

CABLE : RIVHOTEL

April 27, 1963 Havana, Cuba.

My dearest Fidel,

I wanted to give you something to express my gratitude for the time you granted me; for the interview; for the beautiful flowers; for the many kindnesses you have shown me since our first meeting. And so I am sending you a little keepseek.

But I wanted to give you something more, something of greater value. And after thinking about it very seriously I decided to give you the most valuable possession I have to offer: Namely: my faith in your honor.

My faith in the form of a letter which, if revealed, would destroy me in the United States. Yet I believe I can send you this letter with complete equanimity. And the letter shall stand as a testament to the depth of my faith in you.

I do not want you destroyed. For during our meetings, you revealed something to me that is rare noble, inspiring... and the experience has touched me profoundly. This happens only occasionally in one's lifetime. You possess what George Bernard Shaw called "that spark of divine fire." Your critics are mistaken. You are not the ruthless, cynical tyrant they have depicted. I am convinced beyond doubts that you are a man of the highest ideals and the most lofty aspirations - a man of honor and extraordinary dedication.

I do not believe you have meant to hurt people though, in all candor, I am both saddened and outraged
that you have destroyed thousands and kkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkk
harmed many more without just cause. Still, having known
you, I cannot bring myself to blame you entirely. I do
not think it was your intention to betray the revolution

though, again, I shall be honest and admit that I, personally, believe you did betray the revolution. — the one that you pledged to carry out knock back in the hills of the Sierra Maestra. Krannaka (p) So much has gone

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wrong on this lovely, star-crossed Island... so much bloodshed, cruelty, sorrow, and despair... and, yet, xxxx xxxxxxx I am now convinced that you are not wholly responsible. External forces were at work, unforseen though not necessarily inevitable, that placed you in the position you now find yourself. **Admixted xx** You could have have control the situation had you been able to be more patient, more mature... but, no, I will not go into that here. **This xketkex** The purpose of this letter is not a critique of the course of the revolution but a tone poem to you - the man.

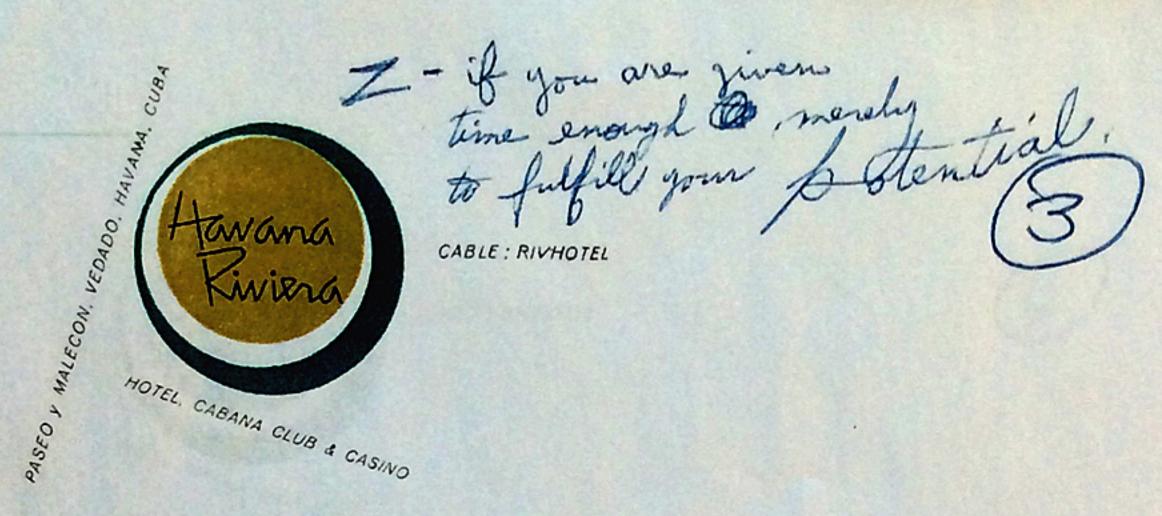
Thus, even though I disapprove of much of your revolution as it exists today and wish with all my being that events could have taken a different course. I wish you well, Fidel Castro. I want you to succeed. For I have seen you and heard you and had a glimpse of your heart. I know it is a good heart and I want the man protected for the good that eventually he may bring to bear upon markind. Mankind.

How rare a person you are, my dearest Fidel. How necessary men like you are to the history of mankind. Kant, the great German philosopher, spoke of man's inexorable 'Command' aspiration toward the good. Well, men like you are the necessary ingredients of that historical processxxxxwhich, hopefully, will lead us to the moment toward which we all men aspire the final betterment of the human condition. You lift us up out of our apathy, our desorar, our resumment pessints and our mediccrity. And when you are successful xxx you are the men who point the way. I do not honestly know how much you will eventually contribute but I feel deeply that you must be permitted to play out your role. That much you must be permitted to do.

(And if, in some small way, I can be privileged to help you play out that role I shall do all in my power to achieve this end. I am going to talk to certain people when I return to the States. I am going to tell them many things. I do not overestimate my influence. But I shall try to help.

I be able to do absolutely nothing. But I shall try and I can do no more than that.)

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One more thought. I worry for you, my dearest Fidel. I fear for you. I belive - no I am convinced - that you are surrounded by forces far more cynical, far more ruthless than you realize. I want you to be on your guard. But always remember that these forces to the east need you nearly as much as you need them - though hot so essentially and don't let them forget it, ever. They do not have all the aces. You must be laughing at me now. Of course you should know this - you lived through October, 1962.

Survive, my dearest. Prove to the world that you can be what we who believed in you during the early days thought you were. Make the enlightened progressive community of the world say: "We were right in the first place and wrong in the second." History will absolve you, yes, but oly if you survive and khan changeconditions here. Only if you are able to effectuate the ideals you is atticulated when you were fighting in the hills. You can do it. I know you can do it. The treat men can move mountains. It can be done xmm underdx Conly you fulfill your potential) and if you are time objught There is a xwxdxkxxxxx way back and you must find that road and travel it - even though it will be combersome, painful and full of pitfalls. (11,-X) (realized

And now comes my main point: what you have to offer the world that is meaningful and universally applicable is not some capricious brand of tropical Marxismobut your deep sense of justice Youwgenuine concern for the poor; the helpless; the sick; the max operessed; the defenseless; the deprived; the lost; the despairing. Your revolution has, without question, betrayed your person ethics and ideals but the quality is still there I I saw it shining and pure.
And your duty, Wideksdesssides your obligation to mankind is to make that quality ever stronger, to make it a reality for your people - all your people, every class and sector.

Let flow in the most untrammeled way the goodness that is your

regimes, that is fact of the last of

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Oh a personal note: I am disappointed that we could not see one another again before I left. But it was impossible, I know. We met and came together and, I believe, felt something for one another that could not go further. I am who I am and you are lidel Castro and for us, at this moment in history, nothing personal could be realized. No matter... our personal desires are not important.

Perhaps we shall never see one another again. But I shall treasure with all my heart for as long as I live my trip to Cuba in April of 1963 and my meetings with you, my dearest Fidel.

The f

Than Howard



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