

writer
INVERNA LOGIC
DEAN HAG

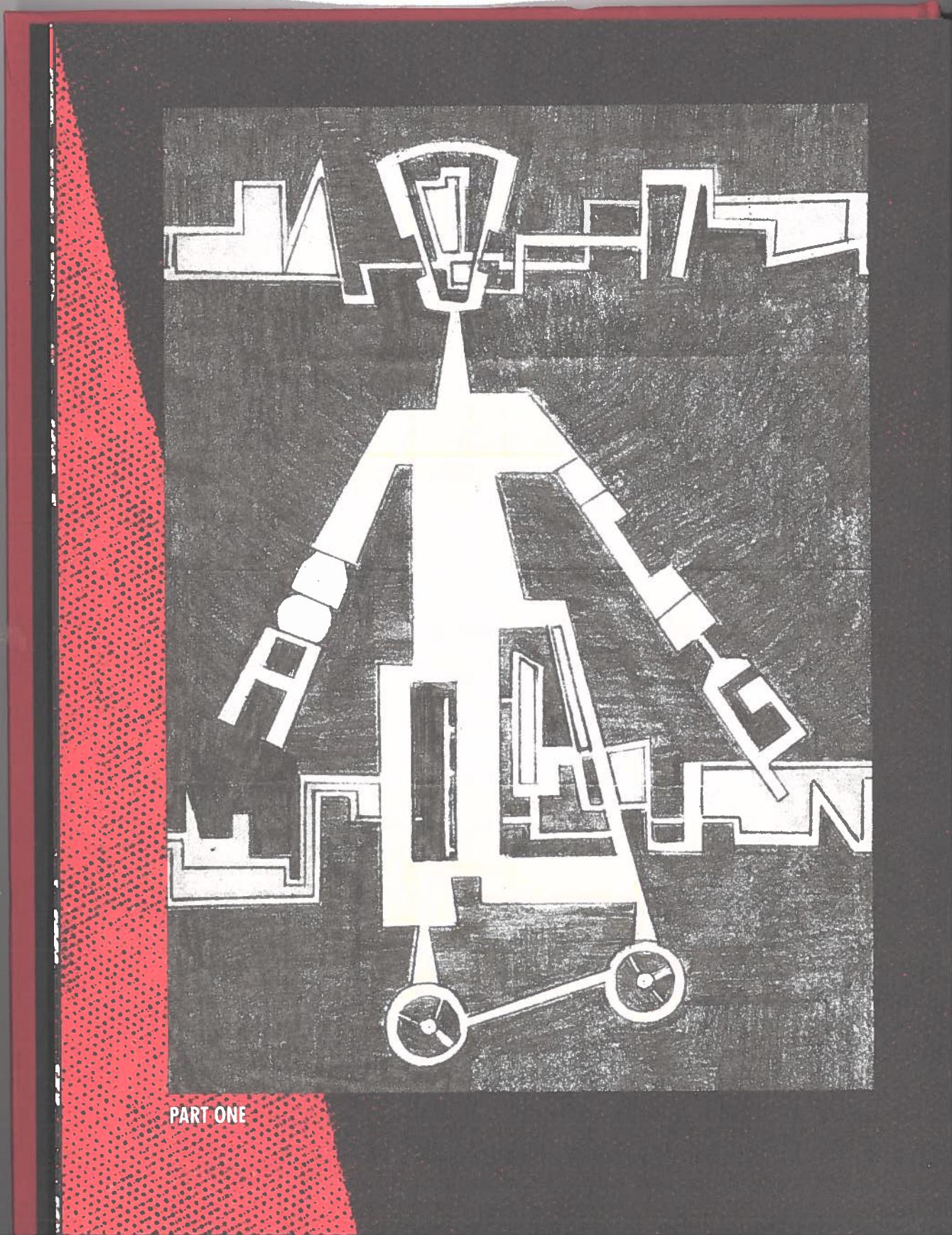
artist
JOSÉ VILLARRUBIA
writer PA

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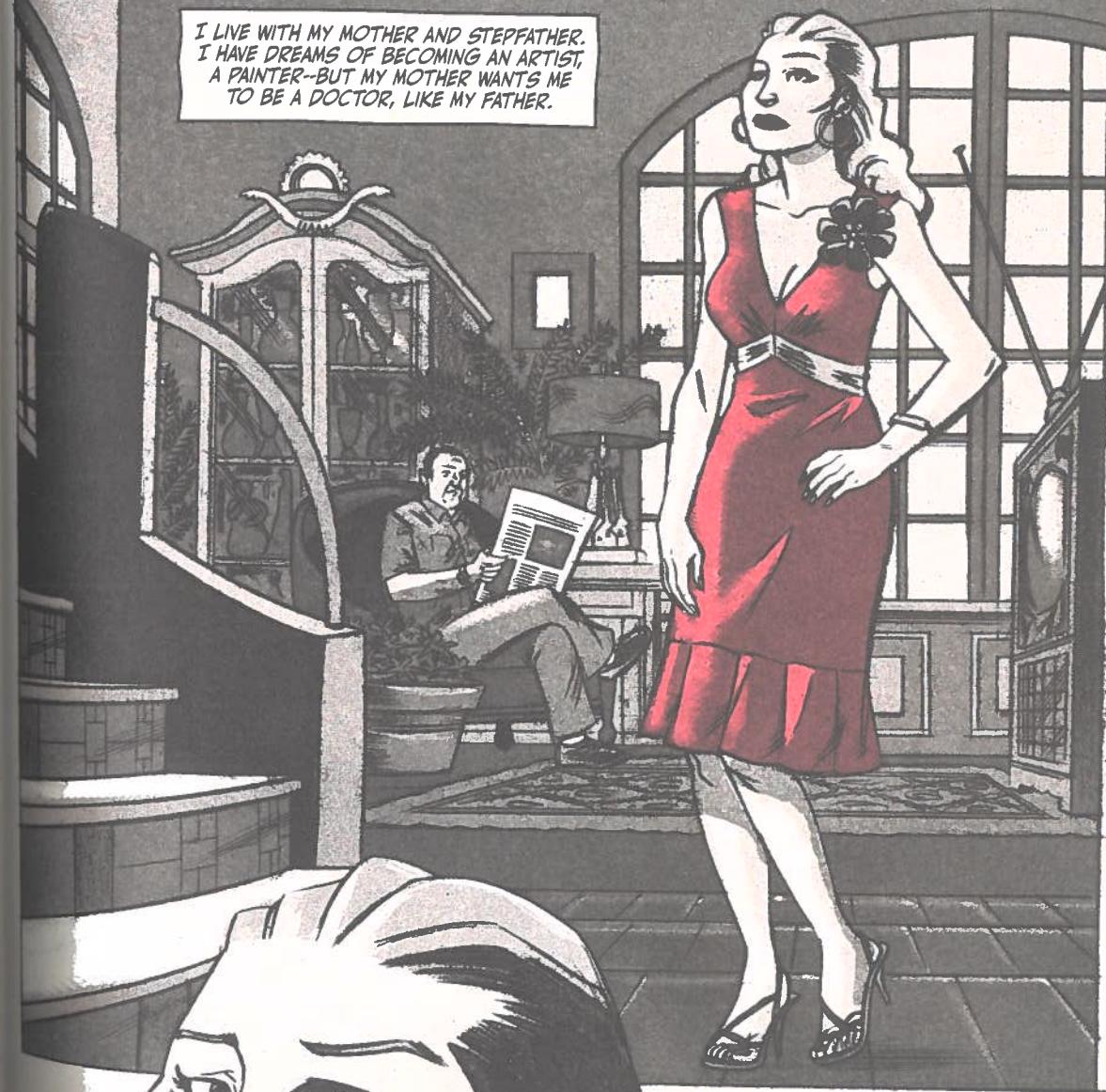


PART ONE

HAVANA, CUBA.
DECEMBER 31,
1958. 10:00 PM.

I'M SONYA. I'M 17 YEARS OLD. I SUPPORT FIDEL CASTRO, WHO