

Playing for keeps

By Al Robbins

Scott Camil was in the shower when the doorbell to his white frame house in Gainesville, Florida, rang one day last January. When he opened the door, wearing only a bath towel, Camil was greeted by an attractive brunette, about 5'8", dressed in slacks, open-toed shoes and a long-sleeve blouse. The woman told Camil that her name was Barbara Ives. She had just popped into town from Orlando, 100 miles to the south, she said, and she wanted to surprise an old boyfriend, Randy Kaufman; the phone book gave as his address the house where Camil now stood dripping in the doorway.

Camil was wary of strangers. A former leader of Vietnam Veterans Against the War, and one of the Gainesville 8—veterans indicted for conspiring to disrupt the 1972 Republican Convention—he had sought seclusion by having his lease, his gas and electric bills and his telephone listing all under the name of Kaufman, a close friend. Camil called Kaufman to check out the girl's story. He found out that Kaufman had dated the girl four years ago, and that while working as a practical nurse in Gainesville, she had been heavily into the local drug scene, sometimes going by the name of Little Miss Ritalin, because of a fondness for uppers.

Barbara was OK. Camil invited her into the house and asked her if she would like to smoke a joint with him. The two got high, talked some, and Barbara began coming on to Scott. By the end of the afternoon they were in bed together.

Before spring came to Florida, Scott Camil was under intensive care at Alachua General Hospital with a bullet wound in the back made at point-blank range with an unregistered Llama .380 handgun, largely owing to the fact that, despite her innocent and appealing exterior, Barbara Ives was working for the federal Drug Enforcement Administration.

DEA has its troubles, and drug traffic seems undiminished. But don't get on its enemies list. Take the case of Scott Camil, a leading antiwar veteran. Before DEA was through with him, he was lying in a pool of blood

As a paid DEA informer, Barbara Ives was too good to be true. She had the perfect in to Scott Camil. As Randy Kaufman's former lover, she had no trouble getting through his front door and being accepted at face value. Scott's susceptibility to an easy lay set it up from there. Three months later, Barbara Ives told an Orlando reporter that she had been sent to Gainesville specifically to investigate

Scott Camil. "Yeah, we set him up to bust him," she said. "That's our job."

Barbara Ives says she became a police informer after a friendly cop aided her in ending a series of obscene phone calls. In a sworn deposition taken in August 1974, Ives testified, "I had been harassed by some obscene phone calls and this Orlando police officer named Richard Kimbro was very understanding and took care of the whole thing. We had talked about drugs and how so many people I knew were involved in drugs. He asked me to do something about it. So he introduced me to Lt. Cooke with the Orlando Police."

In February 1974, Ives met William Ray Porter, an undercover narcotics agent with the Orange County, Florida, Sheriff's Department. From then on, Barbara Ives began working as a team with Porter because "the money was better" at the Sheriff's Department. In her sworn deposition, Ives testified that she had committed herself to a Florida psychiatric hospital on at least two occasions, suffering from severe depression. The 24-year-old divorcee was depressed over money. Her job as a claims adjustor for an Orlando insurance company that handled workman's compensation for Disney World wasn't paying her enough of a salary to support her infant daughter in the style that Ives thought proper. As an undercover informant paid for each prosecution, Barbara Ives had a chance to make the extra money she wanted. There was also the vicarious thrill of being a paid bounty hunter. And it's possible that she was making extra money from her moonlighting in more than one way.

In May 1974, Ives was involved in the drug bust of someone she

had befriended for almost a year, a 22-year-old Orlando native named Joe Pauline. Posing as a friend present at the time of the bust, Ives contacted Pauline's lawyer, a former Orlando associate municipal court judge, Andrew Baron. Ives, saying that she feared imminent arrest as an accessory to Pauline, asked Baron to represent her as well. For the next four days, every phone conversation Andy Baron had with Barbara Ives was taped, and every conversation the two had at his office or his home about the case were also monitored through a body microphone concealed in her clothing. Two weeks later, Baron was indicted by an Orange County grand jury for incitement to commit perjury, a third-degree felony. Ives said the tapes showed that Baron had asked her to say the drugs in Pauline's house had been put there by Sheriff's Department agents, and that she had had sexual relations with the agent who made the bust, William Ray Porter.

