, we got to get out of this house, they crossed us! Forget about your clothes — we'll get 'em later. We can go to Shirley's for awhile."

Gwen was confused and had a lot of questions, but knowing Louis she asked none and went along. She had run with Louis before, not always knowing where they were going or why. She was tired of it, but there just didn't seem to be any other way out. Their belongings were already packed since her mama had just kicked them out of the house.

It was one o'clock in the afternoon. Louis had taken Shirley to the market to get some meat. He felt safe, planning the meal he was going to cook and bragging about his ability as a chef.

His wife came running into the store. "Louis, Duggan's outside looking for you. You'd better either go out there or do something quick."

"How did he know where I was? Only one way — the police — I got to get some time," he thought as he walked outside. "Hey, man, how ya doing? I got hung up this morning. Mad-dogs downtown wanted to see me. I got to go back there this afternoon. Looks like a big job. Think it has to do with the convention. Could be some important stuff. I'll call you later."

Duggan wasn't sure what to do. He had come across Tackwood's car by chance, while looking for him when he didn't show up. If he let him go now, he might never see him again. Was this the setup? Or were there no papers at all? No matter what, there was only one way to find out — play Tackwood's game. "Okay, I'll wait for your call. Everything's all right, isn't it?"

"Sure, better than ever. I'll call this afternoon, no, tonight, when I get back."

Duggan drove off, feeling powerless, not sure what was happening.

Tackwood was now sure it was a cross. Duggan's jumpiness last night on the phone, the phone call to CCS that morning, and now Duggan's appearance at a place he couldn't have known about without the help of the police and their omnipresent eyes. But he felt he'd won this round, gained some time and he didn't think Duggan knew about Shirley or where she lived. He would have time to think in a safe place. Shirley and her old man were good people. They'd take care of Gwen and Tack and never say a word.

When Sgts. Rudy and Stewart showed up at Shirley's house the next morning, his suspicions tripled. There was only one person who knew where they were — Gwen's mama. "Crosses are coming down all over," he thought, "you can't trust nobody."

They took him downtown and it wasn't for a new job. He sat in a chair in the room where he'd seen other studs forced to confess to things they hadn't done or didn't want to admit to.

"What kind of game are you planing, Red?" Rudy asked.

"What are you talking about man, you know me!"

"Yeah, I sure do know you. I also know who you've been seeing, and what you been saying for these past couple of months. I know you're a double-crossing s.o.b."

"Not me, I don't know what you're talking about."

"You don't? Well, let me help you. Remember Frank Donner? Remember being down at the voter registration office? Remember telling Duggan and Katz more than they should know? Remember?"

"Not me, no way, you guys must be crazy!"

"Crazy enough to be able to prove everything I've been saying. We've know for a long time, Tackwood, we've just been waiting. We know you took the papers, now where are they?"

"What papers?"

"You know the papers I'm talking about. Did you give them to your commie friends?"

"No way, I don't know about any papers."

"Well you better learn. You got two days to get those fucking papers back here, or your ass ain't worth a nickel."

Tackwood left, glad to be in one piece, but not knowing what to think. They sure knew a lot. Duggan and Katz must have crossed him. There was no other way the cops could have known that much. He had been an informer long enough to know that it was not brilliant police work that solved crimes or gave the police facts. Rather it was informers and double-crossers like himself. They were the oil that kept the machine working. Without them it would break down.

He wasn't sure what to do. One thing he knew for certain. The San Diego papers were his life insurance. As long as they were in his possession, the cops couldn't kill him. They'd be afraid that the papers would get out and ruin their plans. Luckily he'd been smart enough to hide them where no one would find them: not Duggan or Katz, not even Gwen. He'd have to be careful for the next few days, lie low and wait for their next move.

He didn't have to wait long.

On the twenty-first, that's when they really started pushing on my ass. Metropolitan gave me a ticket for driving without a license. They'd stopped me for some jive ass thing. So then, on the twenty-second, they (CCS) picked me up on some humbug and took me down to Newton Street and kept me there for three days.

"We just want you to hold him for a few days," Mahoney says to the desk sergeant. "He needs a little time to think."

