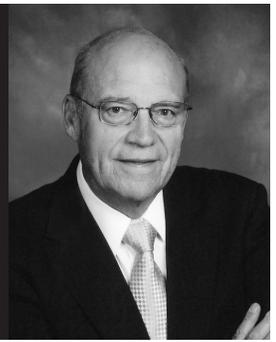




Dr. Fred Schwarz

The Schwarz Report



Dr. David Noebel

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“Distinguished professors, gifted poets, and influential journalists summoned their talents to convince all who would listen that modern tyrants were liberators and that their unconscionable crimes were noble, when seen in the proper perspective.” Mark Lilla, *The Reckless Mind*

“Lenin, Stalin, Mao, and Hitler all had their admirers, defenders, and apologists among the intelligentsia in Western democratic nations, despite the fact that these dictators each ended up killing people of their own country on a scale unprecedented even by despotic regimes that preceded them.” Thomas Sowell, *Intellectuals and Society*

“Not only Communist movements, but also Fascist and Nazi movements had a special appeal to intellectuals, as noted by historian Paul Johnson: ‘The association of intellectuals with violence occurs too often to be dismissed as an aberration. Often it takes the form of admiring those “men of violence” who practice violence.’” Sowell, *ibid.*

Professor Clifford A. Kiracofe and Red China

by William R. Hawkins

President Barack Obama and the mainstream media have hailed the Asia-Pacific Economic Cooperation (APEC) meeting in Beijing as demonstrating US and Chinese cooperation on trade, climate change, and regional issues. Chinese sources, however, have focused more on Beijing’s diplomatic gains in competition with America. *Global Times*, a publication of the ruling Chinese Communist Party noted for its nationalist rhetoric, has taken the lead. But as it likes to do, it has found an American voice to make its case; Clifford A. Kiracofe, Jr. a former staffer for the US Senate Foreign Relations Committee (1987-1992) and then an adjunct professor of history and political science at the Virginia Military Institute.

In an op-ed entitled “Beijing APEC rebuffs US hegemonism” Kiracofe claimed,

The salient features of the meeting are embodied in innovative [Chinese] concepts such as the creation of an inclusive free trade zone, the commitment to connectivity, new Silk Roads, and the Asian Infrastructure Investment Bank (AIIB).

Washington’s vision for the Asia-Pacific region, on the other hand, has been the creation of an exclusive anti-China Trans-Pacific Partnership coupled with hard and soft-power containment of China. This counterproductive vision just hit a dead end in Beijing.

It is clear that Beijing’s proposals were all aimed at competing with US-led institutions, in particular the AIIB which will put Chinese capital to work to spread its influence and control over supply chains and export markets. What sent shock waves across the region was President Xi Jinping’s speech, November 9, calling for an “Asia-Pacific Dream” which echoed his theme of a “China Dream.” The implication is that Beijing wants to incorporate the entire region within its own imperial vision of the future. The Philippines, Taiwan, Vietnam, Malaysia, Singapore, and Japan all have reason to fear the expanding threats posed by Chinese forces operating off their coasts in disputed waters. Beijing claims it owns the entire South and East China seas, based on maps from the ancient Chinese Empire. And China’s support for North Korea keeps South Korea on edge as well.

After APEC, the G20 met in Brisbane, Australia. On the sidelines of that summit, Australian Prime Minister Tony Abbott, Japanese Prime Minister Shinzo Abe, and President Obama renewed their alliance commitments, which include

providing a security umbrella for the smaller nations along the Pacific Rim. Beijing has not broken these bonds.

The issue isn't whether there is a rivalry between the United States and China for influence in Asia (and globally as well). The issue is that Kiracofe sides with Beijing in this contest against his own country. But this should not be surprising given his past statements about America which should also raise eyebrows. He, of course, thinks the Vietnam War was "unjust" and relishes his "militant" days in the 1960's anti-war movement. After all, the US was trying to defeat the expansion of communism. He also calls for coming to terms with Iran and has a warped version of how the Cold War ended. To Kiracofe,

The Cold War ended through diplomatic negotiations undertaken by the US and the Soviet Union. Then US president Ronald Reagan and Mikhail Gorbachev ended the Cold War on the basis of mutual respect and mutual benefit. It was a win-win and not a zero-sum conclusion to a dangerous tension-filled period in international relations.

