

The sister of Cuba's Communist dictator

Tells why she escaped to carry the fight against him

THE AUTHOR. Safely in exile in Mexico City, where she fled last June, Juana Castro talks out the bitter story of her brother that appears on these pages.



THE SUBJECT. On a cattle farm at Birán, Fidel Castro contentedly lights a fragrant cigaret, outwardly confident that the majority of his people support him.

MY BROTHER IS A TYRANT AND HE MUST GO

by **JUANA CASTRO**

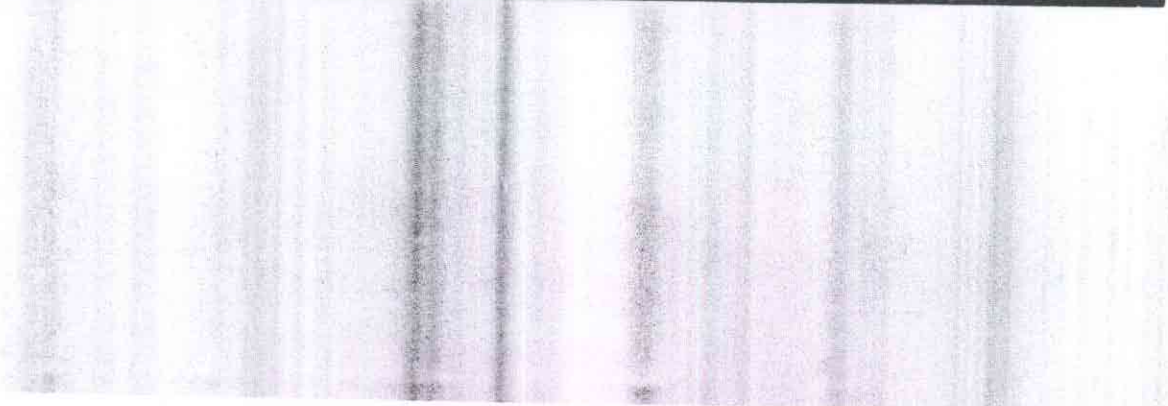
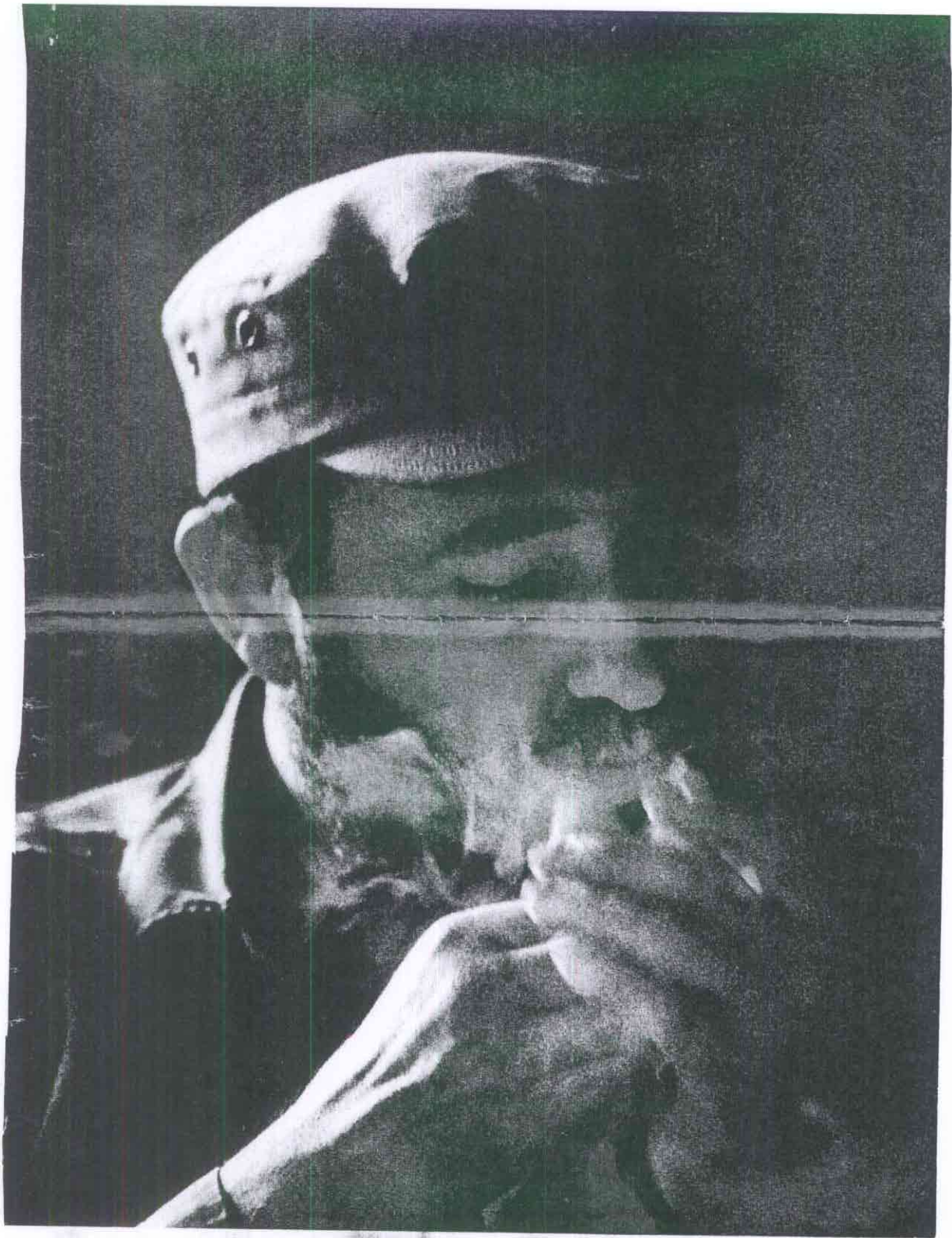
I am not naive, but until he himself said he was one I never thought of Fidel Castro as a Communist. He is my brother, and I know him well. He is nervous and bright, capable of towering rages and violence. He had—and has retained—some of the temperamental attributes of a spoiled son. Indeed, although none of us in the family ever lacked anything, my father always gave Fidel what Fidel asked for. My father was not an educated man but he worked hard on his plantation and was very generous. After Fidel graduated from the Belén school in Havana and started his studies at the University of Havana, he asked for a car. There was a wartime shortage of cars and they were expensive. My father bought him a car.

