



Dr. Fred Schwarz

The Schwarz Report



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As we started speaking about my visit, Father José María removed the telephone cord from the receiver in one deft, well-practiced move. I knew that move well from my youth in Communist Poland, when it was wise to assume not only that every telephone line was bugged but that each telephone could serve as a listening device. We were on the outskirts of one of Cuba's provincial cities, in a tiny reception room with decrepit furniture and peeling paint. Even though Fr. José had a rotund face that radiated good humor, there was an otherworldliness in his manner, like that of the Solidarity priests I knew in the old days in Poland. The Cuban secret service's favorite extermination method is simply running someone over with a police car, and Fr. José has had a couple of brushes with death recently.

But having faced martyrdom, he had clearly passed the threshold of fear. "What's this?" I pointed to an unframed painting with animals in jolly colors and a bold red hammer and sickle in the center. The Communist symbol was upside down, with a broken white line in the middle of the sickle leading up to a hut perched on top of the handle of the hammer. "It's an allegory of George Orwell's *Animal Farm* by our local artist," he explained. "The road markings on the sickle are meant to say that the road of the revolution leads to the pigsty."

Fr. José then explained how he would distribute the 500 doses of antibiotics donated by the Solidarity trade union that I had brought to prisoners, among them opposition activists who had received long sentences following the crackdown on dissent two years ago. (Medicines are crucial because one of the milder persecutions the regime metes out is spraying the cell walls with foul water, which gives the inmates skin diseases in a matter of days.) Assistance like this, in addition to alleviating suffering, also gives the parish more clout, making it an enclave of civil society outside the regime's control. The regime knows this, of course, which is why all of Fr. José's requests for a permit to build a community center have been refused. Instead, the Communist government gives support to the local version of voodoo, which has fewer subversive foreign links.

I had arrived in Cuba as a tourist, bearing my Polish passport. My luggage was searched minutely. My heart raced when they discovered the box of antibiotics but, curiously, they didn't even ask me for whom such a large quantity of medicine was intended.

My destination was one of the resorts on Cuba's southern coast, within driving distance of Guantanamo. Like other havens for foreigners, the resort was surrounded by a fence with guards on all sides, natives admitted as staff only. The clientele were mainly elderly Canadians and Europeans of the sort who enjoy organized gymnastics on the

And do not participate in the unfruitful deeds of darkness, but instead expose them. Ephesians 5:11

"Dwell on the past and you'll lose an eye; forget the past and you'll lose both eyes." Old Russian Proverb

beach. There was something East German about the ambience: regimented entertainment and the identity checks at the gate. To my surprise there was Internet access for the foreigners. It was viable but slow, reputedly on account of scrupulous key logging by the Cuban secret service. I eavesdropped as one of the tourist groups staying at the hotel received a pep talk from an official minder, who berated them about the 636 attempts on the life of Fidel Castro that the CIA has supposedly organized. (Surely, they cannot be *that* incompetent?)

For a former inmate of the camp of progress such as myself, visiting Cuba was peculiar. I felt 20 years younger at the sight of a grubby collective farm named after Lenin. Groups of Communist Youth in red ties such as I had myself resisted wearing at school lined the streets. Communist slogans by the roadside were familiar too—ambitious in rhetoric, pathetic as advertising. Above all, acres and acres of land with no master and therefore littered and overgrown. “Commies love concrete,” P.J. O’Rourke observed after a visit to Warsaw, and nothing has changed. And it’s not the concrete you see in Italy, the kind that contains so much marble dust it looks like reconstituted stone. Commies like their concrete poured slothfully, creating a patina so dull it positively soaks up light. I had been brought up in Poland on a Communist housing estate, which was bad enough, but here, in the tropics, houses with flat roofs, their concrete walls overgrown with mold, look even more preposterous. Inside there are unplastered walls, weak bulbs hanging on their own wires, doors as rough as a barn’s. TV sets and ghetto-blasters stand in rooms that are otherwise medieval in their primitiveness. One gasps to think how hot it must be under those flat roofs at the height of summer without air-conditioning.