There is no mention of how the Soviet Union collapsed and disintegrated, the outcome President Reagan had been working towards since taking office. Reagan certainly had no respect for the communist regime. That moral failing falls to people like Kiracofe. Anyone who wants to know how negotiations pushed the USSR over the edge and brought victory to the US should read Ken Adelman's recent book *Reagan at Reykjavik: Forty-Eight Hours That Ended the Cold War*.

Professor Kiracofe has often referred to the US political elite as an "imperial faction" and US policy as "imperialism." Yet, even these terms are mild compared to his thoughts about America expressed in a lecture given in Germany at a conference organized by the radical *Executive Intelligence Review* on July 7, 2006. Kiracofe argued at length that "in today's political situation in the United States we are, in effect, confronting the same forces that attempted to impose fascism in the United States during the 1930s." The EIR is published by the notorious conspiracy theorist and cult figure Lyndon LaRouche, and Kiracofe has participated in several of its events. In Germany, Kiracofe argued,

Radical Right ideology is promoted through

the organized intellectual activity funded by a small group of private foundations backing a so-called "conservative" and "neo-conservative" ideology that is, in fact, similar to the European Fascist ideology of the 1920s and 1930s. These foundations include: the Bradley Foundation, the Koch Foundations, the Smith Richardson Foundation, and the Olin Foundation. Associated "think tanks" would include the Heritage Foundation and the American Enterprise Institute, both of Washington, D.C.

Key features of the contemporary "New Right" and "neo-conservative" ideology in the United States are drawn from three main European sources: Italian nationalism and Fascism, French Integralism, and German National Socialism.

He devoted a large part of his lecture to what he believes was a fascist conspiracy—which he defines in standard Marxist terms as tied to "finance capitalism"—to overthrow President Franklin Roosevelt under the banner of the American Liberty League. He then claims there was a continuation of this fascist plot after World War II which runs to the present. "For example, during the Truman Administration, Dean Acheson (1893-1971), an influential Washington, D.C. attorney, became Secretary of State under President Truman. Acheson had been a member of the American Liberty League," Kiracofe then goes on to assert, "Is it any coincidence today that Condi Rice praises Acheson and President Bush praises Truman? Certainly not. We can recall the close business connection between the Bush family and pro-Nazi financial and industrial circles in Germany, particularly the Thyssen interests."

No wonder Prof. Kiracofe has left this lecture off his official VMI curriculum vitae! Such views could prove embarrassing to VMI administrators and alumni. It is, however, important to know what kind of people the Chinese Communist regime can find in America to do their dirty work for them. And speaking of fascism, does Lord Haw Haw come to mind when reading Kiracofe's propaganda against the US?

—*FrontPageMagazine*, November 20, 2014

Cuban Intelligence and American Intellectuals

by Humberto Fontova

From the Castro regime's captive (literally!) newspaper *Cubadebate*:

"Instead of his proper name, wherever the words Humberto Fontova appear should be the terms: 'SWINE! TRAITOR! . . . Fontova's books and columns are nothing but scandalous libels against our Revolution's founders, Fidel and Che. He also has an outlet for his rants and libels against our leaders at *Townhall*, alongside tacky blonds and brunettes.'" (*Ahora Townhall le abre un huequito editorial, en su nómina de vociferantes contra Obama al ladito de chancleteras rubias y triguenas.*)

By the way, "chancletera" is Cuban slang that translates literally into "flip-flop wearer." But think a combination of Honey Boo-Boo's Mama June and Jersey Shore's Snooki for the image the Castroites are trying to convey about *Townhall*'s female columnists. Heaven forbid a member of the Castro dynasty should be caught dead in flip-flops!

In fact, upon a recent visit to New York, Raul Castro's granddaughter sported Chanel shoes, a Louis Vuitton purse, and a Rolex watch. And if you're wondering how members of a terror-sponsoring dynasty so easily procure US visas from our State Department, you're not alone.

