See note →

KPFA-FM Berkeley   16 Aprpl 1974

6:30 p.m.. news

Announcer: [after recapping latest developments on SLA bank robbery and Oakland-Berkeley police raid on a Black Panther headquarters in Oakland] A representative of the Citizens Research and Investigations Committee based in Los Angeles charged today that police action against the Panthers is at least in part a response to allegations by CRIC and the Panther newspaper that there are connections between one of the founders of the Symbionese Liberation Army and California law enforcement agencies and officials. The man making these charges is Donald Freed, of CRIC:

Freed (voice): In the light of what is happening in California we have to prematurely release the following information: Donald David DeFreeze, known as Cinque, the general of the Symbionese Liberation Army, is a long time police agent for the Criminal Conspiracy Section of the Los Angeles Police Department, the special intelligence unit organized by then District Attorney Evelle J. Younger. Evelle J. Younger, as attorney general of California, maintained his hold over the Criminal Conspiracy Section, and was a - continued to follow the progress xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx both outside and in jail of his former agenct, Donald David DeFreeze. The attack on the Black Panther Party today, the timing of which reveals that the fear of the Adult Authority and the attorney general's office of the state of California, and the governor of California, the fear that the police connections -- law enforcement connections of Donald David DeFreeze will now emerge in the fast developing events. We have from official sources -- everything I have said comes from official sources, including the fact that the file of Donald David DeFreeze is now missing from Sacramento, and together with the file of the two men called the Steiner (phon) brothers, former members of the cultural nationalists Us Organization, US Organization, that escaped from prison within the last month -- the files for xxxxx these three men are now under lock and key in the watch commander's safe of the Los Angeles Police Department's intelligence division. Thos files are missing and are illegally now being hidden and suppressed in the watch commander's safe of the Los Angeles Police Department intelligence division -- that comes from official police sources to the Citizens Research and Investigations Committee. The obstruction of justice that is clear here, on the part of attorney general Younger, is -- was a clear tip-off that the Panthers and others would now be set up to blame for the SLA. The reason that there has been no statement from Younger or Reagan during all these weeks is that they watched with apprehension the activities of their agent. There will be more information tomorrow. This is all that can be given now and given hastily. I repeat, they are all official sources.

Announcer: We asked Freed if he could substantiate any of his charges that Donald DeFreeze, or Cinque, has worked as a police agent.

Freed (voice): The state of New Jersey attempted to extradite Donald D. DeFreeze from California in 1967, 68, and 69 and 1970. The state of California refused to extradite DeFreeze to New Jersey for the following reasons : He was an important penetration agent for the criminal conspiracy section under Evelle Younger in Los Angeles. Two, the charge he was wanted on in New Jersey would have taken him permanently out of circulation. The charges were: kidnaping, and attempted homicide. Therefore, the presence of Donald DeFreeze on the streets of California, in the Vacaville and prison system of California, and finally

in the affair involving Patricia Hearst and the assassination of Dr. Foster in Oakland, all these events relate to Evelle Younger's intervention in being responsible for the state of California refusing to extradite a man identified by one of Younger's assistants -- we have the documentation on this -- stating that this man was a homicidal maniac and would kill a number of people. Still, beyond that, Younger kept this man working because of the hysterical need felt by law enforcment for agents in the black community. Therefore, the man who was charged with kidnaping and murder in New Jersey, was protected by California and its chief law enforcement official, Evelle J. Younger, and therefore they bear responsibility for what has happened in the Hearst affair, in the Foster affair, in the bank robbery, and in whatever violence may be yet to come. Had it not been for the active intervention of Younger, then the state of California would automatically have given up a man with a long prison record, a long record of violence and mental instability to the state of New Jersey.

Announcer: That was Donald Freed, speaking for the Citizens Research and Investigation Committee of Los Angeles. State Attorney General Younger could not be reached today for comment on these allegations.

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HW:

This came in the same day you wrote your brief note of 4/16/74 about a brief conversation with Freed, apparently in a car. We've seen nothing further on this. If he tried, he apparently was unable to interest California locals in his story about Younger preventing New Jersey from extraditing De Freeze.

jdw23/apr/74

SLA 10: Profiles of Consuming Anger

From the 1966-67 Dos Pueblos High Yearbook

Pat Soltysik at a California high school basketball game in 1967.

By Leroy F. Aarons
Washington Post Staff Writer

BERKELEY, Calif.—Already the signs have blossomed here, like ominous harbingers of summer: "Viva Cinque," "Viva SLA," "Cinque Lives."

