

...y éste fue el discurso de clausura del Comandante Che Guevara en la exposición de los logros económicos chinos en el Hotel Habana Libre. Ésta es la Radio Libertad ... det är den 11 april 1961 ...



A very fine cigar.

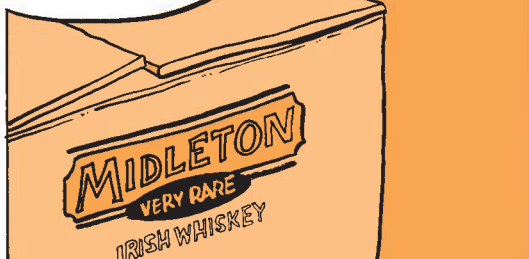
See how smooth the rolling leaf is. The humidity in Cuba's air improves the taste even further.



A Cuban night is made for smoking a good cigar. They don't taste like this in Europe or in Asia. This is my humble opinion.

This whiskey?

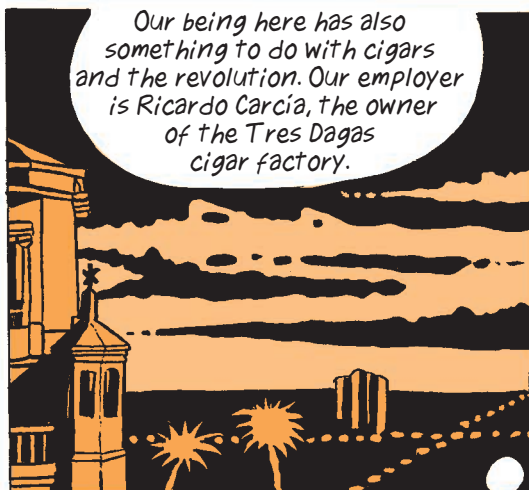
Midleton, a brand kept in high regard from Cork, my father's homestead. It's as good a companion to a Havana as dark rum.



The Cuban made a great deal!

Speaking of night, when are we going to leave the airport?

Speaking of leaving, when are you going to tell me why we came here? We'll find someone and then what?



Our being here has also something to do with cigars and the revolution. Our employer is Ricardo Carcía, the owner of the Tres Dagas cigar factory.

Our job is to find a man named José Manuel Menendez. He's a torcedor, a cigar maker. We'll give him a letter from Ricardo Carcia.



Carcia pays us both 10 000 dollars to deliver a letter.

That's just mad; it'd be way cheaper to just mail it.



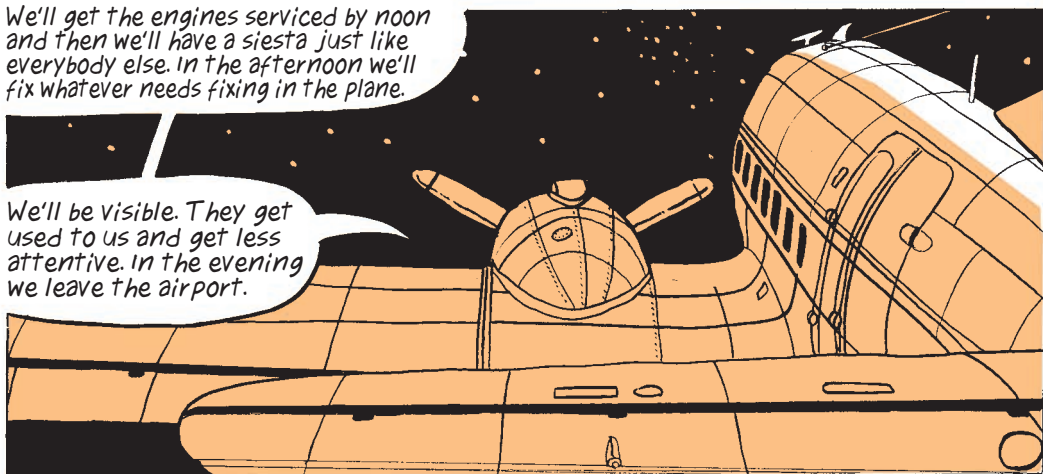
Carcia must have his reasons not to trust Fidel's and Che's mail services.

