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the US press, Vietnamese witnesses testified about that and other monstrous killings. The Times thought it beneath the Times's dignity to cover the Tribunal.

Every journalism student, and every reporter should have this book in their backpacks.

SO. AFRICA SOJOURN

BY LAWRENCE REICHARD

I spent the last 17 days of 2003 and the first five days of 2004 in South Africa and Mozambique. The hottest topic of the day wasn't AIDS, Iraq or even South Africa's World Cup bid – it was South African President Thabo Mbeki's cozying up to Zimbabwean President Robert Mugabe, and it was roundly condemned by everyone I spoke with, black and white.

But no one excoriated Mbeki quite like Tore, the white Zimbabwean farmer with whom I shared a compartment on the 26-hour train from Cape Town to Johannesburg. Or should I say ex-farmer. Six months ago men arrived at his farm-cum-private wildlife park, announced they were veterans of the war against white rule and took his land. I spent 26 hours with a shattered man. The look in his eyes was as vast and distant as the Karoo desert we were traversing. He had lost everything. "Mbeki is a racist," Tore said. "Just like Mugabe. He hates whites.

Mbeki wants to do what Mugabe is doing, but he can't." I told him I didn't believe him, that blacks in South Africa didn't seem interested in a Mugabe-style pogrom against whites. "That's where you're wrong," Tore said. "All the smiles and waves you get from black South Africans, it's all lies," implying that what South African blacks really wanted was to get on with the business of slitting white throats.

I told Tore I didn't believe him, that the widespread friendliness of South African blacks seemed genuine to me. But a week later a black security guard on the train from the Mozambique border to Johannesburg agreed with Tore. I was stunned. I still don't know where the truth lies, but I'm beginning to think it's somewhere in the middle.

Tore had a dark, pessimistic view of everything. Whether this predated the taking of his land I don't know. Tore explained each new ominous and morbid philosophy by means of an allegory based on tangible elements of the much more real world around us. What finally sent me scurrying for the train manager to ask about changing compartments was the sentence that began with, "Let's say for example I were to cut you open." I scarcely stuck around to hear the end of that prize sentence. The train manager was a sweet, gentle giant of man, and he promised to do what he could, but the train was pretty full. I didn't see him again until the next morning when he stopped by in an apparent effort to satisfy his curiosity as to just how loopy my compartment mate really was.

The highlight of my four days in Maputo was a visit to the Museum of the Revolution. Fifteen cents to get in and I had the entire four floors almost to myself. Just as you enter there's the VW station wagon owned by Eduardo Mondlane, one of the two key leaders of the revolution, assassinated in 1969, five years before the Portuguese ceded power to the insurgent Frelimo. There were Mondlane's diplomas. B.A., Oberlin 1953. M.A., Northwestern 1956.

A white woman figured prominently in the photos of Mondlane's funeral. I asked the caretaker about her and received in return my own personal museum guide. Mondlane met his wife Janet while studying in the US, and she and their three children still live in Maputo. There were photos of guerilla camp meetings being addressed by Samora Machel, the other key Frelimo leader and first president of independent Mozambique. There were photos of guerillas in formation dressed, literally, in rags.

Next to these were photos of lavish colonial parties and smiling white men standing next to lynched blacks. There were copies of mimeographed Frelimo newsletters published in Dar es Salaam during the height of the fighting, and there were crudely typed notes from Frelimo's peace negotiations with the Portuguese, with scribbled notes in the margins. There were photos of an openly exuberant Frelimo delegation celebrating conclusion of the talks, and of Samora Machel's nationwide victory tour, replete with mass rallies. Good stuff.

Maputo is a little rough around the edges. There are potholes and litter, and some of the city's beautiful old buildings have fallen on hard times. But other buildings, including the train station and Metal House, both designed by Eiffel, are doing fine. The only panhandlers I encountered were kids. I came upon a pack of them, six or eight; they were dumpster diving. "Hey, Moreno," one of the kids said, flashing an ear-to-ear grin. "You gonna help me out?"

