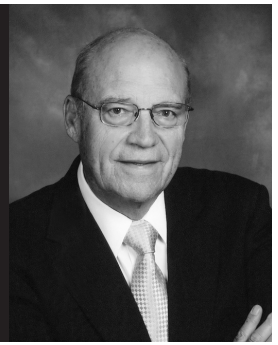




Dr. Fred Schwarz

The Schwarz Report



Dr. David Noebel

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Marxist Feminism

by Mallory Millett

“When women go wrong men go right after them.” —Mae West

“Socialism is a philosophy of failure, the creed of ignorance, and the gospel of envy; its inherent virtue is the equal sharing of misery.” Winston Churchill wrote this over a century ago.

During my junior year in high school, the nuns asked about our plans for after we graduated. When I said I was going to attend State University, I noticed their disappointment. I asked my favorite nun, “Why?” She answered, “That means you’ll leave four years later a communist and an atheist!”

What a giggle we girls had over that. “How ridiculously unsophisticated these nuns are,” we thought. Then I went to the university and four years later walked out a communist and an atheist, just as my sister Katie had six years before me.

Sometime later, I was a young divorcee with a small child. At the urging of my sister, I relocated to NYC after spending years married to an American executive stationed in Southeast Asia. The marriage over, I was making a new life for my daughter and me. Katie said, “Come to New York. We’re making revolution! Some of us are starting the National Organization of Women and you can be part of it.”

I hadn’t seen her for years. Although she had tormented me when we were youngsters, those memories were faint after my Asian traumas and the break-up of my marriage. I foolishly mistook her for sanctuary in a storm. With so much time and distance between us, I had forgotten her emotional instability.

And so began my period as an unwitting witness to history. I stayed with Kate and her lovable Japanese husband, Fumio, in a dilapidated loft on The Bowery as she finished her first book, a PhD thesis for Columbia University, *Sexual Politics*.

It was 1969. Kate invited me to join her for a gathering at the home of her friend, Lila Karp. They called the assemblage a “consciousness-raising-group,” a typical communist exercise, something practiced in Maoist China. We gathered at a large table as the chairperson opened the meeting with a back-and-forth recitation, like a Litany, a type of prayer done in Catholic Church. But now it was Marxism, the Church of the Left, mimicking religious practice:

“Why are we here today?” she asked.

“To make revolution,” they answered.

“What kind of revolution?” she replied.

“The Cultural Revolution,” they chanted.

“And how do we make Cultural Revolution?” she demanded.

“By destroying the American family!” they answered.

“How do we destroy the family?” she came back.

“By destroying the American Patriarch,” they cried exuberantly.

“And how do we destroy the American Patriarch?” she replied.

“By taking away his power!”

“How do we do that?”

“By destroying monogamy!” they shouted.

“How can we destroy monogamy?”

Their answer left me dumbstruck, breathless, disbelieving my ears. Was I on planet earth? Who were these people?

“By promoting promiscuity, eroticism, prostitution, and homosexuality!” they resounded.

They proceeded with a long discussion on how to advance these goals by establishing The National Organization of Women. It was clear they desired nothing less than the utter deconstruction of Western society. The upshot was that the only way to do this was “to invade every American institution. Every one must be permeated with ‘The Revolution’”: The media, the educational system, universities, high schools, K-12, school boards, etc.; then, the judiciary, the legislatures, the executive branches, and even the library system.

It fell on my ears as a ludicrous scheme, as if they were a band of highly imaginative children planning a Brinks robbery; a lark trumped up on a snowy night amongst a group of spoiled brats over booze and hashish.

To me, this sounded silly. I was enduring culture shock after having been cut-off from my homeland, living in Third-World countries for years with not one trip back to the United States. I was one of those people who, upon returning to American soil, fell out of the plane blubbering with ecstasy at being home in the USA. I knelt on the ground covering it with kisses. I had learned just exactly how delicious was the land of my birth and didn’t care what anyone thought because they just hadn’t seen what I had or been where I had been. I had seen factory workers and sex-slaves chained to walls.

How could they know? Asia is beyond our ken and, as they say, utterly inscrutable, and a kind of hell I never intended to revisit. I lived there, not junketed, not visited like sweet little tourists—I’d conducted households and tried to raise a child. I had outgrown the communism of my university days and was clumsily groping my way back to God.