You can tell you are in a Third World country when you see crowds of young men standing around in village squares with nothing to do. Another indicator is the slums. Whereas at the time of the Batista regime 200,000 people lived in shacks—as I read in a propaganda text put out by the Cuban government—today most of the population of around 11 million seems to be living in shantytowns. Some of them have paved gutters and the odd electric lamppost, but they are still recognizable as slums: open sewage, roofs made with bits of asbestos, old tires for fences, chickens. Most of the productive capacity of the country seems to be idle. The west of the island is an expanse of brown: A recent drought, along with slash-and-burn fires, seems to have finished off what Communist mismanagement had left. In the greener east, I scanned the countryside, flying low for several minutes in a commercial jet: Roughly half the farm buildings seemed abandoned, just skeletons overgrown with weeds.

“What would happen if socialism were introduced in the

Sahara desert?” we used to joke in the Soviet days. “There would be shortages of sand.” Cuba, once the sugar superpower is now an importer of sugar. Castro has acknowledged the problem, only to dismiss it: Sugar production is more trouble than it’s worth, he argued in a recent speech. (He had once envisioned a crop of 10 million tons per annum.) Paradoxically, Castro may be right about the costs of sugar production. Even if your labor is cheap or free (concentration camps were first invented by Spaniards in Cuba, and labor camps still operate), it can’t be very competitive to produce anything with U.S. technology of the 1930s or roughly equivalent Soviet technology of the 1960s. The country long ago defaulted on its long-term sovereign debt, as well as most of its commercial debt, and has ceased to report its economic statistics. Cuba has been lauded recently in *The Atlantic Monthly* for going back to natural farming, with oxen replacing tractors—which must seem really cool if you are an environmental activist residing in New York or Stockholm. It is also pleasant to ride on Cuba’s country lanes with practically no traffic—unless you have to wait in the heat for a truck with an open hold, which is how most country people seem to commute. Critics of consumerism would also find Cuba an inspiration; apart from bits of uniforms and some old cans there is literally nothing to buy in the country’s non-dollar-convertible stores.

What’s odd to a first-time visitor is that this grinding poverty coexists with apparent good cheer. I had always associated Communism in its last gasp with houses unheated in midwinter, rude waiters, and Slavic gloom alleviated by heroic doses of vodka. Here, people are friendly, the girls are pretty, and a breeze from the ocean air tempers the sun. And the music! Sitting on the terrace of Hotel Casa Granda in Santiago—the place frequented by Mr. Wormmold in Graham Green’s *Our Man in Havana*—you can hear superb live music from all points of the compass.

Havana is even more impressive. If, like me, you loathe modern architecture, here’s a 19th-century city Le Corbusier and his imitators didn’t get a chance to destroy. Naturally, it’s also a slum—peeling façades, crumbling plaster, smelly doorways and staircases—but it’s a slum whose previous beauty and prosperity can still be imagined. Old Havana, with its 17th-century forts, solid townhouses, and spacious squares, resembles Málaga or Genoa. You have to go there, in short, to see why Cuba inspires such passion and to feel the rage at the loss of what might have been.

Although it is an extraordinary thing for a Pole to admit, it began to seem to me that Cuba has paid too high a price for independence. If, 120 years ago, Cubans had done nothing, they would today be the richest place in the Caribbean and possibly all of Latin America. As a Spanish colony they would

also be enjoying at least an associate membership in the European Union, with all its privileges. They would have avoided a century of war, revolution, and unnecessary military spending. Think of a place nearby that chose to accommodate itself with its mother country: Bermuda is clean, self-governing, self-confident, with a per capita income of \$36,000.

There are, however, signs that the Cuban regime may be fraying. The first decision of Uruguay's new leftist president was reestablishing diplomatic relations with Cuba. One would normally expect Castro to attend the inauguration of such a friendly figure, but he didn't go—so perhaps his health, or his grip on power, is more precarious than we know. On the other hand, someone who competes with the Queen of England for the title of the longest-serving head of state clearly knows a thing or two about the art of survival. His potential rivals, like the veteran general Arnaldo Ochoa, faced the firing squad before they themselves knew that they could threaten him. The ogre continues to anticipate events: One EU ambassador related to me a heated exchange between the Castro brothers at dinner at the Russian ambassador's residence. Raúl argued for dumping the command economy and going the Chinese way toward capitalism. Fidel reportedly responded that, in Cuban conditions, that would lead them to death on a lamppost in a matter of months.

