In Washington, policemen from several states massed on the steps of the Capitol to demand a crackdown on the recent rash of sniping attacks on cops. "We are in a revolution," said their leader. Lawmen and legislators warned that politicians or government officials might be attacked or kidnapped by homegrown revolutionaries adapting the tactics of Latin American guerrillas. Across the border in Canada, that nightmare had already come true: the government invoked emergency war power to combat Quebec separatists who had kidnapped two public figures and were holding them hostage—and had then chosen to kill (page 35).

DESPERATE TURN

Had Angela Davis, daughter of the black bourgeoisie, product of Brandeis and the Sorbonne, onetime philosophy instructor at UCLA, taken the same desperate turn to terrorism? Friends couldn't believe she had anything to do with the bloody kidnaping-turned-shoot-out at the Marin County Hall of Justice in San Rafael, Calif.—not even the secondhand role that the charges against her suggest. The state's case—so far as it has been disclosed—is that Miss Davis bought two handguns, a rifle and a shotgun that were smuggled into the courtroom by 17-year-old Jonathan Jackson and his co-conspirators; the judge and two of the convicts were all killed. Their plan had been to trade the kidnap victims for the three black convicts (one of them Jackson's brother) under indictment for killing a prison guard. And a week after the trial at gunpoint, freed three black convicts and took five hostages, including the judge. As they were driving off in a van, shooting broke out, and Jackson, the judge and two of the convicts were all killed.

The Angela Davis Case

He was, by the FBI's reckoning, the most wanted woman in America—a young revolutionary of rare intellect and beauty accused of an accomplice's role in one of the year's most shocking incidents of left-wing terrorism. There was more to Angela Davis than that. At 26, she was a breath of new life in the doddering American Communist Party, an eloquent champion of the Black Panthers, an academic cause célèbre in California and an icon to New Left activists from coast to coast. Last week, in an episode that mingled irony with intrigue, G-men arrested her without a fight in that quintessentially Middle American refuge—a Howard Johnson's motel.

The capture in New York of the most glamorous and provocative fugitive on the Feds' list came at a fortuitous time for the beleaguered authorities. The country is in the grip of the worst spasm of left-wing violence since anarchist days, and the national composure is clearly showing the strain. The rising tide of bombings and attacks on the police has become the most emotional issue of the fall campaign—one that conservative candidates especially are exploiting to good effect.

Last week's events provided further evidence that the forces of law and order were a long way from stifling the terrorist onslaught. Dynamite blasts rocked the Federal Building and seven other sites in placid Rochester, N.Y. (page 24). The library of Harvard's Center for International Affairs, long a target of radical ire, was wrecked by a nighttime explosion; an outfit calling itself "the Proud Eagle Tribe, a group of revolutionary women," claimed credit for the sabotage (the police were skeptical about that) and dedicated the exploit to Miss Davis "because her actions and example have inspired us."

WANTED poster: Spurring the hunt

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of the same offense as its perpetrator.

Miss Davis promptly disappeared. She reportedly bought a plane ticket from San Francisco to Los Angeles a few hours after the shoot-out, but for weeks later, there was no trace. The FBI mounted an elaborate search, interviewing what seems to have been hundreds of people who knew her. In view of the bureau's distinctly spotty record of tracking down other radical fugitives (page 22), most of her friends were confident that she had successfully escaped overseas to friendlier shores—Cuba, perhaps, or even Algeria.

**DAPPER PLAYBOY**

In fact, lawmen said, she had made her way to Chicago and a shadowy figure named David R. Poindexter Jr. Poindexter’s late father, who was black, had been a Communist during the ’30s; his mother is a wealthy white woman who is divorced and now lives in Hollywood, Fla. The mother reportedly had settled a considerable fortune on him, and to the extent he was known in Chicago at all, he was described as a suave, dapper playboy, dabbling in business deals here and there and cruising around in a flashy Cadillac. Poindexter had been divorced once, and his second wife recently committed suicide, leaving a note reading: “David, I’m tired of you, your Momma and your whores.”