"What's the charge?"



At the October 15 Press Conference of the Citizen's Research and Investigation Committee (CRIC) at KPFK-FM in Los Angeles. From left to right: Michael McCarthy and Marilyn Lund of CRIC; former police informer Louis Tackwood; Attorney Dan Lund representing Tackwood; and Attorney Joan Anderson of CRIC. Photo by Art Kunkin

"Anything you like, just hold him."

They just let me sit there and think. It was a thought thing. They were just saying, "Think about it, Tackwood, you're in here now and we can get you all the way to the pen, if we want to."

I didn't think about it much though, I stayed loaded for three days. They never even bothered to search me.

Three days later they let me out — that's when they popped me. What they were trying to do was clean up. They wanted me to say I stole some papers to sell to Duggan, Katz, Freed, a whole list of people — get it, conspiring to buy stolen documents. Not the San Diego papers, but a list of police officers they were going to supposedly murder. There was this black dude they wanted to get too — a pimp — they were in touch with some people he ran with. They were to bust him saying that he stole my briefcase with the papers and some money. The next day they'd arrest a couple of his friends on the same thing, and one of them would come up with the papers. Good plan, huh?

It was just like old times. So it was not Duggan or Katz who had been crossing him. It was just a good ol' CCS conspiracy plot. Somehow they had caught on to his game. Probably something Duggan or Katz had done. Now they figured he had set the radicals up to save his own ass. It was foolproof. They would say that he had crossed CCS but had had a change of heart at the last minute. They wouldn't even have to rely on the testimony of a known informer. By finding the goods on a third party, they would add credibility to their story.

Insidiously as it sounds, it was standard operating procedure for CCS and many other government and police agencies. If you couldn't get your prey to commit a crime then commit one for them. Either way, you rid yourself of the problem. Tackwood was not quite confident. He knew that they could plot against him as well as anybody else, but for now it seemed the only way out.

We had it all set up. Mahoney, Beasley and I drove up to the house in the afternoon with a note for Roy. The note gave him 'til ten o'clock that night to have "the girl" bring the papers down to Newton Street. We knew he couldn't bring 'em down there, cause he didn't have 'em, but this way it would look good in court. You know, we gave the dude a chance to come in on his own. We gave the note to a dude on the street to deliver to Roy. He was part of the setup. It was beautiful.

That night about eleven o'clock, CCS dropped me off at Newton Street (police station). There were only a few people there that time of night. I walked in and tell the cat I work for CCS, give my code name, the whole shot, and I needed some money. The guy goes through all the motions, calls CCS, everything. They tell him to give me everything I need.

No matter what it took, they should go out and arrest these people. Man, the dude snapped to attention when he heard that. There were six cops there just bullshitting on a coffee break. He broke in and told them, "Hey, go with this man."

On the way down to the house, they picked up some men. They didn't know who I was, just that they were to

take orders from me. We set it up real nice. Cordoned off both ends of the street and eight men came with me.

We walked up to the back apartment building and I knocked. When the lady asked who is it, I said "the police." You could hear every apartment door in the building slam shut. So I motion to the cops who came over, cocked their guns, told me to stand back and kicked the outer door in. We got inside but I didn't know which apartment Roy lived in. There were four of them. So, four cops, guns drawn, line up in front of each door, and bust in. There were some old people in one, two were empty, and Roy was in bed with his old lady.

Cop says, "Your name Roy, dude?"

Dude says, "Yeah."

"Well, you better not breathe." He turns to me and asks, "Is that the one?"

I say, "Yeah," but I don't know, I ain't never seen the dude before.

Cop said, "We're looking for a briefcase and some papers, right?"

So we start searching all his stuff. I look in the closet. Roy got mad and said "What you doing, get out of my stuff." The cop warned him to shut up if he wanted to stay healthy. Of course we couldn't find the papers so the cop asked me "What should we do now?"

"Arrest him," I said. "Handcuff him and take him."

"Her too?"

"No, she ain't the right one."

