

underlying problem is religious extremism, fueled by sectarian clashes between Pakistan's majority Sunni and minority Shiite Muslims. Often, he said, the extremism is encouraged in religious schools, which receive millions of dollars a year in state funding and are prime feeders for militant Islamic organizations.

Sheikh, the Foreign Ministry's highest-ranking civil servant, said Prime Minister Benazir Bhutto has proposed registering the schools as one way to moderate them.

India has long charged that Pakistan is involved in "state terrorism" by arming, training and funding Muslim insurgents waging a brutal civil war in Kashmir.

In 1993, the United States warned Pakistan that unless it stopped supporting Kashmir insurgents, the country would be put on the U.S. list of terrorist states. Since then, say U.S. officials, Pakistan has significantly reduced its role in the conflict.

Last month, during a state visit by Bhutto to the Philippines, President Fidel Ramos protested that Pakistanis were fighting alongside Muslim extremists battling for autonomy against his government. Russia has charged Pakistanis are aiding the separatist battle in Chechnya.

Following complaints by moderate Arab governments in Egypt, Algeria and Jordan that Pakistanis were involved in extremist movements in their countries, Pakistan asked Afghan aid groups—many were really fronts for militant organizations—to leave. That forced some groups underground and pushed others into Afghanistan.

"They have a right to protest, but we have our duties to perform as Muslims," said Tariq Cheema, 26, a member of the radical Markaz Dawatul Arshad organization, which aims to establish "the rule of God" throughout the world. While conducting street-corner recruiting in Karachi, Cheema passed out a list of names and addresses of 56 Markaz members killed last year during fighting against government troops in Tajikistan, the Philippines, Bosnia and Kashmir.

Since the end of the Afghan war in 1989, Pakistani officials estimate at least 10,000 Islamic militants have been trained by various groups in the Pakistan-Afghanistan border areas.

"Arabs run exclusive training camps for the recruits of Middle Eastern origin," a leading member of Harkat claimed, adding the instructors are Sudanese, Egyptian and Libyan veterans of the Afghan war. "We only go to those camps for advanced military training that involves operating anti-aircraft guns and tanks" and laying land mines, he said.

Funding often comes from Muslims who think moderate Arab governments are becoming too Westernized.

"Funding for our organization largely comes from Saudi Arabia, where several philanthropists are not happy with the way the country is governed by the ruling family," said a Markaz activist. A Harkat official said his organization's largest donor is a group of Muslim merchants from India who now live in England.

#### THE REVOLUTION AND ITS CHILDREN

**HON. LINCOLN DIAZ-BALART**

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Friday, March 10, 1995*

Mr. DIAZ-BALART. Mr. Speaker, I ask that the following article by Ivan Arellanes be included in the RECORD. I believe that "The Revolution and Its Children" provides a worth-

while insight into problems that unfortunately many have chosen to ignore.

#### THE REVOLUTION AND ITS CHILDREN (By Ivan Arellanes)

One of the most disquieting aspects of my recent trip to Cuba was learning about how young people my age live. Despite living in a country where most information concerning the West, and particularly the U.S., is censored, they are aware and even have some contact with the "materialist, capitalist, imperialist" culture, as Fidel Castro might categorize it. I wanted to meet those young people who, although they were children of the Cuban Revolution and had been indoctrinated from childhood, had many of the same concerns, interests and ideas that I or any other young person might have.

I arrived in Cuba with this in mind, and my first impression was disappointing: children and young adults were asking for money, food, candy, pencils or any item we tourists might want to give them, as we got off the bus that had brought us from the airport to the hotel. I wasn't surprised to see beggars, since this is not an occurrence unique to Cuba, but rather by the fact that there were so many everywhere.

Next I encountered the much-reported phenomenon of prostitution. Without going into too much detail, let me just say that I saw a sea of men, women and children selling themselves to the highest bidder. The only way I can describe what I saw is to call Havana an enormous brothel.