How could twelve American women who were the most respectable types imaginable—clean and privileged graduates of esteemed institutions: Columbia, Radcliffe, Smith, Wellesley, Vassar; the uncle of one was Secretary of War under Franklin Roosevelt—plot such a thing? Most had advanced degrees and appeared cogent, bright, reasonable, and good. How did these people rationally believe they could succeed with such vicious grandiosity? And why?

I dismissed it as academic-lounge air-castle-building. I continued with my new life in New York while my sister

became famous publishing her books, featured on the cover of *Time* magazine. *Time* called her “the Karl Marx of the Women’s Movement.” This was because her book laid out a course in Marxism 101 for women. Her thesis: The family is a den of slavery with the man as the Bourgeoisie and the woman and children as the Proletariat. The only hope for women’s “liberation” (communism’s favorite word for leading minions into inextricable slavery; “liberation,” and much like “collective”—please run from it, run for your life) was this new “Women’s Movement.” Her books captivated the academic classes and soon “Women’s Studies” courses were installed in colleges in a steady wave across the nation with Kate Millett books as required reading.

Imagine this: a girl of seventeen or eighteen at the kitchen table with Mom studying the syllabus for her first year of college and there’s a class called “Women’s Studies.” “Hmmm, this could be interesting,” says Mom. “Maybe you could get something out of this.”

Seems innocuous to her. How could she suspect this is a class in which her innocent daughter will be taught that her father is a villain? Her mother is a fool who allowed a man to enslave her into barbaric practices like monogamy and family life and motherhood, which is a waste of her talents. She mustn’t follow in her mother’s footsteps. That would be submitting to life as a mindless drone for some domineering man, the oppressor, who has mesmerized her with tricks like romantic love. Never be lured into this chicanery, she will be taught. Although men are no damned good, she should use them for her own orgasmic gratification; sleep with as many men as possible in order to keep herself unattached and free. There’s hardly a seventeen-year-old girl without a grudge from high school against a Jimmy or Jason who broke her heart. Boys are learning, too, and they can be careless during high school, that torment of courting dances for both sexes.

By the time Women’s Studies professors finish with your daughter, she will be a shell of the innocent girl you knew, who’s soon convinced that although she should be flopping down with every boy she fancies, she should not, by any means, get pregnant. And so, as a practitioner of promiscuity, she becomes a wizard of prevention techniques, especially abortion.

Founded in 1953, the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade, under the leadership of Dr. Fred C. Schwarz (1913-2009) has been publishing a monthly newsletter since 1960. *The Schwarz Report* is edited by Dr. David A. Noebel and Dr. Michael Bauman and is offered free of charge to anyone asking for it. The Crusade’s address is PO Box 129, Manitou Springs, CO 80829. Our telephone number is 719-685-9043. All correspondence and tax-deductible gifts (CACC is a 501C3 tax-exempt organization) may be sent to this address. You may also access earlier editions of *The Schwarz Report* and make donations at www.schwarzreport.org. Permission to reproduce materials from this Report is granted provided that the article and author are given along with our name and address. Our daily blog address is www.thunderontheright.wordpress.com.

The goal of Women's Liberation is to wear each female down to losing all empathy for boys, men, or babies. The tenderest aspects of her soul are roughened into a rock pile of cynicism, where she will think nothing of murdering her baby in the warm protective nest of her little-girl womb. She will be taught that she, in order to free herself, must become an outlaw. This is only reasonable because all Western law, since Magna Carta and even before, is a concoction of the evil white man whose true purpose is to press her into slavery.

Be an outlaw! Rebel! Be defiant! (Think Madonna, Lady Gaga, Lois Lerner, Elizabeth Warren.) "All women are prostitutes," she will be told. You're either really smart and use sex by being promiscuous for your own pleasures and development as a full free human being "just like men" or you can be a professional prostitute, a viable business for women, which is "empowering" or you can be duped like your mother and prostitute yourself to one man exclusively whereby you fall under the heavy thumb of "the oppressor." All wives are just "one-man whores."

She is to be heartless in this. No sentimental stuff about courting. No empathy for either boy or baby. She has a life to live and no one is to get in her way. And if the boy or man doesn't "get it" then no sex for him; "making love" becomes "having sex." "I'm not 'having sex' with any jerk who doesn't believe I can kill his son or daughter at my whim. He has no say in it because it's my body!" (Strange logic as who has ever heard of a body with two heads, two hearts, four arms, four feet?)

