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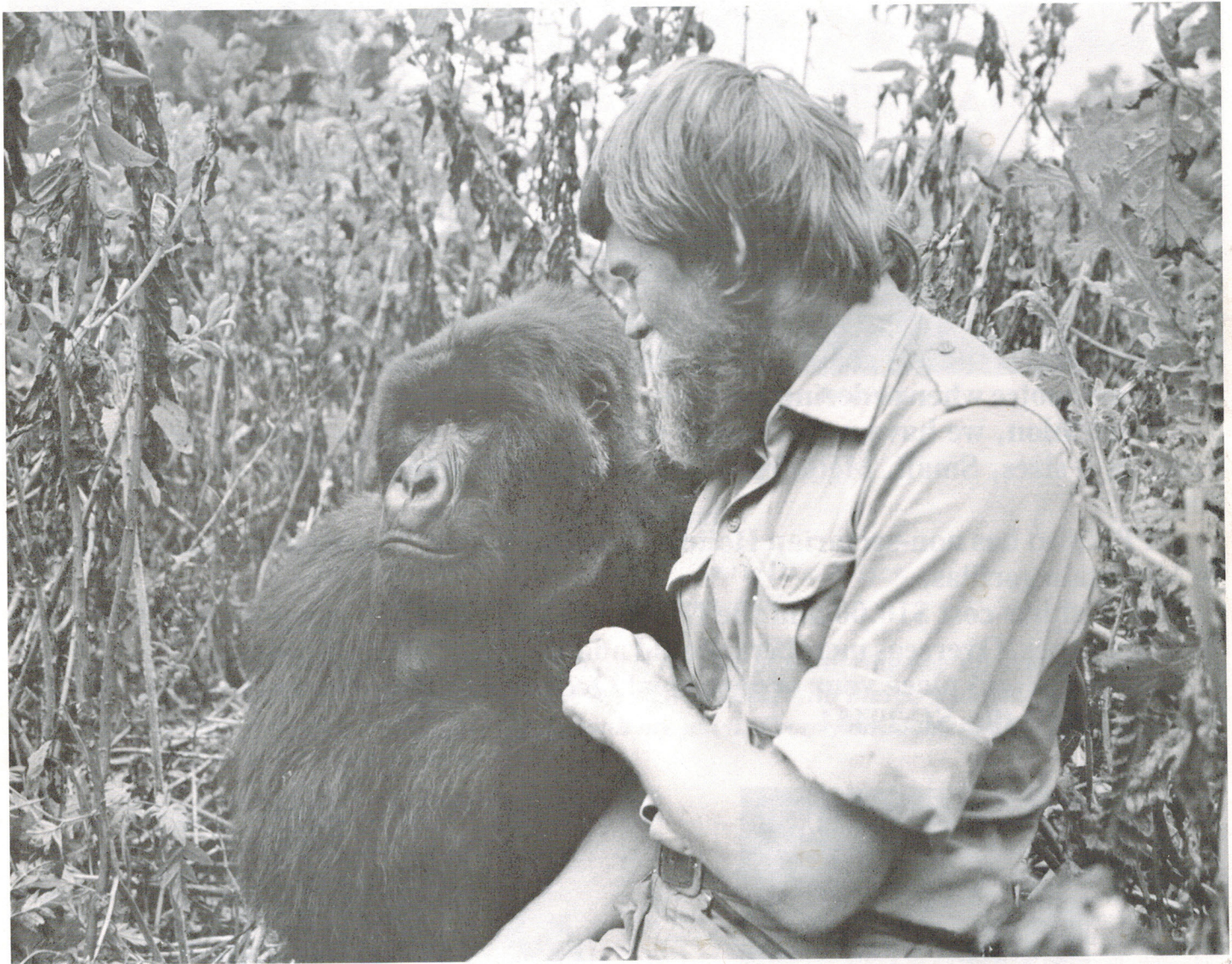
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Ian Redmond with Pablo Gorilla.

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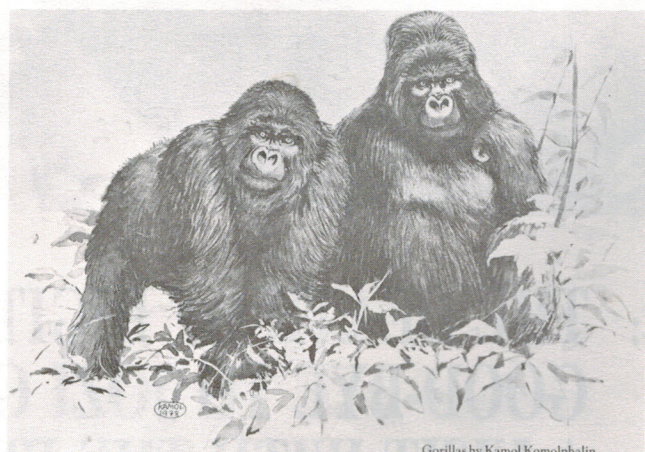
The shirts come in 4 colors, aqua, lavender, beige and silver. Please provide a second color choice when ordering.

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Dian Fossey organizing anti-poacher patrol. Photo: Ian Redmond

THE DEATH OF DIGIT

by Ian Redmond

*Ian Redmond, then a research assistant to Dian Fossey,
found Digit's body on 2 January 1978*

There are times when one cannot accept facts for fear of shattering one's being. As I listened to Ian's news, all of Digit's life, since my first meeting with him as a playful little ball of black fluff ten years earlier, passed through my mind. From that moment on, I came to live within an isolated part of myself.

—DIAN FOSSEY
Gorillas in the Mist, p. 206

New Year's Day 1978 was just another day up at camp. I woke up later than usual but soon sat down at the microscope to examine the dung samples collected yesterday. Racking the microscope slide back and forth and noting down each hookworm egg was tedious work, requiring little mental effort, and so my mind began to wander over the previous night's events.

After checking the camera and labelling the exposed film from Group 5, I had prepared and eaten my evening meal, alone as usual, and then sat down at my desk. The typewriter looked back at me uninvitingly, and so I picked up a copy of **The Dalesman**, a magazine with which all lovers of Yorkshire will be familiar. It occurred to me that my subscription must have been one of the few to reach its reader on the head of a barefoot porter, squelching up a muddy mountain. It always seemed a bit incongruous – reading

such a parochial publication in a little tin hut on the side of a volcano in the middle of Africa – but I enjoyed the articles about places I knew in my home country and the broad-Yorkshire sayings of a cartoon character called Old Amos. But that night it struck a chord of loneliness; I came across an evocative poem about campanology, and I have been an occasional bell-ringer since boyhood. I knew that in Beverley, friends would be climbing the spiral stone staircase to the ringing chamber at the Minster, ready to ring out the Old and ring in the New. It was fourteen months since I had left family and friends and, for the first time, a feeling of homesickness flooded through me.

Some time later, the blank sheet of paper in the typewriter finally stared me into submission. My thoughts of New Years past evaporated – it was cold, it was the end of the month, and Dian

would soon need my field notes for the monthly summaries she sent off to National Geographic. As usual I was several days behind in typing them up and only halfway through my December Parasitology Report. I rekindled the stove and forced my attention on to gorilla behaviour.

For two or three hours the rest of the world was forgotten. At midnight my four typing fingers were still plucking away at their top speed when suddenly the night was shattered by a terrifying clattering on the corrugated iron roof. The first bangs were followed by more as rocks and gravel rolled down the roof accompanied by unearthly screams and shouts and whistles from the darkness without. I was surrounded! My initial fright soon subsided, though, when the screams became raucous laughter and Dian's strident tones sang out, "Happy New Year!" I had been well and truly had; the door burst open and a rabble of darker-than-average first footers crowded in (and not a single lump of coal between 'em). Dian had brought a bottle of the most important ingredient for a happy Hogmanay, and as it passed from hand to hand, spreading its warm internal glow, 1978 was toasted in near-traditional style.

The men soon excused themselves and retired to their own cabin; Dian and I sat and chatted into the early hours. I am not a whiskey drinker but Dian wasn't taking no for an answer; "Chugalug!" she said and chugalug I did. For me, the conversation flowed into a pleasantly inebriated state; I seem to remember we solved most of the world's problems but the details are hazy. It was a good start to a year filled with tragedy, but as I bid her goodnight, and jokingly told her not to molest any buffalo on the way home, we were both blissfully ignorant of the previous day's events.

The microscope work took up most of the morning of 1 January, and the pile of paperwork most of the afternoon. I was still typing at dusk when Dian sent a note down asking me to go up to her cabin. Slipping into my boots, I trudged up the path, mentally rehearsing my excuses for the tardy reports. It was a relief to find that there was another, more important, reason for the summons. Nemeye the tracker had arrived back in camp late, after a day spent searching for Group 4. He had found their tracks mixed up with elephant tracks and many signs of poachers, but the gorillas appeared to have fled to more secure ground close to Visoke. It seemed as though the gorillas had avoided the danger but Dian and I decided to spend the following day searching the saddle area between Visoke and Karisimbi; it would also give us a good opportunity to test a new walkie-talkie set which Dian had purchased on her last trip to the U.S.

At six thirty the next morning we met up to plan our route; Dian was to go with Kanyarugano, the houseman who had been volunteered into action, up the Border Trail which more or less follows the imaginary line through the forest which divides Rwanda and Zaire. I was to head up the Five Hills Trail, circle round at high altitude on Karisimbi, then head down the Border Trail to meet up with Dian. We would try and make radio contact every hour on the hour, but if the radios did not work and we did not meet up, we would make our way back to camp independently.

The tone of the early part of the day is best expressed by my field notes:

6:50. Set off with Little Nemeye up the Five Hill Trail.

7:30. As typed. 8:00. Ditto. 8:40. Ditto. 9:00. Ditto.

9:45. Ditto. 10:50. Destroyed first trap (string noose) at 10,650 ft.; Visoke left peak is 55 E. of N.; soon find and destroy traps 2 and 3 (both wire nooses), then. . .

At 11:00 we had again tried the walkie-talkie, but to no avail. Nemeye began to press on, but then stopped at a point where the path opened out into a trampled glade. In a low voice he said, "Ohh, waliua ngagi!" (Ohh, they have killed a gorilla).

For some reason, at that moment, I could not think what a 'ngagi' was. It was a word I had been using a hundred times a day for more than a year, but my brain seemed unable to take it in. His tone of voice told me it wasn't just another antelope, and I was saying to myself, "Mbogo is buffalo, tembo is elephant, ngagi is . . . ?". When I saw past him and my question was answered.

There, lying on his side, in the corner of an area of flattened

vegetation, lay Digit. His back was towards us, which initially hid the fact that his head and hands had been cut off and taken.

Just seeing the body there was like a physical shock, but that was only the first. At that point I wasn't completely sure that it was Digit, although his back told me it was a young silverback.

The second shock came when I walked over to see who it was – there was no face to identify, in fact no head, just a gory socket between the shoulder blades. Sickened, I reached for his right hand to check for the deformed finger that gave him his name – the end of the ulna and radius bones met my eye in the stump of his wrist. With head and hands removed, there was only the body to go on; the size was right, the amount of silvering was right, and the back was slightly stooped – it couldn't be anyone else but Digit.

The body was badly mutilated. Apart from the six deep stab wounds, where the fatal spear thrusts had gone in, it looked as if the poachers had continued to hack and slash long after he had fallen. As I knelt beside the cold, rain-soaked corpse, my mind's eye could not escape the thought of them leaping about in a frenzy of blood-lust, shirts and faces red and sticky from spurts of arterial blood; the blows raining down; the forest ringing with Digit's last roar and the shouts of men; the barking of dogs and the sickening 'thunk' of steel on flesh and bone. We had set out to look for poachers and to destroy their handiwork, but nothing had prepared me for this. One question kept ringing through my brain "WHY? WHY? WHY?"