Lately Castro's KGB-founded and mentored intelligence services have hit upon the shrewd device of setting up bogus Twitter accounts under the names of the people they most fear and loath. Thus they put bogus words in the mouths of their enemies to confuse and mislead these enemies' followers.

Given that in Fidel Castro's own words: "Propaganda is vital—propaganda is the heart of our struggle."

And given that in Che Guevara's own words: "Foreign reporters—preferably American—were much more valuable to us than any military victory. Much more valuable than recruits for our guerrilla force, were American media recruits to export our propaganda."

And given that according to a CIA document declassified in 1984 titled "Castro's Propaganda Apparatus:" "Castro's use of propaganda assets—interviews with journalists, radio broadcasts—during his guerrilla war against Batista contributed in a major way to his victory and was a preview of the methods he would use so successfully after coming to power. Immediately after assuming power, Fidel Castro set out creating a propaganda empire that today is perhaps the most effective in the Western

Hemisphere."

Given the above, those who expose the regime's propaganda—especially in the guise it usually appears (mainstream media "stories" often quoting prestigious American "Think" Tanks, etc.)—such debunkers tend to especially unnerve the Stalinist regime.

Back in 2010 Cuban dissident Guillermo Farinas—who underwent several hunger-strikes to bring international attention to the fraud of Raul Castro's "reforms" as trumpeted by the mainstream media—won the European Parliament's Sakharov Prize for Freedom of Thought. Last week in an interview with *The Miami Herald*, Farinas disclosed how the Castro's regime's intelligence had just set up a bogus twitter account under his name. For maximum effect, the initial tweet by the Communist secret police claims that Farinas "original (i.e. real) twitter account is the bogus one—so to please start following him on this new 'genuine' account" (the one set up by the secret police).

I now call your attention to a twitter account that suddenly appeared a few weeks ago as @HumbertoFontova. Here's the identical ploy.

So please be advised, amigos: my genuine twitter account is @hfontova. The @HumbertoFontova ("El Humberto Maximo") is one set up by Castro's secret police to mislead my readers. For whatever reason Twitter administration has not seen fit to heed my requests and cancel the bogus one set up by Cuban intelligence.

But hey, let's cut Castro some slack. He's shocked and confused and thus furious. He's just not used to *Townhall* type coverage of him. He's much more accustomed to this:

"Castro is old-fashioned, courtly—even paternal. . . a thoroughly fascinating figure." (NBC's Andrea Mitchell, June 2001)

"The Toast of Manhattan!" crowed *Time Magazine* regarding Fidel Castro's reception by Manhattan's beautiful people on the terrorist's visit to New York in 1996. "The Hottest Ticket in Manhattan!" also read a *Newsweek* story that week, referring to the social swirl that engulfed Fidel Castro in New York by the media luminaries who barely escaped nuclear incineration by his hand. These included Peter Jennings, Tina Brown, Bernard Shaw, Mike Wallace, Barbara Walters, among many others. All clamored for autographs and photo ops. Diane Sawyer was so overcome in the mass-murderers presence that she rushed up, broke into that toothy smile of hers, wrapped her arms around Castro and smooched him warmly on the cheek.

"You people are the cream of the crop!" beamed Fidel Castro to the smiling throng of US media luminaries that surrounded him.

—*Townhall.com*, November 23, 1014

Islam's War Against the West

by Geert Wilder

Below is the transcript to Geert Wilders' speech at the David Horowitz Freedom Center's 20th Anniversary Restoration Weekend. The event took place Nov. 13-16 at the Breakers Resort in Palm Beach, Florida.

It is always a pleasure to be in the United States. And it is an honor to be at Restoration Weekend again. Especially at this moment when a new Congress and a new majority in the Senate are preparing to lead this great country and change it for the better.

I am a politician from Europe. I am a member of the House of Representatives in the Netherlands and the leader of the Party for Freedom, the leading party in the Dutch opinion polls today.

Before I continue, let me tell you something about my life as a European politician.

I am not a President, nor a Governor, nor even a member of Cabinet, just a member of Congress. For over ten years now, I have been living under 24/7 police protection. I lived with my wife in army barracks, prison cells, and safe houses until this very day, just to be safe.