From Chicago, Poindexter apparently drove Miss Davis to Miami, where he registered (under his real name) at the Golf Lake Apartments. This was an ironic choice of lodgings. The security chief at Golf Lake is a former Miami deputy sheriff named Charles Celona whose grand jury testimony on police corruption recently resulted in 22 indictments. To protect this star witness, Gov. Claude Kirk had ordered 24-hour police protection for Celona, and so the Golf Lake Apartments, during the time Angela Davis stayed there, was under constant police surveillance. Poindexter further tempted discovery by buying a new car, a white Toyota, which he registered under his correct name and the Miami address.

What seems to have flushed the couple, however, was neither the police detail nor the car registration but a story splashed through the Miami press late in September. A local charter-boat captain reported that he had been approached by a black woman with an Afro hair-do and two black men who ordered him at gunpoint to take them to Bimini. He had persuaded them, he said, that he didn’t have enough gas, and they fled in a Cadillac. The story was later discounted, but it produced pictures of Miss Davis in local papers and more than 500 tips to the FBI. Miss Davis and Poindexter—who had reportedly been planning to take a clandestine flight to Cuba—decamped hastily for New York, so hastily that when the FBI finally searched their room at Golf Lake, they found unmailed letters in her handwriting and the uncollected registration of the Toyota in the mailbox downstairs.

The fugitives turned up next in New York. They checked into a Midtown Holiday Inn and then, for some reason, decided to move. William Slevin, manager of the Howard Johnson’s Motor Lodge, had an FBI “Ten Most Wanted” handbill pinned to his desk when “Mr. and Mrs. George Gilbert” registered on Oct. 8. But he spotted no resemblance between the flamboyantly Afro-coifed young woman pictured on the flyer and the elegant Mrs. Gilbert before him. Angela no longer wore her hair in an Afro—she was sporting a short-haired wig and had also trimmed her eyebrows into a new arching curve. There was no concealing her striking beauty—the couple in the room across the hall called the Gilberts “simply stunning”—but she had managed deftly to change her type.

Nevertheless, five days after they checked in, the FBI closed in. Miss Davis and Poindexter were out when the agents arrived and staked out their $30-a-day, twin double-bedded room on the seventh floor. About 6 o’clock, the couple returned; they surrendered without any fuss. “It was done very discreetly, very quietly,” said Slevin. “There was no fanfare.”

**EXTRADITION FIGHT**

Everything was so discreet, in fact, that some of Miss Davis’s West Coast friends wondered whether she might have wanted to be caught. “I just don’t think she wanted to run any more,” suggested one. Another thought “maybe she figured she would have a more effective voice from prison as a martyr.” But the FBI insisted heatedly there was nothing prearranged about the capture—and Miss Davis seemed to bear this out. She promptly engaged John J. Abt, a veteran Old Left attorney (sample clients: Paul Robeson, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and the CP itself), and he announced she would fight extradition back to California. She will be held without bail, as is customary in capital cases, until her extradition hearing (conveniently timed for Nov. 9, which means that Gov. Nelson Rockefeller will not have to issue any order until after Election Day). Poindexter, who was charged with harboring a fugitive, was released in $100,000 bail. The bond was put up by his mother, who rushed up from Florida for the purpose. “My beautiful black prince,” she had declared earlier when she boarded
of her son's arrest, "can do no wrong."
Miss Davis's adherents were just as
strenuous in her cause. They marched
up and down before the Women's House
of Detention where she was being held,
and it seemed apparent that the chant
"Free Angela!" would well up from radici
rallies for some time to come. After
her arraignment, a spectator inside the
courthouse shouted "We love you from
the West Coast to the East Coast—and
you will be free." Miss Davis, whose
hands were handcuffed before her,
raised them about waist high and, smil-
ing slightly, gave a clenched-fist salute.