IS STILL IN THE MOUNTAINS BUT SAID TO BE MARCHING ON HAVANA SOON.

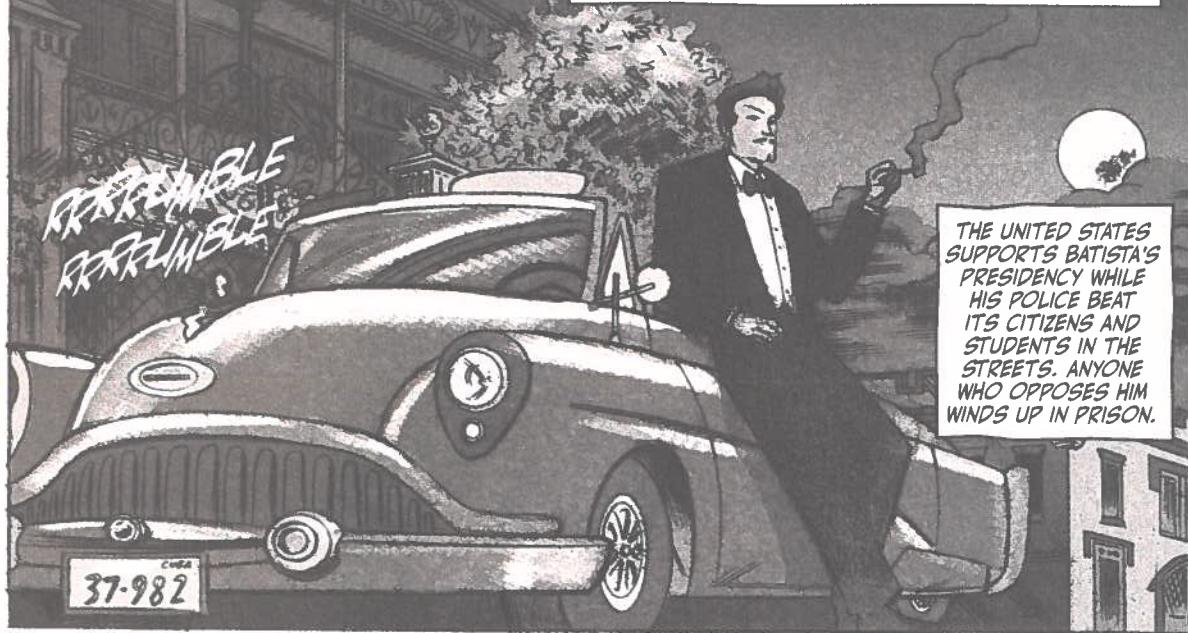
I LIVE WITH MY MOTHER AND STEPFATHER. I HAVE DREAMS OF BECOMING AN ARTIST, A PAINTER-BUT MY MOTHER WANTS ME TO BE A DOCTOR, LIKE MY FATHER.



Mamá,
please! Aren't
you ready
yet? Silvio is
waiting in
the car!