The answer, we later found out, was pathetically simple: twenty dollars. That was the amount, in Rwandan francs, that the poachers were paid for Digit's head and hands. Even to a poor African, this is not exactly a fortune, and would not be enough to entice six men out on a gorilla hunting trip. In the months and years that followed, many distant observers suggested that Digit was singled out and killed **because** he was one of Dian's favorites, as an act of revenge for her treatment of poachers.

This really does not hold together when viewed alongside the evidence. For a start, the theory presupposes that the poachers had an intimate knowledge of Dian's favorite individuals and that they were able to tell one gorilla family (and individual) from another. This is highly improbable. It is true that they may have seen our boot prints from my visit with the Crigler family on 29 December, but our boot-prints were commonly found all over the study area, particularly when visiting fringe groups. Other accounts of the event have given the impression that the poachers were out hunting gorillas.

This was clearly not the case. Nor were they after the elephants that had passed through that area, or they would have had more than six men: ivory poaching is a dangerous business.

The six men had been following their trap line when they encountered the gorillas, but they had a standing order from a trader who had offered to buy a silverback skull and hands for the equivalent of twenty dollars. We cannot know whether they saw or heard the gorillas first, then decided to attack, or whether they were working their trap line and came close to Digit accidentally, whereupon he barked an alarm at frighteningly close quarters and precipitated an attack.

The fact that they had hunting dogs with them suggests that the former scenario is more accurate – the dogs would probably have scented the gorillas first. During the attack the dogs would have been running around barking and growling in order to confuse Digit and prevent him from running away as the men pressed home their attack.

We later discovered that Digit had killed one of the dogs during the fight, and many other details came to light when one of the guilty poachers was captured and questioned. At that time, though, shocked by the discovery and with only the two day old tracks to go on, none of this was clear; likewise, the implications of the event had barely begun to sink in. What seemed important then was to jot down the mundane details such as altitude, location and trail sign.

My field notes, typed up a couple of days later, describe the events of Monday, 2nd January 1978 in a controlled manner, but



Dian Fossey and African Friends. Photo: Ian Redmond

the actual notebook I carried with me tells a different story. Blinking through tears of anger and frustration, I began to write "11:05 find Digit with head and hands cut off" but with a gut-wrenching sadness, my feelings took command of the pencil and ground out just one word which filled the rest of the page: **B A S T A R D S !**

When I eventually looked up, Nemeye was still standing there shaking his head quietly and muttering, "Eeeh, iko mbaya sana kuua ngagi. Watu mbaya nana" and the like (Eeeh, it is really bad to kill a gorilla. They're really bad people.). We began to look around and piece together the events of New Year's Eve (for that was the day it had happened according to the evidence before us):

... About 25m (27 yards) from the death site we cut down a fourth trap; over a slight rise Nemeye shows me the mass of elephant trail he saw yesterday and indicates where Group 4 fled from. His interpretation of the trail sign was that the gorillas had first been frightened by the elephant traffic and run downhill, then curved back towards the direction they were first going in (south) when they met the poachers; it appears as though Digit was some distance from the rest of Group 4, perhaps 60-75 meters (65-85 yards) and on seeing the poachers he would have given the alarm (and his life) causing the others to flee.

If Digit had been human, this apparently selfless act would be applauded, posthumously, as an act of great bravery – holding off six armed men and a pack of dogs whilst his family and friends escaped. Because he was a gorilla, we feel compelled to explain his behavior in evolutionary terms. According to the Theory of Kin Selection, Digit's 'altruistic' behavior was an instinctive response – that is, an inherited behavior pattern controlled by genes. Although it put his life at risk, the gene that confers altruism did save

the lives of his relatives. And because his surviving kin share many of his genes, those same genes will have a greater chance of being passed on to future generations, even if not through Digit himself. In fact, unbeknown to us, Digit's unborn daughter (still developing in Simba's womb) was among those that escaped – a datum that would delight an evolutionary biologist seeking support for kin selection theory.

Such academic interests were a long way from my mind as I stood in the drizzle on that fateful day, deciding on my next course of action. My thoughts were in a turmoil, but I knew as we set off back towards the Border Trail, that there was at least one more unpleasant task to be faced that afternoon. Almost as bad as finding Digit's body was the breaking of the news to Dian. I had known Digit for little more than a year and it felt as though a friend had just been murdered; to Dian, who had watched him grow for more than a decade, who had followed his progress from a mischievous bundle of fluff to a strapping young silverback, and who had won his complete trust and affection, it would be like suffering a violent death in the family. It was for that reason that Nemeye and I set out to locate Dian, in order to try and break it to her gently. I did not want her to find Digit as I had.

At 12:15 we came across Dian's footprints heading off the Border Trail on elephant tracks at 10,200 ft. The elephants had gone southeast, then curved back towards the border above where we had crossed earlier, then over Border Stream and into Rwanda. It was 1:45 PM before we caught up with Dian and Kanyarugano; as we walked we occasionally whistled to try to attract their attention. Whistling is a good means of long distance communication in the forest, but that means it is used by poachers too, and so until I rounded the corner in the trail which had hidden my approach, Dian was unsure of just who was coming. Which is why, as I came strid-

ing round the bend, I suddenly found myself looking into the muzzle of Dian's automatic pistol. She was kneeling in the middle of the path, holding the gun in a two-handed grip, ready to challenge us had we turned out to be poachers. On seeing it was me, a mischievous grin crept across her face and she kept the pistol levelled at my chest, saying, "HALT! Who goes there?"

I smiled weakly and slowly pushed the gun aside and down. With what I had to say, I didn't fancy being on the wrong end of that. She caught my expression and said, "Poachers?" I nodded, still searching for the words, and her face fell. "Group 4?" she asked quietly. "Digit," I replied.

I honestly cannot remember what transpired over the next few seconds. Somehow I got the details across to her; Dian did not go to pieces; she was almost matter of fact about it, but it was as if a steel shutter had dropped behind her eyes.

Her first thought was for the other members of Group 4. Was anyone else injured? Or dead? Had an infant been captured? Since finding Digit, I had been so preoccupied with sorting out his mode of death, and then in locating Dian, that (I am ashamed to say) these other possibilities had literally not occurred to me. Nemeye and I immediately set off at the double to track down the remains of the group, dreading what we might find.

From the death site, the flee trail had headed straight and fast towards Visoke, mainly showing single file travel and with occasional dollops of soft fear-dung. To save time we did not go back up to Digit's body, but ran down the border path, cut across the meadows and nettle zone, and picked up the well beaten trail as it approached the steep ridges and ravines of Visoke's cone.

By the time they had reached the base of the mountain, they had put three kilometers between themselves and their attackers and had begun to slow down, spread out, and catch up on lost feeding time. We followed various circuitous feeding routes at the base, but all eventually curved back up the slope and led to the nest site. We were relieved to find that there were eight nests and two infants present, and no sign of bleeding to indicate spear wounds. The morning trail led round the mountain and across a steep ravine bridged by a fallen tree; the gorillas had crossed this natural bridge and headed north along the slope.

After only a few minutes tracking I caught a glimpse of a female with an infant riding dorsal and made a slow, cautious approach - not wishing to alarm them after their ordeal. And then came the surprise. I saw a few faces and realized that this was not Group 4 but Nunkie's Group. Uncle Bert had fled out of the frying pan into the fire, and the fire on this occasion was an untimely interaction with his old sparring partner Nunkie.

But if this was Nunkie's Group, where were Group 4 - and were any of them injured? All the trail from the night nests led up to Nunkie, but this too was puzzling because there were three too many nests. Had some of Uncle Bert's young females transferred? A few minutes spent watching Nunkie showed everything to be normal and calm (apart from his usual hiccough-barks objecting to me moving about) with no sign of Group 4 members. Nemeye and I returned to the previous night's feeding trail and tried circling to pick up another set of tracks. Eventually, just before 6:00 PM, we found the night nests of Group 4, and while counting them and checking for blood, heard the crack of branches across another ravine. It was almost certainly Group 4, but the light was fading fast so little could be accomplished. We set off round the mountain again, arriving well after dark, still unsure whether anyone else was injured.

Early the next morning I set off alone to contact Group 4; it was a sunny morning and I was able to go straight to where I'd left them in under an hour. Before I caught sight of them though, I heard alarm vocalisations;

8:05. *Heard a WRAAGH from over the slight rise before the nests of 1st [January], then a few screams and come up to see two or three animals on the opposite side of Kulala Ravine, but not yet clear which group this is.*

8:12. *Pass through the nests which were half counted yesterday and see clearly that it is Beetsme strutting on a*

sloping Hagenia with Uncle Bert and two others in the vegetation below him.

The next hour and a half was spent maneuvering around the feeding gorillas in an attempt to check their health without disturbing their breakfast. I was relieved to find them all uninjured, but I was not the only one disturbing their foraging. Something was bothering Uncle Bert; every so often he would give a hoot series, slur and chest beat. And Beetsme, now the second oldest male following Digit's death, would echo the "pok" chest beat (cb) as if to emphasise the message, for all the world like a comic sergeant major repeating the last word of the officer's commands.

8:27. *End of 28 hoots with slur and cb from Uncle Bert, pause and Beetsme gives a pok cb, still perched on the Hagenia trunk 4m (13 ft.) up.*

8:28. *Beetsme climbs back up to 6m (20 ft.) height and sits breaking off a branch.*

8:29. *About six hoots, slur and cb from Uncle Bert, again followed by pok cb from Beetsme, now back at 3m (10 ft.) height; I then notice Nunkie sitting and watching the proceedings impassively, 30 meters (100 feet) uphill from Beetsme.*

Obviously it was the presence of Nunkie - an older, more experienced silverback who had already acquired two females from Uncle Bert in 1974 - that was making Group 4 tense. But although the night nests of 1 January had indicated that three of the younger animals had nested close to Nunkie, they had apparently decided against a permanent transfer; barring the absence of Digit, both groups had the same composition as previously. The fact that this interaction had gone on for three days, in virtually the same area, illustrated the dilemma Uncle Bert faced.

When danger threatens, gorillas flee and then make for higher ground, both to get a better view of any pursuit, and to be uphill in a dominant position if the enemy makes a second attack. Uncle Bert had fled to the security of Visoke's slopes, only to run into a more powerful silverback. It was clear that Nunkie wasn't going to give an inch, and eventually Uncle Bert decided to do an about turn, taking his (still intact) family back into the saddle area. This took place on 5 January, when Group 4 were found to be travelling on a fast trail back towards the general vicinity of Digit's death. Their fast, near flee-trail suggested that they were in a hurry to get away from Nunkie, but there may have been other factors involved. It could be that they had gone to look for Digit.

Very little is known about how gorillas react to the death of an adult group member. This ignorance is largely due to their longevity; not many of our adult study animals have died, and when they have, it has usually been when no observer was present. We do know that when a group member is ill or injured, the whole family slows down in their daily travels, thereby enabling the weaker individual to keep up. And when the invalid becomes so ill as to be unable to move or react to social overtures by the others, this can create tensions which result in the puzzled animals strutting, chest beating and approaching the inert form.

The lack of response prompts them to touch, push and even whack the dying gorilla; an extreme example of this kind of behavior was witnessed by Peter Veit in 1980 (See account and photographs in *National Geographic Magazine* April 1981, pp. 508-510). When he contacted Group 5 one morning in August, Marchessa, an elderly female and longtime mate of Beethoven, was lying, immobile, under a tree.

