THE OCTOBER MISSILE CRISIS

Every day in September we saw warships on the horizon & worried that another invasion was about to begin, like the year before, at Playa Giron, for Americans, the Bay of Pigs.

Dear Friends,

Let me tell you about the “police state” we are supposedly living in. We recently met a very nice young Cuban policeman (who speaks fluent English) who told us a lot about how the police work here. Because of the terrible memories the people have of the many arbitrary and unlawful actions of the Batista police, the new police act under the strictest orders to respect people’s privacy and freedom in a way that cannot be matched by American police. For instance, they suspected anti-revolutionary, illegal broadcasts were transmitted abroad from a particular house but had no proof, and consequently could not go in and search the place. The house is still under surveillance, but not searched. Handcuffs have been abolished, in order not to hurt the dignity even of criminals. In general, police are very little in evidence; traffic police are very polite, and there are never any abuses.

Lenore now was also a foreign correspondent for an obscure West German newspaper, “Das Andere Deutschland.”

At my school, life went on as usual. Classes weren’t suspended. We studied, oblivious to the looming nuclear abyss, while militia units erected sandbag barriers & anti-aircraft stations along the sea front.
MEANWHILE, ON OCTOBER 11, ON THE EVE OF THE NUCLEAR CONFRONTATION BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES & CUBA, LIFE GOT RADICALLY WORSE FOR A CERTAIN PART OF THE HAVANA POPULATION. ICAP DID NOT OFFER ANY PRESS RELEASES OF THIS EVENT.

**THE NIGHT OF THE THREE PS**
**PROSTITUTAS, PROXENETAS Y PÁJAROS—PROSTITUTES, PIMPS & QUEERS**

¡SUÉLTAME! ¡CON QUÉ DERECHO??!

¡MARICONES DE MIERDA!

¡Aquí todo el mundo va preso!

BAM!

SMACK!

This was the first major police crackdown by the government in the sixties, targeting mostly young people deemed perverts & deviants. These were people perceived as male homosexuals, as well as prostitutes & pimps. The Revolution was by & for those who conformed to the macho ideal. Queers were just another kind of counterrevolutionary.

OCTOBER 14—AN AMERICAN U-2 SPY PLANE TOOK PHOTOS OF THE INSTALLATION OF SOVIET Launching sites for nuclear missiles & all hell broke loose.
Ted was delighted that the missiles were now in Cuba & participated in press conferences & radio broadcasts aimed at the United States.

You can’t imagine the relief we all felt on receiving the news of the Soviet statement that the Russians would send arms to Cuba. For two weeks previous we felt that the probabilities of a large-scale invasion were very great.

These words were a reassuring hint of the world-shaking announcement of Soviet policy that followed the next day. With a few firm words, the whole Maxwell Taylor policy of “limited warfare,” of nice, easy “brushfire” wars, to save the vital interests of U.S. capitalism, became as obsolete as the “massive retaliation” of John Foster Dulles.

The implications of the Soviet statement are tremendous, not just for Cuba— which has now been made as safe as any spot on the globe— but for the whole world.

OCTOBER 22— President Kennedy announced the installation of the missiles, demanded their removal & proclaimed a naval blockade.


36 missiles were deployed at 6 different sites. Each missile contained a nuclear warhead 70 times more powerful than the Hiroshima bomb.
FOR US ON THE GROUND IN HAVANA, THE ATMOSPHERE WAS AMAZINGLY UPLIFTING. IN THE STATES OUR FRIENDS HAD NIGHTMARES ABOUT NUCLEAR ANNihilation; HERE EVERYBODY WAS BUSi SHOUTING “PATRIa O MUERTE!”

¡COMPAÑEROS, I AM YOUR BRIGADE LEADER! YOU MUST PRESENT YOURSELVES HERE EVERY MORNING AT 8 AM!

ICAP ORGANIZED WESTERN FOREIGNERS INTO AN INTERNATIONAL BRIGADE THAT I, AT 17, JOINED, ALONG WITH AROUND 100 LATIN AMERICAN RESIDENTS OF HAVANA.