SILVIO IS MY STEPFATHER'S COUSIN. HE'S 35, AND HAS BEEN TRYING TO DATE ME FOR MONTHS. TONIGHT HE IS TAKING ME AND MY MOTHER OUT FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

OUR HOUSE IS NEAR THE COLUMBIA MILITARY BASE. FOR TWO DAYS WE HAVE BEEN HEARING THE ENGINES OF THE PRIVATE PLANES THAT BELONG TO OUR PRESIDENT-DICTATOR FULGENCIO BATISTA. THEY'VE BEEN RUNNING NONSTOP IN CASE HE NEEDS TO LEAVE IN A HURRY.



MY STEPFATHER JOSE, WHO NEVER LIKES TO GO OUT, IS STAYING HOME.

Listen to those planes. I won't be surprised if Batista leaves the country.

Our President will never leave the country. He's not a coward.

José, everyone is behind Fidel--Batista sold us out to the Americans, and our best hotels to the American mafia! People are disappearing and there are hundreds in prison. Don't you know that?

You think Fidel Castro looks like a Hollywood star. You're in love with the guerrilleros, like your mother!

You never take me seriously, José. Why do I even talk to you?

IF ONLY HE
KNEW...

MY HIGH SCHOOL SWEETHEART FLAVIO AND I USED TO SKIP CLASSES TO PUT REVOLUTIONARY PAMPHLETS IN THE MOVIE-HOUSES. WE DREAMED OF JOINING THE FIGHTERS IN THE MOUNTAINS, BUT HIS FAMILY FORCED HIM TO FLEE WITH THEM TO MIAMI.

*SIGN--WE WILL
BE FREE OR WE
WILL BE MARTYRS.

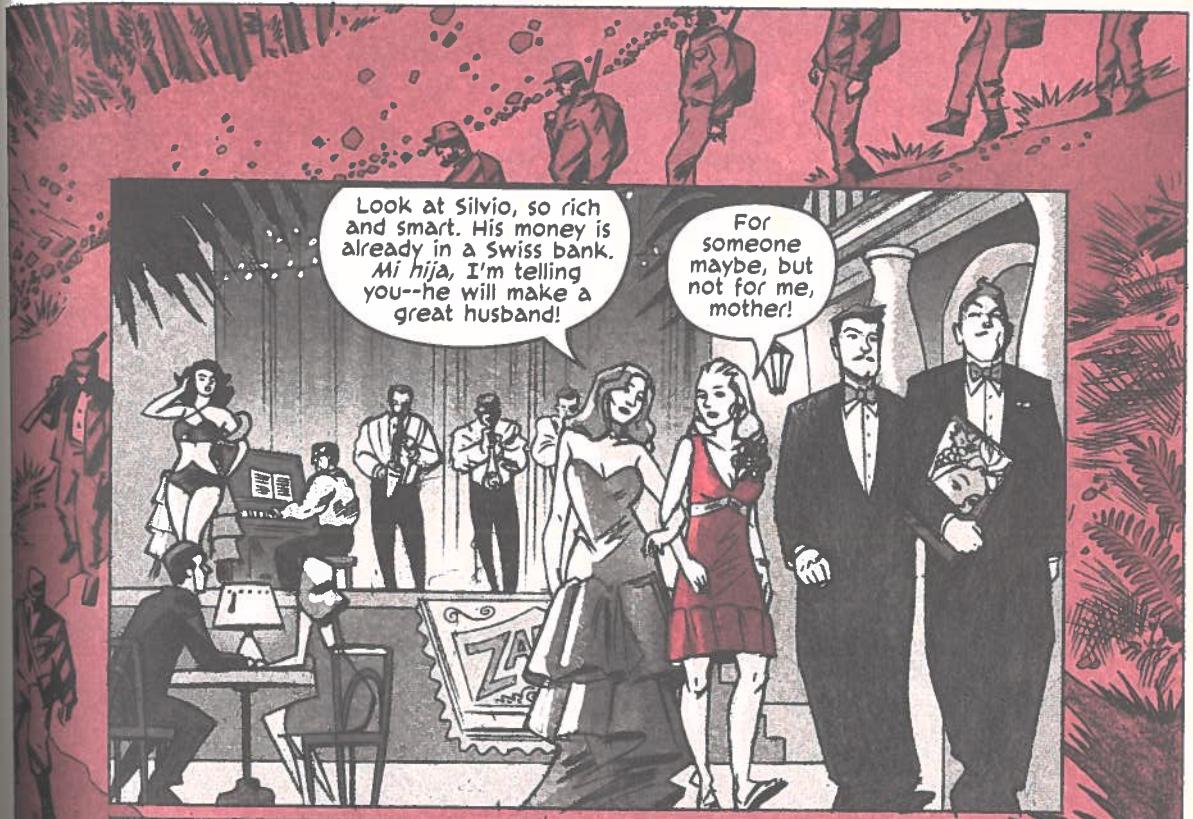
Mamá,
hurry up before
I change my
mind. You know
I can't stand
Silvio.

What
do you think,
Sonya? Gold
or silver?

Did
you hear
me, Mamá?
I really
don't want
to go...

Gold is
better.







AFTER EIGHT YEARS IN POWER, BATISTA FLEES THE ISLAND AT NIGHT WITH RELATIVES AND FRIENDS.

HIS REGIME OPENED HAVANA TO GAMBLING, LEGITIMIZED GANGSTERS, SUSPENDED THE CONSTITUTION, AND CENSORED THE MEDIA. HIS SECRET POLICE WERE FAMOUS FOR TORTURING AND KILLING HIS ADVERSARIES, PARTICULARLY THOSE WHO SYMPATHIZED WITH FIDEL CASTRO.

