

us,” wrote a former communist miner after Deutscher’s death—“to those of us who were groping, in the ’50s, for an explanation of the brutally irrational distortions which had cramped the life of the socialist movement, the almost lone voice of Deutscher came as a blinding revelation.”

And Deutscher was no less the heretic-stranger, who appeared to be in communism and yet not in it, to be of communism and yet not of it, and who, like Akher, showed a curious respect for his pupils’ orthodoxy, and a care lest they wander beyond the boundaries of Marxism and of communism, and become lost.

And it was Deutscher who, alone among European socialists, was invited by the American New Left, to whom his

Marxism itself was then heretical, to address them at their great anti-war teach-ins. And it was Deutscher who proclaimed at Berkeley to this New Left the urgency of giving back to class struggle its old dignity, and of restoring meaning once more to the idea of communism. Listen again to the voice of Deutscher’s communist pupil: “For so many of us, he was a regenerator of hope. In him we found the link between humanism and socialism which allowed us to rediscover Marx himself and our own history.” The very essence of Deutscher’s work was the transcendence of communism, in the Hegelian sense; of preserving the best, the real achievement, of the old, even while surpassing and annulling it towards the new.

Lenin: The Making of a Revolutionary

“... while Sasha was poring over *Das Kapital*, Volodya [Lenin], lying on a couch, read and re-read all of Turgenev’s novels, went into raptures over them, but showed not the slightest interest in the book in which his brother was so deeply absorbed.”

[A Note on the Names: Lenin is usually referred to here by his first name, Vladimir, or its diminutive, Volodya. Alexander, Lenin’s older brother, is often referred to by his nickname, Sasha.]

PARAPHRASING TOLSTOY, one may say that unhappy children are unhappy each in his own way, each suffering his own particular misfortune, whereas the happy ones are almost all alike. Lenin’s childhood was so happy that it need hardly be described in detail, yet one should perhaps bear in mind this circumstance because it must have contributed to the character of the future revolutionary, to the self-confidence, inner balance and fullness of his personality. No grave shock and no acute anxiety appears to have upset him up to the age of 16. The warmth and discipline of the parental home and the children’s little community—there were presently six of them—provided protection and varied interests, joys, rivalries and excitement.

The reddish, bulky, bouncing Volodya [Lenin] was the noisiest and the most roguish of the children; they called him Kubyshkin—the “bellied pot.” In the Red Indians game, his was always the role of the Indian whom the Whites—that is, the grown-ups—pursued most savagely and who himself fiercely hunted for wild beasts. He would return from the double hunt and proudly relate his adventures, making the younger children swear that they would not betray him to the Whites. Utterly reckless, he swam

through the most dangerous cross-currents in the Volga or the Svyaga or rowed in rotten and cracked-up boats—on one or two occasions a boatman hauled him out of the water. He would advance fearlessly into “haunted places” from which other children kept off, or would steal through the dark forests.

But above all, he was eager to rival Sasha [Alexander], who was four years his senior. There was in this rivalry something of the tension between the older and younger brother which Adlerian psychologists consider important in the formation of character. This rivalry, with its inevitable frustrations, more than anything else provoked his aggressiveness and his sarcasm. Only later, in adolescence, did the nobler element in the emulation subdue the envy.

AT THE AGE OF NINE Volodya entered the local gymnasium, where the headmaster, by a curious freak of history, was Fyodor Mikhailovich Kerensky, the father of Alexander Kerensky, whose government was to be overthrown by Lenin’s party in 1917. Contrary to what Soviet biographers say about the matter, Kerensky *pere* was to exercise quite a strong influence on Volodya, much stronger in fact than on his own son, who was also his pupil. Like Ilya Nikolaevich [Lenin’s father], Fyodor Kerensky was also a rather conservative liberal; over the years the two men became close friends and this fact left some imprint on Lenin’s early fortunes.

At school Volodya did extremely well—from the first form to the last he was the top of his class. His schoolmates

by Isaac Deutscher

were later to recall that he was extremely attentive, quiet and orderly during lessons, and the most boisterous and the loudest of them all during breaks. He learned effortlessly and recited his lessons confidently without a hitch.

In later years, his sister maintains, Volodya became aware of the danger of effortless success and deliberately forced himself to work. Here his rivalry with Sasha, who was extremely diligent, began to have its beneficial effect. Sasha would remain for hours in his room, either reading or doing some experiments in chemistry. Chemistry did not appeal to Volodya, but he also stayed in his room and read more and more voraciously. The emulation began to affect his character as well: he tried to assimilate something of Sasha's reserve, discretion and tact, and to control his own quick temper. But if the ideal—"to be like Sasha"—seemed unattainable, Volodya was at any rate becoming less capricious, less derisory, and more appreciative of some qualities worthy of imitation.

Until the age of 16 Volodya was religious, though not in his father's fervent and passionate manner. But he took his Greek Orthodox faith and his church-going for granted as part of an established way of life. He showed no inclination as yet to question the socio-political standards or the moral values accepted by society. To be sure, like all Ulyanovs he instinctively despised the caste-ridden system which the Great Reform had sapped but not destroyed. But the Ulyanovs managed somehow to live as if beyond that system and, assuming that it was crumbling anyhow, to ignore it. Nothing in the brilliant pupil foreshadowed the revolutionary. There was not even a hint of the rebel about him, not a flicker of that restiveness and not a trace of that "maladjustment" which marked the adolescence of so many men who later in life settled down quite happily to philistine respectability. He was growing up in almost perfect harmony with his environment.

Yet Volodya could not be quite unaware of the grim political drama of those years. He was 11 when Tsar Alexander II was assassinated by the Narodnovoltsy. Services were held in schools and in churches; preachers and orators were denouncing the regicides and swearing loyalty to the dynasty. Ilya Nikolaevich was gravely upset. His children remembered in what a pensive and sombre mood he received the news of the assassination. He put on his uniform and went out to attend a mass in the cathedral, then came home and spoke to his family in deep and bitter anger about the Tsar's assassins. They were, he said, irresponsible criminals who had brought disaster upon Russia. . . .

[DISCOVERING MARX]

VOLODYA WAS NEARLY 16 at his father's death [12 January 1886]; he was the oldest of the Ulyanov children at Simbirsk. Sasha had not come to the funeral. Anna [Lenin's sister] stayed in Simbirsk for two months, but at her mother's insistence returned to Petersburg to continue her studies. And so Volodya had to act *in loco parentis*. But the family's misfortune did not otherwise disturb his buoyant adolescence. On the contrary; the disappearance of paternal authority released him from inhibitions and he became even more self-assertive than he had been.

In the summer there was the usual family reunion, first at Simbirsk and then at Kokushkino; this was the last summer Sasha was to spend with them all. . . .

For Sasha this was a fateful year. He was in a graver mood than he used to be, and Volodya's pranks irritated him even more. Sasha too was now, after his father's death, freed from certain inhibitions, but in a manner peculiar to him. His mind turned decisively from purely scientific preoccupations to social affairs and politics. He could no longer escape from the stifling air of all-pervading obscurantism and terror into the university's lecture halls and laboratories. Barely a fortnight after he had concluded his thesis on the characteristics of freshwater annelids, he became involved, on February 19, in a political event of considerable significance: he was one of the organizers of a student demonstration called to commemorate the champions of the Great Reform on its 25th anniversary.

As Trotsky points out, the purpose of the demonstration was extremely modest in itself. The Great Reform had, after all, been denounced by the Narodniks and the Narodnovoltsy and all the radicals as a half-measure and a fraud. Until quite recently, only conservative-liberals have seen it as a milestone on the road of progress or an epoch-making event. The mere fact that a new generation of students was ready to celebrate it and to glorify it as such reflected only a steep decline from the high level of social criticism and political aspirations of the 1860s and 1870s. However, amid the vicious reaction against the era of the Great Reform which marked the whole rule of Alexander III, the students' plan appeared to be an act of extreme opposition to the government. Everyone saw it in this light: the students, who were eager to break the oppressive silence that reigned in Petersburg; the conservatives, who were trying to undo the Reform; and the Tsar himself, who saw the hydra of regicide rearing its head (and pretending) to pay tribute to his father's rule.

ON 19 FEBRUARY THERE WERE about 400 students at the cemetery, but once again they were forestalled by the police and the gendarmie who, massed in force, barred the way. The students were indignant; the government was alerted. The authorities, having suppressed all student organization, could not find out where the impulse for the action had originated, nor who were its initiators; they came to the conclusion that the suppression was not thorough enough. Early in April, the chief of police of the capital ordered all student canteens to be closed—for where, if not at these cheap eating places, had the "lean, hungry, savage, anti-everything" met and conspired?