There's no end to the absurdities your young girl will be convinced to swallow. "I plan to leap from guy to guy as much as I please and no one can stop me because I'm liberated!" In other words, these people will turn your daughter into a slut with my sister's books as instruction manuals. ("Slut is a good word. Be proud of it!") She'll be telling you, "I'm probably never getting married and if I do it will be after I've established my career," which nowadays often means never. "I'll keep my own name and I don't really want kids. They're such a bother and only get in the way." They'll tell her, "Don't let any guy degrade you by allowing him to open doors for you. To be called 'a lady' is an insult. Chivalry is a means of ownership."

Thus, the females, who are fundamentally the arbiters of society go on to harden their young men with such pillow-talk in the same way they've been hardened because, "Wow, man, I've gotta get laid and she won't do it if I don't agree to let her kill the kid if she gets knocked-up!" Oppressed? Woman has always had power. Consider the eternal paradigm: only after Eve convinced Adam to eat

the fruit did mankind fall. I.e., man does anything to make woman happy, even if it's in defiance of God. There's power for ya! Without a decent womankind, mankind is lost. As Mae West said, "When women go wrong, men go right after them!"

I've known women who fell for this creed in their youth who now, in their fifties and sixties, cry themselves to sleep decades of countless nights grieving for the children they'll never have and the ones they coldly murdered because they were protecting the empty loveless futures they now live with no way of going back. "Where are my children? Where are my grandchildren?" they cry to me.

"Your sister's books destroyed my sister's life!" I've heard numerous times. "She was happily married with four kids and after she read those books, walked out on a bewildered man and didn't look back." The man fell into despairing rack and ruin. The children were stunted, set off their tracks, deeply harmed; the family profoundly dislocated and there was "no putting Humpty-Dumpty together again."

Throughout the same time these women were "invading" our institutions, the character of the American woman transformed drastically from models portrayed for us by Rosalind Russell, Bette Davis, Deborah Kerr, Eve Arden, Donna Reed, Barbara Stanwyck, Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunn, Greer Garson. These were outstanding women needing no empowerment lessons and whose own personalities, as well as the characters they interpreted, were strong, resilient, and clearly carved. Their voices were so different you could pick them out by that alone. We all knew Rita Hayworth's voice. We all knew Katherine Hepburn's voice.

I dare you to identify the voices of the cookie-cutter post-women's-liberation types from Hollywood today. How did these "liberated" women fall into such an indistinguishable pile of mush? They all look exactly the same with few individuating characteristics and their voices sound identical, these Julie's and Jessica's! My friend, Father George Rutler, calls them "the chirping fledglings of the new Dark Ages." The character of the American woman has been distorted by this pernicious movement. From where did this foul mouthed, tattooed, outlaw creature, who murders her baby without blinking an eye and goes partying without conscience or remorse come? And, in such a short little phase in history?

Never before have we heard of so many women murdering their children: Casey Anthony killing her little Caylee and partying-hearty for weeks; Susan Smith driving her beautiful little boys into a lake, leaving them

strapped in the water to die torturous deaths; that woman who drowned her five children in the bathtub? “Hey, if I can kill my baby at six months of gestation why not six months post-birth, just call it late late-term abortion.”

I insist that woman always has been the arbiter of society and when those women at Lila Karp’s table in Greenwich Village set their minds to destroying the American Family by talking young women into being outlaws, perpetrators of infanticide, and haters of Western law, men, and marriage, they accomplished just what they intended. Their desire—and I witnessed it at subsequent meetings till I got pretty sick of their unbridled hate—was to tear American society apart along with the family and the “Patriarchal Slave-Master,” the American husband.

We’re all so busy congratulating each other because Ronald Reagan “won the Cold War without firing a shot” entirely missing the bare truth which is that Mao, with his Little Red Book and the Soviets, won the Cold War without firing a shot by taking over our women, our young, and the minds of everyone tutored by Noam Chomsky and the textbooks of Howard Zinn. Post-graduate Junior is Peter Pan trapped in the Never Neverland of Mom’s (she’s divorced now) basement. Christina Hoff Summers says, “Moms and dads, be afraid for your sons. There’s a ‘war on men’ that started a long time ago in gender studies classes and in women’s advocacy groups eager to believe that men are toxic. . . . Many ‘educated women’ in the US have drunk from the gender feminist Kool Aid. Girls at Yale, Haverford, and Swarthmore see themselves as oppressed. This is madness.”