We go outside and start asking the neighbors if they've seen Roy with this chick — a Jamaican girl with a cut hand. This one dude pipes up that he remembers her with Roy — saw them together the other day. He's the dude that was setting Roy up. Like I said we had it all worked out.

We took him down to the station and I sat there for three hours in a room with him. Poor Roy he was confused. He knew I was the victim but he couldn't figure why the victim was grilling him. It would look beautiful in court. "Tackwood has change of heart at the last minute. Comes back to CCS." They figured I couldn't turn around again now. Hell, warrants for Duggan and Katz would be out the next day — I'd have no place to run. They had it all sewed up — but I crossed them.

Tackwood left Roy at the station. He was worried. He knew they were using him and he wasn't sure where he was going to end up. He knew they didn't trust him and he sure as hell didn't trust them.

He was also scared of Duggan and Katz. When they found out he'd crossed them, they might do anything. He didn't know. He remembered CCS's plan to eliminate "Cotton" Smith when they got the Panthers. The idea of meeting the same fate didn't appeal to him. He once again decided to split.

A week went by. He and Gwen were laying low. They were staying with trusted friends, but getting paranoid and jumpy as hell. Tackwood looked terrible; he needed a shave. He was so jumpy that he cut a guy bad one night in a bar fight — real bad, almost killed him. He was trapped. The trickster, tricked. He called Sgt. Brown. The man who had gotten him out of his first jam and into a hundred more.

I found I had a knack of controlling people. It was a simple thing with me, it was a second sense like I could figure out your weaknesses right quick and deal with them. You see my point?

So this thing grew. My appetite for this thing grew, more and more and more, for more reading and more controlling of people. And so then when it got to the point where this appetite couldn't be satisfied no other way, I went off into this thing. This other thing. I think this kept me going. The conspiracy thing 'cause it's a heavy thing to carry with you. Like you've always got to be super up-tight. You've got to have your game down so well that if you're riding with somebody and you know you've got to give 'em up, you dig, you can't let it slip . . . you know . . . like you've got to go along with the game all the way.

You've got to play it to the point of departure . . . you've got to revert back to yourself right quick. You can't let one overtake the other. This is why . . . like . . . I don't know . . . it's always been this way.

Tackwood never called. Duggan had half-expected, half-feared this would happen when he left him at the market.

Duggan searched all the old haunts Tackwood frequented: the Jack-in-the-Box, the 50 cent movie theatre downtown, a black go-go bar on the South side. Nothing turned up. His apartment was empty, the telephone still in operation.

Two days had passed. Duggan was confused now. He had put off meetings before, but this was the first time Tackwood had not shown up at all as well as the longest period of time in which he had not made contact. He was disappointed too. It seemed a waste to have come so close to learning the inner workings of the police and have lost their only guide.

It simply did not make sense. Tackwood had nothing to

(please turn to page 4)

Three 'thieves of mercy' take off into the night

(continued from page 3)

gain by disappearing now. If he was a double agent, he would have followed through on the meeting. If not, there was no reason to leave now and endanger the new relationship.

There was only one logical explanation. CCS had discovered Tackwood's duplicity and ripped him off. "The phone call must have done it," he thought. "How reckless. We can expect to find him in the Los Angeles River with a couple of .38 slugs in the back of his head. Hell, that's all melodrama. He's probably just hiding somewhere on the South side. Probably just got scared!"

Whatever the truth was, as the days passed, they knew that they must act. Time was precious especially if Tackwood turned up dead. Duggan and Katz would be the most likely candidates for a murder charge.

Duggan and Katz called together their most trusted confidants in CRIC. After many hours of discussion it was decided that the press had to be brought into this incredibility. They must get the truth out publicly before the police department had a chance for a political heyday raving about "terror on the Left."

Reporters from the *Washington Post*, *Newsweek* and the *L.A. Times* were invited to a meeting at Duggan and Katz' Venice apartment.

Leroy Aarons of the *Post* arrived first. He did not fit the stereotype of establishment press reporters. The faded denim he wore and his graying goatee placed him closer to the cultural revolution of this generation. He slumped down on one of the large spongy pillows that substituted for chairs and mixed easily into the idle conversation.

