

RAMBOWITZ

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I was born and raised in the Bronx. I was the eldest son, of five children. I studied in Yeshiva for the first nine years and then realized we weren't meant to be partners. My father (may he rest in peace) was furious with me when I refused to continue my Yeshiva education, however I was interested in learning more about the secular world and at the same time, my Yeshiva was actually restricting me with my feelings and determination about standing up and fighting for what I believe in. I am referring to the problem many Yeshiva boys had at this time with regards to keeping your teeth in your mouth while wearing your Kipa (yarmulka). We were trained in the art of flight, when others came to attack us by our parents and by our schools.

In my ninth year I entered Evander Childs High School which was predominantly a Black school. I was whirled into culture shock. For the first time I not only had to worry about my grades, but my life. I was mugged the first day I entered the school and subsequently paid dues to individual collectors for the privilege of entering school weekly. This extortion went on for awhile and wearing my Kipa didn't help the situation. Many punks would try to take it off my head, but rarely succeeded for I was a great runner. One time during a robbery attack, they hit me and I fell and played dead. They thought they killed me so they left. I was an easy target for those who could catch me. They all believed that "Jew Boy" was always good for some money and some laughs.

After my ninth year I realized if I were to survive and still keep my Jewish identity, I would have to learn to fight, which was a difficult task as I was a confirmed coward.

In the summer of 1971 I went to train at camp Jedel, the JDL military training camp. I studied Karate 5 hours daily for 7 weeks. In addition I received my first knowledge of weapons training and much information on Jewish history and was indoctrinated about being proud to be a Jew. My life changed forever. I returned to school and I now refused to surrender my money or my Kipa. The very first week my skills were tested. After a couple of fights one particularly where I got jumped by a gang of 10 kids on a public bus my reputation as a skilled fighter was secure. "Don't mess with

the Jew Boy with the beany" I heard kids in the school say. I was nicknamed "Gary Jack" after the movie hero Billy Jack because of his martial arts skills.

Throughout my high school career I went to work after school and then to Karate and Jujitsu classes 4 hours nightly. After high school I started Lehman college majoring in history, social work and minoring in education. I also began working professionally as a youth director for various synagogues and centers and working teaching Hebrew schools and training students in leadership development skills. In addition besides my own training in the evening, I began teaching Karate and Ju-jitsu. After college I began teaching high school social studies first at a Yeshiva and then at a public school, Stevenson High School in the Bronx.

At this time in October 1979 I organized the National Association For The Jewish Poor (NAJP). The NAJP program which developed to be the largest Jewish intergenerational program in the state. I organized students by recruiting them from camps, schools, synagogues and centers to help alleviate the plight of thousands of poor Jews stranded in inner city slums. I was also the youth director of the Great Neck Synagogue. A couple of days a week I was in the midst of immense wealth in the Jewish community and another couple of days I was in as the New York Post reporter, the arm pits of the nation, the South Bronx, where the most destitute Jews live. No one would believe my story when I cried out that there are thousands of Jews living in these neighborhoods. After all they believed like the rest of the country that all Jews are rich and affluent and that there is no such thing as Jewish poverty especially in bombed out areas of the South Bronx. So I documented everything with photos, videos, and records. I approached almost every major community council and federation, but to no avail. I made my findings public by being persistent on inviting the entire TV media to see for themselves the plight of elderly poor. Hence, I opened up a Pandora's box and the wrath of the bureaucratic Jewish establishment denounced my work by saying I was duplicating services. I then uncovered false record keeping that some agencies kept to obtain additional funding. These agencies had to denounce my work because they had been claiming for years that they were servicing the same poor as I was. Someone now had a lot of explaining to do.

The NAJP received its share of TV publicity for awhile and this continually embarrassed directors of powerful local government and private agencies as I spoke out against the discrimination policies against the elderly Jewish community. Slander attacks were made against me, however I was a volunteer and anything I did only could be positive. I had no other motive than to assist these poor and fight for social reform. At one point again I uncovered more thievery when I prevented a synagogue that was being illegally sold by men who claimed that they were on the board of directors and they didn't even live remotely in the neighborhood. The sale usually pays high personal profits even though it is clearly

against the law. After my initial investigation, I uncovered how the scam operated and this one case found fifty-thousand dollars missing after city money was given over to rent out space at the synagogue. After again delivering my findings to the right sources, I was able to put an end to this thievery. I began developing a reputation for getting things done and being tenacious and persistent in my investigative abilities. The NAJP is a non profit organization composed of volunteers who assist and feed the Jewish poor in depressed neighborhoods of New York City. NAJP is an outreach program which locates Jewish shut-ins and provides a life-line network of social services for their benefit. As a result of my work I received the Mayor's "Supervisor's" Volunteer Award and one of my students who I trained and who I nominated for a National Youth Award won the Most Coveted Youth Volunteer Award with me which was presented to us by President Reagan at a White House luncheon. The NAJP also offered services to young Jewish students who have drug related problems. This caused more problems from the Jewish community because I began publicizing that drugs were problems that Jewish kids had as well through my article in the Jewish Press, "Is Cocaine Kosher?". As a result of all my community involvement on a grass-roots level and on a political level in striving for basic social reform the NAJP finally after years of groping was awarded it's funding source from the Community Development Agency of the City of New York and a partial stipend from the Federation of Jewish Philanthropists. In addition other non-Jewish groups were seeking us out for support on a joint basis for mutual cooperation particularly the Hispanic and Jamaican councils.

After teaching high school a couple of years and working part-time as a youth director and Hebrew school teacher, I decided to study for my Masters in social work. I was accepted to Yeshiva University Graduate School of Social Work and I studied there for a semester, however as I was attending classed I noticed a blitz of advertisements trying to recruit potential candidates for the New York City Police Department. They made special efforts with the minorities in recruitment especially with the Black and Hispanic groups, but not in the Jewish community. This angered me and aroused my curiosity.

I was curious to see what a police test is and what the other requirements are. My first problem is because I am a Sabbath observer and couldn't take the test with everyone else so other arrangements were made to take it on a Friday. I received a letter stating that I did well and now I need to take the medical, physical, psychological, and go through an intense investigative background check. Out of 36,000 people who took the initial test, only 3,000 got appointed. I was told on the physical testing I scored one of the highest ratings. Every one from the other recruits to police supervisors were staring at me as if they were

saying "This Jewish kid can't be serious in wanting to become a cop." I also overheard someone say "we aren't going to let this one in" pointing in my direction. I passed which they gave me a very difficult time. The investigators associated me with the Jewish Defense League (JDL) because I was Jewish, religious and taught Karate. I volunteered the information which was public knowledge that I was the senior instructor of martial arts at camp

Jedel (the JDL training camp). I was just a paid employee. I knew it wasn't illegal and that they couldn't hold it against me, but it

didn't stop them from being suspicious of me for years. In fact, the night before I was to be sworn in, I was ordered to appear at the investigator's office where I saw three sergeants awaiting my arrival. I knew I wasn't being invited to a private party.