These reprisals, ludicrous though they were, had their effect: the malcontents found it more difficult to communicate with one another, and the bolder spirits were cut off from the great mass of the intimidated and fearful. However, within the small circle to which Alexander became drawn almost in spite of himself, exasperation stimulated radical political thinking—it was not by chance that this very summer he was to bring to Kokushkino a copy of *Das Kapital*.

There is no doubt that *Das Kapital* made an overwhelming impact on him. He discussed it with Anna and later with

his comrades. But the effect of Marx's and Plekhanov's ideas on him was in a sense only negative. He lost his illusions about the efficacy of the Narodniks; he saw that their conception of a socialism based on the village commune was unrealistic, and that the autocratic system in Russia could not be overthrown by a few terrorist attempts on the Tsar. He did not see how Marx's theory or Plekhanov's reasoning could be translated into action immediately; the autocratic system had become unendurable, yet no class in society was capable of challenging it—let alone destroying it.

Such were the clear-sighted conclusions which the young man (he was just 20) had reached after his discussions in Petersburg and his brooding over *Das Kapital* in the summer. He was to state these ideas with cruel lucidity only a few months later, from the dock. He knew that the nation was politically at an impasse, that nothing could be done for the time being to change this state of affairs, that nothing could be done except to work for the future by spreading new ideas abroad, as Plekhanov was doing; he knew that revolutionaries trying to resume the struggle inside Russia were doomed to defeat. To him nothing was left but to put aside the insoluble political dilemmas and to return to academic work. Mendeleev's ideas could be further developed and put to use in Russia regardless of the autocratic regime; Marx's could not.

During this summer, because of restricted circumstances, the brothers lived together in the same room; while Sasha was poring over *Das Kapital*, Volodya, lying on a couch, read and re-read all of Turgenev's novels, went into raptures over them, but showed not the slightest interest in the book in which his brother was so deeply absorbed. Volodya often visited his schoolmate, Apolon Apolonovich, the son of wealthy and noble landowners who had a large library. Volodya would climb to its upper shelves and, seated on top of a small ladder, would read endlessly. Returning home, he brimmed over with enthusiasm over what he had just read. His mind was given to poetry and fiction—nothing else mattered. . . .

[FROM PROTEST TO CONSPIRACY]

EARLY IN THE AUTUMN Alexander was back in St. Petersburg, tense, perplexed and inclined to keep aloof from politics. But he could not turn his back on the radical students with whom he was in sympathy and in whose discussions he was playing an increasingly prominent part; this would have been an act of desertion. In October he was elected secretary of the university's Literary-Scientific Society, which had the blessing of the academic authorities. He was not yet a member of any clandestine organization and none, it seems, existed at the university. It is therefore not quite clear from whom the initiative came for the next political demonstration, the last in which Alexander was to take part. This too was to be nothing more subversive than a commemorative service at the Volkovo cemetery to be held on 17 November, the 25th anniversary of the death of Dobrolyubov. . . .

When a crowd of students considerably larger than ever before—600 people according to some sources, a thousand according to others—assembled outside the cemetery, they

found the gates closed: it was announced that the chief of police himself forbade the holding of the service. On turning back, the students found themselves surrounded by a Cossack detachment, and many were arrested. Forty students were expelled from the university and deported from St. Petersburg. The victimization of such a large number of students who could not even be charged with having committed any legal offence caused great indignation. Their friends felt it their duty to protest.

Alexander Ulyanov drafted a letter denouncing the reprisals, the ban on the demonstration and the use of Cossacks against the students. The letter was duplicated and sent to university professors, well-known writers, editors and members of the legal profession. Not a single letter, however,



reached its destination. The police had managed to intercept them all, which indicates how closely the censorship scrutinized all correspondence. This drove most of the students to despair. It showed them that even the most limited and cautious appeals to public opinion were futile. The students were unable to make themselves heard at the university, where they were not allowed to call a meeting; they had been prevented from using the cemetery as a place of secular worship; and the gendarme had pushed his ubiquitous hand even into the letter boxes and prevented their protest from reaching even the small elite of the intelligentsia.

Under these circumstances, conspiracy appeared to the students to be the only way out; the alternative was that they should resign themselves to utter passivity. Unable to express their protest from any public platform or even through a private letter, they resolved to voice it in a different manner and to seek resonance for it by means of bomb and revolver.

Photo: Lenin, as a pupil at the gymnasium, with his family (Simbirsk, 1879)

Alexander was aware that this was a counsel of despair. In the last weeks of the year he still argued against the plot, saying that it was absurd, even suicidal, to engage in any political activity before one had clarified the principles on which it should be based. He felt the need for more theoretical work and for a more precise definition of aims and means. This shows him to have been perhaps more mature intellectually than were the other would-be conspirators, though most of them were a few years his senior. But they answered his scruples with a telling reproach: Are we going to sit back, arms folded, while our friends and colleagues are victimized and while the nation at large is being oppressed and stultified? To engage now, they said, in the elaboration of theoretical principles would amount to surrender. Any philistine can theorize; the revolutionary has to fight. This was, of course, the voice of inexperience and impatience, the voice of youth. Alexander's sense of revolutionary honor was sensitive to it, and against his better knowledge he yielded: no, he would not sit back, arms folded.

[AN ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE TSAR]

IT WAS ALREADY JANUARY 1887 when the conspirators formed the clandestine body that undertook to make the attempt on the Tsar's life. Altogether 15 people participated in the plot: nine students, one graduate of the Theological Academy of St. Petersburg, one apothecary, one man of undefined occupation, and three women—two midwives and a schoolmistress. The weakness of the group was so obvious even to its members that they did not pretend to form a new party, but modestly described themselves merely as “the terroristic section” of the *Narodnaya Volya*. They saw themselves as the continuators of the work of Andrei Zhelyabov, Sophie Perovskaya and Nicolai Kibalchich, the assassins of Alexander II. The leader of the group was 24-year-old student Pyotr Shevyrev and its most energetic members were Alexander and Osipanov. . . .

Shevyrev and Alexander were in some disagreement. Alexander demanded a more careful check of the character and credentials of members and was in favor of restricting the circle even further. He was overruled. Two of the participants, admitted despite his objections, were later to break down and betray their comrades. It is tempting to see in Alexander's attitude an anticipation of Lenin's restrictive definition of the membership of a clandestine party, the famous Paragraph One of the party statutes that was to lead, 16 years later, to the momentous split between Bolsheviks and Mensheviks. The analogy may be far-fetched, for the circumstances in which the two brothers acted and the context in which they argued were vastly different; but it is quite possible that the memories of the tragic collapse of the organization to which Alexander belonged colored somewhat the manner in which his younger brother was to treat the problem of membership in a clandestine party.

The conspirators resolved to kill the Tsar on 1 March 1887, the sixth anniversary of the assassination of Alexander II. They left themselves less than two months for their preparations: any terroristic conspiracy is usually beset by contradictory dangers of hasty improvisation and lengthy arrangements which give the police a greater chance of detecting the plot. Undoubtedly the date of 1 March,

with its symbolic content, fascinated Zhelyabov's successors. But they were short not only of time—they had no experience, no detailed plan of action, no technical resources. They were bound to fail.

Alexander was full of foreboding but he could not contract out. He was not to participate directly in the assault on the Tsar; Generalov, Andreyushkin, Osipanov and one or two other students were assigned to throw the bombs and fire the shots. But Alexander's role was crucial. He drafted the programme that was to explain to the people the purpose of the conspiracy; he was also to manufacture the bombs. The group was penniless—Alexander himself had pawned his gold medal for a hundred roubles so that Govorukhin could go abroad—and they had no means of obtaining the explosives. Weeks passed before Pilsudski was able eventually to bring nitric acid from Vilna and before they managed to buy two second-hand revolvers. The explosives turned out to be too weak; the revolvers did not fire. Just as fatal was the innocence of one of the conspirators who in a letter to a friend in Kharkov let himself go with an exalted, almost dithyrambic, justification of revolutionary terrorism. The police intercepted the letter, arrested the addressee, obtained from him the writer's name and began to watch him just before the end of February. On the last day of the month they saw him and his comrades at the Nevski Prospect carrying some parcels. On the next day the police, noticing the same men with their parcels at the same place, arrested them and marched them off to the nearest police station. And so they went, carrying the bombs and the revolvers; little did the captors know what was in the “parcels.” But at the station one of the conspirators tried to make use of their “arms”: he threw the bomb, but it failed to explode. At the interrogation Kancher and Gorkun revealed the names of other members of “The Terroristic Section of the *Narodnaya Volya*.”

