

## THE FINANCING OF THESE CRAZIES IS THE ISSUE.

**B**ut when a man's religion becomes really frantic; when it is a positive torment to him; and, in time, makes this earth of ours an uncomfortable inn to lodge in; then I think it high time to take that individual aside and argue the point with him.

—Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*

September 1974: "At the same time, all around the world, newspapers come out with reviews of Piers Paul Reid's *Alive*, that book about the plane crash victims who eat each other. This," says my cousin Jim, "is a pattern . . ."

In a building at 231 West 29th Street in New York's garment district, we step off an elevator into a short hallway stacked four feet deep with a newspaper called *New Solidarity*. A girl of about 19 sitting behind a pane of bullet-proof glass buzzes the steel door and we enter the world headquarters of the National Caucus of Labor Committees (NCLC), known from Sweden to California for disrupting the press conferences of powerful politicians and scientists, beating up Marxists who accuse them of being CIA agents, and distributing leaflets at auto plants that accuse Leonard Woodcock of wearing a hard hat in order to resemble an erect penis. The NCLC operates 68 offices around the

student and basketball star in high school, graduate of Swarthmore and member of the NCLC for four years. Guiding me into the Continental War Room, he expounds on his theory of anti-matter which refutes a recent account in *The New York Times*, a CIA conduit with a vested interest in promoting incorrect analyses of anti-matter. A 30' x 8' pastiche of topographical maps of the United States is pasted on the wall. It is covered with clear plastic on which someone has drawn circles with orange and green Crayolas to indicate cities where the NCLC has cadres. Dozens of young adults are dashing around the room, handing each other messages.

In the International Communications Room, several Telex machines are rumbling with messages from Weisbaden, Germany, Mexico City, and most of the major industrial centers of the U.S.

We arrive at the Press Room and sit at a long table with Mitch Hirsch, an intelligence analyst, and Zeke Boyd, candidate for Senator on the USLP ticket. They brief me on how Rockefeller has caused or is causing the food crisis, the energy crisis, the oil crisis, the impeachment of Richard Nixon, the assassinations of Malcom X and John Kennedy, the flu, massive slave labor camps in the Arctic, the fall of Willy Brandt, heroin addiction

make such assertions," says Hirsch. "Go ahead and ask about anything. We are a very open organization."

I ask how they discovered the plans to establish slave labor camps in the American tundra with hundreds of thousands of displaced workers.

"Look at these advertisements in *Forbes* and *Business Week*," Hirsch says. "We ran across one for a thing called Port-A-Camp. They have a picture of these barrack-type modular units up in the mountains. It looks like Auschwitz painted with white wash."

"Why haven't the regular newspapers picked up on this?" I ask.

"They haven't closed their minds. They agree with us. They're just on the other side," Hirsch says. "What is the working class going to do when we point out that these scum editors are saying, 'What's wrong with slave labor? What's wrong with cannibalism?' They lie every day in the press when it's a matter of human survival."

"What will happen to these editors after the revolution?" I ask. "Do you believe in freedom of speech?"

Boyd, a black man with bulging eyes, says, "We believe in freedom of speech for the entire world's working class. We don't believe fascists have speaking rights because they're not human. We have a

# MIND CONTROL, POLITICAL VIOLENCE & SEXUAL WARFARE: INSIDE THE NCLC / BY CHARLES M. YOUNG

world. Their political arm, the U.S. Labor Party (USLP), is running 98 candidates in 20 states for the November elections, and their leader/guru, Lyn Marcus/Lyndon LaRouche is running for President.

"You can't abstract this publishing pattern from the fact that the same people who control those newspapers are pushing Zero Population Growth," my cousin continues. "There is only one way to see it. There's a certain thing going on in the world and every fact coheres with that thing—or it is falsely interpreted."

"And this proves that Nelson Rockefeller is trying to foment cannibalism in the working class?" I ask.

"Yes. You must look at the whole picture," says Jim, 27, tall, handsome, top

in the ghetto, the counter-culture, the overthrow of constitutional government in Great Britain, the economic collapse of Italy, the Arab-Israeli wars, the civil war in Northern Ireland, busing, and the deaths of a billion people by the end of the decade, in order to save capitalism.

Rockefeller's allies in this conspiracy include the CIA, the FBI, the Shah of Iran, Henry Kissinger, Angela Davis, Russell Baker, Ramsey Clark, existentialists, Margaret Mead, rock 'n roll bands, George Bernard Shaw, Gunnar Myrdal, the *Washington Post*, R.D. Laing, the National Council of Churches and the Weather Underground, among thousands of others.