Wherever I go, armed policemen accompany me to protect me against Islamic jihadis. Al Qaida, the Taliban, ISIS, and many others threatened to kill me because I tell the truth about Islam and speak out against the Islamization of our free Western societies.

In Europe we have made a terrible mistake. During the past decades, our politicians foolishly allowed millions of Islamic immigrants to settle within our borders. Everywhere the Islamic culture was welcomed as an enrichment. Nowhere was the demand made that the immigrants assimilate.

Not a single European leader had the guts to state the obvious and tell the truth: Our Western culture based on Christianity, Judaism and Humanism, is far superior to the Islamic culture and immigrants have to adopt our values.

And now, we in Europe are paying the price for this folly. Islam is eating away our Judeo-Christian and humanist civilization and replacing it with intolerance, hatred, and violence. And our so-called leaders allow it.

Twenty-five years ago, the Berlin Wall fell and the Iron Curtain was dismantled. Thanks to President Ronald Reagan, America's greatest and best President ever, the totalitarian ideology of Communism was defeated in Europe and my continent was liberated. But now another

totalitarianism has nestled itself in the heart of Europe.

Last Summer, my home town, The Hague, witnessed scenes which brought back memories of the darkest period in our history, the Nazi era. Sympathizers of the Islamic State paraded in our streets. They carried swastikas, they carried the black flags of the Islamic State. They shouted "Death to the Jews" and "Oh Jews, the army of Mohammed is coming for you" in the streets of The Hague in broad daylight. And instead of rounding up these hate-mongers, the Dutch authorities did nothing.

When we in Europa warn against Islam, the authorities call it hate speech and bring us to court. But when the grim forces of hatred march down our streets, the police look on and do not interfere. It is a disgrace. It is a scandal. It is intolerable.

Islam is waging war against the free West. Only fools can deny it. The Islamic State has declared war on us. We have already had our share of beheadings in Europe. And it has started here, too.

America and its allies are currently bombing the Islamic State in Syria and Iraq. Excellent. My party supports this offensive. I am glad that Dutch and American F16s participate in it and that our two nations stand shoulder to shoulder in this endeavor. We should liquidate Abu Bakr Al-Bagdadi and the other criminals who are leading the Islamic State.

But we have to do more than that. Far more important than fighting Islamic State abroad, is the fight to preserve our own security in our own countries. In the Netherlands, in America, in Canada, in Australia, in all the other European and Western countries. It is our homes that we must protect first and foremost. And we are not doing that.

Recently, the Dutch authorities prevented over 50 jihadis to leave our country, when they attempted to go to Syria to fight for the Islamic State. Their passports were seized. But they were sent home instead of jailed. Can you believe it? These criminals now freely walk our streets and make them unsafe.

The jihadis who last month murdered soldiers in Canada were also people whom the authorities had previously prevented to leave for Syria. What I suggest is that we either detain every jihadi or let them leave and never return. Once you're out, you're out!

My friends, let us be brave. That is what we must do. That is our duty.

Let me ask you: Do our leaders tell us the truth? Unfortunately not. They even lie to us.

Everyday, we hear them repeat the sickening mantra that Islam is a religion of peace. Whenever an atrocity is committed in the name of Islam, whenever someone is

beheaded in Syria or Iraq, Barack Obama, David Cameron, my own Dutch Prime Minister and many of their colleagues rush to the television cameras to tell the world that it has nothing whatsoever to do with Islam. How stupid do they think we are?!

The Koran is full of verses such as Sura 47 verse 4: “When ye meet the unbelievers, smite at their necks and cause a bloodbath among them.” How much more Islamic do you want it, Mr. Obama?

With every new terrorist crime, with every new attack, with every new beheading, it becomes clear to ever more people what the true nature of Islam is. With every Islamic assault on our values, more and more people realize that Islam wants to conquer the world, that it is prepared to terrorize, kill or enslave anyone who refuses to submit. And that it is ready to commit the biggest atrocities to achieve this goal.

Of course—repeat it wherever I go—of course, there are many moderate Muslims. I believe in moderate people, but I do not believe in a moderate Islam. There is only one Islam—the Islam of the Koran, the Hadith, and the life of Muhammad, who was a terrorist and a warlord. But even though there are many moderate Muslims, it is wrong to think that the moderates are a majority. They are not.