[THE LEADER OF THE CONSPIRACY]

ALEXANDER WAS ARRESTED immediately. A search was carried out in his room. Anna, who had not been initiated into the plot and had no inkling of it, was arrested when she came to visit her brother on the very same day. It seems that without any hesitation Alexander made up his mind to take upon himself the whole burden of responsibility and to save as many of his comrades as he could. At the preliminary interrogation he said what he was to state later at the trial: “I was one of the first who had the idea to form a terroristic group and I played the most active part in its organization. . . . As to my moral and intellectual commitment in this affair—that has been complete. I have given to it all my ability, all my knowledge and all the force of my convictions.” He had no illusions about his fate: “I wanted to kill a man; that means that now I may be killed,” he said during one of his last meetings with his mother. With clear-sighted passion he embraced his martyrdom.

It took a few days before the news of Alexander's and Anna's arrests reached Simbirsk. A relative of the Bick family informed Kashkadamova, asking her to break the news to the mother. Kashkadamova seems to have lacked the courage; she got in touch with Volodya, who came straight from school. He read the letter from Petersburg in concen-

tration and silence: "In front of me there sat no longer a heedless, joyful boy but a grown-up man, thinking deeply about a grave subject. 'This is serious,' he said, 'it may end badly for Sasha,'" recalls Kashkadamova. An hour later she was to face Marya Alexandrovna who, pale and grave, ran through the letter. She asked Kashkadamova to look after the children in her absence: she was leaving immediately for St. Petersburg. Volodya booked a seat for his mother on the coach to Syzran; it was in vain that he knocked on the doors of friends and neighbors to beg someone to accompany her on the journey. No one volunteered to travel with the regicide's mother even as far as the railway station; and so the widow left Simbirsk alone to fight for the life of her first-born.

In St. Petersburg she spent nearly a month in the corridors of police headquarters and in the antechambers of the public prosecutor, begging to be allowed to see her imprisoned children. On 30 March she saw Alexander for the first time. He wept and embraced her knees; and, imploring her to forgive him the grief he had caused her, said, "Apart from the duty towards one's family, one has a duty towards one's country," adding that every honest man must fight against the lawlessness and tyranny that oppress the nation. When she objected to the "dreadful means" to which the conspirators had resorted, he replied, "But what could one do when there were no other means?" He tried to prepare her for the worst and talked about the consolation she would find in the happier fate of the other children. She still tried to save him and knocked on all the doors of Authority. Just before the trial she returned to Simbirsk for a day or two and told Kashkadamova that she expected a sentence of life-long *katorga* (penal servitude); she planned to move to Siberia to be as near Alexander as possible. She would take her younger children with her, she said, and the older ones would manage on their own.

Alexander went on relentlessly to meet his destiny. Fearing that none of his comrades might be equal to the task of proclaiming their principles from the dock, he took this upon himself; he faced the judges as the leader of the conspiracy, and the court and the defendants accepted him as such. The proceedings opened on 15 April 1887—three days after his 21st birthday—and lasted until the 19th. The trial was held *in camera*; only the closest relatives of the defendants were admitted. One of the survivors of the group, the graduate in Divinity, was to recollect that in the dock Alexander was just as calm as he used to be at students' meetings. He had taken his last, irrevocable decision. To Lukashovich, whose nerves were shaky, he managed to whisper, "You may talk against me if this can help you." According to another survivor, the whole attention of those present and of the court was concentrated on Alexander. "Why," he was asked, "did you not try to escape abroad?" "I did not want to escape—I would rather die for my country," he replied. Even the prosecutor paid a grudging tribute to his heroism and devotion to the cause: "Ulyanov takes upon himself many deeds of which he is in fact not guilty." His mother attended one session of the court and said later, "I was surprised to hear how well Sasha spoke: so convincingly, so eloquently. I did not think that he could speak like that. But my grief was so maddening that I could not listen to him too long; I had to leave."

IN HIS STATEMENT of principles, which he made on 18 April, he spoke of the vague feeling of dissatisfaction which had been gradually mounting in him since his early youth. But only the study of social and economic affairs gave him the deep conviction that the existing order of things was not normal; then his vague dreams about freedom, equality and brotherhood assumed strictly scientific—that is, socialist—forms. "I understood that it was not only possible but necessary to change the social order." Echoing Marx and Plekhanov, he said, "Every country develops spontaneously, according to definite laws, goes through strictly determined phases and inevitably achieves social [i.e., socialistic] organization. This is the inevitable



result of the existing order and of those contradictions which are inherent in it."

He posed the question of the individual's role in the transformation of society, saying that it was not in the power of one man to change the natural course of history—the individual could only put his intellectual resources at the service of an ideal and help make society aware of its condition and its tasks. He then expressed his views, which, on the face of it, should have prevented him from participating in the conspiracy: as any change in the social order can result only from a change in the consciousness of the society, there existed only one "correct method" to bring about that change, and that was propaganda of ideas by means of the printed word. "But as all theoretical reflection led me to this conclusion, life was proving with object lessons that under the existing conditions it was impossible to take that road." With the government's attitude towards intellectual life, it was impossible to propagate not only socialist but

even “general cultural” ideas. He found it extremely difficult to engage even in “scientific analysis of the problems.”

He went on to delve into the state of Russian society and its inability to assert itself against the autocratic state. He spoke of the special responsibility of the educated people, who represented the nation’s consciousness and conscience and who alone had it in themselves to challenge the powers that be and to advance the ideas that lead to the transformation of society. But “our intelligentsia is so weak physically and so unorganized that at the present time they cannot enter into any open struggle; only in a terroristic form can they defend their right to think and to participate in social life. Terror is that form of struggle which has been created by the 19th century, the only form of self-defense



to which a minority, strong only through its spiritual force and the awareness of its righteousness, can resort against the majority’s awareness of physical force.” Again and again he underlined that the use of terror was not a matter of premeditation and free choice, but a bitter necessity: “Of course, terror is not the intelligentsia’s weapon in organized struggle. It is only a road which particular individuals take spontaneously when their discontent reaches extremity. Thus viewed, terrorism is an expression of the popular struggle and will last as long as the nation’s needs are not satisfied. . . .”

The official report of the trial was published only after 1917. Yet in spite of the secrecy of the proceedings, the people of the time knew a great deal about its course, and Alexander’s statement, his arguments and the manner in which he expounded them were spread widely by word of mouth. His stand in the dock was so evocative of the heroism of the martyrs of 1881 that Alexander himself was

indeed compared to Zhelyabov. The conspiracy was usually referred to as “the case of Alexander Ulyanov and comrades.” The death sentence was passed in the last week of April, but Marya Alexandrovna was still trying to get the sentence commuted; she went to her son’s cell to beg him to ask for mercy. “I cannot do that after all I have said in court. This would be false,” was Alexander’s answer. On 8 May 1887, Alexander was hanged. Marya Alexandrovna learned about the execution from a newspaper bought on the way to another prison to visit Anna.

[AN EXCEPTIONAL STUDENT]

AT SIMBIRSK, VLADIMIR Ulyanov was graduating from the gymnasium. . . . Vladimir wrote his first final examination paper on Pushkin’s *Boris Godunov* on 5 May, three days before his brother’s execution. On the day Alexander went to the gallows, Vladimir sat over the mathematical papers. “We were all terribly agitated,” recalls a schoolmate. “Only Vladimir Ulyanov, seated behind his desk, wrote calmly and unhurriedly. . . . We were given only six hours for doing our papers. . . . Vladimir Ilyich was finishing and delivering his work earlier than the rest of us and was the first to leave the examination hall. . . .” The newspapers reporting the execution had already reached Simbirsk when Volodya was doing his trigonometry and was translating passages from Thucydides into Russian. During a week’s interval before the oral examinations, his mother came home, her hair whitened by the last few weeks. With her returned Anna, but only to leave at once for Kokushkino; she had been released on condition that she stay under police supervision at her grandfather’s rural estate. Vladimir’s oral examination lasted from 22 May until 6 June. Meanwhile the house and its furniture were put on sale, giving the town’s gossips an excuse for coming in to gaze at the regicide’s mother. Vladimir passed all tests *summa cum laude*: he was awarded his medal, but the School Council decided that it would not do to put the name “Ulyanov” in the roll of honor on the marble plaque on which the names of all previous holders of the medal were engraved.