If you see something traitorous in this, a betrayal of my sister, I have come to identify with such people as Svetlana Stalin or Juanita Castro; coming out to speak plainly about a particularly harmful member of my family. Loyalty can be highly destructive. What about Muslims who refuse to speak out right now? I was one of the silent, but at last I’m “spilling the beans.” The girls have been up to something for years and it’s really not good. It’s evil. We should be sick to our souls over it. I know I am. And so, mass destruction, the inevitable outcome of all socialist/communist experiments, leaves behind its signature trail of wreckage.

So much grace, femininity, and beauty lost.

So many ruined lives.

—*Truth Revolt*, September 13, 2015

Obama’s Red Pals

by Armando Valladares

All Rosa Maria Payá wants is a copy of her father’s autopsy report. All her father wanted before he was murdered by Castro’s thugs was free elections. These are simple requests that those of us living in freedom enjoy without issue.

But not in Cuba.

In Cuba, to ask for man’s basic rights is to ask for intimidation, incarceration, torture, and death. This persists, despite any fanciful ideas that Americans may have about warming relations with the world’s oldest dictatorship. So it’s a tragedy that our own secretary of state was in Cuba on Aug. 14 and failed to make the simplest of requests for the people of Cuba: freedom of speech and religion.

Thousands of Cubans have died fighting for these rights that Americans so freely enjoy. The right to build a church and preach without fear of harassment and secret recording by government hooligans. The right to protest without wondering if your friends will be carted off, never to be seen or heard from again. The right to criticize your government leaders in the opinion pages of a newspaper without fear of being hauled away at gunpoint in the night.

I experienced the latter in Cuba not for what I said, but for what I wouldn’t say: “I’m with Fidel.” I spent eight of my ensuing 22 years in Castro’s jails naked and in solitary confinement because I refused to wear a prison uniform. I was a conscientious objector, and the regime wanted to mark me as a common criminal.

The final cries of my friends at the execution wall that drifted through my cell window, when I had one, became a sort of refrain for the Castro regime, until the government realized that gagging and silencing them before they died sent a more powerful message. I saw countless friends tortured and executed for protesting a government that still crushes the people of Cuba under its boot. A government that our government is treating as a negotiating partner.

The US Embassy opening on Friday, Aug. 14, was little more than fanfare to placate journalists and complacent diplomats in the international arena. Dissidents were excluded. Though many dissidents walk the streets of Cuba, keeping them away from the public eye erects a different sort of prison.

It’s a prison that contains the truth in a sanitized box to protect the Castro brothers’ carefully crafted image that they are reasonable. The purpose is to legitimize their dictatorship, which has not held elections in 50 years and is built on the blood of former prisoners like myself, like

Antonio González Rodiles; like Martha Beatriz Roque; like Héctor Maseda; like the father of Rosa Maria Payá, Oswaldo, who was killed in a suspicious car crash in 2012; and like all the dissidents still suffering in Cuba who were kept away from Friday’s celebrations.

As Cuban-American Sen. Marco Rubio said when he wrote to Secretary of State John Kerry on Aug. 11 asking that dissidents be invited to the embassy ceremony: Dissidents “among many others, and not the Castro family, are the legitimate representatives of the Cuban people.”

For decades, many have protested the Cuban government’s position that rights come from the state, that they are a gift from Fidel that he can revoke as quickly as he grants. America is founded on the principle that rights come from God, they precede the state, and they cannot be usurped. If America begins to cede that principle, it will be signing its own death certificate.

I spent 22 years in jail for the principle that it’s what we do not say—in my case, not wearing the state’s uniform—that can count as much as what we say. Our government, if it is to stand on the principles on which America was founded, has an obligation to speak the truth and demand from the Castro regime the rights that the Cuban people are entitled to by their very humanity. To fail to do so is to say, without saying, “We are with Fidel.”

Mr. Valladares is the author of “Against All Hope,” which was first published in 1986. From 1987 to 1990, he served as the US ambassador to the UN Commission on Human Rights.

—*The Wall Street Journal*, August 21, 2015, p. A 13

Fidel’s Drug Problem

by Ronald Radosh

“But the story seemed incomplete to me. Court testimony linked the trafficking operation to Cuba’s intelligence service, the Direccion General de Inteligencia, or DGI, and to the top Cuban leadership, Fidel and Raul Castro. But how could Cuba, especially the DGI, I wondered, be involved if the Soviet Union were not behind the operation? The DGI had been under the direct control of Soviet intelligence since the 1960s. Thus, it seemed extremely unlikely for a DGI operation of this significance to have been conducted without Soviet approval and direction.” Joseph D. Douglass, Jr., *Red Cocaine: The Drugging of American* (Atlanta, Georgia: Clarion House, 1990), p. xiii.