I was interrogated for over an hour. They actually believed I could be a JDL plant trying to infiltrate the NYPD. I broke out in uncontrollable laughter and apologized. They asked me the most ridiculous questions and it reflected the ineptness of our department that they thought the JDL was clever enough to accomplish this. At this time I was warned if I am a "spy" the weight of the department would come down on me twice as hard.

The very next day I had to quit my job and drop out of graduate school and was now a new recruit in the NYPD academy. They ran a paramilitary operation. They demanded that everyone has to fall in line and that it's not safe to stand out. My problems began immediately. I was ordered to remove my Kipa as I was considered out of uniform with it on. I refused saying I received special permission from the commissioner's office which I did. Also I couldn't work Friday evenings and on Shabbat which I also received assurances that there would be no problem as long as I made up the tour of duty and the work. This infuriated a couple of my instructors and supervisors. They felt I was getting special unnecessary treatment. Some of them attempted to make my life miserable and force me to drop out. This encouraged me more to stay because at first I had no real interest besides a couple of fantasies in police work as I had jobs waiting for me as a teacher or social worker which I enjoyed. I didn't have much to lose personally if I got kicked out. It became more of a principle now.

The first day I walked into class or company as it was called, the other recruits began singing "Hava Nagilla" and dancing the "Hora". I laughed at the joke and it broke the ice for everybody,

however with the instructors it appeared that I was under special scrutiny as my hair was never short enough, my shoes never had enough polish, my whereabouts were always being questioned etc. This was apparent to everyone. In the gym we wore our last names on our backs on our T-shirts and just the name "Moskowitz" was an eyesore and an excuse to some of the instructors to give me more special supervision. They wanted to make sure I did all my push-ups, sit-ups,

squats etc. I laughed inside because I enjoyed training and I was probably in better shape than most of the instructors at the academy.

One sergeant in particular really wanted me out. He use to come into the middle of my classes and call me out just to have a man-man talk with me. He would walk me around the corridors and explain to me all about police work in a pseudo nice way saying that "this kind of work is not for your kind". He further elaborated on other occasions that it would be in my interest to dropout now and pursue a career in law or medicine. When I strongly disagreed with him, he became incensed and insisted that the entire department is not going to adjust to my schedule and to my wims. The situation became totally intolerable as he consistently took me from my classed that I had no choice but to approach a member of the Shomrim Society who was also on staff at the academy. He went straight to the chief's office so the sergeant was warned to stay away from me.

There are many exciting things that occurred in the police academy to me as a new recruit and being a "Jewish Cop". I did exceptionally well in the high speed and defensive driving, gun-range, self-defense, all the safety classes and of course in my academic work. However one incident in the gym will always stand out. As part of you physical conditioning and self-defense training we had to go through boxing bouts with each other. I purposely kept my marital arts expertise hidden because I was trying to maintain a low profile and I didn't need anybody again challenging me. One time I was paired up with a recruit named Vinny who was about 6'3 and 210 lbs. He thought it would be funny to see if he could knock off the beany of the Jew boy. The bouts were suppose to simple and easy however he attacked me viciously with a smile on his face. He was trying to knock my kipa off my head. I protesting stating that he was fighting excessively hard so he began trying to torment me and trying to embarrass me saying I was a faggot and if I couldn't take it I didn't belong in the policed department. I was doing my best to fend off his attacks as best as possible without fighting back as I had no desire to hurt him yet. All of a sudden I heard a couple of other recruits saying "Poor Moskowitz, he is getting his ass kicked". Well just at that point I said to myself forget this humility stuff and it was more important to teach this bastard a lesson. As he began his series of attacks again I easily parried off his punches and then like lightening as if I were working on a heavy bag began hitting him continuously until we were ordered to stop. I hit him about seventeen times all over his body in succession and finally knocked him out. I picked him up and apologized and asked him if he was alright. He asked what happened and where did I learn to fight. I said I took a few boxing lessons as a kid. A lot of recruits and teachers saw this and now I was an OK guy. For the next few days in the cafeteria Vinny made sure I had a place to sit with him as we became good buddies.

About a month before I graduated I made my first collar (arrest). I was off-duty with my girlfriend leaving a kosher restaurant where a friend of mine was yelling for help saying that some Spanish kid held him up with a knife. I spotted the perpetrator (perp) and after some words with him identified myself as a police officer. He laughed especially as they hadn't issued us our guns or shields yet. I only had my ID card. I had someone call 911 and I held him until backup came. I became a hero in my class and to most of my instructors.

The day I was to graduate the academy and where my full police uniform for the first time was with my mother on the train going to the ceremony at the garden. She hated the idea of me becoming a cop, but she was very proud at the same time. It was embarrassing because on the train she kept picking lint off my uniform and I protested saying she can't baby me in public uniform. My first assignment was in the mid-town south pct. The whole thing was a totally new experience for me. Many of the other cops had friends or family on the job. I had and knew no one. Of course I ran into trouble very soon with the shabbat. I had to explain again that I can't work on the sabbath and now I had to go over the commanding officers' head. This caused more headaches. The second day out I had an assault arrest. I got involved in a lot of things as I was hungry to learn as much as possible. One positive thing I noticed immediately, women love the uniform and with my charming personality my social life went up a thousand percent. This later became more of a hinderance for my personal life.

Within a couple of weeks some cops flipped over my locker and put a nazi swastika on it for no apparent reason other than my being Jewish. I was incensed. Like other recruits I wanted to endear myself to the veterans on the job and tried hard to learn from them and not to get into any trouble. Now I didn't care. I approached my immediate supervisor of the problem and he said "What do you expect me to do about it". He told me to handle it like a man. I approached a few cops I believed were involved and made it clear I would not tolerate this crap. If there was a problem, I am willing to listen, if that won't help I told them I would be more than happy to duke it out with five or six of them. They couldn't believe that I had the audacity to talk to them this way but it never happened again. Besides the problems in the police department I had to deal with internal conflicts specifically regarding Jewish law. Many rabbis initially thought it was wrong for me to enter the police because it could force me possibly to work one day on the sabbath and possibly kill someone. I thought this was foolish because the police like doctors could be considered lifesaving professionals and saving life is one of the highest regard in Jewish law. The rabbis didn't know better because there was never any precedent before me. In addition there was my family constantly trying to persuade me to quit.