Vladimir’s behavior in these weeks shows his extraordinary self-control, but it also raises the question: just how strongly did the boy of 17, working “so calmly and unhurriedly” on his examination papers, feel about his brother and his family’s tragedy? A fellow pupil of the school gives his reminiscences of a chance encounter with Volodya on the eve of one examination: “I shall never forget this warm May evening. . . . I went out for a walk along the Crown. . . . I was humming a song to myself. Passing by the summer house I noticed someone looking intently into the distant horizon beyond the Volga. Paying no attention I walked by and sang quite loudly. ‘Aren’t you preparing for the exams?’ I suddenly heard Volodya’s voice. Happy to meet him, I approached him and noticed that he was peculiarly absorbed in something, and subdued. I sat next to him and began to admire the view on the Volga. Volodya remained silent and sometimes sighed deeply. ‘What’s the matter with you?’ I asked at last. He turned his face towards me, wanted to say something but did not, and again withdrew within himself. I thought he was grieving over his father or worried

about Alexander who, as we knew, had been arrested. I tried to dispel his anguish . . . but it was no use. I knew that Volodya was sometimes gay, but that sometimes he was unsociable and in such moments avoided talking. . . . But the evening was so still, as if nature itself wanted to calm and reassure us. I said so to Volodya. After a moment of silence he told me that on 8 May, Alexander had been put to death. I was stunned. Droopingly, slouchingly, Volodya sat next to me. Under the rush of thoughts it was impossible to speak. We sat so for a long time in silence. At last Volodya got up and, saying nothing, we went towards the town. We walked slowly. I saw Volodya's deep grief but also had the feeling that just then a spirit of firm determination welled up in him. . . . Before parting I strongly grasped his hand. He looked into my eyes, responded to the handshake and quickly turned and walked home."

From several other contemporary accounts we are given the same glimpse of the drooping, pain-stricken boy struggling to contain his feelings within himself. This ability to control strong emotions was a family trait: we have seen it in Alexander. We find it also, more surprisingly, in his sister Olga. Though a year younger than Volodya, she too sat for matriculation tests in these days; she too passed them brilliantly, and was awarded the gold medal. "She kept on coming to school. . . . her self-control was amazing; she was as if turned into a stone," says one of her friends. She fainted, however, during a service to the memory of a headmistress which took place on 9 May. "Recovering, she said to me, 'Katya, yesterday he was executed.' She said only this. . . ." And in her home, now put up for auction, Marya Alexandrovna, dressed in black but erect and with dry eyes, was meeting the curious and the inquisitive with the icy question: "Which piece of furniture do you wish to buy?"

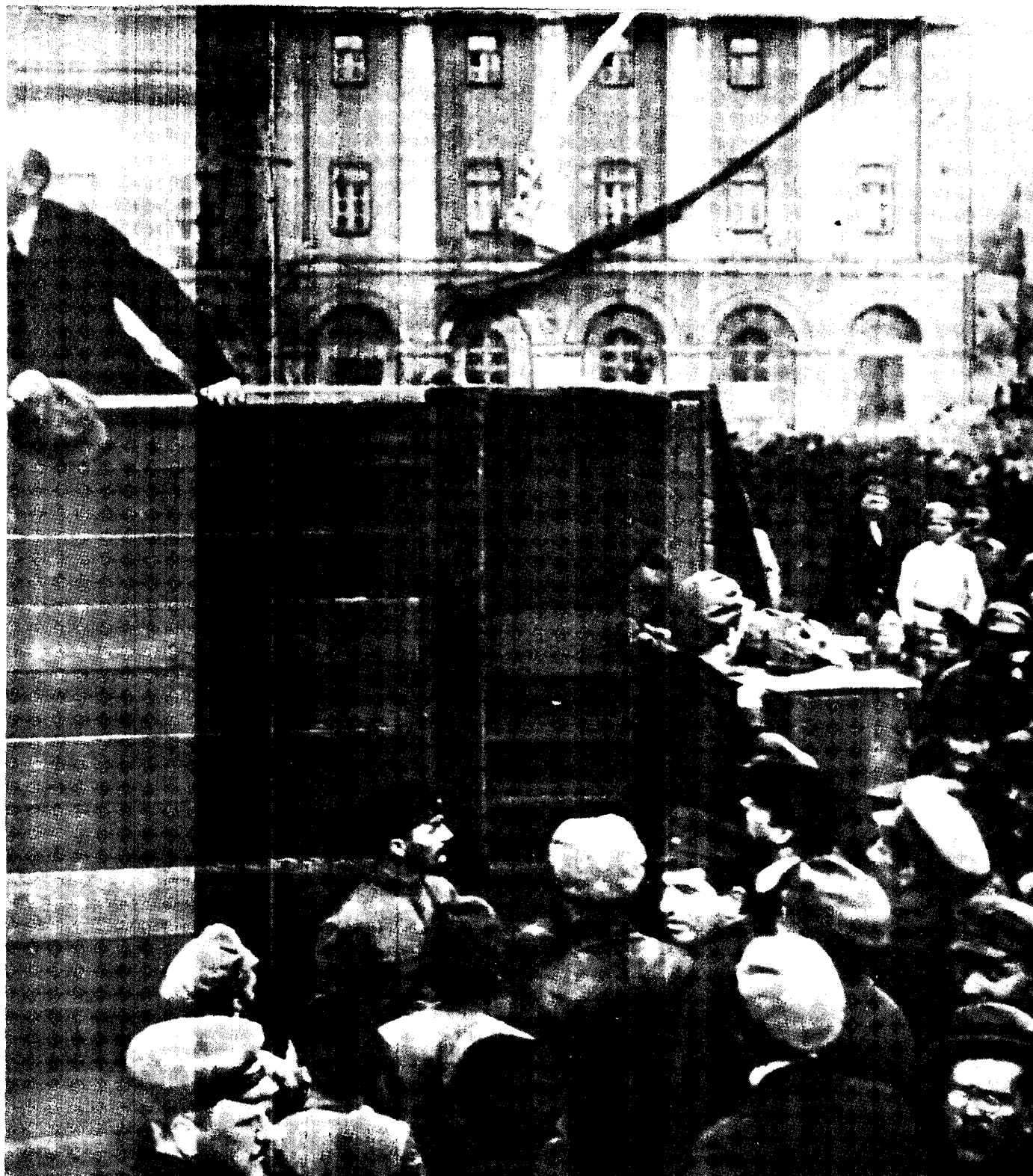
[THE MAKING OF A REVOLUTIONARY]

IN THE NEXT FEW MONTHS and years Vladimir was to think deeply about Alexander's fate, scrutinize his experience and draw from it a moral for himself. It would be idle to speculate whether he would ever have decided to become a revolutionary if Alexander's martyrdom had not given a completely new direction to his life and thought. There never was in Tsarist Russia any lack of reasons which impelled young men from the intelligentsia to struggle against the existing social order; these reasons were decisive for Vladimir Ulyanov too. However, at the moment of Alexander's death, he was still very far from the idea that he too might become a revolutionary. Up to 1 March 1887 he had been engrossed in the writings of great poets and novelists, in the masters of Greek and Latin prose and, to some extent, in history. Politics or political economy had not even begun to engage his attention. Contemporary social affairs were as remote to him as they could be to any apolitical youngster. Leading a sheltered existence, successful at school, finding delight in the play of his expanding intellect and preparing for what everybody expected to be the great academic career of a classical scholar—hardly anything in his behavior indicated that Vladimir Ulyanov might presently break out of this frame of mind and begin to search for roads to revolution.

Only under the shock of Alexander's fate did the world



of Volodya's childhood and adolescence collapse. Only then was his mind suddenly plunged into social and political issues, and his own destiny began to take on an unexpected shape. The medium of intimate personal experience made articulate to Vladimir the general cause for revolution in Russia—as if the conditions of Russian society had refracted themselves through the family tragedy. And so, although one may assume that Vladimir Ulyanov would have become Lenin even if his brother had not died on the gallows, there can be no doubt about the impact of Alexander's martyrdom on Lenin's early development as a



revolutionary.

Lenin himself was aware of this and very briefly spoke about it to his wife and sisters; all the more significant is the circumstance that throughout his political career he never evoked in public, or even mentioned, his brother's life or death. The name of Alexander does not occur in any of Lenin's books, articles, speeches, or even in his letters to mother and sisters. In all the 55 volumes of the latest and most complete Russian edition of his *Works*, Alexander is mentioned almost incidentally and only twice: in a purely factual statement in which Lenin answers a questionnaire

(never completed or sent out), and in a letter in which Lenin, in 1921, recommends a certain Chebotarev: "I have known Chebotarev," wrote Lenin, "from the 1880s in connection with the case of [my] elder brother, Alexander Ilyich Ulyanov, hanged in 1887. Chebotarev is undoubtedly an honest man." The omission of the "my" in the sentence is characteristic. So extraordinary a reticence could not be ascribed to frigidity of feeling; on the contrary, it covered an emotion too deep to be uttered and too painful ever to be recollected in tranquillity.