Across the bay in Golden Gate Park a rock group calling itself Earthquake sings an ode to Patty Hearst:

Some of you got a fine limousine;
Some of you got a good social scene—
But now, you're sitting in the middle of madness . . .

"The middle of madness" is just 53 miles but a light-year away from the fast-growing farm town of Santa Rosa.

There, between a new shopping center and a quickie hamburger stand, the Presbyterian Church of the Roses tries to maintain its dignity. Inside it is packed; this is the day of the memorial service for Nancy Ling Perry. It is a strangely bloodless service. There are a few young people of Nancy's age, but most are middle-aged and older—many wondering, perhaps, what have they done to our children?

It passes understanding. Today, the meticulous minister intones, "Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death . . ." Seven years ago Nancy Ling, daughter of a well-to-do furniture merchant, worshiped at this church. Seven weeks ago, calling herself Fahizah ("one who is victorious"), she was saying, on tape: ". . . All who choose to fight to the death are dying to live." One week ago, automatic weapon in hand, she gasped vainly for life as police bullets ripped through her lungs and spinal cord.

The search for the remnants of the Symbionese Liberation Army, the fanatic group that kidnaped newspaper heiress Patricia Hearst last Feb. 4, is almost over. But the deeper search will go on—the quest for meaning.

What combination of events, what

See PROFILES, A20, Col. 1

SLA 10: Profiles of Their Rage

PROFILES, From A1

little-understood motivations conspired to move 10 individuals—most of them from conventional small-town settings—to kidnaping, murder, and ultimately, perhaps, suicide?

It is a question that must haunt many parents who until now believed that their children's restlessness had limits beyond which rational humans would not venture.

The answers may never be fully known. Six of the SLA are dead; three—including, apparently, Patricia Hearst—are fugitives, and two are in prison.

In the past week, staff writers and special correspondents for The Washington Post have sought to assemble some pieces of the puzzle through interviews in the home towns, among the families, relatives, and friends of SLA "soldiers."

They found, not unexpectedly, that in many cases the stereotypes did not fit. True, most of the SLA troops grew up in the suburbs and towns of white America. But they were not consistently upper middle class. There were as many individual differences as there were individuals.

The common thread, perhaps, was anger, a burning rage against a system which they became convinced, was congenitally antagonistic to significant change. It was a consuming anger, one that could not be assuaged by drugs (which two of them relied on heavily), or by turning inward, or by taking up the smaller causes and limited goals that filled the late-60s void for so many of their peers.

It was an anger heightened, and finally crystalized to action, by the intense contradictions surrounding the destiny of blacks, particularly the struggle within the prisons. From their Berkeley perch just miles from San Quentin and Vacaville prisons they could take part in that struggle with a sense of immersion in a firestorm.

Fueling their anger was the milieu of Berkeley-Oakland itself, an environment so richly diverse and picaresque, so alien to the common soil of the nation that to the great mass of Americans it remains another country, somewhere west of their own value system.

To this environment—a hub of "freelance radicals" in the words of a local editor, where "displaced people find it easy to live," where sexual cross-coupling is by now almost commonplace, where the guru and the gun runner live in opposition, where the most fanciful of ideas and possibilities are encouraged and tolerated—to this place came the SLA 10.

They had already traveled, most of them, the continuum from peace-marching to militancy. They had watched the Vietnam war wind down to a stalemate, and with it the energy of the Movement. But, where others could move from cosmic dreams of change to the reality of daily life, they could not control their growing rage.

It took an escaped black prisoner, Donald DeFreeze, to channel it and to serve as the catalyst precipitating these white revolutionaries toward a common destiny.

At last, they found fulfilment: To them, death was far more meaningful than inaction.

Here are their stories.

NANCY LING PERRY

She was a tiny creature, Nancy Ling. No more than 4-foot 11 inches. Later, when it was reported that she was once a topless blackjack dealer, her ex-mother-in-law would protest, "If you had seen her, you wouldn't have said that. She was a very small girl, no breasts, very flat-chested."

She grew up in Santa Rosa in the '50s, not far from a main drag where teen-agers still tool their cars up and back on Friday nights in a scene right out of "American Graffiti."

But her world was centered in Montgomery Village, an affluent subdivision, where her furniture-dealer father, Hal, kept close watch on the family of two boys and one girl. In school, she was perceived as a quiet type, not a leader, nothing spectacular.

That was deceptive. Despite her stint as a junior high school cheerleader and her apparent approval of her family's vote for Barry Goldwater in 1964, she had an independent streak.

Later, her parents would recall, "She was always asking questions and seeking answers . . . She was impetuous and impatient, and thus often frustrated because she seldom found the solutions she felt were needed."

