

WORLD TYRANNY

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THE FOUNDING FATHERS of the American nation could not imagine that what they were proclaiming at that time as any other historical society, was carrying within it the seeds of its own transformation.

The attractive *Declaration of Independence of 1776*, which celebrated its 231st birthday [on July 4 this year] stated something which in one way or another captivated many of us: “We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter it or abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness.”

It was the result of the influence of the best minds and philosophers of a Europe overwhelmed by feudalism, the privileges of the aristocracy and absolute monarchies.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau stated in his famous *Social Contract* : “The strongest is never strong enough to be always the master, unless he transforms strength into right, and obedience into duty.” (...) “Force is a physical power, and I fail to see what moral effect it can have. To yield to force is an act of necessity, not of will...” (...) “To renounce liberty is to renounce being a man, to surrender the rights of Humanity and even its duties. For him who renounces everything no indemnity is possible.”

In the Thirteen Colonies that obtained their independence, there were also forms of slavery as atrocious as those in ancient times. Men and women were sold at public auction. The new nation emerged with its own religion and culture. The Tea Tax was the spark that set off the rebellion.

In those vast lands slavery continued for at least 100 years, and after two centuries, slave descendants are still feeling the consequences. There were native communities which were the legitimate natural inhabitants, as well as forests, water, lakes, herds of millions of bison, natural species of animals and plants, abundant and various foods. Hydrocarbons were unknown then, as was the enormous wasting of energy carried out by today's society.

Had the same declaration of principles been proclaimed in the countries crossed by the Sahara Desert, it would not have created a paradise for European immigrants. Today we must speak about immigrants coming from the poor countries that cross, or try to cross, the US borders by the millions each year in the quest for jobs, and are not entitled even to parental custody over their children if they are born on US soil.

The Philadelphia Declaration was written at a time when there were only small printing presses and letters took years to get from one country to another. There were only a few people who could read and write. Today, images, words and ideas

travel in a fraction of a second from one corner to another in a globalized planet. Conditioned reflexes are created in the minds of people. We cannot speak about the right to use, but rather about the overuse of free expression and mass alienation. Likewise, with modest electronic equipment, anybody, during peacetime, can send their ideas out into the world without any authorization from any Constitution. It would be a battle of ideas; in any case, a mass of truths versus a mass of lies.

Truths do not need commercial advertisements. Nobody could disagree with the Philadelphia Declaration or with Jean-Jacques Rousseau's *Social Contract*. Both documents support the right to struggle against the established world tyranny.

Could we ignore the pillaging wars and the slaughters which are forced upon the poor peoples who make up three-quarters of the planet? No! Those are typical of today's world and of a system that could not sustain itself otherwise. At an enormous political, economic and scientific cost, the human species is being pushed to the edge of an abyss.

My aim is not to repeat concepts that I have mentioned in other reflections. Based on simple events, my purpose is to carry on demonstrating the immense hypocrisy and the total lack of ethics which characterize the actions, chaotic by nature, of the government of the United States.

During the early days of the Revolution, I used to visit, almost on a daily basis, the recently created National Institute of Agrarian Reform, located where today we have the headquarters of the Ministry of the Revolutionary Armed Forces. We were not able to use the Palace of the Revolution yet, since that was the venue of the Palace of Justice at that time. Its construction resulted from juicy business deals made by the overthrown regime. The main profit came from the increased value of real estate lands, from which thousands of people had been evicted. As a recently graduated lawyer, I worked pro bono as the attorney for the defense of those people, months before Batista's coup d'état.

From the offices of INRA, on March 4, 1960, I heard an ear-splitting explosion of *La Coubre* and I watched a dark column of smoke rising above the port of Havana. What came to my mind immediately was the thought of a ship loaded with anti-tank and anti-personal grenades that could be used in the FAL rifles we had acquired from Belgium, a country far from being suspected of being Communist. Right away I went down to go to that location. On my way there, because of the noise and the vehicle's vibrations, I could not hear the second explosion. More than 100 people died and dozens were maimed. At the funeral for the victims, the cry of "Homeland or Death" (*Patria o Muerte*) was spontaneously born.

