

"THE ONLY LOGICAL ANSWER"

by Norman Gall

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Carmen Frías de Hernandez, Dominican Republic, 1971

Señora Carmen Frías de Hernandez is a wiry little woman with diminutive features and quick brown eyes who lives in a flimsy, clapboard house in the part of Santo Domingo that was known as the rebel zone during the popular uprising of 1965.

I was introduced to Señora Hernandez earlier this year by Padre Tomás Marrero, a Cuban-born Jesuit priest in whose church I had slept while re- porting on the 1965 revolution after the United States sent 23,000 troops to the Dominican Re- public to save that tiny Caribbean nation from what President Johnson called "a small band of [Communist] conspirators who receive their directions from

abroad." As a friend and parish priest of the Hernandez family, Padre Marrero had kept all-night bedside vigils in the Padre Bellini Hospital with Señora Hernandez's 20-year-old son, Santiago Manuel, after he was shot on March 26, 1971, by two police plainclothes agents. Two weeks later, on Easter Sunday, young Santiago, who bore his father's nickname of Mangá, was kidnapped by four masked men from his hospital bed and was found dead the next morning in a roadside cane field 45 miles outside the capital. The death of the boy called Mangá is part of the bizarre and extraordinarily varied pattern of political terror that has afflicted the Dominican people in the years since the 1965 revolution.

Señora Hernandez sat stiffly in the front room of her house, with walls of palm painted yellow inside and decorated with a few family portraits and colored religious pictures of Spanish manufacture. Following her son's death, there had been a loosening of her cheek muscles that would have made her entire face seem limp, were it not for the stiffening of her lips and the piercing, incandescent focus of her eyes as she talked with me, sitting forward in one of those high-backed mahogany rocking chairs that one sees everywhere in the Dominican Republic.

She lives not far from the Plaza San Miguel, where the neighborhood boys camped with rifles and machine guns captured from the police at the old Ozama Fortress during the 1965 uprising. The boys and young men formed what were known as *comandos*, neighborhood self-defense groups which became the popular militia that first defeated some elite units of the regular Dominican armed forces and then waited out the 20-month United States occupation under the guns of the overwhelming American military presence. Even now, in the proliferating ramshackle slums that spread northward from the colonial center of Santo Domingo and into vacant land beyond the Ozama River, people still talk of the first days of the 1965 revolution as if it were their finest hour.

"The revolution caught us here down below," Señora Hernandez recalled as we talked in the sitting room of her house. "We didn't know anything about it when the uprising occurred with all the noise and shooting and shouting on television. Then they told us that 20,000 men had risen and there had been a revolution, and we were very frightened. We asked ourselves what we should do. Where should we go? Imagine, we bought this little house with a winning lottery ticket that God gave me twenty years ago after three years of marriage, and if we hadn't gotten this house things would have been sad. So, I didn't leave my house during the revolution, because strangers would move into the houses of the people who went over to the other side. When we heard that those who went to the other side were killed there, we thought we'd take our chances here. We could

always say we stayed here because this was our home. The republic was divided. The country was at war, and we were in the middle until the Yankee intervention. If the Yankees hadn't come, those down here would have won because the other side was already beaten."

The city of Santo Domingo has remained bitterly divided along class lines between the slums of the old rebel zone and the comfortable residential neighborhoods surrounding the American Embassy. The bitterness engendered by the 1965 civil war has been reinforced by the mounting political terror used to control the slum population, which continues to grow steadily through new peasant migrations that have doubled Santo Domingo's population, now roughly 800,000, in the decade since the fall of the long and brutal dictatorship of Generalísimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo (1930-1961). In recent years there have been more political murders in the Dominican Republic than in any comparable period of the Trujillo dictatorship, which ended in 1961 when the 69-year-old "Benefactor" was gunned down on a lonely road outside the capital. According to a tally made this year by the Santo Domingo newspaper *El Nacional*, there have been 273 political murders over the past 18 months, apart from persons who have disappeared without trace and from the killings in rural areas that are not recorded in the press or the civil registers. A friend of mine, an astute and valiant Dominican journalist, told me during a recent visit to Santo Domingo that "the military feels great guilt and humiliation because of its defeat at the hands of the people in 1965, and because of this they have moved with great violence to wipe out all traces of the Constitutionalist movement of 1965."

Perhaps the real, though unconscious, reason for the United States military intervention was less the specific threat of communism than the otherwise uncontrollable political impact of the torrent of peasant migration into the capital, a phenomenon generating intractable problems throughout Latin America. Since 1965 an economic polarization has been gaining momentum, with the upper classes

Americanizing in their consumption patterns – exerting politically irresistible pressures to import luxury goods that the country cannot afford – while the peasantry and urban poor accommodate themselves to a steadily-eroding economic base, bringing them ever closer to the primitive patterns of subsistence prevailing in neighboring Haiti, which shares the island of Hispaniola with the Dominican Republic. The 1965 popular uprising attempted to restore to power former President Juan Bosch, who had been ousted by the military in 1963 after only seven months in office as the Republic's first freely elected ruler in nearly four decades. A handsome, white-haired man of letters with a haunting and seductive radio voice, Bosch returned to Santo Domingo last year after four years of self-imposed exile, and began his regular mid-day radio talks which have addressed the problem of poverty and terror in this fashion:

Why do you think there are armed bands punishing the poor barrios of the capital? Why are there so many political murders, so many spies, so many political prisoners, so many abuses? It is for the same reason that the country has had a large commercial deficit in recent years. It is because the country does not produce enough for all Dominicans to live at least with enough food, and besides, what is produced is badly distributed. A few have much, others have enough to live on, but the great majority don't even have a place to fall dead.

The political terrorism began while the United States occupation forces were still in the country, shortly after the 1966 election of President Joaquin Balaguer, a saintly-looking scholar and diplomat who was Trujillo's last puppet president. Balaguer's election restored to power many key officials of the Trujillo dictatorship. The intelligence and security apparatus of the new Balaguer regime is honeycombed with ex-functionaries of Trujillo's dreaded secret police, the SIM (*Servicio de Inteligencia Militar*). Meanwhile, the United States began supplying large amounts of material and advisory support to the Dominican military and police. In 1967 and 1968, for example, the Dominican Republic

received more police assistance under the A.I.D. Public Safety Program than any other country except Vietnam. The second and third largest amounts of United States police aid went respectively to Brazil and Guatemala, the other two Latin American nations where right-wing terrorism by paramilitary death squads organized by the army and police has resulted in many deaths and disappearances in recent years¹. In a sensational interview appearing in the Observer of London earlier this year, a professional killer of Trujillo's SIM, Carlos Evertsz, told how, as an exile running a Brooklyn grocery store, he was approached by the C.I.A. after the 1965 United States military intervention and brought back to Santo Domingo to work with Dominican military intelligence. Shortly after arriving in Santo Domingo, Evertsz was approached and given an assignment by "a Mr. Anthony Ruiz from the United States Embassy. He was the Technical Aide to the Underdeveloped Countries and was head of the C.I.A. in the Dominican Republic."² Ruiz was known during his six years in Santo Domingo as head of the A.I.D. Public Safety Program.