James D. Johnson, her high school government teacher, remembered that her curiosity was punctuated by a willingness to experiment. "We once got into the issue of psychology and government. She contacted a psychiatrist and had a couple of sessions with him just to find out what it was all about."

Nine years after her graduation, Nancy wrote in an SLA letter: "When I was in high school . . . I witnessed the first military coup against we the people . .. accomplished by assassinat-

ing the then president John Kennedy . . . I asked (my teachers) to tell me the meaning of (it all) . . . The answer to all my questions then was either silence or a reply filled with confusion and lies."

In 1966 she moved to the University of California at Berkeley, and began the restless search that carried her into uncharted territory. She dropped in and out of school, toying with varied career goals, experimenting with drugs. (James Johnson saw her once, "stoned, deeply into it. You name the drug and she went through it.")

In 1967 she married a black musician, Gilbert Perry, and, her older brother, Gary, recalls, became exposed "to the experience of being black and oppressed and poor . . . It angered her.

"She felt not only that it shouldn't be that way, but not for another minute."

The anger festered through the event of the late 1960s, notably an incident in People's Park, when she saw a bystander killed by a police bullet. "There was a fire burning in her," said Gary, a graduate mathematics student at Berkeley. "She couldn't reconcile all the contradictions. She wasn't happy, she was so keenly aware of the misery."

A year ago, her up-and-down marriage ended.

Last summer, she bagan visiting black prisoners. "I have close ties with our incarcerated brothers and sisters," she said later. She bacame romantically involved with Russell Little, another white prison-reform activist. In the fall, she began severing her ties with friends. She suddenly cut off from drugs, quit her job at an orange-juice stand in Berkeley, and disappeared.

On Nov. 6 Marcus Foster, a black school administrator in Oakland, was shot dead because, the SLA said later, it considered him a repressive figure in the school system.

Five days later Nancy Ling Perry showed up at her ex-mother-in-law's house to wish her a happy birthday. In December she wrote her parents for the last time: "I wish love and happiness to everyone. Stay well and well informed. I love you. Nancy."

Less than a month later she emerged as Fahizah, theorist-soldier of the SLA.

RUSSELL LITTLE

He grew up in a duplex in a government housing project and later in a working-class subdivision in Pensacola.

The son of a mechanic at the Naval Air Station there, he was raised in the segregated South, a white boy oblivious to the civil-rights movement, and went to the University of Folrida to study engineering. But, in 1969, he took a course in philosophy, taught by a young Marxist, that was to change his life. It opened him to Marx, Lenin, Mao, Eldridge Cleaver, Malcolm X.

Early this month Little told the Phoenix, an underground paper in San Francisco, "I was way behind and started catching up, going to marches, rallies . . . in the spring getting righteously angry about Kent State, Jackson State. When I went home that summer a long-haired, pissed-off radical — my parents and friends didn't know what to think."

In the summer of 1971, he drifted to Berkeley, in time to experience, close at hand, the impact of the death of George Jackson, killed while allegedly trying to escape from San Quentin. "I studied Debray, Che, Carlos Marighella—urban guerrilla warfare . . . It was becoming obvious that the New Left was floundering."

By now, the long-haired and mustached Little, 24, settled in East Oakland, a semi-ghetto where politics tend to be more working-class, hard-core alienated radical than Berkeley's. He joined the prison-reform movement to "search out the revolutionaries, political prisoners and prisoners of war, and see what their thoughts were."

Mingling in the gun-oriented radical collectives of his new environment, he met people of like mind—Joe Remiro, a Vietnam vet; Emily and Bill Harris; and Willie Wolfe, who became his closest friend. He also met Angela Atwood, the beautiful would-be actress from Indiana, and Nancy Ling Perry in time having an affair with each of the women.

And, in Vacaville prison where he and his friends were cultivating black prison relationships through the Black Culture Association, he befriended an inmate named Donald DeFreeze, a five-to-lifer who was up for his part in a shootout with the police in a Los Angeles bank.

In March, 1973, DeFreeze escaped and disappeared into the friendly white radical mileu of the East Bay. Little continued to visit the prisons, developing the vision he was later to describe to the Phoenix: Urban guerrilla warfare is a feasible and successful response to the repression here in the USA. I believe that urban guerrilla warfare is and will spread to every major city in the United States . . ."

On Nov. 6, Marcus Foster was killed, his body riddled with bullets later matched to guns found in the SLA hideout in Los Angeles. Six died in that hideout, but Russell Little, arrested Jan. 10 and charged with the Foster slaying, is a survivor.

He was playing gin with Joe Remiro in prison when news of the death of his comrades came. He laid down his cards, cried, then resumed the game.