BUT NOW, ON JANUARY 8, 1959, HALF A MILLION PEOPLE ARE FILLING THE COLUMBIA MILITARY BASE TO HEAR FIDEL SPEAK.

Fidel! Fidel!
Fidel!

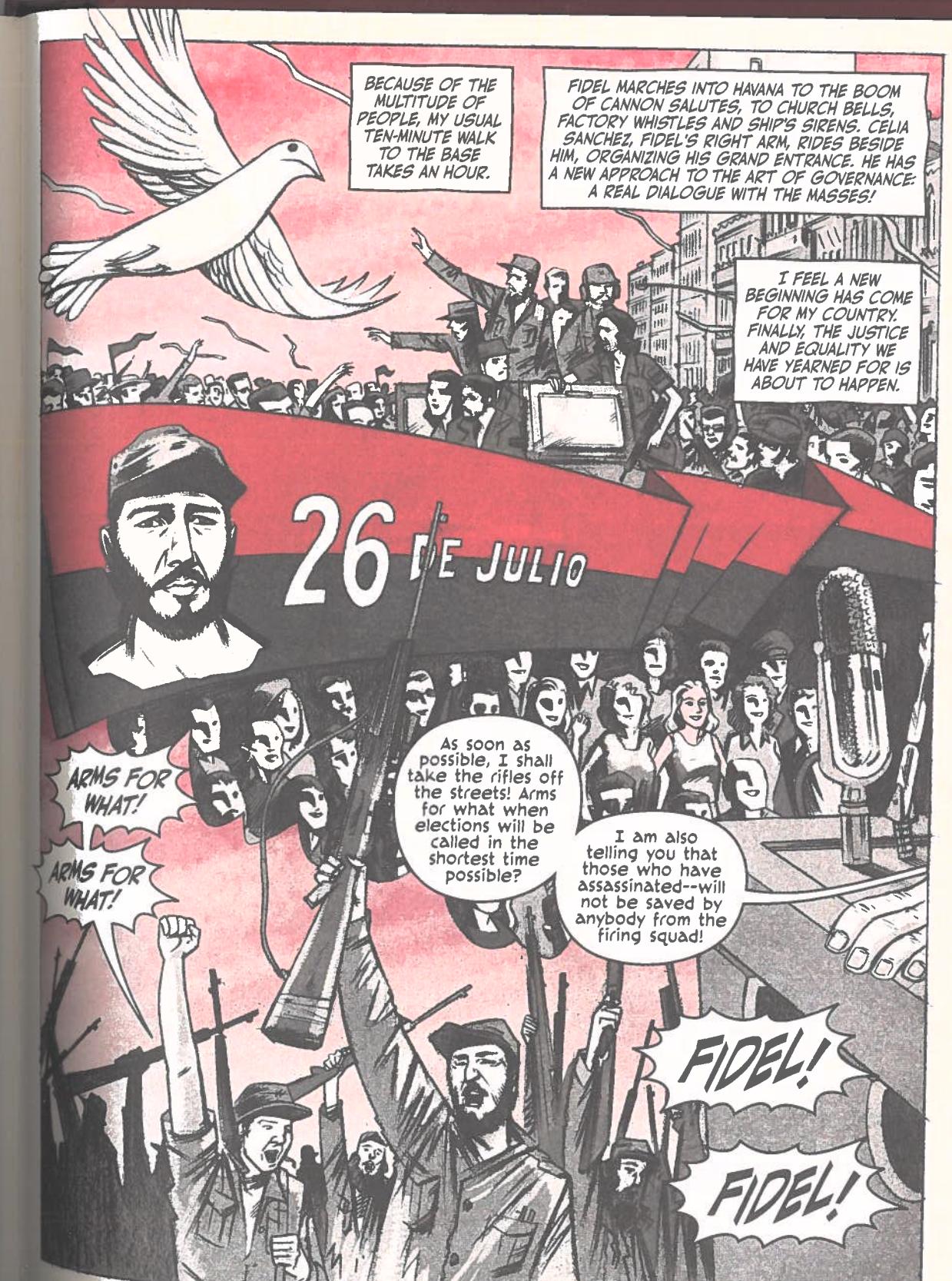
Dios mío,
Sonya...He's so
handsome in that
uniform!

Business is not good.
These barbudos* came into
my coffee shop today and
didn't pay for anything!

All
you do is
complain,
José!

*BEARDED SOLDIERS







Principles are above my other considerations--and we do not struggle because of ambitions. I believe we have demonstrated sufficiently that we have fought without ambitions. I believe no Cuban has the slightest doubt about it!

HE IS RIGHT. THE CROWD CAN FEEL IT. HE HAS NO PERSONAL ASPIRATIONS.

AS HE SPEAKS, DOVES ARE RELEASED BEHIND HIM.

IN THE AFRO-CUBAN SANTERIA RELIGION, THE WHITE DOVE REPRESENTS THE GOD OBATALA--A DIVINE KING WHO MOLDS HUMANS FROM CLAY IN HEAVEN.



SO, WHEN ONE LANDS ON HIS SHOULDER, THE CROWD IS ELECTRIFIED.

I'M DRAWN TO FIDEL'S BOLD AND DOMINATING FIGURE!

Oh my God, he's the chosen one! I'll serve as a physician--art can wait!

MONTHS LATER CASTRO HAS SET UP TRIBUNALS WHERE CRIMINALS OF THE BATISTA REGIME ARE TRIED AND EXECUTED IN FRONT OF PAREDONS-FIRING SQUADS. HE ANNOUNCES THAT REVOLUTIONARY JUSTICE IS NOT BASED ON LEGAL PRECEPTS, BUT ON MORAL CONVICTIONS.