"My impression of this girl was that she was a very dangerous person," says Baron, who was acquitted of the perjury charge on February 5 of this year. "She was very flighty. She would ramble all over the place on a variety of subjects. One minute she would be very happy, and the next minute she would be very depressed, almost on the verge of hysteria. But the laugh, though, when she was happy was just like the laugh when she was on the verge of hysteria. My experience tells me that this was a problem child. I don't think that the case against me was a grand design on the part of any state or federal agency. It was merely the design of this very macabre individual; a true headhunter. I'm thoroughly convinced that she uses her undercover activities as a cover for her own drug consumption."

Scott Camil takes the implication one step further. He says that on one occasion during the two months he was dating Ives, she brought a pound of grass with her to Gainesville and asked him to help her deal it. Scott says he refused, but by the end of the weekend, the marijuana was gone. And Scott and his lawyer have since learned that she told a friend in Gainesville shortly after Camil's arrest that since she had become a DEA informant, she could do anything she wanted with drugs. Little Miss Ritalin was shifting into high gear.

In fact, informing—and perhaps dealing drugs herself—apparently were not Barbara Ives' only novel ways of sup-

plementing her income. On August 15, her old colleagues at the Orange County Sheriff's Department arrested her and charged her with trafficking in stolen goods. Now remarried and known as Barbara Davis, she was one of ten persons charged with handling \$1 million a year in stolen property, specializing in stereo equipment, boats, motorcycles and furniture.

It wasn't the first time that paid informers had tried to get something on Scott Camil. The way, his lawyer, Larry Turner, tells it, "Starting in 1971 the word went out—and I mean to the feds, state police, local police, military intelligence, you name it—to get Scott Camil." By that time, Camil had become something of a mover in VVAW. He first heard of the organization in 1970 when Jane Fonda gave a speech at Miami-Dade Junior College, which Camil was attending on the GI Bill. Fonda mentioned an upcoming investigation being organized in Detroit to collect testimony of Vietnam vets about atrocities they had witnessed or participated in. Camil came forward and volunteered to appear at the inquest, called the Winter Soldier Investigation. In Detroit, Camil spilled his guts about war crimes he had been a par-

Emerson Poe was Camil's best friend; that is, until the day he testified that he had been an FBI agent and had reported every conversation he'd ever had with Camil

ty to. For the first time in his life, he came in contact with other veterans who had similar experiences, similar doubts and were doing something about it. Camil returned from Detroit as a committed forward scout in the antiwar movement, VVAW coordinator for Florida, Georgia and Alabama.

As the 1972 Democratic and Republican National Conventions in Miami approached, Scott Camil—as VVAW coordinator for Florida—began to take a leadership role in formulating VVAW's plans for demonstrations in Miami. But the government wanted Camil on ice, and although it took three tries to do it, Scott Camil was frozen tighter than a glacier

when the chants of "four more years" began to waft over the stucco splendor of Miami Beach.

In January 1972, Camil and his girlfriend, Nancy McCown, were arrested and indicted on kidnapping charges in Gainesville, Florida, where both of them lived. It was a bad rap from the start. Florida's speedy trial law stipulates that anyone accused of a crime must be brought to trial within 180 days. But the government was able to immobilize Camil, like a side of beef dangling from a meat hook, for almost six months. On day number 175, the kidnapping charges were dropped, but in the meantime, Camil had again been arrested and charged with six counts of sale and possession of illicit drugs. Four counts of the indictment were eventually found to be unconstitutional by the Florida State Supreme Court. Camil stood trial on the remaining two charges of sale and possession of marijuana and was found not guilty. Then, on July 13, 1972, the last day of the Democratic National Convention, a federal grand jury sitting in Tallahassee indicted Scott Camil along with seven other members of VVAW for "conspiring to cause riots during the Republican National Convention with firebombs, automatic weapons, and slingshot propelled fireworks." Camil, singled out as the leader of the conspiracy, was also indicted on one count of manufacturing and possessing a fire-bomb, and on one count of instructing others in how to use explosives. Those under indictment came to be called the Gainesville 8, and their trial, held in the heady Watergate summer of 1973, was the last of the great movement conspiracy trials orchestrated by the top Justice Department subversive hunter, Guy Goodwin, who had led the offensive against every alleged movement conspiracy from the Chicago 7 to the Camden 28.