In September 1966, shortly after Balaguer began his first elected term, one of the key *comando* leaders of the 1965 revolution, Ramón Mejía del Castillo, a burly merchant marine navigator better known as Pichirilo, was shot in the back as he left his home, the killer escaping through the nearby customs warehouses that are usually heavily guarded by Dominican police³. A few months later a leading senator of Bosch's *Partido Revolucionario Dominicano* (PRD) was hideously maimed when a white phosphorous incendiary bomb exploded in his car; President Balaguer suggested publicly that the PRD senator, Casimiro Castro, had been carrying the bomb with him to commit sabotage. Since these first incidents, the rhythm of terror has slowly but steadily increased over the years and has taken many different forms. For example, in July 1969 a peasant leader accused of organizing squatter invasions of large haciendas was found hanging in his jail cell. On May 16, 1971, a 15-year-old boy was stopped by a navy patrol on the Duarte Bridge in Santo Domingo for not

having a license plate on his bike; when he failed to produce the proper identity papers, he was thrown over the bridge to his death. The general pattern of violence shows that, while the Dominican political terror has stricken down several opposition leaders, its main thrust has afflicted inconspicuous people like Señora Hernandez, her family, and her neighbors in the slums of the old rebel zone.

In a society so fraught with terror and ambiguity, it is normally difficult to establish clearly the causes or even the basic facts of individual acts of violence. However, a good deal of light is shed on the operation of this terror by some extraordinary testimony that has appeared on the death of Senora Hernandez's son, who seems at one time to have been involved at the fringes of the *Movimiento Popular Dominicano* (MPD), once the most militant of the extreme leftist groups in Santo Domingo⁴. The urgent and extreme measures taken to kidnap Mangá from his hospital bed and do away with him suggest that he knew some secret that his assassins wanted badly to conceal, perhaps related to police recruitment in jail of younger MPD militants to join right wing terrorist squads known as La Banda. A week after Manga's body was found, six youths belonging to La Banda – all but one of them age 18 or younger – were granted political asylum in the Mexican Embassy in Santo Domingo. Before taking refuge in the embassy, they issued a statement to the press saying that they had been impressed into La Banda by police after they were arrested and accused of "a series of deeds that we did not commit. In this way they want to get their hooks into many revolutionary militants." The youths said the police told them that "this is a declared war against the Communists. The bands will be organized in all the barrios of the capital and what has been done so far is an experiment to acclimatize public opinion." They identified the organizer of La Banda as Police Lt. Oscar Nuñez Peñas who, they said, was bodyguard of the National Police Chief, General Enrique Perez y Perez. On June 7, another member of La Banda obtained asylum in the Mexican Embassy. In an interview before he entered the embassy, Fernando Aquino Mateo said he had been

jailed several times after fighting on the constitutionalist side in the 1965 revolution, and he had been beaten up in jail so often that he finally agreed to become a trustee at La Victoria prison where, he said, he beat and tortured other inmates. Aquino Mateo said he sought diplomatic asylum rather than fulfill police orders to kill a newspaper editor and a union leader and identified Police Lt. Nuñez Peña as the leader of the four masked men who kidnapped Señora Hernandez's son from the Padre Bellini Hospital on April 11, 1971.

While these statements help to identify the killers, it is Señora Hernandez's narration of these events that depicts in the most compelling terms the raw and mounting tragedy of the Dominican people.

I

"I didn't like his ideas because I am completely religious, because I was raised by nuns and other religious persons. I accepted his ideas in order to be inside and understand how this movement was. You must understand that during the revolution

down here there wasn't anyone, not even a little boy, who didn't know how to load a revolver or a machine gun. Even I know which is a San Cristobal machine gun and what is a .45 and what is a .38. During the revolution I learned how to load a machine gun, although I never fired a shot.

"My son Santiago-they called him Mangá, like his father-became an aspirant to the *Movimiento Popular Dominicano* (MPD) through a friend at school who won him over by taking him to little parties. When I found out I scolded and fought with him. But then I realized that fighting with him did no good. It just drove him further into their arms. So, I decided to accept the idea, although I didn't like it, and quietly talked with him about this or that point he told me about until he began to realize that the Party wasn't all that they said it was.

"He had been studying but he had left school when he was 13 or 14 years old because of eye trouble, when he was in the sixth grade. Then I told him: 'Look, you're going to become

a man and not have a profession.' I saw an ad in the news- paper that for five dollars they send you a correspondence course in photography from Miami. He always loved photography and movie cameras and this kind of thing. So, I hunted up five dollars and gave them to him and he completed the course very well. They sent him his final grade and his diploma and a prize for good conduct from Miami. Then he began to work as an assistant to photographers in the photo shops. But all the chemicals caused breathing trouble, a kind of pneumonia, so I had to put him into a public sanatorium because we didn't have money for expensive treatment. They treated him for eight months and they cured him completely. When the persecution began, he had been out of the sanatorium for three or four months, and when they discharged him, he was very strong. When he died, he was very strong. In a sense he was lucky. If they arrest a boy, they beat him so much that he has to say yes it was him. My son, with all this, was able to rest. Because after he went through this Calvary of suffering, this sick- ness, they might have still locked him up in a dungeon full of water and beat him with clubs to make him talk about what perhaps he didn't know. Well, God split the difference. That's an expression of ours.

"When he was an aspirant to the MPD Santiago said he went to a fiesta and was drinking with a girl. He had this sweetheart whom he adored, and they wanted him to break up with her, but he said no because they had been sweethearts since he was 13 or 14 years old. He had two or three arguments with some *compañeros* who were also aspirants to join the MPD. They envied him and complained to the Party and the Party, without investigating, threw him out. 'They said I was a drunkard,' he told me. When he was expelled, he wanted to show the Party that although he no longer belonged, he was faithful to it and brave and that if he knew a secret, he wouldn't say anything. As his mother I know that he knew many Party secrets. He cherished his friendship with the Party leaders like Otto Morales and El Moreno, and they liked him too. But my son was outside the Party.