Castro obviously still manages to manipulate nationalism to his advantage; this emotional current, in Cuba as in many other places, clearly trumps the desire for democracy or even a better life. Nationalism, or perhaps even more narrowly a refusal to kneel before the United States, seems to be Castro's only ideological prop. Contrary to his official propaganda, every time he had an opportunity to normalize relations with the U.S. he did something to scuttle it: American hostility and the embargo probably serve his interests just fine. I posed the question of the embargo to Fr. José María. "We appreciate the intention," he replied. "But if it hasn't worked for 40 years, it means it doesn't work and it's made the lives of two generations of Cubans a misery." Other dissidents make a different calculation, but the view of someone who lives on the receiving end of both the Castro regime and U.S. policy carries weight.

The standoff between the U.S. and Cuba seems ultimately not just political, but also psychological. Cubans seem to think that they get noticed by big brother only when they stick him in the eye. Americans seem determined to put the little one in his place. How else do you explain the silliness of barring your citizens from visiting a country you are not actually at war with, or of imposing fines for importing Cuban cigars? We didn't cease to enjoy caviar even at the height of the Gulag. The law should not be an ass, and the U.S. can afford to be pragmatic in its policy toward a country that no longer poses a threat. As Mark Falcoff points out in his brilliant *Cuba: The Morning*

After, to keep the embargo while granting Cubans privileges in immigrating to the U.S. is politically self-contradictory: It gives the regime an excuse for failure while simultaneously helping it get rid of its internal opposition.

Everybody else's policy toward Cuba has less to do with the island and everything to do with the U.S. It is therefore no surprise that Spain's new leftist government sent as its ambassador to Cuba a former politburo member of the Spanish Communist party, and that under Spain's pressure many EU countries have ended their "cocktail wars" with Cuba and no longer invite dissidents to their national-day parties. Given Cuba's abysmal credit rating, the \$1 billion that France, Germany, and Spain lent it last year is a straightforward subsidy of the regime.

But if neither Old Europe's appeasement nor the U.S. embargo is likely to succeed in changing the regime, perhaps we need a coordinated transatlantic approach that would build on methods that have worked in the past. Human contact across the Iron Curtain was crucial in maintaining the conviction on the other side that democracy and free markets are superior to Communism: Fulbright scholarships that were granted to dissidents and nomenklatura alike helped to create alternative elites and weaned Communists off their zeal. In James Cason, the Bush administration has an imaginative leader of the U.S. interests section on the island, but one suspects that the message he is so energetically conveying would be more credible to some Cubans if it weren't coming directly from the U.S. government.

Regimes change only when their own cadres no longer care to fight for them, and we cannot convince the Cuban nomenklatura to change if their only alternative is *hara-kiri*. The EU needs to get tougher, but the U.S. also needs to shift—to start wielding the embargo not as a matter of law, but as a political instrument. Its sudden lifting, for example, perhaps at the first signs of a post-Castro regime's introduction of market reforms, would shake Cuba's political system to its foundations.

Unless something gives soon, there's a third force that might complicate our calculations. China has made significant investments in Cuba's nickel industry, and diplomats in Havana report frequent Chinese military delegations in civilian disguise. Cuba has always needed a patron, and who better than a semi-Communist dictatorship on a long-term collision course with the U.S.? The relationship makes sense for China. One day she may be in a position to make the U.S. a reasonable offer: You support a troublesome island off our coast, and we support a troublesome island off your coast; let's both call it quits. The U.S. needs to act before it comes to that.

—*National Review*, May 23, 2005, p. 42f. Used by permission of National Review, Inc., 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York, 10016.