TODAY’S LESSON: YOU’LL LEARN TO TAKE APART & CLEAN THIS SEMI-AUTOMATIC RIFLE.

¡1–2–3–4! ¡ABAJO LOS IMPERIALISTAS!

WE LEARNED HOW TO MARCH UP & DOWN IN THE PARKING LOT OF A BIG HOTEL & WENT FOR TARGET PRACTICE AT A NEARBY RIFLE RANGE. I WAS A PRETTY GOOD SHOT.

BAM!
On November 1, 1962, Nikita Khrushchev ordered the removal of the missiles from Cuba. After more negotiations, on November 20, he agreed to remove Soviet airplanes stationed in Cuba as well. Kennedy lifted the blockade and the crisis was over.

¡NIKITA MARIQUITA! ¡LO QUE SE DA NO SE QUITA!

The rest of the world may have been celebrating the end of this brush with the nuclear annihilation of the planet, but in Cuba there was frustration and anger.

Life went back to “normal” again. Ted & Lenore wrote more glowing reports back to the States via radio programs & newsletters.

Dear Friends,

The government has given us two magnificent penthouses, one in the ICAP Hotel, the other in a big apartment building downtown, called Club de la Torre. Both were the most elegant and exclusive clubs in Havana with beautiful and luxurious rooms. The Club de la Torre has two restaurants, one for bachelors where they can get cheap and very good food. We have several times been there as guests of a bachelor (two of our American bachelor friends are just marrying Cuban girls— but there is always Joe North). The other restaurant is expensive but marvelous. This and the bar—a dream of a bar—are 30 stories above the city and the ocean, with glass all around, so you can have a magnificent view from every table. Naturally we have gone there quite frequently; there is always beer which one cannot always buy in stores, and one always runs into friends and acquaintances there; all the foreign diplomats go there, too, so there is always an interesting crowd.
DEAR FRIENDS,

I noticed in a recent Monthly Review one error appeared in their usually quite correct & careful coverage of Cuban events. They mention something about an "economic crisis" having been overcome. I have gone over considerable economic data at JUCEPLAN & can find no trace of economic difficulties of this sort, nor have I seen any evidence of this in any other way...

IF ONLY OUR "LIBERAL" FRIENDS KNEW WHAT IT IS TO LIVE IN A COUNTRY WITH A LITTLE TOO MUCH LIBERTY FOR THE INDIVIDUAL!

TANG... WHAT IS THIS STUFF? MMMM! ORANGE POWDER!

SOMETIMES IN DECEMBER, THE CUBAN GOVERNMENT BEGAN EXCHANGING BAY OF PIGS PRISONERS FOR FOOD & MEDICINES FROM THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT. SOME OF THIS LARGESS TRICKLED DOWN TO MY HIGH SCHOOL & I RECEIVED A SMALL RATION.

IN MY SECOND YEAR OF HIGH SCHOOL, I STARTED HANGING OUT WITH SILVIA, A CLASSMATE, WHO TOOK IT UPON HERSELF TO SAVE ME FROM EVIL.

YOU'RE AN AMERICAN, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.

SHE'S ONE OF THOSE... A HOMOSEXUAL.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. SHE'S JUST A FRIEND.

CONNIE, YOU'VE GOT TO BREAK OFF WITH MARITZA.

SHE'S A BAD INFLUENCE & PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT YOU...
I defied Silvia’s advice & went out with my compromiso. Once a week we’d go after school with a few friends to the CMQ television studios at L & 23rd Street & watch a live music show—my introduction to Cuban charanga.

But the constant fear began to wear me down.

Watch out! That’s Rolando from the CDR! He’s seen us together twice this week. Duck!

* Comité de Defensa de la Revolución

Silvia worked on me for months & finally at the end of our second school year, I broke up with Maritza. She dropped out of school & I was left numb, determined to somehow get back on track. Maybe I’d find a boyfriend if necessary...

I’m sorry Maritza. I can’t do this anymore.

I’m tired of being afraid all the time.