



The possible and the impossible

There have been times in which it was sought to conquer the impossible. Now these are the years to think about the possible. Because not even the possible finds a way to open its own path. Such is the density of the wall that is the inheritance of the impossible: closed boundaries from which almost all are excluded and only one law prays: that of voluntary and involuntary servitude.

There are Cubas in many places: on the inside and on the outside, in Havana and in Miami, in bunkers and in dispersion, in little and intransigent cenacles and in large groups, in the ideological storm clouds of “isms” and in the heart of those wandering throughout the world with the deep blue imprinted in their memories.

Of all these Cubas, is it possible to make or imagine a possible island? Possible in two senses: in the real sense, that can be actualized, and in the symbolic sense, where everyone can find their place in it. Politically, this will be called the transitional or reconciliatory episode and will require much magnanimity, because only in this way can the wounds be healed that were left by so many years of totalitarianism, so many years of disagreement, so many years of a desire for revenge.

The transition that sooner or later will arrive will be, without doubt, difficult and exposed to disillusion. Because the possible always ends up being enemy to that which is dreamed.

But there is another perimeter to the possible: the symbolic, which is to say, the sketch of the terrain of common reference points. Is there, in this sense, a possible island? Between the Cubans on the inside and the Cubans in exile, beyond the leadership and the fierce threats of some of the tribal chiefs, are there cultural references that could come together to outline a mental space in which almost everyone can fit?

It is this terrain that “Cuba: the possible island” wants to explore, collating the different artistic realms and the different cultural discourses of one and another, of all those who, despite everything, are still alive, and trying to demonstrate that the possible is always much richer than the impossible. Because the impossible is the fantasy of a select few who want to impose upon everyone; while the possible is the common house, a place in which the real experiences of everyone can converge and amass: those who suffered but did not leave their country, those who live in exile with bitterness, those who continue believing in the impossible dreams, those who have already detached themselves almost completely, abandoning in some cases even the language, those who shout and those who fall silent, the critics and the believers. A possible island in which the only ones that are in excess are the assassins.

This is, therefore, a cultural exercise. It removes itself from the unsalvageable political trenches that divide not only pro-Castro from anti-Castro adherents, but that often increase the divisions among the very anti-Castro partisans. This is a cultural reflection on a horizon of reconciliation and restoral of democracy; therefore, unequivocally antidictatorial. It is an exercise in the recuperation of the word, that permits speaking to one another, including those who had withdrawn their word. Because through speaking, people understand one another, and the roads, once abruptly obstructed, can be reconstructed.