Hamilton College: Campus of Fruit and Nuts

by Roger Kimball

Most colleges that grant honorary degrees would endorse the sentiment expressed by a Cambridge University spokesman that “an honorary degree is the highest accolade the University can give.” So what does it mean that Hamilton College decided to bestow this garland of official commendation on Mary Bonauto, the activist lawyer and former director of the Boston-based Gay & Lesbian Advocates and Defenders (GLAD)? Ms. Bonauto, who graduated from Hamilton in 1983, was in the public eye most recently when she successfully argued the case for same-sex “marriage” before the Massachusetts supreme court in 2003. It was for this act of benevolence that a friend of mine described Bonauto as “one of the foremost legal threats to the institution of marriage as we know it in the Western tradition.”

Bonauto’s great rhetorical feat in the case in question, *Goodridge v. Department of Public Health*, was to get the court to believe that same-sex “marriage” was a civil-rights issue. Here’s the reasoning: Marriage brings a wide variety of social benefits to the married couple, ergo if Mary Jo is not allowed to marry Mary Grace, they have been discriminated against. Just like the blacks when there was slavery.

Yes, yes, I know: As an argument it is pitiful. But it populates the world with illusory rights and pushes all the buttons liberals thrill to push. “Oh my God, have we really been discriminating against an entire subpopulation for all of recorded history? *Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa*. Let’s change the law. Right now.”

The technical term for Ms. Bonauto’s argument is hornswoggle. No one says that homosexuals may not marry. They just may not marry someone of the same sex. Why? Because “marriage” means the union of a man and a woman. (Not just any man and woman, of course: You may not marry your sister or brother or father or mother; in many places you may not marry your first cousin.) To pretend otherwise is to indulge in the Humpty Dumpty approach to semantics: “But ‘glory’ doesn’t mean ‘a nice knockdown argument,’ Alice objected. ‘When I use a word,’ Humpty Dumpty said in rather a scornful tone, ‘it means just what I

choose it to mean—neither more nor less.’”

Nice work if you can get it, but not something that should impress a judge.

Before we indulge in too much admiration for Bonauto’s rhetorical skills—perhaps “sophistical skills” would be more accurate—it is worth noting that in this case she was greatly aided by the fact that she was addressing a court extremely well disposed to the issue of same-sex “marriage.” The chief justice of the Massachusetts supreme court is Margaret Marshall, a vocal friend of the idea of same-sex “marriage.” It is almost too good to be true, but it *is* true: Justice Marshall is married to Anthony Lewis, the Frank Rich of yesteryear, the man who for decades held down the left flank on the editorial page of the *New York Times*. It’s the Empedoclean principle of like-flocking-to-like in action.

A Hamilton College news release touts Ms. Bonauto’s role as lead counsel in *Goodridge*, but it does not dilate on her efforts a few years before in the so-called “Fistgate” scandal. In March 2000, a statewide conference called “Teach-Out” was held at Tufts University, Sponsored by the Massachusetts Department of Education, the Governor’s Commission on Gay and Lesbian Youth, and the Gay, Lesbian and Straight Education Network, the conference invited teenagers and children as young as twelve from around the state to participate in workshops on such themes as “Ask the Transsexuals,” “Early Childhood Educators: How to Decide Whether to Come Out or Not,” “Diesel Dykes and Lipstick Lesbians: Defining and Exploring Butch/Femme Identity,” “The Religious Wrong: Dealing Effectively with Opposition in Your Community,” and “Starting a Gay-Straight Alliance in Your School.” One alarmed parent taped some of the proceedings—to no avail, for Bonauto found another sympathetic judge who issued a gag order preventing the distribution of the tape. They grow a very special sort of judge in the People’s Republic of Massachusetts.

I very much doubt that Hamilton will go into this episode when they confer the baccalaureate, *honoris causa*, on Mary Bonauto. What I’d like to know is what parents, proudly

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assembled to witness Hamilton's commencement exercises, would make of Mary Bonauto's activities if they knew about them? And how about Hamilton's alumni: Would they be happy to see their alma mater honoring this radical activist? What about Hamilton's trustees, a group that is rapidly emerging as the dead-letter office of American higher education? Isn't anyone *ever* at home there?

