

tion. During the crisis Jacobs worked as a consultant to UNICEF and had direct knowledge of false statements made by U Thant to the press in order to assist in the cover-up.

A better title of this book might have been "The Brutality Towards Nations." While it is concerned with the immense brutality towards the Ibo

nation by the government of Nigeria, a similar story could be told of many other nations that have suffered genocide while the governments of the world did nothing, hid the facts or actively helped.

Jacobs does not make the general case that states are interested in the preservation of their boundaries to the

extent that a successful secession in another state is seen as a threat to all states. He dwells primarily on the direct interests of the major players in Nigeria, mainly in the oil that Biafra threatened to secede with. But the point is brought out by the facts related in the book, for example when he talks of the efforts of the ICRC to establish structures to prevent a repeat of the Biafran famine:

So the ICRC attempted to strengthen the Geneva Conventions in "conflicts not of an international character" [nations attacked by states]. There was great resistance to this in the meetings of government representatives; leadership of the opposition came from two countries which had themselves a short time before been killing large numbers of people they claimed as their own citizens - Pakistan and Iraq. As a result the Red Cross did not gain the added authority it sought to aid civilians in wars such as Nigeria-Biafra.

If there were any who doubted that states subjected their own populations to genocidal attacks, this book should at last bring them back to reality. More importantly, it should also make clear that states will see it to be in their interest to help suppress a nation's efforts to become independent from another country.

Jerome E. Taylor
Associate Editor



BRUNO GABRIEL

A Miskito Nationalist and Revolutionary

He was a Miskito hero, a patriot, and a best friend. He was an Astro, a Miskito nationalist and revolutionary who took on the responsibility of leading a desperate fight to liberate his people from Sandinista occupation.

Bernard Q. Nietschmann
University of California - Berkeley

On my first day in Costa Rica a bomb explosion prevents me from meeting the ARDE leaders. Misurasata people brush the bombing aside as a fact of life for a resistance organization. Their real concern is what has happened to Comandante Alwani whose base camp was hit by a very large Sandinista operation and nothing has been heard from inside for days since the frantic radio messages that the camp was under heavy attack and the boys were pinned down by Piri crossfire.

Alwani means thunder in Miskito and it is the nom de guerre of Bruno Gabriel who has 200 men under his regional command which is located at Gunpoint, a high-ground tropical rain forest area west of Tasbapauni, on the banks of Pearl Lagoon. Years ago I used to sail from Tasbapauni

across the lagoon to Gunpoint with Baldwin Garth to visit his brother Elgie who raised cattle and grew bananas, plantains, manioc, dasheen and tequisque in the unusually fertile soil. I always looked without success for the pirate cannons in the shallow waters near the point for which the place was named. Now Gunpoint also has a modern meaning.

The Misurasata reception group that met me at Juan Santamaría Airport took me out to dinner at the Central Palace in Pavas. The restaurant is said to be safe: we are given a private room, the cook is Miskito, the waitress -- María Luz, is Bruno's girlfriend, and one of the combatants guards the Toyota Land Cruiser outside ("to make sure no one puts a bomb in the jeep"). Security has been increased after today's attempt by two FSLN agents to plant a briefcase bomb at a meeting of the three ARDE leaders Edén Pastora, Alfonso Robelo and Brooklyn Rivera. Instead, the bomb went off inside the Sandinistas' car, probably while a timer was being set by the two FSLN agents.

Of the group at the restaurant I only know a couple of the commanders and Kiddy Blandford. Kiddy is from Tasbapauni and he used to take me turtle fishing in the late 1960s and he taught me how to sail and to navigate by the stars. He now uses his knowledge of the sea to guide long-distance open-boat weapons deliveries to the Indian fighters inside the occupied nations. Jotam López is the Sumo representative to Misurasata. Modesto Watson is one of the top Misurasata leaders, and Fran, his wife, is a former Peace Corps volunteer from Michigan. Modesto is distrustful of me and asks why I have volunteered to go inside.

"We are fighting for our land and our dignity. We don't need outside help. How do we know you are not with the CIA?"

Kiddy and the two lower coast commanders vouch for me and cool Modesto down. But still I sense suspicion from those who I don't know from the old days. Fortunately the talk turns to the present concern.

Bruno's People

"We've lost touch with Bruno for 20 days," Modesto tells the group. "Ever since the clash with the Piri at Gunpoint there has been no word. A rescue mission will go inside Friday, tomorrow."

Bruno has 200 men under his command -- dispersed in units of 35-50 -- but only one-half have weapons. He put out a radio message on June 16 (1983) that they were being attacked by a large Sandinista force. Then he went off the air and attempts to contact him from ARDE's radio at "The

Hill" outside San José have failed. One thing appears certain: if the Sandinistas managed to kill him that news would be headlines on the front pages of Managua newspapers. Bruno is believed to be the best commander in either of the two wars against the Sandinistas.

On Thursday at 6:30 P.M., Wyman, one of Bruno's commanders, calls the Misurasata office from Tortuguero, a small fishing community on the Caribbean 27 miles south of the Nicaraguan border. He has brought out six wounded and everyone has been detained by the Costa Rican Guardia Rural (GAR). Bruno is alive and needs help inside.

Gordo -- Rafael Zelaya -- takes the blue Toyota pickup and leaves immediately for Limón on the Caribbean to organize a boat, supplies and crew for a trip inside tomorrow. Brooklyn makes some calls and then leaves with his bodyguard Eustice Flowers from Set Net to see someone about getting the Guradia Rural to release Wyman and the boys so they can give Bruno's location.

"Mister Barney, we should go ourselves to Limón and to find Wyman to make sure Bruno's people will be helped," Kiddy suggests. "Bruno is the top man and he has mostly Tasbapauni, Set Net and Little Sandy Bay boys with him. You know most of them. If Bruno is in trouble we need to do something."

On the bus to Limón we meet a Miskito man from Puerto Cabezas who was accused of being a contra and had to leave to avoid being arrested.

"Pure Cubans in Port and they are taking over all the jobs, pushing the Indians out. The Cubans have thieved peoples' houses. The Cubans come to town, drive around, look for what house they like, then say the owners are Contras or capitalists, the owners are tossed out and then the Cubans move in. And the Cubans take most of the food, the little there is. Now the people have no work, no food and many have been forced from their own houses. The jails are full."

"The only work the Sandinistas give is to be an oreja and spy on your own people. That's the only little work there is."

"The Sandinistas put the Wangki Indians in those Tasba Pri camps. Just feed them rice cooked in a barrel, like hog. If you don't like it, you don't eat."