"No one can doubt our competency to

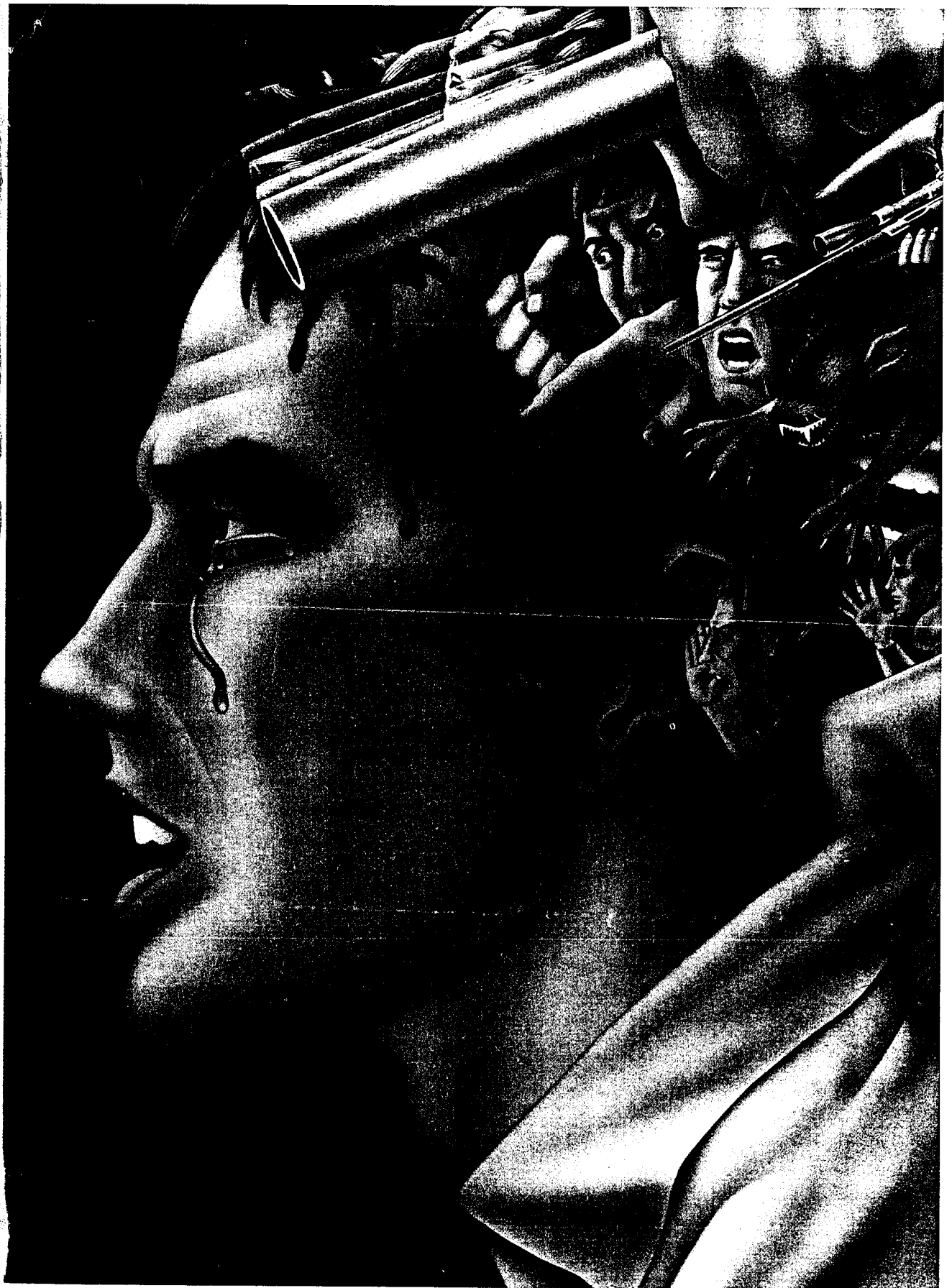
name for them: lamppost journalists, meaning there will be plenty of sturdy lampposts to hang them from when the time comes. We can't be responsible for what enraged working people will do. That goddamn proposal of Rockefeller's to wipe out a billion people by the end of the decade, is that your idea of human? Is cannibalism human?"

Hoping to enter familiar intellectual territory, I ask Hirsch his age.

"I'm not going to tell you. It's a ridiculous question. You should be asking what is truth. I mean, what is truth?"

"I don't know."

"Truth is the reality of what we're doing. It's a matter of life and death. We aren't playing games here, you know. This



is class warfare."

"But I just wanted to know how old you are."

Boyd hits the table with his fist. "It's irrelevant to your goddamn article! You're thinking this guy looks like he's sixteen years old and anyone who is sixteen years old can't handle all these high-powered ideas!" My cousin hands me a pile of literature and walks me to the steel door as Boyd calls me a fucking petit bourgeois asshole.

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In the beginning, there was Lyndon Hermyle LaRouche, Jr. That was September 8, 1922 in Rochester, New Hampshire, according to LaRouche's *The Conceptual History of the Labor Committees*. Raised by Quaker parents who split from the regular church to form their own fundamentalist sect, he was a "fanatical" follower of Immanuel Kant by the age of 16 (though the precise age and philosopher varies in other NCLC documents). He appears to have been somewhat out-of-it socially and to have enjoyed a particularly close relationship with his mother.

When Vin McClellan of the Boston *Phoenix* visited LaRouche's parents in Lynn, Massachusetts in January of 1974, his mother assumed a highly protective attitude and quoted a letter from her son which said, "Mother, there are many who will never see you, who love you for what you've given to me." When I called his parents in September of 1975, both were still naively compassionate. "Lindy's a good boy," his mom said. "He sang in church just last Sunday. Also, he's very modest. He never tells you how smart he is."

During World War II, LaRouche entered work camp as a conscientious objector. To fortify his arguments with the Communist prisoners, he picked up a copy of *Das Kapital* and therein found the ultimate truth which led him to volunteer for the army. His fellow inmates then nicknamed him Marco Polo, whence he later derived his *nom de plume* Lyn Marcus, by which he has usually been known as the leader of the NCLC.

After serving in Burma and India, Marcus returned to the States and worked occasionally as a shoe factory manager and computer programmer. The major source of his income seems to have been his parents and first wife, a psychiatrist. In 1948, he joined the main Trotskyist group in the United States, the Socialist Workers Party (SWP). The union was to be long and unhappy; Marcus became embittered over the years as the SWP failed to show proper obeisance to his voluminous and unsolicited position papers.

With an unshakeable conviction that he knew how to establish revolutionary governments in the U.S. and Europe within a decade, Marcus left the SWP in June of 1966 and began teaching Marxist economics at the Free University in Greenwich Village. A few of his pupils

were members of the then-thriving Students for a Democratic Society and through them, he says, he was able to mold a group united around him by November of 1967. This was the first Labor Committee. Marcus asserts that they started the Columbia strike in the spring of 1968. Tony Papert, still a member of the NCLC, was in fact among the leaders of those who took over Lowe Library after Mark Rudd, president of the Columbia SDS chapter, abandoned the building.

Whatever his Columbia role, Marcus at last had his own political party which wouldn't laugh at him. And his followers, well, they became the "revolutionary intelligencia." Those who successfully underwent Marcus's rigorous indoctrination, "mastered the most advanced and profound conceptions of which modern man is known to be capable, the kind of scientific conceptions for which Albert Einstein was still searching in physics during the last years of his life."