While I was in the midtown south pct. I had one of the most spectacular battles in my life on the street. I was in a radio car with two other cops when I saw a black man beating up a white guy. I rushed out to stop it and the perp began running. This occurred on 42nd street between 7-8th ave at midnight in the heart of sin city. I chased him through the streets and then he started swinging at me. I defended myself by hitting him lightly initially but I noticed I hardly phased

him when I returned his punches. He continued fighting so I struck him with my nightstick in the leg. Still to no avail. At this point about ten other cops arrived and began beating this man mercilessly and the frightening thing about it was nothing could stop this perp. He was like superman. It turned out he was on angel dust and was impervious to pain and now had the strength of ten men. With blood pouring off his body he now began attacking other cops and throwing them over their radio cars. It was like out of a horror movie. Cops now were beginning to run away and everyone was afraid to shoot in the crowd. I immediately cleared all the other cops away and physically went to battle with this guy. As we fought he began choking me so I threw him over my back into the floor placing him in a strangle hold on the floor knocking him out while putting his shoulder in a ju-jitsu armlock to place the cuffs on him. In the course of the fight my police cap fell off and everyone saw my kipa. I made the arrest and about seven cops requested to work with me as a steady partner from then on. Everyone remembered me from that fight from the street hooker and her pimp through the local junkies on the corner. I commanded a lot of respect on the duce (police term for 42nd st).

I was transferred to the midtown north pct. as my first real assignment almost from the start action started rolling in. Here are just a few examples of some cases while I was on patrol. While guarding a prisoner on a hospital an emotionally disturbed person (EDP) broke loose in the hospital. She was extremely obese and naked and hospital guards were chasing her. I went to see what the commotion was and suddenly this monster of a woman jumped on top of me and began kissing me saying she loves jewish cops. I was thoroughly embarrassed and it took a bit to get her off me without hurting her.

Another time I was the first on the scene of what we were told was a burglary. It turned out to be a woman who wanted to jump off the 17th floor from a midtown ledge. I talked her out of it and brought her to Bellvue psychiatric clinic.

I caught two kids breaking out of some gay guy's apartment in midtown. My partner and I were on the rooftop when we spotted the kids carrying the stereo and other goods from the guy's window. We locked them up and went into the apt. to search for more perps and saw huge posters of this guy in explicit sexual positions with other men.

Then there was the time I locked up another burglar I caught. The perp was a he-she. That is guys who think they are women or who dress up as them, transvestites. It was hard doing the report on him because he insisted he was a she, and every time I used the pronoun "he", he cried and said he was a she. On the topic of transvestites I used to break up disturbances on W 47th street and 8th ave. Many of them work as hookers and the men who frequent them actually do not know the difference until it is too late. One time "John" who was frequenting this transvestite for a few weeks and being serviced in a cab decided to go all the way. Well you can imagine his expression when he found out he was being serviced along by another man. The humility, disgrace, and the sense of shame. In addition he wanted his money back so fights broke out. Then John wanted the hooker locked up for robbery and I said if I lock him up I have to arrest you as

well and inform your wife. Of course there was no arrest made. Then there was the time there was the bomb scare in the porno theater. A lot of cops went to search the place but after it was tough getting the cops to leave. Everyone was watching the flick. In addition I saw some very prominent men pulling up their pants and we came in.

Then there were the many larcenies. I chased many punks in the times square area. I used to hand out at the ticketron line in skills when chasing young perps snatching pocketbooks. I've captured many criminals with flying sidekicks, jumping karate chops, spinning back kicks, and a host of other little tricks in my bag. One time I chased this kid and drew my revolver which was a waste of time because they know you can't shoot them, so kicked out his leg and cuffed him. It turns out he was a n arab kid from Saudi Arabia. It was pretty funny me being the one to drag him into the pct.

Within the course of my week I could be summoned to guard the scene of a crime, or work with my supervisor on a homicide investigation, where I would have to look over the corpse that was brutally stabbed 18 times. Often friends would ask me how my day was and sometimes I just didn't want to discuss it. They often would persist so finally I told them. Today in the morning I witnessed a suicide where two people jumped off the roof together and splattered themselves on a brand new rolls royce, and later I caught an arm robber who was released because of his age, and at the end of the day my supervisor argued with me because I met him five minutes too late. So how long was your day?

Sometimes I would be assigned to traffic duty and I would have to give summonses to people who ran lights. One time I stopped this chassid (religious bearded Jew) he was nervous and the first thing I asked him if he davened and put on tefillin (prayed) this morning. He saw my name tag and smiled. I cautioned him and let him go. Another time I stopped an Israeli who flipped out when I spoke to him in Hebrew. Another time a beautiful woman kept batting her eyes at me and I asked her if she had something in her eyes. She then invited me to a party as her guest but I had to give her summons as my boss was nearby. I gave her the summons and I guess she now didn't want to give me the address of the party. Usually I cautioned most people if I stopped them unless they were arrogant. If they were funny or mad us laugh we let go immediately. One time I stopped a guy who said you got me. He took out his wallet and as if he were capt Kirk from star trek he opened up his wallet like a communicator and said into it "Scotty, beam me up". This was funny to us. I had one guy get on his knees once and beg me not to give him a summons. He swore the light was green. The only problem was the light never goes green. It was a flashing red light.

One time I saw two perps stealing a van so I arrested both of them. When I came into the pct. some Lt. called me over and said "What are you doing out there, we told summons activity is down in the pct., we didn't send you out to make arrests. Don't let it happen again". I apologized and said I thought it would look funny if I ignored it while standing there in full uniform.

Most of the time I tried to diffuse a situation before it can escalate whether it was over as traffic violation or a domestic dispute. Once a guy I stopped in his care began yelling at me for stopping him, the usual stuff, don't you have anything better to do or I know I am the mayor etc. I told him don't you know why we are here today? Didn't you read in the papers about the two little girls who were hit by an automobile here two days ago? At this point he started telling me he has his own little girl and he took the summons and thanked me. Of course the story was made up.

Then others were the more exiting things like the high speed chases on the west side highway. Once we were chasing a suspect for armed robbery and my partner was driving so fast we almost tipped over into the river. I insisted he stop the chase before we get killed. He refused so I shut off the engine and we radioed ahead to seal off the next exit which another team caught the perps. My job is to come home in one piece every night. Another time my partner and I responded to a robbery in progress and he said to me "Are you wearing your vest today?", of course I said. Good he said, you go in first and I'll back you up. "Are you on drugs?" I said to him. We will wait for back up like we are supposed to and go in together. Some partner I had then, urging me to go in by myself, it makes you feel wanted.