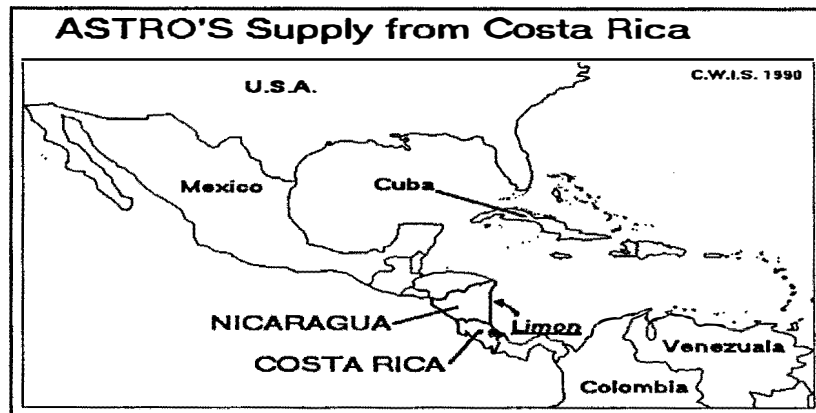
"The people can't say anything. They just have to close their mouths

like in the Somoza time. What can they do now? But when the time comes, they are going to rise up and push out those Sandinistas and Cubans."

"Yeah, those Sandinistas seem bad," Kiddy says to the man across the bus aisle. Kiddy whispers to me, "keep quiet," and then touches his ear to warn me of possible orejas -- informants -- on the bus.

When we are out of earshot at a restaurant stop at Turrialba, half-way to Limón, Kiddy begins my new education and instead of stars, reefs, winds and currents as in the past, it is now about informants, security precautions, and who can be trusted.

"Many Sandinistas are here in Costa Rica and they have many friends to help them. Some of the Miskito people are working with them so don't trust speaking in Miskito," he cautions. "We have to move through these



waters like the octopus -- easy, suspicious and hidden."

Kiddy began helping the resistance when it first formed in late 1981. After two years of Sandinista military occupation and the FSLN's abolishment of Indian rights and Indian government, community people concluded they had no choice but to resist and urged the young men and women to organize guerrilla groups throughout the occupied nations. The older people -- their mothers and fathers, grandmothers and grandfathers -- support the unta wahmika, the "bush boys", with food from their homes and farms. Kiddy supplied food from his farm and turtles he harpooned at sea. One of his sons was killed in fighting in 1982 and another was

captured in 1983 by Sandinista Security and taken away to Bluefields and never seen again. When Sandinista Security again began to arrest people in Tasbapauni in January, 1983, Kiddy took his youngest son Walter and his turtling canoe and slipped out of town and crossed the lagoon to join Bruno's resistance force at Gunpoint. Later, Bruno asked him to take some wounded to Costa Rica and a request for weapons to Brooklyn in San José.

"It was dead calm, no wind, so we had to paddle all the way. Five days and no water after the first day and no food at all. It was punishing. Punishing. We just paddled. I don't know how they didn't catch us. We were becalmed right in front of the Bluff. The Sandinistas were all around us. God saved us."

Limón Bar Talk

Limón is an old Caribbean-style town of white and green two-story wooden houses with verandas and red corrugated sheet metal roofs, wooden high-steeple Moravian and Anglican churches and general stores run by Chinese who speak a little of four or five languages in the store and maintain Chinese culture in their homes above. Limón has gone downhill since the heyday of the banana plantations, and the buildings are rotting and sagging, the roofs rust and leak, the cement buildings that house the San José government people are stained black and are dank and moldy, and decaying wastes clot the sea breeze.

Hot sunny mornings dry off the rain-soaked town and the humidity rises to steam-bath levels. By mid-afternoon, the sky darkens to windward and the sea changes from turquoise to slate-gray and the rains sweep in to drench Limón in what to the uninitiated appears to be the beginning of the 40-day deluge.

Once off the beaten path, Limón now has become a crossroads of the war. Already multicultural with Creole (Black), different Indian peoples, Chinese, American missionaries, and Costa Rican Ladinos, Limón now has Miskito, Sumo, Rama, Creole and Ladino peoples from the north, along with a sprinkling of free-lance journalists from Europe and the United States, square-jawed blue-eyed blond men in their early thirties who people say are Israeli, Russian or American, and less noticeable wispy-haired people in wire-rimmed glasses and brown pants who could be from anywhere.

Limón is the Casablanca of Central America. The town is filled with refugees and exiles from the north who are packed into small rooms and

hustle each day to get a little work ("chamba") to buy a plate of rice and beans, plátanos and fish. A few people have jobs with the ARDE resistance that keeps some safe houses in Limón and transfers war matériel northward to the training camps in Costa Rica and to the base camps in Nicaragua and to Yapti Tasba.

In the bars, parks and street corners the talk is about the war, the latest news from inside, Sandinista oppression, and the good, the bad and the ugly about resistance political leaders. Edén Pastora, the famous Comandante Cero, whose commando takeovers in Managua of the Gran Hotel, January 22, 1967 (his birthday) and the National Palace, August 23, 1978, were critical in the overthrow of the Somoza's dictatorship, nevertheless, only has mixed popularity in Limón. This is because he was head of a 800-man FSLN special forces unit from Managua ordered to Bluefields in September, 1980 to put down the Creole demonstrations against the Cubans. Eleven Creoles were killed and many wounded and arrested and most Creole resistance leaders now in Limón fled here because of Pastora. Others believe he is too leftist, too Sandinista and that he is not against the Marxist-Leninist goals of the revolution but only against the Russians and Cubans that took control of the revolution.

Rudy Sinclair, who used to work in my boat crew during the early 1970s, tells me, "Pastora is a Sandinista. He is one of them. His radio station is called "Voz de Sandino", his own organization within ARDE is called the Frente Revolucionario Sandino and he calls himself a Sandinista. We don't trust him even if he is fighting against the Frente Sandinista".

Limón bar talk has it that another ARDE leader, Alfonso Robelo, head of the MDN (Movimiento Democrático Nicaragüense) and former member of a government junta after the Sandinista takeover of Nicaragua, represents the interests of the rich Nicaraguans in exile and those left in the country and does not advocate the changes necessary to bring grassroots democracy and development to Nicaragua.

And the conventional wisdom in Limón has it that Brooklyn Rivera, the third ARDE leader and head of Misurasata (Alliance of Miskito, Sumo, Rama and Sandinista Peoples) is too leftist, a Miskito nationalist who is against the other Indian and Creole peoples, and that he is too egotistical and does not respect the opinions and needs of the Misurasata commanders.