I suppose those are pretty tired of guarding us by tomorrow. When we wake up we'll go to the airport office and send a telegram to Douglas aircraft manufacturer in California.



We'll get the engines serviced by noon and then we'll have a siesta just like everybody else. In the afternoon we'll fix whatever needs fixing in the plane.

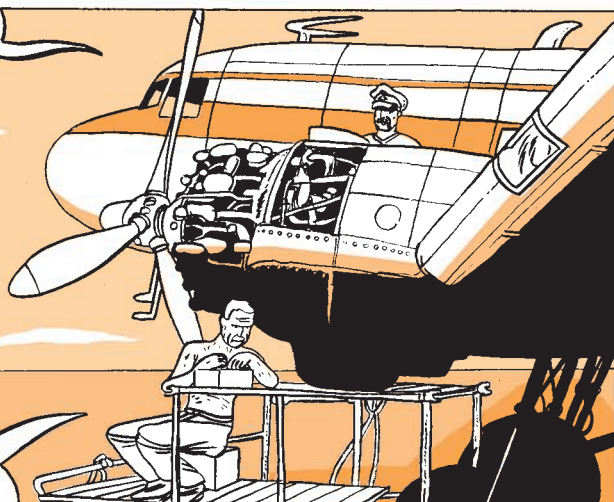
We'll be visible. They get used to us and get less attentive. In the evening we leave the airport.



Who would've known  
that you know your way  
around airplane engines?

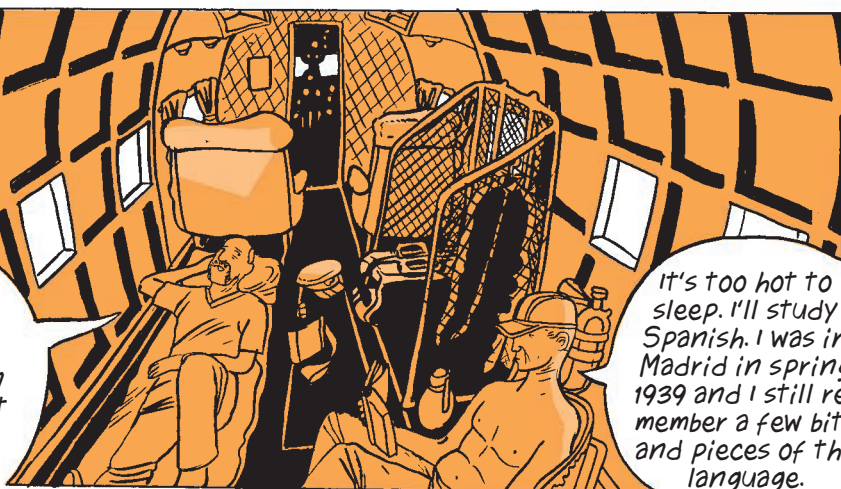
On Christmas, 1941, I arrived  
in Cyprus and as a Balt I was  
interned. At the time, my  
home country was a part of  
the Greater Germany. At the  
camp we fixed bombers that  
were damaged by German fire.  
Even a few Pratt-Whitneys  
came by...

I think it's  
siesta time...



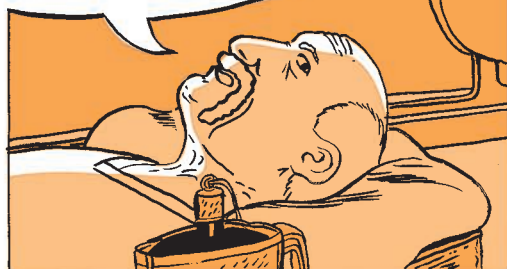
Sleep, Aleks  
mate. We'll be  
leaving in the  
evening and I  
don't know when  
we'll get the next  
chance to get  
some sleep.