Then there was a big fire at Carnegie Hall where mayor Koch was speaking to a graduate college group. I saw smoke piling out and called the fire department. In the mean time I went in to tell the managers to evacuate all the guests. He said it was impossible. I insisted. The guests were unaware of the fire. They thought the fire was self contained and the evacuation was unnecessary. I said if you don't do it I will. So I went to the stage, said hello Mr. Koch and grabbed the microphone and explained that we had a special presentation that was to occur outside and I requested that everybody please go outside. The manager was furious but I didn't want to cause a panic. Within minutes the entire hall had smoke pouring in and I began searching for an elderly woman. In the process I was overcome by smoke inhalation, on oxygen for four hours, and sent home for a week.

I was involved in many other robberies, burglaries, larcenies, cases of sexual harassment, assaults, disorderly conduct, suicides, hold up bank alarms, grand larceny auto, scarfes domestic disputes, fires, accidents, court appearances, arson homicides, rapes, etc.

The one case that stands out in my mind is when I was issuing a summons to this one Spanish guy who began cursing at me. He jumped into his car and I ordered him to shut the motor. The next thing I see was his car trying to run me down. I jumped real high and went over the hood of his car onto another car that was parked. I got up without a scratch and had the next street sealed off. I chased the car and caught him. I had to drag him out of the car and as I went to search him he tried to hit me. I convinced him it wasn't in his interest to attempt that again. This case went to trial as I arrested him on attempted murder of a police officer. At the trial the defense kept badgering me about me hating Spanish people. The judge whispered in my ear while I was in the box that I shouldn't worry that not only is he Jewish but he is an ordained rabbi from the seminary as well and that his kids know me from when I used to teach at their yeshiva. I

laughed. Another side to this story is while this perp was out on bail I met him and his girlfriend while I was out with my girlfriend at a night club. He first tried to intimidate me but I walked right over to him and then he pretended not to know me and left. My girlfriend almost had a heart attack.

One time I was returning to the pct. at the end of my tour while I witnessed a perp backing out of a Plymouth clothing store with a gun in his hand. He had just robbed the store and its costumers and was fleeing. I chased him and tackled him to the floor and at the same time another bystander and a pregnant lady started fighting with the perp to try and help me subdue him. I was trying to secure the gun. I started screaming at the pedestrians to get out of my way as they almost allowed the perp to escape by getting involved.

Another time I was breaking up a violent fist fight on the street. A couple of punks were pretending to be the guardian angels and collecting money under their name. Then the real guardian angels came and they started fighting. The real angels were cooperative right away but the other perps I had to incapacitate. One guy tried to run away but the angels were only to pleased to help me. They apologized for any inconvenience to me and they went on their merry way.

After I worked at a midtown north pct. I was taken off patrol an assigned the OCCB (Organized Crime Control Bureau) I was assigned as an undercover narcotics officer. I used to buy drugs with marked money for the police department. It was very exciting in the beginning, but dangerous. The first day I went out there to buy dope the perp thought I was a cop because I was white in a Spanish area in the lower east side. I started screaming at the guy saying that I hate cops and then began choking him for insulting me like that. He backed off and said "OK, I was just testing". We made the deal and then we arrested him. Once on Ludlow street I was sent in with two to her cops to buy dope and there were so many dealers there we had to wait on line to buy the dope. I had the radio with me and I needed to give over the description so I went into the first store available, a Chinese fish store to transmit. The next thing I see is these two Chinese guys coming at me with their butterfly knives (Chinese machetes) chasing me out of their store. They thought I was one of the drug dealers. I couldn't ID myself so I ran as fast as my feet would take me. Just when I thought I was out of danger the guy buying dope right in front of my started quibbling on the price. An argument broke out and he was stabbed right in front of me and all hell broke loose. Our back-up was about 2 blocks away and they couldn't possibly get to us in time. There was four of us and sixty of them. We just pretended like we were one of them and got away.

Another time I was with a female cop undercover and for no reason some crazy woman started beating her up on the street. I was told not to blow my cover but the cop was being beaten so I didn't care and naturally I subdued the perp and saved the cup. She was grateful but my supervisor didn't like that I blew my cover. I really didn't care. My friend was being hurt and that was paramount. Another time I was sent out there to observe my partner buying dope. Usually I always wore a cap on my head when I bought drugs because I thought it would be disrespectful to wear a kipa and buy drugs. However, I wasn't buying the dope now, just observing, making

sure my partner doesn't get hurt. I was standing coincidentally on the corner of Bersteins' kosher Chinese restaurant reading the Jewish press of course trying to blend into the neighborhood when suddenly my partner got in trouble. The deal went sour and the op screamed to get the perp. I immediately dropped the paper, drew my gun and chased this guy four blocks. I ran past the kosher restaurant and someone recognized me and asked me what's happening, like I had time to explain. I finally caught him even though he had a good start on me. I convinced him I was crazy and that I would blow him away. It worked. As usual the other cops finally caught up. They were terribly out of shape.

The funny thing about this one was the other back-up unit in the car was racing to the scene when a little old Jewish lady was driving and turned the corner where they were racing to the scene. The unmarked car hit her car in the rear and she stopped her car and got out. My friends were screaming saying lady move the car this is a police emergency. She kept saying in a very strong Jewish accent, "You hit my car", and she was dazed even though she wasn't hurt. The other cops would always joke with me saying "Lets send Gary out to buy the dope on this one, he'll get the best deal".

The most memorable experience is when I bought dope from these two black perps who had warrants out on them for murder, rape, robbery, and host of other goodies. It was scary because they looked at me as if they would kill me if I crossed them and they told me as much. The case later went to trial because they couldn't plea bargain because of their records and just before I was to testify at the trial a few months later the assistant district attorney (ADA) trying the case requested I remove my kipa if I didn't mind. Well I did mind and I said no. He thought there would be a problem. I came into the court and I was surprised to see no jury at first and the defense attorney asked while I was on the stand to remove my kipa. He knew already that I would refuse. He wanted to declare a mistrial if I didn't take it off. His cheap reasoning to the court was that the jury would see me not as a cop but as a Rabbi. He knew this was to be an open and close case against his clients so has nitpicking at any last straws. I said I could not take my kipa off as I wore it all the time. For the next 45 minutes I was questioned about my religious observances. I was outraged. I was put into a defensive position and I could see the two perps not dressed in suits smiling. I was now getting obnoxious to his questioning as he asked me what yeshiva I went to and if I keep kosher and what I do on the Sabbath etc. I told that I could do the testimony in Hebrew as well if he wanted me to. I was asked to leave for a while and then brought back. Now the judge ordered me to remove my kipa and said it was unconstitutional. I was threatened with contempt of court and suspension from my job. I couldn't believe this was happening. I called the judge over and whispered in his ear saying "You are going to be the most famous judge in the state. Can you see the headlines of the New York Times tomorrow morning, "Judge releases two at narcotic trial, Jewish cop arrested for wearing his skullcap." He couldn't believe I said this to him. So he himself left his box and went to the jury side and said let the record state that the officer has curly brown hair and he is wearing a dark skullcap and that the officer will be seated first before the jury enters the room. In addition he told me not to tilt my head downwards in the courtroom. I told him I wasn't running a skullcap

fashion show. The only other problem I had with this case as in a couple of others an attractive woman kept flirting with me during my testimony and I had to bite my lip from responding. The perps were found guilty.