What is it with Hamilton College, anyway? Are its leaders actually *trying* to make it look ridiculous? Or is the fact that Hamilton has become a recruitment poster for the dysfunctional American college the product of simple incompetence fueled by radical left-wing animus? I do not know the answers to these questions. It's a bit like Robert Frost's poem "Fire and Ice": Some say the place was ruined intentionally, some say it was stupidity goaded by radicalism. I hold with those who pick the latter. But either would suffice. You certainly would have to work a lot harder than most tenured professors are accustomed to working if you wanted to bring more shame and obloquy on an institution than Hamilton has had to bear in the last few months.

A brief refresher: In December, Hamilton invited Susan Rosenberg, late of the Weather Underground, to teach a month-long seminar as an "artist/activist-in-residence." As readers will recall, Ms. Rosenberg was catapulted to fame in 1981 when she and some fellow radicals held up a Brinks armored car near Nyack, N.Y. They murdered a Brinks guard and, in attempting their getaway, two police officers. Ms. Rosenberg was indicted for involvement in this crime but wasn't prosecuted because, in 1985, she was sentenced to 58 years for using false identification and possessing automatic weapons and 740 pounds of high explosives. Rosenberg had served 16 years when Bill Clinton, on his last day in office, commuted her sentence. Now she is trotting around the country denouncing the United States at a college campus near you.

But not at Hamilton. For when the college, which is just down the road from Nyack, announced the appointment—cleverly timing it to coincide with the announcement of their latest capital campaign—the roof caved in. Quite right, too. Why was a liberal arts college inviting a felon to teach? Why, for that matter, did Hamilton have an "artist/activist-in-residence" program to begin with? Do parents have to pay nearly \$40,000 a year to turn their children into left-wing, America-hating activists? The outcry from the media, parents, and alumni eventually forced Rosenberg's withdrawal.

Then, in January, came the Ward Churchill affair. Everyone now knows about the faux-Indian tenured professor at the University of Colorado at Boulder who described the victims of September 11 as "little Eichmanns," i.e., Nazi bureaucrats. What better chap to invite to lecture at Hamilton College? The folks at Hamilton managed to create havoc at two institutions with that brainstorm. Boulder was in an uproar over the incident (the invitation is what brought to light his earlier essay). Even the governor of Colorado weighed in angrily. Churchill has yet to be relieved of his tenured position, but he has been removed as head of the "ethnic studies" department (how do you spell "bogus"?), and the president of his campus has had the grace to resign and slip away into obscurity.

Joan Hinde Stewart, the president of Hamilton, has not yet exhibited such grace. Nor have her lieutenants, dean of the faculty David C. Paris and Nancy Rabinowitz, a former teacher of Mary Bonauto and former head of the Kirkland Project for the Study of Gender, Society and Culture, the left-wing organization that was responsible for inviting Rosenberg and Churchill to campus. The troika still presides at Hamilton, a sort of academic alternative to the Three Stooges: Rabinowitz to cook up the harebrained, college-blighting schemes; Paris to help her implement them; and Stewart to wring her hands and temporize when they explode in her face.

In a way, it is unfair to single out Hamilton College. In its addiction to leftist pieties, it is really no different from many, probably most, other institutions of higher education in this country. It has simply been unlucky in its public relations lately. One conservative student who was a member of Hamilton's Trustee Committee on Honorary Degrees last year told me that he was urged to avoid "contentious candidates." But at Hamilton, as elsewhere, contentious candidates come in two flavors. There are conservatives, who are "contentious" by definition and therefore unacceptable, and then there are radicals who have devoted themselves to the destruction of some aspect of American society, and who are therefore embraced as champions of "diversity" and freedom. It's a mug's game, but that, alas, is what has happened to academic life today. How long, Lord, how long?

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Losing Latin America?

by William R. Hawkins

The Bush administration's recent interest in Latin America may be too little, too late. Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice made a five-day trip to Brazil, El Salvador, Colombia, and Chile in late April; and Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld addressed the Council of the Americas in Washington on May 3. "Today the countries of the region are working together in a very constructive way," Mr. Rumsfeld said, claiming, "They're leaning forward in support of democracy."

Unfortunately, the region is dominated by left-wing governments elected on anti-U.S. platforms, a development that cannot be considered constructive.

President George W. Bush has placed the spread of democracy at the center his foreign policy. While democracy may be a necessary element in creating a better world, it is not a sufficient condition. It depends on who wins at the polls.