The oldest mosque in Mozambique is being renovated with funds from Saudi Arabia. I was admiring the building when Antonio, one of Maputo's ubiquitous security guards, approached me. We fell into conversation about Mozambique's wars. Actually, Mozambicans call the post-independence fight against the counterrevolutionary forces of Renamo "the destabilization". They pointedly avoid dignifying it as a legitimate war. "It was a complete fabrication," Antonio said. "It was an invention of South Africa and other countries." "You mean my country?" I asked. Antonio smiled. He was too polite to name my country. After all my country had done to his. Renamo was famous for cutting off the ears of its victims. I was taken aback by this unnecessary politeness. It seemed a far cry from Tore's apocalyptic visions of a ravenous black thirst for revenge.

In South Africa, before taking off for Maputo, I had Christmas dinner with a very senior South African government official. Unfortunately her mind was on her vacation and the conversation for the most part steered clear of politics. Instead we talked about British internment of Boer women during the Boer War and the massive disease and death this entailed. The brother of my Anglophone friend, a successful businessman who was jailed and tortured by the apartheid government, defended the internment and foisted blame for the internment camps' pestilence on poor Boer hygiene, but my government friend was having none of

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it. Later in the evening my government friend recalled with relish an official dinner she had with, among others, Senator Pat Roberts, chair of the Senate Intelligence Committee. During the course of this official dinner, Roberts leaned over and told my friend what beautiful eyes she had. My friend was shocked. It's good to know the ugly American is still alive and well. It gives hope that sheer incompetence will apply some sort of brakes to the seemingly inexorable march of empire.

***Editors' note:** here's where the phrase "concentration camp" originated. See the 1933 supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary: "concentration camp, a camp where non-combatants of a district are accommodated, such as those instituted by Lord Kitchener during the South African War of 1899-1902." OED cites a speech by J. Ellis in the House of Commons delivered on March 1, 1901, referring to "the policy of placing the women and children confined in the concentration camps in South Africa, whose husbands and fathers are in the field, on reduced rations."

A MYSTERY WRAPPED IN AN ENIGMA: DAVID DUKE AND KIEV

Before the trip that furnished the material for his excellent diary Reichard, a freelance writer in Stockton, California, happened to be checking through the website of neo-Nazi David Duke and spotted the following: "August 2002, David Duke receives honorary doctorate in political science from the University of Kiev, Ukraine."

Reichard promptly fired off an email to Kiev asking whether the University of Kiev has ever conferred an honorary doctorate upon David Duke? Back came the answer: "Dear Mr.Reichard, David Duke is not on the list of Honorary Doctors of Taras Shevchenko National University of Kyiv. This University didn't confer any degree in August, 2002, as it is stated in Duke's biography www.duke.org/biography.html. Best regards,

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WHY PINKO TERRORISTS LAUD STERLING MARLIN

Earth First! is justly famous for its bacchanalian parties, featuring nude dancing, ribald songs, group howling and creative pyromania. Last month one of the CounterPunch editors dropped in on an Earth First gathering in the Oregon Cascades and was struck by an odd toast offered by one of the leaders of this jolly band of sylvan pranksters. Extending his mug of Black Butte Porter toward the crackling bonfire, he shouted: "Here's to Sterling Marlin, our blessed hero!" The salute was greeted by applause and shouts of "Hear! Hear!". Someone broke into song. "Here's to Sterling Marlin, every Earth First girl's darlin'..."