Almost all the Ladino, Creole and Indian exiles and combatants I talk to agree that the political leaders are not doing enough for the fighters and civilians inside. People want better leaders, better organizations, more democracy in the organizations, and they want weapons. One thing the people agree on is that Bruno is a legitimate leader, a Coast hero, and the

most popular and effective military commander.

One fighter on R&R in Limón explains that "people are suffering inside but have no help, and people on the outside are willing to join in to fight but have no help. If we have to make a deal with the Devil to survive we should. Last week two people came from San Andrés with money to buy arms. Their plan is to revolt against the Colombians who have taken control of the island from the San Andrés people and using the island to ship out cocaine to the States. Some day we could help them but not now because we too are looking for arms to buy, not sell. They left to look somewhere else. So we are right here, waiting, waiting for the Devil."

Kiddy and I go to a Misurasata safe house in Cangrejo, a barrio on the north side of Limón, to wait for Wyman and the wounded to come from Colorado Bar. "Gato" -- Guillermo Espinoza from the Wangki -- is head of Misurasata logistics and has 13 boys crowded into the house waiting to be transferred to the Liminaka camp in southeastern Nicaragua where a large area has been liberated by the combined ARDE forces. Gordo, who is cooking an opossum road-kill in Maggi soup, assures us that Wyman will arrive soon.

At Gunpoint

I hardly recognize Wyman or any of the Tasbapauni combatants with him. He was twelve years old when I lived next door in Tasbapauni. Wyman is 20 now and wide and solid.

"They hit us hard. We didn't know they were coming. And they knew where we were." Wayman explains what happened when the Sandinistas attacked Bruno's group at the Gunpoint camp.

"We only had about 40 at the camp, the rest were on missions to the north and west. I don't know, maybe 300 to 500 came and they opened up at 4 o'clock in the morning. Bullets all over the place. We were lucky we didn't all die right there. Bruno saved us, though. He got us out of there and we were able to come around and hit the Sandinistas from the back. Six hours we fought. At 10 o'clock Bruno told me to take the most wounded and get them to Costa Rica. He took the fighters and some who have minor wounds north into the skomfra swamps between Kuringwas and Awal Tara [Río Grande] rivers."

"Bruno has the radio but he had to leave the batteries in the camp. Everyone is very low on ammunition. He needs supplies."

"The Sandinistas were all over the place for more than two weeks

before I could get the wounded to Pearl Lagoon. Finally, we got a dori and went out Pearl Lagoon Bar at night. It took us three days and three nights to reach Costa Rica. We turned over in the surf at Tortuguero."

"Wyman, how did the Sandinistas know the location of the Gunpoint camp?" I ask him.

"Mr. Barney, almost all of the Tasbapauni people are against the Sandinistas but some are working with them. You remember Gusi Wilson, Stan Hunter, Shakhm Tucker, and Filmore Nash? Well, they are all orejas for the Sandinistas. And Rubio Wilson and Norton Dixon are Sandinistas. They are proud of it. One of these people probably found out and told the Sandinistas where the camp was. We will find out who it was."

"Many people you know are dead. Floyd Wilson, Naptili Prudo, Alejandro Prudo, plenty more. They took Granville Garth to jail and pulled out his fingernails. Byron Blandford was in jail and I was too for a time. When they let me out I went into the bush with the boys and this is the first time I've come out in two years. Many more would be dead if it weren't for Bruno. He has taught us a lot. And he killed that son of a bitch Juan Bimbo. That bastard was arresting and torturing innocent people and sending them to jail in Bluefields and Managua. Bruno ended that."

With Bruno

A couple of weeks later Bruno came to Costa Rica with several wounded. I was in the Misurasata office with Gato, Suazo, and Modesto listening to Enerio Danny tell about his escape out of Honduras when Bruno entered. People cheered and ran to embrace him.

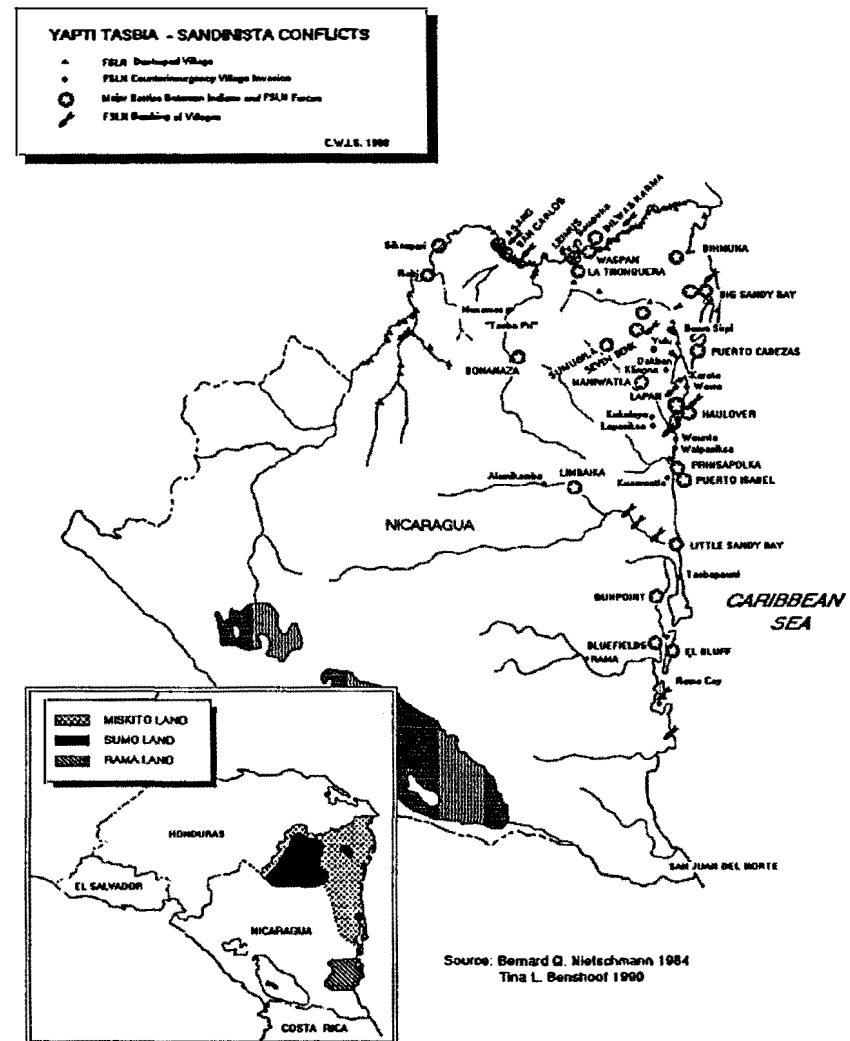
He looked to be about 5' 11", 190 pounds, a wide, strong face, long straight hair, and big powerful hands. He wore a black beret with a Cuban military insignia, a long-sleeve "Pacific Coast Highway" T-shirt, Levis and Nike high-top tennis shoes. And he had just about the biggest smile imaginable. He radiated enthusiasm and purpose.