Another case I was involved with was in arresting a woman and her husband for dealing dope from her baby carriage with her infant asleep. I was working as the back-up on this case and at one point I had to run into a store to transmit a description on my portable radio. Without realizing it I ran into a kosher dairy restaurant on Grand Street. I ran behind the counter to conceal my identity so people wouldn't hear me transmit. The owner a poor Jewish woman, saw me bending over thinking I lost some change or something so I said I was a police officer and she seeing me with a kipa laughed and said you are a police officer like I am a brain-surgeon.

After narcotics I went to the youth outreach unit working as a moderator in Bronx high schools working with youth gangs and street kids with problems of drug abuse, suicides, criminals, etc. I was personally involved with ameliorating three major gangs battles. In one case my superiors didn't take it seriously even after giving over intelligence information from one of my most reliable sources that there was to be a major bloody fight after school. I found guns, knives, and chins in a few lockers so I just called 911 for back-up because I was not going to go out by myself with over 100 kids who want to kill themselves. I got caught up with this problem once before.

Another time I was assigned to work with the Park West High School in the hell's kitchen area in mid-town. This school was voted one of the worst public schools by our board of education. The school was torn with racial and ethnic tensions and specifically between the Puertorican and dominican students. In addition, there were organized criminal gangs who would prey on storekeepers and pedestrians. I was able to crack one of the gangs by arresting key leaders in the group. These kids were between 12 and 20 years old and thought they could do what they wanted until they came across me. After several impressive fights, some which all the local papers picked my reputation as a cop who wants to help and a cop who won't take any crap was established. The kids nicknamed me "Robocop".

The worst problem I had with my superiors who would refuse to acknowledge all the violence as a biased incident which it was. There were political motivations for that however but not acknowledging it that meant we were not giving priority to the problem and this was the central cause of strife and violence in the area. We needed more police personal assigned to the area. I got hurt because of this. A gang fight took place in the school where the kids were using machetes, sticks, knives, and anything they could get their hands on. I called for backup immediately but my radio didn't transmit because I was inside the school and wasn't near a window. I was able to get a major group to listen to me, but the others went crazy and starting now in attacking a couple of teachers and security guards. I had no choice but to fight. A lot of innocent kids were now trapped in a large room on the third floor. The pack of Dominicans were throwing chairs and tables at us. All the teachers and staff fled except for a couple of security guards initially and then they left too. I was battling it out for over ten minutes before I was able to get help. At one point a few kids grabbed me from behind trying

to take my radio, nightstick and gun. I was more than able to defend myself except for a flying chair that hit me in the face dislocating my jaw. By the time the troops arrived everyone was surprised that I had everything under control. I was the only one standing in the room. I counted 22 bruised students sprawled out over the floor. The miracle about the whole event was I was able to accomplish this without drawing my nightstick, gun, or any other weapon and keeping injuries to a minimum on both sides. I also arrested one of the Spanish kids for attempted murder after I caught him running from the scene after slashing another student in the initial fight. My supervisor hugged me and said "You earned your pay for the day". As a result of my extensive work with the gangs and street kids I was invited up to Albany to testify at a state hearing about juveniles delinquents and about a program I developed called SCOUT (Student Community Outreach Unit Team). I received a lot of media attention and was invited to do two commercials for public TV about my work with the kids and with the seniors. While all this was great public relations for the police department, it caused me more grief because now many in the hierarchy of the NYPD resented me even more.

In addition I was now offered a couple of minor roles to do film work which I am now pursuing. I played a cop in one film by Billy Dee Williams and I did a martial arts scene for another.

As an extension of my youth work I was assigned for a while to the runaway unit investigating kids who ran away from their homes from all over the country. All too often somehow they came to the big apple and became hookers on the street working for some pimp. My job was to find the kids and make proper referrals and try and counsel the kids from returning to the streets. It was a tough job. One time my partner and I had to kick an apartment to save a little girl from a pimp who was forcing her to work as a prostitute on the street. Many pimps on the streets got to know of my reputation real well, the kosher cop who hated them and any chance I got I would lock them up via the hospital because all of them beat their girls viciously.

Over the years because of my intimate knowledge of the Jewish and Israeli community here I was temporarily assigned to the joint FBI_NYPD Task force on special cases. I was also assigned to the special investigation to the Yeshiva University sniping case where a few times a group of perps sprayed the yeshiva with machine gun fire and later attempted to kill a yeshiva student on the highway but instead wounded him and killed an innocent bystander. Again I had a clash with my superiors because I discovered that the incident was not motivated by anti-semitism as all the papers reported for weeks. When I decided to express the results of my investigations to my superiors and to members in the community I was thrown off the case. They still never caught the perps because in reality they never really wanted to, in my opinion, because of serious political ramifications. I was able to find out more information because all the students knew of me and my work and they trusted me to keep their confidences which I did. It was at this point someone fired a burst of bee-bee pellets through my window at my home one evening as a warning. I was working on a couple of cases so

I didn't know what the warning was for. Then I received death threats over the telephone. So I was extra cautious for a while.

At one point on patrol, I worked with a Jewish partner with whom I became friendly. The other cops called us the "Mad Macabees". I initially met him because he got my attention when I heard him say a few words in Hebrew over the police radio. I thought I was hearing things. It was his way of saying "shalom" to me.

One embarrassing incident that occurred was when I saw a guy dealing the 3 card monte game on the street which is illegal and enforced by us because many of these perps are also involved in robbery as well. I cautiously approached the guy and then pounced on him and arrested him. All of a sudden I heard a guy from across the street yell "cut" from a van. They were shooting a movie which I was unaware of and I interrupted a scene. They loved it so much that I was asked to sign a waiver allowing them to use it.

