

819

... in the darkness of the night that man get lost.

... the passage ran here and there, for each one wanted to have his own little bit, so that he followed on his own rules and at one time could hear the winds or was like wild beasts (light).

Then a song of power came to me and I sang it there in the middle of that terrible place where I was. I want like this:

A good nation I will raise up
For the nation above us said
They have given me the power to make over

And while I stood there, I saw more than I could find and I understood more than I saw, for I was seeing the sacred meaning for all things in the spirit, and the shape of all things as they must live together like one body.

It is the way of all life that is holy and it goes to tell, and of an eagle's flight in the air with the four-legged, and the wings of the air, and the great things, for these are all children of one mother and their father is one spirit.

But all that the animals were bringing with the people like relatives are kinder, happy ones.

Behold a good nation raising in a sacred manner a good land.

DRY ELK SPIRITS

That summer my father told me the Wasichos (Americans) wanted me (Crazy Horse) to go to Washington . . . to see the Great Father in the sky, but he would not go. He told them he did not need to go, asking for the Great Father's health: "My father is with me and I live in the Great Father between the mountains. Great Spirit."

Crazy Horse was dead. He was brave and good and wise. He never wanted anything but to save his people and he fought for Wasichos only when they came to attack in our own country. He was only 39 years old. They could not kill him in battle. They had to be to him and kill him that way.

It does not matter where his body lies, for it is grass; but where his spirit is, it will be good to be.

Then the head men of the soldiers were around picking out the best hunters with the fastest horses, and to these he said: "Good young warriors, my relatives, your work I know is good. What you do is good always, as today you shall feed the heepees. Perhaps there are some old and feeble people without sons, or some who have little children and no man. You shall help these and whatever you kill shall be theirs." He was a great hunter for young men.

He had to give gifts to those who had the least of everything, and the braver he was the more he gave away.

It was his duty to go to his mother's land even if he knew he would be killed.

His good way to die

Is the courage, boy! The earth is all that lasts

But only crazy or very foolish men would see their Mother Earth

The people feasted all night long and danced and sang. Those were happy times.

In a sacred manner you had walk!
Your nation shall behold you!
For he painted the earth on his
A Nation I will make you.
I will make you a nation will make you
Father painted the earth on his
they are appealing, you are a shield!
The thunder nation is appealing, behold!
The white people nation is appealing, I told
A horse nation I told the nation
reaching they come
Warrior, they come!
May you be bold they!



reprinted from RAT

- July 27—the United Fruit Co. pier on the Hudson River
- August 20—the Marine Midland Grace Trust Co. in the Wall St. area
- September 19—the Federal Office Building in lower Manhattan
- October 7—the Whitehall Selective Service center in lower Manhattan
- November 11—the Standard Oil (of New Jersey) offices in the RCA Building in midtown Manhattan
- the General Motors Building in midtown Manhattan
- the Chase Manhattan Bank Building in the Wall St. area
- November 12—the Criminal Courts Building in lower Manhattan

The bombs which have shaken New York City for five months ripped into the steel and concrete guts of America. They exploded in the office buildings and corporate headquarters where the business of the American empire is carried out.

Each day those buildings suck in human energy and spit it out again in a regular nine-to-five rhythm. Then they stand idle and aloof, empty of humanity, while the rest of Manhattan swells in the pain, explosion. During the day, the decisions made and carried out in these anonymous executive suites and administrative offices affect the lives of millions of people. It is important then to examine the particulars of their functioning.

Whitehall, the Federal Building and the Criminal Courthouse are understandable enough as bombing targets. Their operations are more or less public. Whitehall takes the men who are needed in America's wars, the courthouse flushes away the men and women who are dysfunctional. The Federal Office Building is the embodiment of American government, spreading its bureaucratic pall over the nation. But it is those other places—GM, Chase Manhattan, Etc.—that require more ample descriptions.

These private corporate entities house the men who make the critical decisions about the economic life of the empire. They live in fancy estates like the Rockefeller's Pocantico in Tarrytown, N.Y.; they meet in the plush lounges of clubs like the Links and Knickerbocker, and they make their plans in gatherings of groups like the Council on Foreign Relations. Their news is printed in the Wall Street Journal and Fortune magazine and they use a language spiked with monopoly game phrases which is more obscure than the language of any youth culture.

The mass of Americans are powerless and raised to be powerless. They are not meant to understand the workings of Chase Manhattan or General Motors, and really they are brought up not to care. The bombings focused attention on some of these corporate giants we have come to treat as part of the scenery. We buy their brand name products every day, consume their ads everywhere, and even walk by their buildings occasionally.

UNITED FRUIT

United Fruit is perhaps the best known name in American imperialism, famous for its role in perpetrating feudalism in Central America. For decades the company has monopolized most of the arable land in Central America in its pursuit of profits from banana plantations. The company also owns 900 miles of railway in that part of the world and is moving into the business of mass communications with its Tropical Pacific Telegraph Co. The company's assets of land are so vast, that Central American peasants often live on the estate lands without leaving United Fruit property. The company benevolently provides some schools and hospitals and even contracts out their workers (who slave labor) during off seasons. In 1954 when the liberal regime of Jacobo Arbenz in Guatemala pressed for land reform that would take some of the

company's land, the CIA graciously aided United Fruit by assisting Arbenz through a coup.

United Fruit has an absolute stranglehold on the banana market (80% of the bananas sold in North America are Chiquita brand), but the company isn't just bananas. It is a major producer of edible oils (like margarine) in Central America; it just recently bought out an eighty-year-old Mexican company which produces and markets a full line of process foods (canned goods, milk, etc.) in Mexico; it has interests in a plastic products company in Central America and in a pulp mill in Pine Hill, Alabama; and it's moving into the tourist industry by buying up Swiss Chalet, a company which operates hotels and restaurants in Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands.