For 14 months, from the time of the indictment until the end of the trial, Scott Camil lived under a cloud. His persistent fear was that the trial would end in a hung jury, and in an effort to deliver some sort of verdict, the jury would compromise by setting his co-defendants free while he would be found guilty on the two counts of the indictment which named him alone. And it seemed that the government was willing to go to any length to put the veteran behind bars. On July 9, 1972, while the grand jury was still meeting, the office of Carol Scott, a Gainesville attorney who had represented Scott Camil, was burglarized. Although there were cash, typewriters, adding machines and other things of value in the office, the only thing taken was Ms.

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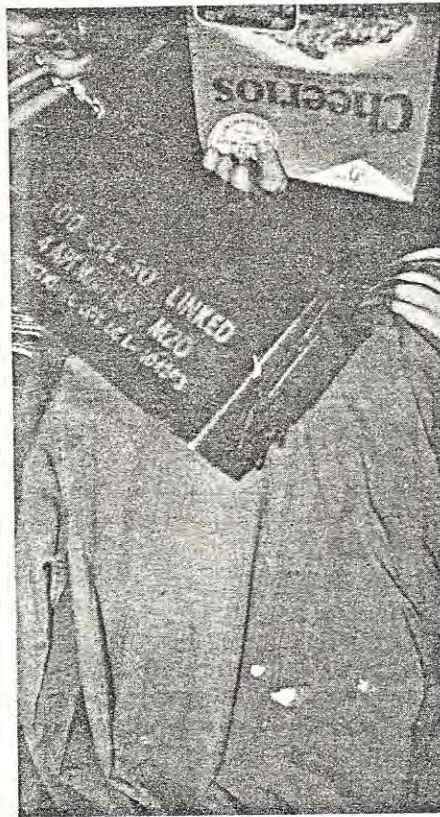
Scott's file on Camil. Several months later, in the course of pre-trial hearings, two FBI agents were discovered with electronic eavesdropping equipment in a cubicle in the federal courthouse in Gainesville next to where the defendants and their attorneys conferred on strategy.

The six-week trial was an endless parade of informers, agents and government plants, all testifying to the imminent threat VVAW posed to the domestic tranquility of the nation. One of these informers, William W. Lemmer, the VVAW Arkansas coordinator, was a reputed speed-freak who had played the role of agent provocateur within the antiwar organization. Another, VVAW assistant state coordinator for Florida Emerson Poe, was Scott Camil's very best friend; that is, until the day that he testified that he had been an FBI agent since 1971, and that every conversation he had ever had with Camil up until that day had been dutifully reported to the local FBI.

When the prosecution completed presenting its case, the defense, feeling that the government had proven nothing and that keeping the jury sequestered for another six weeks might hurt their chances, decided not to go ahead with their plans for a defense. They presented only one witness, a munitions expert, who testified that a match had more chance of exploding than the bomb that Camil allegedly had in his possession. On August 31, 1973, after deliberating only three and a half hours, the jury found the Gainesville 8 not guilty on all counts.

For Scott Camil, the trial had been an ordeal of unprecedented proportion. Camil had become disillusioned with the VVAW national organization during the trial, and with Watergate unfolding like a game of Chinese checkers each day, there no longer seemed to be the urgent need to expose the stuff the government was made of; the Ervin Committee did that better on TV each day than VVAW ever dreamed possible. So the day after the verdict came in, Camil dropped out of VVAW for good, hoping to write a book about his trial experience and just lead a quiet life. There was one disconcerting note, however. A taxi driver taking two of the prosecutors to the airport the previous day had overheard them saying that they would still get Scott Camil.

Scott Camil was born Scott Abramson in Brooklyn, New York. His parents separated when he was 4; and his mother, Gida, moved to Hialeah, Florida, where she set up housekeeping with a Miami Police Department identification technician named Walter Camil. Al-



Agents seize goods at Camil's house just after he was shot. Besides the guns (bottom), DEA took Camil's book manuscript.

though Scott was never legally adopted, his stepfather forbid him to tell anyone his real name, nor was he allowed to tell anyone that Walter Camil, who carried a badge and a gun, wasn't his real father. Scott was permitted to visit his real father, Sandy Abramson, but the middle-American microcosm of Hialeah knew the boy as Scott Camil.