"The police began looking for my son Santiago last January. It seems that some *compañero* was jealous of him-they envy each other this way-and denounced him to the police. They searched my house for the first time on the sixth of January and didn't find Santiago at home. Later on, they came again and made another search. They saw some writing on the wall of my house that said, 'God Protects Santiago', and one of the policemen asked me if I had a son called Santiago. I said yes, and the policeman asked me why he wasn't at home. I said that these were personal things, be- cause Santiago had an argument with his father that I caused. I said Santiago left the house because his papa didn't give us our daily living allowance. Santiago said that if he stayed at home papa would never give me this allowance. His papa lives with his sweetheart and their children in another part of town, although we have been married for 25 years. So, Santiago made his papa think that he wasn't living at home, and when his father came Santiago hid himself and appeared again after his father had gone. So the police, when I said Santiago wasn't at home, found an excuse to start a file on him. That was when they found out his name: Santiago Manual Hernandez Frías. That was when the trouble began.

"The police made a dossier for robbery, for armed assault, for conspiring to kill the chief of police and the son of the Vice-President of the Republic, for stealing cars, for killing the Yankee soldiers who were killed near a laundry during the

occupation. They put 20,000 crimes in that file. They invented 20,000 things and put them into the file. Then they gave an order and sent out a group of men to look for him. They knocked at my door and asked if such and such a person lived here, and I said no. Or they asked if I wanted to buy some- thing, or they said they were from City Hall and just walked into the house. Then you see them on the street corner talking to the little boys, asking, 'Look, what a pretty revolver. Who has one around here? You haven't seen if Santiago, the one they call Mangá, has one?'

"After that I talked with a señora, a friend of mine who was terribly frightened and who slept alone because she had a son whom they had killed. So, I took Santiago to sleep in her house. I had to take him to this house to sleep every night, not because he was a criminal but because the police were pursuing him and that was enough. I am asthmatic, which makes me more nervous, and it was hard to breathe walking through the streets with him every night to where I left him sleeping. One Saturday I moved him from my friend's house to another place because the police were on his track and getting closer. Santiago was on his way to my house one day when a little boy called to him, 'Listen, Santiago, don't go to your house because on the corner there are two or three *caliés* [a Dominican word of Haitian creole origin meaning spy].' Instead, he went to Calle Enriquillo 62, where his papa lives with his sweetheart.

"We had problems with these police dossiers once before. Last year, in 1970, Santiago's older brother was arrested on the corner of the Plaza San Miguel. It seems that someone had killed a policeman, and someone said the killer had a beard and sideburns. So, when my son was coming home from work – he has worked at the same job for nine years, from 7 A.M. to 4 P.M., as a typist and file clerk – they grabbed him and took him to the Police Headquarters. His papa and I had to get important people to help us. We went to see the chief of the Secret Department of the National Police, a man named Regalado, and this man gave us a lot of trouble. He said my son now had a dossier there and that the next time he was brought in he would be liquidated, because those with a file on them are liquidated when they come back there. But I spoke to a great colonel of the police who was a kind of relative of mine – a son of a half-sister of the family that raised me part of the time when I was a child – and he made a telephone call and they let my oldest son go. He has been wrongly in jail twice because they were looking for someone with a beard and sideburns and they made a mistake. Later that day a police sergeant asked me for 50 dollars to destroy my son's file, and of course I gave it to him.

"That is the way things happen here. Everyone shouts without knowing what he's shouting about, because of the little education there is in this country. He who shouts first gets what he wants. Then the police come and the smartest one speaks first to save himself and tells the police, 'So-and-so did it and he lives at such and such an address.' Then they chase this person, search his house, then search his house again, then grab whoever they can catch. They grab a fish-seller on his doorstep and take him to jail without bothering to find out if he was involved in this or not, and so with other good people trying to earn their bread. Look, my husband doesn't dare to go out into the street. Although he has this woman and those children, he still comes to our house to give something to us. But he can't come here now because on the corner at night they've given him two or three beatings. You stand waiting on the street for a man to give you work when a little car passes and they take you to jail because you were standing around con- spiring, or if you are walking with a package of meat or bananas for your kids a car of *caliés* comes and takes you away because you're carrying a package. They keep you all day; they hit you over the head; you lose the food you were carrying, and you lose a day of work. You cannot live this way. The hope of everyone is to run as fast as they can out of here. This is why New York is full of Dominicans, people who don't know anything, because they say that people live better there than here. The Americans in Santo Domingo are more powerful than they are in the United States. De- spite all that happened here in the Trujillo Era, you never heard a shot and there was more respect be- cause the killings and whatever else they did was done very secretly. I myself want to go to New York with my children because I feel safer there than here. You don't know that, after they killed my son, they used to knock at my door at night and say, 'Dona, Dona, come out so I can tell you something.' If I would have gone out, they would have shot or beaten me and then would have said it was the MPD or the PRD or some other party.

"In January someone named Julio Cesar Ramirez came here from New York. They

called him Julio Malapalabra [in English, Julius Dirty word]. He was always looking for my son Santi- ago, trying to make friends with him, waiting for him on the corner, coming to our house. I found out from a friend who came from New York that they had deported him for stealing cars and drugs and other terrible things. So, I called my son. I sat him down and explained that it was no good to be with this boy because of what he had done before. When Julio Malapalabra left for New York three or four years ago, he had been with two or three boys of the MPD whom he invited to steal a car, because this character is a specialist in this. They took the car, and I don't know what else they did, whether they killed a policeman or caused some other big mess. But when the mess became very big the police caught him immediately and then he got the other three in jail. I don't know how it is that he came out clean. The other three remained prisoners while the police gave Julio a free plane ticket to New York. He had been in the United States all this time and now he came back because they threw him out. So, I called my son Santiago and asked him: 'Because you're strong and because you like military things, why don't you become a cadet, or join the Right or something?' But he answered me: 'No, Mama, I want to be in a party of the Left because the Left is more just. The Left is more just than the Right because on the Left one fights for the people's welfare. Understand? Not the Right, because on the Right you must accept only what's good for a small group of rich and powerful people. Since you have had to struggle so hard to raise me and life has been so difficult, I want to join a group or a government that fights for the welfare of the people of Guachupita who sleep in shacks under the bridge, along the banks of the river. Why haven't you gone up there, Mama, to see these miserable people?' He explained these things to me, and they were true, so I told him: 'Well, then go with revolutionaries but not with thieves. Because what happens to me the day that something happens to you and they write in the press that you were a thief, while the day you die, and they say you were a revolutionary I will feel proud because everyone will know that you are fighting for the good of the poor.'