THESE COURTS HAVE A CIRCUS-LIKE ATMOSPHERE, AND ARE TELEVISED.

If the Americans don't like what is happening in Cuba, they can land the Marines and then there will be two hundred thousand gringos dead!

These criminals and rapists deserve the pardon!

ЯБЛО БИКО-ОДЫ
ТОЛКО ЗАВОДА
ЮЖНАЯ
БАВАРИЯ

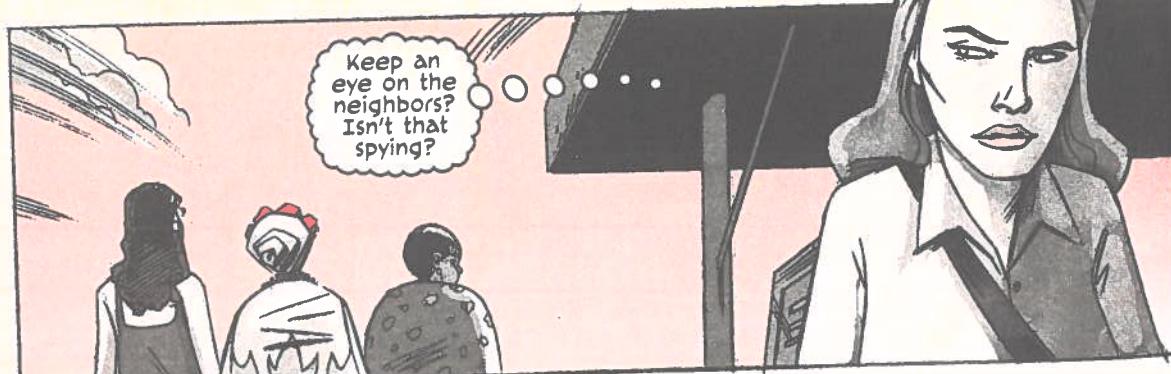
FUSILAMIENTOS

100 13
123 69
137 84
137 94
178 94
178 104
180 63
211 15
241 75
257 60
262 55
264 22
271 59
272 190
301 161
311 161
316 240

Pardon!
Pardon!
Pardon!

Pardon!
Pardon!
Pardon!

Our gas is being rationed, but the people aren't even protesting. This has never happened before. They want justice more than gasoline.



DECEMBER,
1960.

MY FATHER, SOLOMON
SMILOVITSKY, WAS
BORN IN MINSK.

AFTER LIVING IN PARIS AND
NEW YORK, HIS PHARMACEUTICAL
BUSINESS BROUGHT HIM TO
CUBA WHERE HE MET AND
MARRIED MY MOTHER. THEY
DIVORCED WHEN I WAS 10.

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO
BE LIKE HIM--STRONG
AND COMPASSIONATE.

Я УВИДУ
ВАС В АВЕ
НЕДЕЛЯ.*

СПАСИБО
ДОКТОР.*

You know
I keep my
patients' business
confidential.

Dr. Pérez Monet
called me about your
intention to become a
surgeon. What about
your desire to be
an artist?

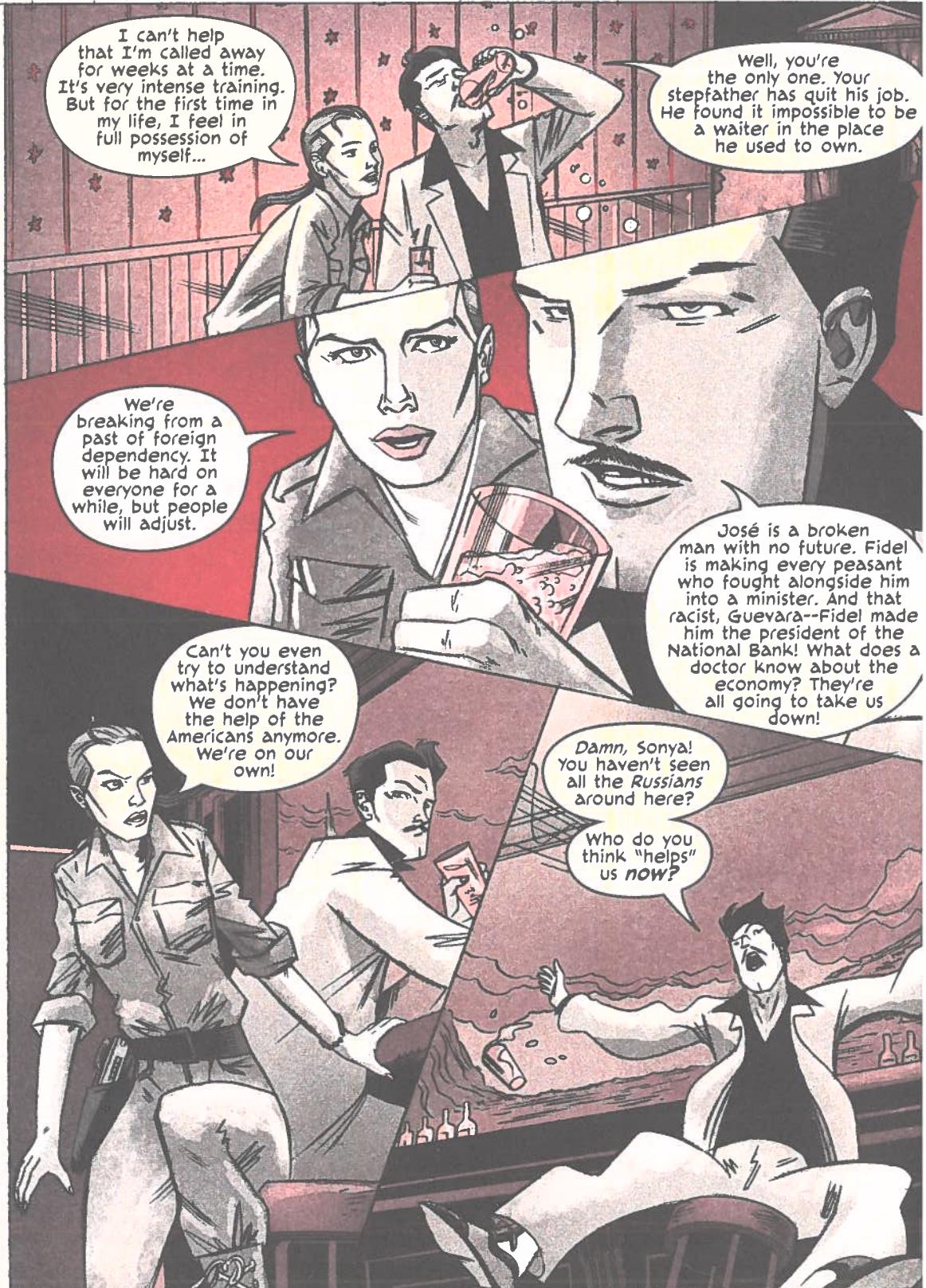
This is no time to be
selfish, Father. We're at the
beginning of a new era and I
want to serve the people. The
revolution needs surgeons
more than anything
else.