Editor’s Note: Dr. Douglass (Ph.D. Cornell University) was addressing this drug traffic via Cuba years before most were willing to admit it. Now that we have opened up Cuba expect more drug trafficking straight into the United States.

Juan Reinaldo Sánchez was drafted into the Cuban Army in 1967 and assigned to the Department of Personal Security, the branch dedicated to protecting Fidel Castro. Starting at the lowest rung, where he was assigned to the blocks where Cuba’s top revolutionary leaders worked, Sánchez quickly rose through the ranks because of his good performance and revolutionary attitude. As a result, he was selected to join an elite group, made up of two divisions of 1,500 handpicked troops, who protected Fidel Castro 24 hours a day. Sánchez certainly stood out: In 1976, he graduated from a new training school for elite security agents where he earned a black belt in karate and became Cuba’s top sniper and best pistol shooter, a status gained from national military competitions.

Eventually chosen to be Castro’s main security guard, Sánchez accompanied Castro everywhere he went, including trips to the Soviet Union, Central and South America, and Western European capitals. As such, he was in the unique position to observe Castro and his actual lifestyle, one 180 degrees from the “socialist” values he preached and supposedly lived. In fact, according to Sánchez, Castro lives like a typical Latin American caudillo: He “transformed and enlarged his father’s [large plantation] property to make Cuba into a single hacienda of eleven million people” in which, as lord and master, he would control the lives of his subjects, virtually the entire Cuban population of poor peasants and urban dwellers.

Fidel Castro has often told Cubans and the world press that he is an exemplary revolutionary leader who works day and night for the revolution and lives as simply as the poorest Cuban, taking only a meager official salary of \$38 per month (in American dollars). Sánchez finds this myth “highly comic,” since, in reality, Castro was the CEO of what might be called Cuba Holdings, an entity with sums in the millions, all of it available for Castro’s personal use at a moment’s whim.

Sánchez details how Castro uses this wealth for his personal comfort, a state secret carefully hidden from the people he led until his recent official retirement. For the first time, Sánchez exposes the secret properties Castro owns, giving exact locations, using maps and Google satellite imagery. The leader who preaches the need to sacrifice for the revolution has, in addition to 20 homes

throughout the island, a private island called Cayo Piedra, where he and his entourage would go each weekend in June and for the entire month of August. It was, writes Sánchez, a “millionaire’s paradise” where Castro kept his private yacht, *Aquarama II*, and had his own ecological underwater sanctuary.

Despite Castro having an official photographer, Sánchez notes that no photos were ever allowed to be taken of his vacation paradise. Few, except his immediate family—his wife Dalia and their five children—were allowed to go there. There were a few exceptions, including the explorer Jacques Cousteau; news people such as Barbara Walters of ABC and Ted Turner, whose favorable coverage on CNN Castro appreciated; and Erich Honecker, the leader of East Germany to whom Castro was indebted for his Stasi-trained state security agents.

Among Castro’s other indulgent privileges was his insistence that, whenever he traveled abroad, he had to sleep in his favorite bed from his main Havana residence. Every time he traveled, his aides had the bed taken apart and shipped to Castro’s destination, where it would be put together in his hotel or lodging and ready for use before his arrival. The former guerrilla leader, evidently, was making up for the time he spent sleeping outdoors on the Sierra Maestra, fighting the Batista regime.

Sánchez goes after other stories surrounding the revolution’s history. He contests the myth that, in the 1980s, during the Reagan presidency, “indigenous” revolutions broke out in Central America. Sánchez argues that they were exports by Fidel Castro of his revolution. He reveals the existence of a secret training camp 15 miles east of Havana, where the government trained and directed foreign guerrilla operations all over the world. Recruits came from Venezuela, Colombia, Chile, and Nicaragua, and included Basque separatists, members of the Irish Republican Army, and, of course, soldiers from Fatah and the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine. It was here that Carlos the Jackal, Daniel and Humberto Ortega, and Abimael Guzman, leader of Peru’s violent Shining Path, were all trained.

During the Allende years in Chile, Sánchez writes, Castro preferred (and trained) the leaders of Chile’s far revolutionary left, who thought Salvador Allende was too moderate. Castro was preparing for a deepening of the Chilean revolution at a time when his own Cuban-trained forces would overthrow Allende. We learn that Castro used Allende’s daughter to persuade her father to fire his own Chilean Army guards and replace them with left-wing revolutionaries under Cuban control.