When he was home on vacations at the *finca* [farm] in Oriente, Fidel would discuss many things with my father. But there was never any hint of Communism.

Fidel didn't like dictators. In 1947 while he was still in the university he got involved in an abortive invasion against Rafael Trujillo, the Dominican dictator. My parents were distraught. Eventually my mother found Fidel at a beach called El Chivo and tried to convince him that he should give up the invasion and come home. She failed, for the moment. Then one night he showed up, dripping wet, at the *finca*. He told us he had swum ashore after their invasion boat had been intercepted by a Cuban gunboat. We were happy to see him back, and my father urged him to finish his studies.

Never at this time did Fidel ever show any interest in the plight of the peasants. In fact, he used to chide my father for being too generous with the *guajirós* who worked for us. He criticized father for giving them money, and for giving idle United Fruit laborers

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FIDEL PLAYS TO THE GALLERY ON A TOUR OF

Fidel Castro, an emotional and articulate man, plays up to his people with great vigor—and likes to demonstrate his skill at it. After he had celebrated his revolutionary 26th of July movement (LIFE, Aug. 7), he invited two LIFE photographers, Lee Lockwood and Grey Villet, to accompany him on what turned into an eight-day show of

grandstanding from one end of Cuba to the other. He took them to experimental pastures, led them through schools, and even popped in on a nightclub. At a cement plant he operated machinery, helped load heavy bags and talked for three hours with the workmen. He played baseball, went spearfishing and drew friendly crowds at all stops.

He also spent 35 hours in conversation with the photographers, haranguing them on everything from fishing to U.S. politics to the meaning of man. By and large, the country looked ragged. But whatever the undercurrent of Cuban opposition to the regime, the photographers saw much evidence that to workers Castro is still the Maximum Leader.



BACK AT THE RANCH. At the family ranch in Pinar del Rio where Fidel was raised, he discusses grass experiments to improve cattle production. The ranch was taken over by the state.



THE BACK COUNTRY



BY THE SEA. On Varadero Beach (above) near Havana, once reserved for tourists, Castro meets young skin divers. He enthralled them with accounts of his own diving and fishing.

AT SCHOOL. Young schoolteachers, themselves in training near Havana, shriek in delight at Castro's sallies. He ordered his car stopped for a curbside conversation that lasted an hour.



AT A WORKER'S RESORT. Castro's car drew attention everywhere. At Varadero Beach, occupants of state-

owned vacation apartments swarm onto balconies to greet the Maximum Leader—who replied with a speech.

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'FATHER SENT HIM MONEY, SO DID THE WHOLE FAMILY'

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work and credit in our store during the dead season, after the sugar cane harvest and the cane grinding was over. We had about 500 *guajiro*s on the farm, and Fidel seemed to feel that most of them were trying to rob my father.

While Fidel was still at the university, he fell in love with Mirta Diaz Balart. Father approved their marriage, gave them a splendid wedding and money for their honeymoon—three months of travel in the United States in a car Father bought for them. Later he gave them a house and supported them until Fidel got his law degree.

Fidel finally began to practice law, but he had very few cases and his clients were mostly poor. Father kept on supporting him—in fact, the whole family sent him money. In 1952, when Fidel ran for congressman on the Ortodoxo party ticket, it was Father who helped finance his campaign. The election was thwarted by Batista's coup.

After Batista seized power, Fidel lost interest in his law practice and became a devout revolutionary. With a group of followers, he tried to seize the Moncada Barracks on July 26, 1953 in an abortive attack that in retrospect was to become famous. He and my brother Raúl were lucky to be captured alive. At Fidel's trial he delivered a magnificent defense which was to become the credo of what he later called the July 26th Movement. I was very proud of his performance.

After Fidel and Raúl were released from the Isle of Pines jail in May 1955, Fidel began again to conspire against Batista. And once again the family gave him money and listened to his ideas.

Raúl did not have it so easy. When he went to Europe in 1953 and went behind the Iron Curtain to a youth congress in Prague, he ran out of funds. From Paris he asked Father for money. Father refused. I scraped up what savings I had and sent him enough to come back home. Father was furious with Raúl.

In general, I was always much closer to Raúl than to Fidel. The

revolution changed Raúl, certainly—he grew hard, even grim. But it also gave him a public image not altogether accurate: by reputation he was always the Communist, the more sinister and less humane of the Castro brothers. But I could always talk to Raúl, even in the worst days, and always he would listen. I was to talk with him about the problems of many people who were in trouble with the revolution, and in some cases he was to help a great deal.