But look, I
brought some
drawings.

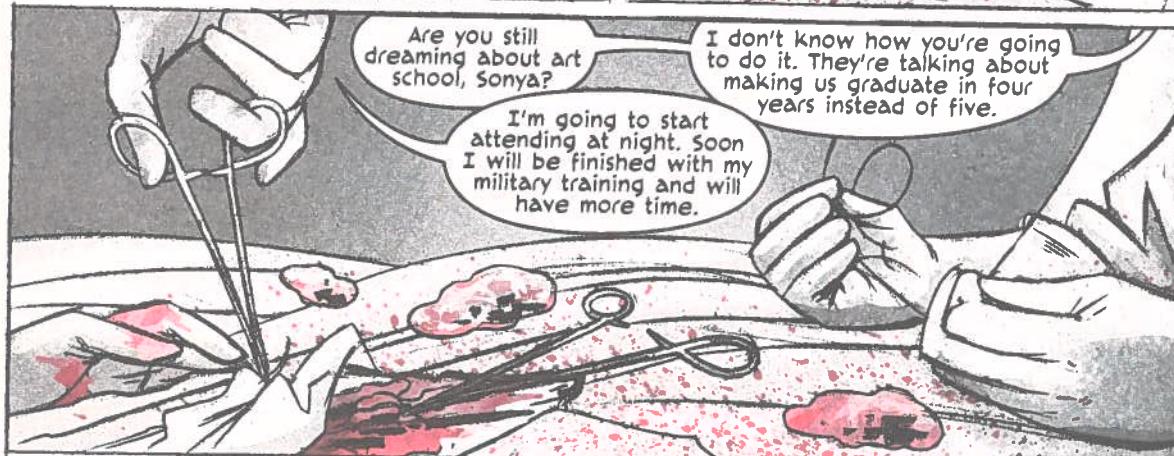
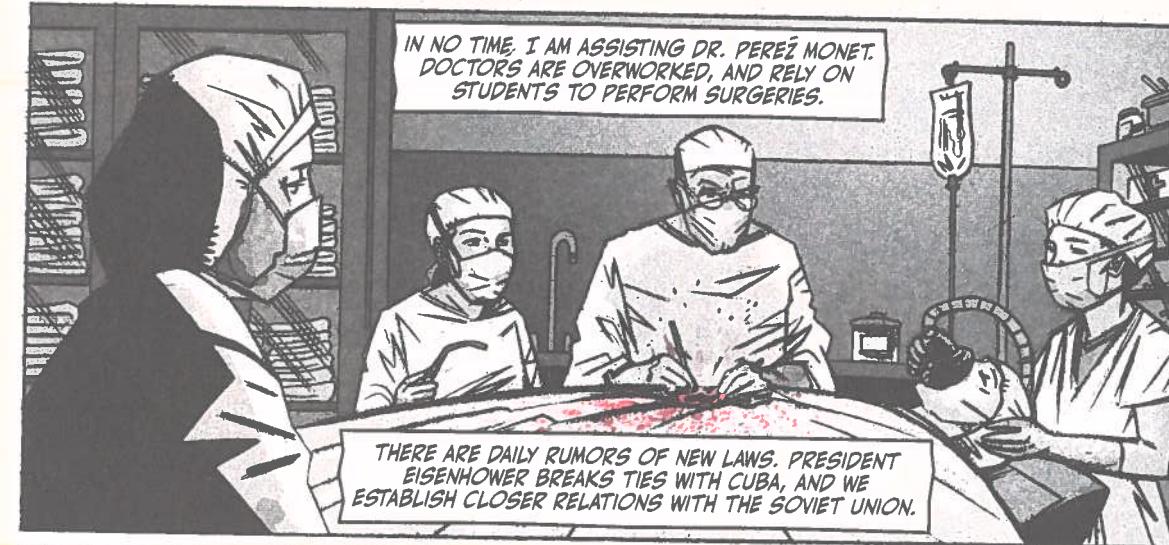
Wonderful. But
Sonya...are you
certain?