One of the more frightening times I had was when I almost shot another cop accidentally because the description on the radio was mistaken. I was chasing what I thought were two male blacks for armed robbery. In reality the second male black was a plainclothes cop chasing the perp. The other cop didn't hear me when I kept screaming them to stop. I chased them for a few blocks in midtown and finally jumped behind a car when the cop turned around to me with a gun in his hand. It was a split second decision to shoot or not to shoot. Something told me not to thank god, after all I was now behind a car for safety. The cop finally identified himself when he saw that I was about to shoot him by screaming "Don't shoot, I'm on the job".

Another time a store owner attempted to offer me a bribe to keep a special eye on his pawn shop. I smiled and began reciting the NY State penal law penalties of trying to bribe or to offer gratuities to a police officer. He put the money away real fast.

Another spectacular chase I had was while I was in a radio car on patrol. My partner observed a foot cop in pursuit of an armed robbery suspect. I was driving and immediately spun the car around on 57th street and Park avenue racing down park avenue. In pursuit we got caught up in traffic. I yelled at my partner to take the wheel and I jumped out of the car and started jumping on other vehicles to cross the street in pursuit of the perp. The other cop couldn't run anymore so

I was alone on foot with the other cars tied up in traffic. I chased him all the way to the east side trying not to knock people down. At one point I climbed onto a passing truck when I lost visual contact for a moment and suddenly when I spotted him jumped off knocking him to the floor. Everyone in the area gave me a resounding applause. I felt bad for the other cop who initiated the chase so I called him over afterwards and turned over the arrest to him. He became forever deb to me because he became a hero out of it.

Working in midtown gave me the opportunity to meet interesting people. I became personally friendly with Cardinal Debbie as I was assigned a couple of times to , him at parades. He laughed when I took off my police hat and he saw me wearing a Kipa. Someone took a photo of us together with both of us wearing skullcaps. Another time I saw general Arik Sharon, for the Israeli defence forces, with his body guards on 47th street. He was entering his car when I called out to him in Hebrew "How are you?". He turned around and said "Who said that?" "I did' I said. "A cop who speaks Hebrew in New York' he said. We chatted for a while and then he extended an invitation to me when I come to Israel to see him. Two years later I went to Israel and we met at the Likkud headquarters and he instantly remembered who I was without an introduction. I met a host of other celebrities from Broadway shows and the film industry and got invited to many parties.

The most serious case I literally stumbled on and could have drastic effects on the entire city was a possible conspiracy of DOMESTIC TERRORISM. I was on patrol passing the EL AL office at Rockefeller Center and I noticed a coffee truck selling doughnuts and coffee illegally from the no standing zone. I asked them to leave politely and they left right away. I went to say hello to my friends who work at the Israeli airlines when a woman who works in the office said to me that the man in the truck had offered her free doughnuts and coffee and made all sorts of inquiries about how long she was working there and what time the office closes and opens. I naturally became suspicious. Then she thought she overheard them speaking in Arabic. I ran out of the storefront and yelled at the truck to halt. They were driving away. I chased them on foot and when they were caught in traffic I pulled them over for what I told them was a traffic violation. In the meantime I called for backup and when I ran the plates it came back as stolen. Now I had to arrest for at least possession of a stolen vehicle. I was stalling for time waiting for a back-up when one of them jumped back into his truck and tried to drive away. I drew my gun and ordered him out. He refused so I had to go into the truck and drag him out. At that point the other one tried to resist and I got another opportunity to display my convincing martial abilities. I arrested them and opened up a pandora's box. The FBI, terrorist task force, police intelligence and a state agency got involved with this case. The perps were two Egyptians, one who just came here and the other two who had been here for a while. Most of their documents were falsified. The case was taken away from me, however there is a serious potential and possibility that they are connected with a terrorist operation right here in New York. I contacted the FBI and our police intelligence unit requesting to work on this case and they both said it was nothing from nothing. I didn't believe them. I did my own investigating and found evidence to the contrary.

After more professional speaking engagements from more media I received I was invited by the Wingate Sports Institute in Israel to teach martial arts at their university for the summer all expenses paid. In addition I received an invitation by the Israeli army and by the border police to give seminars on police tactics and karate and Ju-jitsu teaching methods for their commando unit personnel which I graciously accepted.

There are many more stories and invites I got involved with but the funniest one was when I was requested to give advice to decoy cops who dress up as chassidim. One time one cop told me he tried to fit in by dressing up the part and going to synagogue in their community on the sabbath. However after services he lit up a cigarette in public view which is a serious transgression of Jewish law on the Sabbath and all the chassidim began beating him up thinking he was trying to mock them. I explained to him several points of Jewish law.

One time I had to stay in the city for the night so in the morning I had to pray before work as I do every morning. I keep an extra pair of tefillin (phylacteries) in my locker which Jews use to wrap around their arms and also put on their heads. Some cop saw me doing this in the locker room and he gasped thinking I was trying to shoot up dope because he saw the leather straps wrapped around my arm. Another cop said to me "I see you are all tied up".

There are hundreds of more stories I could write about, but in conclusion there are a few cases in which I got involved with off-duty if we see a crime the unwritten rule in the department is not to get involved, to pretend you didn't see anything.

One time, while in a subway after work, I caught a perp snatching a gold chain from a woman's neck. I chased him at gunpoint up two flights of stairs. As I grabbed him and started to search him another cop saw me chasing him and drew his gun out on me thinking at first I was the bad guy until he saw my Kipa. He told me afterwards that the only one chasing someone with a gun in his hand and who wears a kipa must be that jewish cop "Dirty Hesh" (Harry) I heard about who works in mid-town.

Another time in the suburbs of Great Neck I saw three kids stealing an automobile from a synagogue parking lot as I was leaving the synagogue from services on the sabbath. I chased them and caught one of them scaling a fence. I climbed the fence and as I dragged him down he pulled a knife on me. I disarmed him and then put my gun up his nose and told him to breathe hard. He got the message.

Another time I was teaching karate at a Queens synagogue while wearing my full karate uniform. At the same time the synagogue was holding a board meeting in an adjacent room. Suddenly we hear a crash through their window. Three kids threw what we found out later to be a fake molotov cocktail through the window at the board meeting to scare the old Jews. People were screaming thinking it was a bomb because it had a lit fuse attached to a bottle filled with liquid. I grabbed my gun and shield and proceeded out of the synagogue barefooted wearing my black belt around my waist and gun and shield in my hand. The kid who threw the bottle almost had a heart attack when he saw me chasing him as did the rest of the neighborhood. I finally apprehended him and turned him over to the local precinct.

Another time on the train going to work a male black started to frighten people on the train saying that he hates white people and that he wants to kill someone here on the train. He took a lit cigarette and started puffing smoke into people's faces and then threaten another white woman with the lit cigarette to burn her face. Everyone on the train was

scared and started to cringe away in fear. I asked him politely to cease and he approached me with the cigarette and said that he will put a hole in my Kipa. I said "maybe" as I drew my gun "but when I'll put a hole in you, you are under arrest". Everyone gave a sigh of relief and applauded.