A few days later, Brooklyn asks Bruno to take me with him on the next trip inside. Bruno agrees under the condition that I drop everything so that he will have enough time to prepare me for the trip -- locations, codes, penetration and escape routes, people who will help and other necessary things in case we get in trouble or are separated inside, and I must explain to him exactly what it is that I want to do and how I plan to go about it.

When we are alone Bruno explains that it is necessary to keep strict security. "The Sandinistas have agents and informants everywhere. If they

find out we are taking a gringo inside things will be harder for us and you. From now on, don't make any telephone calls and we will keep you out of sight."

Bruno's idea for keeping me out of sight and to prepare for the trip is to take me with him into Nicaragua to the ARDE base camps where he plans to meet with Edén Pastora to get weapons to carry inside to the fighters. Bruno feels that it is safer for us in ARDE-controlled Nicaragua



than it is in Costa Rica.

On August 8 Bruno assembles a small group in Limón to go to the ARDE liberated zone in southeastern Nicaragua. Jotam López, Wyman Martínez, a Creole boatman called Rastaman, China a combatant from Wounta and a couple of others. We carry five 54-gallon barrels of gasoline and a load of food for the fighters in the Misurasata camp.

The Nicaraguan border is about 100 miles north by way of the inland canal from Moín to the Río Colorado and then to the Río San Juan which marks the international boundary. On the way I get a chance to learn a little about my companions.

Rastaman, wearing shades and a green and red Jamaican knitted cap, tells me, "I'm a seaman. I have papers. I could get a good job on a ship out of here. But because of what they are doing to my people I am here to get mixed up in this shit."

Jotam shows me the difference between a M-67 and an M-61 hand grenade. The M-61 is egg-shape, weighs a pound, has a three-second fuse and has explosion radius of 30 square meters. The M-67 is half a pound and has a range of 25 square meters and a five-second fuse, "longer because you can throw it farther."

I notice that there is no ring on the safety clip on one of the hand grenades on Jotam's belt and that it is tied with a brown shoestring. "Indian Power," Jotam tells me and winks.

"The Sandinistas attacked the Sumo villages just like they did the Miskito," he says. "In July 1982 they burned down most of my people's communities and killed every animal down to the last chicken and puppy. From then on we are at war but it is hard for us to get supplies from Misurasata and Misura because all the leaders are Miskito and they don't support us as they should."

Jotam leans closer, "We Sumo have to support ourselves like we've always done. The gold mines are on our land and are ours but the Sandinistas are working them. But those aren't the only mines. My father told me where the secret mines are. Only a few of the very old people know about this. My plan is to use the gold from these mines to buy arms for my people."

He tells me about the world market price for gold and that four people could mine \$1,000,000 worth of gold in three months and be able to carry in out in backpacks from the Sumo land.

"Forty pounds for each of the four people; that's 160 pounds and a

million dollars. With that money my people can buy arms to fully equip 500 fighters, from boots to hats, everyone with an 'Aka' and an M-79, and a M-60 for every ten people, and a M-30 for every 25. That's the way we are going to get the Sumo country back. The only thing we need to do this mission is quicksilver, what you call mercury. Can you get some for us? Do you know a company that will buy the gold?"

The secret gold mines of the Sumo sounds like the title of a bad Hollywood movie, but here in this dugout canoe going north toward Nicaragua Jotam's gold-for-guns plan seems plausible.

China is the pseudonym for a heavy-duty robust woman from Wounta who has been fighting for two years. She tells me that the Sandinistas have killed her sister and brother, and on September 16, the anniversary of their deaths, she likes to take a K-bar knife and slip into the bush by herself to hunt Sandinistas on patrol or on guard. She has been trained by Bruno's people in explosives, automatic rifles, light machine guns, and communications.

Two hours north by boat from Limón is Roma, one of Pastora's training camps and the main supply base. Originally built for tourists that never came, ARDE leases Roma and the tourist cottages are filled with Frente Revolucionario Sandino (FRS) recruits being trained in the nearby tropical rain forest. Tourists pass in chartered boats on the way to see sea turtles nest at Tortuguero and they wave to the people on the wharf at Roma. If they only knew.

Bruno gives a big abrazo to a wiry man with graying hair and quick movements and introduces me to Popo who is in charge of the training camp. Popo, Adolfo José Chamorro, is a Korean war vet who used to run Pastora's training camp in Guanacaste, Costa Rica for Sandinista recruits fighting against Somoza. Popo is now ARDE's logistics chief and is in charge of the three-month training sessions that put 80 to 100 men at a time into real-war situations.

"A person can have love for patria but that's not going to save his life. We have to teach them the little things that make the difference."

Popo is 52 years old, carries a Colt .45 tucked behind his belt, a .22 survival rifle on a shoulder sling, and two packs of Delta cigarettes are under tucked up sleeves of a Canales de Costa Rica T-shirt which look like miniature football pads.

"The Sandinistas are strong. We have to be smarter. That's what we teach the boys here."

Bruno takes me to the storeroom and opens the door. Boxes and boxes

fill the huge shed. Boxed outboard motors -- 115, 90, 40 hp, spare parts, wooden boxes of automatic rifles and ammunition, clothes, boots, packs, knives, toothpaste, flashlights, socks, walkie-talkies, batteries, and on and on.

"This is what they have. Wait until you see the junk we must fight with," Bruno says. "I've got to get some of these things to take on the trip inside."

Everyone at the Roma camp treats Bruno with great respect and even deference. Popo tell me that if Pastora had a Bruno he would control the entire southern front. Bruno talks to Pastora's fighters, giving advice and encouragement and asking what he can do for them. A few ask for spending money for cigarettes which can be bought at a small store in the camp. Bruno asks Popo to distribute some cigarettes and quit being so cheap.

Liberated Nicaragua

We cross into Nicaragua at five the next afternoon. The Río San Juan marks the border between Nicaraguan and Costa Rica and right now the river is in full flood and has washed over into the adjacent lowlands so the international frontier is under a two-mile-widesheet of muddy, turbulent, tree-strewn water that threatens to capsize our canoe. This area is the wettest region in Central America and averages 250 inches of rain a year, with the current month, August, averaging over three feet, a yard of water.