In the afternoon, Icarus, the young silverback (presumed son of Beethoven and Effie) began displaying near Marchessa, with hoot series and chest beats. He then dragged her out into the open and began a bizarre performance, beating her with both fists on her exposed chest and ultimately leaping in the air to land on her with his full weight. If she was not dead when he started, she certainly was after a few minutes of this. But Icarus kept up his display all that afternoon; and when Peter returned the following morning, he was still chestbeating and pounding or jumping onto Marchessa's body, and did not desist until nearly midday. It is difficult to reconcile this display of wanton violence with our image of the gorilla



Digit and Dian. Copyright: National Geographic Society

as a peaceful vegetarian.

An isolated incident such as this should not, however, be taken as the norm. For some years there had been a subtle power struggle going on between Beethoven and Icarus; it seems that by repeatedly demonstrating his complete and utter dominance over the other matriarch, he was establishing in everyone's eyes his own dominance and that of his own bloodline, the offspring of his mother Effie. Perhaps aware of this, Shinda, Marchessa's three and a half year old son, stayed close to his father, Beethoven, after the loss of his mother. And Beethoven, who may have spent two or three decades sharing his life with Marchessa, seemed greatly subdued by her demise.

Beethoven had no such means of direct communication with his observers, but Peter Veit reported that, after Marchessa's death, the old male was often heard whimpering – a vocalisation that has never before been recorded from a silverback.

When an adult gorilla dies, the absence of that individual from the normal daily social routine is clearly going to affect the remaining group members. This was particularly apparent when Dian described the death of a near-senile old female in Group 8, early in her study. Group 8 consisted of four immature males, an old silverback, Rafiki, and this elderly female, known as Coco. Although she was well past breeding age, Coco was the center of the group's social life. She was often responsible for initiating grooming bouts, and was frequently seen sharing Rafiki's nest, as Dian put it, "resembling a gracefully aging old married couple". In February 1968 Rafiki and Coco went missing, and two days later Rafiki rejoined the rest of the group alone. Coco's body was never found, but the absence of her pacifying influence meant that the members of the bachelor group were frequently seen squabbling, seldom groomed each other, and began interacting much more with their neighbors in search of females.

But the previous observation that seemed most pertinent to the events of January 1978 concerned the death from hepatitis of Old Goat in Group 4. When she died in October 1974, Group 4 (then also under the leadership of Uncle Bert) began travelling in an atypical, erratic fashion suggestive of their trying to look for the missing female. When Uncle Bert led Group 4 away from Visoke again on 5 January 1978, Nunkie was undoubtedly the main cause but the direction taken would also have led them towards Digit, had he survived the attack. And in the circumstances (having just been repelled by Nunkie) Uncle Bert might have been feeling the need for reinforcements. Their route followed a circuitous course in the saddle, with occasional trips back to Visoke, for the next couple of months. If Digit had been alive, their meanderings would almost certainly have brought them into contact with him, but they would not have found out what happened to him even if they had stumbled across the actual clearing where he was killed. His body was no longer there.

It would be a fascinating, if time-consuming, project under such circumstances to sit and watch the corpse of a dead gorilla to see what the rest of the family does when (if) they come across it. But to date it has always been considered more important to remove the body, have an autopsy performed and samples of body tissues taken and preserved for analysis. Thus, on the morning of 3 January as I was checking on the whereabouts and well-being of Group 4, a party of 8 men had set out from camp to carry the body back.

This was no mean feat. Even without head, hands and many body fluids that had drained through the lacerations, a young silverback would probably weigh close on 140 kgs. (300 lbs.). Unfortunately we did not have the means with which to weigh such a large animal; captive silverbacks have tipped the scales at anything between 160 kgs. (350 lbs.) and – when obesity is a problem – 250 kgs. (550 lbs.) The men constructed a sort of bier from long *Hypericum* saplings, and the two teams of four alternated with the heavy load. While they were still struggling down through the forest, I had ended my contact with Group 4 and returned to camp with the good tidings that no-one else had been wounded by the poachers. As soon as I had relayed this news to Dian, I set about loading the two ciné cameras at camp and working out filming angles to record the bringing home of Digit.

It always seems to me that recording emotion on film somehow cheapens it. It also puts the cameraman in the embarrassing position of having to detach himself from the events when, as a human being, all his instincts are telling him to do something to alleviate the suffering. For that reason I do not envy the news film crews that must fly into and out of the world's disasters, in order to relay scenes of human suffering into our sitting rooms. And yet, if we were going to make people around the world aware of what was happening to the last few mountain gorillas, we had to be able to illustrate our story. One of the ideas we had discussed briefly the previous night was the making of a documentary film about Digit's life. He had been filmed regularly since the study began, and I had shot the last film of him only a few weeks before his death. It was up to me to complete the story, and so when the front runner came panting into camp saying they would be here in minutes, I clambered up into a well placed *Hagenia* and steadied the camera for a distant shot.

The colorful woolly bobble hats – a Christmas gift to the men from my Grandmother – sat incongruously above the sweating, serious faces of the pall-bearers. Slowly the little procession staggered and squelched across the watery meadow. As they drew nearer, I tried to make out the details of their burden, but it was just an amorphous black mass – like a massive shaggy coal sack. Through the lens I followed their progress as they passed beneath the overhanging tree, then I climbed down to walk with them.

When they approached Dian's cabin, they dropped Digit's bier from shoulder height to carry it low, at arms length, maneuvering carefully between the trees and the cabin. I filmed the last few steps walking along beside the body, then moved back to where the other camera sat on a tripod, looking along the cabin front towards the door. The men stood awkwardly as Dian's door opened and she stepped out, looking down. Slowly Dian knelt and reached out to touch her old friend. Such a simple gesture, and yet at that moment, it carried with it more emotion than any amount of the tears and histrionics I had half expected. I swallowed hard and tried to concentrate on the focus.

Most of that afternoon was spent filming and photographing the body, but most of that material remains unused – there is a limit to what is reasonable to inflict on the public. At the time however, we kept on taking still photos and film of the grisly neck socket and the stumps of the wrists. It was as though the cameras provided the only outlet for our anger and our hurt, and we thought that by inflicting the horror on others by means of the pictures, we could shock them into action to help protect Digit's living relatives.

We sat the corpse upright and photographed it in the same position as in the famous "Come and meet me in Rwanda" tourist poster, then Dian sat beside the body and I took a sickening parody of Kelly Stewart's famous shot of Dian observing Digit as a young

silverback. Lastly, we trampled down the vegetation beneath a massive **Hagenia** to recreate the death scene for the film we planned. The trackers had found the body of a poacher dog in the bushes near to where Digit was killed – apparently he had killed or mortally injured the bony mongrel during the fight – and it had been brought back as evidence. This was laid near Digit's body, which lay spread-eagled chest down with a broken spear protruding from one of the open wounds on his back. I filmed the scene from above, zooming in on the spear as the afternoon wore on. Looking back, it is evident that much of the activity of that afternoon was the result of a need to **do** something. By keeping our hands and minds busy, we were able to keep a lid on our emotions. But there was also a need to look to the future, and a desire to create something positive out of the tragedy.

This was the thrust of our conversation as we ate a desultory supper together that evening. Outside in the darkness lay the body of yet another gorilla killed by poachers. **But this one was different.** He was a well known individual who had been seen by viewers of wildlife films all over the world. They may not have remembered his name, but Digit could be identified to everyone who ever saw the film of him picking up Dian's pencil and notebook in the National Geographic Special "In Search of the Great Apes". I felt strongly that this was enough to bring about a major fund-raising campaign. Digit was dead, yes, but he must not have died in vain. His death must be made an example to prevent any others like it. Dian agreed that this might work, but she had several reservations about publicizing the gorillas.

She reasoned that if there were corrupt officials, who siphoned off funds destined for gorilla conservation, then seeing the beneficial effect the death of Digit had on their income, they might be tempted to arrange more killings to further boost donations.

Furthermore, although Dian appreciated recognition for her work, she did not have much regard for the tourists who were drawn to Karisoke from all corners of the earth. This was understandable to some extent – it was not the cabins the tourists came to see; Dian herself was the main attraction.

There were occasions when she actually hid under the table to avoid uninvited guests, whom she described disparagingly as "idle rubbernecks". (There were exceptions; Dian was so impressed by

one octogenarian lady, who somehow made it up the mountain and realised a long-held ambition to meet her, that she served tea and sandwiches on the picnic table, waiting on her hand and foot.

Gorilla tourism as we know it today was unheard of at that time; tourists were the ones who were buying bits of dead gorilla and antelope for souvenirs, and providing the financial incentive for much of the poaching we were trying to combat. The last thing we needed in those circumstances was an increase in that sort of destructive tourism. Perhaps, Dian wondered, it would be better to hush up Digit's death in the hope that the remaining gorillas would survive in relative obscurity. For more than a decade she and her co-workers, black and white, had created a haven for wildlife around Karisoke. This unofficial conservation had, without fanfares or wide acclaim, successfully protected the heartland of the Virungas. Antelope numbers had recovered, the gorilla groups were producing lots of babies and cattle were no longer grazed there.

But the rest of the park was thick with poachers and snares. And as long as they were active, they would see our study area as a target for their activities. If we did nothing to publicize the threat to the gorillas, it was likely that more would eventually be killed – particularly if anything happened to disrupt the Karisoke patrols.

The discussion continued; long into the night as we talked and talked. Every course of action we could think of was debated along with the possible consequences that occurred to us. By the time the grey light of dawn seeped into the cabin we were in agreement. Dian would set about publicizing Digit's gruesome death, and money that we raised in his memory would be used to step up our anti-poacher patrols. And we would try to interest National Geographic in making a film about "The Life and Death of Digit".

Satisfied that we at least had set our sights on something positive, we adjourned to our beds to snatch a few hours sleep. I scrunched down the gravel path to my cabin, passing the rather surprised houseman on his way to start work in Dian's kitchen, and reflected on our decision. But the presence of that headless corpse seemed to pervade my every thought. I knew that life at Karisoke would never be the same again. Dian summed it up when she wrote (in a report published in the **International Primate Protection League Newsletter**, August 1978), "Here, at camp, we wake up each morning wondering who will be next."



Dian and Digit's Graves in
Gorilla Graveyard at
Karisoke.
Photo: Ian Redmond

A VISIT TO THE IPPL GIBBON SANCTUARY

by Kevin Ivester

Kevin Ivester is Chapter Coordinator of the Simian Society of America. This article originally appeared in the Society's magazine, *The Simian*.

On June 4, 1988 I had the pleasure of visiting the gibbon sanctuary and its inhabitants (17 gibbons) located in Summerville, South Carolina. The sanctuary was started in 1977 by Shirley McGreal to provide a permanent home for abused and unwanted gibbons, or gibbons whose owners could no longer take care of them.

I was greeted by Dr. McGreal, who immediately began to show me around the grounds. The sanctuary is situated on approximately 10 acres and is surrounded on all sides by woods, creating a very secluded and peaceful area for the gibbons.

The gibbons presently residing at the sanctuary consist of 6 former pets, 1 from a zoo, 2 born at the sanctuary, and the remaining 8 are former research animals. The greatest success story to me is that of a young male white-handed gibbon by the name of Arun Rangsi. This fellow had been born at a cancer lab in California, rejected by his mother, and reared on a wire surrogate 'mother'. IPPL managed to get Arun Rangsi after the lab was closed and he arrived in Summerville on August 6, 1981 (his second birthday). Arun Rangsi was somewhat neurotic (a head banger) and was about half the size he should have been, weighing only four pounds. With a lot of love and care, proper diet, and room to exercise, Arun Rangsi grew into a more normal gibbon. Within a year a mate was found for him, another ex-lab gibbon by the name of Shanti. This pair hit it off very well and at present have produced 2 offspring (Ahimsa, a male, approximately 2½ years old now, and Elsa, a female, 6 months old).