Another time I was talking in midtown after work while assigned to the narcotic division. I saw an old Chinese man screaming that he had been robbed as he pointed at his assailant. At this time I had very long hair and full beard because of my work and was cautioned not to get involved because I was working undercover. A real dilemma. Of course I chased the perp through midtown and at one point he turned on me while reaching into his pocket so I leaped up into the air and hit him with a flying side kick in his head from a distance of about 20 feet and then arrested him. Another local cop showed up right afterwards and I identified myself and told him to take his arrest as I was off-duty and working undercover and he refused saying he has to go somewhere later and doesn't want to get stuck with this. It was his post and responsibility to do this so I insisted and we started arguing on the street. It looked bad that two cops were arguing so I took it in the end.

Another time while I was returning home from marching in uniform in the Israeli day parade with the Shomrim society I saw two perps hit a little 12 year old boy knocking him off his bicycle and stealing it. This occurred as I was driving in a residential area. The little boy began crying hysterically so I jumped out of my car with the boy's mother looking out the window and I chased the two perps and caught one. I got his bicycle back for him and to this day he thinks of me as his guardian angel.

Another time I was driving my sister somewhere when a group of Spanish kids cut my car off and began harassing us from their vehicle. I waved them on but they wouldn't leave us alone. They kept driving dangerously along side of my car and taunting me about how they hate Jews. I stopped the car and they pulled in front of us boxing us in. They wouldn't let up. I was afraid to take action because I had my sister in the car. I had no choice. I sped in front of them like I was driving a police car and spun it in front of their car. I told my sister to get behind the wheel and drive away and not to help if I got in trouble. I ran over to their car and the driver came out with a crow bar in his hand which I kicked out of his hand. I drew my gun out and ordered everyone to keep their hands on the seat in front of them and on the dashboards. The driver was now really scared and he literally begged for forgiveness. I had a local radio car come to the scene and told them what happened and surprisingly enough they knew of me because I was written up in a law enforcement newspaper that they read. While I enjoyed the good reputation I developed with my fellow colleagues as being a dedicated no non-sense cop I was being denigrated by some of my supervisors because they thought I was getting too involved and because I was receiving too much publicity. At this time I had several major community awards for my community service and my police work. While they had praise for me when it came to public speeches privately there was bitter animosity.

Another time as I was going to work a kid jumped a turnstile without paying the subway-fare. He literally jumped into my arms as I was leaving the subway so I flipped him right back over in a judo throw over my back and I flashed my shield and told him where to go to buy a token.

Another time I was in a uniform in my partner's private car leaving work. While still in uniform another car cut us off. I told my partner to forget it but the other driver got out of his car with a stick and came to our window to threaten us. The expression on his face gave me much pleasure to this day when he looked in the window when he saw two uniformed cops. He started mumbling and desperately trying to apologize saying he was just kidding. After checking all of his information out we let him go after a good scare and stern warning.

Another time while I was in a night club with a date some guy started beating up his girlfriend viciously. The local bouncer attempted to stop it but this perp had some martial arts training and kicked the bouncer knocking him to the floor. Everyone was afraid to stop him. I told the manager to call the police and I tried to calm the guy down. He told me to mind my own business or I would get hurt as well. He then stuck his girlfriend in front of me knocking her down a flight of stairs. I raced down the stairs after him and when he went to strike her again I grabbed his hand and said "the party is over". he started throwing all sorts of punches and spinning kicks at me. A friend of mine who works at the bar screamed out to me to be careful because the knows kung-fu. I warned the guy that I could hurt him if he didn't stop. Without making more of a commotion I caught his wrist and twisted it in a joint lock control technique which is excruciating if there is resistance. I had the guy calm down immediately like a pussy cat. The ironic thing was like I've experienced before the girl started yelling at me to leave her boyfriend alone. She kissed him and apologized to him for creating the problem and they both left.

Another time I was driving home from work about midnight when I saw 5 police cars racing with their lights and sirens on. I realized there must be some emergency. As I was curious I picked up speed, but they were going dangerously too fast. When I slowed down I saw the problem that they missed. There was a uniformed cop fighting an armed assailant across the boulevard where I was driving. I raced across the street and saw a male black with a shining revolver trying to shoot the cop and the cop trying to wrestle the gun from the perp. I jumped out of my car and put my gun to the perp's head and screamed for him to drop the gun which he did. The other cop was dazed with blood dripping from his head from a wound he suffered in the struggle. The cop looked at me while I was wearing a suit and he didn't even hear me when I spoke to him. He was in a state of shock. What happened was another cop was robbed of his gun and shield and the local radio car responded and gave chase to the two perps. The radio team split up chasing each one individually which is very dangerous. After a couple of minutes a lot of other cops came and we all together began searching the area for the perp which we didn't find. The whole time all the other cops stared at me and no one questioned who I was as I walked with them with a gun in my hand. Finally, one detective asked me if I'm really a cop, staring at my kipa. I laughed and said "You see me with a gun and heard what I did, what do you think? If

you thought otherwise you should have challenged me because you saw me with a gun in my hand". It's hard for a lot of these older veteran cops to see a Jewish cop wearing a Kipa. It breaks the stereotype of that tough Irish cop image. The part that annoyed me most was that after the even I left and just said goodbye. I was on the force just a few months at this point. A month later I read in the newspapers that the cop I helped got a special reward and an accommodation for bravery for **singlehandedly** apprehending an armed robber. He never even mentioned my name on the report nor the fact that I saved his life not to mention the overtime I should have received which I never put in for because I felt good enough that I saved his life. This got me upset but I knew what I did and that was enough.