JOSEPH REMIRO

Joe Remiro didn't cry at the news. "Joe was a political heavy," says someone who knew him in the Oakland radical scene. "I think his theory stunk,

and he needed a lot more practice, but he came across heavy . . . Joe demanded that respect be given him."

He was brought up in San Francisco, a product of Catholic schools. "I wasn't a pacifist," he told the Phoenix. "I was a stoned reactionary. The Catholics trained me right, boy. They taught me to hate Commies, you know, kill Commies for Christ."

At 18, Joe signed up with the Army for Vietnam and served two hitches. As he tells it, he became a pacifist the day he left. "I'd seen enough people killed trying to be nice guys to realize that I had to be a terrible m——r if I was going to get home. We were such a racist army . . . We'd go to the whorehouses in the city, we'd beat up the whores."

Coming home, in January, 1969, he was haunted by the memory of it. "At first . . . I felt guilty . . . and I started to do a lot of acid and go back in time . . I wasn't sane . . It was over a year before I could go outside my house without being completely drugged out of my head . . ."

Once back on his feet, he took part in peace marches. He joined Vietnam Veterans against the war, and then Venceremos, a heavily radical organization in the bay area. But they fell short of his increasing militancy, and he moved on. He read books like Brazilian terrorist Carlos Marighella's "Mini-Manual for the Urban Guerrilla."

He worked as a mechanic, divorced his wife and had relationships with several women, including Angela Atwood (who was also involved with Russell Little). "Joe needs a lot of love, he needs a lot of attention, and a lot of freedom," commented a woman friend.

At the end of October, 1973, he went underground, along with Little, Willie Wolfe and a few other breakaways. There was a convulsive, final meeting of his radical circle in late October, in which Remiro broke with several friends who opposed immediate revolutionary action. Three weeks later, Foster was slain. The SLA surfaced two days later, claiming responsibility for the shooting.

Remiro was arrested with Little on Jan. 10 and charged in the murder.

On May 2, two weeks before his companions died, he told the Phoenix: "This period . . . is the most dangerous period for a revolutionary . . . a period of making fatal mistakes and getting a lot of people killed . . .But it's a very necessary period . . .

"Hey, look, man, the SLA ain't nothing man. The revolution is what counts."

WILLIAM (WILLIE) WOLFE

As a fellow radical in Oakland put it Willie Wolfe "had a magnificent smile, a very real kind of smile. He didn't laugh much, he was more of a smiler. When I look back, Angela (Atwood) and Willie didn't have the kind of sectarian, condescending politics, like Joe. He wasn't a heavy revvy."

Wolfe was the product of a privileged, upper-middle-class home in Allentown, Pa., a fact he never seemed able to live down. He was looking for a life of a little deprivation," recalled Michael Carreras, a black Puerto Rican with whom Willie lived during a year in New York—"When you've had it easy, maybe you feel guilty because you haven't been able to experience life in the raw."

Wolfe is remembered by his stepmother, Sharon, as "an angry young man." After high school, he traveled considerably, worked at odd jobs, In 1970 he spent nine months in Europe, seeing a lot of poverty, "traveling around on 10 cents a day and seeing how people were living, comparing it to our affluence," she says.

He came home disenchanted, tried to convince his brother and sisters (from three different marriages by his father, Dr. L. S. Wolfe, an anesthesiologist) that poverty was a virtue.

Roxanna, his older sister, recalls: "Willie would complain, "all you people ever do is sit around and drink and booze and smoke cigarettes and have a good time. You flaunt your money and you live high. Your income is outrageous—all you need to live on is $3,000 a year.' "

Increasingly, his rhetoric took a Maoist tinge, although friends remember that his knowledge of political causes was limited.

He went to Berkeley in 1971, got interested in the prisons, joined the Vacaville Black Culture Association, and fell in with the radical leftist East Oakland group. He urged his father to lobby against severe tranquilizer drugs he said were being administered to prisoners against their will, and Dr. Wolfe remembers being able to do some good.

In October, 1973, Dr. Wolfe visited his son in Oakland. At the time Willie was living with Joe Remiro. The elder Wolfe recalls seeing plenty of evidence of militancy, but no guns, no talk of violence.

Two months later, Willie came home for Christmas and announced he was going to Sweden to get married. His family got the impression he was running away from something. On Jan. 11, the day after the arrest of Remiro and Little, Willie received three long-distance collect telephone calls, said he was going to New York and disappeared.

On Valentines Day his mother received a card from him. He was not heard from again until he turned up in the ashes in the house on East 54th Street, Los Angeles. He had died of as-

phyxiation. He was 22.