We reach an ARDE outpost after running two hours up the Caño San Juanillo.

"Welcome to Free Nicaragua," a jungle-suit clad FRS man tells us. Comandante Peter is one of the original Sandinistas who fought against Somoza's National Guard and now is fighting to take back the revolution from the "internationalists and the communists."

The outpost is a campesino house into which is crammed communication equipment, boxes of ammunition and several FRS and MDN fighters who have walkie-talkies and brand new M-16s equipped with grenade launchers and either scopes or night scopes. A campesino family is watching a soccer game between Costa Rica and South Korea on a television powered by a generator-batteries-converter setup.

Bruno and Comandante Gonzo discuss the war and tactics. Gonzo is close to Pastora and says that ARDE's strategy is first to pursue the war on

the Atlantic Coast because the people support the Indian resistance. He believes the Pacific Coast is not ready yet because "the oppression has not yet touched the masses as it has on East Coast."

Gonzo continues: "The plan is to bring in weapons in quantity and set up ambushes so that every time the Sandinistas leave their barracks, some don't come back. They'll have to bring in 30,000 men to the coast and that means expenses. This is a military war, but it is fought economically. We captured 37 EPS last week and they had little food and some didn't have boots. This sort of pressure is the first step. The second step is to hit the towns, the barracks, Bluefields, the Bluff. And the third step is after we take the coast we move toward the Pacific"

"We can't fight a guerrilla war in the monte like Fidel did. That's finished. They surround you and put up a barricade of men to stop food, arms, logistics from reaching you, and then they move out the people so then you don't have support. They create an island and you are on it. Then you are no longer a guerrilla, you are a boy scout."

"Remember, Gonzo, we Indians are fighting to reclaim control over our territories and resources. That's our revolution. You people are trying to reclaim control over your revolution and you think that allows you the right to govern Indian nations. It doesn't." Bruno jabbed his finger at Gonzo to emphasize the point. "The East Coast is our country."

"Ok, Ok. We have an agreement with you people about autonomy. Don't worry. Don't worry." Gonzo patted Bruno on the back. "Don't worry."

Later, Bruno confided, "We do worry. We don't trust them to keep their word about our autonomy. We share the same enemy but different goals. They need us now because we have better fighters and more civilian support than they do. And we need them because there is no outside support for an Indian revolution. A lot of these guys are really good people but they grew up being racist and they don't accept an equal partnership in this war and they don't accept Indian goals of autonomy."

We spend the next day in a nearby Misurasata basecamp that is located up a narrow, twisting creek filled with tree snags. The camp is built on a slight rise and surrounded by a swamp. It looks like something out of the Louisiana bayous. Pastora's people selected the site and it is a disaster: mud, 24-hour mosquitoes, far from good water or dry wood, and the fighters have no lanterns and they have not had anything but rice and beans for the last 16 days. They have no base radio, no generator, few arms, no

boats, no outboard motors. This is a far cry from the FRS ARDE camp we just left.

Bruno is mad. "This is all our allies allow us. The sons-of-a-bitches. We are in an alliance but they receive everything and keep everything."

I am given a sleeping platform made of saplings lashed with thin vines and roofed with palm leaf. It is dry and it is above the mud for which I am grateful. I string my mosquito net which is called a bar in this part of the world.

The night is dry and clear and work groups prepare rice and beans and dasheen (taro) cooked in dirty river water. Others sing Miskito revolutionary songs accompanied by Blandino playing a guitar and the spirit in the camp lifts above the mud and dirty rice and the hordes of mosquitoes. Gato gives a political talk, Jotam is on guard duty, and China is inside the mosquito net reading her bible by candlelight with an AK-47 by her side.

Bruno talks to me about necessary security precautions in Costa Rica. He thinks security in the Misurasata office is slack, too many people know too many things, and too much is said on the telephone.

"The thing that saves us is that the office people and all the outside political people often don't know what's going on inside. They spend most of the time talking about objectives and personal problems and seldom help us. The war is inside and that's where we have our politics and our support. The Sandinistas would really love to find out about that."

"Our Indian revolution comes from living inside with the people and suffering with them and defending them. That's how our revolution started and that's how it grows and evolves. The Misurasata and Misura political leaders in Costa Rica and Honduras don't know about this first hand. They talk about rights but don't suffer injustice."

The mosquitoes are relentless and we slap in the dark. Mosquito repellent is a contradiction in terms. I ask Bruno how he got involved in all this.

"We were happy when they overthrew Somoza and his government. My people are poor because the Nicaraguans exploit and profit from our resources. The Sandinistas promised that they would end that exploitation. But they turned out to be worse than Somoza because they wanted more than our resources. They thought they could take our land and force

us to submit to their revolution and rule."

"I joined Misurasata in 1979 to work on behalf of my people. The Sandinistas didn't want Indians to have our own organization. They tried to repress us in everything but we became stronger politically because we pressed for what the people demanded: recognition of Indian rights to our territory and resources, and Indian self-determination over everything Indian. So when we did the land tenure study and proved that all the community land that makes up our territory is ours, they arrested our entire leadership. It was an act of war. They were in our country and they arrested our government."

"With many others I went to Honduras. Hundreds of us went north to look for support to fight the Sandinistas. It was hard because neither the Nicaraguans, Hondurans or Americans wanted to support our struggle. By the middle of 1981 we had maybe 4000 young people but we had no help. It was difficult just to get food for them. Fagoth got some promises for small support and we put together the first group, The Astros, about 80 to start. We got some good training. That yes. Guatemala and Argentina were a big help. But Fagoth was a dictator and too tied to ex-Guardia people so the entire Astro force left him. That was September 20, 1981. Empty handed we returned to clean the Sandinistas from our country.

"I was with William Francis and David Rodriguez at the Raiti battle and I fought in all the Wangki clashes -- 12 along that river. We started with a shotgun and a couple .22 rifles. By 1982 we were fighting only with arms we recovered from the Sandinistas. They were bombing and burning the villages. We couldn't stop them. They had too many combatants and too many weapons. So I left for Costa Rica with Marcos to look for support. Brooklyn was there with Pastora. We walked for six months. Rough. But we learned a lot. All the Indian peoples and communities were getting into the war."

"I lived with every Indian people -- Miskito, Sumo and Rama, and each has their own culture, language and way of life. But all are united in this struggle."

"I've got to do something. I have the responsibility."

Bruno is 22 years old and is head of the resistance for the southern half Indian nations. Tomorrow we will locate Eden Pastora and Bruno will ask for weapons to bring inside. Far inside.