Yet, looking back to Fidel's youth and early years as a revolutionary, it is hard for me to find even the hint of Communism. And when he was in the Sierra Maestra, trying to oust Batista, his motives seemed pure, and the people around him completely selfless.

Then, right after the downfall of Batista in the last days of 1958, we were all so overjoyed with Fidel's victory and filled with such hopes for the future that there was no room for doubts. I remember the day I set out with some friends for Santa Clara, in Las Villas province, to meet Fidel on his triumphal march to Havana. When I reached Santa Clara, Fidel was holding a press conference. He was surrounded by newsmen, cronies, soldiers. I barely had a chance to talk to him but we embraced and he kissed me. We didn't have to say anything. We were both so happy. The sight of Fidel amid the happy crowds was magnificent. All I thought about then was that the most cherished dreams

of the revolution were about to flower. I wanted to help Fidel.

The sinister directions being taken by the revolutionary government first really hit me one day in 1959 when I found, quite by accident, a piece of note paper with my name on it by the phone in Raúl's house. The note, in Raúl's handwriting and obviously a message given to him over the phone, read as follows:

"Pablo Fernandez Alegre went to the baptism of a child of Raquel Pérez and was accompanied by Juanita. He is often seen with her."

The message had been given to Raúl by one Odon Alvarez de la Campa, whose name had been written by Raúl, followed by a notation which said "G-2." I read and reread the note. My heart was in my mouth. I suddenly realized that even we members of the family were being watched and divided.

Shortly after this I had a terrible fight with Fidel. My sister Angelita had gone to try to help a friend who had been jailed, and with no warning had been placed under arrest herself. She demanded to use

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JUANA AS A CHILD. At age of 5, Fidel's younger sister smiled over a toy cat while a student at Santiago.



FUTURE DEFENSE MINISTER, Fidel's kid brother Raúl liked guns even at age 7. This was taken in Santiago.



THE TRAVELER. Newly 21, Fidel turned up in Panama in 1947—in the wake of anti-U.S. demonstrations.



BEARDLESS FIDEL. This was how the boy Fidel looked before graduation from Havana secondary school.



CLASS PICTURE. Fidel (third from right, top) poses with his Jesuit high school teacher and fellow students.

OUTDOORSMAN. An ardent swimmer, Castro shows a grouper that he speared skin diving off Varadero Beach.

'TO GET REVENGE HE CAME LATE FOR THE WEDDING'

CASTRO CONTINUED

the phone and, near hysterics, had called me.

I stormed to the jail to confront Comandante Abelardo Colome, who insisted Angelita's arrest had been ordered from higher up—specifically by Ramiro Valdes, a hard Communist whose star was then rising very fast. Unable to locate Valdes, I phoned Comandante Augusto Martínez Sánchez, Minister of Labor and one of Fidel's close Communist associates, and demanded Angelita's release. He refused, and in my anger I told him, "I regret you're not here before me so that I could empty a pistol in your belly." Then I hung up and went back to the jail at Ciudad Libertad.

"All of you are a bunch of filthy Communists," I told Colome. "If you can get away with this sort of thing with Fidel's family, just imagine what you can do against the rest of the Cubans!"

My sister was so upset that she asked me to stop. She would stay until her release. I went home and went to bed.

At 6 the following morning I heard the noise of many cars. It was Fidel with his escort, which surrounded the block. Fidel came storming into the house, very angry and looking as though he would strike me. After Mother had calmed him down somewhat, I asked him why he allowed Angelita's arrest. Instead of answering, he began talking of Comandante Martínez Sánchez and the danger I had brought on him: "Do you know that he flew at night in a small plane and landed in the dark so he could complain to me about you and the things you said?" he shouted. I told him I was concerned only about our sister. Again he avoided the subject.

"Why did you accuse the government of being Communist?" he asked.

"It's no accusation," I said. "It's the truth."

He grew calmer; we talked some more, but accomplished nothing.

I told him repeatedly that we loved him but could not stand by and see his people abuse power and inflict hardship. We walked together to the living room, where he rejoined his cohorts. He said goodby to Mother, and on his way out he kissed me.

But the revolution's big turn

toward Communism still had not become apparent to me when Anastas Mikoyan came in February of 1960 to negotiate a trade agreement with Cuba. I was frankly baffled by his visit. What kind of help could the Soviet Union give us? In the discussions with friends, we sought an explanation for the accord Mikoyan reached with Fidel. We recalled Fidel's words: "We will never make a treaty with the country which caused the Hungarian massacre." We even blamed the United States for pushing Fidel into the arms of the Soviet Union for some mysterious reason of its own.

After Mikoyan left Cuba, I went to see Fidel. I had been working in the Ministry of Public Health since shortly after Batista's overthrow. We were building a new hospital and a school in Mayari in Oriente province. I told Fidel that I was having trouble with some officials, and I also told him that in Oriente the Communists were taking hold in the labor unions. They were infiltrating everywhere—in the villages and in the cities. Despite the pact with Russia, despite his deep resentment of anything that smacked of anti-Communism, Fidel listened to me and reasoned with me:

"Look, Juanita, we must use these people. We must be politicians. One must have a left hand,"

On February 24, following our talk, Fidel made a visit to Oriente. He met with the military chiefs of the province and asked them a lot of questions about their problems. I learned that he had ordered a number of Communists fired from their positions. This news seemed encouraging, but looking back, Fidel's crackdown was at best a tactical move—the backward step after the two steps forward.

