

be sold for \$100 apiece. That means that the income would be \$24.3 million for an annual FARC total revenue of \$291 million, from drugs *alone!*

This reckoning is extremely conservative, especially if one considers that for 1996 the FARC planned internally on a \$500 million budget in order to finance their terrorist operations, and if one considers that some sources have made it known that the FARC and ELN (National Liberation Army) contribute \$3.5 billion to Cuba every year.

Yet, the book is not based on projections nor on general calculations, but on captured documents, at the confiscated coca-producing plantations belonging to the FARC.

The book's conclusion is obvious: Negotiations with the FARC are impossible, unless it be for their surrender. The only choice facing the Colombian nation today is to defeat the FARC Cartel—politically, juridically, economically, and militarily—by attacking its finances, its international support networks, and its terrorist fronts, with the full weight of the state.

A young boy's life of horror in the FARC

En El Infierno, Una Guerrilla que Se Devora a Si Misma: Testimonio de un Ex-Integrante de las FARC

by Jhony

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In reading this book (*In Hell, A Guerrilla Devours Himself: Testimony of a Former FARC Member*), one could conclude that more “guerrillas” died at the hands of their superiors in the narco-terrorist Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia (FARC), than in armed confrontations with the Colombian Army and National Police. The regime of terror inside the FARC is horrifying, a true inferno. One could also conclude that the majority of the assassinations of members of the Patriotic Union (political front created by the FARC and the Colombian Communist Party, or PCC) were in fact committed by FARC assassins, as a means of purging certain political factions considered undesirable by PCC and FARC commanders.

This story by a FARC ex-“guerrilla,” who identifies himself by the *nom de guerre* Jhony, is written, as he puts it, “to explain to Colombian youth what life as a guerrilla is really

like, and to invite them not to be fooled by illusions, and thus to avoid falling into the trap of entering the murky world of subversion.” Jhony says he also wants to expose the violations of human rights committed by the FARC, and to make it clear who the government is really dealing with, when it enters into “peace” negotiations with these narco-terrorists.

The story begins when the author is barely 12 years old, at the end of 1981. Out of a child's desire to avenge the death of his father, who died during the period of Liberal-Conservative warfare known as *La Violencia*, Jhony joins the FARC. He is disenchanted from the very first day, when the rules are explained to him and he is warned, as are all those who enter Dante's *Inferno*, that those who enter should entertain no hope of leaving. “One doesn't join for a specific period of time; this is for life—until they kill you or the socialist revolution triumphs,” Jhony is told in his first indoctrination session.

From the very beginning, he is forced to witness and participate in the murders of several FARC members. The first five are children like himself, who tried to flee after becoming disillusioned with their recruitment—through force or trickery—into the FARC. Prior to the murders, the commander of the FARC front to which Jhony had been recruited held a “war council,” a parody of a summary trial that lasted several hours. A vote was held to give the appearance of democracy, but voting against the commander's recommendation was equivalent to sentencing oneself to death.

Others were killed for “cowardice,” for refusing to participate in the killing of others, for being a spy or informant, for stealing a tin of sardines or loaf of bread from the guerrilla camp supplies, and so forth. Girls of 13-14 years of age were assassinated for refusing to have sexual relations with the commanders. Before their execution, the victims would be forced to remove their clothes, so as to avoid ruining uniforms that would be allotted to others.

In sum, the guerrilla “combatant” is considered disposable, and executed at the first hint of a fault, whether real or the product of someone's paranoid fantasy. Most of the executions are carried out by strangulation or stabbing, rather than by shooting, to avoid alerting military patrols or spies as to their whereabouts.

School for assassins

After one of these executions, the new recruits were ordered by the camp commander to “drink the blood [of the victims,] to show that we were learning to lose the fear of killing,” writes Jhony. “I think I felt that I had committed an act of witchcraft or black magic that I couldn't understand.” After having killed numerous peasants as “informers,” having participated in hundreds of “war councils” and scores of indoctrination sessions into the mysteries of Marxism-Leninism, having participated in many kidnappings, and getting to meet the top chieftains of the FARC—Jacobó Arenas, Manuel Marulanda Vélez (alias “Tirofijo,” the Sharpshooter), and Al-

fonso Cano, among others—Jhony is selected to participate in a school for assassins at the service of the FARC and the PCC.