Photo:

Lenin speaks in Teatralnaya Square to the troops leaving for the front to fight the Polish Whites (Moscow, May 5, 1920)

cleanser powder, crushed glass, spit, urine and feces while the officials stood by and laughed."

For many months prior to January 1970, inmates of "O" wing had not been permitted to exercise in groups. The deputy superintendent of Soledad, who has called "O" wing "a prison within a prison," explained that "difficulties between inmates had occurred, and fights—serious fights, assaults, assaults without weapons, assaults with weapons—had occurred when we attempted to permit people to exercise together." Last December, a new exercise yard was built for these inmates. It didn't open on schedule because some work remained unfinished. A black prisoner wrote, "I did notice that white inmates and officials were awfully cheerful for some reason or another and they continuously didn't forget to remind us of the yard opening soon."

In the second week of January, 13 inmates were skin-searched—stripped, their clothes examined, their buttocks parted and searched for concealed weapons. The guards found no weapons and allowed them into the yard. No guards went with them, but Guard O. G. Miller, known to be an expert marksman, was stationed in a tower 13 feet over the yard, armed with at least one loaded carbine.

Predictably, black and white inmates began to fight in the yard. Without a warning the guard in the tower fired four shots. Three blacks—Alvin Miller, Cleveland Edwards, and W. L. Nolen—were fatally wounded, and one white was shot in the groin. At least one of the blacks remained alive and moving. His friends wanted to get him to the prison hospital as fast as they could.

"I looked at the tower guard," one of them later explained, "and he was aiming the gun toward me and I thought then that he meant to kill me too, so I moved from the wall as he fired and went over to stand over inmate X, all the while looking the guard in the gun tower in the face. He aimed the gun at me again and I just froze and waited for him to fire, but he held his fire. After I saw he was not going to fire I pointed to where inmate X lay, with two other black inmates bending over him, and started to walk to him very slowly. The inmate I had played handball with suggested that I take inmate X to the hospital so I kneeled so inmate X could be placed on my shoulder, then started to walk toward the door through which we had entered the yard, and the tower guard pointed the gun at me and shook his head. I stopped and begged him for approximately ten minutes to let me take X to the hospital but all he did was shake his head. Then I started forward with tears in my eyes, expecting to be shot down every second. The tower guard told me, 'That's far enough.' Then another guard gave me permission to bring X off the yard and I was ordered to lay him on the floor in the officer's area and go to my cell."

By the time this drama was completed, the wounded man was dead.

Why were these three black men shot? W. L. Nolen had been known throughout the prison as a tough man who had maintained his identity and his pride. Cleveland Edwards, in jail for the political crime of assaulting a police officer, had also been a visible black leader. Alvin Miller had been neither militant nor a leader, but he closely resembled the ranking Black Panther in Soledad, Earl Satcher, who was also in the exercise yard at the time of the shooting. Nolen had known that he was marked for death. He had told his

father so during a recent visit. The father had tried to see the warden in order to arrange protection for his son, but the warden had been "too busy" to see him. Miller also had had a premonition of death, perhaps because of the taunting he had received from whites about the opening of the yard. One week before it opened, he wrote a farewell letter to his mother.

In a civil rights suit filed in Federal Court against prison officials Cletus Fitzharris, Superintendent; William Black, Deputy Superintendent; Clement Swagerty, Associate Warden; and O. G. Miller, Guard, attorney Melvin Belli states that "O. G. Miller maliciously shot and killed W. L. Nolen, Alvin Miller and Cleveland Edwards, because of his general hatred of persons of African descent and because of his particular hatred of one of the decedents, W. L. Nolen, who had struck O. G. Miller during a previous altercation between the two. . . .

"[Miller] knew that the possibility of serious bodily injury or death from the engaging in fisticuffs was minimal and that his shooting at the decedents' vital parts would almost certainly cause their death or serious bodily injury; yet he made the deliberate choice to shoot."

The suit further charges that prison officials "fostered" extreme racial tension in the prison by maintaining rigid segregation of the races; that they knew O. G. Miller to be prejudiced against blacks; that they did not arrange for prompt treatment of the injured prisoners and so they are responsible for the deaths.

After these killings, the already tense atmosphere at Soledad became explosive. When the Monterey County Grand Jury held hearings at the prison to decide if charges should be filed against O. G. Miller, no blacks who had been in the yard were permitted to testify, although some whites were. As they were being walked over to appear before the Grand Jury, they were reminded by guards, "Remember, there was a warning shot."

SHORTLY AFTER THE PRISON radio broadcast to the inmates at Soledad that Officer O. G. Miller had been exonerated of the murder of the three black inmates, a white guard named John V. Mills was found dying in "Y" wing. He had been beaten and thrown from a third floor tier down into the television room 30 feet below.

Deputy Superintendent William Black stated, "We believe that the death of Officer Mills was reprisal for the death of the three black inmates." And, as if to balance some score being kept, prison officials proceeded to find three black suspects who, they said, had killed Mills. The accused were Fleeta Drumgo, 23; John W. Clutchette, 24; and George L. Jackson, 28. Tall and bespectacled, Jackson handles himself well. He is serving a one-year-to-life sentence for robbery and has done ten years. Although the median sentence for that crime is two-and-a-half years, the California Adult Authority has yet to set his parole date. Like the three black inmates murdered in January, he is known throughout the prison as a black who has held onto his identity, who has refused to lower his eyes and accept indignities. Jackson was not politically aware when he entered prison, but during the past ten years he has read extensively and has understood from his prison experiences what has hap-

pened to black people in America. Jackson is a writer.

His father has worked hard all his life, often holding down two jobs so that his family would have enough. He preached the traditional virtues to his children, as well as faith in the American way.

George Jackson and his mother are light-skinned. His younger brother is very light and has reddish hair. When Jackson was 15, he remembers being brought before a judge after he had piled up the family car. The judge told him that he could go far if he would behave. "Look at your little brother," said the judge, "how cute and nice he is. And your mother is a nice-looking woman. You know that families like this go farther than the real dark families and the real black people." Later George said to his mother, "Somehow I wish he'd have gone on and sent me to jail rather than say that to me." That was Jackson's first experience with "justice."

Jackson's route to Soledad is a familiar trail for blacks. Poor young black men from the ghetto in their first brush with the law are tarred with a record they would never have if they were middle-class or white. Later on they get into suspicious circumstances and are arrested on heavier charges. They plead guilty because they can't establish innocence and already have a record; they don't get the light sentence they were given to expect, and end up in prison for long stretches.

Prison is a metaphor for the larger society, and some of the most powerful and articulate black leaders have come up through prison systems—Eldridge Cleaver and Malcolm X, for example. Perhaps because the prison system forces definite choices upon black men, they have to define themselves very clearly. Jackson got into trouble while he was first at Soledad because in the television room he would not sit in the back section unofficially "reserved" for blacks. A fight broke out and authorities punished Jackson by sending him to San Quentin, where he spent two years isolated in the maximum security section.

Jackson, Drumgo and Clutchette maintain that they were nowhere near the third tier of "Y" wing when John Mills was killed, and that they are innocent. Clutchette, who was imprisoned for burglary, had already been given a parole date and was to be home on April 28. Drumgo was scheduled to appear before the Adult Authority in April and had an excellent chance of getting a release date.

Of the three inmates accused of assaulting and murdering the guard, Jackson is in a particularly strange legal situation. Because he is serving a one-year-to-life indeterminate sentence, he is considered a "lifer," and his case falls under California Penal Code Section 4500, which provides a mandatory death sentence for any lifer convicted of assaulting a non-inmate who dies within a year. So if Jackson is convicted he must be sent to the gas chamber.

AFTER THE MURDER OF the guard, all the inmates in "Y" wing were locked up and questioned for many days by guards, prison officials and the district attorney. From the beginning a terrible teamwork began to operate against the three who had been selected as victims. No defense attorneys were present at the questioning. Prison officials never notified the families of the suspects that their sons were in trouble. Jackson, for

instance, had been in court twice before his mother ever heard of his situation. John Clutchette's mother was told that her son did not need a lawyer and that she need not attend his arraignment. "Your son will advise you by mail," she was told by Lieutenant Leflores of the prison staff. However, she scurried to legislators, the NAACP and other organizations, and was able to find an attorney, Floyd Silliman of Salinas, who would help her son. Clutchette, anxious after days of questioning and solitary confinement, prepared a list of witnesses who could testify to his innocence. He attempted to give this list to his mother, breaking a prison rule which forbids giving written material to anyone but an attorney—at the time, he had no attorney. The list was discovered and taken away from him; the inmates whose names were written were transferred to other prisons. Mrs. Inez Williams, mother of Fleeta Drumgo, heard about the guard's death on the radio and phoned the prison to see whether her son was in any way involved. Prison officials assured her that the investigation was "routine" and that she had no need for worry. "The prison gets the parents' consent for having a tooth pulled, and informs the parents of other things," she said, but she was never told her son was accused of murder.