This week, a terrifying poll was published in my country. We already knew that three quarters of all the Muslims in The Netherlands say that Dutch Muslims who go and fight in Syria are heroes. Can you believe it? Heroes!

But now it appears that 80% of our Turkish youths do not consider it wrong to use violence against non-believers. And they also support the armed combat of Hamas against our ally Israel—the only democracy in the Middle East. My friends, we cannot tolerate within our borders extremists who not only want to destroy our nations but also the Jewish homeland.

We stand with Israel. We defend Israel. Israel is one of us. We are Israel. If Israel falls, the West falls.

A few years ago, I called on Muslims to liberate themselves from the yoke of Islam, to choose for freedom. I wholeheartedly support Muslims who love freedom. So, I told them “Free yourselves. Leave Islam.” And I still stand by this appeal. But this does not blind me to the terrible reality that we are facing today.

The day before yesterday, there was a quarrel in our parliament in The Netherlands. That is nothing remarkable of course. As you know, Congressmen quarrel all the time. They do it here, they do it even in my country. They do it everywhere. But this time something extraordinary happened.

We had one Dutch Congressman, a Turk, threatening

another—a Moroccan—shouting “May Allah punish you!” And that is not all. They also demanded special washing rooms for Muslims in Parliament and they do not accept being contradicted by female members of Congress.

That is the parliament of the Kingdom of the Netherlands today. Politicians invoking Allah, threatening each other with Islamic curses, demanding special washing rooms, and treating women as inferior beings. Meanwhile the Dutch public prosecutor is going after me again.

You may have heard that three years ago, I was taken to court on hate crime charges. A court case that lasted almost 2 years. Fortunately, I was acquitted on all charges. But now, they want to bring me to court again. They do not see Islam or jihadis as a problem; they see me as the problem.

They try to silence the messenger. But they will never succeed. Because I will always speak out and tell the truth about Islam. We will never be silent or silenced.

Because we love our country. Because we love our freedom. Because we believe that without liberty, life is not worth living.

We celebrate life; jihadis celebrate death.

My friends, when politicians become appeasers of evil, the people must speak. This is why I have established the International Freedom Alliance—IFA. It is an international organization to fight for freedom and oppose Islam. Here in America, in Europe, in Israel, in Canada, in Australia, everywhere in the free world. IFA aims to be a network of resistance in all the countries threatened by Islam.

Our mission is to stop all immigration from Islamic countries, to stimulate voluntary remigration of Islamic people, and to expel criminals and jihadis. Our mission is to preserve and save our Judeo-Christian civilization and values.

Because there is nothing more precious than liberty and freedom. There is a path we will never choose, and that is the path of submission. We are neither prepared to collaborate with evil, nor to appease it. We must shout this so loud that even President Obama and political leaders all over the West will hear it.

Let us cry a river for every innocent victim of the Islamic State, for every poor girl abducted by Boko Haram in Nigeria, for every Jew, Christian, Yezidi persecuted in the Islamic world. But let us make sure that no-one will ever have to cry for our children. No-one. Never!

My friends, we have a duty. We are the torchbearers for freedom. We are the torchbearers for a civilization that is far superior to any other civilization on earth. We are the torchbearers for a better future—a future without

Islamic intolerance and violence. As you sing so proudly in your beautiful national anthem, your country, the great America, it is “the land of the free, the home of the brave.” So, be brave, America, and keep your land free!

Avoid all the mistakes Europe made. Protect America against Islam. Stop the immigration from Islamic countries. Go forth with courage. Keep the light of liberty shining. Save freedom! Save America.

Thank you.

—*FrontPage Magazine*, November 20, 2014

Witness From North Korean Hell

by Jay Nordlinger

Oslo—It was not until 2010 that I met a North Korean. I met Kang Chol-hwan at the Oslo Freedom Forum. Kang is the famed defector who wrote a memoir called *The Aquariums of Pyongyang*. Shaking his hand, I had a strange feeling: I felt I was meeting someone from outer space. I had the feeling of meeting an emissary, an escapee, from the largest, most terrible prison imaginable.