Most important, Sánchez offers details that confirm

allegations made by the Reagan administration regarding the Nicaraguan revolution. Calling it “Fidel’s Other Revolution,” Sánchez reveals how, in secret meetings with the Sandinistas, Castro organized unity among the various fighting factions. He notes that “Fidel’s involvement was crucial in the Nicaraguan revolution”; Castro considered Nicaragua his first real success in exporting the Cuban revolution. Sánchez personally witnessed how Castro smuggled arms to the Nicaraguans, and to El Salvador’s FMLN, during the latter’s attempt to overthrow the centrist Duarte government.

Finally, Sánchez learned something that led him to question everything he had believed in. Having faithfully served Fidel Castro for almost two decades, he overheard a meeting between Castro and his minister of the interior, who spoke about the details of smuggling hard drugs to the United States by way of Colombian drug lords. “In a few seconds,” Sánchez writes, “my whole world and all my ideals had come crashing down.” Never, he thought, would Cuba’s revered leader be organizing cocaine trafficking from the island, “directing illegal operations like a real godfather.”

Indeed, when the effort became too big to hide, Castro did the only thing possible: He accused army commander Arnaldo Ochoa, the most revered Cuban leader who had returned from leading Cuban troops in Angola and received the government’s highest award, of tainting the revolution by engaging in drug smuggling for personal profit—an operation Castro had ordered him to undertake. General Ochoa was soon put to death after a Soviet-style purge trial.

The revelations here are important for Americans to read, just as President Obama has restored full diplomatic relations with Cuba, with the opening of an embassy in each country. Many believe that this step, along with the restoration of American tourism, will lead to a relaxation of the dictatorship in Cuba as Western values (and dollars) begin to transform the country.

But Sánchez provides considerable evidence to suggest that new Western investment is unlikely to assist the Cuban people. He observes that Cuban workers, even people laboring in new tourist hotels, are given but a fraction of the salaries they’ve earned. The hotels in which they are employed are owned by the government or armed forces, after investments by French, Spanish, and Italian business interests, who pay Western salaries not to their employees but to the Cuban state. They have “invoiced this labor at a high price (and in cash) before transferring a tiny proportion to the workers concerned in virtually valueless Cuban pesos,” Sánchez writes, who considers this arrangement to be a “modern variant on slavery,” reminiscent of “the

relationship of dependence that existed in the nineteenth-century plantations toward the all-powerful master.”

Two years away from retirement age, and growing more disillusioned by the day, Juan Reinaldo Sánchez made a formal request to retire early. Immediately, he was arrested by Castro and spent two years in harsh prison conditions. He was released in 1996, 40 pounds lighter than he had weighed upon entry. After a dozen attempts to escape Cuba, he succeeded in 2008. Hoping to devote the last chapter of his life to working for freedom in Cuba, he died just as this American edition of his book was published.

—*The Weekly Standard*, August 10, 2015, p. 36, 37

Communist Cuba, Part I

by Humberto Fontova

In a stinging rebuke to their (self-proclaimed) US benefactors, Cuban dissidents wore Obama masks this weekend while peacefully demonstrating against the ever-increasing repression in Cuba.

“It’s his (Obama’s) fault, what is happening,” stressed Cuban dissident and former political prisoner Angel Moya. “The Cuban government has grown even bolder. That’s why we have this (Obama) mask on. Because it’s his fault.”

As these Cuban dissidents (and their “hardliner-right-wing” US allies) had repeatedly warned, Castroite repression has cranked up in precise proportion to Obama’s new Cuba policy.

Here in the US, the phrase “I told you so” usually comes with a smirk. For Cuban dissidents it’s a different story. All the clubs, truncheons, and machete blades landing on their bodies makes for extremely difficult smirking.

For actual Cubans, you see, this isn’t an elegant debate or panel discussion at some Think Tank. Instead while smartly dressed and coiffed liberals and libertarians sip from their water bottles on panel discussions applauding Obama’s Cuba policy actual Cubans keep getting beaten and starved to death by the KGB-trained goons who benefit from that policy. This deadly process began—almost on cue—with Obama’s taking office and commencing his “be-nice-to-Castro” overtures.

The Castros instantly plumbed that they were dealing with another sap as an American president. “Another Jimmy Carter!”