It wasn't long before Fidel once again was denouncing anti-Communists as enemies of the revolution, calling them "divisionists."

I kept on seeing Fidel and Raúl, but we were chilly. They came to see my mother, who stayed with me whenever she came to Havana from her farm in Oriente. She would plead with them, tell them that with each new law they passed, new injustices were inflicted on a large number of Cubans. They invariably feigned surprise and exasperation: "Who did this? I'll take

some measures to change things." Sometimes they did rectify abuses; more often they did not.

After the completion of the hospital, I withdrew from all government activities. I was also busy helping to plan our sister Enma's wedding. She was to be married to Victor Lomei Delgado on April 30 in Havana's cathedral. Fidel had promised to give her away. Enma was overjoyed because it had been her dream since childhood to have her wedding in the cathedral.

Two days before the wedding, Fidel, Raúl, "Ché" Guevara and Comandante Martínez Sánchez had a meeting about Enma's wedding. They decided that the wedding could not be in the cathedral, that it had to be in a "humble" parish, in keeping with Fidel's campaign to divide the Church.

At this, my blood boiled. I told Fidel: "It's Enma's wedding, not yours."

The next day Raúl came to my house to talk with Enma. He said he was speaking for Fidel and that we had to find a humbler church. Raúl stayed most of the day, presenting argument after argument against a wedding in the cathedral. By evening he had worn us down. Enma agreed to give up vows in the cathedral, and Raúl accepted my suggestion that the wedding take place in the church of San Juan de Letrán.

At about 3 in the morning of Enma's wedding day, Raúl got a call from Fidel. After they finished talking, Raúl turned to me angrily: "Listen, how did it occur to you to hold the wedding at San Juan de Letrán? All the priests there are counter-revolutionaries. We found a cache of dynamite there. If anything happens to Fidel there we'll kill all the priests in Cuba."

"Look, chico," I snapped. "I am fed up with this, and whether Fidel likes it or not, our sister is being married in the cathedral. That's how Enma wants it, and that's how it's to be."



That's how it was—but Fidel had his small revenge. He arrived late for the wedding, and the people crowded around him and caused a great commotion just as Enma was saying her vows at the other end of the cathedral.

In May, *Prensa Libre*, one of the remaining newspapers in Cuba, had the gumption to engage in polemics with *Revolución*, Fidel's mouthpiece. Here Ramón, my older brother, who seldom got publicly involved in the new politics, challenged Fidel. Ramón was quoted in defense of *Prensa Libre*.

Revolución's reply to Ramón was quick and vicious. Among other things, it called Ramón an "unnatural brother" and lashed him up and down with personal insults. When I read the paper and saw how shaken Ramón was by its diatribe, I went to see Fidel. He received me with his customary kiss and embrace. I told Fidel that at least he could let Ramón thrash Carlos Franqui, the paper's editor.

Fidel looked at me and said, "Carlos Franqui had nothing to do with this. I wrote that."

As I left, speechless, I recalled his statement on the freedom of

the press and individual liberty: "When a newspaper is gagged, no other newspaper can feel secure. And when a man is persecuted for his political ideas, nobody can feel secure." I was filled with bitterness.

Life in Cuba grew increasingly grim during 1960 as new laws and new repressions went into effect. Fidel was very much in control of things. By the end of that year, I began to help the underground.

I did not work with any one organization, but I helped a number of them. I had many friends who were conspiring against Fidel. I made it a point to find out when the G-2 was looking for one of them, and tipped them off so they could hide or flee the country.

By the beginning of 1961, I began to hide operatives in my house in the Miramar section of Havana. I lived on the second floor with my cook and a helper for Mother, when she was there. There was always a risk that somebody would report me, or that Fidel or Raúl would learn all about the underground workers when they came to visit Mother. But my brothers were

very busy at this time. Fidel was predicting an American invasion, and the underground's sabotage kept him and Raúl on the alert practically around the clock. In those first months of 1961, it was clear that we were on the brink of something big and dramatic.

On April 15, bombers flew over Cuba. Friends and underground associates came to my house, and Havana reverberated with "bolas"—which is what we Cubans call rumors because they bounce around. I was told that all military leaves had been canceled, that all doctors had been called to duty in hospitals, that all scheduled surgery had been postponed. Then, at 7 in the morning of April 17, a rebel army officer, whom I'll call Antonio Pérez to shield him, came to the door of my house to say that invaders had landed from ships at Playa Girón—on the Bay of Pigs—and that a big battle was being fought. Fidel had gone there to assume personal command of the defense, according to Pérez' account. "The battle will be hard," he said.

By Wednesday it was evident that the invaders had been defeated, and everybody suspected of bearing the slightest enmity to Fidel was in for a great deal of trouble. Arrests became wholesale and indiscriminate. Thousands were hauled out of their homes and hiding places and jammed into prisons, theaters, schools and sports arenas. The government jailed doctors and cooks, priests and prostitutes—and many of its own people too.

As soon as the battle was over, people flocked to my house seeking help or refuge. My phone rang incessantly. It was pandemonium. I had hundreds of requests to find relatives of friends, to locate them and give them messages from their families.

I learned that several were in the Blanquita Theater. I got in my car and drove there. When I arrived, one of the militia guards on the street challenged me. I told him to get out of my way. He cursed me and said, "I hope a tree springs up just in front of your car and that you smash against its trunk."

I replied, "The curses of savages like you are not heard in heaven."