North Korea is called “the Hermit Kingdom,” because it is uniquely isolated. No one comes in and no one goes out (as a rule). This is too cute a name, however. North Korea is a “psychotic state,” as Jeane Kirkpatrick said. It is a cruel Communist experiment, run by a dynasty of dictators named Kim. It is a place of mass mesmerism, mass murder, and mass misery. With apologies to Syria, Somalia, and a few other countries, it is the worst place on earth.

Since 2010, I have met some more North Koreans, mainly through this same Oslo Freedom Forum (the annual human-rights conference in the Norwegian capital). There are two defectors or escapees at the forum this year: Yeonmi Park and Hyeonseo Lee. They are both young women, and they are stars of the North Korean defector circuit, so to speak. They are pretty and personable, which no doubt contributes to their “stardom.” They are also incredibly brave and steely.

I will write about just one of them—Yeonmi—though their stories and views and abilities are equally compelling and impressive.

My first question is, “When did you first realize that your country was unlike other countries? That it was highly abnormal?” Yeonmi says it was when she was in her early teens: She saw the movie *Titanic*, in a bootleg copy. This movie not only tells the story of the famous

tragedy at sea. It invents a love story between a young man named Jack and a young woman named Rose. In the end, Jack sacrifices his life for Rose.

Yeonmi was stunned. In North Korea, there were no love stories. “There is no *Romeo and Juliet*,” as she says. The only “love” is for the Communist party and the Kims. There is nothing more honorable than to die for the Kims. Dying for another person—someone you genuinely love—is unthinkable. As she watched the movie, Yeonmi wondered whether the director and actors would be killed. The movie was a criminal act, in North Korea terms.

The act of watching the movie “transformed my thinking,” say Yeonmi. “It was mind-blowing. It gave me my first taste of freedom. I realized that there was something else out there, that not all the people in the world were living like us. It was a really important turning-point in how I saw the Kim regime.”

There was an event earlier in Yeonmi’s life that left a mark on her: an experience of terror. When she was nine, she and her classmates were made to witness public executions. One of the victims was her best friend’s mother. She was shot, with the others. Her offense was to have lent a James Bond video to someone else. The regime could not let alien ideas take root and grow. Yeonmi stood next to her friend—the victim’s daughter—as the woman was killed.

Death was a constant in Yeonmi’s life, as in the lives of North Koreans in general. Kids died on the street all the time, of hunger. Yeonmi did not quite know to be sad or horrified. It was simply normal. So were the corpses that she saw floating in the river. Probably, these were North Koreans who had failed in their attempts to cross over to China.

Yeonmi Park is an articulate young woman even in imperfect English. And she is obviously smart as a whip. But I ask her this question, because I suspect the answer is yes: “Do you find it hard to describe North Korea to outsiders?” It is impossible, she says. “I cannot find any words to describe my country, or the feelings I had while I was in North Korea.” She does her best, however.

I will relate some fragments—further fragments—from her life. She was born in 1993 in Hyesan, on the border with China. The Yalu River separates the two countries. Sometimes, Yeonmi could smell food cooking on the other side. It was fatty, oily food, and absolutely mouth-watering. The Chinese would call over the river, taunting the North Koreans: “Are you hungry over there?” The North Koreans would yell back, “You bad Chinese!”

Like other North Koreans, Yeonmi was convinced that the Kims could even read her thoughts. They were

all-pervasive. When Yeonmi was four, her mother told her, “Don’t even whisper. The birds and the mice will hear you. The birds will hear you during the day, and the mice will hear you at night.” The mother was trying to protect her daughter “From the terror,” as Yeonmi says—from terrible consequences. A wrong word could get you and your family into fatal trouble.

The family was one of privilege. Yeonmi’s father was a party member. But “my world come crashing down when I was nine,” says Yeonmi: Her father was arrested and imprisoned (and of course tortured and broken). Her mother went to prison too for a time. Yeonmi and her sister had to fend for themselves, more or less. They were unable to attend school.

“Were you hungry?” I ask. “Oh, my gosh, of course,” Yeonmi answers. The girls ate dragonflies, frogs, tree bark, and grass. You could eat grass only before June, because, afterward, it was poisonous. “We had to survive,” says Yeonmi. “We had to feed ourselves. It was our work.” Sometimes, people ask her, “What did you do in North Korea, without the Internet or anything? Were you bored?” Yeonmi tells them no: When you’re thinking about how to get the next morsel into your mouth—no matter how unfit for consumption it is—you’re not bored.