**CROSSROADS**

To people who had known Angela
Davis in earlier and happier times, a
squalid New York jail cell seemed a
grotesque way station in an extraordinary
career. For she had made her spiritual
home at the crossroads of two cultures,
and somehow she managed to inhabit
them both, declining the rewards that
either would have bestowed on her if
she had been willing to live within its
rules alone. She could have opted for the
life of scholarship—a precocious
child growing up in Birmingham in the
mid-1950s couldn't help knowing, and
that was the racial furies abroad within
the town. The Davis family lived, along
with many other middle-class Negores,
on what came to be called "Dynamite
Hill" after white night riders began bomb
attacks on the homes of the civil-rights
leaders clustered there. She knew some
of the four black girls killed in the blast
that devastated a church and Sunday
school in September 1963. "My political
involvement," she declared in an inter-
view last year, "stems from my existence
in the South."

When Angela was 15, a representa-
tive of New York's Elisabeth Irwin High
School, a socially progressive private
school, came to Birmingham looking for
talented black children to recruit. Her
own high school recommended her, and
she didn't hesitate an instant before ac-
cepting. Things were not easy for her at
Elisabeth Irwin—she had never, for ex-
ample, studied any French. In response
to the challenge, she majored in French,
graduated with distinction and
went on to win a scholarship at Brandeis
University.

At Brandeis she pursued the literary
studies that had become her chief inter-
est: French literature continued to be
her major field. She wrote her honors
essay (a study of French author Alain
Robbe-Grillet) under the direction of
Prof. Murray Sachs, who became the
first of a string of academics to pro-
nounce her "one of the two or three best
students I've ever had" or some variation
on that superlative theme. Her junior
year she spent in Paris. A classmate,
Vivian Auslandor, recalls her as both
scholarly ("she had index cards of almost
everything we read") and shy ("you
could hardly hear her when the teacher
called on her, but she always had the
right answer").

So far, there had been few hints of
anything but a profound and original in-
tellectual fascination with the themes of
Continental literature. But when Anger,
returned to Brandeis, she met Herbert
Marcuse. He was in his final year of
teaching at Brandeis, an ecletic Marx-
ist philosopher who laid much weight on
subtle forms of repression within capital-
ist democracies and the psychic need for
individual acts of refusal to break so-
ciety's molds. Angela found herself
strongly attracted to his views: she took
up the study of philosophy and, at the
end of the year, instead of going to
teach at a Southern university as her
literature teachers urged, she enrolled
for graduate work in philosophy at the
Marxist-oriented Institute of Social Re-
search at Johann Wolfgang Goethe Uni-
versity in Frankfurt.

**GOING HOME**

In Frankfurt, recalls sociology profes-
sor Oskar Negt, "she learned German in
a remarkably short period and grasped
Kant and Hegel in equally amazing fash-
ion." He particularly remembers a first-
rate seminar paper of hers on "The Con-
ception of Interest in Kant's Critique of
the Pervers of Pure Reason." She also,
with some doubt, refined her sophisticated
intellectual brand of Marxism—even as she
responded to the gathering racial
revolu-
tion back in the U.S. According to David
Wittenberg, a German student to whom
she was very close in those days, she had
a number of visitors from the States who kept her posted on racial developments on the home front. "The amazing thing about Angela," he says, "was that she didn't treat this racial thing as a personal issue. She had an ability to keep her own feelings out of her assessment of the American racial situation. This allowed her to arrive at rational rather than emotional conclusions." One of her conclusions was that it was high time for her to be getting home. Theoretical speculations alone had apparently begun to lose their appeal for her; in 1967 she left, as one of her teachers explained, "because she could no longer tolerate the deterioration of the situation in the U.S. without becoming actively involved."