"After that my son Santiago broke away from Julio Malapalabra, and after that he told me: 'Mama, my only sin was that one day he came in a car and told me that this car was his, that he brought it from the United States. I got in and drove around with him. Now I know that he steals cars, but he keeps bothering me. He tells me that he is an agent of the C.I.A. and he showed me his credentials!' Julio Malapalabra has five or six identity cards, even a diplomatic one, signed and all so they can't be false. He also has an American pass- port, as if he were an American, and he has a Dominican identity card as well under another name. At that time, he carried a master keyring with 50 keys. Before my own eyes, once while I was looking for my boy, I saw him break into a car right in front of a policeman on the corner. The cop looked the other way because the policemen all know who owns what car. Beyond that, he had a Thompson submachine gun that he carried under his jacket, displaying it freely while he greeted the policeman. When my son began avoiding him, Julio Malapalabra kept after him, saying that he was brave and strong and that the two of them could do this work for the Yankees, join the C.I.A. of the United States. He said this to my dead son and my son told me this before he died. That was why they were in such a hurry to kill him, so that he wouldn't say anything about Julio Malapalabra coming here to work for the C.I.A. in Santo Domingo. It seems that two or three police officials know about this, along with the Yankees.

"My son explained it to me this way: 'Mama, look, don't fight with me so much about going around with Julio. I don't want to be seen with Julio anyway. I was an aspirant to the MPD, and they expelled me from the Party. I still want to show the leaders of the Party that, although they expelled me, I have been faithful. I'm not going to work for the Yankees to bring trouble to my own country in order to help the Yankees. I'm not going to do this because it would be killing you and my family. This would be very stupid.'

"After that Julio Malapalabra went looking for Mangá in a big blue car that they said belonged to the police. I became frightened

and went to a señora to ask her if Santiago could sleep in her house for two or three nights. She said yes, so I would wait until midnight, when the people thought I would be sleeping, to go to his hiding place and take him to her house to sleep. During the day he would go to the university and eat in the university cafeteria.

"My goal was to get him out of here. I won a raffle of the *Voz Dominicana* radio station and bought a round-trip ticket for New York. Then I said to him: 'Look, my son, what a good chance we have if we sell this radio-phonograph console- the one I bought on time-and we get you out of here.' But Santiago said: 'Forget it, Mama. After you made sacrifices for more than a year, paying \$300 for this console, you're not going to sell it for \$50. I'm not going to leave my country. How can I go with nothing but a plane ticket, not knowing anyone in New York or Puerto Rico. How can I leave you to suffer alone here? I want to leave when I know I'm going to work, and I can send you money. Otherwise let them kill me here.' Then I had to sell the airplane ticket very cheap to a man who gave me \$15. Listen to that: 15 pesos. That's what he gave me. What a disaster! So, my son stayed home. After that Julio Malapalabra followed him close behind. He went to where my son slept and asked the señora, 'Where is Santiago?'

"The day that the little boy told Santiago not to go to my house he went to the house of his father, on Calle Enriquillo 62, and he had to live by begging his friends, 'tell so-and-so to send me a peso because I haven't eaten,' sleeping here and there. I didn't sleep in my house because I was very nervous and every time, I heard a shot I said to myself, 'Now they've killed him.' Every morning two or three corpses are found in the streets. They were selling some high-heeled American cowboy boots in the streets, and all the poor boys were buying them. Santiago bought some too, but a boy told him, 'Why are you putting on these boots, because they sell them so cheap to hunt you kids down, so they can know you by your boots.' Then Santiago was trying to find money to buy other shoes, and throw away those boots, because a kid who was found

dead on the street the previous morning had this kind of boots, and so did a corpse the day before that. So, he wanted to get rid of the boots and his showy shirt, but he had to get money first.

"Santiago went to his papa, and his papa gave him 50 cents. While he was there in the patio where his father lived-it was among a crowd of shacks well into the interior of the city block, a good distance from the sidewalk-his youngest half-brother, one of the five children his papa has by his sweetheart, came in running and shouting: 'Santi- ago, run! Here come two men to kill you!' Mangá thought it was only a little boy's game, because the kid always liked to play cowboy. But then the boy who was in front of him turned his head and saw the two policemen and said, 'Yes, Santiago, it's true, run away!' But when he got up from the table to run, they shot him the first time, in the leg and then scraping the kidney. He managed to run inside his papa's shack-the sweetheart was outside with the kids. Everyone was trying to save himself, and Santiago, finding himself alone inside, hid behind a chest of drawers, but the killers went inside too, and they shot him again in the chest. He crept outside again, and they shot him once more in the knee. Then the people began gathering around and screaming, 'Murderer! Murderer!' The people began throwing stones at the killers, and they ran away, but they came back after one said to the other, 'You didn't finish him off!' Later in the hospital Santiago told me, "They did try to finish me off, but I fainted just as the shot came and the bullet only scratched my head. It looks like God pardoned me so I can justify myself against those who draw up false dossiers against me.' Soon after the shooting a little boy came to my house and screamed: 'Doña Mercedes! Doña Mercedes! They've killed Santiago!'

II

"Because I was raised by nuns since I was a little girl, and also with people who were not my father and mother, I had learned to control my emotions. I had no right to show my emotions. I had to be strong, like they wanted me to be. For this reason, when the little boy came and shouted, 'Doña Mercedes, they've

killed Santiago!', I didn't cry or make a scene but put on some clothes and went right out without combing my hair. They had already brought him to Dr. Dinsey, but there he got no treatment. You know, when the police wound someone all the doctors refuse to treat him unless they get police orders to do so. It has to be a very revolutionary doctor to risk treating a wounded man without police permission, and those who do have to report it to the police immediately or turn the man over to the police. I found an ambulance at the doctor's door which had come for another patient, so we tricked the driver into taking Santiago to the Padre Bellini Hospital. When the police finally caught up with him Santiago was already in the operating room. The operation was also delayed. Until the police make the appropriate investigations and give the order, no injured man can be treated, they just let him lie there bleeding to death. What saved Santiago was that he was very clever. He gave the wrong name and address when he entered the operating room. He never lost consciousness, not in the most critical moments, not even when they kidnapped him from the hospital. When the nuns came to ask me his name, I gave the wrong name and address also. There was a little nun at the head of the operating table praying for him, and she had emptied his pockets, so later the police couldn't find his identity card to check on what we told them.