In March 2007, Yeonmi and her mother fled to China. Their flight was harrowing, but they made it. A Chinese “broker”—a smuggler or trafficker—decided that he would rape Yeonmi. Her mother said, “No, she’s only 13.” The broker said he didn’t care. Girls younger than 13 were being raped, routinely. Yeonmi’s mother said, “You will have to kill me. You’re not going to have my daughter.” The man threatened to call the police. Yeonmi and her mother were extremely vulnerable. If they were sent back to North Korea, they would be killed. Yeonmi’s mother said, “Take me instead.” The man did. He raped her, right in front of Yeonmi, 13 years old.

Yeonmi’s father soon joined the family. (Yeonmi’s sister was elsewhere—that is a separate drama.) They hid out in China, terrified of being discovered and sent back. Yeonmi’s father died a terrible death in January 2008. Yeonmi helped bury him out in the mountains, at three in the morning. It was extremely cold. Yeonmi was afraid to cry and be discovered.

A year later, she and her mother made a run for Mongolia. In a group of five, they crossed the Gobi Desert. They walked for 24 hours. It was, again, extremely cold. The group had a compass, which broke. They followed three stars. They also had knives—with which to kill themselves, if they were caught. Among the dangers were wild animals, which they could hear, howling. Those animals

were hungry, as the fugitives themselves were.

Yeonmi’s main thought was to live. She had seen her father die “like an animal,” she says: “It was not a human way to die. And I didn’t want to die the same way.” She had attempted suicide. But now she wanted to live. “I wanted to live for my mother, and she wanted to live for me.” In the desert, Yeonmi developed a great respect for life, she says.

At the border with Mongolia, the guards said they could not pass. They would have to go back. Desperate, feeling they had no other choice, Yeonmi and her mother put their knives to their throats, threatening to kill themselves. The guards relented. The South Korean embassy offered asylum. By April 2009, Yeonmi was in Seoul, beginning a new life.

You would think that Yeonmi could face no more hardships, and, in a sense, she has not. Yet it was difficult to adjust to life in South Korea. For one thing, she wasn’t sure of her identity: *What country am I from? Am I North Korean, South Korean, or just Korean?* The acceptance or non-acceptance of North Koreans by South Koreans is a story unto itself (and one frequently told, true). I ask Yeonmi whether South Koreans desire reunification. Her answer, in short, is, Absolutely not.

Rather than embrace North Koreans as persecuted brothers and sisters, many South Koreans shun them or shudder at them. These Koreans, says Yeonmi, consider North Koreans barbarians or subhuman. One of the most common questions she gets is, “Have you ever eaten human flesh?” The question is not asked sympathetically. I ask Yeonmi whether North Koreans do, in fact eat human flesh. “Yeah,” she says, quietly. I do not ask her—I can’t bring myself to—whether she ever did.

Even while a free woman in South Korea, she did not feel completely free in her mind: To a degree, she still felt under the spell of the dictatorship under which she was raised. But in 2011, she read an extraordinary book: *Animal Farm*, by George Orwell. The book seemed to be about North Korea, she says. She cried all night as she read it. “*Animal Farm* set me free from brainwashing,” she says.

Later, she read *Nineteen Eighty-four*, Orwell’s magnum opus. This book too, she felt, was about North Korea. “A lot of people think it’s just a novel, just fiction, but it tells the truth. It is the real story.” Yeonmi is amazed at Orwell’s capacity to understand. “He’s a genius.”

In Seoul, Yeonmi began to appear on a television show, a kind of variety show. Other North Korean girls are on it as well. I ask Yeonmi, “Are you famous? Are

you recognized on the street?” Yes, she says. “Is it nice? Do you enjoy it?” Yeonmi doesn’t answer for a long time. She gathers her thoughts, then she says, “I started to get attention in South Korea because I was young and pretty. Our show is a beauty show, so we wear lots of makeup and short shorts. We act cute and sexy.” She figures it is worth it if they can get their message out: Their message about the reality of North Korea. And they do get the message out, through the froth and glitz.