THERE'S SO MUCH WORK AT THE HOSPITAL THAT I'M RARELY HOME. BUT THIS EVENING, I'M SPENDING TIME WITH MY FAMILY.

Gertruda bit my big toe yesterday. I forgot to put her back in the well while we were having dinner.

Mamá, that tortoise is too big for a house. She should be in a zoo.

Please don't say that! I brought her from my mother's house when she was very little. I don't know what I'd do without her.

My mother isn't looking well...she's gaining so much weight. I wish I could be home more.

You look so thin, *mí hija*. I hope you'll stay home for a while now--I've so much to tell you.

The bishop's been told to leave the country. They're closing all the churches. How could Fidel do that? There's even a statue of Lenin at your old school, in place of the Virgin Mary!

Oh Mama, don't exaggerate...

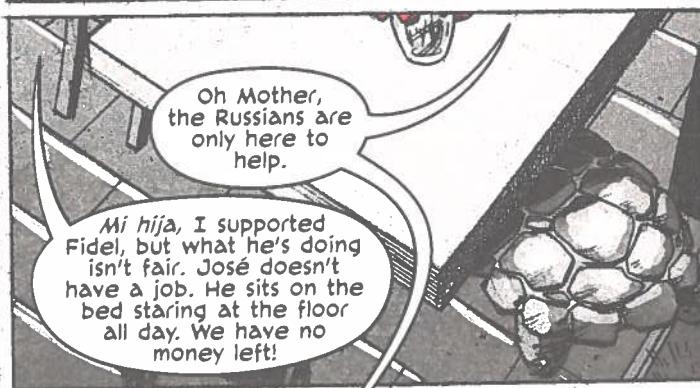
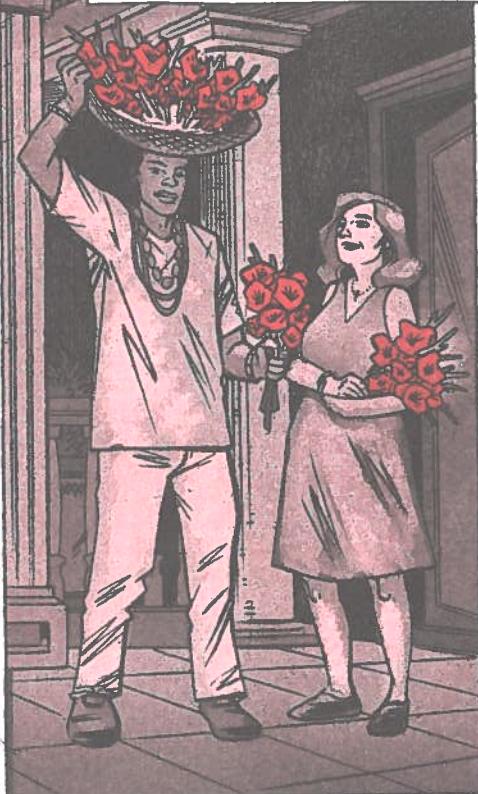
I see that you're still buying flowers from Willi.

You know I'd rather have flowers and gossip than food.

WILLI OWNS A FLOWER SHOP AT THE ENTRANCE OF HAVANA'S MAIN CEMETERY. DURING THE WEEK HE WALKS NEIGHBORHOODS, SELLING FLOWERS.

MY MOTHER HAS KNOWN HIM FOR YEARS. PEOPLE CRITICIZE HER FOR HER FRIENDLINESS TO BLACKS, BUT SHE HAS NEVER CARED ABOUT RACE.

He told me that his business at the cemetery is booming because of all the executions, and that the Russians don't like flowers...



THE SAN ALEJANDRO NATIONAL ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS WAS FOUNDED IN 1818, BUT THE NAME IS BRAND NEW. THE REVOLUTION CHANGED IT FROM "ACADEMY" TO "PEOPLE'S WORKSHOP."

BECAUSE SO MANY PROFESSORS HAVE LEFT THE COUNTRY, THERE ARE ONLY A FEW NIGHT CLASSES.

I CHOOSE "COMPOSITION."

FINALLY I AM GOING TO BE AN ARTIST--A PAINTER OF THE SEAS, OF THE EARTH, OF NIGHT AND DAY. I WANT TO LET MY FEELINGS RUN WILD. I AM SO HAPPY!



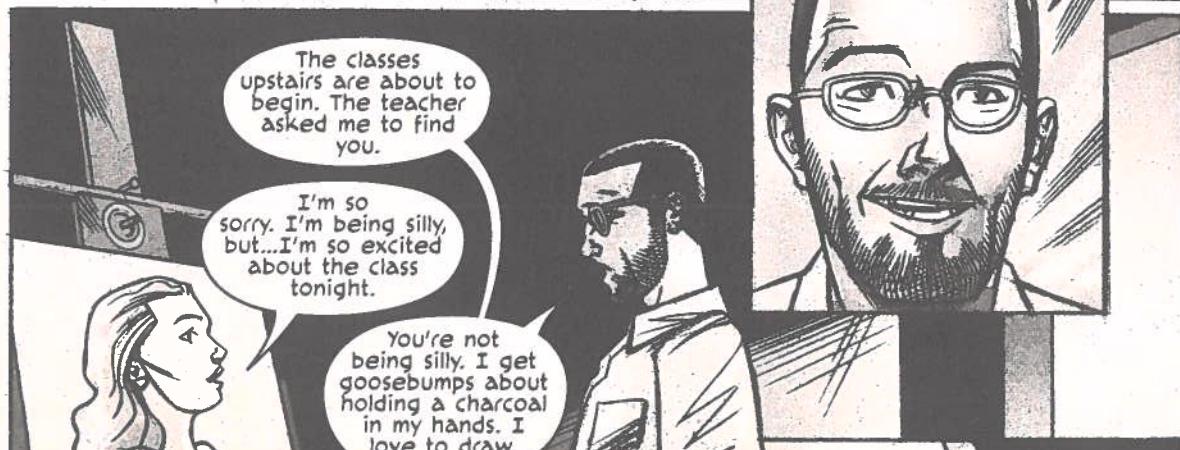
I'M WISHING FLAVIO COULD BE HERE NOW. I SEE HIM IN EVERY CANVAS.