"We couldn't get blood for a transfusion because the police hadn't given permission. We went to all the blood banks and everywhere they told us there was no blood. So, the boys of the neighborhood and Padre Marrero, our parish priest, lined up at the hospital to donate blood, but then they told us that there weren't any jars in which to store the blood. It was then that I realized that the police gave an order not to give us blood. Then, when the police went away to check their files, the blood suddenly appeared in such quantity that five or six full bottles were left over later.

"The police finally gave the order to proceed with the operation, but that was before we could get blood. Dr. Segura took charge of the operation. What a marvelous surgeon! Trained in France! To keep my son alive while the

police made their investigation, Dr. Segura took the blood that was pouring into a jar from Santiago's wounds and injected it back into his body. He did this six or seven times to save his life. When the police finally released some blood for Santiago, it cost \$20 a quart and we needed more than \$100. All his friends gave money, and the girls of the neighborhood asked money from strangers in the street and raised another \$40 or \$50. The operating room was full of policemen. Santiago called me to him and said, 'Mama, do you know what they said while I was waiting on the operating table? They said to order a lot of blood because when one of these Communist bastards comes here, they have to stock up on his blood type.' I told him to keep quiet and I went crying to a lady doctor who worked in the hospital. The lady doctor said to be still and never to say I had spoken with her, and then she explained: 'I saw everything because I live near where they shot him and I came to the hospital right away, although I'm not on duty today.' What a lucky boy! Because when something like this happens on a Sunday you can never get a doctor.

"Usually the Hospital Padre Bellini is quiet, and you see very few policemen. After the operation was over, they put police guards with machine guns in each door and inside the ward where Santiago was recovering. They didn't let anyone speak with him, not even his family or friends, except for Padre Marrero and myself who took turns sitting all night at his bedside. His father was afraid to come to the hospital because they were arresting as Communists the people who tried to visit him. But every day a man came to see him. He stood at the head of his bed and smiled and chatted with him and asked how he was getting on. One day after the man had gone to Santiago whispered to me: 'Look, Mama, did you see that man who came here and who was smiling at me?' I answered, 'My son, I'm so nervous and worried that I see faces everywhere and nowhere. The truth is that I don't know who it was that came here to the head of the bed.' Then Santiago said: 'I'm happy that you don't recognize him because this was the man who shot me. He comes here every day. When I was under anesthesia I

heard you talking pleasantly with him. He was asking you how it happened and how many men attacked me, and I'm glad you told him that you didn't know. I knew from the beginning they were policemen, but I said I didn't know so as not to cause any more problems. Mama, when someone comes over to the bed and I close my eyes or squeeze your hand it's because he's a *calié*.

"On Monday, the day after the operation, Santiago had two bottles of serum attached to his feet and two more to his arms, and blood transfusions, and they gave him his injections. But when I went to the hospital on Tuesday it seemed as if the police had finally found his file, because there wasn't any serum or blood or medicine, and they had moved him to a bed on wheels next to the door, near where the ambulances come and go. The nurse told me it wasn't permitted to close the door, and then I became afraid that they would wheel him out of the hospital if I fell asleep, because we are human and have cause to weaken a little and I was very tired.

"I was seated beside the bed that Tuesday and they gave him an injection, and every time they gave him this injection he became delirious and mumbled strange things: 'Mama, this bus is going very slow. I won't go on this bus anymore. When you go for another ride, take another bus. I didn't go to Boca Chica.' He said that because the nuns used to raise money by hiring a bus and taking people to the beach at Boca Chica, and Santiago would dance and make jokes and the girls were crazy about him. During this delirium in the hospital he once said that a great revolution like in 1965 had just triumphed and General Perez y Perez, the Chief of Police, had become the new President.

"I noticed that since Tuesday they didn't give him any medicines for his infection, only sedatives, because I picked up one of the boxes of this injection after the nurse gave it to him. The nurse said, 'Be quiet, Doña, calm yourself, this is so the wound doesn't hurt him so much. Don't worry. He's in the hands of good doctors.' But they hadn't washed his body in six days, and when I came the next day he whispered to me, 'Mama, I smell bad.'

They had taken away his oxygen after one day, and on the sixth day when I got to the hospital, I found that they had put screens around his bed. Santiago sent his little brother out to call the press, and I went upstairs to see the manager of the hospital, but the secretary said I would have to wait a long time because he had a lot of appointments, so I went back to my house to cook and wash some sheets to bring back to the hospital, where I would have to spend the night.

"I had to go back there to spend the night because Padre Marrero was no longer allowed to enter the hospital. Padre Marrero slept beside his bed, taking turns with me. The Padre had slept at the hospital four or five nights, which was a great help, because a señora who was very good and very revolutionary stayed with Santiago in the mornings and I went in the afternoon and Padre Marrero came in at midnight. It was good for him because the Padre could talk to Santiago man-to-man, and naturally he has more prestige than me. But then they didn't let Padre Marrero come to the hospital anymore after he argued with the police guards because they wouldn't let Santiago's little brother and a friend visit the ward. The guards just said that the boss of the hospital was Perez y Perez, Chief of Police, and Padre Marrero had to get the authorization of Perez y Perez to come to the hospital again.

"After the Padre had to leave, I was sitting there alone that afternoon when the policeman guarding the door began to get friendly with me. 'Come here, *doñita*,' he said. 'Don't you know me? I know you.' 'Well, I said, 'it may be that you know me although I live shut in my house and I don't go anywhere. The policeman said, 'I know your children because I used to live in Calle Jose Reyes, and I know this one in the bed more than the rest. Then I answered, 'If you know him and you've seen him grow up it's strange that you don't pray for his recovery. Then he said that these were private matters, and his job was to guard the door. But I want you to know that this Padre is a tramp and a scoundrel,' he said. 'It's these *curas* and padres that are wrecking this place, I say. "Look, I want to beg one thing of you,' I

told him. 'Don't talk to me this way about the Padre because, although we may be Communists and because my son is here nearly dead for being a Communist, we still respect ministers of the Church. We all have respect for a representative of God, and we don't allow anyone to speak bad of them. Although you see him with a cassock, he is still a man. This is what I have taught my son because I was raised by nuns, so never speak in front of me this way. Then the policeman grumbled, this Padre is no damn good, this Padre who sleeps every night in the hospital. But you know that when a person is gravely ill and asks help from a nun or a priest, they do not deny it because what the padre gives him neither you nor I can give, nor Perez y Perez, the Chief of Police. This is the spiritual help that a gravely sick person needs before dying. When Padre Marrero didn't come back after that day my son asked me, 'Mama, I suspect that the police don't let Padre Marrero come to the hospital because they say he has one, two, three mistresses. Find out for me if this is just gossip they're spreading about him. Or does Padre Marrero believe that it's true that I killed a policeman?' He died calling for the padre. When the police kidnapped him from the hospital my son Santiago shouted, 'Mama, they're taking me away. Call Padre Marrero!