As seen above, the Obama mask stunt was not well-received by the Stalinist regime’s KGB-trained secret police. The Castros zealously and viciously guard the

sanctity of their own names and legacies with penalty of prison, torture-chamber, or firing-squad for any Cuban questioning its glories. Now the Castro family seems eager to guard the name and legacy of their main foreign benefactor (after Venezuela’s Maduro): Obama.

The Castroite “constitution” mandates 18 months in prison for anyone overheard cracking a joke against the Castros or Che Guevara. We haven’t (yet) heard of any amendments adding Obama to that list of communist saints, but given the club- and machete-swinging Stalinist police who descended on the Cubans (many black) peacefully marching this week—given this wave of terror against women peacefully marching with rosaries, flowers, and Obama masks while quoting Martin Luther King, who knows?

Quite fittingly, this latest wave of terror against Cuban dissidents came on the eve of Sec. of State John Kerry’s visit to Havana to formalize the Obama administration’s diplomatic benediction of Castro’s Stalinist regime.

From Hillary Clinton to President Obama, from Rand Paul to John Stossel, all opponents of the so-called Cuba “embargo” claim to speak on behalf of the long-suffering Cuban people. End the cruel embargo, they implore. Embrace the Castro regime commercially and diplomatically, they preach. Here’s the sure cure for the Cuban people’s poverty and oppression. When will you blockheaded right-wingers finally “get-it,” they ask with an eye-roll.

Some Americans “don’t get it,” that’s for sure. And some Cubans just risked their lives to point out who those Americans are.

It’s an old story, actually: in liberal and libertarian circles actually knowing something about Castroism seems to disqualify people from commenting on the embargo against Castroism. Actually having family who lived for years under Castrosim—or having lived under Castroism yourself—will get your views on Obama’s Cuba policy denounced almost before you open your mouth.

Instead, the proper qualifications for intelligently commenting on the effects of Obama’s policy on actual Cubans consist of being able to smirkingly quote some aphorism by Ludwig Von Mises, circa 1908.

Recently your humble servant here, for instance, warned John Stossel and a Cato Institute Cuba “expert” of the consequences of Obama’s Cuba policy (i.e. of exactly what’s now going on in Cuba).

My labors were utterly done in vain. I blockheadedly kept presenting observable evidence, you see. My opponents responded by quoting the holy scriptures of libertarian economists. I didn’t stand a chance. It was as

hopeless as arguing with a Hare Krishna.

The libertarian canards on Cuba recently flapped even the normally unflappable Marco Rubio. Recall his response to Rand Paul back in December when Paul instantly began hailing Obama's Cuba policy. "Like many people who have been opining, [Paul] has no idea what he's talking about," said Rubio.

As amply proven yet again by actually observable events (instead of economic dogma in musty books), Senator Rubio's comment was spot on.

"But who cares about Cuban dissidents?" say some. "Let's be practical here, Humberto. Obama is President of the US, not of Cuba. How does his Cuba policy affect our national interests? I mean, why should Joe Sixpack and Soccer-Mom give a flying flip about Obama's Cuba policy one way or the other? I mean, ya know?"

Thought you'd never ask. Well, the issue of immigrant (illegal and otherwise) criminals seems hot-button right now, correct? Fine, let's go there for a second.

Thirty-five thousand Cuban criminals sit in US jails (probably living better than living on the streets in Castro's Cuba, but that's not the issue here). Has it occurred to Obama's "negotiators" to leverage US diplomatic benefaction of Cuba (and the concurrent \$4 billion annually in cash flow from the US to Castro's family fiefdom) for the return to their homeland of these predators on US citizens now living on the dime of American taxpayers?

Actually we don't know the answer for certain. But given Obama's record of "negotiations" with US enemies, what's your guess? And let's not even get into the \$7 billion Castro owes US businessmen and stockholders from his mass theft of their legal property in 1960. Or the massive spy complex in Washington, DC, Obama just granted among the world's top intelligence traffickers and terror-sponsors.

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Communist Cuba, Part II

by Humberto Fontova

"It [the Cuban embassy opening] is going to be a celebration on our part," gushed Gustavo Machin, deputy director for US affairs at Cuba's Foreign Ministry. "Many Americans who have supported the Cuban Revolution will be among the 500 celebrants at the new Embassy."

Despite the innocuous professional title the mainstream media insists on using for Gustavo Machin, he's actually a KGB-trained Cuban spy who was burnt and

booted from the US back in 2003 shortly before the invasion of Iraq. He was among 14 other Cuban spies suspected of trafficking in US military secrets (more on this shortly.)