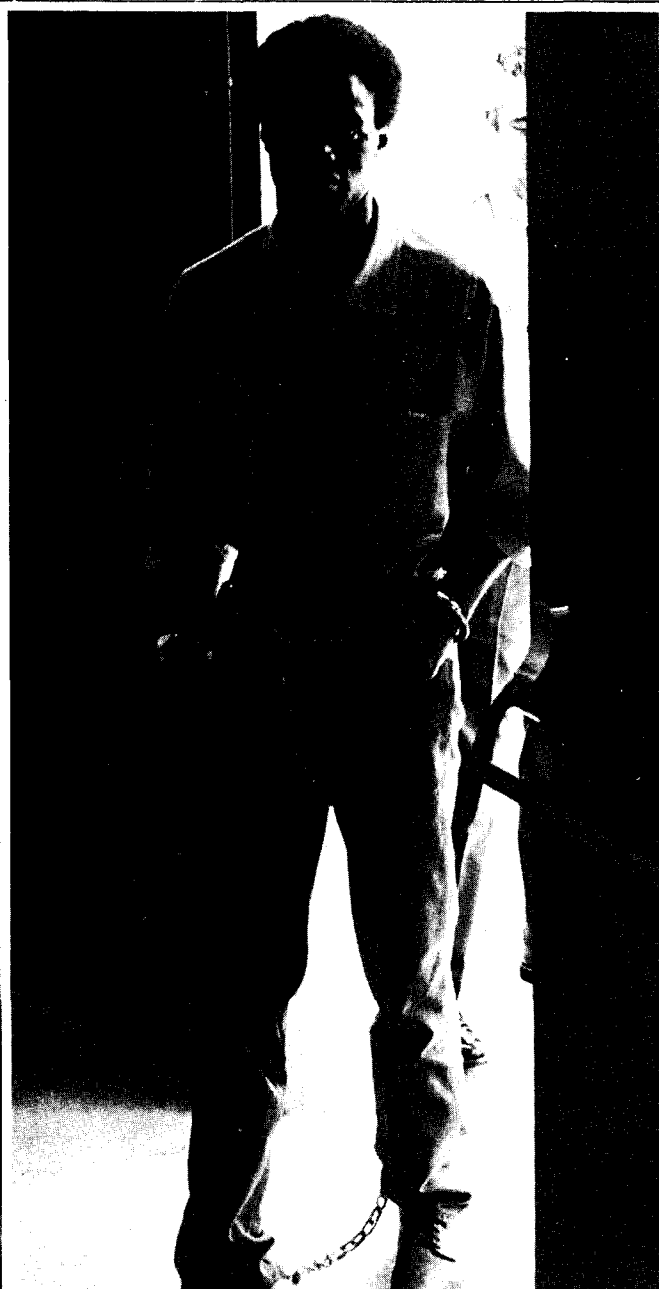
State officials dealing with this case have been passionate in their desire to keep records secret. The Adult Authority will not let George Jackson's lawyers know how they decided his status. Prison officials won't let the lawyers see all of Jackson's files or look at any of their records about the killing of the three blacks. The State of California, as both custodian and prosecutor of the three, holds control of the witnesses and the evidence. In the person of Judge Gordon Campbell, Presiding Judge of the Superior Court of Monterey County, it is also sitting in judgment.

A small old man with a shiny bald head, Campbell sits high in his chair overlooking the court, his face often blank and preoccupied. At pre-trial hearings in March, April and May, he seemed like a Monterey version of Judge Julius Hoffman. At one hearing, the first to be packed with supporters and friends of the three defendants, he told the spectators that they probably would not like a visit from the bailiff and that they should sit quietly and not act as if they were "at a barbecue table or the local pool hall."

Campbell sometimes did the District Attorney's work for him; sometimes he even consulted him. He denied nearly all the motions made by the defense. In one instance, when the defense had asked to have a copy of the Manual for Correctional Officers at the prison, Campbell said to the D.A., "I presume you object to that." The D.A. nodded. "Motion denied," said Campbell, and the defense could not have the manual.

As soon as better-known Bay Area attorneys entered the case in late February, the judge issued an order forbidding them or the prosecution from making any statements to the press about matters relevant to the case. The attorneys were barred from the prison, unable to see the site of the murder until it had been remodeled, unable to interview witnesses. The prosecution, which had had unlimited access to the prison from the very start, refused to divulge the names of witnesses or their whereabouts until forced to do so by a court order obtained many weeks later.

None of the accused has been convicted of violent crimes



Left: John Clutchette, George Jackson and Fleeta Drumgo at Monterey County Courthouse. Right: Fleeta Drumgo

or of crimes against persons. Yet they have been chained and shackled whenever they speak with visitors or attorneys; they are chained and shackled even in the courtroom itself. Chains encircle their waists and hang between their legs; cuffs bind their ankles, which are chained together, and their wrists, which are chained to the waist chains. Padlocks swing as they move. In court when friends greet them with raised fists, the three lift up their fists slightly above their waists—as far as their chains allow.

In February, when the earliest court appearances took place, families and friends of the prisoners were not present. The prisoners were driven to the courthouse from prison and were marched in chains across the sidewalk through the main entrance to the courthouse while passersby hooted at them. Since that time the case has received some

publicity and has attracted a concerned and sympathetic following. Now the three are driven in a station wagon which has had special screens constructed to fit over the windows so that neither people nor cameras can intrude; they are driven directly into the basement garage of the courthouse and hustled upstairs through corridors where the public cannot go. Thus the men, who spend their other hours in solitary confinement, cannot even glimpse the crowd of their well-wishers.

People are beginning to find out who the Soledad Brothers are, and they're learning a little about what California prisons are like. But bitter winds of repression are blowing once again inside Monterey County, and it is likely that the three men will be on Max Row for a long time to come.

George Jackson is one of the Soledad Brothers.

The following excerpts are from writings he has done in prison which chronicle his political and intellectual development.

DOWN HERE WE HEAR relaxed, matter-of-fact conversations centering around how best and in what order to “kill all the nation’s niggers.” It’s not the fact that they consider killing me that upsets me; they’ve been “killing all the niggers” for nearly half a millenium now, but I am still alive, I might be the most resilient dead man in the universe. The upsetting thing is that in their plans they never take into consideration the fact that I am going to resist. Do they honestly believe that shit, is what I ask myself. They do. That’s what they think of us, that they have beaten and conditioned all the defense and attack reflexes out of us. That the region of the mind that stores the principles upon which men base their rationale to resist, is missing in us. Don’t they talk of concentration camps? Don’t they state that it couldn’t happen in the U.S. because the fascists here are “nice” fascists—not because it’s impossible to incarcerate 30 million resisters, but because they are humane imperialists, enlightened fascists.

Well, they’ve made a terrible mistake. I recall the day I was born, the first day of my generation. It was during the second (and most destructive) capitalist World War for colonial privilege, early on a rainy Wednesday morning, late September, Chicago. It happened to me in a little fold-into-the-wall bed in a little half-flat on Racine and Lake; Dr. Rogers attended. The “L” train that rattled by within 15 feet of our front windows (the only two windows) screamed in at me like the Banshee, portentous of pain and death; threatening and imminent. The first motion that my eyes focused on was this pink hand swinging in a wide arc in the general direction of my Black ass. I stopped that hand, the left downward block, and countered the right needle finger to the eye—I was born with my defense-attack reflexes well developed.

It’s going to be “Kill me if you can,” fool, not “Kill me if you please.”

But let them make their plans on the supposition, “like slave, like son.” I’m not going for it though, and they’ve made my defense easier. A cop gives the keys to a group of right-wing cons; they’re going to open our cells—one at a time—all over the building. They don’t want to escape or deal with the men who hold them here, they can solve their problems only if they kill all of us—think about that—these guys live a few cells from me. None of them have ever lived, most are state-raised in institutions like this one, they have nothing coming, nothing at all, they have nothing at stake in this order of things. In defending right-wing ideals and the status quo they’re saying in effect that 99 years and a dark day in prison is their idea of fun; most are in and out, and mostly in, all of their life. The periods that they pass on the outside are considered “runs”; simply stated, they consider the periods spent in the joint more natural, more in keeping with their tastes. Well, I understand their condition, and I know how they got that way, and I could honestly sympathize with them if they were not so wrong, so stupid, as to let the pigs use them—sounds like Germany of the ’30s and ’40s to me. It’s the same on the outside there; the pigs who murdered Fred Hampton—I’ll venture to say

that there’s not one piece of stock, not one bond, owned by anyone in any of their families. They organize marches around the country, marches and demonstrations in support of total, immediate destruction of Vietnam, and afterward no one is able to pick up the tab.