EMILY and WILLIAM HARRIS

They met at the University of Indiana. He was a Marine veteran, slender, 5-foot-6-inches tall with long, black curly hair and "a little boy look," a former landlady recalls. He had grown up in Carmel, Ind., a small town north of Indianapolis, the son of a building supplies salesman who died in 1966.

His mother, Betty Bunnell, now remarried, emphasized how "typically middle-class and mid-American" the family was. "William would have never thought of arguing with his dad."

"Throughout high school, Bill remained politically unaware," his mother said. In the Marines, he spent eight months in Vietnam. In letters home, he expressed growing disillusionment with this country's involvement in the war.

Out of the service, Harris joined the 1967 march on the Pentagon and took part in demonstrations at the 1968 Democratic National Convention. He was distressed by the police action and frustrated by the ineffectiveness of peaceful protest.

Back at the University of Indiana, he rented a trailer, plastered it with posters of Huey Newton and Bobby Seale, and took up studies as a theater major. There, he dated a popular sorority coed named Emily Schwartz.

Emily came from the well-to-do suburb of Clarendon Hall, outside Chicago. Her father is a consulting engineer and a member of the village board. Pretty and popular, she was also bright — a straight-A student. She was studying for a degree in English when she met and married Bill in 1971.

They are remembered as a loving couple with close tes to their families. They wrote and communicated often. In May, 1972, when Bill received his master's degree, the couple moved to California and settled in Oakland.

There things changed swiftly.

Emily became involved with the women's movement. She and Bill plunged into the prison reform effort. Barbara Shoup, a childhood friend, remembers getting letters from Emily describing "how horrified they were by conditions in the institutions," and how Emily was frustrated because, as she said in one letter "There's nothing really you can do within the framework of society.' "

Emily worked as a typist at the University of California at Berkeley, and Bill worked for the post office.

Emily took a course in self-defense and became involved with Venceremos, the now-defunct Maoist group. In January, Bill's mother came for a visit, found their Oakland apartment "cute" but saw nothing unusual.

One report has it, however, that during this period, Bill Harris was stocking an SLA "safe" house elsewhere in Oakland with guns, ammunition, sleeping bags and revolutionary books. Mrs. Bunnell left on Jan. 7. Three days later, Remiro and Little were nabbed in the Foster killing, and the Harrises disappeared, leaving coffee half-prepared in their kitchen.

On Jan. 30 Emily wrote her parents saying, "I am in love with a beautiful black man who's conveyed to me the torture of being black in this country . . .

"Bill and I have changed our relationship . . . so that it no longer confines us and I am enjoying relationships with other men."

Five days later, Patricia Hearst was kidnapped. Now, nearly 15 weeks after that, the situation has changed. Patricia and the Harrises, now compatriots, are fugitives together.

ANGELA DE ANGELIS ATWOOD

She was an unlikely revolutionary.

An Oakland friend says, "Angela was like a goddess. She was not gorgeous, but she was far better looking than the pictures I've seen of her. There was a certain presence about her, like in Dylan's 'Just Like a Woman.' Like a naughty little girl."

She grew up in a modest New Jersey suburb of Patterson, the daughter of a Teamsters union official. Her goal was to be an actress. She told a friend of how she had dreamed about approaching a theater and seeing her name in lights.

Her friends called her Angel. At the University of Indiana she studied acting, became friendly with Bill and Emily Harris. A former employer recalls, "Angel was her nickname, but it fitted her personality, too. She was an extremely warm, sensitive person, perhaps overly so."

She met her husband, Gary Atwood, while playing Perdida in a college production of "Winter's Tale." Their May, 1971, wedding reception on a farm was like a revel. "The band quasi-played and quasi-drank, people ran around naked . . ."

When they left for California at the end of that summer, they had what one friend described as an "Easy Rider" outlook toward life.

A year later, Gary was back in Indiana. They had split up. Angela was heavily into the women's movement. She turned to Joe Remiro. "She wasn't politically sophisticated," said the Oakland friend. "She had just broken out of a depression about her husband. It was only after a couple of months that she really realized that the marriage was over. And, it was like she needed to be in love, and Joe needed to be in love, and they were in love."

Together, they drifted toward ex-

tremism. For Angela, it might have been emotional, or it might have been the drama that appealed to her. Theater at last; real live theater.

She died in the Friday, May 17 shootout, at age 25. "I can't envision Angel firing a machine gun out the window at those policemen," said a friend in Indiana.

Gary Atwood learned about it late Sunday morning from a neighbor, in Bloomington, after Angela's charred body was identified. He cried out, ran out his door and down the street. The next night he was back on his doorstep, according to Bob Rodenkirk of the Indiana Daily Student, seeking what he termed "the dawn of an age of compassion and tact."