It's too hot to  
sleep. I'll study  
Spanish. I was in  
Madrid in spring  
1939 and I still re-  
member a few bits  
and pieces of the  
language.



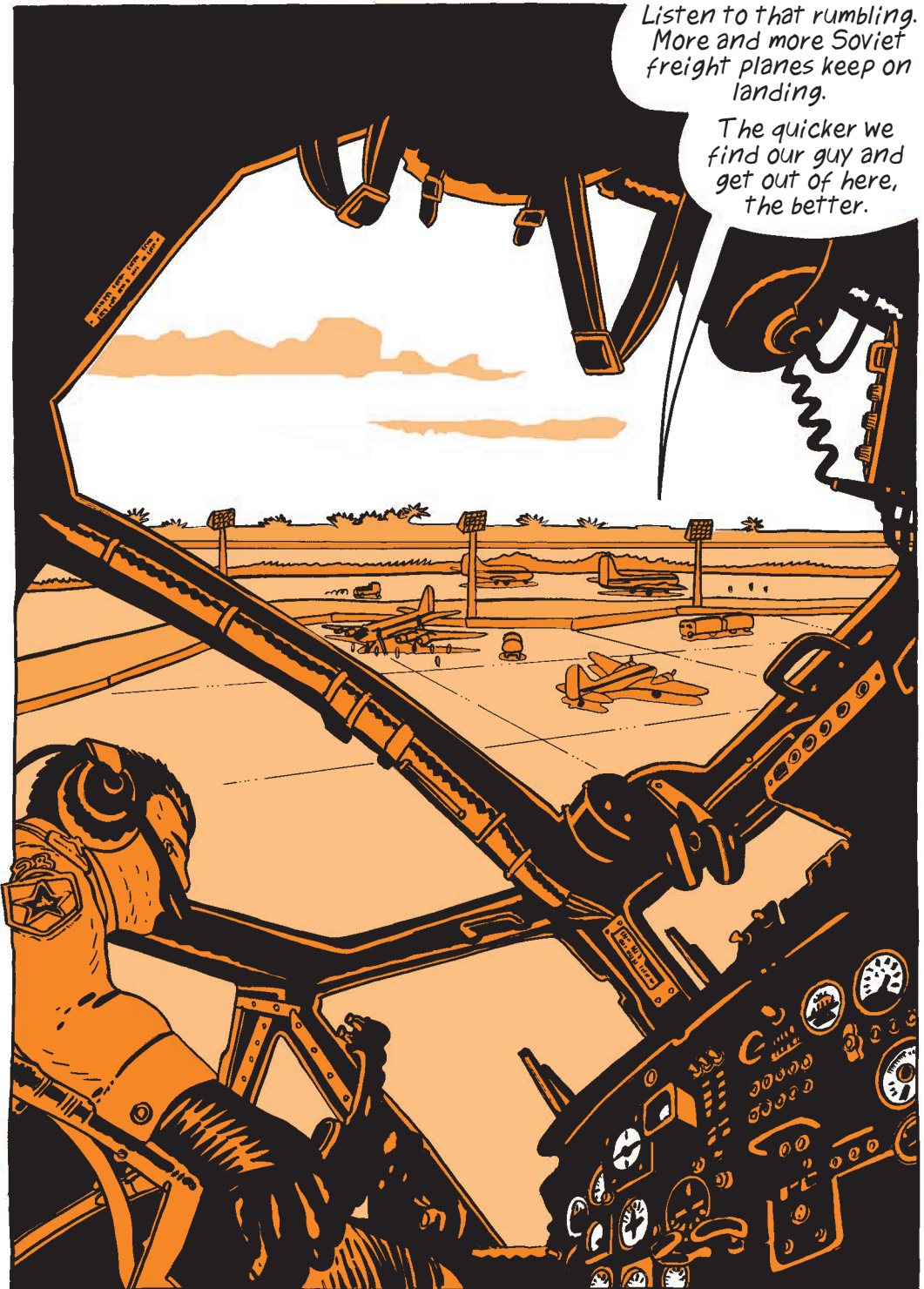
We'll be leaving unarmed in  
the evening. In a way, Cuba is  
still at war and an "americano"  
with a handgun will end up  
in prison or in front of  
a firing squad.