Comandante Cero

Bruno and I hitch a ride on an ARDE medical speedboat that is going

to stop at many of the commando posts and settlements in the liberated zone. Comandante Peter says the area is reasonably secure and only occasionally do Sandinista patrols venture in to set an ambush or to mortar a position. Peter carries an M-16 and a M-79 grenade launcher and he loans Bruno a M-16 with a scope. An ARDE nurse, Olivia, has a large box of medicine. A former San Juan River trader is the motorman.

ARDE's objective is to hang on to this "liberated territory," a very isolated and heavily forested area, develop a solid military and political springboard, and meanwhile help the scattered residents carry on with some of their normal activities. Besides medical and public health people, ARDE has brought in teachers and provides protection so that people can again raise crops and trade along the river.

The camps we visit usually have 15 to 30 people with good arms and communication equipment. Some of the arms have been obtained from the Sandinistas, including some heavy and light machine guns. The dietary mainstay is rice and beans. Armed women and girls make up perhaps 15 percent of the force in the region. Lipstick and camouflage in the rain forest.

Bruno reunites with Escuela a Sumo, and Conejo and some other Rama fighters from the old days. Bruno asks why they are fighting with Pastora's FRS instead of with the Misurasata Indian resistance. "Because this is where the weapons are," Escuela tells him.

Conejo says that to get Indian territorial autonomy it is necessary to get rid of the Sandinistas and to do that it is necessary to get the most and best weapons possible. "Here I have modern weapons to fight the Sandinistas who also have modern weapons. If I were with Misurasata, I would be lucky to have a hunting rifle. I began fighting the Sandinistas with a machete. But they are much stronger now. I must have weapons that are as good or better than the ones they have."

This is a modern war. Conejo is carrying probably 60 pounds of gear, including a brand-new AK-47, an M-79, ammunition, grenades, and a pack stuffed with hammock, nylon quilt, and an extra set of clothes. Bruno wears Levi pants and jacket, tennis shoes, and besides the M-16 he carries a .38 revolver, a hand grenade and a cassette tape player in a nylon mesh bag. On the river again, he slaps in a Jimmy Cliff tape and scans the banks ahead for movement. Bruno is the complete warrior.

We find Pastora at his THP base. Heavily bearded and wearing a camouflage suit and cap with a Cuban red star, Edén Pastora Gómez, known as Comandante Cero, is 46 years old, graying but robust and enthusiastic.

In 1958 Pastora organized the Comité Revolucionario Nicaragüense

in opposition to the Somoza dictatorship and in 1959 he joined the Frente Revolucionario Sandino (FRS).

Pastora gained world attention on August 23, 1978 when he and a small Sandinista force assaulted the Nacional Palace in Managua and took hostage Somoza's Congress. He exchanged them for the release of more than 50 Sandinistas in prison -- including Tomás Borge, a very large sum of money, an airplane and safe passage to Panama. Archbishop Obando y Bravo and various diplomats flew with Pastora to guarantee his safety. Pastora returned to take charge of the Southern Front at the head of the 1800-man "Frente Benjamín Zeledón". When the FSLN took power in July 1979, the nine comandantes -- who did no fighting against Somoza's National Guard -- were intimidated by his popularity and assigned him to head the Milicias Populares Sandinistas (MPS), a low and relatively obscure position.

On April 15, 1982 he declared that he would leave Nicaragua to work as an internationalist" with the guerrilla forces in Guatemala and El Salvador. People close to him say that he received \$5,000,000 from Libya's Omar Kadafhi to organize an internationalist group to assist the insurgency in Guatemala. Instead, he went to Costa Rica and with MDN leader Alfonso Robelo, organized ARDE (Alianza Revolucionaria Democrática) to militarily and politically oppose "the false Sandinistas and communists" who had taken over the revolution.

In July 1982, Brooklyn Rivera and Misurasata joined ARDE to fight against the Frente Sandinista.

ARDE is composed of two main guerrilla forces, the FRS with 1500 Nicaraguans in arms led by commanders who fought against Somoza, and Misurasata with 1700 Miskitos, Sumo, Ramas and Creoles in arms led by Indian commanders, mostly Miskitos. Also part of ARDE are Alfonso Robelo's MDN which is basically a political party and has but 35 armed people, and Fernando "Negro" Chamorro's UDN-FARN (Unidad Democrática Nicaragüense -- Fuerzas Armadas Revolucionarias Nicaragüense) with perhaps 60 combatants.

Bruno tells Pastora that he has come to get weapons to carry inside to some Misurasata tropas. The ARDE people in San José denied Rivera's request. Popo in Roma said he had the materials but has to have an order from Cero before releasing the items.

"Why don't you fight with us, Bruno?" Pastora says. "You won't have these problems and you'll always have your pick of weapons and the best logistic support. You'll have your own command."

"I am Miskito and I am fighting for my people's rights, for our autonomy. You aren't fighting for these things. Your fight is for something different. But we need arms because the Sandinistas are our enemy too."

"Your people already get arms, as many as you ask for and can use. You wasted your trip here." Pastora emphasizes his words with vigorous pointed-finger hand movements and then looks around the circle of commanders and fighters who have gathered to listen.

"You know that we receive very little and most of the arms are old and in poor condition. You know my forces don't have heavy arms, like yours do. We don't have new arms like your people have. We are in the same struggle, we should have the same arms."

"You are not in the same struggle. You want to separate one-half of Nicaragua and have your own country. We won't allow that. We can't allow that." Pastora looks angry.

"No, what you say is wrong. My people have historic rights to our territory. That is Indian land, it always has been. It is not half of Nicaragua. Look, you know we are fighting for autonomy. You and Robelo and Rivera agreed on that."

Pastora slashes and stabs the air with his hands. "Bruno, I'll tell you the same thing I told Brooklyn. When the Miskito people suffer 50,000 casualties like we did fighting against Somoza to bring freedom to all of Nicaragua, then you can have your autonomy."

Bruno spreads his feet and with hands on hips he speaks slowly and deliberately. "Yes, I heard you said that. Our fighters know you said that. None of us are waiting to be given autonomy. We are fighting for it. We are killing Sandinistas to achieve it. If we have to kill 50,000 to gain our autonomy we will. It is the Spaniards who will lose 50,000, not my Indian people. But for now you need us. You need the East Coast. You get to be on the East Coast and in exchange for that we are supposed to get weapons and logistics. My men are the best fighters but have the worst arms."

Bruno and Pastora are deadlocked at the threshold of the next war. Is this a preview of a time when ARDE, Misurasata, Misura, the FSLN and the FDN will all fight each other? Certainly enough justifications exist to have a Lebanon-style war here. So far a greater enemy unites lesser friends.

