
The Diabolical Circus

By: Enrique Ubieta Gómez / Special for CubaSí

20/10/2025



It is a diabolical circus, an anti-circus. The world has turned into a gigantic anti-circus. The clowns no longer try to make people laugh—although at times their lies are so ridiculous that they sound like bad jokes. The children do not laugh; they die. I refer to those in the upper stands, to those standing in the aisles because they found no seats. The magicians create *false positives*, make evidence of horrendous crimes disappear—and sometimes people as well. The jugglers play with words, twist adjectives at will, and hurl insults, threats, and curses like “*beautiful*” flaming torches that return to their expert hands. The illusionists make us see and believe in what does not exist, and succeed in making us doubt what we truly see. But they cannot deceive everyone all the time. Outrage grows. Then the anti-circus of the powerful represses the defiant—those who demand an end to the Holocaust in Palestine, the halting of weapons deliveries to Ukrainian fascists, the withdrawal of warships from the Caribbean, or the cessation of tariffs, blockades, and unilateral sanctions.

I favor the most reasonable explanation: they are cynical beings who lie out of convenience (sometimes even knowing that few believe them). They have reached the conviction that the use of force—when they are stronger—is as legitimate for imposing interests as are the fangs and claws of a tiger in the jungle. The fascist ideology that drives them represents very concrete interests, though at times it may seem to act independently, acquiring value on its own. Class interests are sometimes confused, yes, with personal ones. I will not fall into the trap of objecting to a Nobel Prize that no longer exists, that has usurped its former name and prestige to become a cynical instrument of geopolitical interests. I ask forgiveness and permission from the men and women who once received it deservedly—the exceptions make the rule, or perhaps help to shape it.

That peace is a political matter is beyond doubt. The prize, therefore, is as well. But we already know that politics is not an aseptic exercise: if politicians and the press lie knowingly, then the prizes, distinctions, and embraces they bestow will go to the most credulous or submissive. I say that interests become confused and personalized because the egotistical arrogance of Trump led him to imagine himself prematurely on the stage of the Swedish Academy—regardless of his support for war, his contempt for the lives of others, whether they be Palestinians, Cubans, Venezuelans, or his own compatriots. The award was received by his most submissive actress: María Corina Machado, perhaps as a media prelude to a military aggression against Venezuela—one she herself has

requested. However, the anti-circus always keeps a surprise in store:

"The White House on Friday criticized the Nobel Committee for 'playing politics' with its prestigious Peace Prize, after President Donald Trump had mounted a strong campaign to obtain the award, which was ultimately granted to Venezuelan opposition leader María Corina Machado," reported *El Nuevo Herald*.

Trump wanted to equal Obama—who also invaded countries and harassed Venezuela. They will give it to him eventually; in this anti-circus, anything is possible. María Corina, faithful to the *Voice of Her Master*, dedicated the prize to him, delighted that Trump threatens her country's shores with warships and fighter planes. Because the awarding of the prize conceals a very dangerous fact—it legitimizes the imminent armed intervention of the U.S. military in Venezuela, in Our America. A Peace Prize to legitimize war. It would not be the first time. But Trump does not understand that the times have changed. Whoever attacks Venezuela today attacks all Latin Americans—whether or not their governments support it.

For all this, there is another explanation—one that does not tread the paths of Reason. If Trump, accustomed to believing that his money and power can achieve anything, has reached the point of believing his own lies, we move to another level of analysis, for we are dealing with a mentally ill person. Whether his diagnosis is cynicism or madness—in both cases morality disappears as a regulator of behavior—humanity is in danger. Are the Nobel jurors cynical or insane? Are the leaders of the European Union, who until yesterday supported Zionist genocide and arm Zelensky, mad or cynical? We are living in the final years of an era, and Western imperialism no longer produces statesmen but rather anti-clowns—cynical or mad (Trump and his epigones Bolsonaro or Milei, Guaidó or María Corina)—as a last, desperate means of survival, while the belief takes root that the left must be reasonable, discreet, moderate. The passivity of some peoples is alarming when the bells toll for all. Nero has returned—with nuclear weapons.

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