We know that everything was carefully planned by the Central Intelligence Agency right from the port where the ship was loaded. The ship had passed through the ports of Le Havre, Hamburg and Antwerp. The grenades were loaded at the last of these, in Belgium. The explosions on the ship also killed several of the French crew.

Why, in the name of freedom of information, do they not declassify a single document that will tell us how the CIA, almost half a century ago, exploded the steamship *La Coubre* and cut off the supply of Belgian weapons which, as the CIA

itself admitted on June 14, 1960, was a very important concern for the United States?

What was I devoting my time to during the feverish days previous to the attack through Bay of Pigs?

The first large-scale clean-up in the Escambray Mountains took place during the last months of 1960 up until early in 1961. More than 50 thousand men took part, almost all of them coming from the former provinces of Havana and Las Villas.

A flood of weapons was arriving in ships from the USSR. These were not exploding in ports. It was useless to try to buy them elsewhere, and thus we avoided the pretext that the United States used to attack Guatemala, which eventually cost more than one hundred thousand Guatemalan people dead or missing.

In Czechoslovakia we bought light weapons and a number of 20 mm and double-barrelled anti-aircraft guns. The tanks with 85 mm cannons, 100 mm armored artillery, 75 mm antitank cannon, mortars, howitzers and large caliber cannon up to 122 mm, and light and heavy antiaircraft, all came directly from the USSR.

It would have taken at least a year to train by traditional methods the personnel needed to use all that weaponry. We did it in a matter of weeks. We dedicated practically one hundred percent of our time to that task almost two years after the triumph of the Revolution.

We were aware of an imminent attack, but didn't know when or how it would come. All possible access points were being defended or guarded. The leaders all had their headquarters: Raul in Oriente, Almeida in the center, and Che in Rinardel Rio. I was headquartered in the capital: a former bourgeois residence had been adapted for that purpose on the highest right bank of the Almendares River, close to the point where the river flows into the sea.

It was already daylight on April 15, 1961, and there I was, since the first early morning hours, receiving news from Oriente, when a ship had come from the southern United States, skippered by Nino Diaz, with a group of counterrevolutionaries on board dressed in olive green fatigues similar to the ones worn by our troops, ready to land in the Baracoa area. This was to create a diversion far from the exact site of the main attack, in order to create maximum confusion. The ship was already at the crosshairs of the antitank cannons, but in the end the landing did not take place.

On the night of the 14th, we also got news that one of our three jet fighters, which were training craft ready for engagement, had blown up during a reconnaissance flight over the area of presumptive landing. This was undoubtedly a Yankee action perpetrated from the Guantanamo Naval Base or somewhere else in the sea or the air. There was no radar to exactly pinpoint the event. The outstanding revolutionary pilot, Orestes Acosta, died in that action.

From the headquarters I mentioned, I could see the B-26s flying low over the spot and, a few seconds later, I heard the first missiles launched without warning against our young artillery, who for the most part were being trained at the Ciudad Libertad Air Base. The response of those brave men was practically instantaneous.

Besides, I have no doubt whatsoever that Juan Orta was a traitor. The pertinent details about his life and conduct are where they ought to be: in the archives of the Department of State Security, born in those years under enemy fire. The most politically conscious men were the ones assigned that mission.

Orta had received the poisoned pills which had been proposed to Maheu by Giancana. Maheu's conversation with Roselli, who would play the part of mob contact, took place on September 14, 1960, months before Kennedy's election and inauguration.

The traitor, Orta, had no special merits. We kept writing each other when we were looking for the support of Cuban emigrants and exiles in the United States. He was appreciated for his apparent training and helpful attitude. That was where his special talent laid. After the triumph of the Revolution, he had frequent access to me during an important period. Based on his possibilities then, it was believed that he would be able to put the poison into a soft drink or a glass of orange juice

He had received money from the mob supposedly for helping to reopen the gambling casinos He had nothing to do with this. We were the ones who had made that decision. Urrutia's unilateral order, issued without previous consultation, was creating chaos and promoting protests by thousands of workers in the tourist and business sectors, at a time when unemployment was running high.