Pastora reaches out and puts an arm around Bruno's shoulder and

gives him a friendly squeeze. "You are hard-headed. What a waste. Let's get something to eat and talk some more about this," he says and leads Bruno into the camp's main house. "Ramón, you join us," Pastora tells one of his main commanders.

On the trip back to Limón Bruno confides, "He's agreed to give us a few things. It's enough to do the trip. But it is only a tiny part of what we need. These ARDE Spaniards are down here with all this good equipment and hardly fighting and my men are in the middle of the war and have very little. "Ispaiel saura", bad Spaniards. Bruno clenches his fist. "Arrogant bastards. But we have to play the game to get anything."

The canoe's motor wash slaps against the banks of the Tortuguero Canal and white egrets take wing and black turtles plop into the dark waters. The white and the black will return. Our passage only momentarily changes things.

"Barney, let me tell you something. Our war has three enemies. First, the Sandinistas. Second, our Nicaraguan allies. Third, our own political leaders. All of them."

Twelve days later Bruno has the weapons Pastora promised and they are loaded quickly onto the waiting boat for the trip inside. Bruno's objective is to organize the scattered tropas into a coordinated resistance force. My objective is to find out what had happened to the Miskito communities during two years of war.

Miskito Alamo

The biggest battle in the Indian-Sandinista war took place for 11 days, October 1-11, 1983, in the region I had left only a few days before. While I was in Washington, D.C. presenting testimony before the Organization of American States on Sandinista violations of the Miskito people's human rights, Bruno and his resistance force and scores of Miskito communities were in a desperate battle for survival.

The details of what happened during this tragic battle were not available until January 1984 when a boat-load of wounded and sick managed to get out of the battle area. I returned to Costa Rica to meet this boat from Wounta. Rene Baker, the school teacher who had been tortured by Sandinista Security, and Enerio Danny, one of the top Miskito commanders, were on board. Both had participated in the planning and the fighting. I taped their story.

Bruno believed that Rivera would send the requested heavy weapons and so he went ahead with the plan to protect the communities from the

impending Sandinista mass attack. Bruno anticipated that the Sandinista attack force would rely on refueling at Puerto Isabel (Puerto Benjamín Zeledón), so he led an amphibious attack with dugout canoes and destroyed the fuel storage tanks that contained an estimated 300,000 gallons of gasoline and diesel and routed the Sandinista garrison and took over the settlement. Bruno and the commanders waited night after night for the boats to come from Costa Rica with the weapons.

The Sandinista attack began at 5:00 A.M., October 1, when planes from Puerto Cabezas began to bomb Haulover. The bombing went on all day and night. On Saturday, the Sandinistas continued bombing Haulover and began to bomb communities at Lapan, Layasiksa, Walpasiksa, Tuburus, Prinsapolka and Puerto Isabel. According to Rene Baker, the Sandinistas dropped between 65 and 70 500 lb bombs (at least 27 on Haulover, 3 Layasiksa, 13 Lapan, 5 Walpasiksa, 10 Puerto Isabel and 7 on Tuburus). During the operation, an almost continuous barrage took place of air-to-ground rocket attacks and machine gun strafing against the communities.

The Sandinistas used nine airplanes (mostly Cessna 337 "Push and Pull"), two helicopters, several transport boats, three patrol boats, and some 4000 EPS troops.

Without adequate weapons to challenge the airplanes and helicopters and to sink the soldier-laden transport boats, Bruno was forced to covert his plan to defend the communities into one of staged withdrawal in order to slow the Sandinista attacks enough to allow the community people time to escape into the mangrove and palm swamps.

Many of the Sandinista units were green and the soldiers poorly trained, though well equipped. Sandinista casualties were very high due to ambushes and to the EPS's attempts to storm dug-in resistance positions. Resistance leaders estimate that several hundred EPS soldiers were killed during the 11-day battle.

Resistance and community losses totaled 44 which includes 11 civilians killed during the bombing, 27 civilians (mostly children and older people) killed by sickness and starvation during the 45 days spent in the mangrove swamps, and 6 Indian combatants. Jotam López' brother Salazar was killed by a hand grenade, another boy died from a gunshot wound, and four were killed by a bomb dropped on their boat: Issac the motorman, Solano, Bruno's brother Reginio Gabriel, and Bruno Gabriel.

Bruno's Death

Bruno, his brother and the others were killed when a Sandinista "Push and Pull" aircraft spotted their boat on the Prinsapolka River as they were

trying to evacuate civilians, including Bruno's mother and younger brothers and sisters, from Wounta which the Sandinistas were close to taking. Bruno loaded as many as possible on the boat, some 25, and headed out through the back creeks and rivers to take the civilians up the Prinsapolka to a safe Misurasata base camp. The other Wounta people fled into the adjacent swamps to escape.

The airplane approached the boat from behind and nobody on board heard it because of the noise from the outboard motors. When it was almost overhead Bruno spotted it and began shooting with an AK-47. The plane dropped a single small bomb which came right for the boat. Bruno's 19-year-old brother Reginio tried to deflect the bomb with his hands. The explosion killed Issac, Solano and Reginio. Bruno was hit in the middle of the forehead with a large piece of shrapnel.

Bruno was taken into the mangrove and cared for by his mother Clemencia, sister Marina, and brothers Malcom and Alfredo. Meanwhile some of the Misurasata commanders rigged a high aerial and used the Misura radio transmitter to make contact with ARDE in San José. They requested Brooklyn to send a fast boat to evacuate Bruno -- who miraculously was still alive -- to Costa Rica for emergency medical treatment.

Bruno lived for five days with a piece of metal embedded through his forehead into his brain. Members of the family took turns holding him in their arms to keep him warm during the almost continuous cold rains in the mangrove swamp. They waited for news that a boat had arrived for Bruno. But no boat was sent. Bruno died as he fought -- waiting for help from Costa Rica. He died in Clemencia's arms. They buried him in the mangrove.

At the end of 11 days of fighting, the Misurasata-Misura resistance was very low on ammunition and was forced to withdraw into the forests and swamps. But they had succeeded in covering the evacuation of all of the communities. The Sandinista assault force occupied the vacant communities for six weeks. Without food, blankets and shelter, the people shivered and grew hungrier and sicker and some died in the swamps as they waited for the Sandinista troops to leave the villages.

The Capture of Bruno's Family

Shattered by the death of two sons, Bruno's mother and sister and brothers stayed in the swamp for days trying to make their way to Walpasiksa. They were captured by a Sandinista patrol and taken to Puerto Cabezas. Meanwhile, Bruno's father, Alfredo, who had been fighting with a troop at Haulover, learned of the death of his two sons and then a few days

later, of the capture of his wife, daughter and sons.