Another fascinating pair are Baby and Blythie, Concolor gibbons who formerly belonged to the Lafore family who at that time were members of the Simian Society. They must have taken excellent care of them during the approximately 25 years they had them. This pair are now pushing 30 years of age, but you would never guess it from the way they run, jump and brachiate about their spacious enclosure. Baby is a large, boisterous male who specially enjoys showing off his acrobatic abilities.

I got to meet a shy fellow by the name of Igor, who is also a former lab gibbon. Unfortunately, Igor isn't able to enjoy the companionship of other gibbons as he will self-mutilate (his arm in particular) at the sight of another gibbon. However, he is able to enjoy



Shanti with Ahimsa and Baby Elsa.

his own large enclosure equipped with swings and trapeze. I was eventually able to get Igor to approach me by tempting him with a few strawberries. He ambled over slowly and gently took the fruit from my hand. As a matter of fact, all the gibbons would gently take treats from me, which came as a surprise as I'm used to working with grabby-snatchy capuchins.

The enclosures and adjoining building were worth the trip alone. The outdoor facilities consisted of corn-crib and welded wire structures interconnected by suspended wire runs which lead to other enclosures and to indoor units within the heated/cooled buildings. Foliage grew over and around some of the runs, creating a natural look to the setting as well as giving the gibbons something



Igor in the Lab.



Igor now.

to pick at. I really liked one set-up in particular, which consisted of 5 outside enclosures with connecting runs. There were 3 different groups inhabiting these areas but they were kept separate. However, when the gibbons of both groups were making use of the runs and enclosures, they all appeared to be in one large area since the enclosures were close together. This encouraged interaction between the 3 groups, increasing activity and alleviating boredom. Maybe someone who is in the process of redesigning a primate fa-

cility and has several monkeys of different species as well as monkeys of the same species might use a similar plan for their animals.

Please note that the IPPL is also a non-profit organization like the Simian Society and would appreciate any donations towards the care of the gibbons at the sanctuary. They are doing a wonderful job there; please help them to continue to do so by supporting the IPPL Gibbon Fund, P.O. Box 766, Summerville, SC 29484.

A NOTE ON THE IPPL GIBBON SANCTUARY

The gibbons at the IPPL Sanctuary are enjoying a good standard of living thanks to all those members who support them through donations to the IPPL Gibbon Fund. 1988 was a good year for the gibbons because a very special member had offered to double 1988 gibbon gifts in honor of Igor Gibbon and to celebrate the first anniversary of his arrival in Summerville on 26 June 1987. The money has been set aside as a reserve for the gibbons' long-term care. This is very much needed.

We are extremely grateful to this lovely member, who wishes to remain anonymous.



**Elizabeth, Shirley and all the IPPL officers
and gibbons wish you and all the Animals in
Your Life a Happy Holiday Season!**

GOOD-BYE TO JOZI GORILLA

by Evelyn Gallardo

In 1985, Dian Fossey invited IPPL members, Evelyn Gallardo and David Root, to photograph and videotape her mountain gorilla study groups. Here is Evelyn's account of experiences with their favorite gorilla, Jozi.

It was an overcast August day in 1985, when five-year-old Jozi first knuckle-walked toward me with a "let's get acquainted" gleam in her roasted chestnut eyes.

I sat submissively, and grunted the guttural approach vocalization Dian had taught us, "um-um-aah, um-um-aah." Without breaking eye contact, Jozi stopped at my feet, leaned forward, and searched my eyes intently. Was I a friend or foe? I looked away briefly to reassure her, and to take a breath. Her face was inches from mine.

"Never breathe on a gorilla," Dian had warned, "one new virus could wipe them all out."

After several minutes of searching eye contact, Jozi cautiously reached a large leathery hand toward my face. Just as her curled fingers were about to touch my skin, I let out a whimper to express my discomfort. Jozi's hand immediately froze in midair – then she withdrew it in slow motion. She sat back with a worried expression, then sauntered off toward a meal of six foot high wild celery. I was awed at her concern not to frighten me.

Jozi was born into Group 5, Karisoke's largest and most stable study group, in December of 1980. Her parents were Pansy and Icarus, and her paternal grandmother was Effie, the group's highest ranking female.

Because Jozi was playful, curious, and liked being near us, she helped ease our way into Group 5's confidence. Through her, we were able to demonstrate our willingness to adhere to strict "gorilla etiquette."

Five-year-old Maggie, and eight-year-old Shinda, were Jozi's playmates. Their favorite game was tag, and perhaps because Jozi was the smallest of the three, she often tried to use our presence to her advantage. She would boldly swat Maggie or Shinda, then run to our side, and taunt them to follow. This usually resulted in a jumble of tumbling black fur balls at our feet. Jozi always emerged from these play sessions looking like someone had brushed her long fur in several different directions.

One day, as David and I sat videotaping several gorillas, Jozi appeared from behind a green wall of nettles. She sat at David's



side, and rested her head on his shoulder. The other gorillas moved out of camera range, yet, twenty minutes later, the three still sat there, shoulder-to-shoulder, bridging the species barrier. The moment was so special, we never wanted it to end.

On August 26, 1988, Jozi died. Weeks before she had caught and crippled her hand in a poacher's wire snare. Although she trustingly allowed her hand to be bandaged, she never recovered.

Heartbreak and anger are mild words to express what we feel

over Jozi's death. Dian's words, "Daily active conservation is what will save gorilla lives," haunt us more than ever.

Books, movies, tourists, and speeches won't save mountain gorilla lives. If we don't find a way to increase life-saving activities such as trap cutting and patrolling, **today** – tomorrow the gentle gorillas of the Virungas will only be a memory.

Goodbye Jozi. We love you. And we'll never forget you.

A GORILLA IN THE MIST

By Paulette Callen

This prose-poem is written in memory of Paulette Nenner. Paulette was an artist and an animal rights activist. Among her many activities on behalf of animals, she worked for the wolves, stood against the crazed slaughter of coyotes with a powerful artistic statement, actively supported IPPL, and contributed to the DIGIT FUND.

On that terrible day in December when the news broke of Dian Fossey's murder, we spoke together on the phone, both of us were weeping. Though neither of us had met Ms. Fossey, we shared a long admiration for the woman and her work that began for both of us years before when we first saw those early National Geographic film clips of Dian interacting with free gorillas, especially with her beloved Digit. Paulette said that someday she wanted to go to Rwanda and help patrol for poachers. She never made it. She died of pneumonia in March, 1988 in New York City. But I like to think she did at last get to meet her heroine, the Woman on the Mountain.

A gorilla stands waiting in the mist.

He is content to wait a long time.

His name . . . unassuming – from a damaged finger; a shy and gentle being who died with great courage, alone, amid savagery, fighting for his family; and for him, the woman on the mountain grieved and caused a thoughtless world to take note and mark her passing.

She too died, in a way, alone, fighting for her family amid savagery.

The Cree Indians say that when a human being dies, the soul must stand within a circle of animals – all those one has abused, or killed without need and without respect – in the misty land of the dead, and woe be unto that soul!

It is also said by those who have died and come back that there is, after death, a moving toward a great LIGHT, and that along the way one encounters helpers who comfort and encourage us on his journey.

The woman on the mountain . . .

when her turn came . . .

there would have been no circle of animal judges to try her.

She moves toward the LIGHT.

And out of the mists steps forth one to meet her.

The one she called Digit.

THE DEATH OF JOZI GORILLA

IPPL members who purchased IPPL's poster of Jozi Gorilla will remember this beautiful young gorilla. We are very sorry to report that "Jozi" recently died a terrible death as the result of wounds from a poacher's snare. Alan Goodall, Director of the Karisoke Research Center, has provided IPPL with this harrowing account of Jozi's last days.

On August 26th, 1988 "Jozi", a young female gorilla eight years old, died in horrifying circumstances in the Volcano National Park of Rwanda. Not since another young female "Lee" died in 1979 has a gorilla death resulted directly from such snares. Added to the recent six deaths from natural causes, such as pneumonia and measles, this is dealing a severe blow to this endangered population of less than three hundred animals. It raises again the difficulties of the conservation management of such rare animals – and how much man should intervene to protect them.

The prevention of poaching is an obvious solution. With greater awareness of their plight, the direct capture of young gorillas seems to have stopped – in Rwanda at least. Visitors coming to see the gorillas now earn Rwanda almost as much as its main export crop of coffee. Thus Rwandans are doing all they can to ensure the continued survival of their heritage. Unfortunately, in this tiny and poor country, there are still people who will try and capture antelopes and buffaloes within the National Park. Precisely whether this is to supplement their frugal, subsistence living, or for direct profit is still not yet certain.

What is certain is that these traps are totally unselective in what they capture – even an unwary human foot can be ensnared. Thus gorillas are potential victims and both Lee and Jozi died as a result. Snares are made either of rope or wire, the latter being the most deadly. Rope snares can sometimes be broken by gorillas or can be pulled loose by their teeth, perhaps with the help of more experienced adults. If spotted in time, they can also be cut by observers,

thereby giving the animal a chance to get out of the slip knot. Pascale Sicotte – a researcher at Karisoke, was recently able to release a younger animal in this way. Somehow it got free from the remainder of the noose. Jozi, unfortunately, was not so lucky for she got caught in a wire snare. Such snares bite deeper and deeper as the frightened animal struggles. Amputated antelope hooves have been left hanging in such traps – grizzly evidence of their action.

There are two gorillas, at least, in the Virunga volcanoes region minus a hand, and one silverback male has lost a foot. These are assumed to have been lost in such wire snares. Such a loss, while devastating, is far less than the fate of Jozi. Despite being tranquilized, having the snare cut free, the wound dressed and given injections of anti-biotics, she was still unable to use her right hand. After a week it became swollen and colorless. A further attempt to reinforce her resistance to infection, via direct darting with antibiotics (without tranquilizing her), was unsuccessful. She had become too wary of such activities. Although she seemed to be able to feed with only one hand, and keep up with the rest of the group while they made even longer than usual journeys up and down the mountain slopes, she became thinner and weaker. On the 25th of August she was barely able to stay with the group and kept falling asleep on the trail, whimpering and crying in pain. She spent a lot of time either huddled close to her mother or the dominant silverback in the group. Once, when she fell while climbing over a small tree trunk, she screamed in pain. Early next morning, just after they left their night nests, she died on the trail.





Digit Fund Anti-Poaching Patrol. Photo: Ian Redmond

IPPL is outraged at the death of Jozi. No more gorillas must die at poachers' hands. Thanks to the dedicated efforts of IPPL West Coast Representatives Evelyn Gallardo and David Root, over \$7500 have been raised to beef up anti-poaching patrols in the Virungas. The patrols are coordinated by Dr. Alan Goodall. The funds raised have been transferred as restricted donations to the Digit Fund. Thanks to Evelyn and David for their ongoing efforts, hardware, and dedication to the gorillas' cause and Dian's memory.

WANTED: DIGIT POSTER

The International Primate Protection League is trying to get hold of a copy of the famous poster showing the gorilla Digit, carrying the message "Venez me voir à Rwanda." ("Come and see me in Rwanda.") This poster was used to attract tourists to Rwanda while Digit was still alive.

If you have a copy of the poster which you are willing to donate, sell, or lend to IPPL, please contact Shirley McGreal at P.O. Box 766, Summerville, SC 29484.

MEET NINI: A SPECIAL CHIMPANZEE

Stella Brewer Marsden, who has been involved in a chimpanzee rehabilitation project in The Gambia, West Africa, for almost 20 years, has sent us this photograph of her very special chimpanzee friend, Nini.