But her career still followed orthodox academic contours. She made her way to the University of California at San Diego, where Marcuse had moved, and began studying for her master's and doctorate under his tutelage. Her choice of a Ph.D. thesis topic—Kant's analysis of violence in the French Revolution—seemed to signal, however, a gradual shift in the focus of her scholarly interests, and she also began to dip into the organizing of the black community then afoot in San Diego.

**DETAILED OBSERVER**

"She was at all the meetings, constantly around and nibbling at the edges," recalls Tom Johnson, a journalist who was head of the San Diego NAACP at that time. "I remember she wasn't really that involved—she was always concerned but aloof. She seemed to be a detached observer at that time, always asking questions without saying very much herself. It seemed as if she were merely intellectually curious... In fact, she seemed so determined to get a feel of what was happening on the street level in the community that I first thought she was an FBI plant."

Miss Davis was feeling her way into a world that was largely new to her. For, up to that point, she had been some-thing of an expatriate, plucked out of the black community by a white elite that had spotted her talents and rewarded them with the best training it had to offer. Like a number of black intellectuals before her, e.g., Richard Wright and James Baldwin, she had been drawn to Europe for the cultural stimulus available there, and perhaps it is fair to say that back in 1967 when she returned from Germany, she seemed less American than a product of European intellectual culture.

Certainly her attraction to the Communist Party stemmed from a severe rationalism rather than ghetto soul. As one fellow student from her San Diego days recalled last week, "She used to say, 'What group in the country has been consistent in a Marxist analysis of American society?' Because of the long commitment and obvious sincerity of the CP she joined it, even though it was considered too old hat, 40 years old, dull. She chose CP Marxism because it is scientific, it develops class consciousness and it is a long-range project."

Miss Davis's Marxist commitment gradually led her away from Ron Karenga's US, an organization devoted to black nationalism and cultural consciousness, and toward the Black Panthers, who were evolving a Marxist ideology of their own. She never, as far as is known, formally became a member of the Black Panther Party, but by 1968 she was moving widely in its circles. She had also emerged as a leading figure among blacks on campus, helping to set up a Black Students Council and drafting guidelines for the "Third College," an experimental school-within-a-school, run by and for minorities. But her role, some of her friends sensed, was hampered a bit by her tendency to talk in conceptual terms: Angela's effectiveness was directly proportional to the ability of other students to determine what in the world she was talking about. And there was that old aloofness. "She was never really hung up on that leadership thing," says Tyra Garlington, a San Diego girl friend. "It was always something personal with her—if others wanted to follow, that was their worry, not hers."

**CAUSE CELEBRE**

Then, in the middle of 1969, Miss Davis had leadership thrust upon her. Not by choice but by circumstance, she became a cause. The UCLA philosophy department was looking for an instructor, and she seemed to fit the bill perfectly. Not only was she black—all major universities were hungering for talented Negro teachers by then—but she was strongly schooled in the Continental European philosophical tradition of Kant, Hegel, Nietzsche and the existentialists.

"The rest of us," notes a UCLA philosophy professor, "are under the influence October 26, 1970
of British empiricists and analytical logi-
cal positivists. Her real value was that
she filled a tremendous gap in the offer-
ings of the department.”

Hardly had she been hired as an act-
ing assistant professor than an FBI in-
former announced there was a Commu-
nist on the UCLA faculty, and Angela
was publicly identified soon thereafter.
Against the strong recommendation of
the faculty and the chancellor, the Uni-
versity of California's conservative-mind-
ed board of regents promptly fired her.
A storm of protest broke over the UCLA
campus, the ouster was challenged (and
eventually quashed) in the courts, and
a crowd of 2,000 students and faculty
turned out for her first lecture in Phi-
osophy 199, “Recurring Philosophical
Themes in Black Literature.”

