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7 February - S - I got up at 8.30. I wanted to get an early start so that I could pamphlet for half an hour.

I left the apartment about 10.00. Showers had been forecast but only a few drops of rain fell.

I intended to pamphlet at the Coop. I surveyed the store and its surroundings so as to select the best place to ask for donations. Since there is no one entrance to the Coop, I first went over to Cost Plus a block away, but not many people were coming in, so I went back to the Coop and stood at the door near the roof parking lot. I solicited donations from about 11.30 to 12.00. Though traffic was not heavy, people were on the whole friendly, usually asked questions about the church, and were generous. One woman told me about seeing the article concerning Marie in the San Francisco Examiner. One young man gave me what change he had but said he was a Buddhist and did not want to read our literature. I collected \$4.71.

I then shopped for groceries. I spent less than usual.

I took a taxi home, arriving about 2.30.

I put my groceries away.

I prepared a meal and ate and washed dishes.

I cleaned the apartment quickly.

I lay down for half an hour and slept, got up at 5.45 and phoned Christians, though I did not expect them to be going early. However, Rob had the day off and picked me up a little after 6.00.

People had come down from the Valley as well as from Los Angeles and Fresno.

The showing of The Pawnbroker, featuring Rod Steiger and directed by Sidney Lumet, began shortly. Dick Tropp made explanatory remarks. The sound was bad but better than usual, and I followed the development of the plot fairly well. I understood the picture better than I had when I had seen it before. Both Dick and Jim, who commented later, emphasized that the ghetto environment was little short of a concentration camp already. Everyone was lonely and money was the only thing having any meaning.

The regular service began about 9.30.

Jim reported Senator Cranston on Nixon's threat to push the button and start a nuclear war, of which Jim had told us at the time. The threat always can be carried out. In spite of favorable publicity which the Temple has received, a gang of three hundred gathered in Ukiah with baseball bats and would have attacked the Temple but for Jim.

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Jim spoke again of Ruby Bailey's alienation from the Temple. She had joined another church, clung to the Bible. She left the Temple service early.

While taking the offering, Jim pressed those who had pledged \$1,000 to get it in. If we do not have it in within a month, our protection is seriously threatened.

Jim was angry because Congress voted not to allow any member to tell what the CIA and FBI do.

Jim asked if there were any questions. (1) Someone asked about Nixon's visit to China. Jim said China was pleased Nixon opened relations with them. China wants to show she dislikes Ford's policy. Nixon was just one crook among many.

(2) Valor inquired about the Russians in Angola. She read about it in Newsweek. Jim responded: There should be some sympathy with what made Patty Hearst a revolutionist temporarily. Some of you are so capitalistic that your children would do the same if exposed to such influence. The SIA was premature in its terrorism which is only justified when people are united. Hearst cannot get his daughter free without a group. Valor said she read that the Cubans didn't want to go to Angola, but Castro made them. Isn't Castro a dictator? Jim described his experiences in Cuba in pre-Castro days. He and Mother took captured young girls out of houses of prostitution owned by missionaries. Jim said Mrs. Hearst was beginning to wake up. Nobody is secure under capitalism. He told what Cuba had achieved since Castro has been in power. "If you don't need me, I'll go there tonight."

Jim discontinued the question period and preached: I feel bitter at eating food in America because every bite comes from some black, brown or yellow. We should refuse to pay taxes. I would fight tonight if some of you weren't afraid. You're just here for the healings. He spoke of the difficulty of getting any news favorable to the Temple in the newspapers. How long do we have to wait? I'm not stopping until these bastards are cleaned out. He said thirty banks are in trouble.

Jim expatiated on those who say things are getting better. "They" love us, he repeated sarcastically. Why aren't there more white people in this church?

He spoke of the difference between those who drink or are addicted to heroin and those addicted to religion. At least they get something out of it. "Religious folk don't get nothing." He commented that those who are going to heaven "better hope you go at noon. If you go at midnight, you might go to hell."

On unhappiness in life, he mentioned his mother: I wished she had played hookey when she played nookey. Of course, rubbers were just tissues in those days. To a woman who looked "funny," "I'd like to have a dollar for every rubber you've had in you."

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"The last orgasm I'd like to have is death if I could take you all with me."

Jim remarked that there were many guests here tonight. He dwelt on the errors in the Bible, offering the yellow book he had prepared showing the errors in the Bible.

"To bring people into this world is a cruel thing to do."

If somebody hadn't torn up the Bible, your ass would still be tied to the cotton fields. You'd still be getting off the sidewalk for white people. You still couldn't eat in restaurants.

We used to have a church half white, half black. White people don't come any more. There is bigotry at the heart of this nation.

Speaking on preachers screwing other men's wives, Jim said, let's wait and do our screwing when we get our freedom. It's a poor time to be screwing when you're about to lose your ass.

Jim combined healings with taking another offering.

The meeting was dismissed at 12.00.

I saw Rita Tupper who told me her youngest son, Larry, was now with her. He is in the fifth grade.

Beulah had not come today. Judy Flowers assigned to me for housing a woman from Fresno, Ethel Prewitt. After an hour's wait, Christians took us home.

We had some toast, peanut butter and jam.

Ethel does domestic work, owns her home in Fresno, has four adult children, three of whom live with her. One is married and has two children. She had been a member of the same church as Mabel Davis, Deliverance Temple.

We went to bed at 2.30, Ethel in my bed.

8 February - Su - I got up at 9.00.

I prepared breakfast: grape juice, eggs, hamburger patties, toast, jam and Sanka. I washed dishes.

Ethel's outlook seems to be regret that the rights blacks won in the civil rights movement have not been enough. Now they have to give all that up, abandon their property. She kept saying it was hard if you owned your home. I gather that only one daughter is interested in the Temple. I advised her to see the Temple attorneys about turning her property over to the Temple. Jim had indicated that people are transferring ownership of their houses but continuing to live in them.

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