That's ok for  
me.

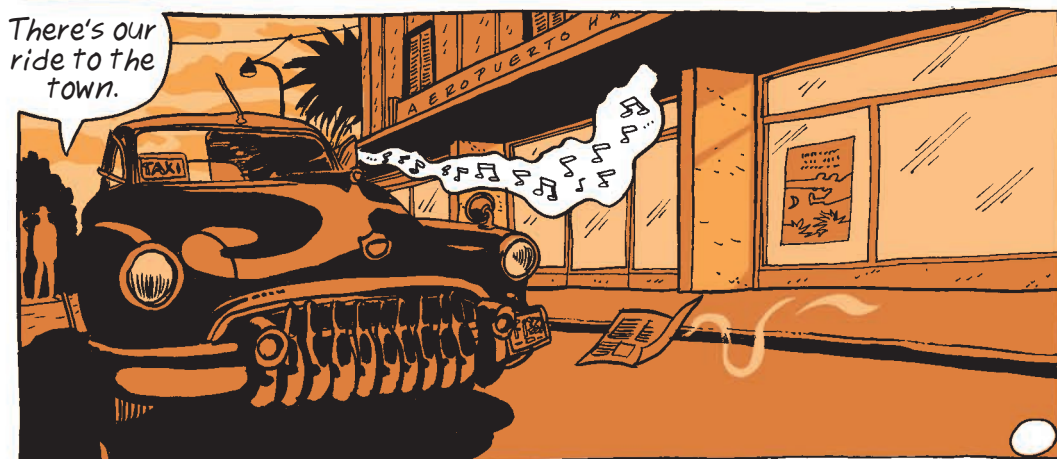
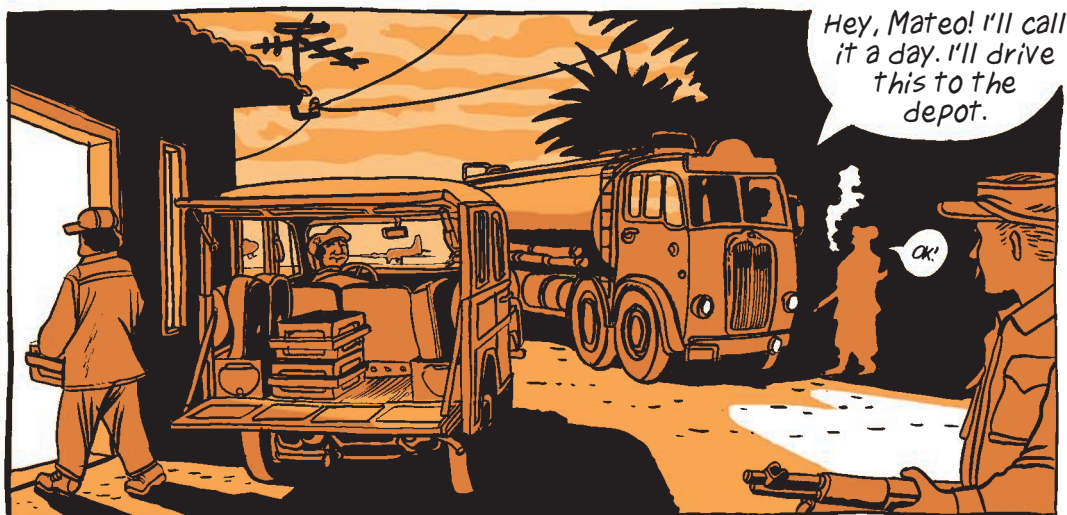