Nini joined Ms. Brewer Marsden in 1975. She was sent to Africa from Italy, where she had been kept as a pet. On arrival, Nini was a very neurotic 3 year old. Now, says Ms. Brewer Marsden:

She is perfect now, one of the most dear friends I have. Even today she will recognize me as quickly and easily as I recognize her and with apparently as much affection. She was most anxious to show me Nicky, her daughter, who was born in 1984. My son was then only 17 months old. So we swapped baby stories for a while while our infants played beside us. She's really an exceptional creature and a bridge between species.



AFRICAN SCHOOLCHILDREN SPEAK UP FOR CHIMPANZEES

The United States Department of the Interior, acting on a petition filed by the Committee for Conservation and Care of Chimpanzees and several other organizations, recently proposed that the Chimpanzee and Pygmy chimpanzee be upgraded from the category "Threatened" on the U.S. Endangered Species List to the category "Endangered."

Under the Endangered Species Act, a public comment period follows publication of a proposal. The proposal to upgrade the chimpanzee led to the Interior Department being deluged with mail. Over 54,000 letters and postcards supporting chimpanzee upgrading were received, and only 6 letters of opposition (from the National Institutes of Health, 2 officials of the Yerkes Primate Center, and from the Merck Sharp Dohme and Immuno pharmaceutical companies).

Among the letters supporting the upgrading were one from Jenny Rawlings, Head of State of Ghana, West Africa and several from schoolchildren from Ghana, (a nation whose chimpanzee population has been decimated by logging and poaching).

We are publishing extracts from the children's letters which show that many young Africans care deeply about wildlife conservation and protection.

If people go to the forest to hunt for the chimpanzee, they kill the parents of the chimpanzee before taking the small ones away. A time will come when we Africans will not see chimpanzees again, neither your people will get one for laboratory tests . . . People should not cut the trees, they are destroying their home.

Florence Otoo

South Labadi Estate Junior Secondary School

Hunting for the animal for sale is against the law of my country. Let your country too make a law that the animals should not be imported into it.

Victoria Alakija

South Labadi Junior Secondary School

Present findings in the news media and by the individual conservationists have shown that the life of a chimpanzee in the tropical forest is very woefully endangered. Indiscriminate trapping and exporting of these animals have drastically threatened the population. If absolute measures are not taken, it will someday be extinct from the earth surface as we have done to other animal species which we now wish to have. An example is the dinosaur. Taken the number of years before a chimpanzee comes of age to reproduce and the interval between and the sort of treatment given a troop of chimpanzees before one is captured, makes us strongly detest the cruelty of mankind

towards these innocent animals. To sum up, the members of the Mfantseman Girls' Secondary School Wildlife Club urgently appeal that the chimpanzee should be removed from the threatened species to the endangered species to save them dying out in Ghana and in Africa.

Doreen Ayectey

Secretary, Wildlife Club

Mfantseman Girls' Secondary School

I am not happy about how you people treat the chimpanzee in America. If they want to import the chimpanzee, they must ask permission before catching it. If they did not ask before catching them, they have to fine that person about \$1 million. I am a girl of thirteen years and I'm a member of Osu Home School Wildlife Club. I am much concerned about this animal.

Esther Alemawor

Osu Home Junior Secondary School

We all know that chimpanzees move in families and before one gets a young chimpanzee one has to kill the bigger ones. If this is allowed to go on, the animals will eventually finish from the forest reserves in Africa. I therefore suggest that you take a good care of those that you have in your country.

William Nartey

South Labadi Junior Secondary School

At this juncture I want the US Government to put a stop to their importation and also if anybody is seen doing such things [harming them], the person should be sentenced to serve some years in prison. If America is not ready to buy, Africans too are also not prepared to hunt them.

Emmanuel Odonkor

South Labadi Junior Secondary School

Nowadays the chimpanzees in our forest are not many so something must be done about it. I am not happy about the way those who go to catch the animals from the forest treat them. They put them in small boxes and deprive them of air and free movement. They even kill more than one chimpanzee before they can catch the young ones. I want the American Government to stop importing them and also anyone seen doing that should be imprisoned for sixteen years. If America is not ready to buy, Africans will also not be ready to go and hunt for them.

Elizabeth Malm

South Labadi Experimental Primary School

America can take a good care of the chimpanzees already with her so that they multiply. This will save the African Game Reserves from total collapse.

Samuel Stephens
Home School Wildlife Club

We would not be happy to see you collect all our animals just to maltreat them. Here in Ghana we have a proverb which says "The left hand bathes the right hand and the right hand bathes the left," meaning that once you benefit from someone it is just right that the person benefits from you as well. In short, the chimpanzees are of great help to you in your laboratory experiments. As such, they need to be given a fair treatment.

Fred Kumah
M.O.H. Primary School, Korle

We the children of Africa will like to grow up to see chimpanzees and other animals from our own country. We don't want a situation where we Africans have to travel to the United States before we can see animals from our own land.

Ian de Souza
M.O.H. Primary School, Korle

I have learned with regret of the unhealthy treatment given to Chimpanzees taken from Africa. I therefore wish to make the following suggestions:

1) Chimpanzees are the "cousins" of man – and as such deserve "human" treatment.

2) Big cages with decent living should be provided

for them.

3) Chimpanzees should be given enough food by loving caretakers. . .

Enyouram Kouroko
MOH Primary School, Korle

Many U.S. schoolchildren also wrote in support of the chimpanzee. Bill Hess, who studies at a junior high school in Columbus, Ohio, wrote an excellent letter.

I am writing this letter to bring to your attention the misfortune of the chimpanzee. Due to relentless persecution by humankind, chimpanzees now totter on the very edge of extinction in their homeland. A large percentage of the chimpanzees who remain have been cruelly captured and imprisoned under inhumane conditions in laboratories around the world.

The chimpanzee is becoming extinct in the wild. Although the chimpanzee is now classified as a threatened species, there is a big push for it to become listed on the endangered one. It is believed that there are only 40,000-100,000 chimpanzees left in the wilds of Africa, where hundreds of thousands had, until quite recently, lived.

Now that I have brought your attention to the suffering and decreasing chimpanzee, I would hope that you would help in the fight for saving him. The chimpanzee shares 99% of our genetic material and most of our characteristics. It is the closest one can get to a human being without actually being one. So, for these reasons, please save the chimpanzees, humankind's sibling species.

MAURITIUS MONKEYS FACE BLEAK FUTURE

The island of Mauritius lies in the Indian Ocean off the coast of Africa. The island has a population of cynomolgus monkeys (crab-eating macaques), who were probably introduced by Dutch seamen during the 1700s. The crab-eating macaque is native to mainland and island Southeast Asia.

In 1986, American field primatologists R. W. Sussman and I. Tattersall estimated the monkey population of Mauritius to be between 20,000-35,000.

The monkeys reportedly raid crops and steal eggs from the nests of rare birds such as the Mauritius pink pigeon. They are sometimes shot by farmers. However, the remoteness of the island and the general tolerance accorded the monkeys by the mainly Indian population of the island allowed them to live in relative peace, while their Asian cousins were shipped by the tens of thousands to be slaughtered in laboratories.

According to an article entitled "Virus Free Cynomolgus Macaques from Africa," published in the July-August issue of the journal **Lab Animal**, Marianne Stanley, a Mauritian micro-

biologist and Owen Griffith, an Australian zoologist, decided it was a "waste" to allow monkeys to be shot "when they are so valuable to the research community." (Not to mention a source of profit!)

In 1985, Stanley and Griffith formed a company called "Bioculture Mauritius" to trap monkeys for export and local breeding. They set about trapping monkeys in portable cage-traps baited with sugar-cane.

"Bioculture" is currently allowed to export 400 wild-caught monkeys a year and an unlimited number of captive-bred monkeys. The firm currently holds 500 breeding females but intends to increase the number to 1,100 by 1992.

Medical tests have shown the Mauritius monkeys to be free of most of the viruses such as Herpes B that frequently affect monkeys.

Thus Mauritius, once a "tropical paradise," has become a dangerous place for its free-living monkeys.

EXOTIC ANIMAL AUCTIONS

In the United States, there has been an increase in the number of "exotic animal auctions." IPPL recently received an announcement for an auction held in Delphos, Ohio, in April 1988. The center of action at these auctions is the "ring" into which terrified animals are brought to be auctioned on the block, with the animal going to the highest bidder.

Among the animals offered for sale at the Ohio auction were game birds, waterfowl, macaws and other parrots, snakes, prairie dogs, bears, bobcats, cougars, wallabies, primates (including galagos and baboons), furbearers (including foxes and ferrets), ostriches, emus, rheas, cranes, deer and sheep belonging to a number of species, wild pigs, bison, buffalo, antelopes, elephants, camels, giraffes, llamas, and zebra.

The flier for the auction notes that the sponsors are "not responsible for injury or fatalities of animals or birds."

The flier announces high charges for admission to the auction (maybe to discourage animal activists) and suggests that, if people come with "a desire to argue," they "stay home."

Many of the people who haunt these auctions are irresponsible pet buyers or representatives of exotic food restaurants, or laboratories. Many of the hoofed stock are sold to hunting ranches.

It is a grim sight to see terrorized animals in the auction ring.

Should you hear of any impending exotic animal auctions in your area, please let IPPL know and consider organizing a picket and writing protest letters to your local newspapers.

VICTIMS OF HARASSMENT LAWSUIT WIN MILLIONS

The August 1988 issue of the IPPL **Newsletter** included a reprint of an article about intimidation lawsuits which appeared in the magazine **US News and World Report** on 23 May 1988.

Such lawsuits, according to the **US News** article, have the potential of deterring ordinary citizens from protesting plans of well-heeled developers, corporations, and government agencies because they force their victims, often people with low incomes and frequently volunteers, to spend enormous amounts of money defending themselves while their wealthy opponents can spend millions of dollars on legal procedures and not miss them. Controversies are moved from the open "market-place of ideas" to the obscure recesses of the court-room, which is usually an arena where the rich (who frequently have dozens of lawsuits under way at any time and are comfortable with law and lawyers and lawyers' bills) are more "at home" than the defendants.

Members concerned about this trend will be pleased to learn that several defendants in an intimidation lawsuit recently turned the tables on their accusers, **winning \$13.5 million dollars in damages from a California jury.**

The plaintiff-turned defendant was the J. Boswell Company, a wealthy and powerful California agribusiness-real estate firm.

The Boswell Company opposed plans to build a canal that would have increased water supplies for many California farmers. Farmers supporting the plan took out an advertisement stating their

support for the canal in a local newspaper. The Boswell Company sued three of the farmers for libel, a case which was thrown out of court.

With the lawsuit against them out of the way, the farmers in turn sued the Boswell Company. Jurors on the case deliberated only an hour before deciding that the original lawsuit was filed for intimidation/harassment purposes. They awarded each of the farmers \$1 million compensatory and \$3.5 million punitive damages, for a total of \$13.5 million.

Ralph Wegis, the farmers' lawyer, told the press that, "This case represents a landmark verdict likely to deter anyone – corporation or individual – from filing suit to silence political opposition." He estimated the company's assets at over \$800 million dollars in land and \$100 million in water rights.

Dr. George Pring, of the University of Denver Law School, has made a nationwide survey of intimidation lawsuits and testified at the trial. Pring expressed delight at the jury's verdict and noted that the \$13.5 million dollar award was the highest ever awarded in a counter-suit of this nature.

Pring stated:

The size of the jury verdict . . . sends a very clear signal and precedent all over the country. The verdict . . . sends a signal to people that would file lawsuits to chill political opposition that the cost of that strategy is very high.

PRIMATE SPACE LAB PROPOSED

IPPL has obtained a copy of a 1986 report prepared by the US National Aeronautics and Space Administration's "Large Primate Advisory Committee." The Committee was chaired by Dr. Frank Sulzman of the Department of Biology at the State University of New York, Binghamton, New York.