"I was brought up very right-wing," says Camil. "In fact, I'd say I was a redneck greaser. That's what Hialeah was like. When you came over the bridge into Hialeah, the first thing you would see were the '55 Chevys with the 327 engines racing up and down the street. On one side of the bridge was a gun shop and a bar was on the other. My stepfather was very big in the John Birch Society. He made all the tapes for "Let Freedom Ring." You'd dial F-R-E-E-D-O-M and you'd get a prerecorded message in my stepfather's voice about why we should invade Cuba or the communist threat; that sort of thing. It's hard to understand what a Jew would be doing in the John Birch Society, but there he was. He took the whole family to meetings. I was raised with the belief that you didn't question authority."

Scott grew up trying to be one of the guys, and that meant fighting and drinking and racing cars down the main drag in Hialeah. His relationship with his stepfather was tense, characterized by antagonism on both sides. Scott says Walter Camil would beat him often. Once in a while, Scott would sneak away to visit his real father in Miami who would take him to the beach. They tried to maintain a tight relationship. Then, in 1960, something happened that neither Scott nor his father Sandy would understand for a long, long time.

One day Sandy Abramson got a call from Scott's mother. The two were still friends; in fact, they had never been formally divorced. Gida told Sandy that a friend of hers was in from New York who had a message for him from a girlfriend. Sandy Abramson will never forget what happened next. "He stopped by a day or two later. Of course this was a state agent named Charles' Sanchez, but I didn't know that at the time. He came to my house, told me about the girl, said she wanted to get in touch with me, various things which all sounded reasonable and logical. While he was there, the phone rang and I took it in the other room. It was Gida. She asked me if I could score an ounce of grass for her. I told her that I couldn't do anything for her, that as a matter of fact, your friend Charley's here. She said that's perfect; that's why I want it, for him. He's coming over here for sup-

per. I told her, no, I don't know the guy and I don't want to get involved that way. I said, look, let me call you back later.

"I hung up the phone, went back in the living room and told him that was Gida on the phone. He said, oh, did you tell her I was here? I said, yes, I mentioned it. He said, I'm going over there for supper tonight. And I said, yeah, she told me; she told me a lot of other things, too. She told me you were a head, you like to turn on. So he smoked with me and we got high and had an enjoyable conversation. Time came for him to leave, so I said, just a minute. And against my better judgment, I went into the bedroom, got my ounce and gave it to him in a sealed package. I said, Gida asked for you to bring this over. And he took it, stuck it in his jacket and left."

One month later Sanchez returned to Sandy Abramson's house to arrest him for the sale of one ounce of marijuana. Abramson was turned over to federal authorities. He was tried, found guilty and sentenced to ten years in federal prison, no probation, no parole. To this day Abramson claims that he was set up for the conviction, that state agents perjured themselves at his trial and that the evidence was fabricated. "I did a lot of time for nothing," is the way he puts it.

To Scott Camil, age 12, the whole thing was even more mystifying. "My mother, my real father and my stepfather all smoked marijuana, so ever since I was brought up marijuana's been in the house. While my stepfather was a policeman, he was growing marijuana in the back yard. It wasn't unusual for me to see policemen smoking marijuana or to see them come over and buy it, or to see them come over and bring it.

"As I understand it, my stepfather was smoking a joint on his break, sitting in his car on the parking lot, and he got caught. In order not to make bad publicity for the police department, they made him tell them where it came from, and he said he got it from my real father. Now all this is what I've heard from other sources. But what I do know of my own knowledge is that my mother was easily hypnotized. My stepfather used to hypnotize her all the time. I was in the house when my mother called up my real father and asked him if he could get her an ounce of dope and he said he would try. He called her back and told her that he could, and she said she was sending a friend over to pick it up. Now I know that for a fact because I was there. I already knew that the guy who was going to pick it up was a cop, because he'd been introduced to me as a cop, but that wasn't unusual for me because they came over and smoked

dope all the time anyway. Next thing I know my father was busted. And he was busted by the guy who went to get it. Now to this day, my mother denies that happening, but I remember what happened. I love my mother and I've got no reason to lie about it. So I must assume that she's being honest with me that she didn't know what she was doing, and that she did it under posthypnotic suggestion, which I'd seen my stepfather do to her before."

