

[*Speaking to defendant Seale*]

The Court: . . . If you will assure the Court that you will be respectful and not cause the disorder and commotion that you have up to now, I am willing that you resume your former place at the table, and in the same physical condition that you were in prior to now.

I ask you, therefore, and you may indicate if you choose, by raising your head up and down or shaking your head . . .

* * *

Mr. Kunstler: I wanted to say the record should indicate that Mr. Seale is seated on a metal chair, each hand is handcuffed to the leg of the chair on both the right and left sides so he cannot raise his hands, and a gag is tightly pressed into his mouth and tied at the rear, and that when he attempts to speak, a muffled sound comes out as he has done several times since he has been bound and gagged.

Mr. Seale: You don't represent me. Sit down, Kunstler.

The Court: Mr. Marshal, I don't think you have accomplished your purpose by that kind of a contrivance. We will have to take another recess.

Let the record show again the defendants have not risen.

October 30, 1969

[*Pursuant to an order by the Court, Defendant Seale has again been strapped into a chair in an attempt to silence his outbursts*]

Mr. Weinglass: If your Honor please, the buckles on the leather strap holding Mr. Seale's hand is digging into his hand and he appears to be trying to free his hand from that pressure.

Could he be assisted?

The Court: If the Marshal has concluded that he needs assistance, of course. . . .

Mr. Kunstler: Your Honor, are we going to stop this medieval torture that is going on in this courtroom? I think this is a disgrace.

Mr. Rubin: This guy is putting his elbow in Bobby's mouth and it wasn't necessary at all.

Mr. Kunstler: This is no longer a court of order, your Honor, this is a medieval torture chamber. It is a disgrace. They are assaulting the other defendants also.

Mr. Rubin: Don't hit me in my balls, motherfucker.

Mr. Seale: This motherfucker is tight and it is stopping my blood.

Mr. Kunstler: Your Honor, this is an unholy disgrace to