The currently elated Machin was an accomplice of Castro's master-spy Ana Belen Montes, who today serves a 25 year prison sentence after conviction in 2002 for the deepest and most damaging penetration of the US Defense Department in modern history. Machin was neck deep in the same spying as his accomplice Montes, but enjoyed "diplomatic immunity," which saved him from prison or the electric chair.

Now he'll probably be visiting Washington, DC, often "on business." In fact it was Machin who conducted the recent "negotiations" with Obama's team of crackerjack "negotiators" which led to this "diplomatic breakthrough" with Cuba. So who can blame him for celebrating?

"From Machin's perspective, it would certainly be a Cuban spy-handler's dream," says retired Lt. Col. Chris Simmons, who helped nab both Montes and Machin along with 14 other Cuban spies and is widely hailed as America's top Cuba spycatcher. "Hundreds of media, politicians, academics, and Castro apologists all in one place at the same time. The DI (Cuba's Directorio de Inteligencia) staff embedded within the Interests Section/Embassy will certainly be working overtime—I expect they also brought in temporary help within the "30-member delegation of diplomatic, cultural, and other leaders" that arrived for the Embassy opening."

In brief: They don't come much more knowledgeable about Cuban spying than retired Lt. Col. Chris Simmons.

"All Cuban personnel now working in the (US) Interests Section (in Havana) work for Cuban State Security," recently revealed high-ranking Cuban intelligence defector Pedro Riera Escalante. "All housing for (US) officials may have microphones and other devices installed."

"Virtually every member of Cuba's UN mission is an intelligence agent," revealed Alcibiades Hidalgo, who defected to the US in 2002 after serving as Raul Castro's Chief of Staff and himself as Cuba's ambassador to the UN.

So you can just imagine what's going on in Cuban Intelligence's plush new Washington, DC, station.

Speaking of which:

"But what's the big deal, Humberto?" some snort. "I mean, come on! Cuba's a tiny impoverished island! So you think they're planning to invade us or something? I mean, get real!" Here's a common reaction among people pathetically ignorant of Castroism (which is to say, most people.) Indeed, on his Fox Business show John Stossell

“rebutted” me in almost those exact words.

Of course Cuba doesn’t plan “to invade the US” for crying out loud—or probably even to mount terrorist attacks—directly that is. The aforementioned Cuban spy Ana Belen Montes, for instance, was arrested on September 21st 2001. That’s exactly ten days after Al Qaeda demolished the Twin Towers. By then she had been uncovered for a while, but, as is customary in such cases, was being monitored to see if her activities would reveal others within her spy network. That monitoring was scheduled to continue for much longer, but her access to US intelligence secrets unrelated to Cuba (mid-east, for instance) demanded she be shut down—and quickly.

Interestingly, just days after the 9-11 terror attack, Castro’s KGB-founded and mentored intelligence mounted a major deception operation attempting to trip-up our investigation into the terrorist culprits, not that most of you ever heard about it from the mainstream media. So here:

“In the six months after the 9/11 attacks,” ran the *Miami Herald* investigative report, “up to 20 Cubans walked into US embassies around the world and offered information on terrorism threats. Eventually, all were deemed to be Cuban intelligence agents and collaborators, purveying fabricated information. Two Cuba experts said spies sent by Cuba to the United States were part of a permanent intelligence program to mislead, misinform, and identify US spies.”

“Cuba is intelligence trafficker to the world,” stresses Chris Simmons. Among many others, the US military secrets stolen by Castro’s spies have been sold to former regimes in Iraq, Panama, and Grenada, alerting these dictatorships to US military plans against them and costing untold American lives.”

“We are going to have diplomatic relations with the United States without having ceded one iota,” guffawed yet another convicted Cuban spy this week.

This KGB-trained Cuban spy is also safely and comfortably back in Havana. But Gerardo Hernandez (this Cuban spy’s name) didn’t enjoy diplomatic immunity. Instead, back in 2001 he was convicted by a US jury of espionage along with conspiracy to murder three US citizens and sentenced to two life terms

But Hernandez’ KGB-trained colleague Gustavo Machin made Hernandez’s unconditional release (along with that of three of his convicted Cuban spy-colleagues) part of the price Obama had to pay for the privilege of letting Cuba set up an elaborate spy center in Washington, DC, this week.

No, amigos, the producers and writers of *The Pink Panther* and *Austin Powers* brainstorming together could not possibly make this stuff up.

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