"After the policeman on guard told Padre Marrero to get a permit from the Chief of Police to enter the hospital, and after Santiago sent his youngest brother, Segura, to call in the press. I went upstairs to look for a doctor. I finally found Dr. Segura, the one who performed the operation. and he seemed nervous when he saw me; all the doctors seemed afraid to talk to me. They never went to Santiago's bed; they only prescribed injections, and I wore myself out calling for a doctor.

So, I said to Dr. Segura, "Doctor, I know I am doing you harm talking to you this way because I know you don't do more for Santiago because you aren't allowed. It seems to me that the orders in this hospital aren't given by the doctors but by the Chief of Police. Then Dr. Segura answered, 'No. no, we are the doctors, we are the ones who know," So I

told him. 'I just found my boy desperate and calling for the press to talk to the reporters because he's here six days and they haven't washed him or changed his bandages and he smells bad and there are flies around his wounds. He has a high fever since the first day and it has to be an infection. I told the doctor who was on duty yesterday that if a medicine was needed, although we were poor, we would get it from his papa or someone, just to let me know. But the doctor said to shut my mouth and to accept things as they were. I became afraid. I felt it would be very painful for me to see him die now, after God had spared his life. You doctors have a ring and have taken an oath to save lives, not to kill patients and take orders from the police. I have a nephew who is a doctor and I went to his graduation and I saw him take this oath to save lives, and not to kill people. So in the name of this oath please do something to save my son."

Don't worry,' Dr. Segura told me. I'm going to give orders.' Then I said, 'Please give orders to take those screens away from his bed. A police lieutenant had put them there and taken away the oxygen so he can hardly breathe.' Dr. Segura answered, "No, señora, you are mistaken because you are very nervous. I am doing all I can do as a doctor. My job only was to perform the operation. but I'm going to see him right away. So he went downstairs and gave orders and they took away the screens and bathed him and changed his bandages and gave him some injections to make him sleep and there was peace for the rest of the day."

III

"These days Julio Malapalabra goes around in a police car wearing a wig, pointing out the houses of people to be arrested by the police. Six days after my son was kidnapped from the hospital a story appeared in the paper that Julio Malapalabra was arrested and taken as a prisoner to Police Headquarters after they said he tried to obtain political asylum in the Mexican Embassy. The police said that members of the MPD tried to kill Julio, and that was why he tried to get asylum in the Mexican Embassy; they said the MPD was trying to kill

him since 1967. The chief of public relations of the National Police said when they arrested him that Julio Malapalabra was involved in the killing of two Yankee soldiers near our house, but they released him a few days later. Now he is a member of a gang organized by the police called La Banda, with his ring of master keys brought from the United States. Santiago never had such good fortune.

"When I returned to the hospital that afternoon I asked my son why he didn't make any statement to the newspaper reporters, and Santiago told me: 'I wanted to talk but I don't know what happened because they gave me this injection and I fell asleep.' So they didn't let him talk to the press.

"One night two policemen came into the ward at 1:30 A.M. with their machine guns. 'Is this the dog?' One of them asked me as they entered. I kept quiet and then the other policeman made a sign with his hand that he should go out. But the first one said, 'No, Man, no. Let me see the face of this dog. Turn on the lights so I can see his face.' So, they turned on all the lights, and my son woke up suddenly and was frightened. 'I'm going to kill you,' the first policeman said and walked out.

"Ah, no! It's my turn to stand guard tonight,' the first one said, and he came back and sat down with his machine gun right in front of the bed. He carried it inside a little bag; they cut down the barrel of the machine gun so they can hide it inside the little bag, a little blue airline bag with PAN AMERICAN written on the outside. He put it down on the floor and sat down so I would be frightened. The machine gun was to show me that he was *sobrao*, that is, ready to shoot.

"I was afraid because the way he sat the machine gun was pointed at me. He had it on his knees, and if he moved his knee and it went off it would go off right at me. So I got up and walked around the bed and felt my son's head and wiped away his sweat. I was so afraid that when he fell asleep I got up and leaned against the back of the bed, and when I felt drowsy and my eyes about to close I went to the wash basin and threw water over my face. I had a big pot of coffee with me and I bought some

pills to drive away the sleep. These pills were so strong that after my son died I didn't sleep for four or five nights. But even before that I had become afraid to sleep. When I went home I

didn't have time because I had to cook and clean house. I have two girls and a son working, and the neighbors always came in, asking me questions, because they were afraid to go to the hospital. So I leaned against the side of his bed and put my hand over his forehead, and he awoke and asked me, 'Mama, why don't you sit down?'

"All right, I'll sit down a little,' I told him. 'It's just that I'm tired of sitting and my knees hurt.' What I didn't say was that I was afraid. These terrible nights: On the first, the second, the third night you could see the nurses. But after the fourth night, I want you to know that after eight or nine o'clock they would inject all the patients with sedatives to make them sleep. What a strange hospital, eh? The whole little world was sleeping. So a sick person who got worse during the night had to clap his hands to get a nurse. He had to clap loud, three times, because the nurse was on the floor above. The only thing that saved the sick people was the little nuns, the Spanish ones, who were so good, they were like saints. There was a nice one, whom he called Santa Teresita. One day he said to me, 'Mama, you haven't noticed that the little nun Santa Teresita doesn't come anymore. You know her. She came for four days straight, but now to-day, the Wednesday of Easter Week, she doesn't come anymore, and instead there's a fat nun who looks like a man, a man dressed like a woman.' It was true and he made me laugh. 'I suppose they transferred her,' and afterwards I learned that they moved her to the hospital in San Pedro de Macoris. I laughed and said, 'Well, who knows, maybe it's a Yankee.' 'What a mix-up,' he answered, as if he were playing. 'Mama, this has to be a C.I.A. agent or a *calie* or some other kind of agent.' After that even the nuns didn't come to the ward on their rounds, and he got worse. Then on Saturday night, the night before Easter Sunday, he got even worse.