The Labor Committee distinguished itself as the only leftist group to support the United Federation of Teachers against the movement for community control in New York ("a fascist plot to divide the working class"), for which SDS tried to throw them out. Marcus refused to leave but was soon forced to go it alone anyway as the parent organization disintegrated during the Days of Rage in Chicago in 1969. Drop-outs from this period recall the group as highly sexist in its delegation of labor, and racist in its attempts to bribe young blacks into joining. The only exception to their puritanical denunciations of the counter-culture was Marcus's taste for scatology. "Even in those early days back in the Village, he had a very foul mouth," said one drop-out. "He was always cracking jokes about how the homosexuals were upset about the vaseline shortage." (Former Labor Committee members I was able to locate almost uniformly begged for anonymity in fear of reprisals and general embarrassment.)

Marcus continued to publish a flood of position papers which attracted about 600 guilt-ridden sons and daughters of rich liberals dedicated to finding the one true interpretation of Marx. Over the next three years, he set up an entire world view for his new family—from physics to art to sex to politics—and repeatedly called for a united front (under his leadership) with the regular Communist Party (CP). Like the SWP, the Communists ignored him. In an "internal discussion" document titled *Whoa, Boy!* of March 20, 1973, Marcus blamed the failure to organize the workers on the NCLC's neurosis. He told his followers to imagine themselves returning to their old neighborhoods and meeting the people of their pasts. As if in a dream, he wrote:

*They do not see you when you speak.  
They do not hear you. You even strike  
an old friend; he continues chatting to*

*someone else. It occurs to you that you do not exist; you are psychologically dead within society. . . . It is that terrible fear, that nightmare, which you have all experienced in life. You think not? I tell you you live through that agony a thousand times a day.*

Two weeks later Marcus launched Operation Mop Up, a series of savage beatings by Labor Committee goon squads all over the country that sent dozens of Communists and other leftists to the hospital with fractured bones.

The declared reason for this mayhem was the CP's support of the National Welfare Rights Organization (NWRO), which Marcus had discovered was a CIA plot to impose slave labor on poor people.

With *New Solidarity* blaring on the front page the NCLC's intention to "bury" and "pulverize" the Communists, the SWP re-entered the scene with several articles calling for freedom of speech and an end to the fighting. Marcus interpreted the statements as a "call for general bloodshed" and escalated Mop Up to include the SWP and all the organizations who, by criticizing him, revealed themselves as CIA fronts. Incidents are too numerous to mention, but among the choicer ones were disruption of a Martin Luther King Coalition meeting in Buffalo

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**LYNDON LAROUCHE  
(A.K.A. LYN MARCUS):  
CANNIBALISM,  
RATS, EATING EXCREMENT,  
IMPOTENCY, SLAVE  
LABOR, BRAINWASHING.  
"TO BE EFFECTIVE,  
WE MUST  
BE MORALLY RUTHLESS."**

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where they beat a woman who was seven months pregnant; a riot at Columbia where about 60 NCLCers stormed a stage during a mayoral debate in a failed attempt to assault the CP candidate, and an attack on an SWP meeting in Detroit where they beat a paraplegic with clubs.

"Whether or not the NCLC is a bunch of police agents is an academic distinction," said Jesse Smith, an SWP member whose nose and arm were broken in separate incidents. "Objectively, they serve as a vehicle for the ultra-right—including the cops, who are not interested in prosecuting them. The important thing to remember about Mop Up is that it was only a matter of luck no one was murdered. My arm broke because I was

Crawdaddy

using it to protect my head from clubs."

Serious violence tapered off markedly after a CP ambush in Philadelphia sent 14 Labor Committee members invading a meeting to the hospital with many of their bones crushed by lead pipes. The NCLC made a brief attempt to recruit ghetto youth to refill the ranks by bailing gang leaders out of jail, but met with little success as they referred to the young blacks as "jungle bunnies" and called their music "masturbation in public." Following the United States example in Vietnam, Marcus declared victory and withdrew, insisting he had won "hegemony" on the left and "credibility" in the working class.



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Sitting at the dinner table in my cousin's apartment, I ask, "If you people have discovered the 'fundamental emotion' from which all creativity flows, how come I don't see any great art in *New Solidarity*? Those cartoons of David Rockefeller farting on Moscow don't do it for me."

"They're supposed to be ugly," Jim replies. "That's the way you shake people up. It's the only way you can reach them. Name me one field in the arts or sciences where there is anything important going on outside the Labor Committee."

"Anything?"

"Anything."

I suggest the field of humor. The "FBI Jokes of the Week," in *New Solidarity*, I

tell him, are warmed-over Polack jokes.

My cousin thoughtfully chews his chicken. "Those aren't our jokes," he says. "Workers send them in. That column is for the workers."

"They still aren't funny."

"There again, they're not intended as humor. They're intended as psychological warfare. We can't destroy them physically yet, so we destroy them psychologically. All policemen are sadistic homosexuals. You take your average FBI agent. He literally masturbates five times a day. And when we expose them, they're going to say, 'Hey, those people are on to me,' and they'll be afraid to harass us the next time. Humor is a way of arriving at the truth.

cults like the Manson gang as long as it denies the individual worker his unique identity and contribution to society."

I take my coat, say good-bye. In the hall, I kick the elevator door. Lyn Marcus, what have you done to my cousin?

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As early as 1970, in *How the Workers League Decayed*, Marcus displayed a genuine understanding of brainwashing. "The Comintern method," he wrote, "is to isolate and publicly degrade dangerous individuals, and once they are isolated and broken, assimilate them into one's machine as useful party hacks." About half his group had been immobilized with trauma during Mop Up and the whole fortress of fantasy was in danger of collapse.

"Marcus needed a scapegoat and Jim [my cousin] was the one he decided to crush," an NCLC drop-out told me. "Jim had been head of the Philadelphia local and a leading intellectual when Marcus sent him to Seattle. He got lonely out there and had a couple of affairs with married women, who reported him when he left them. Marcus dropped him from the National Executive Committee and wrote a paper on his 'disease.' Jim had a lot of feelings of self-doubt then and was forced to undergo the therapy groups. We would sit around in a circle in Marcus's apartment and he would always begin, 'Take a look at his eyes. I can see in his eyes that he fears being impotent in bed.' When Jim groveled, everyone applauded. It was the Thought Police."