And to land behold! according to their 1967 Annual Report: "thirteen of the company's eighteen American flag vessels continue under charter to the U.S. Navy carrying supplies in connection with the military efforts of the U.S. in Southeast Asia." You just can't seem to get away from the war, even if you're in the banana business.

MARINE MIDLAND GRACE TRUST

America's nineteenth largest bank with assets of \$2.5 billion is in turn owned by the holding company, Marine Midland Banks. The bank is the financial outcropping of the far-flung empire of J. Peter Grace, Jr. Also included in the empire is W.R. Grace and Co. whose \$1.7 billion worth of sales in 1968 earned it place 45 in Fortune's rankings of industrial corporations.

The Grace dynasty, which is an essential part of Latin American imperial history, was launched in 1854 by William Russell Grace, grandfather of the

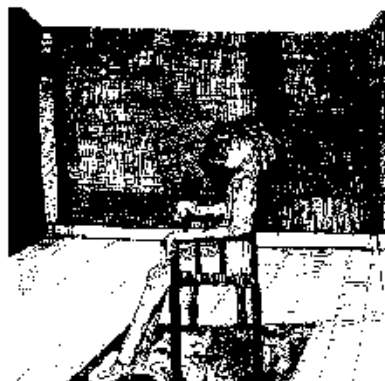
sweeping land reform.

The Grace empire, at perhaps best known for the companies it has now gotten rid of: Grace Shipping Lines, Panagra Airlines (sold to Braniff) and Miller Brewing Co. (sold to Pabst). But the company is hardly going out of business, just growing in other directions.

But to inject a personal note into the impersonality of corporate life, we should look at J. Peter Grace himself. His 281,834 shares of W.R. Grace stock alone is currently worth \$4.9 million. So he is rich. He is also a fervent Catholic. (Grandfather Grace was New York City's first Catholic mayor. One of J. Peter's best friends is Father Patrick Peyton who he prizes for personally persuading seven million Latin Americans to say the rosary: "If those people didn't have the rosary, they'd have nothing.") He is also a fervent anti-Communist. (When asked by the *Catholic Reporter* if he regarded Russia generally with murderers and criminals, he replied, "Yes, yes. Very definitely. I don't see any difference.") He is also chief fundraiser for the American Institute for Free Labor Development, which financed by U.S. Big Business and some CIA dollars, organizes anti-Communist labor unions in Latin America on the principle of cooperation with management.

This combination of traits made J. Peter a likely associate of another rich, anti-Communist Catholic, John F. Kennedy. In fact, Grace's booklet, "It's Not Too Late in Latin America" presents a detailed program which was largely incorporated into the Alliance for Progress. Grace advocates a U.S. propaganda campaign utilizing movies and one-frequency radios and lays out a program for incentives to U.S. business. And indeed the Alliance for Progress worked quite

THE N.Y. BOMBINGS: ANOTHER VIEW



present J. Peter. Granddad arrived in Peru as an Irish immigrant and started a ship supply company (which was aided by a timely marriage into a New York shipbuilding family). A less often mentioned part of the dynastic origins is W.R.'s entrance into the business of birdshit. The collection of guano from the Pacific islands off Peru proved highly profitable and gave the new company a sound basis in shipping, finance and fertilizer.

In 1879, Granddad got the contract to sell munitions and ships to Peru in her war with Chile. Perish, but Grace turned defeat into victory for himself. The war left Peru with \$250 million in foreign debt which Granddad graciously assumed, thereby securing a virtual mortgage on the nation and receiving tremendous concessions in return. Peru for her part, however, has begun to get back. In August of this year the Peruvian government seized \$26 million worth of W.R. Grace & Co. sugar lands as part of its

well for Grace. According to the AID publication "The Task of Development" (July 1965): "In fiscal year 1967, AID economic programs financed more than \$1.3 billion in export sales for American firms. Among other items, AID financed the export of \$100 million in fertilizer, \$150 million in chemicals... In addition, American shipping lines carried about \$80 million in AID dollars for carrying those products to their destination in the less developed countries."

The last four notorious sites of bombings—Standard Oil (of New Jersey), RCA, GM and Chase Manhattan—involves institutions which are so mammoth they defy easy description. United Fruit and Marine Midland could be described somewhat neatly as discernible corporate entities. The last four giants aren't so easily contained: their directors slip and slide from corporate positions to governmental positions and back again. In the cases of Chase Manhattan

Continued on next page



Drawings by Suzanne BeVier

EPILOGUE

Look out folks, here comes the BOMBERS and they're gonna getcha if ya don't watch out nhyeah they're everywhere: that man you sat next to on the subway this morning, the elevator operator, the girl next door, your mother, YOUR MOTHER, motherfucker! she's been doing it for years, destroying Vietnamese villages with well fatal drops of her income tax, your best friend buys his cigarettes and WHAMO! babies in Cambodia die in mandatory burials so HOW CAN YOU TALK ABOUT BOMBERS? \$3,000,000,000 last year in bombs and shells alone HOW CAN YOU SCREAM THEY ENDANGER THE PUBLIC

SAFETY? 17 bombs per person in the Vietnamese panhandle area alone.

You are all bombers—everyone of you who stays in his place who keeps on shellinout/sellinout/paying for the American nightmare, who doesn't care enough to stop the world bullfight, Die-Marine Midland cry out in pain? Does Chase Manhattan mourn the seared and shriveled corpse of its only child? No, no—I wasn't you this time, it couldn't have been you Mr. ABM, big fat encysting 852 cocksucker a wasn't your style. These bombers castrated your property, not your children, and they did something you've never done... they gave fair warning.

—Paul Simon—