The Committee predictably suggested that a large primate research facility be established in space to conduct research "on various problems that are important for human safety, health, and performance in space." The committee recommended that Rhesus monkeys be used and that "a scientific advisory committee" be formed to advise the project.

In the past, chimpanzees, pigtail macaques, and squirrel monkeys have been used in US space research and Rhesus monkeys in the USSR program (one animal, Yerosha, made headlines by breaking loose in her spaceship in 1987).

The report states in Paragraph I that:

At the current stage in the evolution of manned space-flight, the fundamental question of survival in space has been resolved. Over 130 astronauts and cosmonauts (including 4 women) have flown in space without any serious medical consequences.

IPPL considers that the report should have ended at this point

and the Committee been disbanded! However, this did not happen. The Committee notes that space research to date has "utilized humans as test subjects and for practical or ethical reasons many biomedical techniques cannot be used." (These include killing, heavy instrumentation and restraint, and infliction of pain).

The committee gave as its reason for selecting Rhesus monkeys:

- 1) their physiological and anatomical similarity to humans,
- 2) their "upright posture," (in fact, Rhesus monkeys are quadrupedal),
- 3) their large size, which permits "invasive bioinstrumentation."

Rats and mice are said to be too small and anatomically unlike humans. Rabbits were not chosen because of physiological differences and their susceptibility to stress. Cats and dogs were excluded "because they eat and drink by lapping with their tongue" and because of "public resistance to use of these animals in research." Squirrel monkeys are rejected as too small for heavy instrumentation and extensive blood/tissue sampling. The Committee therefore recommended selection of the Rhesus monkey and that NASA establish a large Rhesus monkey laboratory in space.

IPPL PATRON DIES

Colonel Fatehsingh Rao Gaekwad, Maharaja of Baroda, India ("Jackie" to his Western friends) died in India in September 1988.

The Maharaja was an old and good friend of the International Primate Protection League. Like so many of India's princes, he was raised as a big game hunter. He gave up hunting in 1955 and became an enthusiastic wildlife photographer. He had a keen interest in zoos and was extremely disturbed at the conditions in Indian zoos, which, he said, include unsanitary conditions, lack of dedicated zoo-keepers, and lack of educational programs.

The death of "Jackie" is a great loss to the conservation world and his sparkling presence at international conferences will be greatly missed.

DR. MOHNOT RECEIVES AWARDS

Dr. S. M. Mohnot, IPPL's Representative for Central and West India, received the first Indira Priyadarshini Award, instituted in memory of Mrs. Indira Gandhi, for his environmental work. He received the award from Rajiv Gandhi, Mrs. Gandhi's son. In addition, Dr. Mohnot received the first National Environment Award from India's Minister of the Environment in recognition of his work in protection of forest and desert ecosystems and their wildlife, especially monkeys.

Congratulations to Dr. Mohnot!

LOWLAND GORILLA PROBLEMS

During 1987, IPPL worked very hard to investigate the smuggling of 3 young gorillas from the Cameroun, West Africa. The animals were placed on an Air Zaire plane on export documents calling them "monkeys." The son of the West German animal trafficker, Walter Sensen, a resident of the Cameroun, accompanied the hapless gorillas on their flight to Kinshasa, Zaire. On arrival at Kinshasa Airport, two of the three gorillas were dead. New travel documents calling the animals by their real name (gorillas) had been issued with the help of Meir Levy, a European resident of Zaire.

Autopsy examination revealed that the two dead gorillas had died of asphyxiation. The sole survivor was shipped on to Taipei Zoo, Taiwan, where he lives today, alone.

As a result of the two deaths, an insurance claim for \$300,000 was filed. However, following IPPL obtaining proof that the animals had been illegally exported from the Cameroun, the insurance company made no pay-out. IPPL members blitzed Camerounian and West German authorities with protest postcards, asking for investigation of the shipment and action against its instigator, Walter Sensen. Although he is being prosecuted in respect to this shipment, Sensen is clearly unwilling to abandon his dreams of gorilla profits. Recently, he sent a letter to the Director of a Swedish zoo offering a young female gorilla for sale for between \$60,000 and \$90,000 (US). Sensen claimed to have an exclusive 5-year contract with the Government of Equatorial Guinea for export of gorillas and chimpanzees.

Sensen told the Swedish zoo director to request an import permit and justify it by saying, "The gorilla in question is a specimen which was kept by people and cannot be returned to the wild." It is obvious that any animal in possession of an animal dealer has already been removed from the wild. Once one animal is sold, he/she will be replaced. One hopes that wildlife chiefs of importing nations will not accept Sensen's perverse logic.

IPPL is vigorously protesting this contract which will spell death for many adult and baby gorillas in Equatorial Guinea and its neighboring countries (it would be easy to move baby gorillas across unguarded borders). IPPL's US members have already received a special mailing about this situation which includes protest postcards for the heads of state of Equatorial Guinea and West Germany. Overseas members wishing to receive postcards should contact IPPL, P.O. Box 766, Summerville, SC 29484.

In 1987, Madame Yvette Leroy, a French resident of Brazzaville in the Congo Republic, shipped 3 gorillas in her possession to John Aspinall's Howletts Zoo in England. Aspinall's request for an import permit aroused considerable controversy in England.

Opponents of permit issuance, including Dr. Alexander Harcourt, felt that allowing the importation of the 3 Leroy gorillas to England might encourage removal of more gorillas from the wild. Aspinall's position was that Madame Leroy was rescuing gorillas whose parents had been eaten, paying only small sums for them.

Eventually, Aspinall was granted his permit and the gorillas were imported to England. Aspinall agreed to set up a Gorilla Orphanage in the Congo and construction is now under way.

The three gorillas were shipped to Howletts' Zoo in June 1987, and all are doing well. In July 1987, more baby gorillas began to reach Brazzaville. Government wildlife authorities directed some to Madame Leroy and others to Brazzaville Zoo. None survived longer than two months. A brief description of each animal's fate follows.

Baby Gorilla No. 1, **Makabana**, reached Brazzaville in July 1987. This baby gorilla weighed just 7 pounds and lived just two months, dying in September 1987. An autopsy report lists his cause of death as "diarrhea and dehydration."

Baby Gorilla No. 2, **Sibiti**, also reached Brazzaville in July 1987. He weighed just 5½ pounds, and died a month later of "the results of a skull fracture," probably acquired in the course of his capture.

Baby Gorilla No. 3, **Ngombe I**, also reached Brazzaville in July 1987. She weighed 9 pounds and died in August 1987 of "parasitic disease" and "lead in arms."

Baby Gorilla No. 4, **Kola**, was the fourth gorilla to reach Brazzaville in July 1987. Kola weighed 7 pounds and lived only a month, dying in August 1987 as the result of "perforated ulcers of unknown origin" and "refusal to eat."

Baby Gorilla No. 5, **Niari**, reached Brazzaville in August 1987. Niari weighed 15 pounds on arrival, but she only survived two months, dying of an infection caused by "the presence of lead shot in her ribs." This is clear proof that poor Niari was caught, like all other wild gorillas brought into captivity, by the shooting of her mother. Many baby gorillas die from the same bullets that kill their mothers.

Baby Gorilla No. 6, **Ngombe II**, reached Brazzaville in October 1987. Ngombe II did not even last a month. The 6-pound baby died of parasitic infection. Wild gorillas co-exist with many parasites, but stress aggravates them and can make them lethal.

Baby Gorilla No. 7, **Madingou**, also arrived in Brazzaville in October 1987. This little gorilla was the tiniest of all, weighing only 4½ pounds. Of course, he didn't survive. He was probably only a couple of weeks old and desperately needed his gorilla mother. His death was attributed to "diarrhea and dehydration."

IPPL has started a postcard campaign directed to the President of the Congo Republic. We are asking him to make gorilla protection a national priority. The postcards are in French with an English translation. They are available at no cost from IPPL Headquarters (IPPL's US members already have them).

STOP PRESS: IPPL has learned that a further 14 baby gorillas reached Brazzaville between January and July 1988. Thirteen of the fourteen were dead by August.



Lowland Gorilla: Los Angeles Zoo Photo: Neal Johnson

WHY GORILLAS SHOULD NOT BE EXPORTED FROM AFRICA

Although arguments that orphaned baby gorillas should be exported from Africa to zoos in the West have a certain emotional appeal, it is important that they be resisted in the interests of protecting wild populations of gorillas.

At present, all baby gorillas entering captivity from the wild are **illegally** obtained. No nation in Africa permits capture of gorillas and they are afforded maximum protection under the African Convention. The facts that laws against gorilla poaching are not always enforced does not make the slaughter of mother gorillas "legal." It must be stopped.

In 1984, three US zoos filed applications to import 7 wild-caught gorillas from the Cameroun, where they were in the possession of an animal dealer long active in gorilla and chimpanzee trafficking. The application was opened for public comment, as provided for by the US Endangered Species Act. Most of the world's gorilla experts wrote in opposing permit issuance, including the late Dian Fossey.

One of the most eloquent letters was submitted by Dr. Alexander Harcourt. It provides an articulate and succinct statement of the case against gorilla trafficking. We are reproducing it here.

My credentials for writing are that since 1971 I have been studying wild gorillas; in 1979 and 1980 I was Coordinator of the successful Mountain Gorilla Project con-

servation programs in Rwanda; and in 1981-1983 I was Director of Rwanda's only field research station and in this last post had to advise the Government on what to do with infant gorillas confiscated from poachers.

The advice of myself and my colleagues, and the decision of the wildlife authorities of the country was that however legal the export and even if no money changed hands, it would be an extremely dangerous precedent and would undoubtedly lead to an increase in trade in this endangered species. The reasons were simple. First, legal niceties would be lost in the generally perceived message that endangered species could be easily traded. Second, even if the export were a loan agreement with the Government, gorillas can fetch such enormous sums that nobody would believe that no commercial profit was involved. Gorilla trading would therefore be seen as financially advantageous.

In sum, any export is a demonstration that trade is possible and an implication that it is profitable. Therefore any export, however well-intentioned, will encourage capture from the wild and so is a danger to the species. I don't see how one can escape from this conclusion.

MALARIA RESEARCH SCANDAL

The United States Government is heavily involved in malaria research. Its biggest project is an \$8.5 million project run by the Agency for International Development (USAID). The American Institute of Biological Sciences (AIBS) has coordinated the program since 1982.

Currently, there is a serious dispute over management of the program. One official was suspended from his post for allegedly sexually harassing a woman employee, and three government agencies are studying the program's records, including a committee of the US Senate.

Monkeys are involved in this dispute. According to a report in the 29 July 1988 issue of **Science**, "The AIDS network is swamped with surplus monkeys ordered . . . for vaccine trials." The costs of housing the monkeys are over \$1 million (US) per year.

Matters are complicated also by a lawsuit filed by animal dealer

Matthew Block of Worldwide Primates against USAID. Block went to Bolivia in 1986, and arranged for the exportation of 361 squirrel and owl monkeys in spite of the Bolivian primate export ban. Block claims that USAID was responsible for his almost getting sent to prison for exporting the monkeys. His passport was seized, and, according to **Science**, he escaped from Bolivia in a private plane. The US State Department provided Block with travel documents after Bolivian authorities seized his passport.

IPPL contacted the American Institute of Biological Sciences about the monkey situation. It turned out that the AIBS malaria program is headed by Colonel Dr. Philip Winter, formerly with the US Army's gibbon/monkey laboratory in Bangkok, Thailand. Winter confirmed that litigation regarding the Bolivia monkey deal is under way.

Further details will be provided in future **Newsletters**.