Jim was transformed into a sychophant, the perfect example for the rest of the group. With his followers thus firmly in hand, Marcus took off for Europe to visit the International Labor Committees.

When Marcus returned in August, he announced the most revolutionary breakthrough in recent history. He had discovered the "real terror" of the group was not of the CIA but of discovering their own sexual impotence. This he pledged to cure. He further promised to obliterate the Puerto Rican Socialist Party (a supporter of NWRO) with a single propaganda blow. The result was a booklet, *The Sexual Impotence of the Puerto Rican Socialist Party*, in which Marcus synthesized a number of 19th century philosophers with an article from *Psychology Today* and concluded the essence of macho politics was "the fear of rats."

The "cure" turned out to be intensified therapy sessions, where everyone got my cousin's treatment. Women in particular suffered—Marcus having located their identities in the area of skin between the anus and vagina. Thus, they confused intercourse with excretion, and losing one's virginity was the symbolic equivalent of "the mother cleaning the shit out of her little vagina." Marcus attacked their mothers for having inflicted their "sadistic

and banalized" selves on their children. At the same time, he exhorted his flock to recruit their parents, lest they condemn their loved ones to insanity. Friends and even married couples were encouraged to inform on each other's impotence.

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To pick up another strand of the plot: in the summer of 1972, Marcus's wife, Carol Schnitzer, left him to marry an Englishman named Chris White, who had just joined the NCLC. Marcus immediately dropped her from the National Executive Committee and went into a funk for a couple of months. The two lovers went to England where they wrote articles for *New Solidarity*.

In December of 1973, Marcus decided Great Britain was on the verge of fascism and recalled the English Labor Committee. On the plane to New York, after watching a "disgusting piece of French near-pornography" on the in-flight movie, White went berserk. By his own account, he began shouting that the CIA was "planning to have my wife shot on the way to the city," and intended to dispose of L. Marcus later that evening.

After a narrow escape through customs, White was taken to Marcus, who deduced that White had been brainwashed in three languages (so it would look like a KGB job) to activate a "seven-man Latin death

described them as containing "weeping and vomiting."

On January 3, 1974, Marcus held a news conference which attracted reporters from most of the major TV stations and other media. He announced an unnamed brainwash victim had recently been discovered "sucking a pig" as a reward for carrying out his part of the assassination plot, and proceeded to describe what had been done to White over a period of 50 days in Britain without his wife's or friends' knowledge.

*... Eating excrement, having a program to eat your own excrement. Being reduced to an eight-cycle infinite loop with look-up table. With homosexual bestiality... Any of you you say this a hoax—you're cruds! You're subhuman! You're not serious. The human race is at stake. Either we win or there's no humanity.*

As the death squad never showed, the plot was foiled. But the NCLC wanted public proof, so they took White to two psychiatrists, both of whom diagnosed him as a paranoid schizophrenic. Marcus continued on his own system of treatment and White miraculously achieved "full remission" in a couple of weeks.

The networks and newspapers blacked out this information from the public. Instead they conspired to concentrate on

operative all along.

Dr. Norman Ackerman, a Manhattan psychiatrist, was then named chairman of the commission. When I spoke with him in September of 1974, he said, "I haven't seen them for a month and I don't want to either. They used to call me up in the middle of the night and say things like, 'One of our members is in jail. Go bail him out.' They even used to charge me for the literature I was supposed to read. As far as I'm concerned, the commission doesn't exist. They're idiots."

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**PART OF PROGRAM  
TO "BURY" COMMUNISTS:  
CP MEMBERS ATTACKED  
OUTSIDE CENTER  
FOR MARXIST EDUCATION  
IN NYC ON  
APRIL 30, 1973, SUFFERED  
HEAD INJURIES AND  
BROKEN BONES.**



squad" of frogmen hiding in the Hudson to kill Marcus so that Rockefeller would have an open road to world fascism. Again, about half the membership was traumatized, and several people voluntarily submitted confessions to the security staff that they too had been brainwashed.

Marcus seized the opportunity to "deprogram" the man who had cuckolded him. Claiming to take White's psychosis into his own mind to cure it, he alternately browbeat him and forced him to listen to Beethoven at high volume. White's wife encouraged the treatment, reportedly arguing, "If he weren't brainwashed, why else would he be seeing other women?" Paul Montgomery of *The New York Times* heard tapes of these sessions and

the story of Alice Wietzman—another brainwash/kidnap victim who the police rescued when she wafted a paper airplane message out her apartment window—and another member who was taken to Bellevue after running through the streets screaming, "De-control me! De-control me!" Thus rebuffed, Marcus announced the Emergency National Commission of Inquiry which was to be composed of "independent individuals of character and integrity." One of those asked to serve was Nat Hentoff of the *Village Voice*. Hentoff inquired for two days, found evidence of over 40 Labor Committee beatings and disruptions from Mop Up, and wrote a column entitled "Of Thugs And Liars." The NCLC discovered he had been a CIA

October 1974: "This group has been brought together with one purpose in mind: revolutionary discipline. Within two months you will all be commanding cadres of several hundred workers apiece. You must be prepared!"

Bobby Kay, chief of NCLC security, waves his arms as he yells. We stand at attention in five ranks of six in a small gym on top of an apartment building. Security class. Sunday morning at 9 a.m. I'd seen a notice for it on the blackboard at headquarters and showed up without asking permission. Why they let me stay, I don't know.

"Jumping jacks! Ready! Begin! 1-2, 2-2, 3-2... 40-2, 41-2..." The girl to my right falls out, clutching her mouth, run-

Crawdaddy

ning to the bathroom. ". . . 67-2, 68-2. . ." My ankles are jello when he quits at eighty. "Revolutionaries must be in shape!"

He calls up a tall, thin boy with an enormous mouth to lead the next exercise: pushups. We hit the floor and begin. "No! No!" Kay says. "You're going one-two one-two. It should be ONE! TWO! ONE! TWO! When the wars come, how do you expect the workers to follow orders like that? Let's try it again!"

The tall boy counts louder. I curse Kay under my gasps. He is short, curly-haired, well-muscled. By chance I catch his eye. What does he suspect? I curse my finger which I had broken playing touch football the previous day. It is swollen and purple and hemorrhaging. . . .

