

# Havana The Courier



keeping with the times

Analysis, news, & opinions by Charlie Bravo

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## Celebration, what celebration?

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I have won't have a thing to celebrate the day they finally announce that Fidel Castro is knocking on the gates of Hell. No. I won't dance. I won't open a bottle of bubbly, because Cuba will still be under the grip of his system. Some people get it, and so many people don't. It's not the life or death of one "man", is a system. And the system will survive him for as long political interests -domestic and not- see it fit. I won't celebrate that Cuba is still in shambles, surviving under a hellish regime, and that a lot of thugs are going to be cutting the pie and eating the pieces, while at the same time they force a people to mourn a man they never loved. People who hate Castro more than they love Cuba or the Cuban people will finally get the day they have lived for. The family members of Castro's victims will not go to bed knowing that justice was served to the tormentor of their brothers, sisters, husbands, mothers, wives or sons and daughters. No, he would have died under sedation surrounded by blood and excrements, as a fitting monument to himself and his oeuvre, built with those two elements, which are the signature of his brutish rule over Cuba. The people of Cuba will go to bed as hungry as they went the day before, and with an uncertain future in front of them, the same than the day before.

I haven't planned my life around the life or death of Castro. It makes absolutely no sense to do so. My life will continue and I will have the same worries, and one of them will stay particularly unchanged since Cuba will not free, just because the monster is not there anymore. The problem is not one man, it's the system. If it were a matter of only one man, the fact that 12 million Cubans have been his subjects, victims, and cannon fodder for 50 years would speak really badly about us.

There's nothing to celebrate, until Cuba is free. People are free do beat drums and dance if the

see it proper to celebrate the death of a tyrant, if they prefer so. I will celebrate freedom, I will celebrate the immediate liberation of the prisoners of conscience, the thousands of unsung heroes in Castro's dungeons, and I will celebrate that the devilish systems is finally destroyed. That's when I will celebrate, when one can welcome Cuba to the congress of free nations. I won't celebrate that Castro went to Hell without paying to his crimes or without standing in front of a tribunal to be tried for all the blood spilled during his terrorist campaign, his rule of tyranny, spilled by the rafters' last moments in the high seas, or his mercenary campaigns in Africa, Latin America, the Middle East and Asia. I won't celebrate that the children of the fusilados won't have at least the satisfaction that Castro was tried and punished, I won't celebrate that Castro's destruction of Cuba goes unpunished and I won't celebrate that the press will make a fake hero out of a very real villain.

Of course, whoever wants to get drunk and beat his conga drum and shake his butt in ecstasy is free to do so, surely abroad. Cubans in Cuba will be too scared to celebrate anything, and they will see the protagonist of their nightmares go away unpunished, while their empty dish is still on the table. I will celebrate the day Cubans can celebrate the end of communism and the rebirth of freedom. That day will be a day of celebration. One is free to think, and one is also free to be devoid of any thoughts. One is free to be mistaken too, and that's what happens when people mistake the death of Fidel Castro for the freedom of Cuba, when one thing doesn't necessarily takes you to the other. The day Castro dies is not going to be a different day at least not for the Cubans who mourn the destruction of their own lives every single day of their existence. I will celebrate when Cuba is finally free, not a second before. See you then.