Some time later, the gambling casinos were shut down for good by the Revolution.

When he was given the poison, contrary to what used to happen in the early days, Orta had very little possibilities to coincide with me. I was fully involved in the activities I previously described.

Without saying a word to anybody about the enemy plans, on April 13th, 1961, two days before the attack on our air bases, Orta sought asylum at the Venezuelan Embassy which Romulo Betancourt had placed at the unconditional service of Washington. The numerous counterrevolutionaries seeking asylum there were not granted exit permits until the brutal armed aggression by the United States against Cuba let up

We already had to put up with the betrayal of Rafael del Pino Siero in Mexico. After deserting a few days before our departure for Cuba, a date he wasn't aware of, he sold to Batista for 30 thousand dollars some important secrets dealing with part of the weapons and the boat which would take us to Cuba. With elegant cunning he divided up the information in order to gain confidence and to guarantee compliance with each part. First, he would receive some thousands of dollars for delivering two weapons deposits that he knew about. A week later, he would deliver the most important information: the boat that was bringing us to Cuba and the landing site. They would be able to capture us all along with the other weapons, but before that, they had to give him all of the money. Some Yankee expert surely had advised him.

Despite this betrayal, we left Mexico in the "Granma" on the set date. Some of our supporters thought that Pino would never betray us, that his desertion was due to his dislike of discipline and the training I demanded of him I won't say how I learned of the operation that had been hatched between him and Batista,

but I learned about it with full precision, so we were able to take appropriate measures in order to protect personnel and weapons that were en route to Tuxpan, the launch site. That valuable information didn't cost a penny.

When the final offensive by the tyranny in the Sierra Maestra had finished, we had to also fight against the bold tricks of Evaristo Venereo, an agent of the regime who, disguised as a revolutionary, tried to infiltrate the Movement in Mexico. He was the liaison with the secret police in that country, a very repressive body which he advised for the interrogation of Candido Gonzalez; this heroic militant was blindfolded during his interrogation and was assassinated after the landing. He was one of the few comrades who drove the car I moved around in.

Evaristo returned to Cuba later. He was assigned the mission of assassinating me when our forces were advancing towards Santiago de Cuba, Holguin, Las Villas and the western part of Cuba. We learned of the details when we took over the archives of the Military Intelligence Service. These events are documented.

I have survived numerous assassination plots. Only luck and the habit of carefully observing every detail allowed all of us, Camilo, Che, Raul, Almeida, Guillermo, who were later known as the leaders of a triumphant Revolution, to survive the trickery of Eutimio Guerra during the early and most dramatic days in the Sierra Maestra. We might have possibly died when we were at the verge of being eliminated with a ridiculous siege laid on our camp by surprise under the traitor's guidance. During the brief clash that ensued, we suffered a sad loss: a wonderful, black sugar worker and active combatant, Julio Zenon Acosta, who moved ahead of me and fell at my side. Others survived the deadly danger, and fell in combat afterwards, as was the case of Ciro Frias, an excellent comrade and promising leader, who died in Imias, in the Second Front; Ciro Redondo, who fiercely fought the enemy with the troops of Che's column, and was killed in Marverde; and Julito Diaz, who was relentlessly shooting his caliber 30 machine gun and died a few steps from our Command Post at El Uvero battle.

We set up the ambush at a very well chosen spot, waiting for the enemy, because we were aware of the moves they intended to make that day. Our attention slackened for a few minutes when two men from the group, who had been sent out as scouts before deciding to move, returned without news.

Eutimio was guiding the enemy dressed in a white 'guayabera' shirt, the only thing visible in the Alto de Espinosa woods, where we were waiting for him. Batista had the headlines ready about the elimination of the whole group, which was for him a sure thing, and had notified the press. Out of excessive confidence, we had in fact underestimated the enemy which was taking advantage of human weaknesses. At that time, we were a group of about 22 well-seasoned and selected men. Ramiro, wounded in one leg, was recovering at some distance from us.

The column of more than 300 soldiers, who were advancing one abreast through the sheer and wooded landscape, was spared a storming blow, thanks to a last-minute move that we made. □□□