Jerry Cohen from the *Times* cooked more his part, carrying a briefcase filled with notes and a tape recorder, he was in sharp contrast to the Bohemian setting. He found it difficult to relax and constantly fidgeted with his unoccupied hands in nervous spasms.

Cohen was in his forties, balding and smoked a pipe which he was always emptying. He sat uncomfortably on a bar stool that was too high for his short legs. Sensing his awkwardness, the others engaged him in small talk, stalling for time.

Karl Fleming from *Newsweek* limped in late, his sprained foot in a cast. Fleming was an anachronism of sorts. A liberal southerner, who had been in the south during the civil rights movement of the sixties; he spoke with a Southern lilt and a caustic humor. His articles on the Los Angeles Police Department had won him the animosity of its chief, Ed Davis.

CRIC members had prepared the case history of Tackwood carefully. They had assembled all the tape recordings including an edited version of the most important revelations. There were copies of a citizens complaint to the District Attorney, the California State Attorney General, and Attorney General John Mitchell, accusing CCS of responsibility for Tackwood's disappearance and possible death.

Before the night was over, the press were convinced that there was a story, but ambivalent about the credibility and motives of the young revolutionaries. But an agreement was reached between the reporters and CRIC that they could have several weeks to investigate the story before CRIC would break it to other media.

The three great news establishments mobilized their vast resources with speed and efficiency. CRIC had thought by calling one national news magazine and a major newspaper from each coast, they would have a good chance of getting national circulation and some protection. They did not know, then, that all three news organs were connected to the same media family (*Newsweek* was owned by the *Post*, and the *L.A. Times* shared the wire service with the *Post* that circulated to some 350 newspapers across the country).

The investigators from the press began to turn up facts corroborating Tackwood's story in most of the crucial areas. Their first concern was to prove that Tackwood was an informer. After running down his long criminal record of arrests and convictions with little time served, the investigators discovered a parole officer's report that declared Tackwood to be a reliable police informant.

The investigators uncovered a newspaper article describing the shooting incident that had killed Tackwood's father. A report from New Orleans confirmed that he had in fact worked for syndicate head Carlos Marcellos' number two man, and that Tackwood had returned to California under suspicious circumstances.

Another report indicated that Tackwood had indeed worked in the D'Army Bailey and Ira Simon's Berkeley campaign and that Bailey had known Tackwood was an undercover agent for CCS and CII. The trial transcripts of men in prison and on death row revealed that it was Tackwood's testimony that had convicted them. And his grandmother was finally tracked down, and she confirmed that he worked for the police.

The evidence was convincing to everyone. The finale was Tackwood's reappearance as the star performer at a special "news" conference called by the District Attorney, in his office, on October 6.

I waited on the corner for about fifteen minutes before Sgt. Brown showed up. He was with another dude. It was just like always. You know, he gave me the ol' "hi, good buddy" routine. Who'd I cut. All that stuff. But as we turned the corner, I looked back and saw a car following us — a CCS car. Next I find that the dude with Brown is from the D.A.'s office.

When we were getting out of the car, I can tell that Brown's wearing a fargo and I look back and saw Beasley getting out of the second car with the receiver. I knew this wasn't no social call.

They took me into the D.A.'s office and into a little room. Man, they pulled out this letter that Duggan and Katz had sent to the D.A.'s office charging CCS with kidnapping, and it went over all the things I'd told them about CCS.

Brown says to me "Now, Tackwood, you're in a little trouble and there are some people who want to talk to you, but don't worry. Just listen to us and it'll be all right. Understand?" I understood real well.

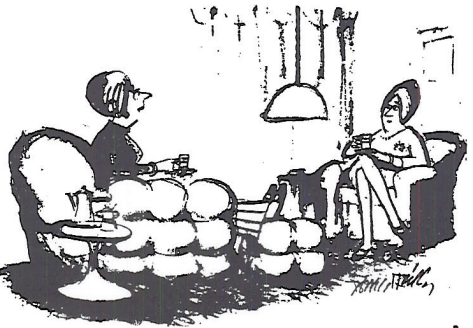
It was too late to deny anything. The only way to save my ass was to go along with them — for awhile. The plan was this: Brown would say "Mr. Tackwood, did you ever make any tapes with Robert Duggan and Marilyn Katz?" I would say "No." He'd say "Is it true that you told them that CCS blam de blam blam?" And I'd say "No." Over and over for each part of the statement. Just like a kind of play.