Then I parked the car and made my way into the theater. I found Jorge Q., whom I was seeking. I encountered many other prisoners

who asked me to give messages to their families. The scene was straight from Dante's hell. The prisoners were mostly women. I finally spoke to one of the officers in charge of the prisoners and was allowed to move with greater ease among the prisoners, picking up messages and phone numbers.

When I finally returned home, I got on the phone and relayed all the messages I could. For the next few days, I kept returning to the crowded prisons, searching for friends, and all the time seeing misery and anguish. It seemed to me that just about everything that could happen to a country had happened to Cuba.

But I had an even more shocking experience in store. Humberto Sori Marín, who had been one of Fidel's closest collaborators, had been arrested. He was found to be one of the heads of the underground working against Fidel. He was tried and sentenced to face the firing squad. One of his brothers told me that their mother was old and infirm, and asked me to try to comfort the old woman.

I learned that Fidel had promised to spare Sori Marín's life. So I went to visit the old woman and told her that her son would be saved. The next day Sori Marín was shot.

Several weeks after the Bay of Pigs, Fidel came to the house to see Mother, who had come from Oriente to visit me. He was in a jovial mood and he gave me the usual embrace. Then he eyed me and said, "I find you apathetic." "I am apathetic," I told him. "I can have no enthusiasm for the revolution. It hasn't turned out the way I expected it to turn out."

If life before had been difficult, after the Bay of Pigs life became harsh. People fled Cuba in droves. The underground had been rendered helpless and ineffective as Fidel consolidated his power. In May he began religious persecution. His first measure was to decree the nationalization of all private schools, most of which were Catholic.

Fidel was very clever in choosing the period just after the invasion at the Bay of Pigs to make this drastic move. There is no denying that he had the rabble with him, for he had sown hatred of

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THE WEDDING PARTY AFTER THE FIGHT

Fidel had fought the plans of his sister Enma, 29 (lower left), to be married in the cathedral. When she insisted, he deliberately arrived late, smoking a cigar and creating a noisy stir as she took her vows. Though everybody was angry, the Castro family

—excluding the bridegroom—composed themselves long enough to pose for this picture. Seated with Enma are her mother, now dead, and Juana. Standing from left are Raúl, 33, sister Augustina, 25, brother Ramón, 39, Fidel and sister Angelita, 40.



'I THOUGHT SURELY FIDEL MUST BE A SUPERB ACTOR'



THE BROTHERS. As the family divided, Fidel and Raúl drew closer. Raúl often acts as Fidel's chauffeur

(above). Both men love baseball. In a recent game in Oriente province, Fidel (right) pitched to Raúl—who

collected two hits. Fidel's team lost, even though he demanded and got two extra innings to try to catch up.

CASTRO CONTINUED

the Church among them with his charisma and his demagoguery.

On Sept. 10, 1961, I went to the Church of La Caridad in Havana to take part in a procession of the Virgin of La Caridad. Auxiliary Bishop Eduardo Boza Masvidal, who had been very active in the fight against Batista and was just as active in the opposition to Fidel, had obtained a permit for the procession. I went there because I wanted to show my sentiments.

The procession had formed inside the church, but the militia and the security forces outside would not allow us to get much beyond the church's doors. The street called Calle Reina was filled with people. Suddenly a young Catholic Action youth named Arnaldo Socorro took hold of a large ensign of the Virgin. He was borne on the shoulders of some other youths, and they led us into the street. Two other boys marched beside the ensign carrying lighted candles. I fell in behind them, and we forced our way through the crowd opposite the procession. We managed to walk about half a

block and then the terrible noise of gunfire filled the street. I saw Arnaldo hit by a bullet and fall to the ground with the ensign of the Virgin.

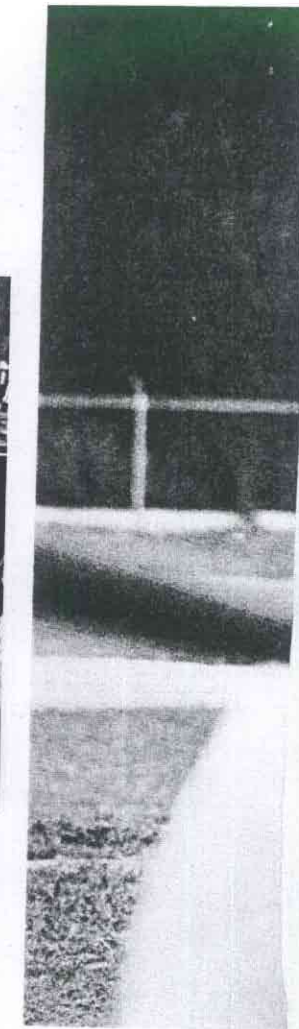
I ran for the walls of the houses along the street, and, crouching, made my way to an open doorway where I sought shelter. From there I watched thugs try to break up the rest of the marchers, some using blackjacks, lengths of lead pipe, brass knuckles and sticks as they tried to disperse our people. When the firing stopped, I went out into the crowd and shoved, kicked, pinched and elbowed my way to my car.

That night, friends gathered at my house. We talked over the outrage we had suffered. But next day the controlled newspapers came out with a totally different version. They reported that the Catholics had started the shooting, said Arnaldo had been killed by one of us, and turned him into a martyr of the regime. Arnaldo's body was taken by the regime and buried with full state honors, to the ironic strains of *The Internationale*.