As Fareed Zakaria noted during the academic debates over the airy notion democracy equated to peace in the 1990s: "In countries not grounded in constitutional liberalism, the rise of democracy often brings with it hypernationalism and warmongering." Leaders can be both popular and authoritarian.

The Bush administration recognizes this problem in regard to President Hugo Chavez in Venezuela. The democratically elected ex-paratrooper is thought to have financed violent insurgent groups in Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia. Venezuela might have played a role in the revolt that toppled Ecuadorean President Lucio Gutierrez in April.

Mr. Chavez has been accused by U.S. and Colombian officials of supporting the narco-terrorist Revolutionary Armed Forces of Columbia (FARC). Mr. Chavez has been supplying oil to his mentor Fidel Castro in Cuba, and is looking to buy Russian weapons to expand his military.

Cuba and China have sent hundreds of military "advisers" and "trainers" to Venezuela to help the Chavez regime maintain itself against strong domestic opposition and political turmoil.

Venezuelan military training under foreign communist tutelage will not contain any of the values of democracy and respect for human rights that are part of the U.S. approach to creating professional soldiers. The Chinese hold that the army owes its allegiance exclusively to the ruling party. This principle was demonstrated during the 1989 Tiananmen Square massacre of pro-democracy activists.

An indoctrinated army would appeal to the embattled Venezuelan president, who was ousted briefly by a 2002 coup after his supporters opened fire on hundreds of thousands of unarmed demonstrators. It would run directly contrary to

Washington's recent efforts to foster civilian governments whose militaries stayed in their barracks during political crises.

During her Latin trip, Miss Rice tried to rally other democracies against Venezuela. At a joint press conference in Brazil on April 26, she was told repeatedly by Brazilian Foreign Minister Celso Amorim that Venezuela's sovereignty must be respected — meaning no outside intervention.

Though the Organization of American States (OAS) has tried to mediate political disputes in Venezuela to avoid violence, any thought Washington might have of mobilizing a stronger OAS response, such as a condemnation of the Chavez regime or sanctions, is unrealistic. A wedge cannot be driven between Venezuela and Brazil as long as Luiz Inacio Lula da Silva — another disciple of Mr. Castro's, is president.

With the election of Chilean Interior Minister Jose Miguel Insulza as new OAS secretary-general of the OAS (he was initially opposed by the U.S. but backed by Brazil and Venezuela), there is little hope of diplomatically isolating Venezuela.

Brazil under Lula is as big a problem as Venezuela under Mr. Chavez. Brazil has a "strategic partnership" with China. The statement issued during Lula's visit to Beijing in May 2004 called for "the democratization of international relations and global multipolarization." This has long been Chinese terminology for ending American pre-eminence in world affairs.

Chinese President Hu Jintao spent five days in Brazil last November. "China helped us send satellites to orbit and we, in return, offered techniques to China in the manufacture of airplanes," said Lula.

Brazil has a long-range missile program for space launches and a suspicious nuclear program to which it has restricted international inspection. Given China's record as a proliferator of missile and nuclear technology, the "strategic partnership" to America's south could pose a major security threat if allowed to progress.

China backs Brazil for a seat on the U.N. Security Council, even as it objects to a seat for Japan. Brasilia supports Beijing's "one China" claims to Taiwan and Tibet. China also backed Luiz Felipe de Seixas Correa, Brazil's unsuccessful candidate to become head of the World Trade Organization. Lula has said talks to create a hemispheric free trade agreement were "off the agenda" in favor of strengthening the Mercosur "South American community of nations." Brazil wants to dominate Mercosur, and Beijing is very interested in Mercosur as a source of raw materials.

Simple U.S. homilies about democracy and trade have failed to stem the rise of regimes whose alignments are taking an increasingly dangerous turn.

The Bush administration must consider Latin America a

power politics area that is in full play. It must respond with more vigor in what is essentially a political contest over who

will rule in the major capitals and how will they behave.