So they march me into this room filled with people I don't

know. And they hold up the paper, read it off section by section. And every section they say: "Now, Mr. Tackwood, is anything in this statement true?" And I say, right on cue, "No, it is not." And it goes on and on.

And then they say "Do you know Robert Duggan and Marilyn Katz?" I say "Yes." So then they say, "Do you know what these people are involved in?" And like clockwork I say, "Yeah, buying information so they can carry out their plan to kill police. They are a part of a conspiracy to do this around the country."

Then they call the police photographers and he takes all sorts of pictures. Like with me pointing to the statement and shaking my head no. See my point? And one with us (Brown and me) with our arms around each other, you know to show I'm alive and we're all real friendly like . . . see my point?



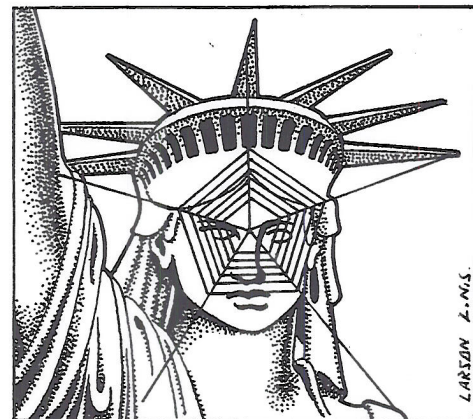
"Tuition has soared again this year, but we're lucky in that our Greg gets a little something from the FBI to sort of keep an eye on his dorm floor." L.A.S.

Tackwood was back. He had survived again; the cat had another life. His performance at the District Attorney's office was a complete fabrication, under CCS direction for sure, but a command performance nonetheless. The entire charade was put on for the exclusive benefit of one reporter, Jerry Cohen of the *Times*. Cohen had pressed for a reply to CRIC's allegations from the District Attorney, so Tackwood's "confession" was quickly staged for Cohen's edification.

Tackwood did so well that CCS released him. He was on the streets again. But the next day Cohen drove down to Tackwood's apartment accompanied by Leroy Aarons. They convinced Tackwood that they knew the declarations given to the District Attorney were false and that they would like to hear his version of the story. They told him that they were working with CRIC, and that he could trust them to handle the information with discretion. Tackwood agreed and returned with the reporters to the *Times* building.

The undercover agent had now surfaced to tell his story to the world. He began a seven-hour marathon interrogation with Flemming, Aarons, and Cohen. Armed with the material scoured from the hidden corners of Tackwood's past, they took him back over his ten-year career with the precision of good investigators. No detail of his life as an informant was left out; they had names, dates, and places of incidents in Tackwood's past that had been lost in the recesses of his memory.

At the end of the seven hours the reporters were convinced that there was a big story, perhaps one worth a congressional investigation. They only had to convince their editors to run it, and for that they needed to have Tackwood take a lie detector test.



An examination was set up by Cohen with Chris Gugus in Hollywood. Tackwood came to Gugus' office accompanied by CRIC members. Gugus was a trusted professional who had high recommendations. But when CRIC members learned Gugus was an ex-Sheriff's officer and noticed the framed autographed picture of Gugus and J. Edgar Hoover, they wondered if they hadn't fallen into a trap.

Chris Gugus had more the appearance of a dentist than a polygrapher. He wore a long white smock and horn rim glasses, and walked with sort of a cock's strut.

Gugus conducted a preliminary test and decided Tackwood was too high strung and nervous to go through with the examination at the time. He recommended that he be put up over night to relax, with a private detective to guard him. The press put up the hundred dollars for the night and everyone returned home wondering what the results would be the next day.