Did someone spike the porter? Sterling Marlin...the NASCAR driver? Lionized by Luddites? The very same. Apparently, it all goes back to Dale Earnhardt, the bad boy of stock car racing who perished two years ago when his race car slammed head-on into the wall at Daytona. Earnhardt, known as "the Intimidator" to NASCAR fans for his homicidal driving habits, hated environmentalists and repeatedly singled Earth First! out as a group of "pinko terrorists and tree Na-

Here's to Sterling Marlin, every Earth First! girl's darlin'!

zis". So how does Sterling Marlin fit in? It was his Number 40 Coors Lite Dodge that nudged the rear end of Earnhardt's Chevy at 200 miles per hour sending him hurtling into his fatal collision. So raise a glass to the leadfoot from the Smoky Mountains, but, remember, don't drink and drive.

THE MAGNIFICENT NINE

Thanks to all CounterPunchers who read our list of nine great groups needing money and who reached for their checkbooks. We've already had a grateful note from New Mexico Peace Action, which was on the brink of financial disaster until a passel of checks from CounterPunch tumbled into its letterbox. The parents of Rachel Corrie tell us their new foundation, The Rachel Corrie Foundation for Peace and Justice, had a similar windfall, as did others such as CURE, which campaigns for prisoners' rights. CP

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tions and recovery of large civil fines.

According to notes from the session taken by Martinez, Thomas told Marion that he would give his team "18 months to finish the cases" and promised them an additional \$300,000 to pursue the investigation. In the next few weeks, the team developed new leads suggesting that Weyerhaeuser's tree theft was systematic and may have been occurring on three other national forests in the region. One estimate suggested that Weyerhaeuser might have been illegally logging more than 33,000 trees a month.

Most of the illegal logging done by Weyerhaeuser occurred in so-called salvage sales, where only dead and dying trees were meant to be cut. Instead, Weyerhaeuser crews, often operating at night, logged off thousands of healthy ponderosa pines and hauled them to mills under cover of darkness.

On other occasions, timber theft investigators alleged, Weyerhaeuser crews logged off green trees in open daylight under the nose of Forest Service officials and then bundled the green trees in with stacks of dead lodgepole pines. "They bundled the trees, sometimes 20 trees to a bundle," says Dennis Shrader, the lead investigator in the Rodeo case. "I estimated that as many as 10 trees per bundle were green trees."

Yet, just as the task force was closing in on the culprits, its work came to a crashing halt. Less than four weeks after the Denver meeting with Jack Ward Thomas, Marion received a bizarre letter from the chief thanking him for his service and disbanding the task force immediately. The letter was hand delivered by Martinez.

Marion and his colleagues were out of a job. Thomas ordered their files seized and locked in a vault, where they remained for the next 10 months. Marion retired rather than be relocated to West Virginia. Shrader, the head of the Weyerhaeuser investigation, was reassigned to a desk job in a storage closet in the Portland office of the Forest Service.

Why did Thomas pull the plug? It now seems evident that the order came directly from the White House in order to protect Weyerhaeuser executives, who were longtime friends and backers of Clinton, his chief of staff Mac McLarty and his top White House counsel Bruce Lindsay.

In the 1960s, Seattle-based Weyerhaeuser, enticed by cheap land prices and non-union labor, began buying up forestland in the southeast. By the time Bill Clinton was elected governor in 1978,

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Before Kill and Run was There Rape and Run?

Documents Show the FBI Gave Janklow a Pass

BY STEPHEN HENDRICKS

On December 8 South Dakota's at-large representative, Republican Bill Janklow, was convicted of manslaughter in the second degree. For speeding through a stop sign and killing a man he faces up to a decade in a prison that for two decades he had overseen as governor and attorney general.

This is not the first felony for which Janklow has been accused, only the first for which he has been convicted. In 1967 he was alleged to have raped a Lakota girl on South Dakota's Rosebud Indian Reservation. This much has been known for years. But newly found papers show what Indians have long suspected but never been able to prove: The FBI cleared Janklow of the rape in three investigations that were more charitable than rigorous. The story goes to the heart of the FBI's curious Indian history, a history that swerved between casual neglect and pathological subversion.