—*The Washington Times*, May 25, 2005

Hollywood's Silver Screen: Red

by Ron Capshaw

When some diligent researcher studies the history of American political wars in the 20th century, he or she will discover that, despite the differing stances, the charges and countercharges (both left and right) achieve a rough consensus by practicing a politicized version of “not in front of the *goyim*.” This command, whispered today by party loyalists like Karl Rove and Paul Begala, goes something like this: *Keep all criticisms and doubts about the party within it; display only unity in public, otherwise you are aiding the other side.*

It is only fitting that this form of political theater—doubts in the wings camouflaged by handshakes on stage—was performed in Hollywood, and by that most theatrical of political organizations, the American Communist party of the 1930s and '40s. The *goyim* in their minds was quite large, ranging from Leon Trotsky to (depending on the needs of Moscow) Franklin D. Roosevelt to Robert Taft. Throughout Ronald and Allis Radosh's new book, *Red Star Over Hollywood*, the Hollywood Reds speak of a paralyzing fear—not the fear of losing their studio contracts, or being wrong (or right) about Stalin, but the fear that their doubts and criticisms about communism will filter out of party doors and into the propaganda coffers of their gargantuan enemy.

Such a bunker mentality necessitates a variety of roles. Take Dalton Trumbo, a Stalinist screenwriter. By day, he acted the part of the dutiful party member, helping prevent reactionary—read Trotskyite—works from making it to the screen, editorially rejecting anti-communist submissions to the party-dominated *Screenwriter* magazine (arguing that the free airing of ideas leads to fascism), taking to the podium to deny every purge, defend every twist and turn of Soviet policy. But at night, offstage, he read the works he censored (Arthur Koestler, George Orwell, even the hated Leon Trotsky himself) and sensed the carnage of Stalin.

Radosh skillfully shows the behind-the-scenes sentiments of Trumbo and the rest of the Hollywood Ten during the House Un-American Activities Committee investigations in 1947. Before congressional microphones and newsreel cameras, they played the part of civil libertarians defending the Bill of Rights. Off camera, in segregated legal sessions with party lawyers (two of the ten were no longer members and, hence, denied

admission), they affirmed the notion that “fascists,” a label that covered a large group in the 1947 party dictionary, were ineligible for free speech protections. Even when Trumbo abandoned communism, he still carried the party's fears with him. His 1958 second-thoughts essay was submitted not to the *New Republic* or even the *Nation* but to the safe confines of *Masses and Mainstream*.

Like any good history book, the Radoshes' settles controversies while generating new ones. With new, and old, evidence, they show that Hollywood Reds were not merely impatient New Dealers—the portrait of Lillian Hellman in *Julia*—but were Stalinists who regarded the Bill of Rights as selectively applied, and the Soviet Union as the imported model for America. But more than an exposé of the political theater of Hollywood Reds, *Red Star* is an exposé of the political theater that has crossed generations.

Although available, none of the histories of the blacklist penned by Larry Ceplair or Victor Navasky, under the advertisement of fair-minded journalism seeking the truth, have mentioned John Garfield's documented disgust with the party. Instead, he has been portrayed as an unfriendly witness, risking both health and career to associate with “progressives.” Nor have they mentioned that Howard Koch, the screenwriter of the pro-purge *Mission to Moscow*, was hardly a “non-communist” (Navasky's words) but a fervent Stalinist who used a technical adviser on the film who was being monitored by American intelligence.

Nor has Christopher Trumbo, who minutely combed his father's papers to script the current Broadway play *Trumbo: Red, White and Blacklisted*, remembered to include the second-thoughts essay. The actors lining up to play the part (Paul Newman, Tim Robbins) have colluded by not honoring the cardinal rule of method acting: research the part.

The question for future scholars that arises from this book is the same as the one applied to the Hollywood Reds: When did they know? Specifically, when did today's left know about Trumbo's second thoughts, Koch's Stalinism, Garfield's disenchantment with the party? We may know why they didn't air such uncomfortable facts: It would have aided the other side.

It is fitting that Ronald Radosh, who has chronicled his own second thoughts about a later left, would unearth those of an earlier generation. It is equally fitting that he never absorbs his subjects' either/or mentality. He is equally hard on both left and right, HUAC and the party. He has sought to uncover the truth, whether it aids the other side or not.