Events began to turn quickly now. CRIC was beginning to have doubts about the intentions of the *L.A. Times*, *Newsweek* and the *Washington Post*, and consequently began to move ahead with plans to break the story open to other media. Arrangements were made with KPFK, of the Pacifica Foundation, to have a press conference in their studio where it could be broadcast live in Los Angeles and Pacifica's sister stations in Houston, Berkeley, and New York.

The polygraph test of Tackwood took place the next day. His allegations were vindicated. Under the curious circum-

stances it was difficult to tell who was more surprised: CRIC or the press. Yet all the accusations against CCS and their conspiratorial activities were substantially verified by the polygraph.

Perhaps more amazed than anyone was Chris Gugus. He asked Tackwood to return the next day in order that other questions concerning his police work could be gone over in more detail.

That night the CRIC members were again meeting in Venice. Lately life seemed to be an endless series of meetings and traumas. Venice was like St. Petersburg in 1900. Tonight was a combination of both; they were planning their first press conference.

Would the press even attend? How could they deal with the underground press in the same room as the establishment press? Was there a conflict? What could they do to prevent Western International News Service, a police front, from attending? How could they maintain control of delicate material without stifling Tackwood?

CRIC had become painfully aware of their inexperience as spies in the last few months. Now they were confronted with their lack of skills in dealing with the press. They would have to learn fast.

It was about 11 p.m. when the phone rang. It was Tackwood. Incoherently he mumbled something to Duggan about a setup, involving Cohen and Gugus, and CCS; something about never returning from the lie-detector test, ripping Duggan off . . .

"I'm not sure what's going on, but Tackwood says CCS is going to kill him, or me, or someone. I'm not sure who. I couldn't get what he was saying," Duggan related his call to the others.

They were almost too exhausted to handle another crises but they understood the urgency.

"Well, no matter what it turns out to be, we can't afford to take any chances," Marilyn said. "There's only one way to find out what he's talking about. We'd better go pick him up."

"Wait. That could be the setup. If Bob goes there, CCS may be waiting for him. It's too risky," Don Freed warned. "I've got it," Barboura Freed exclaimed. "We'll send women — women who the police don't know in Mary Bess' car. That should be safe."

(Barboura had been one of the outstanding young actors in the country. Her Ophelia, in Hamlet, had been a remarkable delineation. But sickened by the sexism and exploitation of the Hollywood scene, Earth Mother had become a writer and "just" a woman. Mary Bess was a journalist from KPFK, the radio station where the press conference would be held.)

"But Tackwood won't go with people he doesn't know. Marilyn could go, but CCS would pick her up just as quickly."

Katz ran into the bedroom, and returned with her short-cropped hair covered by a long black bouffant wig. She looked more like a slightly debauched sorority girl than an active revolutionary.

"Perfect," Barboura said. "Who would suspect a sorority girl, a journalist, and an earthmother of harboring a fugitive."

The three "thieves of mercy" took off into the night. At the wheel was Mary Bess, a young, buxom, soft-spoken blonde woman in a cape, who looked that late night like a Wagnerian heroine, escaped in costume and cape from a local opera company. Next to her the infamous spy "Myra Jost," her wig askew and blowing treacherously out of the partially opened window. Barboura sat in the back, wrapped in a kelly green poncho, looking forward to meeting Tackwood for the first time. Following them in a "scout" car were Jim Cookson, a hapkid expert, and Joan Anderson, the Bar Sinister lawyer.

They reached their destination. The second car scanned the neighborhood for police, and loitered in wait on the dark street. Car number one, containing the three women, pulled into the parking lot in the rear of Louis' building.

Suddenly, uncannily, Tackwood appeared on the upstairs balcony, a loud TV behind him illuminating his figure in the darkness. He descended and spoke briefly to Marilyn, not seeming to notice her crazily angled dyneel wig.

"Let's go quickly, Louis, go up and get Gwen, we've got to hurry."

He ascended the stairs, can of beer in hand and disappeared once again.

Mary Bess shot Barboura a pregnant glance. In the damp night air a horn could be heard. Was it Morse code? Longs and shorts, dashdash, dot . . . Barboura cursed her early inattention in Girl Scout Troop 200. "Christ, where are they," she thought. The place must be surrounded.