Several days later, Tony Chaitkin, candidate for governor of New York on the NCLC's U.S. Labor Party ticket, leaps from his seat next to me in a small auditorium in the basement of Butler Library at Columbia University. "For once in your life, have some integrity!" he screams at Al Blumenthal, a Democratic Assemblyman who has inexplicably agreed to debate Jeanette Washington, USLP candidate for his office. "Either you're for us or you're against us! Now you are either a moral coward or a whore of Rockefeller! Which are you?" The audience of 150

Comparatively mild and inarticulate, Washington shrugs her shoulders. A man in the audience says I am lying, the Commission is operating and they expect a report soon. Something snaps in my brain. "You call up Dr. Norman Ackerman, the supposed chairman of your Commission, and ask him whether it still exists, because it doesn't. You haven't been in contact with the guy for two months."

A security guard shouts, "This question is invalid coming from someone who claims to be a student at the so-called Columbia School of Journalism, a known training ground for CIA agents of the press! This person has been seen to be taking notes at U.S. Labor Party rallies! This person has been seen to be asking questions at our headquarters! This person has been seen to be gathering information for damaging psychological profiles!"

"We've psychoanalysed you," Chaitkin shouts. "You're a barely repressed homosexual. We know your kind." His eyes light up. "How did you break your finger?"

I hold up the splinted middle finger of my right hand. "I told you . . . football."

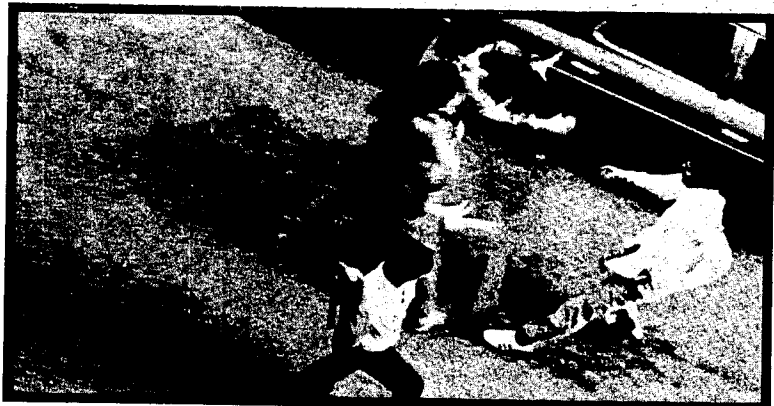
"You broke it because you had it up an FBI agent's ass!" Tony begins dancing around and grabbing lapels. "He broke it because he had it up an FBI agent's ass!" They laugh and glare. "A police agent!

"the asshole of the left. Every time they go out to sell their paper, the ground gets covered with litter. They can't even give it away."

2. *A foreign Marxist power is financing them to overthrow the U.S. government.*

The *Wall Street Journal* of October 7, 1975 presented the possibility of Soviet funding as equally plausible with American intelligence backing. Larry McDonald, a Democratic Congressman from Georgia and a member of the John Birch Society, has suggested in the House of Representatives that they might be East German agents. This scenario is dubious. While Marcus has been making pathetic attempts to toady to the Soviet line over the past year, the American CP has regularly published virulent attacks on him. The NCLC has lately made the list of *Who's Who in the CIA* published in East Germany.

*New Solidarity* reported in the summer of 1974 that Marcus had gone to Iraq for an anniversary celebration of the ruling party there. It has been speculated Marcus was trying to grab some oil money and the Iraqis might be interested in wreaking a little havoc in the U.S. The Iraqi mission in Washington, however, denies any such trip took place. Iraq has no official ties with the United States and the only Americans allowed in are a very small



NCLCers claps.

Chaitkin is a balding little man of about 30 with a baby face and a gap in his front teeth. He has been on television several times when the local stations have done bits on minority party candidates. He leaves an odd impression because he bounces in his chair when he talks.

"I don't understand everything you say about your plots," Blumenthal replies from the podium, "but I am anxiously awaiting the results of your Commission of Inquiry."

Bombarded as I had been for the past several weeks with similar stuff, I stand and say, "I would like to ask the Labor Party candidate why the Commission of Inquiry has been allowed to lapse."

Why else would you ask a question to publicly discredit us?"

The crowd clears a path as I walk from the auditorium.

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There are four basic theories on the true nature of the National Caucus of Labor Committees:

1. *Millions of workers buy New Solidarity and donate their money to USLP candidates.*

After talking with dozens of radicals, union officials, politicians, college administrators and journalists across the country, I can state with absolute certainty the NCLC has no support in the working class or on campus. Billy Allen of the Detroit CP perhaps best described them as

number of businessmen.

Other sources report he was indeed in the country, but the Iraqis told him he must first get the approval of the French CP for funding. The NCLC magazine, *The Campaigner*, recently charged the French with having "confused their anus with the stage of world-historical revolutionary process." Marcus most likely did not get any money, if he was in Iraq at all.

3. *They are bonkers, but rich.*

Everyone from the John Birch Society to the counter-spy group, Fifth Estate, agrees that they are well-financed. How well financed, though, is a mystery—even to the NCLC. The November 9, 1974 *New Solidarity* claimed their yearly budget was \$1.5 million. The CP claims to have seen

internal documents which confirm this figure. In that same article, they said their weekly income was \$6500 in donations, dues, etc. Multiply \$6500 by 52 and you get \$338,000.

Vanguard Printers of New Jersey confirm the stated press run of *New Solidarity* is 40,000 twice a week, which costs a shade over \$1,000 per issue. *New Solidarity* also appears irregularly in eight foreign languages. Combined with *The Campaigner* and other leaflets, they easily exceed \$3000 a week in printing, let alone distribution. They are paying office rent in 52 cities in the United States, four in Latin America, and 12 in Europe. Most of these offices are reportedly run-down, but in New York they take up three floors and in Chicago (which I have also visited) they have most of a floor in a ritzy downtown office building. Their Telex lines and telephones cost a huge sum. Many of their organizers around the country appear to be full-time employees. The foreign Labor Committee members, numbering 200-300, are almost totally funded by the New York office. By their own estimate, they are involved in over a hundred lawsuits, ranging from libel to disturbing the peace. A budget of over a million is likely.