The fascists, it seems, have a standard M.O. for dealing with the lower classes. Actually, oppressive power throughout history has used it; they turn a man against himself—think of all the innocent things that make us feel good, but that make some of us also feel guilty, think here of how the people of the lower classes weigh themselves against the men who rule. Consider the con, going through the courts on a capital offense, who supports capital punishment. I swear I heard something just like that today. Look how long Hershey ran the Selective Military Bureau. Blacks embrace capitalism, the most unnatural and outstanding example of man against himself that history can offer; after the Civil War, when the form of slavery changed from chattel to economic slavery, when we were thrown onto the labor market to compete, at a disadvantage, with poor whites, and *ever since that time*, our principal enemy must be isolated and identified as “Capitalism.”

* * *

MY FATHER IS IN HIS FORTIES today; 35 years ago he was living through his most formative years. He was a child of the “great” Depression. I want you to notice for later reference that I emphasize and differentiate “great” Depression. There were many more international, national and regional depressions during the period in history relevant to this comment. . . .

My father developed his character, conventions, convictions, his traits, his life style, out of a situation that began with his mother running out. She left him and his oldest brother on the corner of one of the canyons in East St. Louis; they raised themselves—in the streets, on a farm somewhere in Louisiana, in CCC [Civilian Conservation Corps] camps. My father had no formal education at all (he taught himself the essentials later on). Alone, in the most hostile jungle on earth, ruled over by the King of Beasts, a rabid beast, long gone mad, and in the first throes of a bloody and protracted death. Alone, in the most savage moment in history, without arms, and burdened by a Black face that he’s been hiding ever since.

I love this Brother, my father, and when I use the word “love” in these comments I am not making an attempt at rhetoric. I am attempting to express a refulgent, unrestrained emanation from the deepest, most durable region of my soul, an unshakable thing that I have never questioned. But no one can come through the ordeal of being, when he did, without suffering the penalty of psychosis; it was the price of survival. I would venture that there are no healthy Brothers of his generation, *none at all*.

He has reached the prime of life without ever showing in my presence (or anywhere, to my knowledge) an overt manifestation of *real* sensitivity, affection or sentiment.

He has lived his entire life in a state of shock. Nothing can touch him now; his calm is complete, his immunity to pain is total. When I can fix his eyes—which is not often, since when they aren't closed they are shaded—but when I can fix them, staring back at me is the expressionless mask of the Zombie.

But he must have loved us, of this I am certain. Part of the credo of the neo-slave, the latter-day slave, who is free to move from place to place if he can come by the means, is to shuffle away from any situation that becomes too difficult. But he stayed with us, worked 16 hours a day, after which he would eat, bathe and sleep—period. He has never owned more than two pair of shoes in his life and in the time I was living with him never more than one suit, never took a drink, never went to a nightclub, expressed no feelings about such things, and never once reminded any of us, or so it seemed, never expected any notice of the fact that he was giving us all of the life force that the monster-machine had left to him. The part the machine seized, that death of the spirit visited upon him by a world he never influenced, was mourned by us, and most certainly by me, but no one ever made a real effort to give him solace; how do you console a man who is unapproachable?

HE CAME TO VISIT ME when I was in San Quentin. He was in his forties then, too, an age in men when they have grown full. I had decided to reach for my father, to force him with my revolutionary dialectic to question some of the mental barricades he'd thrown up to protect his body from what was for him an undefinable and omnipresent enemy. An enemy that would starve his body, expose it to the elements, chain his body, jail it, club it, rip it, hang it, electrify it and poison gas it. I would have him understand that although he had saved his body he had done so at a terrible cost to his mind. I felt that if I could superimpose the explosive doctrine of self-determination through people's government and revolutionary culture upon what remained of his mind, draw him out into the real world, isolate and identify his real enemies, if I could hurl him through Fanon's revolutionary catharsis, I would be serving him, the people, the historical obligation.

San Q was in the riot season. It was early January 1967. The pigs had for the last three months been on a search-and-destroy foray into our cells. All times of the day or night our cells were being invaded by the goon squad: you wake up, take your licks, get skin-searched and wait on the tier, naked, while they mangle your few personal effects. This treatment, fear therapy, was not accorded to all, however—to some Chicanos in for dope, to some whites in for extortionate activities; but mostly, it came down on us. For general principles. Rehabilitational terror. Each new pig must go through a period of in-service training where he learns the Gestapo arts, the full range of anti-body tactics that he will be expected to use on the job. Part of this in-service training is a crash course in close-order combat, where the pigs are taught how to use club and sap, how to form and use the simpler karate hands, where to hit a man for the best (or worst, depending) effect.

The new pigs usually have to serve a period on the goon squad before they fall into their regular role on the animal

farm. They are always anxious to try their new skills—"to see if it really works"; we were always forced to do something to slow them down, to demonstrate that violence was a two-edged sword. The Brothers wanted to protest. The usual protest was to strike, a work stoppage, closing the sweatshops, where industrial products are worked up for \$.02 an hour. (Some people get \$.04 after they've been on the job for six months.) The outside interests who made the profits didn't dig strikes; that meant the captain didn't like them either, since it meant pressure on him from these free-enterprising politically connected . . .

On the occasion I wish to relate, my father had driven all night from LA alone; he had not slept more than a couple of hours in the last 48.

WE SHOOK HANDS and the dialectic began, him listening, me scorning the diabolical dog, capitalism. Didn't it raise pigs and murder Vietnamese? Didn't it glut some and starve most of us? Didn't it build housing projects that resemble prisons, and luxury hotels and apartments that resemble the Hanging Gardens, on the same street? Didn't it build a hospital and then a bomb? Didn't it erect a school and then open a whorehouse? Build an airplane to sell a tranquilizer tablet? For every church, didn't it construct a prison? For each new medical discovery, didn't it produce as a by-product ten new biological warfare agents? Didn't it aggrandize men like Hunt and Hughes, and dwarf you?

He said, "Yes, but what can we do? There's too many of the bastards." His eyes shaded over and his mind went into a total regression, a relapse back through time, space, pain, neglect, a thousand "dreams deferred," broken promises, forgotten ambitions; back through the hundreds of "renewed hopes shattered," to a time when he was young, roaming the Louisiana countryside for something to eat. He talked for ten minutes of things that were not in the present, people that I didn't know—"We'll have to take (something) back to Aunt Bell"—places that we had never seen together; he called me by his brother's name twice. I was so shocked I could only sit and blink; this was the guy who took nothing seriously, the level-headed, practical "Negro," work-a-day, never complain, cool, smooth, colored gentleman. They have driven him to the abyss of madness; just behind the white veneer waits the awesome, vindictive, Black madness. There are a lot of Blacks living in his generation, the one of the Great Depression, when it was no longer possible to maintain the Black self by serving. Even that had dried up; Blacks were beaten and killed for jobs like porter, bell-boy, stoker, pearl diver and bootblack. My clenched fist goes up for them; I forgive them, I understand. And if they will stop their collaboration with the fascist enemy, stop it now, and support our revolution, with just a nod, we'll forget and forgive you for casting us naked into a grim and deleterious world.

Eve Pell is a free-lance journalist and co-author, with Paul Jacobs and Saul Landau, of To Serve the Devil, a history of minority races in America.

Contributions to the Soledad Brothers Defense Fund may be sent to P.O. Box 31306, San Francisco, Ca. 94131.

million, the policy of urbanization has produced over 700,000 refugees and, under Nixon, bombing has increased sevenfold, to 27,000 sorties per month. In Cambodia, where the U.S. and its allies are unable to tie down several hundred thousand troops and where the population is already hostile, forced urbanization is perfect—especially since the terrain, unlike that of Laos, is flat and without natural protection from bombing. The saturation bombing that preceded the U.S. invasions (raids of 100 B-52s) may be a portent of things to come. Nixon is clearly in a bind to end the war—one way or another—within the near future. As the Lon Nol regime crumbles further and the anti-American forces gain more control of the countryside, Nixon will be forced to pull out or escalate further.