SQUIRREL MONKEYS FOR SALE

The Federal Supply Service of the U.S. Government announced in its 9 September 1988 report that it had received a request from the Property Division of the Sales Branch, to sell 55 monkeys for the US Agency for International Development (USAID). The monkeys are currently housed in Washington DC and Florida (the exact location was not specified).

According to the Report,

The unusual thing about these monkeys is that they were purchased and prepared (spleens removed) for malaria research. The monkeys were uncooperative: they did not adjust to their new environment, and were deemed unfit research specimens. Since the monkeys were prepared for research, they cannot be offered for sale to the general public. They can be sold only to laboratories for research purposes.

It is possible that some of these monkeys were among those imported from Bolivia in 1986, supposedly for "crucial" research. Although Bolivia had a ban on export of all primates at the time, the US Government sought and obtained an exemption to the ban, sabotaging Bolivian laws to protect primates.

Why monkeys that are "unfit research specimens" should be sold "for research" is a puzzle!

IPPL suggests that the monkeys receive medical check-ups and be returned to their country of origin for release, at the expense of USAID.

If you agree, please make your feelings known to:

The Director

USAID

Washington DC 20523, USA

IPPL WELCOMES NEW MEMBERS

IPPL extends a warm welcome to everyone who has joined our organization recently. We hope you will find our **Newsletter** interesting. Please send us your comments and suggestions.

FORBES PAYS \$220,000 FOR PICTURE, GIVES \$1,000 FOR GIBBON

The August 1988 issue of the IPPL **Newsletter** told how US multimillionaire Malcolm Forbes had purchased a baby gibbon for Elizabeth Taylor while on a holiday cruise in Bangkok, Thailand in April 1988. The couple were cruising in luxury on Forbes' large yacht. Forbes reportedly purchased tens of thousands of dollars of jewels for his already fabulously rich movie-star "girl friend."

Because Thai law forbids export of gibbons and all primate species, Forbes left the gibbon behind.

IPPL asked members to send protests to Malcolm Forbes and Elizabeth Taylor and seek their help for establishing an urgently-needed sanctuary for gibbons and other primates seized from animal dealers. We had learned that all of over 20 gibbons sent to a government wildlife sanctuary outside Bangkok had died, due to lack of proper care and the general weakness of the animals when seized.

We have now learned that Malcolm Forbes sent \$1,000 (US) for the care of the gibbon. This will barely feed him for a year, let alone a gibbon lifetime, which can be 30 or more years.

According to Mr. Forbes' own magazine (called **Forbes**), Mr. Forbes is worth no less than US \$500 million. In this context, \$1,000 is a trivial gift. It is the equivalent of a person worth \$50,000 giving a dime (ten cents) or someone worth \$5,000 giving one penny.

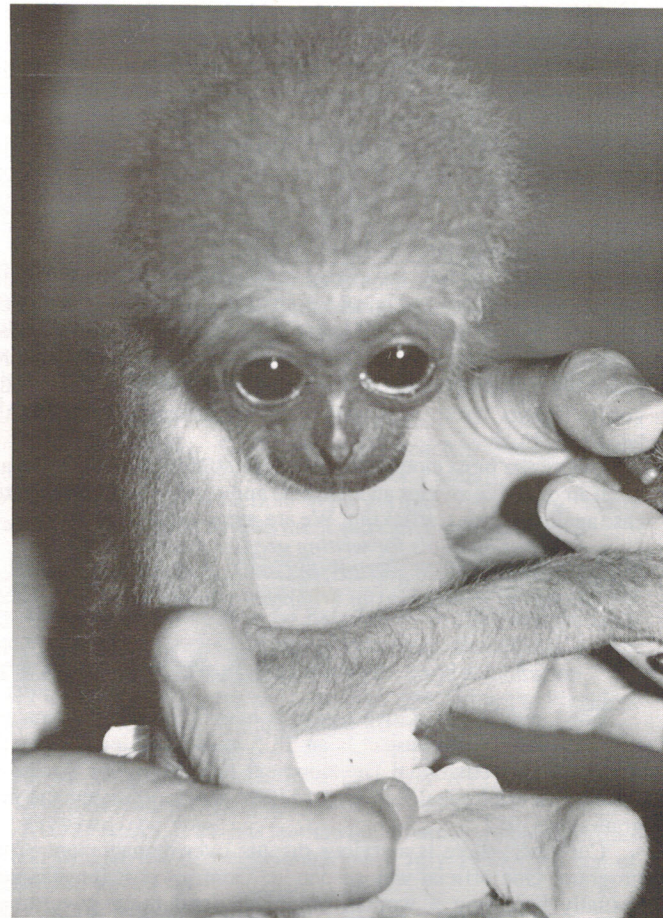
This doesn't mean that Forbes doesn't have "disposable income." The 27 October 1988 issue of the Charleston, South Carolina, **News and Courier** ran an article with the heading "Forbes Buys Lee's Note to Grant for \$220,000." The letter purchased by Forbes was described as "a yellowing piece of paper about 8 inches by 10 inches." Without downplaying the importance of historical records (which many prefer to see in archives for public use), one can say that Forbes' current unwillingness to help set up a sanctuary for adorable baby primates shows a somewhat peculiar sense of values.

We are delighted to tell you that the Forbes-Taylor gibbon is still alive. He was "adopted" by a small primate sanctuary in Thailand which was unknown to IPPL until recently. The sanctuary is directed by Mrs. Leonie Vejjavija in conjunction with the Wildlife Fund of Thailand.

On arrival at the sanctuary, the tiny gibbon, now named "Sammy," (Elizabeth Taylor had named him "Malcolm"), was suffering from malnutrition, eye infection, pneumonia, and intestinal



"Sammy"



"JO-JO"

parasites. He was not expected to survive but lots of loving care brought him back to life. As of September 1988, he was doing well.

IPPL has learned that Mr. Forbes had purchased a second primate for Elizabeth Taylor. This was a baby Rhesus monkey. He arrived with pneumonia and had lost his right eye. A cataract caused by infection was destroying the sight of his left eye and the animal is expected to become blind. This Rhesus, Moshia, is also at the Vejjavija Sanctuary.

At present, the Vejjavija Sanctuary has 13 primates (4 gibbons, 2 slow lorises, and 7 macaques of three species). It is run without donations from the public at the present time.

In addition, the sanctuary takes short-term care of some primates purchased in poor condition and returns them to their "owners." Only the government has the right to confiscate illegally-owned primates, but it fails to do so. The adorable little gibbon "Jo-Jo," whose picture appears on this page should be with his mother but ended up being sold on Bangkok's Chatujak Market for \$100 (US). The little ape was starving but has recovered. Strong protests are being made by Ms. Vejjavija to the officials supposed to control the activities of animal dealers.

Forbes' actions are showing Thais that some Americans are less than generous. (Perhaps he'll relent, we haven't given up yet!). But Sammy Gibbon and Moshia Rhesus need human help **now** as do so many other primates poached in the forests of Thailand. If some generous reader would like to prove him/herself more caring than two of the richest people in the world, and can afford to make a \$1,001 donation for either animal, we'll transmit the gift to the sanctuary. If you work at a place sympathetic to animals, perhaps you can "pass the hat."

We hope that knowing that Sammy is alive and well (with Moshia as a "bonus") will help make your Holiday Season happier.

YERKES RESEARCHERS EMBARK ON “PROJECT PENIS”

Two Yerkes Primate Center researchers (Jeremy Dahl and Ronald Nadler) have been measuring the penises of live and dead gibbons at this federally-funded research facility based in Atlanta, Georgia, USA.

According to the Center's 1987 **Annual Report**, Dahl and Nadler measured the penises of 3 live gibbons (presumably under tranquillization since an alert gibbon might resent this undignified assault on his privacy from a human), and of a fourth gibbon, first during his life and again after his death.

The researchers plan to measure the penises of gorillas, orangutans, chimpanzees, and Pygmy chimpanzees, in order to make comparisons!

The Yerkes Primate Center loves to tell the press about all the diseases it may one day cure by its experiments on hapless primates. What “Project Penis” will accomplish is unclear!

The 1987 Yerkes **Annual Report** shows that Yerkes started 1987 with 17 gibbons, of whom 4 died during the year of unstated causes. One birth occurred.

YERKES DIRECTOR DENOUNCES RESEARCH CRITICS

Dr. Frederick King is Director of the Yerkes Primate Center, Atlanta, Georgia. Many experimental extremists do not appear to believe in freedom of speech for their critics and frequently make anti-democratic statements. Dr. King is no exception.

In the section of the Yerkes Primate Center's **Annual Report** headed “Major Problems Encountered or Anticipated,” Dr. King fumed:

Another continuing problem faced by the Yerkes Center, as well as biomedical and behavioral research in general, is the constant harassment by anti-research

groups. The irresponsible, destructive, and frequently unlawful activities of these misguided individuals has necessitated the expenditure of considerable funds to provide for increased security. Monitoring and responding to these attacks also takes a considerable amount of time of the Yerkes administration and faculty. This time and these dollars could best be spent on activities directed towards solving important human and animal disease problems.

Like measuring gibbons' penises, Dr. King?

US AND USSR PLAN JOINT AIDS RESEARCH

Dr. Robert Windom, US Assistant Secretary for Health, led a US delegation to the Soviet Union from 17-27 July 1988 to discuss “the establishment of collaborative activities in AIDS-related research and prevention under the Bilateral Health Agreement.” The plan would be supervised by Dr. Peter Fischinger, Director of the National AIDS Program Office.

The team visited the Sukhumi Primate Center in the south of the Soviet Union. Sukhumi currently houses 7,000 nonhuman primates and plans to increase its numbers to 25,000. According to the report, “No higher primates are currently being housed and there are no plans to bring in chimpanzees or other apes, for any reason, **for at least several years.**” (Emphasis added).

The report describes ongoing research into simian immunodeficiency viruses. It notes that a simian virus has been isolated from “a Vietnamese macaque species which would be quite interesting in geographical terms.” It has long been suspected that the Soviet Union is obtaining macaques from Vietnam, whose primate populations have already suffered from decades of warfare.

The delegation expressed enthusiasm at the prospect of joint research with the Sukhumi Center and the Epidemiology and Virology Laboratories in Moscow.

At present, there are very few cases of AIDS in the Soviet Union although a few entering African students carry the virus.

TOP SCIENTIST SAYS CHIMPS NO USE IN AIDS RESEARCH

The distinguished virologist Dr. Arie Zuckerman, of the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, discussed the use of chimpanzees in AIDS research at the 1988 Annual Congress of the Association of Clinical Biochemists. The congress was held in Blackpool, England.

According to **Laboratory News** (June 1988), Zuckerman “knocked firmly on the head the idea that chimpanzees were useful to AIDS research.”

Dr. Zuckerman stated that, while chimpanzees develop viremia when infected with the Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV), they do not develop the full-blown disease, and thus, “There is no case for using this animal.”

AIR FORCE EXPERIMENTS ON PRIMATES

Ms. Linda Leas, of Dayton, Ohio, USA, an animal activist and long-time IPPL member, has been conducting a long-term "battle" with the US Department of Defense to obtain autopsy reports on primates dying or being killed at the Wright-Patterson Air Force Base near Dayton, Ohio. In 1988, she managed to get 86 autopsy reports for the period 1980-1984. Here are extracts from the reports: they show a pattern of gross neglect, human incompetence and outright cruelty to primates.

Baby Baboon, no name or number. This infant was just 6 days old. He was found dead in his cage on 3 April 1980 but could not be autopsied because he was not found until he had been dead for 12 hours. The report notes that his mother had been TB-tested "recently," which "may have contributed to less milk production." It is clearly ignorant and cruel to subject a monkey in advanced pregnancy or a mother nursing a newborn baby to a routine procedure such as a TB test. Leaving primates unsupervised for over 12 hours also indicates negligence.