On Dec. 2, 1961 Fidel finally announced that he was and had al-

ways been a Marxist-Leninist. As I listened, I thought that surely he must be a superb actor. He had fooled not only so many of his friends, but his family as well. In his speech he said that he had been a Communist practically all his life. Yet how could Fidel, who had been given the best of everything, be a Communist? This was the riddle which paralyzed me and so many other Cubans who refused to believe that he was leading our country into the Communist camp. This ambivalent feeling he created among Cubans, and among many of his foreign admirers, had saved him from trouble time and time again. Yet here he was, at long last unmasking himself.

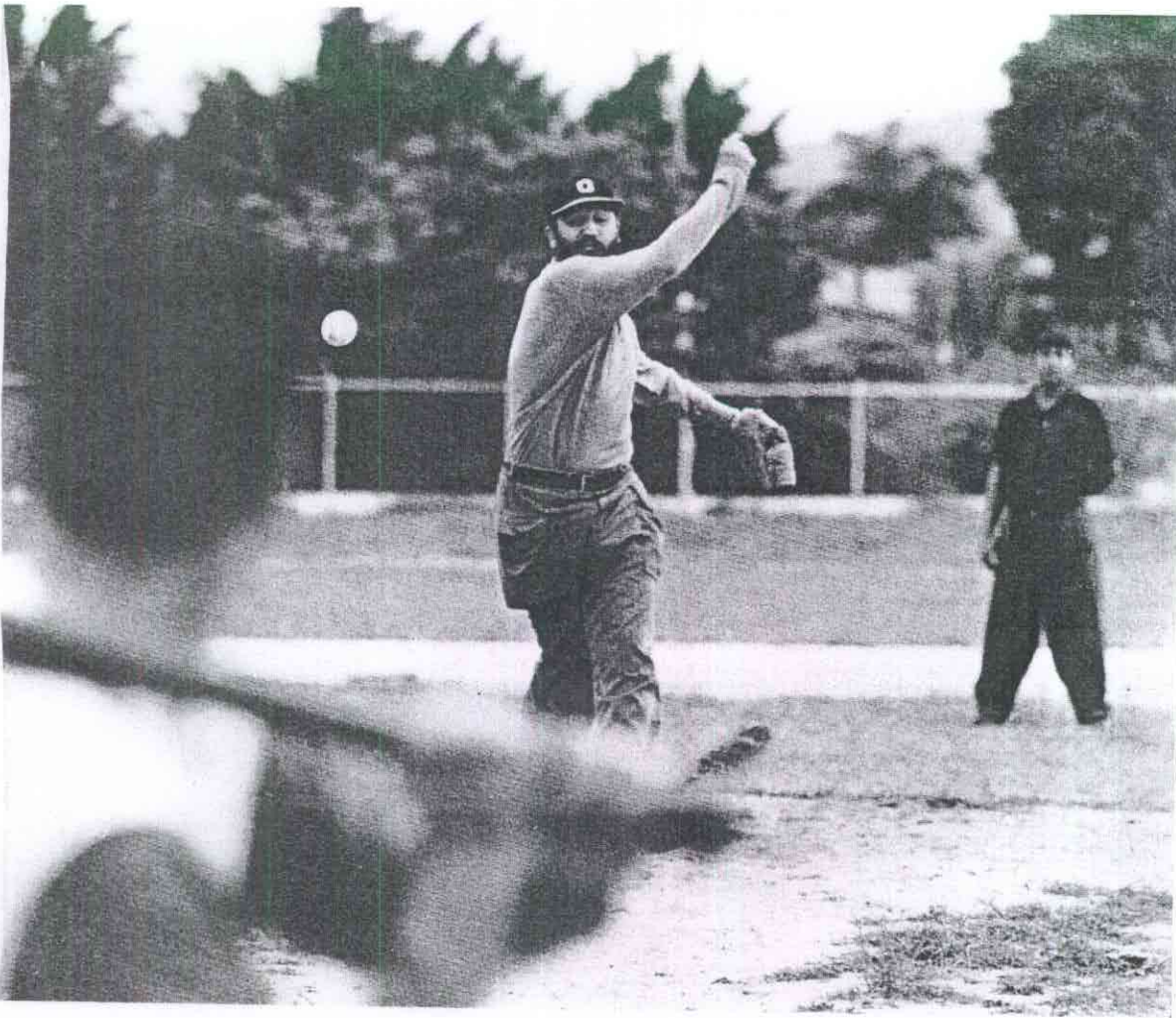
Shortly after Fidel made his admission, he began a weird withdrawal from public life. The man who seemed to be running Cuba was Anibal Escalante, a Communist party hack. Among my friends who used to come to my house, we called this period the "Anibalato." As 1962 began Escalante was on television, his picture ran in the papers more fre-



quently than Fidel's and more Escalante people were finding their way into positions of power. After a while, Fidel's name even disappeared from the newspapers. He was completely ignored. I knew only that he was well; I had no idea of the political significance of his silence.

But on March 26, 1962, Fidel re-emerged to speak on television, and from the beginning it was clear that the sole object of his speech was to destroy Anibal Escalante and put an end to the "Anibalato." It was done with finesse—Fidel was back in command. There was no hint until later of any reason for his temporary eclipse.

After the speech, Fidel came to my house. He arrived in fine fettle. Our mother was there, but there were a number of visitors in the house who were dead set against



his regime. He greeted Mother with a hug and a kiss. Then he turned to the rest of us.

"Did you watch me?" he asked. "How did I do?"

Nobody replied, so he turned and sat beside Mother. He was very flip. He talked to Mother about her farm.

"How many head of cattle do you have?" he asked her.