Tackwood returned without Gwen. "She's gonna stay here tonight with Shirley. It's just as well, no need to get her uptight."

"All right," "Myra Jost" said getting a bit impatient from the tension. "Just hurry."

They piled into the car. Marilyn said, "Sorry. Tack. but you understand," as Barboura in accord with earlier plans followed the contours of his chest with her hands in search of a fargo.

Then off into the night. The faster Tackwood talked, the faster Mary Bess Brunhilde drove till it seemed they were hurtling through a foggy operatic night, complete with dry ice and fans.

The fear on Tackwood's face no longer was of CCS but of Mary Bess' mad drive on the freeways. Through the dense cigarette smoke all eyes scanned the road for pursuers. every car inspected as it sped by, while Tackwood talked and talked without letup.

(Editor's note: At this point in the manuscript Tackwood tells the women in the car of an elaborate scheme in which Tackwood would get immunity from prosecution, a "ticket to go far, far away," and money in exchange for false testimony about C.R.I.C. We are not publishing in the Free Press the details related in the manuscript at this point out of concern that Tackwood's paranoia was possibly causing him to make unjust accusations against innocent parties.)

During this talk Tackwood told the three women, "You got to stop them. When I go in for that test tomorrow, they're gonna snatch me up again. See my point? The next time I'm to see you, you all will be in jail."

"I see your point," Katz said dryly. "Don't worry, Tack, we'll work it out," she said, not knowing what to believe. Tackwood's paranoia was rubbing off on all of them.)

(please turn to page 5)

Tackwood signs every paper given to him by D.A.

(continued from page 4)

I was smarter than all of 'em. I survived on the streets for ten years. That's a long time. It's a tricky business. How can I put it to you? You got the mad dogs on one side and the brothers on the street on the other — and you can't trust none of 'em. See my point?

But at the end it's getting bad. I could see, after the "Cotton" thing, CCS might want to get rid of me next. They might call me buddy, but when the chips are down, I was still a nigger. I jus' got sick and tired of it.

Tackwood and the three women did not arrive back at the Venice apartment 'til three a.m. They greeted his story with numbed uncertainty. The biggest problem was not being sucked into a whirlwind of plots and counterplots, or being intimidated by threats, rumors or fears. They had to maintain a strategy of their own if they were to keep control of the situation.

The press conference was the key. Once Tackwood's story was public knowledge, CCS and the D.A.'s office would not be able to suppress it, nor would they so easily be able to frame them for a conspiracy. Forces would be set in motion that were beyond the immediate control of police intelligence.

CRIC advised Tackwood to go through with the rest of the polygraph test. They didn't want to open themselves up to a kidnapping charge. Dan Lund would go with him to prevent his being kidnapped by the police.

Tackwood was delivered to Gugus' office at the appointed time. Minutes later, four well-armed detectives from the Special Investigations Division of the District Attorney's office arrived. In a confusing and rancorous tragi-farce, the four SID men began unstrapping Tackwood from the polygraph machine while Dan stood helpless outside the room.

Banging on the door, he yelled, "What's going on here? Who are those men? Let me in."

The door opened, abruptly, and Gugus was crouched behind the desk, shivering. Fleming and Aarons stood with their mouths gaping. Their colleague, Cohen, was conspicuously absent. Tackwood made no protest at his seizure. He went without a bang or a whimper.

Were Gugus and Cohen cooperating with the D.A.'s office? Why did Tackwood consent to go along? Was he effectively kidnapped? Could CRIC members expect to be arrested at any moment on conspiracy charges?

The questions were many; some remain unsolved to this day, but CRIC's choice of action remained clear: plow ahead, hold the press conference, no matter what. Of course they would have to hold the conference missing their star performer. Charley was gone again.

Tackwood now was in the D.A.'s office signing every statement they put before him. They included a statement releasing Dan Lund as his attorney; a second declaring CRIC had held him against his will; a third stating that CRIC was engaged in a conspiracy to receive stolen documents from confidential files. He was promised immunity.