But first Janklow. When he was accused of rape in 1967, police with the Bureau of Indian Affairs investigated, with results not made public, then passed the case to the FBI. (Under federal law, tribal cops may make only token investigations of most felony complaints. Final investigative authority, in a nice bit of colonial panache, lies with the FBI.) The results of the FBI's inquiry were also unknown, but based on them the U.S. attorney declined to prosecute.

Six years later prosecutor Janklow famously won riot convictions of leaders of the American Indian Movement. On the strength of this, he stumped for state attorney general in 1974. A month before the election, AIM resurrected the rape charge in the court of the Rosebud Sioux Nation. The court ordered the BIA and FBI, both of which were covertly and overtly sabotaging AIM, to surrender their investigative files. They did not. The court ordered Janklow to appear for a hearing. He did not. The court took testimony nonetheless and concluded it was "satisfied that the rape allegations against Janklow are properly proven for the purposes of the hearing held today." But tribal dominion over non-Indians is slight, and the judge could

do no more than expel Janklow from the tribal bar. A week later, two of three South Dakota voters elected Janklow attorney general.

In 1975 President Ford nominated Janklow to the board that oversees federal legal aid programs. Before his confirmation hearing, the White House asked the FBI to vet him. The Bureau found him clean. But at his hearing, AIM again cried rape, and Janklow abruptly left the Senate committee room moments before he was to testify. Puzzled staff searched for him for hours before discovering he was on a plane back to Pierre. Days later Janklow reconsidered, the Senate asked the FBI to make a third investigation, and again he was cleared. In commit-

tee Alan Cranston, the liberal Californian, agreed there was "absolutely no substantiation in any way for any one of the charges", a phrase Janklow is given to quoting.

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But early this year, when Janklow was seated for his first term in the House, Indian Country Today columnist Suzan Shown Harjo (prompted by activists Hank Adams and David Harris) suggested the rape allegation had not been adequately scrutinized. Soon thereafter I suggested to Janklow's spokesman that since the FBI files exonerated Janklow, releasing them could put the matter to rest. He agreed and promised copies but reneged after conferring with the Congressman. My requests to the FBI, BIA, and U.S. attorney also proved barren: All have denied having the files.

I found the files anyway in 20-year-old court records involving Janklow. In them, Jancita Eagle Deer said that on a Saturday night Janklow drove her four miles outside the town of Mission, raped her in his car, then drove her back. The drive lasted 50 minutes. Confronted, Janklow agreed with

the eighth-grader's story, minus the rape. But a day later, without explanation, Janklow said the drive was only 15 minutes, enough to get to and from the darkened field but too short for rape. Three witnesses bolstered his alibi, yet two claimed to be with Eagle Deer, in different places, during the alleged rape. (The third witness was a teenage sister of one of the others.)

There is no sign the FBI noticed the conflicting alibis, much less asked Janklow or his witnesses about them. John Penrod, the agent on the case, now retired, told me it would have been standard to note such contradictions in writing. He didn't. Nor did he collect physical evidence such as clothes, search the car, or look for tire tracks, impor-

tant because Janklow said he merely U-turned at field's edge while Eagle Deer said he drove farther in and parked. Penrod explained that the U.S. attorney opposed such legwork: "You'd wait to see if he wanted to prosecute, then gather that kind of evidence." But a decision to prosecute could take weeks, by which time any evidence that could still be found would be tainted. (The assistant U.S. attorney on the case, Ronald Clabaugh, denied Penrod's claim, but Penrod worked the reservation for nine years and was adamant.)

Wesley Swearingen, a 25-year FBI agent from that era and author of the whistleblowing FBI Secrets, said he "can't imagine" any agent not collecting physical evidence immediately. But he adds, "If the U.S. attorney isn't hot on prosecuting rape on a reservation, the agent could feel he's wasting his time." Swearingen compared his work investigating bank robberies, where "a squad would go immediately to the bank, two agents would do nothing but dust for prints and look for fibers, others would in-