She told him. He said, "I'm afraid you're going to have to sell them all, Mother, because the second round of the agrarian reform is coming soon and if you don't sell all the cattle, we're going to have to take them away from you."

Mother was not in a mood for joking. "We'll see about that," she said.

In May, my mother had a heart attack and she came from Oriente to stay with me for good. Fidel

came to visit her only intermittently, but Raúl, when he returned from a two-week trip to Russia, came frequently. I would see the two of them around the house, greet them, exchange a few words with them, and then I would get away from them. Whenever Raúl came, he would spend most of his time with Mother.

Early that year I had learned from friends in the government, and from rebel army officers, that Fidel was expecting an increase in Russian arms, that Cuba's arsenal was to be replenished and fortified. I had also been informed that the number of Soviet and Iron Curtain technicians in Cuba was going to increase in 1962. My sources were reliable, so I alerted friends in the underground.

In the first few months of 1962, a Soviet camp materialized almost overnight directly across from the house of my sister Angelita, at El Chico, in the outskirts of Havana. I passed on the information I heard and reported what I saw to friends in the underground. I began to carry a .32 automatic. At home I kept three other guns—and a .45 Thompson submachine gun which I had taken from one of my brother's guards when he wasn't looking. I later gave the guns to underground operators who needed them for their activities.

By March of 1962, in the last days of Fidel's silence, I suspected that missiles were bound for Cuba, and by May we felt sure that bases were being selected and prepared. The first missiles were unloaded at Mariel and driven to their destination in the utmost secrecy. The

ships they came in were unloaded by the military. This part of the secret did not keep for long; finding the sites was much more difficult. The build-up continued in an increasing scale until the bulk of Soviet troops began to land in Cuba openly after May. I followed many a convoy of tremendous trailers driven by Russians. I counted the number of trailers, estimated the size, and tried to get an idea of their covered cargo. We spent months gathering information about shipments into Cuba, about troops, the volume of traffic on the roads. I had a friend staying in my house who often took photographs of the huge Russian trailers, but that was later—in August and September. His war name was "Toto," just as mine had been "Laura" and, when that became useless, "Emilia."

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HE SAID: 'THIS TIME I'M GOING TO LIQUIDATE JUANA'

CASTRO CONTINUED

I passed the information I collected to Cubans. I knew that the CIA infiltrated agents into Cuba, but if I ever dealt with a CIA man I never knew it. I knew that my reports were leaving the country, but I related what I knew to people in the various Cuban underground movements.

It is quite possible that Fidel, during the period of the "Anibalato," had remained silent because he was engrossed in making plans for placing the missile bases all around Cuba.

As the summer ended, the roads and highways of Cuba throbbed with military traffic. Cuban troops were on the move. Soviet convoys droned day and night. So heavy was the traffic that Cuba was suddenly beset with a rash of accidents—mostly caused by Soviet soldiers driving like madmen in their jeeps.

Some days before his birthday, on Aug. 13, Fidel called my house and told us that he would like to dine with the family. I picked the menu for him. I told the cook to prepare roast pork and to bake a peach cake. Although I was tempted, I didn't go out of my way to buy him delicacies available on the black market.

Fidel's birthday dinner took place at my new house. I had decided to move out of the house on 44th Street because the stairs were too much for my mother's weak heart. Raúl had helped me find a house, with two bedrooms, a patio, maids' quarters and a small room on the second floor. I had the only key to that room—and I kept my weapons there.

Fidel was in a good, jovial mood. When we sat down, he said, "Well, Juanita, where do you find all these fine foods?"

"Each of us finds the means to get them," I replied.

Fidel laughed. He was particularly curious about the peaches in the cake and asked where I had obtained them. I didn't answer. Then he asked, "Let's see, who are the revolutionaries in this family?"

My sisters and my mother said nothing, but I told him, "You must know, Fidel. You declared once that you and Raúl were the only revolutionaries."

He changed the subject, and addressed me again, jokingly.

"Well, Juanita," he said. "What are the *petits bourgeois* saying nowadays?"

I bantered with him because I didn't wish to offend him. Inevitably, he began to speak to us about the revolution and to extol its achievements.

Then I asked him, "And what about these strange people who are coming into the country?"

"They are friends of ours," he said, laughing.

In September of 1962 I decided to go to Mexico to see my sister Enma. Fidel not only assented, but he asked me to take some presents to friends of his in Mexico—a painting and cigars. When I left for Mexico, I carried, along with the presents, letters from several underground groups and complete reports on the latest information we had on the missiles in Cuba. Some of the missile reports were written. The rest of the information on the missiles was in my head. I did not hide the letters and the reports. I had them in my hand with my travel papers. I decided that if anything happened, I could hand them to Mother or somebody else and arouse no suspicion.

As soon as I reached Mexico, I mailed all the letters and the reports, mostly to addresses in Miami. What I memorized, I committed to paper and also put in the mail. I made no contacts in Mexico and did not discuss my activities with anybody. I returned to Havana after visiting Enma and completing my shopping in Mexico.

Suddenly, in late October, the missile crisis was upon us like a nightmare—and was resolved amid confusion and contradictions.

Then I read in *Revolución*, with great surprise, that Khrushchev had ordered the withdrawal of the missiles in Cuba. Fidel's paper was contradicting Fidel, who still claimed that there were *no missiles* in Cuba. All the signs indicated Fidel was furious with Khrushchev. The radio suddenly began to announce Fidel's commands as orders from the "Commander-in-Chief."