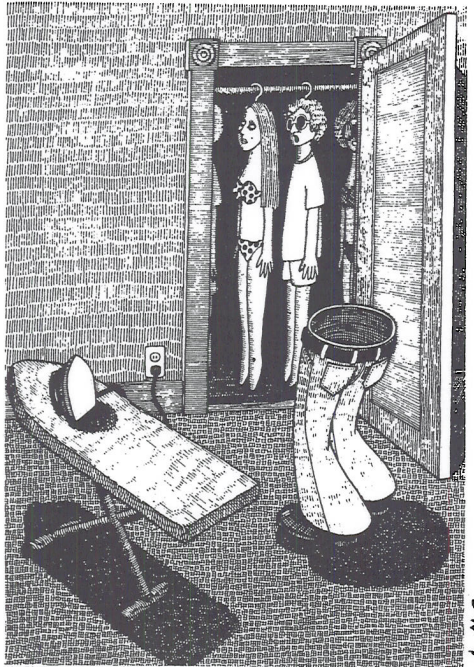
Duggan and Katz were now invited by the District Attorney's office to give statements concerning the original accusations against CCS made when Tackwood disappeared the first time. Dan and Joan from the Bar Sinister accompanied them.

It was clear from the trend of the questions that the D.A. was less interested in investigating CCS than in finding out how the information concerning them was gathered. Charges against Duggan and Katz seemed imminent.

But Tackwood was waiting for CRIC. Once again he had returned to them. Their meeting was like the return of the prodigal son.

"Hey man, they had me down there all day signing things. They had me fire you, Dan, and what d'ya know," he said turning to Duggan and Katz, "They want you guys for conspiracy."

"This D.A., I'm going to tell you, is a smart dude. He is slick. He's called a press conference at the same time as your KPFK press conference. Slick, huh?"



"Guess who's supposed to be the star? Me! See my point? That's when he's going to launch his attack."

Who had the double agent, CCS? or CRIC? Nobody? He was a free agent, estimating his options, not playing his whole hand at once, but, still, inexorably swept along by the persistence of events. CRIC had ridden out the worst of the panic. They worked all night preparing elaborate press lists. They had called the State's bluff.

The KPFK press conference was held as scheduled. Tackwood was a virtuoso. There was no going back for him now, the bridges were burned, the story, in print, was irreversible.

Chief of Police Davis' only statement to the press was "there has been a Bolshevik trying to plant this story on the police for the last two weeks . . . I didn't think the press would take this seriously." Tackwood's candid reply was, "what's a bull shevik?"

The story was run nationwide in the *Post* and the *Los Angeles Times*, the *Left*, *Black* and *underground press*, some radio, and almost no television. Tackwood even made a short newsreel with some private film makers. The story was picked up in Europe and Latin America with great interest. It was a media sensation for a week.

Lund called the District Attorney's office after the press conference and talked briefly to a Mr. Grodin, Assistant District Attorney, who in an obvious state of anger said, "I assume Mr. Tackwood will not be here today."

"I don't know, you can ask him if you wish," Dan replied, in his soft way.

"Never mind. When were you made Mr. Tackwood's lawyer, Mr. Lund?"

"Right after you released him."

It was evident that the D.A.'s office had listened to the live broadcast along with several hundred thousand others. Their frustration had led them into childish spasms. The game, the end game, was over. They had lost. CRIC and the public had won, CRIC thought.

Tackwood, since that penultimate day, had begun a tour of the colleges in the Los Angeles area, playing to packed houses, exposing police conspiracies on campus and the infiltration of the OEO projects designed to aid minority students. Throughout the state he told of the conspiracies not solved, but in fact created by CCS, SII and the LAPD.

CCS tried a few clumsy attempts to intimidate him and CRIC. They put out an All Points Bulletin for his arrest, on the basis of a year-old parole violation, but the parole officer would not cooperate; they tried to follow him obviously and brazenly to set up stakeouts.

CRIC simply followed the CCS cars, jotted down their license numbers, took photographs of them and sent them on to the underground press. The CCS style had become mean and impotent. They were amateurs now.

On the twentieth of November, Secret Service agents arrived at KPFK to begin an investigation of the "San Diego Conspiracy."

(End of Chapter)