ARMED STRUGGLE, LED from the underground, is the only path that will lead our people to victory and will permit its ideals to triumph,” urged the deposed Prince Norodom Sihanouk after calling for a National United Front (NUF) to liberate Cambodia. That armed struggle is now under way, led by the still popular Sihanouk and his former Khmer Rouge antagonists, Hu Nim, Khieu Samphan and Hou Youn. Their strategy is one of protracted war. Khmer Rouge, Cambodian Vietnamese and a few NLF and North Vietnamese cadres are attacking government outposts and taking towns and villages. More important, they are equipping and training the peasants to fight for themselves as part of the NUF. Even though North Vietnamese troops could easily have overrun the country and set up their own puppet government, the NUF, with North Vietnamese support, seems intent on organizing the countryside first, and only then seizing control of Phnom Penh and the government.

The NUF forces apply this same people’s war strategy in their attacks. In mid-April, small NLF forces, with an undetermined amount of support from pro-Sihanouk Cambodians, seized Angtassom, the scene of an earlier massacre of pro-Sihanouk people and a town embarrassingly close to the capital. Demonstrating both its ineffectiveness as a military force and its unerring ability to alienate the local population, the Cambodian Army surrounded the town in overwhelming numbers, called in air strikes, fired mortars and automatic weapons into the town and finally encircled it, leaving a convenient hole through which the guerrillas could escape. When the offensive finally came, the guerrillas had gone, leaving the town untouched and allowing the local inhabitants to flee. By contrast, the Cambodian troops, according to Allman, entered the town and, finding the shops in the market neatly shut and locked from the outside, proceeded to loot and burn them. By the time the Cambodian troops were finished, about 40 per cent of the town had been razed. While the government claimed that the NUF had attacked to replenish their supplies, at Angtassom, as at every other NUF halt in Cambodia, the communist troops seemed more interested in giving political lectures than in taking anything from the inhabitants. They left rice warehouses untouched and, according to one villager, even “turned down a chicken I offered them, saying they carried their own food with them.”

By late May the NUF already claimed to have liberated hundreds of villages, representing a population of more

than one million (out of a total of seven million). They controlled the provincial capitals of Kratie, Mondolkiri and Stung Treng, and have attacked government troops in the capitals of Kompong Cham, Prey Veng, Takeo, Kampot and Rattanakiri. Fifteen of the 19 Cambodian provinces have either military operations, people’s uprisings or an established revolutionary power. In liberated regions the population reportedly has established local NUF committees and has “established the political power of the people.”

IN ITS PROGRAM, THE NUF stresses one principal task: the unification of all classes, including the national bourgeoisie, against the invasion of the Americans and South Vietnamese and the government of Lon Nol. The program calls for modernization of the country, maintenance of a neutral foreign policy, and the guarantee of those rights generally associated with middle-class democracy—freedom of speech, the right to vote, religious freedom, sexual equality and the rights of ownership of land and property. The program makes no mention of socialism, and except for guaranteeing peasants the right of ownership of the land they cultivate, seems no more revolutionary than FDR’s “Four Freedoms.”

Yet in the course of fighting “the American imperialists,” their Indochinese “satellites” and their Cambodian “flunkies,” the NUF seems more likely to lead a full-scale social revolution than simply to reinstate Sihanouk as the middleman in a fundamentally unbalanced social system. While the Prince still has great appeal among the tradition-minded peasantry, he has no independent organization; the Khmer Rouge are actually organizing the peasants and leading the military struggle. The entire NUF is cooperating closely with the communist-led revolutions in Laos and Vietnam, and they are receiving arms from China, despite Chinese wariness of further escalation of the Indochina war.

“We will lend you money for the affairs of your country,” Sihanouk quotes Mao. “But concerning arms: we are not in the habit of selling; we are not arms peddlers. We cannot sell you arms; we can only give them to you.”

Cambodia’s property owners and middle-class, on the other hand, seem hardly likely, or able, to restore the precoup political system. A number of the aristocrats, generals and businessmen are linked so closely with Lon Nol that most of their countrymen clearly see them as traitors. Other aristocrats, still favorable to Sihanouk, are permanently losing their base of power to the Khmer Rouge. The Chinese businessmen are increasingly vulnerable and generally willing to form protective alliances with a revolutionary government. The Vietnamese shopkeepers have either been jailed or have fled. And the civil servants and office workers seem hardly strong enough to recreate Cambodia as a non-communist domino.

The road to Phnom Penh is still hard, blocked by Lon Nol, the Khmer Serai and the Khmer Krom, the CIA and the Pentagon, the Thais and the South Vietnamese. But when the NUF finally gets there, it will be not a coup but a social revolution.

Banning Garrett is affiliated with Pacific Studies Center as a specialist on Southeast Asia.

Back-of-the-Book

HOOVER DAMNED

HOOVER'S FBI: THE MAN AND THE MYTH. By William W. Turner. Sherbourne Press, 1970. \$7.50.

THE FBI, PERHAPS more than any other governmental institution, has acquired a great mythic potency in the minds of most Americans. For the "silent majority," Hoover and his agency stand out as tough, efficient and incorruptible against a tide of turmoil and disillusionment. For the left,

too, the image of the FBI is tremendously imposing—they view it as a practically omniscient and extremely dangerous organization, the police mechanism by which fascism will be established in America. Even critics of the FBI have tended to contribute to this mythology by focusing on the myriad ways in which the FBI curtails civil rights and on its role as the prototype of an American Gestapo.

Now William Turner, himself an ex-FBI agent, has written a new book

which more than any previous report breaks through this carefully constructed facade. In its detailed accounts of the FBI's exploits, *Hoover's FBI: The Man and the Myth* reveals the FBI as a highly political and totally corrupt institution, built around the political ambitions of one man, and despite its reputation, extraordinarily inept.

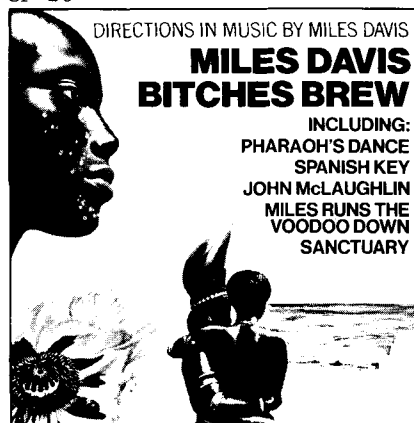
For Turner, this book is the culmination of a political evolution which began in 1951, shortly after he joined the Bureau as a naive and idealistic young

Music into Words

Miles' music continues to grow in its beauty, subtlety and sheer magnificence. *Bitches' Brew* is a further extension of the basic idea he investigated in his two previous albums, *Filles De Kilimanjaro* and *In A Silent Way*. In a larger sense, however, the record is yet another step in the unceasing process of evolution Miles has undergone since the Forties. The man never stops to rest on his accomplishments. Driven forward by a creative *elan* unequaled in the history of American music, he incorporates each successive triumph into the next leap forward.

The wonderful thing about Miles' progress is that he encourages others to grow with him. Within the context of his sound there is more than enough room for both his musicians and his listeners to pursue their own special visions. Looking back on the history of Miles' ensemble, we find the likes of John Coltrane, Cannonball Adderley, Bill Evans, Tony Williams, Ron Carter, and Wayne Shorter. He always seems to select the best young jazzmen in the country and then gives them the freedom to develop their own unique

modes of playing. Miles is known to be a stern disciplinarian, but never a tyrant. When a man has performed with the group long enough to gain a firm footing, he



BITCHES' BREW, Miles Davis
On Columbia Records® and Tapes

leaves as a recognized giant on his instrument.

The freedom which Miles makes available to his musicians is also there for the listener. If you haven't discovered it yet, all I can say is that *Bitches' Brew* is a marvelous place to start. This music is so

rich in its form and substance that it permits and even encourages soaring flights of imagination by anyone who listens. If you want, you can experience it directly as a vast tapestry of sounds which envelop your whole being. You'll discover why fully one third of the audience at Miles' recent Fillmore West appearances left the hall in stunned silence, too deeply moved to want to stay for the other groups on the bill. As a personal matter, I also enjoy Miles' music as a soft background context for when I want to read or think deeply. In its current form, Miles' music bubbles and boils like some gigantic cauldron. As the musical ideas rise to the surface, the listener also finds his thoughts rising from the depths with a new clarity and precision. Miles is an invaluable companion for those long journeys you take into your imagination.

But don't let my cerebral bent influence your listening. Whatever your temperament, *Bitches' Brew* will reward in direct proportion to the depth of your own involvement.

LANGDON WINNER
ROLLING STONE/MAY 28, 1970