"I found him in very bad condition when I came to the hospital on Saturday afternoon. 'I'm glad you got here, Mama,' he said in a frightened, desperate way. 'I feel very bad, Mama. Get the doctor, because they're going to let me die. Tell the press! Tell the Commission on Human Rights! These people are going to carry me out of here and kill me. Get moving, Mama, or they'll kill me!' I said to him, 'Don't worry, when I leave the hospital I'll go right to Padre Marrero.' What frightened me was that they would take him from this hospital and put him in a military hospital and torture him so he would talk. So I said I would ask the Padre when I left. Then I started rearranging his bedclothes, and when I lifted his pillow I saw that the rubber tube that was draining fluid from his body was fastened to the bedsheet with a piece of tape instead of to his back, and I said, 'My God, if this tube is taped to the bedsheet that means there's nothing connected to your back.' He told me, 'It's been that way since this morning. They pulled it away from me.' You see, the bullet pierced part of his right lung, and there was an internal hemorrhage. They had left this rubber tube attached to his back so he could keep expelling the bad fluids from his body. 'Look, Mama, the one who pulled the tube away was a policeman who approached the bed when the neighborhood girl who was watching me went out into the hall to smoke a cigarette. I had been sleeping, because they gave me an injection, and the girl saw me sleeping and stayed outside because you couldn't smoke inside the ward.' I was very frightened and called a nurse-it seems she was one of those military nurses-but the nurse said, 'This is nothing but I can't put the tube back. It has to be the doctor.' Then I asked her to please go upstairs and call the doctor. She went, but she didn't come back for over an hour, so I asked another nurse to call the doctor. The second nurse came back to say that Santiago was Dr. Segura's patient and he would have to wait until tomorrow. She said the doctor upstairs was sleeping and he couldn't come down. Listen to that! So I told her he'd be alive tomorrow if God wishes.

"On Sunday morning the boy awoke vomiting a yellow liquid with blood in it. When the doctor

arrived I went to see him, and he looked at the boy and called me aside and said, 'Since the tube has come out I won't put it back today, although I wasn't going to remove it yet. He's very strong and what I'll do is put it in him again tomorrow, Monday, because this is a delicate procedure since you have to open him up again and attach the tube inside. Tomorrow, if God wishes, I'm going to extract all the bad liquid. He's strong and he's going to get well. Don't worry, nobody can take him out of here without my permission until he's completely well.' That was Sunday, and they had planned to kidnap him that night.

"That day a priest came who was a secretary or a chaplain of the Presidency, who says Mass in the chapel next to the National Palace. 'Mama, this is the Padre of President Balaguer; he's going to help me, Santiago said, because the Padre apparently had said something to him. The Padre greeted me and said, 'How are you? I don't come close because I have a cold. You know, a sore throat from Easter Week, and if I give him a cold his life will be in danger. Tomorrow, Santiago, they're going to take the liquid from your body and the day after tomorrow I'm going to see if I can straighten things out for you.' This was a very good Padre because he saved one boy who was in jail whom the police were going to kill. 'Tomorrow, if God wishes, let us talk because I would like to confess you.'

'Yes, Padre,' Santiago said, 'that's fine with me, even though I have confessed already and have received the sacraments.' He had asked the nuns to take him to communion on Good Friday or to bring him the communion in the hospital. The nuns had said that they were going to take him to communion on Easter Sunday in a church car. But on Sunday when he awoke vomiting this yellow phlegm, and choking, they couldn't take him to church. On Friday he had told me, 'It's true what Padre Marrero says, that one must die, that there's eternal life, that Jesus Christ died for us.' He asked me for a radio, and I brought him a little radio of ours that was half broken, and he was listening to the Seven Last Words. I don't know how this came out of him on Good Friday; I thought he was sleeping when he said, 'Listen,

Mama, it's true what Padre Marrero says that Christ died for us. Christ came to teach us that I might die to save someone else, that they might free everyone in jail. They might free those they have unjustly arrested, that they might stop persecuting people, that all those being persecuted might be saved. Because where there is struggle there is sacrifice, and nobody knows, Mama, if my death will bring liberation." He said this very quietly, and I answered him, 'I understand what you say about Jesus Christ, but I'm not very clear about what you say of liberation and revolutionary questions because I only understand the little that you've explained to me in the past.'

"That was on Good Friday when he said, 'Mama, the police are going to steal me from here.' I asked him how he knew this. 'Because I hear them outside talking in the corridor,' he said. 'I hear them talking on a bench just outside the room.' Smoking was prohibited in the wards, but they came in smoking, because you can't tell a policeman not to smoke. In this ward where they kept my son there were 11 beds, and nearly all of them were occupied by policemen and *caliés* dressed as patients. Only two other men in the ward were really sick, two old men recovering from throat operations and who couldn't talk. The others were men who said they had an ache here or a pain there and I don't know what else, but they always were watching Santiago's bed and listening to what he said. Then, one by one, they would walk into the corridor and sit down on the bench next to the policeman. 'We're going to lynch this dog. I heard one of them say. That Saturday afternoon as I was walking from my house to the hospital a police car followed me one of those paddy wagons that the neighborhood boys call the dog-catcher. As it came up to me one of the policemen whistled and called to me, 'Doña, Doña, take good care of him,' I paid no attention and went right on. 'Open your eyes, Doña. Take good care.'" "On Sunday one policeman came into the ward and started to play a little game with a piece of wire and rubber and four matchsticks with one of the patients who was a *calié*. Then the patient said to the policeman, Officer, how do you plan to

take this man out of here?' I looked at Santiago and he looked at me and said, 'Mama, they're talking about me,' I said, 'Go to sleep, my son, and don't pay attention to these things. The doctor told me that until he signs the clinical sheet they can't take you out of here.' Then the patient said to the policeman. 'Officer, you're not going to take this guy out of here.' Then the officer began with the little game with the wire and matchsticks, then he said: 'Look, I have this revolver and this gun-belt. I will quit the police if I don't take him out of here. "That was on Sunday morning. At 10 or 11 o'clock they got tired of the game and started walking up and down the corridor and laughing in the hallway. Then a nurse came in to give my son an injection. Next, a lady gospel preacher came into the hospital, an Evangelical; she came to take away the scapulary [a cloth necklace] with the medal of the Virgin del Carmen that he wore around his neck. I had to fight with the police to get in here, the lady preacher said. "Take off that scapulary or you're going to die condemned to damnation because the Bible says one cannot adore anything made by the hand of Man. Take it away, Doña, so he can save himself. He had worn that image of the Virgin del Carmen, with the Sacred Heart of Jesus on the other side, since the time two or three years ago when he was on a picnic and went to bathe in a stream and nearly drowned because he couldn't swim. But I told the preacher-lady, 'Ever since he was born, I have taught him the faith, and I'm not going to take it away because he doesn't want me to.

