
OPINION: The Future Will Not End

By: Enrique Ubieta Gómez / Special for CubaSi
05/06/2025



I had the opportunity to visit several cities in Germany briefly and intermittently starting in 2010. I wrote some reflections on my blog, later compiled in my book *Cuba: Revolution or Reform?* (Editorial Abril, 2012 / Ocean Sur, 2018). I walked through Berlin, a city that at the time resembled a museum of anti-communism, with its fragments of the Wall, reconstructed "watchtowers," deliberate signage, and stalls selling medals, epaulets, caps, and symbols of the defeated socialism. What struck me most was seeing a tattered, faded Soviet flag exposed to the elements on a building wall, accompanied by an unlikely claim: *"The last flag to fly over the Kremlin."* Nearby—likely a replica—was a bronze plaque of Leonid Brezhnev, former General Secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, which should have been on the house where he lived in Russia. These were symbolic (medieval) war trophies.

I revisited those notes after reading *Where the Future Ends* (Editorial Ácana, Camagüey, 2024) by Jorge Enrique Jérez Belisario and Dania Díaz Socarrás. I met Jorgito in the second decade of this century when

he was still a journalism student. His activism on social media was driven by three evident virtues: willpower, intelligence, and commitment. The "magic" equation was completed by Dania, his partner in life and ideals. The book, which includes a substantial epilogue by Abel Prieto, carries a subtitle: *Lives That Changed After the Fall of the Berlin Wall*.

The narrative of capitalist restoration is especially vengeful. Its purpose is to overturn history, demolish any possible vindication of socialist utopia, and ensure that artificially enlarged black holes swallow the natural light of the socialist experiment, replacing it with a neon glow—bright and colorful but hollow. If capitalism excels at anything, it is substituting the essential with the superfluous, truth with shattered fragments of truth—those tiny, lethal shards more deceptive than lies.

Jorgito and Dania interviewed 16 East Germans whose lives were drastically altered by the Wall's fall—men and women who now confront the media's distortion of their past, who lost their peace, security, and the dreams that once inspired them. Some had participated in protests against the imperfect socialist state, hopeful about the West's promises, though materially, they lived better than we did. Others were teachers, journalists, or police officers. Among them is a Black German woman (as she prefers to identify herself), daughter of a German mother and an African father, and a gay man. Both occasionally faced discrimination from the "norm," but they had the protection of the socialist state. Now, they are alone, exposed to racist and homophobic groups. Now, they mourn what was lost.

This narrative did not begin with the Wall's fall—it preceded it, eroding our senses for years, inducing us to desire change, any change, just to escape imperial punishment. It confuses, accumulates exhaustion and doubt in the real world while showcasing the splendor of a staged set. It attacks, obstructs, blocks, and accuses the system of incapacity—but reaches its peak in the days of vengeance. The displaced capital's thirst for revenge is immense; it comes to satiate itself, to ensure it will never be uprooted again.

Against capitalism's flood of lights, constant and prolonged blackouts offer the desired spectacle. In my book, I quoted a passage from The

Trust, a novel by communist writer Anna Seghers, which provides an unusual "explanation" for the dazzlement West Berlin—free of blackouts—provoked in Easterners:

"Look, if you leave the station at night and immerse yourself in the city's lights, you'll see they're incomparable to the stars. Stars are just tiny dots, all the same color and very distant. But in that city, you see neon signs of every color. They flicker on and off—click, clack. And behind the shop windows, night and day, there are incredible things."

Thomas laughed, but Pumi remained serious:

"Only surrounded by so much light does one feel truly happy. And after looking closely, you think: 'Here, there's everything.'"

The crisis forces us to walk, hands tied, along the cliff's edge. Imperialism wants to push us. It does not use that verb. It says, *"We want to help you"* —to fall, of course. Provocateurs on payroll (and in safety) write manifestos from Miami and Madrid. They insult and threaten Cubans who "resist," despite life becoming difficult, anguished. In these days of Trumpist fervor, they persistently incite revolts, dreaming of an impossible war of people against people to justify intervention. The empire's representative on the Island tours the country rallying those already bought. They are few. As Johana Tablada, a MINREX official, notes, one must be *"cynical, ignorant, cowardly, or malicious"* not to recognize the link between Cuba's severe problems and the measures imperialism has imposed since 2019.

We will defend the Revolution to our last breath—and with it, national independence. Unlike East Germany, which was annexed by the West (both territories of the same nation), Cuba would be swallowed by U.S. imperialism. The Germans interviewed in this book warn us: *"Don't let them tell you socialism has failed,"* says Margitta Zellmer, for example. *"Of course, socialism wasn't perfect in the GDR or other socialist states; it was premature socialism. But it was undoubtedly better than what we have now. Capitalism is inhuman."* For those in doubt, I recommend reading these testimonies. In Cuba, the future will not end.

Translated by Sergio A. Paneque Díaz / CubaSí Translation Staff