Scott Camil was caught in the middle, pinioned between his own knowledge of his father's entrapment and his desire to protect his mother. Sandy Abramson remembers the situation well. "Scott came over on his bicycle one day to tell me that mother and Wally were trying to put me in jail. He told me he heard them conniving with Charley, the state agent. And I said, well, I'm glad you came over to tell me, Scott, but it's too late; they've

"I just figured why should I let these guys take me somewhere. . . . Here we were in the middle of traffic in broad daylight. I didn't think they would shoot me in front of witnesses"

already busted me. So I asked him, you love me enough to tell me about it, how would you feel if I asked you to tell the same thing in a court of law to a judge and a jury. And he got a little shook up and he got some tears in his eyes, and I saw that he was in an untenable position between his father and his mother, and whichever way he goes he's hurting someone. So I told him, look, I understand; don't feel bad and don't be concerned because you won't be involved in any way."

Sandy Abramson's lawyer later told him that his only out in the case was Scott's testimony, which he refused to use. So Sandy Abramson went off to prison, and by the time the prison system was done with him, the year was 1974 and 14 years of the man's life had gone down for nothing because of one ounce of marijuana. Yeah, Scott Camil knew about state agents. He knew all about paid informers and about how the cops

could set you up for a long time in the slam. He had started getting his education early.

Barbara Ives had a job at an abortion clinic in Gainesville on the weekends. She would usually get into Gainesville from Orlando on Friday night, stay with friends and spend Saturday night with Scott Camil. Barbara knew that Camil sold business cards, business forms and telephone answering machines, and according to Scott pretty soon she told him about two friends of hers in Orlando who were opening a first-aid supply house and might be in the market for business equipment. On February 28, Scott says, he first met one of the two—a man he knew as Rick Carp. He told Camil that he would be interested in buying business cards from him, but that he and his partner didn't yet have a name for the business or a business address. "I got good vibes from the guy: I really liked him," says Camil. "He seemed like a really decent person. He deceived me pretty easily. He really did. But then again, Emerson Poe was one of my best friends." Carp's real name was William Ray Porter. One of the counts of the indictment currently pending against Scott Camil charges him with possession of 20 grams of marijuana with intent to distribute on February 28, 1975.

On March 7, Rick Carp was back in Gainesville. This time Carp's partner was with him, but Scott never really got a chance to meet him. Camil says they discussed business machines again. The federal government is charging Camil with possession of 34 grams of cocaine with intent to distribute on that date.

Then on March 31, William Ray Porter and his partner, DEA agent Dennis Fitzgerald, returned to Gainesville for the last time. Camil says that they came to make the final deal for the business equipment, but they still didn't have a name for their first-aid supply house. Scott suggested that they try to find an Orlando phone book, see what other first-aid supply houses there were in Orlando, and pick a name that would be listed first in the telephone directory. What happened next came as a big surprise to Scott Camil.

"We got in the car to go out and get a phone book. I was in the front seat with Porter, and Fitzgerald was in the back seat on the passenger side directly behind me. All of a sudden, Fitzgerald put his arm around my neck, put a gun to my head and said if I moved he'd blow my head off. He violently shoved the gun into my head. So I looked to see if it really was

a gun, and he shoved the gun next to my head again. I didn't know what they were really up to. I just figured why should I let these two guys take me somewhere; if they took me to the woods, I wouldn't have a chance. Here we were in the middle of traffic in broad daylight. I didn't think they would shoot me in front of witnesses. So I grabbed his arm, pushed the gun away from my head, turned and unlocked the door. Porter stopped the car, grabbed both my hands and pulled them back over my head, and then Fitzgerald shot me. The shot knocked me out of the car. Then they got out of the car. One of them showed me his badge while the other one tried to handcuff me. In the meantime, the Gainesville police got there and stopped them."