After the crisis was over, I went to see Raúl—not about missiles but about the G-2's attempts to frame me. I went to his house on Zapata and 26th streets. I sat with him and told him what I had heard from my informer on my return from Mexico.

"What I want to avoid is a frame-up," I said.

He promised to investigate and

let me know as soon as possible.

In the middle of December I fell sick with a virus. Raúl came to see me on Dec. 23. I asked him news, and he sat down and told me a lot of political gossip. He also told me he had looked into the attempt by G-2 to frame me, and urged me to forget the whole thing.

"It's not important," said Raúl. "If you want to confront the agent, I'll be glad to arrange it. But I urge you to forget it."

After he left, he sent some medicine I required. He kept phoning to ask how I was and if I needed anything. I stayed in bed until Jan. 15.

After I recovered I went again to Mexico to see my sister. I returned to Cuba in the middle of February with Enma and her two children. They stayed at my house. Shortly after that, Mother fell ill again. She was taken to Sacred Heart Hospital. That very same night Raúl and Fidel came to see her. Mother recovered well enough to be released from the hospital and convalesce at my house. Enma returned to Mexico. But in the early evening of Aug. 6, Mother complained of severe chest pains. She died before the doctor arrived. I called Fidel and Raúl, and they rushed to the house with their escorts. Fidel arrived with President Osvaldo Dorticos, Blas Roca, Carlos Rafael Rodríguez—all Communist chieftains. Their entrance was ironic, for already the house was filled with counter-revolutionaries—anti-Communists, or as Fidel called them, *gusanos* (worms).

When Raúl arrived he cried like a baby. However Fidel did not shed a tear while he was in the house.

"How did it happen?" he asked like a G-2 man.

I took Fidel to one side and asked him to please send a plane to Mexico to bring Enma to Cuba for Mother's funeral. He refused.

I discussed funeral arrangements with my brothers and sisters. Our mother had always wanted to be buried in Oriente beside my father. Fidel nodded and said Mother's body and the family could be flown to Oriente for the funeral. Then he changed his mind, insisting that the body and the family

would have to go to Oriente by train. Raúl would ride with us. Fidel, of course, would fly.

It was a 20-hour train ride to Oriente. No sooner did we arrive at Central Maracan than Fidel said Mother should be buried at once. My brother Ramón flatly refused. We held the wake in his house,

with more than 700 G-2 men on hand to guard Fidel. He was surrounded by Communist officials—Blas Roca and the rest. Yet two priests, old friends of my mother who had been asked to conduct the funeral rites, were kept waiting outside the house. The moment we began to pray, Fidel and the Communists abruptly left the room where the wake was being held. My mother's brother, Alejandro Ruz, arrived late and had trouble getting past the guards.

The only thing the G-2 didn't do was search the mourners.



MOODY LEADER. Wearing the white stars of a *comandante*, highest rank in his army, Castro sips wine in Camagüey and peers pensively into his and his country's indefinite future.

Right after the funeral, Fidel went to Mother's *finca* and held what amounted to a political rally. He called all the *guajeros* on her farm and grandly announced that he was going to turn the farm into an experimental station for their benefit.

On Sept. 15 I made a trip to Oriente, to my mother's farm to bring back her personal effects with me. When I arrived at the house, I found it under military guard. The officer in charge told me he had orders to let nobody in, not even members of the family. I paid no attention to the order and marched inside. The guard called Fidel to tell him I was there.

Fidel told the guard to arrest me. I refused to be arrested, and the guards did not dare. "Why can't I be here?" I asked. They had no answer.

My brother Ramón told me that

both Fidel and Raúl were flying to Holguín, en route to Mother's *finca*. Ramón begged me to leave the house before Fidel got there. I told him, "I'm waiting right here for him. It's my house."

Fidel arrived in Holguín in the afternoon of Sept. 15, but he never came to the *finca*. He spent the night at Ramón's house.

The next day Ramón phoned me and reported that Fidel had shouted, before Raúl, Ramón's wife and Fidel's bodyguard, that he could not permit anybody to sabotage the revolution as I had done. "This time," Fidel had announced, "I'm going to liquidate Juana."

I left for Havana the next day, fully aware that my troubles were only beginning. From the moment that Mother died, my freedom—and my safety—were in peril.

The morning after my return to

Havana I was given a quick example of what was to come. Noelia León, who ran the private homes confiscated by the government in the Miramar section of Havana, appeared at my door. She told me I had to abandon my house at once and turn it over to her. I told her to get out: "If Fidel wants to oust me, tell him to come himself."

She argued for a while, then left. I stayed in my house.

On Nov. 6, at about 3:30 in the morning, I was awakened by a noise outside my house. I went to the door and found the house surrounded by armed G-2 agents. One of the officers told me that by orders of the prime minister they had come to look for four wanted men.

As we argued, another contingent of G-2 arrived. The discus-

sion lasted for about an hour. Then all of a sudden the G-2 received orders to withdraw. The officer apologized before leaving. I was adamant and brazen; I had learned that this was my only defense. But the odds against me were growing longer and longer. My phone was tapped. Most of us, at least those who were closely identified with me, had burned out our days in Cuba. The time had come to make plans to leave Cuba and continue the fight against my brother outside the country. I obtained a visa to Mexico and on June 20, 1964 boarded a plane in Havana for Mexico City. Fidel made no attempt to stop me.

Now I am away from Cuba, and I am dedicated to Fidel's—my own brother's—overthrow and, God forgive me, to his destruction. Cuba, my country, must be freed of his tyranny.