The United Auto Workers are currently suing the NCLC for \$30 million dollars for appropriating the name of their newspaper, *Solidarity*. The legal documents the NCLC furnished the court about their finances are slightly less absurd than their public statements. Mixed with the usual mythology, they list S. Pepper, P. Ulanowsky, and S. Brody as the main stockholders in Campaigner Publications, contributing \$8,000, \$110,000 and \$13,000 respectively. (SDS, at its peak in 1968 with 14,000 dues-paying members and 30,000 more who called themselves members, had a budget of less than \$90,000.) These figures seem suspiciously large, but Pepper, Ulanowsky and Brody are long-time members of independent wealth. One parent told me there had been an "amazing number" of trust fund liquidations for the group. Almost the entire membership is upper middle-class to rich.

When I called the Federal Election Commission in Washington, the clerk laughed out loud when she read the USLP file. It is a mass of mumbo jumbo about contributions from, of all people, the NCLC. All expenditures were to the state Labor parties rather than vice versa, which is more evidence there is no money flow back to New York from the workers in the heartland. Total outside donations to the USLP for the third quarter of 1975 amounted to \$6.25.

Noam Chomsky, the radical MIT linguist, attributed their behavior to mass psychosis. "They act like automata," he said. "When they try to disrupt my speeches, they all use precisely the same vocabulary in the same hysterical tone.

They do get an enormous amount of money, but my guess is that it can be accounted for as extortion from parents. I just don't think the government is clever enough to set up a group this crazy. And what would be the point? The only thing they've succeeded at is unifying the rest of the left against them."

4. *They are provocateurs financed by an American government intelligence agency.*

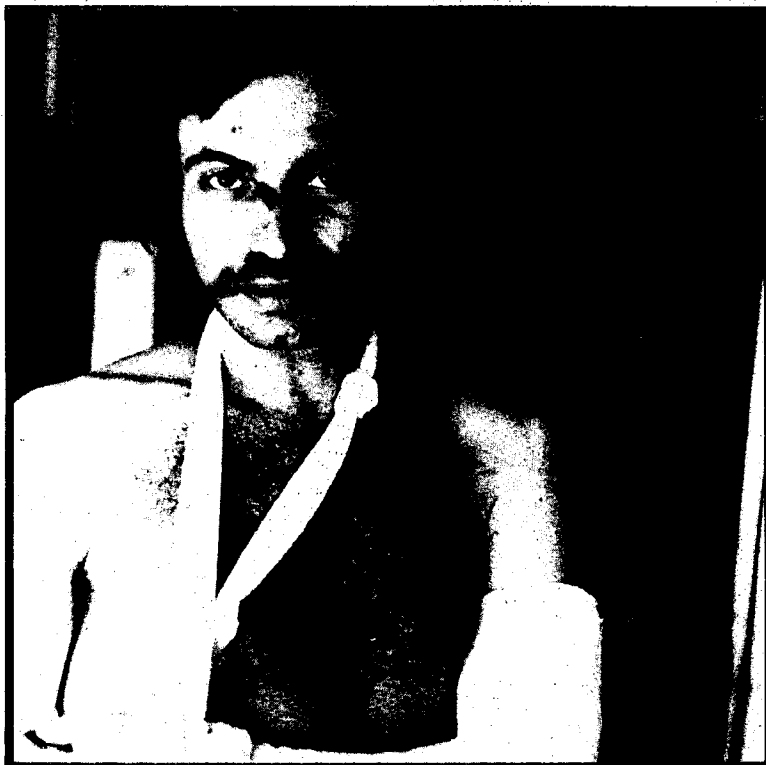
In the first COINTELPRO (Counter Intelligence Program) documents released in December of 1973, J. Edgar Hoover wrote, "We must frustrate every effort of these [radical] groups and individuals to consolidate their forces or to recruit new or youthful adherents. In every instance, con-

ment since 1961. In several articles in late December 1974, Seymour Hersh of the *Times* said that the CIA had its first major penetration of the New Left during the Columbia strike, precisely when the NCLC was forming.

USLP senatorial candidate Zeke Boyd served seven years in the Army. He was thrown out of the Panthers in Baltimore in 1968 under charges that he was a police agent. He was seen at numerous beatings around the country.

Despite ample evidence of felonious assault, and numerous witnesses who tried to prosecute, no convictions arose from Mop Up.

In October of 1974, an FBI plant named



MILITANT/ARTHUR HUGHES

sideration should be given to disrupting the organized activities of these groups."

Though there is no hard evidence of government sponsorship, the FBI would not have been doing its job if it had not been funneling money to the NCLC.

There appears to have been a large increase in the NCLC's budget around 1973 when *New Solidarity* went twice weekly with a press run of 40,000-50,000. In 1970, *New Solidarity* was twice monthly with a press run of 250, increasing gradually until they went berserk in Mop Up. NWRO, Mop Up's original target, was on Nixon's Enemies List. According to other COINTELPRO documents, the SWP, another target of Mop Up, has been the victim of systematic spying and harass-

Vernon Higgins was running for State Senate in Michigan on the USLP ticket. He was exposed when he disappeared for a couple of days and the FBI raided NCLC headquarters to save him. To this day, Labor Committee members insist that no police agents could infiltrate their organization because of their command of psychology.

The Higgins incident indicates that the FBI is probably as baffled by Labor Committee dementia as everyone else. It also proves the relative ease of agent penetration. This is distressing because a provocateur could get near the highly suggestive Marcus, and because the NCLC is collecting huge amounts of data on other leftists around the world. Any

Crawdaddy

spy on the security staff could feed their files to the government.

The CP's *Daily World* of September 19, 1975, quotes an internal NCLC memo to "regional security offices" ordering them to investigate local left and right groups to ascertain "size of membership and periphery; social composition; name and location of all plants; trade union and community organizations they have infiltrated; home address of members." Radicals around the country have told me of NCLCers taking down car license numbers and photographing organizers.