Rhesus macaque 3061. This animal, a "retired breeder" was sent to Wright-Patterson by the National Institutes of Health (NIH), in December 1978, as part of a large group of "surplus" Rhesus monkeys. She was killed on 30 July 1980, after three weeks of failing to eat. Euthanasia was performed with T-61, a drug that can cause severe suffering to animals. It is appalling to note that NIH "rewards" monkeys who have bred infants for lives of pain and suffering in the "service" of the human race by shipping them to military bases. NIH bureaucrats retire to live in high style! The monkeys don't get that chance. Several more of the NIH retired "breeders" were killed with T-61. The autopsy of one animal notes that she was received from NIH "without any history," another indication of NIH bungling and incompetence. One autopsy noted that, "T-61 euthanasia solutions should be avoided if histopathology is scheduled. Widespread hemolysis was present in all the tissues." Humane considerations appear to have had no importance, only the fact that the T-61 solution made it difficult to perform an autopsy on an animal.

Besides NIH, the Yerkes Regional Primate Center in Atlanta, Georgia, supplied Rhesus monkeys to Wright-Patterson. One wretched monkey (681) arrived on 31 July 1984 "in an emaciated condition with reduced appetite and watery diarrhea." She died ten days later. The autopsy report noted, "Carcass devoid of any fat: extensive muscle wasting." In other words, the poor monkey was **starved** at a Primate Center whose director, Dr. Frederick King, spends vast amounts of effort propagandizing for primate experimentation. Perhaps it is time for Dr. King to clean up his own Center!

Baboon H-22. This male baboon was "subacutely impacted" on 18 August 1980 and died on 1 May 1981. The autopsy report mentions no cause of death, and does not state with what the baboon was hit, or why.

Baboon F-18. This male baboon died on 7 July 1981 after being "subjected to excessive left to right 'G' forces while pulmonary and cardiac parameters were monitored by indwelling catheters." The animal was then killed with pentobarbital. The purpose of this experiment is not clear, although it presumably relates to space flight problems.

Rhesus A-344. This male Rhesus monkey was found dead in his cage on 6 October 1981. "Monkey chow" pelleted food was found "subcutaneously above penis and a half-handful in scrotum." The autopsy report attributed the monkey's death to "acute gastric dilatation," also known as "bloat," a condition often resulting from feeding monkeys a diet of solely or mainly monkey chow.

Baboon G-32. This male baboon died on 15 October 1981. He was undergoing a "special" undescribed experiment. The baboon had been implanted with a device that had damaged his spinal column and adjacent soft tissues, including the kidneys. An unnamed but obviously incompetent "surgeon" had clearly inserted the device improperly. But the dead baboon had no surviving kin to sue

him for malpractice.

Cynomolgus 76-C. This female crab-eating macaque was involved in an experiment named "Beryllium," presumably a study of the toxicity of this element. The autopsy revealed severe infection and cysts on the monkey's kidney and liver.

Baboon H-72. This female baboon died on 22 November 1982 after "accelerometer implant" and "a swismode drop." (**Editor's note:** if any reader has any idea what "a swismode drop" is, please inform IPPL). The surgery during which the accelerometer was placed in the baboon had apparently been bungled since the hapless animal died of severe lung and liver bleeding. The veterinarian noted "several areas of torn liver capsule with the underlying tissue shredded." It is known that pilot ejection seat studies are carried out at Wright-Patterson but it is not clear whether primates are dropped from aircraft or a simulator nor whether a "swismode drop" has any connection with the ejection seat studies.

Baboon 08-B. This male baboon was placed in a "hypokinesia apparatus" on 8 March 1983. This is a device for total immobilization, sometimes accomplished by the use of full body and limb casts. Shortly afterwards, the restrained baboon began to develop "gastric dilatations." On 22 March 1983, he was killed and found to have "stress related ulcers" and "hypokinesia-related bloat and epistaxis."

Baboons are highly energetic and social animals and subjecting them to prolonged restraint constitutes gross cruelty.

The project presumably was supposed to have some relevance to the problems of astronauts in space but could surely have been performed on human volunteers resting in beds or in casts.

Baboon 2179-83. This male baboon had an accelerometer implanted in his spine on an unknown date. The surgical wounds became infected with staphylococcus, and treatment was started on 19 April 1983. According to the autopsy report, "On the morning of 20 April, patient was alert and active . . . suddenly he became moribund, had convulsive seizure, and died."

The autopsy revealed severe internal damage caused by incorrect placement of the accelerometer.

Immediate cause of death was determined to be exsanguination following perforation of inferior vena cava implants in spine.

Other internal lesions were noted, including severe enteropathy and deposits of "lipid materials" in the lungs, possibly resulting from injection of oil-based penicillin.

Expressing no concern for the appalling suffering inflicted on this hapless baboon at the hands of the "butcher surgeon," the veterinarian wrote a note to the experimenter saying, "Thank you for sharing this interesting case with us."

Rhesus monkey H-74. This monkey died on 29 April 1983. He had been administered 90cc of glucose solution via "nasogastric tube" while "restrained upright in a chair." The monkey "coughed up and vomited some of the fluid shortly after administration" and "continued coughing **while left to recover.**" (Emphasis added.) He died suddenly, presumably of aspirating his own vomit. It is not clear how long the monkey was chaired or why he was being forced. In any case, it is appalling to leave an animal in distress unsupervised.

Baboon I-16. This animal died on 16 May 1983 during a "drop" experiment. The "drop parameters" were stated to be 50 Gs, 30 Ms, (human astronauts experience about 3 Gs) and whatever occurred caused the animal severe lung, liver, and kidney damage, spinal hemorrhage, and three fractured ribs. The purpose of the experiment is unclear.

Baboon I-61. This baboon died on 17 October 1983 as the result of an experiment which caused him major and severe spine damage, with massive bleeding. It is not stated whether the animal involved in this brutal experiment was allowed to recover from anesthesia.

Baboon 174. This male baboon died on 25 October 1983 in a "head spine validation" experiment. He was exposed to the extremely high force of 49.5 Gs, 29 Ms, over 16 times the usual exposure experienced by astronauts.

Baboon J-10. This animal died on 15 November 1983, after being exposed to 80 Gs, 12.5 Ms. This caused "massive hard and soft tissue damage." There was "massive damage T4-T7 along with anterior hemorrhage between T4-T5." The baboon's spine had been extremely severely damaged.

Rhesus monkey 0398-84. This monkey was "placed in DES" [IPPL does not know what a DES is and would appreciate any information any member can give] at 11 Gs, 8 times. The animal "appeared to have slow recovery compared to other monkeys and never fully recovered." Six days later, he was "lethargic" after "eating only apples for several days." The monkey was catheterized and 200 cubic centimeters of "dark urine" were removed from his swollen bladder.

The next day, his bladder was again distended and an x-ray revealed "an abnormal bladder silhouette." Exploratory surgery revealed "massive adhesions in the area of the bladder." The next day, the poor animal's abdomen was "very painful" and swollen. This was the first and last time the word "pain" was mentioned in a Wright-Patterson autopsy report. The baboon was killed and examined. The autopsy concluded that the animal was suffering from "trauma to bladder causing urethral blockage and kidney fail-

ure." He had been allowed to suffer 8 days with a ruptured bladder, an extremely painful condition.

Rhesus monkey 653. This monkey was shipped to Wright-Patterson from the Yerkes Primate Center on 16 August 1984. The day after his arrival, he developed diarrhea and grew weaker till his death on 6 September. The autopsy report notes that he was "emaciated." The cause of death was stated to be "aspiration of stomach contents."

No later reports were provided to Ms Leas. However, it is unlikely that things have changed much. The reports show a pattern of botched surgery, bungling, cruel and useless experimentation, and neglect.

The fact that the National Institutes of Health and the Yerkes Primate Center would send animals to such a place of suffering raises questions about these institutions' sanctimonious preachings about how well primates are treated in US laboratories.

The Air Force did not provide copies of experimental protocols, but informed Ms Leas that the primates were used to study 1) aircraft escape and crew safety technology, 2) high "G" forces in the environment, 3) space adaptation syndrome and 4) toxic hazards of chemicals.

Many of these experiments could be done with human volunteers or lifelike "dummies," (these are used in car crash experiments now as inter-species anatomical differences made the appalling primate car crash experiments irrelevant to humans).

RECOMMENDED READING

Sahabat Alam Malaysia is a very fine conservation-animal protection organization headquartered in Penang, Malaysia, but active all over Southeast Asia fighting pollution, forest destruction, wildlife trafficking and for rights of indigenous peoples. **Sahabat Alam Malaysia** is offering its excellent *Environmental News Digest* to overseas readers at a cost of US \$30 per year (sea mail) or \$40 (air mail). Malaysian banks charge a large commission on overseas checks so payment by bank draft or international money order is preferred. Orders may be placed with **Sahabat Alam Malaysia**, 43 Salween Road, 10050, Penang, Malaysia. IPPL strongly recommends this dynamic organization and its publications.

Vivian Wilson has served as IPPL's Zimbabwe Field Representative for over a decade. Many TV viewers around the world will be familiar with his program "Orphans of the Wild." Wilson founded the Chipangali Wildlife Orphanage in Zimbabwe. His interesting book "*Orphans of the Wild*" is now available in the United States and would make a fine holiday gift for an animal-lover. The book can be obtained from the Wolfe Publishing Company, 6471 Airpark Drive, Prescott, Arizona 86301, USA, for \$22.50 plus \$2 postage and handling.

Avi Magidoff of the **Human Animal Liberation Front** has reviewed the 1986 *Annual Reports* for all 7 federally-funded U.S. Regional Primate Centers. The centers are located in Seattle, Washington; Davis, California; Atlanta, Georgia; Southborough, Massachusetts; Covington, Louisiana; Madison, Wisconsin; and Beaverton, Oregon. Magidoff's report reveals a pattern of stupid and often cruel research, and concludes with the question:

If primates' neurological and immunological systems, their sexual behavior, their depressions and psychoses are extrapolative to humans, then surely it must be obvious to us that these animals share with us the abilities to suffer and to feel rejected, isolated and deprived. None of these basic needs and abilities are recognised for these prisoners of science. How can we inflict so much

suffering upon those who are so much like us, and for such trivial goals? It is questions like these that Primate Centers fear most. In an effort to steer the public clear of any conclusions that might be detrimental to their research centers, they try to pose the question, as Peter Gerone, (Director of the Delta Center) did recently on a radio interview, "Should we continue to use animals in research or should we let people die of diseases that might eventually be cured or corrected?" The research described [in my report] does little or nothing to prevent people from dying of disease.

This report is available free from IPPL Headquarters, PO Box 766, Summerville, SC 29484. We strongly recommend that residents of areas where the Primate Centers are located obtain copies.

Also available free from IPPL Headquarters is an excellent report from the **Progressive Animal Welfare Society** of Lynnwood, Washington State. PAWS was able to obtain an advance copy of a grant application for inoculation of pregnant macaque monkeys with "Simian Acquired Immunodeficiency Syndrome," (SAIDS), to see whether and how the disease would be transmitted to the baby monkeys. PAWS had the grant application reviewed by several scientists who raised questions about the validity and methodology of the proposed project and the likely suffering of the monkeys. The consultants emphasized the superiority of clinical studies of the problem of **human** mothers transmitting human AIDS to their babies.

PAWS concludes that the "victims" of this experiment would be the suffering monkeys, the taxpayers who would pay for the experiment, and the people whose lives may be lost by spending of \$2 million on an **inapplicable** study.

PAWS has published an excellent report on this project which is 32 pages long and is an invaluable tool for those wishing to argue the case against the use of primates in AIDS research. Single copies are available free from IPPL, PO Box 766, Summerville, SC 29484.

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