Following that course in 1985, Jhony begins to carry out the task of “purging”: people inside the PCC who had “diverged” from the line; politicians who opposed the actions of the FARC and the PCC; or businessmen and ranchers who refused to pay their “taxes” to the FARC. In four months, Jhony murders 60 people, many of them PCC or Patriotic Union activists. Communist propaganda later blamed these assassinations on the Army or on groups allegedly supported by the Army. These actions were carried out in the departments of Tolima and Huila, and especially in the capital cities of Ibagué and Neiva. Intelligence, logistical support, and selection of victims was supplied by the PCC.

Jhony recalls various conversations he overheard, in which the fate of Bernardo Jaramillo Ossa was sealed. Jaramillo was assassinated while he was the Presidential candidate of the Patriotic Union in 1990. His crime was that he had become a supporter of Soviet *perestroika*.

In his last mission, Jhony and the other assassins now under his command mistake the rancher they are assigned to murder, with the head of the PCC in Neiva. They assassinate the “comrade.” Jhony faces a “war council,” and manages to save his skin by claiming that the error was not his, but that of “intelligence” which had given him wrong information. The vote that saved his life was 58-54.

Betrayal and counter-betrayal

Later, Jhony is accused by a rival of being an infiltrator for the Army, and again put on trial. This time, he saves himself by offering an elaborate confession, and handing over the names of his alleged collaborators—all veteran FARC “combatants.” When the smoke clears and the accusation is retracted, Jhony’s daring attracts the attention of the FARC “secretariat,” and he is brought onto the personal guard of the legendary FARC chief Jacobo Arenas.

In December 1990, Jhony defends the Green House (a mountainous region in La Uribe, Meta, which served as the general headquarters of the FARC for nearly 10 years), when the Army launches an offensive that dislodges the FARC secretariat. It is a few months later, that Jhony decides to finally escape from the FARC, and in his getaway, he kills four of his former comrades.

During his “life” in the FARC, Jhony had relations with several women guerrillas. Some of his lovers were forced to flee the FARC because they became pregnant and refused to undergo abortions as the camp commanders ordered. By the end of the 1980s, “Tirofijo” had decided that any woman guerrilla who became pregnant would be immediately shot.

After deserting the FARC, Jhony wrote this book at the age of 23. Today, he is in hiding—he knows neither how to pray to God for forgiveness, nor how to flee from the assassination contract the FARC has out for him.

Business under a narco-dictatorship

The following testimony was acquired in an interview with EIR.

I am a businessman. I am not going to tell you my name, nor the city where my business operates. I belong to the upper social class, where individuality does not exist and where one is a property of the family to which one is born. In sum, I have a company which was family property, but which is now the property of a guerrilla group. I myself was the property of my family, but I am now the property of the guerrilla, the same which some call narco-guerrilla. I don’t want to mention the name of the group.

I don’t want to tell you what my company produces, nor its size, nor how many workers, nor its capital, nor the volume of its sales. My company was an industrial company; today it is practically an importing company, and a laundry of money from the drug trade and other crimes.

The problem began some seven years ago. A neighboring company received a message from a guerrilla group. I don’t want to identify the name of the group. The message said that following an inventory of the property and an appraisal that the guerrillas had made, the owners of the plant were expected to pay the guerrilla group a “war tax” on a monthly basis; if not, the company would be considered “a military objective.”

The owners of the company refused to accept the blackmail, advised the police and the Army of the incident, and ignored the threatening letter. A new message arrived soon after, warning that because they had gone to the police and the Army, which was considered the equivalent of collaborating with the enemy, they would henceforth be treated as a military objective. One week later, a medium-sized bomb exploded in the plant. It happened at night and no one was hurt, but panic seized the workers of the plant. A week later, another bomb was set off. The owners decided to sell the plant in a hurry, cheaply, and without confirming the honesty of the new owners. The old owners moved to Bogotá. Rumor has it that they later left the country.

The owners of another neighboring plant also refused to pay the “vaccination,” as it is called. There, they used another tactic, kidnapping one of the manager’s children. The child was later released. It is said that a fortune was paid for the child’s ransom. Worst of all is that to pay the ransom, they had to indebt themselves totally with several banks.