Since early 1974, Marcus has believed he is causing a split in the ruling class by openly cooperating with local police in a perceived fight with the Rockefeller-supported Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA) and "CIA countergangs." The Fifth Estate, publishers of *Counterspy*, report the NCLC accidentally sent Telex messages to the Ritter newspapers of St. Paul which ordered Milwaukee members to "brief" the chief of police. The briefing may have been the usual ranting about CIA plots, but it is likely they filled him in on other radicals who have infiltrated factories. The Milwaukee LC has circulated wanted posters near the homes and factories of leftists—the posters including names, addresses, political affiliation, and accusa-

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**JESSE SMITH GOT  
"SENSUOUSLY LOCATED  
IN HISTORY"  
WHEN HE WAS JUMPED  
COMING OUT OF A  
SOCIALIST WORKERS  
PARTY MEETING  
IN NYC  
ON JUNE 4, 1973.**

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tions of rape.

Last fall, prime minister Olof Palme of Sweden described the NCLC as "a bunch of crackpots" when his press conference at the UN was disrupted, but it has been reported that Swedish Central Security is investigating for intelligence links. Gunter Schuit, a press counselor at the West German consulate in New York, described their "extraordinary ability to get into closed press conferences and ask silly questions." *The New York Times* of April 20, 1975, quoted unnamed sources in the Mexican government as suspecting Labor Committee doings were tied to the CIA.

The NCLC has indeed succeeded in unifying the entire American left against it, but they have also done an effective job of

disrupting it. Jeff Crosby, a member of the Revolutionary Communist Party in Milwaukee, said, "I was selling our newspaper in an unemployment line once when a Labor Committee girl stuck a bullhorn over my ear and began screaming I was a CIA agent. Then she asked me how many dogs do I fuck back at our headquarters. It isn't easy to sell newspapers in that sort of atmosphere. They seem to want to provoke fights so they can take us to court."

The NCLC has shown up at most of the major strikes in the last three years and have established quite a reputation as scabs. Invariably they have argued that those who favor the strike are "faggot police agents" and that workers should return to the factories and read *New Solidarity*. The Labor Committee's counter-suit for \$28 million against the UAW lists over a hundred incidents of auto workers beating or otherwise harassing NCLC organizers. It is likely most of the fights happened in one form or another. Midwestern labor reporters have told me of several incidents they knew of personally where auto workers beat NCLCers after being accused of sundry sex crimes.

The UAW refuses to comment on the case, but it is not probable they would sue for \$30 million with the UAW's own coffers drained by lay-offs if they did not expect to discover something. Ed Sadlowski, leader of dissident District 31 of the Chicago Steelworkers described the NCLCers as "a bunch of right-wing weirdos. I hope the UAW suit is successful. Everyone knows the whole thrust is to find out their finances. I'm sure some very interesting names will come out."

One very interesting name to emerge already is Chase Manhattan Bank, which is run by David Rockefeller, brother of the NCLC's arch-enemy. According to court records of a civil suit filed by the bank, on October 28, 1974, Chase Manhattan transferred \$60,000 into the NCLC's checking account by "clerical error." On November 1, 1974, they deducted \$59,700 from the account since the original deposit was for \$300. That same day, they again credited \$65,000 to the NCLC's account by "clerical error." They didn't discover this mistake until November 12 when they tried to deduct \$64,935 from the account, as the original deposit was \$65. By this time, the Labor Committee had spent \$61,506.40 of the money, which Chase Manhattan is trying to get returned.

Chase Manhattan has no official comment on the case, but off the record, a spokesman told me that such an error was "rare but possible." Other bank employees said the mistake was impossible, since deposits of that size had to be checked by three different people. My sources estimated the case would take "years" to complete. The odds against "clerical errors" of this magnitude happening twice

in three days are astronomical. The NCLC spending money from its arch foe as if it happened every day is likewise difficult to explain.

*The Daily World* quotes Greg Rose, a member of NCLC counterintelligence from late 1973 to 1975, as saying he heard from Nancy Spannhous, editor of *The Campaigner*, that Campaigner Publications had received a \$150,000 loan from Chase Manhattan. My sources within the bank say no loan was ever made to any of the sundry names of the NCLC, but this does not rule out the possibility that an individual member put up collateral for such a loan. Documents the NCLC has furnished the court in the UAW suit list a "bank loan" of \$54,000 to Campaigner Publications, almost equaling the \$55,647 they claim to have lost in 1974.

Rose further claimed to have taught para-military skills at a Labor Committee farm near Glens Falls, New York. Rose is currently unreachable and perhaps not the most reliable witness since he took part in the deprogramming of Chris White, but three other Labor Committee drop-outs who have achieved remission confirm the existence and use of the farm. According to Rose, classes included "military history, close-order drill, weapons systems, hand guns, 30-06 rifles, explosives and demolitions, and small unit tactics and strategy." Rose also said he knew of "top secret" briefings to military personnel—here again these may have been the usual paranoia bullshit, or intelligence data about other leftists.

Given Labor Committee financing and their constant predictions of imminent doom, it would be a serious mistake to assume they are not well-armed. NCLC chief of staff Costas Axios and David Wasserman have already been convicted of having a trunkful of illegal guns in Morristown, New Jersey and received suspended sentences. (Zeke Boyd, also in the car when they were picked up by local police, was acquitted.) Marcus himself admits they are armed for "self-defense."

Dan Jacobs of the International Workers Party, a group of about 60 who joined the Labor Committee *en masse* for three months in 1974 and left after they were accused of dog fucking, alleges that the security staff has already proposed assassinating other leftist leaders. Marcus reportedly vetoed the suggestion in a panic, but there is just no telling where his next hallucination will lead him and his followers, who will clearly do anything he says. Last November, *New Solidarity* began accusing the SWP, the CP and the Charles Manson gang of conspiring to kill Marcus and President Ford. Joel Britton of the Chicago SWP said that Labor Committee organizers had been seen carrying placards of Stalin in Evanston. Marcus himself has lately written a bizarre screed praising Stalin's "sensuous appreciation of



the realities of leading positions of power." The euphemism for pounding people during Mop Up was "sensuously locating ourselves in history."

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I met Lyn Marcus for the first time last September 18. That he would talk for five hours with a homosexual police agent was a little odd but consistent with the NCLC's repeated practice of branding journalists agents and then calling with a demand they write a story about them.