CAMILLA HALL

Her father remembers: "One day she was reading. She loved to read so much. She was in another part of the house and she was reading 'Lord of the Flies.' She came to the part where Simon, one of the characters died. I could hear her crying from the other side of the house."

Berkeley friends remember: "She wore combat fatigues, green, or work clothes, overalls, short blond hair, thick granny glasses. She had a low, deep voice. She wore hiking boots. I thought of Pat (Soltysik) and Camilla as people motivated by love, not hate. Life kind of people, not death kind of people."

A friend from the early years in Minnesota: "She shuddered when she saw my father's hunting rifle."

And, on April 15, she carried a gun into the Hibernia Bank with Patty Hearst and other SLA members, held up the bank and helped make off with $10,960.

Even more than Angela Atwood, hers will be one of the enduring puzzles. She grew up in a Minnesota plains town, the daughter of a Lutheran minister. In those days she believed in eventual worldwide acceptance of the Christian religion. She was a pacifist who, a friend remembered, "abhorred war and its tools that cause death and destruction."

She traveled with her missionary father, the Rev. George Hall, to Africa and South America. "She seemed upset to see all the squalor and the poverty," the friend remembers. "She was angered that we weren't more actively pacifist on the war issue. She wanted me to speak out more on social issues."

She went to the University of Minnesota, and graduated with a degree in sociology. There began the unfolding of her preference for women. By some reports she became an avowed lesbian. She took a job briefly as a social worker in Duluth, and in late 1970 moved to Berkeley.

There she established an attachment for Patricia Soltysik, a handsome University of California dropout who lived in the same apartment building on Channing Way. During their affair, Camilla wrote her a poem and referred to her as Mizmoon. "I will cradle you in my woman hips./Kiss you with my woman lips/Fold you to my heart and sing/sister woman/you are a joy to me."

The affair waned, but the friendship lingered. Mizmoon (she legally changed her name) was the strong one. Camilla was the "buoyant, bribbly, creative spirit," as described by Mizmoon's brother. She was absorbed in poetry and literature and art (she peddled her work sucessfully at art fairs).

She took a job as a gardener, bypassing her college-trained qualifications to work in a manual, nonprofessional field.

She became involved with the National Organization for Women, whose former chairwoman, Karen McDonald remembers: "I liked her. An earthy, sensible person who didn't seem all that radical. And she had a good sense of humor. One time when we were demonstrating at a park board meeting, she showed up in her workclothes carrying a chain saw—and looked damn threatening. It was hilarious."

Soon after that, Camilla was fired from her job. She complained around that time of a kidney infection, a disease that had taken the lives of her brother and sister. A second brother died of a mysterious ailment. "Perhaps their deaths may have caused her to lose some regard for the value of her own life," her father theorized later.

We will never know. On Feb. 21, 17 days after Patricia Hearst was kidnaped, Camilla Hall disappeared from her Berkeley apartment, taking only her beloved Siamese cat. On May 17 Camilla's body was found among the ruins of the house on East 54th Street. Next to her lay the skeleton of a cat.

MIZMOON (born PATRICIA) SOLTYSIK

She may have been the brightest one. At home, in the middle-class tract-house subdivision of Goleta, Calif., 10 miles north of Santa Barbara, they remember her as a hard worker with a will to achieve, well organized, a tough competitor. "Some kids are cut out like that," said Steve Sullivan, a reporter who used to car pool Patricia to 4-H meetings. "You can see at that age that they're going to get out there and get what they can for themselves."

She was one of seven children, the daughter of Louis Soltysik, a pharmacist. Her mother, Annette, was born in Belgium. She and her husband were divorced around the time Patricia was a senior in high school in 1968.

At Dos Pueblos High School, they re-

the SLA. To the world, it was Field Marshal Cinque who was put forward as the leader and the inspiration of the SLA.

Was he the leader? Or was it Nancy Ling Perry, the alleged theoretician? Or a combination of the strong white women? Or was it, rather, decision by consensus, faithful to the concept of the name they chose—Symbionese—which they understood to mean an interdependent union of individuals with different backgrounds but unified goals?

These things remain shaded, lost in the debris on East 54th Street. The extraordinary thing about most of the SLA band, once their anonymity is peeled away, is how ordinary they were.