They had, perhaps, expected a dia-
strate on academic freedom. What they
got was a scholarly discourse on the
thought of onetime slave Frederick
Douglass. The process of liberation was
the theme of the course, and Assistant
Professor Davis began to trace what had
become one of her own main preocup-
ations: the psychologically liberating force
of the act of refusal. “Resistance, rejec-
tion, defiance, on every level, on every
front are integral elements of the voyage
toward freedom,” she declared. “...The
path of liberation is marked by resistance
at every crossroad: mental resistance,
physical resistance, resistance directed to
the concerted attempt to obstruct the
path. I think we can learn from the expe-
rience of the slave.”

NO FLAWS

Miss Davis’s courses that year were
the most carefully monitored in the uni-
viversity: faculty members sat in, her lec-
tures were tape-recorded, students were
thoroughly quizzed on her performance.
“There were no flaws,” reports Prof. Don-
ald Kalish, then chairman of the de-
partment. “She rated excellent in every
area.” She was, by almost all accounts,
well prepared, accessible to questions in
or out of class, open to points of view
different from her own, and very articu-
late. Even so, at the end of the academic
year last June, the regents fired her
again; this time they made no mention
of her CP membership (so as not to be
overruled again by the courts) but cited
allegedly inflammatory speeches she had
made out of class.

Those speeches, according to most ob-
servers, were certainly radical but hard-
ly incendiary. She regularly denounced
university support of military research.
And she had actively espoused the cause
of the Soledad Brothers: she headed a
committee for their defense and began
a correspondence with one of them,
George Jackson. The speeches did, how-
ever, seem to mark a turning point in
Angela Davis’s career. She had become,
like it or not, a public personality. At first,
she seemed nervous in her new role, then to grow
(Continued on Page 24)

THE FBI’S TOUGHEST FOE: ‘THE KIDS’

It was hardly the Administration’s official
line. Nevertheless, that stark admission
from a veteran Justice Department staffer
last week dramatically underscored the
increasing problems faced by the govern-
ment—and especially the Federal Bureau
of Investigation—in the escalating war
with violent revolutionaries.

The successful manhunt that led to
Angela Davis’s arrest last week was a
rare coup nowadays—and even if she
should prove guilty as charged, she is
evidently not the kind of extremist whose
tactics and life-style now confront the
FBI with its toughest challenge. The
bureau’s responsibility is, of course, lim-
ied. The FBI is an investigative agency,
not a national police force. The basic job
of protecting individuals and institutions
rightfully belongs to local and state po-
lice. But the FBI earned its proud reputa-
tion by stalking and capturing a seem-
ingly endless procession of kidnapers,
bank robbers and cold-war spies, and
director J. Edgar Hoover’s men have
nowhere as good a record when it comes
to bringing today’s new-breed revolu-
tionaries to justice once the smoke of
their dynamite bombs has cleared.

Right now the bureau is hunting an
impressive array of leftist celebrities. In-
deed, within hours of Miss Davis’s cap-
ture, her spot on the FBI’s renowned
“Ten Most Wanted” list was assigned to
another female fugitive—Weatherman
Bernardine Dohrn, 28, who has been
sought for ten months. The nationwide
search hasn’t kept Miss Dohrn from mak-
ing herself heard—via tape-recorded
bomb threats and other pronouncements

Nixon, Mitchell, Hoover (left) at Justice: A new crime bill...
tic groups reportedly have plans to kidnap government officials," reported William C. Sullivan, one of Hoover's top assistants, in a speech to journalists in Williamsburg, Va., last week.

The government has countered the continuing pattern of political terrorism with some strict, short-term measures. To begin with, security was tightened last week at Federal office buildings from coast to coast; unguarded doors were locked, parcels and briefcases checked, identification demanded from suspicious entrants. Even the Pentagon stepped up its already snug security; guards in electrically powered carts marked "Special Pentagon Police" patrolled the corridors far more visibly than ever before. The heavy security blanket thrown over the 25th anniversary celebration of the United Nations in New York disrupted normal activities on Manhattan's East Side for hours, and customs agents, in a speech to journalists in Williamsburg, Va., last week.

...[continued]