My first night in Havana, I was lucky enough to meet a group of five young people between twenty-four and twenty-eight years old. I spoke at length with two of them, Ronie and Ernesto. One of the main topics of conversation was entertainment. What did they do for fun? (I met them sitting next to the hotel.) They answered, "This is what we do, sit here and watch people go by." They also like to bring some rum to a friend's house and dance to salsa music all night. But since the start of the daily blackouts, twelve hours long in some cases, it is no longer possible to have such parties. There is also nowhere to buy the very expensive alcoholic beverages unless you have dollars.

Both, Ronie and Ernesto are professionals; one is a biologist at a hospital. Though head of his shift at the time, he was just "hanging out" because there was no light and no supplies to help the sick.

Both laughed when I asked them where there might be a restaurant, not for tourists, but where one could find only Cubans. One asked, "Why do you want to eat with Cubans? Why don't you eat in this nice hotel that has everything, where we aren't allowed to enter?" They were surprised that I hadn't come, like other tourists, for sex.

They told me openly of their resentment, disillusionment and hatred of the revolution, which according to them lied about its supposed achievements. Later on I realized that in order to enjoy a better life than most Cubans (they earn the equivalent of \$6 a month) they hooked up with tourists who would take them to discos, dinner, hotels, and who would buy them clothing in exchange for certain favors.

On my second day in Havana, I talked at length with a couple who were thirty-three and twenty-nine, respectively. They have a daughter who suffers from acute anemia owing to the lack of food. The husband works at the University of Havana and earns the equivalent of \$5 a month, while his wife stays at home. They excused themselves for not offering me anything to eat or drink, because the only thing in their refrigerator was water and some old rice. She told me that sometimes days, even weeks go by when they eat only sugar water, so that they could

give their daughter what little food they had.

We talked politics. Checking often to make sure the neighbors couldn't hear, they told me openly of their opinions on the Castro regime and the desperate living conditions in Cuba. I asked them to consider the extreme poverty, injustice and corruption in other countries, such as Haiti, and then asked them whether they would rather live in Cuba or Haiti. In a few words they summed up their disillusionment with the Castro regime: "Let me put it to you this way. We would rather live in the worst country on earth, anywhere but Cuba." During our conversation we listened to music by their favorite artists: Willy Chirino, Gloria Estefan and Jon Secada.

I would also talk to another person who practically broke my heart. His name is Yojiro, a thirteen-year-old boy who came up to me on the street and began to walk with me. He told me that his classmates were doing agricultural work, and that he hadn't been able to go because he had injured his foot. He also told me his favorite music was rap and Michael Jackson. When I asked him if he had ever seen Fidel Castro, he told me that Castro never got close to the "common" people and could only be seen from a distance. As with all the young people I had met previously, his major interest was in knowing what the United States was like, what we did for fun, what we thought of Cuba. Nevertheless, what most endeared him to me was that he would not accept any gifts from me. He just wanted to talk, to be treated like an equal and not a beggar, to go into a restaurant with me and sit at a table without having the waiters bother him, in short, to feel like a human being.

When I returned from my trip to Cuba, friends and relatives asked me if I had liked it, if I had enjoyed myself. I answered that it had been the worst vacation I had ever had, that I hated Cuba—not the country and certainly not the people—but the injustice forced upon them by the dictatorship they live under.

#### TRIBUTE TO ANDREW T. HOSPODOR

**HON. FRANK PALLONE, JR.**

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Friday, March 10, 1995*

Mr. PALLONE. Mr. Speaker, I wish to pay tribute today to a very special man, my father-in-law, Andrew T. Hospodor, who passed away on March 7. He was 58 years of age. He had been suffering from a brain tumor for the past 6 months. For me and Sarah, my wife and his loving daughter, the loss of Mr. Hospodor will leave a terrible void—one which we will try to fill with our many fond memories.

Mr. Speaker, my father-in-law was a lifelong Republican and ideologically a rather conservative Republican. He loved to talk politics, looked forward to the Republican takeover in Congress, and hoped that the GOP's Contract With America would be quickly implemented. Needless to say, we often disagreed. However, he shared with me an abiding optimism in the American democratic process. No one was more convinced than Andy Hospodor that America works, that equal opportunity was best achieved in the United States, and that our country would ultimately overcome racial, ethnic, and religious differences to achieve a truly classless society.