Nancy Ling Perry, the diminutive angry young woman who found a cause in Berkeley-Oakland with Russell Little and his friends; Little, the southern boy who found in the prisons of California a rich, heady potion from which to make revolution; Willie Wolfe, his friend from affluent beginnings, who found in the black prison cause the answer to his yearnings for identity; Joe Remiro, the Vietnam veteran whose anger and impatience gave drive to the group's grim adventure; Bill and Emily Harris, the well-to-do couple from Indiana, late arrivals in mid-1972 who found common cause with their new radical friends.

And, the others: Angela Atwood, who yearned to be an actress but whose romantic entanglements with Little and Remiro carried her to a higher drama; Mizmoon Soltysik, the brilliant student whose growing stridency took full flower when Donald DeFreeze walked into her life; and Camilla Hall, the animal-loving pacifist, perhaps carried along by her association with Mizmoon.

Together, by accident of time and place, they produced a fusion whose effects are still undetermined.

For, in the eyes of like-minded people, the SLA did not fail. Indeed, it is viewed in some places as a spectacular success. Already new tapes, new organizations, new "armies" are emerging, eager to follow SLA's example.

The fiery death of the predecessors, to most a waste and tragedy, to others is an example. Many people fear that spreading terrorism may be the grim legacy of that strange band known as the Symbionese Liberation Army.

Contributing to this report were Washington Post staff writer Austin Scott and Washington Post special correspondents Robert Joffee, Ken Dowdell, Joel Weisman and Kathleen S. Miller.

member Patricia with a mixture of disbelief and pain. She was what high school teachers dream about—an honors student, a leader, treasurer of the student senate, president of the Usherettes services organization.

For all that, there was something simmering underneath that emerged in her writing. In a senior-year essay, she wrote:

"Often today's vitamin-packed, house-trained and censured youth have a completely bleak, if not pessimistic attitude. They flow through our institutions studying what's forced in front of them and commenting on how the world would most certainly become a Pompei . . . But many come to realize the opaque position they are in and strive to clarify it . . . The day of God's command of disillusion will come. But until it does, men can live to their fullest only by observing an optimistic attitude. The pessimist will live only the life of a fugitive."

She moved on to Berkeley, where she saw People's Park, the constant trashing—turmoil on campus, Cambodia, Kent State, the Soledad Brothers drama.

Her response was anger grown to fury. "Hers was not an evolution," her older brother Fred recalls. "It was a giant leap. Berkeley is a vortex. It consumes people. When the war ended there were few places to go. She took up the women's struggle. She was gentle, but took on a strident voice. It was hard to put the two together.

"I tried to interject a perspective," he remembered painfully. "I tried to show her that Berkeley wears its blinders, that Berkeley isn't the hub of the universe, not even the hub of California . . . Neither of us were very good listeners."

Amid the growing stridency, there were the gentle moments. A friend remembers the Thanksgiving dinner in 1971 when Pat, now legally Mizmoon, arrived with Camilla.

"There were three turkeys and about 40 people there. They, Pat and Camilla, were holding hands and that's when they publicly wanted everyone to know. It was almost like an announcement, as if somebody were to walk in and announce they were going to be married next year."

The Soltysik family accepted the relationship, and the two lovers occasionally visited Goleta together. But the communication with home began to dwindle. The romance with Camilla ended, followed by a brief affair with a man.

In the spring of 1973, escaped prisoner Donald DeFreeze sought shelter in Mizmoon's apartment. From there, the history is spotty. Presumably, DeFreeze linked Mizmoon and Camilla to the Little-Remiro group in Oakland.

Around Christmas Mizmoon came home for the last time. She talked about shooting some pictures to illustrate a book of poetry, possibly Camilla's. The next the family knew of her she was a kidnaper, a bank robber, a fugitive.

See PROFILES, A21, Col. 1

PROFILES, From A20

On May 17, in Los Angeles, the trail ended. Mizmoon died on her 24th birthday.

DONALD DAVID DeFREEZE

Cinque had always declared that . . . he would sooner die then be taken, and he enjoined upon his comrades to take his knife and avenge his death —that they had better die in self-defense than be hung . . . .

From an account of the 1839 slave uprising on the slave-ship Amistad.

DeFreeze would become the keeper of the myth. His role in the unfolding of the Symbionese Liberation Army remains shrouded in mystery.

Nancy Ling Perry once described him as "a prophet" and compared him to George Jackson, the Soledad brother whose writings and example, and whose death at the hands of guards in the courtyard at San Quentin, have made him one of the mythic heroes of the Left.

There are parallels in the two lives. Both were children of working-class black ghettos (DeFreeze in Cleveland). Both struggled through difficult relationships with their fathers, both took to street crime early, both, ultimately were sentenced to potential lifetime terms in California prisons after hold-up attempts in Los Angeles.