—*The Weekly Standard*, May 23, 2005, p. 35-36

The Growing Red Menace

by Peter Brookes

“One good spy is worth 10,000 soldiers.” - Sun Tzu, ancient Chinese military strategist

Islamic terrorism is still the greatest threat to our national security, but Chinese espionage against the United States is gaining ground. The FBI says China will be America’s greatest counterintelligence problem during the next 10-15 years.

China has seven permanent diplomatic missions in the States, staffed with intelligence personnel. But the FBI believes that as many as 3,500 Chinese “front companies” are involved in espionage for the People’s Republic of China (PRC) as well.

And with the bureau focused on terrorism, the China challenge is overwhelming the FBI’s counterintelligence capabilities.

The PRC has the world’s third-largest intelligence apparatus (after the United States and Russia), and it’s targeting America’s governmental, military and high technology secrets.

China’s goal is to replace the U.S. as the preeminent power in the Pacific—even globally. It’s using every method possible, including espionage, to improve its political, economic and, especially, military might.

A senior FBI official said recently, “China is trying to develop a military that can compete with the U.S., and they are willing to steal to get it.”

One example: Last fall in Wisconsin, a Chinese-American couple was arrested for selling \$500,000 worth of computer parts to China for enhancing its missile systems. Even worse: The PRC recently fielded a new cruise missile strikingly similar to the advanced American “Tomahawk.”

Chances that the similarities are a coincidence? Slim to none.

Naturally, America’s hi-tech centers are a potential gold mine for Chinese spies. The FBI claims that Chinese espionage cases are rising 20 to 30 percent every year in Silicon Valley alone.

But don’t think James Bond. It’s all much more methodical—and mundane.

Chinese intelligence collection uses numerous low-level spies to painstakingly collect one small piece of information at a time until the intelligence question is answered. Kind of like building a beach one grain of sand at a time.

For instance, it took China 20 years to swipe American nuclear warhead designs from U.S. national nuclear weapons labs, according to a 1999 congressional committee

China also doesn’t rely on “professional” spies stationed overseas to the extent other major intel services do. Instead, it uses low-profile civilians to collect information.

The PRC’s Ministry of State Security (MSS) often co-opts Chinese travelers, especially businesspeople, scientists and academics, to gather intel or purchase technology while they’re in America.

The MSS especially prizes overseas Chinese students, hi-tech workers and researchers living in the U.S. because of their access to sensitive technology and research/development that Beijing can use for civilian and military purposes.

Of course, not all the 150,000 Chinese students and researchers now in America, or the 25,000 official PRC delegates—or the 300,000 visitors—are spies, but they do provide the MSS with a large pool of potential recruits for collecting secrets on U.S. targets of interest.

The MSS also recruits in the Chinese-American community, including sleeper agents. Developing personal relationships, invoking a common Chinese heritage, threatening cultural alienation or offering access to powerful people are persuasive in a culture where “guanxi” (connections) are important.

An equal opportunity employer, the MSS will, of course, “hire” sympathetic Americans—or any ethnicity—that will further China’s cause, including scholars, journalists and diplomats, among others.

The United States isn’t the only country with a Chinese spy problem. The MSS runs an espionage network against scientific labs and large research universities in several European countries, including the U.K., France, the Netherlands, and Germany. In Asia, Taiwan recently arrested 17 of its military officers for working for the PRC.

China’s spies and their methods aren’t the most expedient or efficient in spy-dom, but the tenacity and quantity of Chinese spooks are proving effective. Unfortunately, the openness of American society provides easy access to sensitive information and technology.

Sun Tzu said that intelligence is critical to success on the battlefield. It applies to the political and economic “battlefield,” too. Accordingly, China is investing heavily in espionage to match its geopolitical aspirations.

China will prove to be America’s greatest foreign-policy challenge in this century. In recent months, the Pentagon, CIA, Treasury, and Congress have voiced concerns about China’s rapidly expanding political, economic and military clout. These are words to the wise.

We certainly can’t take our eye off terrorist threats against the homeland, but neither can we risk not meeting the growing Chinese espionage menace. Both are major threats to our national security and merit significant resources and attention.

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