Immediately after the shooting, DEA denied that their agents had acted improperly. DEA spokesmen claimed that Fitzgerald had pulled out his badge along with his gun, identified himself as a federal agent and informed Camil that he was under arrest after Camil had sold the agents 2½ ounces of cocaine in the car. According to DEA, Camil then attacked Fitzgerald, karate-chopping him, causing the gun to accidentally discharge. But initial DEA reports claimed that Camil had been shot in the left armpit, not the back. And an eyewitness to the shooting, Dan Joiner, says he saw no sign of a fight.

Joiner, a construction worker in Gainesville, was having a Coke in Bonnie's Restaurant with his nephew when he saw a late-model Chrysler come to a jerky halt about 75 feet away. "All I know is this guy in the front seat was trying to get away, and the other two wouldn't let him. I didn't notice his pushing or anything; he was just trying to get out. This guy in the back had his arm around his neck, and this guy who was driving had both his hands on him. The door started to open and I heard a shot. He fell out of the car. We ran over there and this guy says, 'Stand back; we're narcotics agents.' We just stood around until the police got there. The police asked if there were any witnesses, and I didn't say anything. And one of the guys who was in the car says, 'We don't need any witnesses.' He said he had all the witnesses he needed. I thought that was kind of funny and I told the police officer, 'Nobody else saw it that I know of except me; there was nobody else around that I could see.'" When John LePore, special agent in charge of the Orlando DEA office, was confronted with Joiner's story the following day, he told a reporter, "You can come up with as many horseshit witnesses as you want, but don't bother me with them."

Camil was shot at 4:30 in the after-

noon. At 4:48, three DEA agents arrived at Camil's house and began to search it. They were in control of the house for at least 45 minutes before Camil's lawyer, Larry Turner, arrived and asked if they had a search warrant. The agents didn't have one. The owner of the house, P.N. Boothby, then asked the agents to leave or he would call the police. They refused, but waited outside on the porch until a search warrant did arrive at 7:45. Two of the agents didn't find anything very suspicious in their search, but the agent in charge, Hugh Wingfield, struck paydirt when he searched the kitchen. There he found \$2,300 in a half-empty box of Cheerios, and approximately one pound of marijuana concealed in a box of Tide. All the other agents were able to come up with was \$1,000 that Camil says he got through the sale of a portion of his gun collection, three shotguns which Camil lawfully owned, three sets of scales—one broken, one used to weigh meat and another used for postage—some drug-related paraphernalia like papers and roach clips and less than an ounce of marijuana. In addition, the agents took the manuscript of the book Camil was writing about the Gainesville 8 trial, all of his

"The government knows that by throwing cocaine into it, a lot of support is turned off," Camil says. "And the support's been really poor"

notes for the book and a number of address books that contained the names and addresses of people who had given financial support to the Gainesville 8. The search ended at 10:30 in the evening.

Camil denies that the marijuana in the Tide box or the \$2,300 in the Cheerios box were his. He freely admits to smoking marijuana, but only for his own personal use. What concerns him more is that the agents took his book manuscript and other material connected with the trial which the government could conceivably use to go after other dissident activists. And, of course, there's the shooting. "Basically, these guys just came into town," says Camil. "They did not notify the local DEA here, they did not notify the federal judge here, they did not notify any local authorities. They did

not have an arrest warrant and they did not have a warrant to search my house. They took me in a car, they did not identify themselves, they shot me in the back with an unregistered gun that did not belong to them. And they shot me while one of them was holding me down." On April 2, three days after the shooting, while he was lying with a hole in his back in Alachua General Hospital, a federal grand jury returned a six-count indictment against Scott Camil. He was charged with two counts of possessing marijuana with intent to sell, two counts of possessing cocaine with intent to sell and two counts of assaulting federal officers.

To a great extent, Scott Camil's current problems with the law add up to a question of his word against theirs. But there are enough holes in the DEA version of the incident to make it appear that the arrest and shooting were part of a concerted effort to screw Camil to the proverbial wall.

The shooting speaks for itself, at the very least, as an unnecessary display of force. As Camil himself is quick to point out, he has been arrested on several previous occasions, and has never resisted arrest or in any way given the arresting officers any problems once they had identified themselves and served him with an arrest warrant. DEA, on the other hand, has been involved in many incidents where innocent people were victimized by undercover agents who didn't identify themselves. Dennis Fitzgerald, the agent who shot Camil, has a reputation for being quick on the trigger. It was Fitzgerald who claimed after Camil's shooting that the gun had discharged accidentally when Camil grabbed it during a struggle in the car. But an FBI examination of the weapon, including a paraffin test, has established that Camil never touched the gun.