"He clutched the scapulary as the nuns came in to give him an injection, and Santiago told one of them, 'Get that woman out of here. If she takes away the scapulary I will die.' The lady-preacher became frightened, and the police came and took her out. Now, when Santiago fell asleep, I intended to take off his scapulary, because I thought it may have been that the lady-preacher heard the police talking when she entered the hospital, that they were going to kidnap the one with the scapulary. So I had wanted to take it off, but thinking about the great faith he had, I let him keep it. But later, after he awoke saying I'm going to be strangled to death, I asked him how he knew.

'Mama, you will see that the police are going to carry me out of here and then shoot me twice. They're going to put a pillow over my face and strangle me and shoot me twice. As it turned out, I don't know if they covered his face with a pillow, but I know he was strangled from the way he was when they found his body.

"At six o'clock on Sunday afternoon, about an hour before they kidnapped him, I came back to the hospital from my house. I saw three police patrol cars and a pickup truck parked in front of the hospital. I could see a stretcher inside. I asked the porter what had happened and he answered, 'Don't worry, it's a sick person they've just brought. But I was able to see that it wasn't a sick person but that they were talking about someone they had come for and they were saying that the clinic sheet wasn't signed. Because I've never liked to pry, I went upstairs as soon as I could to see if they had taken my son, and when I found him there I was relieved. He had gotten worse, and they brought him oxygen with a mask. It was strange, but after all this time they seemed very eager to put this oxygen and mask over his face. It was brought in by this lady doctor. 'Doctor,' he said, 'don't put that oxygen mask over my face because I'm going to be asphyxiated.' The lady doctor answered, 'All right, we'll give you this injection.' She gave the injection and went away, and then Santiago told me, 'Mama, this lady doctor is very reactionary; she's the wife of an army officer. I've been vomiting ever since she gave me that green injection at noon.'

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The body of Mangá, still in his hospital pajamas, was found the next morning in a roadside cane field near the city of San Pedro de Macoris, some 45 miles from Santo Domingo. According to Padre Marrero, who went with the boy's mother to identify the body at the hospital morgue in San Pedro, Santiago had bullet wounds in his head but there was mud under his fingernails, which meant that he may have been alive when abandoned by his killers. One of the nuns at the San Pedro de Macoris hospital said that at dawn she had

"Don't worry,' I told him. 'I'm going to sleep standing up right next to you, leaning on the bed.' I propped him up in the bed to a sitting position and I began fanning him with a piece of cardboard. 'Give me a piece of ice, Mama,' he said. 'Give me a piece of ice to chew on.' I answered him, 'No, because the phlegm will come up again and you will choke.' But he begged me again for a piece of ice and I finally gave him a piece of ice when, just then, these four men came in with their disguises. During the struggle I saw their police boots and their regulation gun belts and their gray police pants under the big aprons they wore. Their heads were covered with nylon stockings and they wore handkerchiefs over their mouths. They said, 'We are from the Party! We've come to liberate you!' But Santiago screamed back at them, 'I have no party! They're going to kill me!' He clung to me and kicked at them, but one of the men knocked me over with a sweep of his hand and lifted him up. Santiago stripped the handkerchief from the face of the lieutenant, and he shouted, 'Mama, they're policemen! This is ... '. But they covered his mouth as they carried him out of the ward. I picked myself up from the floor and followed after them, shouting and screaming, but they had disappeared somewhere along this very long corridor. They didn't have time to reach the end of the corridor but they had disappeared. In fact, they had

taken him out of the ward and had hidden with him in the office next door until I went running out of the hospital to catch up with them. When I ran down the long corridor and into the street I didn't see anyone. The corridor was empty..."

received a call from the police, asking to borrow an ambulance to bring in the body. The police chief of San Pedro de Macoris arrested five persons as suspects for the murder but released them the next day. Padre Marrero said a funeral service had been planned for the parish church of San Miguel in Santo Domingo, but the mass was cancelled when he had heard police agents might infiltrate the congregation to disrupt the service. The funeral service was held inside Manga's house, and burial took place at sun-down, 24

hours after the kidnapping. Asked at a press conference two days later to comment on the killing, President Joaquin Balaguer said: "The re- port supplied by the police is that this is one more episode in the struggle between two

factions of the extreme Left. It was one of these factions that carried out the kidnapping and then murdered its victim. This is the information that I have, and it seems to me the only logical answer."

1. See my "Santo Domingo: The Politics of Terror," the New York Review of Books, July 22, 1971. Subsequent to this article, a number of stories have appeared in major United States newspapers on the Dominican terror. See, for example, A. Kent MacDougall, "Caribbean Terror: In Dominican Republic, Political Murders Rise, And So Does Poverty," the Wall Street Journal, September 9, 1971, P. 1; Alan Riding, "Armed Band Said to Terrorize Leftists in Dominican Republic," the New York Times, August 28, 1971; Irwin Goodwin, "Dominican Police Using Gang to Subdue Leftists," the Washington Post, September 7, 1971; and Don Bohning, "Dominican Republic: Democracy in Name Only?", the Miami Herald, August 30, 1971.

2. In this interview, Evertsz admitted to having carried out between 30 and 40 political assassinations. See the series by Chris Robbins, "Carlos Evertsz: Man with a License to Kill," the Observer magazine section, London, May 2 and 9, 1971.

3. Pichirilo had been the pilot of Fidel Castro's yacht Granma on the dangerous excursion in November 1956 from Mexico's Yucatan peninsula to the coast of eastern Cuba to begin Castro's guerrilla insurrection. But Pichirilo quarreled with Castro early in the revolution over the issue of communism and had been aiding anti-Castro Cuban exile groups.

4. The MPD was said to have been responsible for the kidnapping in March 1970 of Lt. Col. Donald J. Crowley, the United States air attaché in Santo Domingo, who was freed in exchange for the exiling of 20 leading political prisoners, including the MPD Secretary-General, Maximiliano Gomez, better known as El Moreno. After the Crowley kidnapping, carried out ostensibly to oppose President Balaguer's reelection, most of the MPD leaders were killed by the police, and El Moreno himself was found dead of gas poisoning under mysterious circumstances in a rented room in Brussels.