Another time was when I got involved as a cop and social worker at the same time. This event made TV headlines that night. I was in my apartment with a new girl going to take her out to dinner and dancing when the phone rang, "Gary you have to come right now to the south Bronx to Selma's apartment. Someone is breaking down her door and terrorizing her and her 84 year old mother Roby, one of my most dedicated volunteers for the national association for the Jewish poor and who is also a law student told me he is in his apartment and will meet me there right away. I called up Selma and to my amazement she was crying desperately for help as I heard the door being pounded on with a baseball bat. I told her I'm coming but for her to call 911, the police. She was too scared to think to call any one but us. I called 911 and identified myself as an off-duty cop. I got there before the radio car team and this infuriated me as I live in Queens and it took me 20 minutes flying down through every light. My date, forget it. She thought either I was making this up or I'm just a saint and that I'm too good for my own good and hers. She waited anyway in my apartment all dressed up with no where to go. When I got into the dingy tenement I saw Selma one of our NAJP clients had her door knocked off its hinges and I came across the most desperate woman I have ever seen. I called 911 again screaming at them to get a radio car here right away. Roby came now and I had him stay with Selma and her mother while I went after the perp. I spoke to some kids who witnessed the incident. Although scared they told me where the perp lived. I knocked on his door and demanded he come out after I identified myself. He came out with his baseball bat swinging in my direction warning me he will kill me. I drew my revolver and pointed it right at his head and whispered "Goodnight, if you don't drop the bat". He saw I wasn't bluffing and he dropped the bat. AT the same moment two cops came racing in taking the bat from the perp. Selma identified the perp but was too scared to press charges so we couldn't lock the perp up. I found out that they had been terrorizing her for three months because they hated her because she was the last Jew left in the building and they were extorting money from her daily. She paid protection money to a group of kids so they wouldn't hurt her or her mother. However, she was robbed and beaten a couple of times by another group of drug addicts. These junkies wanted her to leave the building because she lives on the first floor and all the successful drug operations operates from the inside of a first floor apartment because the police need a special warrant to raid an apartment as

opposed to seizing people and dope off the street. In addition you can deal from a window to the street easier. So this perp I caught was hired to terrorize our client to force her to leave.

That night Roby and I stayed with Selma and her mom all night and we provided around the clock protection for her for two days until we made emergency plans to vacate her and move first into a hotel and then to a nice apartment in a safe area. During this time I was able to convince the local junkie population that it would not be in their health interest if any harm came to Selma. In addition I grabbed a couple of kids who were extorting money from her but Selma again was too scared to prosecute. She lived in her apartment for over 42 years and still with all the crime was afraid to leave. My own police department was dragging it's feet with this case so I called the media and they portrayed the entire situation on network news. I didn't score brownie points with the hierarchy of the NYPD but I did what I thought was right.

The most recent episode off-duty was when I interrupted an armed robbery in my own neighborhood last week. I just finished work and I was walking into Shimon's kosher pizza when I heard a commotion across the street in front of a synagogue. Two perps were mugging an elderly woman of her pocketbook. She resisted handing on to her purse when the white kid pulled a gun and yelled at her that he had a gun and would shoot. I couldn't believe this was happening in my neighborhood. I dropped the groceries I was carrying, drew my revolver and my shield and was cautiously sneaking around a car to apprehend the perps. They saw me and I yelled "Police, don't move". They began running and I chased the guy with the gun. After a couple of blocks he dropped the pocketbook and turned around with a gun in his hand. Scared out of my mind I leaped away into a roll into the street getting out the line of fire and I hit the side of a parked car spraining the wrist that held my gun. I got up immediately and chased him another six blocks until I saw him run into a two-family home. I didn't see him run out through a rear door. I saw the first floor apartment was locked with no one there so I believed he ran into the top floor. It is here I became an unexpected guest at an Italian dinner party. I walked up the steps cautiously with my gun and my shield out and when I heard voices and saw the door slightly ajar, I kicked open the door and saw this poor family sitting eating supper. Three of them almost had heart failure and the other two thought it was a practical joke. One of the sons said "I know, Vinny sent you". I had them call 911 as others did as well. I went to search the back of the building but I was alone so I pretended to have a police radio and I spoke into it so if the perp was around which he was, he would be scared and wouldn't run and hopefully wouldn't shoot if he thought I had other cops canvassing the area for him as well. My bluff worked and finally the other cops came and I found the perp hiding inside of another building's basement. I recovered the woman's pocketbook and all its contents and we made a positive ID at the scene. This woman who I helped happens to be a teacher at the local Yeshiva Central Queens where she relayed this event to the kids in the school. The event happened the day before the Jewish holiday of Purim and she

used it for the kids. I became a local folk hero with all the little kids again which is important for them because most of them do not get to know police officers on a personal basis and many of these kids see me every week in the synagogue.

Many people who meet and see the work I do think I live up to my name. In Hebrew my name is Gavriel Rafael which means man of God and god heals. It is also the names of two biblical angels. Hence I was written up in a newspaper as the Guardian angel. However, those who know me close regard me as more than a guardian and less than an angel.

BY GARY MOSKOWITZ 917-916-4681 MOVIE SCRIPT IDEA

Brief description based on my work in the police department.

Police officer_____a social activist in and outside the police department who wants to help kids go straight after seeing how many kids get involved in youth gangs who prey on the elderly and how many of them drop out of school sets up the SCOUT program (Student Community Outreach Unit Team). This program is designed as an anti-drop out program giving academic credit for doing fieldwork in the community helping senior citizens. In addition those kids who excel can go free into a karate program if they keep up their grades where they learn the importance of DISCIPLINE WITH SENSITIVITY. Officer_____gets much publicity and headquarters resents it because they don't like the social work approach. They want to come in and just lock the kids up. In addition Officer_____uncovers a scam where a couple of social workers are trying to sabotage this new program because these workers are secretly redirecting government funds illegally and making a nice personal profit. The former gang member trying to go straight reported this to officer_____after learning about it through their fieldwork placement. The unscrupulous social workers knew that these two kids found out that they were dirty so they tried to discredit the whole program so no one would believe them. This information was reported to police superiors and then to the internal affairs division of the department of social services by our officer. No one believes these kids or will even check it out so our officer on his own time investigates this with the help of kids he once locked up. He opened up a pandora's box of falsifying records, misappropriation of funds and a case worker who is involved with extortion of an elderly couple while being involved sexually with a 13 year old girl he was assigned to help. The student initially were disgusted with the system after our officer worked so hard to show them that the system can work for them, they now see corruption within the system and they think the system is just as bad or worse from the way they were before, ripping people off on the streets. After a couple of rap sessions with the gang, Officer_____, affectionally referred to as "Rambowitz" because of his Jewish background now embarks on a campaign with his new "good kids" to break up this operation teaching them investigation tactics and martial arts. The kids at the end come away with more than just a lot of action but a feeling that they can change the system if someone does care and they learn through the martial arts the main fight in life is with yourself and not on the street. It's discipline and sensitivity.

At the same time our officer_____initially seeks the assistance of a beautiful social worker working in the agency at the middle management level. She doesn't believe the officer's story at fist but he woos her and they begin to fall in love. After a lot of resistance she helps the officer get information which could jeopardize her job. In the process she is fired initially and later kidnapped while the officer is warned to back off or she will get hurt. It is at this point there is plenty of sophisticated action. At the end the officer's girlfriend is saved, the criminal ring busted up and a new change for a new group of kids develops however at a cost of a couple of kids losing their lives in the action drama.



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