There's also the question of the gun itself. Why would two federal officers making an arrest use an unregistered weapon instead of their service revolvers? No answers have been forthcoming, but in her August 1974 deposition Barbara Ives testified that she owned an unregistered Llama .380—a somewhat rare Spanish handgun similar to a .357 Magnum—the same type of weapon Fitzgerald used to shoot Camil. Carrying the gun "might be illegal," Ives said at the time, "but nobody has a right to call me up and threaten me and take out a contract on me." It hasn't yet been definitely established that the gun Fitzgerald used was the same one Barbara Ives said she carried in 1974.



Camil (right) and co-defendant John Kniffin at the Gainesville 8 trial. The jury acquitted all defendants.

Barbara Ives' role in setting up Scott Camil for the bust adds another note of mystery to the whole affair. Why should DEA send a paid informer from Orlando to Gainesville, almost 100 miles, assigning her to become sexually involved with a "dangerous" suspect? Why did DEA suddenly become so actively interested in getting something on Scott Camil? A partial answer lies in the way DEA handled the affair following the shooting. Camil's indictment was very sloppy. The affidavit filed to get the search warrant on March 31 attests that Scott Camil sold agents Porter and Fitzgerald approximately 2½ ounces of cocaine for \$2,300. Yet, no cocaine was ever found in Camil's home, and he was indicted for possession with intent to sell, not the actual act of selling which the agents claim took place. Also, the cocaine Camil allegedly sold Porter and Fitzgerald was found in the trunk of the car following the shooting, where the agents say they put it for safekeeping. The inventory of the search of Camil's home shows that the agents found, at most, a pound of marijuana. But Camil's indictment states that he possessed two pounds of marijuana with intent to sell. That, coupled with the fact that the agents were alone in the house long enough to plant whatever they pleased, adds up to a pretty big question mark.

Camil has his own theory about the nature of the indictment. "Abbie Hoffman skipped out on a cocaine bust, and he lost a lot of support in the movement because of that. And the government knows that by throwing cocaine into it, a lot of support is turned off. And the support's been really poor." Camil might have added that the cocaine charges also turn off media attention. This is the first account of the incident to appear in any national publication outside of a brief initial account of the shooting in the *New York Times*. Both the warrant to search Camil's home and his indictment were handed down after he was shot, almost making the charges appear to be a search for a rationale following a fait accompli.

It seems that Scott Camil has become the victim of some vague political vendetta being pursued by various federal authorities. The man who is prosecuting Camil, Jack Carrouth, also prosecuted him in the Gainesville 8 case, and was one of the two men in that cab who allegedly swore that Camil would be nailed. But Carrouth's conflict of interest in this case goes even deeper than it would appear. Carrouth is one of four defendants in a \$1.5 million civil suit filed by the Gainesville 8 defendants, including Scott Camil, for punitive and compensatory damages stemming from the

prosecution of the Gainesville 8 case. The civil suit is still being litigated.

On May 19, 1975, the home of William Cassel, a University of Florida law student working as an investigator for Camil's lawyer, was burglarized. Although there were many things of value in the house, only one television was taken. And the investigator's file on Scott Camil, alone among all the files in the house, was tampered with. The file contained sensitive defense data being prepared for use in Camil's upcoming trial in September. But by now, Scott Camil has almost become accustomed to such incidents. Several similar burglaries took place during the Gainesville 8 trial, and early this year, the apartment of a screenwriter working on a film script based on Camil's book about the Gainesville 8 was burglarized as well. In that break-in, the only things missing were the writer's typewriter and a rough copy of the script.

"This might be hard to understand," Camil says, in a sort of philosophical overview of the whole affair, "but as much as I've been abused by the government, as much as I distrust the government, they still really surprise me, because deep down inside I really don't expect them to be as bad as I think they are. You know, I think this kind of stuff is over; this isn't going to happen anymore. And they just keep on surprising me." ●