Also, says Yeonmi, this show proves to South Koreans that North Koreans are normal people, not merely beast that scrounge for food, although they are forced to do that, as South Koreans and anybody else would in the same circumstances.

Her television fame provides her main platform, but she has worked for a refugee newspaper. She uses every outlet she can find. She campaigns continually against the Kim dictatorship. For her troubles, she has received death threats from the regime. A South Korean official urged her to lie low and change her name. Yeonmi would not hear of either. “I have already experienced freedom,” she tells me, “and I am satisfied.” I take this to mean that she does not fear death. She also says she wants to use her time—however much time it is—to help her fellow North Koreans. As for her name, she says, “It is my legacy from my father, the only one he left me, and I am very proud of it.” She will not give it up.

Yeonmi is now a student at Dongguk University in Seoul, studying criminal justice. She would like to study international relations in the United States. She reads widely, soaking everything up. In a sense, she is making up for lost time. She is interested in Bastiat, the classical-liberal economist. At the other end of the spectrum, she is interested in *The Communist Manifesto*. She is mainly interested in the freedom to read and think whatever she pleases. Among the “classics” she has enjoyed, she says, is *Wuthering Heights*.

I ask her whether she expects the North Korean dictatorship to fall. Yes, she says. “Nothing can last forever. That’s one thing I have learned from history: Nothing is forever.” After 70 years, for example, the Soviet Union fell. Also, “a lie does not have power. They lied to me for more than a decade, and they lied to my mother for four decades. And when you see the truth, the lie’s all gone. The brainwashing stops. No more lie.”

Yeonmi sees two possibilities for North Korea. In the first scenario, the regime falls, just as the Soviet Union did. Presumably, reunification would follow, with all of its challenges (to put it mildly). In the second scenario, the regime adjusts, as the Chinese Communists and the

Vietnamese Communists have done. That would allow the North Korean Communists to hang on for untold years longer. “My dream is reunification,” says Yeonmi.

Toward the end of our conversation, I ask a standard question: “Is there anything in particular you would like people to know?” She thinks for a while. Then she says, with an air of apology, “I know there are lots of problems in this world.” She mentions the Dalits, the untouchables, in India, specifically. So, why should people care about North Korea? It’s just one country. But “this is so urgent,” she says. I tell her she should not feel apologetic. She is not being selfish. North Koreans have the unwanted distinction of suffering under the worst dictatorship there is.

It occurs to me that Yeonmi must be a hard person to complain to. I say to her, “How can anyone complain to you, or other North Koreans? You must be amazed when people say to you, ‘Oh, my feet hurt,’ or, ‘Oh, I ate too much.’ Your problem was never eating too much, was it?” She smiles. And she relates a conversation she had with an Egyptian, about the severe problems in that country. For one thing, said the Egyptian, people cannot get meat regularly. They have to make do with fruit, vegetables, bread, and so on. To Yeonmi, when she was hunting for dragonflies, such meals would have been unthinkable great.

She tells me about the time she and her father ate frozen potatoes, “black in color.” They could not find any wood for fire. There was nothing to burn (and there was of course no electricity). So, they ate the black potatoes with snow. “That’s how I lived,” says Yeonmi. And she and her father felt lucky to have those potatoes. Lots of people were starving to death at the time. “If I could have eaten those black potatoes forever,” she says. “I would never have made that journey to China. I would have stayed in North Korea.” But she could not count on the luck of black potatoes, which could not be cooked.

At the beginning of this article, I mentioned that, when I met Kang Chol-hwan, I felt I was meeting someone from a different planet. I could not believe I was shaking hands with a North Korean (an escapee from the gulag—a concentration camp). I am now faintly surprised to be seeing Yeonmi, and she is faintly surprised to be seeing me. “When I was crossing the Gobi Desert, trying to stay alive,” she says, “I never expected to be having this conversation, in English, in Norway.”

Yeonmi Park is cute and bright and personable and adorable. Naturally, she is a hit on television, and on the human-rights circuit. What she mainly is, though, is brave. Unbelievably, unfathomably brave.

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