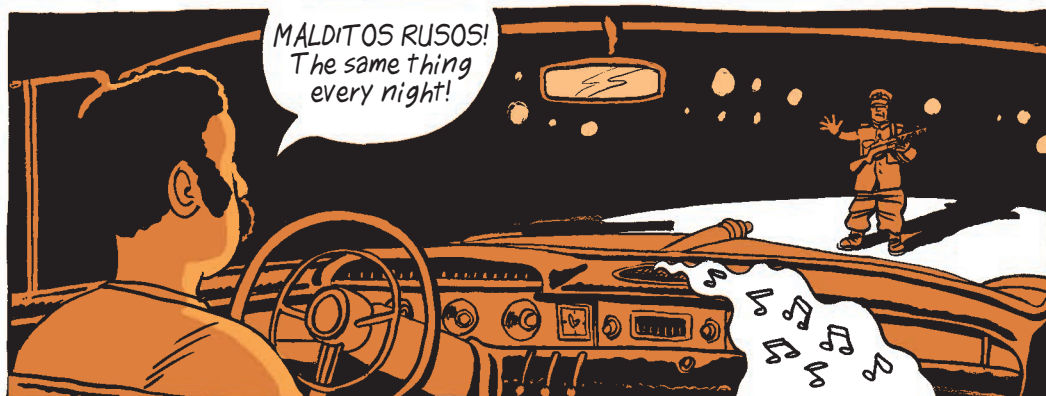
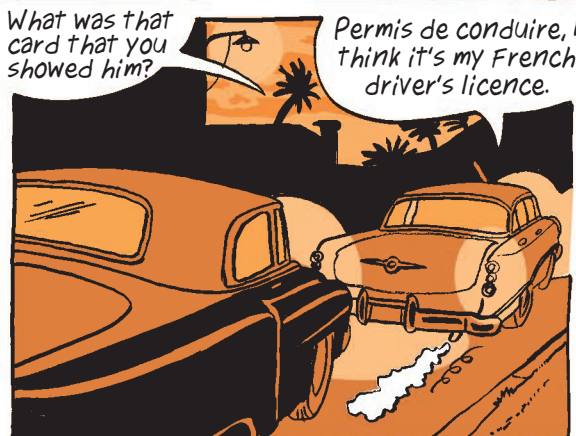
Listen to that rumbling.  
More and more Soviet  
freight planes keep on  
landing.

The quicker we  
find our guy and  
get out of here,  
the better.









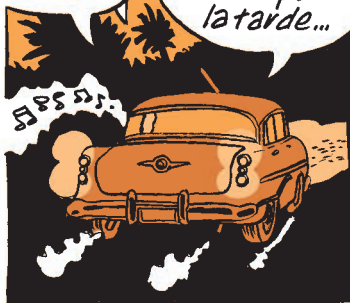


Bueno!

Russian military equipment and Russian soldiers. That's obvious to anyone.

So the rumours are true.

Esas cosas las hacen sólo por la noche, nunca por la tarde...



According to Carcia's letter, they know about Menendez in here. Let's go and ask them.





Which is no wonder.  
Under the new regime  
people do disappear.  
And at times, some  
come back.



Would anyone  
else here  
know?



I wouldn't ask  
too many questions.  
Many here support  
the new regime.

And what  
about you?



I'm a bar  
manager, not  
a politician.

Ordinary people keep their  
opinions to themselves.  
People party like they did  
before.



00-000-00  
**RUMBA!**  
00-000-00 RUMBA!



Everything in Cuba happens  
under the watchful eye of  
the Revolutionary Guard.



There are  
no rules. Anybody  
can be arrested.



AL  
**CHA-CHA-CHA!**



Ladies and gentlemen, our great friend, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics has managed to send the first man into space!



Cosmonaut Gagarin landed successfully a few hours ago!



In technical achievements, the Soviet Union beats the US imperialists. Compañeros, we are on the right track! A toast to Fidel and our comrades in the East.



Is socialist vodka  
not good enough for  
you foreigners...  
What...



...for you spies of  
the capitalists?



Out of  
my way!



COMRADES,  
HELP!



They're  
gone!

Qué  
rápidos, son  
profesionales.

Don't worry,  
spies always  
get caught.