



POOR PARANOIDS BY ALLEN KATZMAN - TATE MURDER-NARC LIST OF THE FREEP

Everything shouts. The din is the applause of objects.
Canetti - Crowds and Power

Everything shouts in Los Angeles: From the car culture which crams its Freeways to the billboards and signs which cram the eyes with messages of buy and sell. Wherever one turns, whether it be in the Hollywood Hills, or the Canyons (Topanga, Laurel, etc.), or L.A. proper, one is met with an act, an occurrence which calls the body to approve or disapprove. Whatever, the applause is deafening.

In the past few weeks, L.A. has been called to witness the illusion of its own objects. The secret police and the secret covenants have all been exposed to the reality of each person's own paranoia; young people each day taken off, entrapped, and arrested for smoking marijuana (a relatively harmless weed) by undercover police who by dint of their anonymity and gestapo tactics have paralyzed a whole community with fear; or conspiracies of pleasure gone array that their very orgiastic throes leave mutilated bodies as meat for man's primitive instinct for voodoo revenge.

There are two things which now shout loud in this town, and one is marijuana and the other, murder. On August 7th, the Los Angeles Free Press, known affectionately by its readers as the Freep, under the able direction of its publisher and editor Art Kunkin, unloaded a bomb on the State Attorney General's office by publishing a list of 80 narcotic agents names, addresses and telephone numbers. Listed were the official personnel roster of agents in the California State Bureau of Narcotics for the cities of Los Angeles, San Francisco, Santa Ana, and San Diego. The list was current as of June, 1969.

Little did Art Kunkin know at the time what kind of bomb he had unleashed. In his own right thinking, it was only natural that a newspaper servicing a community of several hundred thousand readers should inform said readers of a handful of secret police who were threatening their very existence because they happened to indulge in the harmless pastime of smoking an illegal herb. But what was most important to Kunkin, was the fact that these secret policemen were committing violations of the law "by attempting to enforce laws as unwise and unenforceable as the now-banished prohibition of liquor."

How it all started was as simple an act as a concerned citizen who walked out of the offices of the State Attorney General's office and into the arms of the Free Press. What followed was a comedy as rich as Moliere could have written.

Unbelievable pandemonium swept the Bureau of Narcotics' offices as they realized their whole cover had been blown and that millions of dollars of tax payers' money had literally gone up in smoke by their exposure in a free press.

On Tuesday, August 13, in order to rectify the situation, State Attorney General Thomas C. Lynch and a senior narcotics agent filed a \$10 million and \$15 million dollar suit respectively against the L.A. Free Press. Lynch's suit charged the Free Press with the "wrongful disclosure of confidential information which jeopardized the lives, health and safety of law enforcement officers and their families."

But such bullying tactics refused to hold weight with Kunkin who felt that such information was not confidential nor even classified, and that the threat to 80 narcotics agents and

their families were no where in proportion to the threat that hung over the heads of hundreds of thousands of respectable "heads" and their families.

Kunkin went into action and gathered the best legal minds from the ACLU, UCLA, his own staff, and volunteers from all over the country.

Telephone calls flooded the Free Press switchboard as concerned citizens called in to praise, condemn, and to relate names that were even left off the official list.

Paranoia swept the office and the legal staff. Freep workers emptied drawers and pockets of any and all available evidence. The office was so clean that even the roaches were complaining how sober everything was. Some Freep staffers even took to drink.

Meanwhile Kunkin's lawyers refused to hold meetings in their own or the Free Press offices for fear that everything was tapped, including some broken down typewriters that hadn't been used in years and were kept around because of sentimental reasons. Lawyers began to hold meetings out in the open and on park benches. One lawyer even complained of splinters in his legal derriere.

But the meetings bore fruit as lawyers unfolded a case which had no precedent and would blow the whole proceedings of the Attorney General's office which claimed that the Free Press had received and published "stolen property."

It was the lawyers claim that such information was public domain. But in the interest of their client, the L.A. Free Press, the so-called "stolen" documents were returned to the State Attorney General's office with the stipulation that "such document could be used in evidence."

And to make matters even more complicated, the new San Francisco underground newspaper, the Dock of the Bay, reprinted the names and brought down a restraining order on their own heads as well as criminal charges of the same nature. But within two days all charges were dropped against them, due to the fact that the L.A. Free Press had published the list previously and that this act "had already made it public domain."

What happens now could be anybody's guess. But a few things were sure. The Bureau of Narcotics will never be the same and the underground press in the guise of the L.A. Free Press had set the stage for a legal case which could possibly lead to the end of marijuana repression in this country and its eventual legalization.

But if one high was on its way up in Los Angeles, there were other highs which had brought an entire community down on a bumper. The murders and mutilations of Sharon Tate, hair stylist Jay Sebring, coffee heiress Abigail Folger, Voityck Frokowsky, and Steven Parent in the home of Miss Tate's husband, director Roman Polanski on August 8th had brought the whole community of moviedom to a point of psychotic silence. The applause was deafening because no one's hands were moving as well as no one's lips.

But objects were shouting out into the night in an hysteria of unprecedented fright as well known music and movie figures had become afraid of compromise in a case which could expose them as confidants in a covenant which included hard drugs, orgiastic rituals of lust and bugging as well as weird sadistic rites.

The four victims' bodies were found mutilated with bullets and knife wounds, hooded heads and

tied and hung with rope that stretched the length of the house. Miss Tate's unborn child was found ripped from her belly, and the word 'pig' was written in blood on the door of the Polanski's palatial home.

It seemed that Polanski's own words in the June 25, 1968 issue of Look magazine had come all too true: "It excites me to shock bourgeois audiences who cannot accept that other people may be different from them."

And different these people were. Of the four suspects that police are seeking, only one, as friends of Sharon Tate are telling it, had reason to murder all four; and his name is William Doyle.

His reason was as viable as the ancient biblical law of talon which states that, "the punishment must fit the crime."

Doyle was disgraced and humiliated by the four victims in front of twenty-five prominent movie and music figures at the home of Mama Cass of the Mamas and Papas fame. He was taken there by Sebring and Frokowsky, stripped, whipped by Miss Tate and Miss Folger, and then bugged by Sebring and Frokowsky because he had dared to "burn" them on a cocaine deal. Friends of the four victims claimed that Doyle swore that he would get revenge for what they had done to him.

Meanwhile the police were still looking for three suspects, including Doyle, without the knowledge of what took place a few days hence at Mama Cass's house before the murders.

No one in Los Angeles ever expected that life could have ever upstaged everyone like it had. And so no one was coming forward to read the script. But everything shouts and people have begun to realize that secret police as well as secret covenants exist in a city where even the angels are objects.