The interview was one of the great anticlimaxes of my life. I found Marcus charming. He has a sense of humor. His mind is encyclopedic. His speech mannerisms—particularly a habit of going "whun" instead of "ya know" when he is stuck for a word—are precisely the same as his followers. He is semi-balding, tall, gaunt, bespectacled and rumped. Like his epigone Zeke Boyd, he always wears a bow tie. His teeth are brown from years of pipe smoking.

I suggested that his and Nixon's childhood must have been similar because they were Quakers and academically inclined. He replied, "The effect of the Society was to induce personal moral responsibility and independence from social pressures. You stand for what you believe no matter how many people say you shouldn't. If people get nasty, you get stubborn. But in Marx the concept of social responsibility is different. You must intervene. Where in the Quakers position you withdraw from the world for moral reasons, in Marx you must be responsible for the practical consequences of events in the world. People have no right to vacillate on issues when the human race is at stake. To be effective, we must be morally ruthless."

This concept of responsibility combined with loathing for women is, I think, the dynamic behind his derangement. He of course denies his misogyny, but it always sneaks into his conversation. "Feminists," he said, "are precisely those who would not be qualified to be leaders because they reject those qualities necessary for genuine intellectual achievement. Every woman who tries to create must suffer the agony of asking herself, 'Maybe I'm a lesbian; I can think.'"

Marcus projected total confidence. Even when I tried to agree with him, he would correct me on some niggling point. His version of history changes from month to month, so that it is impossible to show believable sympathy unless you're aware of the NCLC's latest plots. Mostly Marcus spoke of the Rockefeller conspiracy, whose origins he traces back to the Fabian Society in Britain at the turn of century. He has complete command of thousands of tiny "facts," some true and some imagined. The tapes of our conversation are almost as unlistenable as his writings are unreadable. Either his paranoia is genuine or he is the greatest actor who ever lived.

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January 1976: "STOP ROCKEFELLER'S NUCLEAR WAR" reads a huge banner in the lobby of New York's Washington Irving High School, site of the NCLC national conference. Directly above it is a marble plaque with a quote from *Sleepy Hollow*: "There was enchantment in the very air that blew from that haunted place breathing an atmosphere of dreams and fancies." Inside the auditorium the enchanted air of Chris White blows across an audience of 500. "There is no one in the world with the guts to fight but us, no one with the guts to do the necessary intellectual work," White rants. He is handsome and in his twenties. He denounces the Italian Communist Party for recommending "new erogenous zones. Doing it with men, women, dogs, sheep—that's what they call freedom to express yourself! Freedom! Perversity! Perversity!"

White's wife Carol, Marcus's former spouse, smiles benignly from a seat behind him as he attacks Bertrand Russell and George Bernard Shaw for being "medievalist faggots. They liked the Renaissance because they were cheap pornographers. They liked the human form undraped and made of stone. They feared real women. Literary filth! Smut peddlers masquerading as men of letters! How do you stop this polymorphous perversity? The solution is creative work, growing up, realizing that man can make decisions for himself."

**"THERE MAY BE CLASS WARFARE. IF WE HAVE TO FIGHT, WE'LL FIGHT. EITHER I'M IN THE WHITE HOUSE IN 1976 OR IT'S THE ANNIHILATION OF THE HUMAN RACE!"**

The Group of Sixteen marches on stage and sings a dazzlingly intricate rendition of Bach's *Sixth Motet*. It is a greeting for Marcus, now calling himself Lyndon LaRouche, who has just returned from Europe. Nikkos Syvriotis introduces the master's speech, "Marching Orders for our Epistemological Dictatorship in 1976."

LaRouche/Marcus opens with a terrifying description of the Middle East on the verge of blowing up, causing nuclear war. "We are in the most dangerous period in the history of the world. Yet we have been effective beyond the wildest imagination of our opponents. The Labor Committee expresses power per capita beyond any force in the world." He reassures us that David Rockefeller is

"mentally unqualified to make out a deposit slip." It is a tremendous performance—a brilliant if incoherent mixture of apocalypse, humor and omnipotence. He asks where the Communists get their money, drawing a big laugh. He claims the world would not exist today if not for the Labor Committee over the past two years. "Who are we to assume responsibility? We know what must be done to save humanity. All morality is based on that assumption. There is no other morality!" He pounds his fists, waves his arms. "Either I'm in the White House in 1976 or it's the annihilation of the human race! When people realize what we're saying, we'll win easily—the slick way to power. But there may be class warfare. If we have to fight, we'll fight."

A flat prediction of victory in his race for the Presidency is a drastic increase in the stakes of his psychosis. The campaign will keep everyone high on hysteria until November, but there will be a terrible let-down when reality comes crashing down around them. LaRouche/Marcus has never run for anything before and will need to create a crisis bigger than the Chris White fiasco to solidify support. If he believes the Presidency has been denied him (the Rockefellers own the companies that make the voting machines), "class warfare" could well result.

They place a microphone in the aisle for a question and answer period. I step up and read a quote from Marcus's *Mother's Fears*, which exhorts the members to recruit their own parents or be impotent organizers. I ask why his own parents were still Republicans. LaRouche/Marcus does not bite. I am hoping at least to be branded an agent but he answers, "You underestimate my father's sense of humor." They all laugh as LaRouche/Marcus leaves the impression his father was putting me on.

Walking in defeat to the rear of the auditorium, I see my cousin and follow him outside into the snow. "Always trying to pull a fast one, huh, Chuck?" he says bitterly. "But you miss the point."

"We never did agree on what the point was."

"It's like with my parents," Jim explains. "I don't expect to recruit them, but I take responsibility for the attempt. They are too attached to their bourgeois life to change. They've invested too much of their egos in that sort of status. That's why they got so upset when my little brother dropped out of college to organize for the Labor Committee. Dropping out didn't mean anything in itself. He can learn more here. They were worried that if he left, their own lives would turn out to be meaningless."

"Is that why you didn't quit the Labor Committee when Marcus wrote that paper on your disease?"

"Always trying to pull a fast one," he charges, "aren't you?" ■