But unlike Jackson, there is nothing to indicate that Donald DeFreeze was an original thinker. All there is from the pre-prison era are letters pleading for clemency, written to judges. They show a raw intelligence, a gift for persuasion, a shrewdness and deviousness. But there is nothing in the pre-prison period to indicate a political consciousness.

DeFreeze moved from city to city, getting himself arrested frequently for petty crimes, often involving possession of guns and/or bombs. There are strong indications that, in the Los Angeles days in the late '60s, he informed for the police in order to stay on the streets.

He finally went to prison in 1970, after trying to cash a check he allegedly had stolen from a woman's purse a few days before. It was a bumbling effort that ended in a shootout. A clumsy pattern shows up in DeFreeze's criminal history. Official psychological reports indicate he was psychotic and dangerous, but up to the time he went to prison he had never killed anyone.

The prison experience—he was assigned to the California Medical Facility at Vacaville—remains part of the mystery. DeFreeze did not have a reputation as being one of the prison radicals. His involvement with the Black Culture Association, on the surface at least, appeared to have been focused on leadership struggles and a program DeFreeze devised to phase black inmates back into family and society.

The original Cinque, a slave.

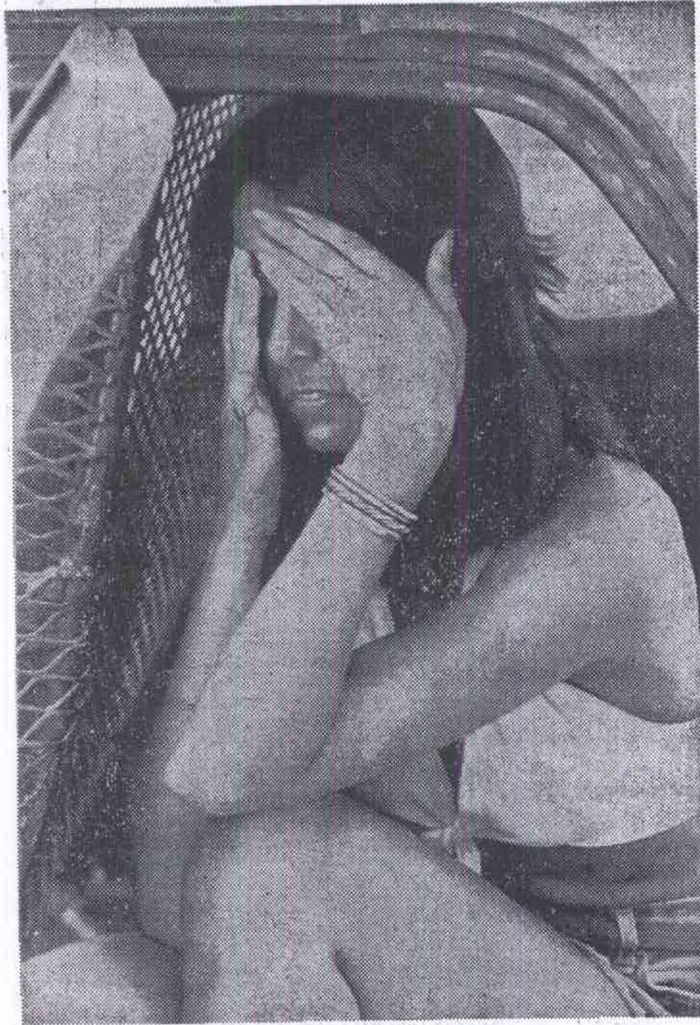
In 1972 and 1973 the Oakland radical groups—Russ Little, Willie Wolfe and others—got involved in the BCA. The question remains: Did DeFreeze radicalize them, or was he himself recruited for the unfolding terrorist vision of the white radicals?

At the end of 1972, he was transferred to minimum security at Soledad Prison. Rumor has it that he might have earned that change by serving as a "snitch" in Vacaville. In any case, DeFreeze wheedled his way to a position from which he was able to walk off to freedom in March, 1973, shortly after his parole request had been turned down.

He disappeared into the Berkeley-Oakland complex, somehow made the link with Mizmoon, holed up there, and with his white radical friends hatched the plan that was to electrify the nation and the world a few months later.

In prison, he had taken the name Cinque, after the leader of the 1839 slave revolt, and it was as Cinque that he became the symbol and talisman of

FALSE LEAD—Police from Los Angeles and two other counties train rifles on young couple in a mustard-and-white van — they stopped near Santa Barbara in search for Patricia Hearst and Bill and Emily Harris of the SLA. At right, one



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of the van's occupants sits in police car. The couple was released after police said they were not the SLA fugitives.