Clemencia and the family were jailed in Puerto Cabezas, held for three days and only given water and rice, and then interrogated by César Paez, a torturer and the number two man in Sandinista Security for the area. César Paez is a Miskito from Waspam who has worked with the Sandinistas from the start and whose job it is to enforce the Sandinista occupation. He told Clemencia that she must "confess" that Bruno was working with the CIA and that if she didn't, her remaining children would be taken from her and placed with Sandinista families. Clemencia refused to do this.

Undeterred by this refusal, the DGSE engineered a "confession" by inviting a reporter and photographer from the Sandinista government newspaper *Barricada* to meet with Clemencia

and her family. Photographer Mario Tapia took pictures and then reporter Marcio Vargas returned to Managua to write the story the Frente Sandinista wanted.

Bruno Gabriel, one of the counterrevolutionaries of ARDE, was killed in a clash with the people's combatants in the south of Special Zone 1 (North Zelaya) when he tried to flee in a speedboat from Wounta to Prinzapolka during the first part of "Heroes and Martyrs Operation Limbayka," developed (though not yet in its final stage) by EPS and MINT in order to dislodge the contras that were moving into this zone with an insurrection plan for Miskito communities with the objective of taking Puerto Cabezas.

Facing up to the lies of her own son, Clemencia Peralta and her younger children, now having taken stock of his escapade, spoke with the *Barricada* reporters of "beginning again" of trying to convince the mothers and families of others like Bruno and Reginio who are going about with the contras, that "they tell them to turn in their arms and return home and they should stop being fooled by those that live in tranquility in Costa Rica drinking rum and sending the people to kill and die" (*Barricada*, October 25, 1983).

The Rescue of Bruno's Family

Clemencia and the children were put under house arrest in Puerto Cabezas and closely guarded the first three months. But as they carried out normal daily activities and did nothing unusual, State Security's interest began to wane and the guards were reduced to but one.

On a week-end night in early March, 1984, an old rusty and dusty Ford

taxi rattles along the Lamlaya road toward Puerto Cabezas. Inside are two Miskito commanders dressed in frayed civilian clothes and street shoes and each is carrying a worn plastic rice bag containing a folding stock AKM-47, five 30-round clips and four hand grenades. They instruct the willing driver to turn into the Baracón section of Puerto Cabezas and to stop in front of the white and green house with the fence of hibiscus bushes.

One of the commanders gets out, looks at the house, shakes his head no, and seemingly lost calls to the guard on the front steps. "Hermano, can you help us find a family?" Alongside the taxi, the guard is told to be quiet and is disarmed and tied and gagged. The taxi is backed into the driveway and the lights turned off. They wait to see if any alarm has been given. Nothing.

One of the commanders knocks on the side of the house with a prearranged signal. The door opens.

"Aunti, its us. Come now. Hurry!"

Clemencia and the children barrel down the steps and are put into the back seat; the commanders take the front. "If we are stopped and questioned, we are just a family returning home late," one of the commanders tells Clemencia and the children.

The taxi returns on the same road to Lamlaya, the river landing two miles south of Puerto Cabezas.

The taxi driver is sent on his way and then a sharp whistle is made. A canoe appears from the darkened edges of the river. Bruno's family is helped in and quietly the canoe is paddled into the shadows again. Five hours later Clemencia is reunited with her husband Alfredo in a resistance camp. They wait a week and then drift down the Wawa River at night, just 12 miles south of Puerto Cabezas, and undetected, start the motor and head for Costa Rica.

Bruno

Bruno's death was reported on the front pages of the Sandinista newspapers and the Frente Sandinista rejoiced. They had reason to. The loss of Bruno was a major blow to the Indian resistance.

The first baby born in the Limón refugee camp after Bruno's death was given his name; a political-military resistance plan was named after him; and his tropa inside -- now commanded by Negrito -- took his name.

The Sandinistas called Bruno a Contra, a mercenary, a criminal, an

employee of the CIA. He was none of these. He was a Miskito hero, a patriot, and a best friend. He was an Astro, a Miskito nationalist and revolutionary who took on the responsibility of leading a desperate fight to liberate his people from Sandinista occupation. Bruno's responsibility now passed to other Astros.

"The Sandinistas questioned everyone in the communities about a gringo. They were looking for you, Mr. Barney," Rene Baker tells me. "We learned from our people that the Piri looked for extra big footprints in the mud -- American-size -- to track where you went. The Sandinista Security women said they want to catch you alive and cut your body up in little pieces."

"Correct. You better be extra careful everywhere," Enerio warns me.

Bernard Nietschmann is a citizen of both Yapti Tasbia and the United States of America. He has chronicled events in the lives of Miskito, Sumo and Rama peoples for a generation and has actively served as an advisor to Yapti Tasbian political and military leaders for most of that time. Nietschmann's contribution to this issue of the Fourth World Journal, "Bruno Gabriel" will appear as a chapter in a book soon to be published by the Center for World Indigenous Studies. Nietschmann is a frequent contributor to C.W.I.S. publications. He provided the photograph of Bruno Gabriel and members of the Astros which appears at the beginning of this article, and he was the original source for the "Yapti Tasbia -Sandinista Conflicts" map which appears on page 169.

A Double Edged Sword

The World Bank's Tribal Economic Policy

A Change in International Economic Development Strategies?

Rudolph C. Rýser
Center for World Indigenous Studies

Fourth World leaders throughout the world express the opinion that the World Bank, and other international financial institutions, should become more directly involved in providing loans and grants to indigenous peoples for their economic development. The World Bank's policy concerning tribal populations tests the wisdom of the indigenous leaders' demands. In May 1982, the World Bank published its first major "tribal policy" as a guide for making loans to its member state governments entitled: Tribal Peoples and Economic Development: Human Ecologic Considerations. The 111 page World Bank policy document was written by Robert Goodland of the World Bank Office of Environmental Affairs, OEA/PAS. David Maybury-Lewis of the anthropological group **Cultural Survival**, Raymond Noronha, Rebecca Latimer, and Francis Lethem made contributions to the final document. In this article I review the major points of the policy and comment on its implications for indigenous peoples.

Release of the World Bank tribal policy was timely in the light of the world-wide recession and the emerging political activism among indigenous peoples within the international arena. That many countries like Mexico, Brazil, Australia, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, India, Indonesia and China are among many states indebted to the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund, various regional banks and private banks, means their loans are directly affected by this new World Bank policy. That many of these countries are bordering on default to lending institutions, but eager to borrow still more money, makes this new policy even more important