THE LAST TIME I HEARD FROM HIM HE WAS ON HIS WAY SOMEWHERE, BOLIVIA MAYBE, I CAN'T REMEMBER--BUT I FEEL I'LL SEE HIM SOON...



Are you Sonya?

I didn't mean to frighten you.
I'm Carlos.



The classes upstairs are about to begin. The teacher asked me to find you.

I'm so sorry. I'm being silly, but...I'm so excited about the class tonight.

You're not being silly. I get goosebumps about holding a charcoal in my hands. I love to draw.

What's charcoal?



A soft black stick that you can draw with.

Let's go. The teacher's waiting for us.

A MONTH LATER...

They're very expressionistic. They remind me of Jawlensky, or even the Italian futurists.

You really think so, Father?

I'm even learning to draw figures, by staying longer at the morgue. At school we're only drawing still lifes.

You do have circles under your eyes...but you look so content. Art must liberate your soul.

I finished my military training, Father. The last day was so exciting...Fidel came to see us and praised our shooting accuracy.

Your grandfather taught me how to shoot. I was so young....

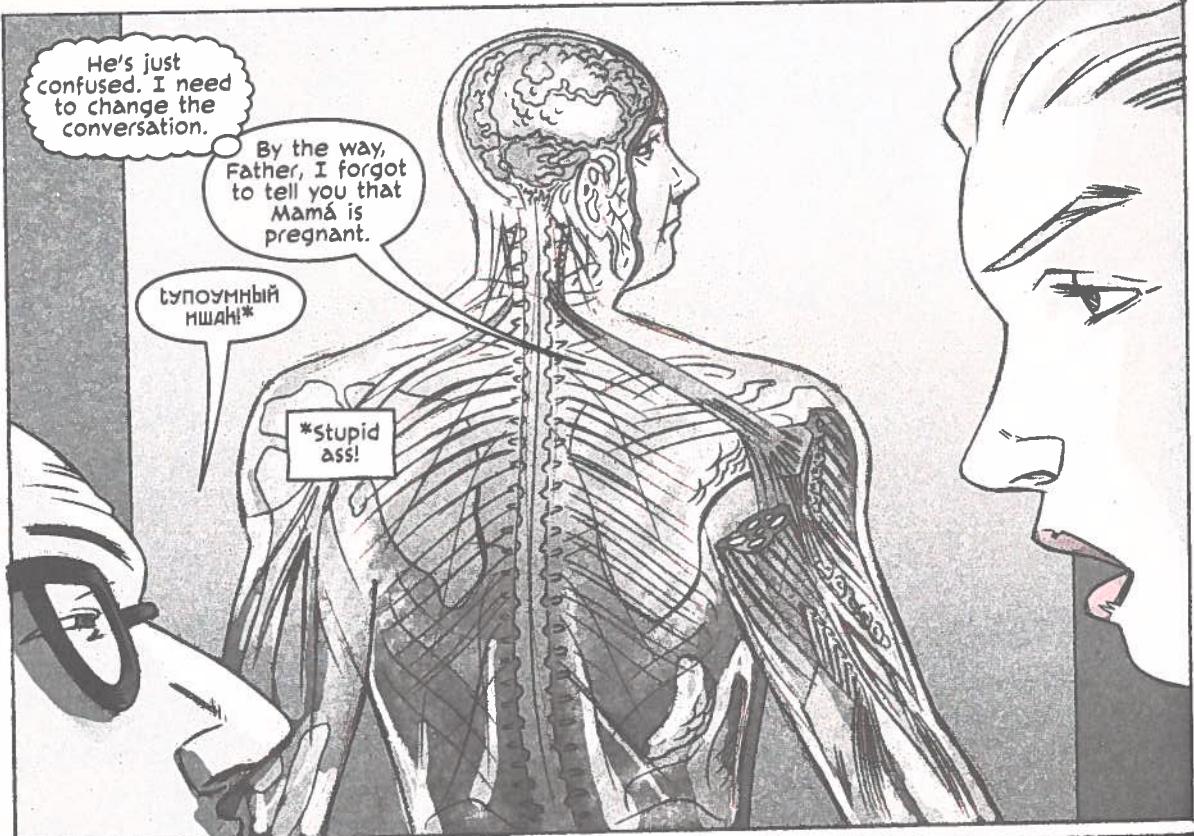
Россия была тогда другой страной.*

*Russia was a different country then.

But let's talk about now. Cuba is going to turn Communist, just like Russia did.

But Father, this is a socialist revolution.

Nonsense. Fidel's top-level power structure is made entirely of old-line Communists.



A MONTH LATER, I WORK WITH DR. PERÉZ MONET IN ONE OF THE FEW PRIVATE CLINICS STILL IN EXISTENCE. SOON, THE REVOLUTION WILL PAY FOR HEALTH CARE.

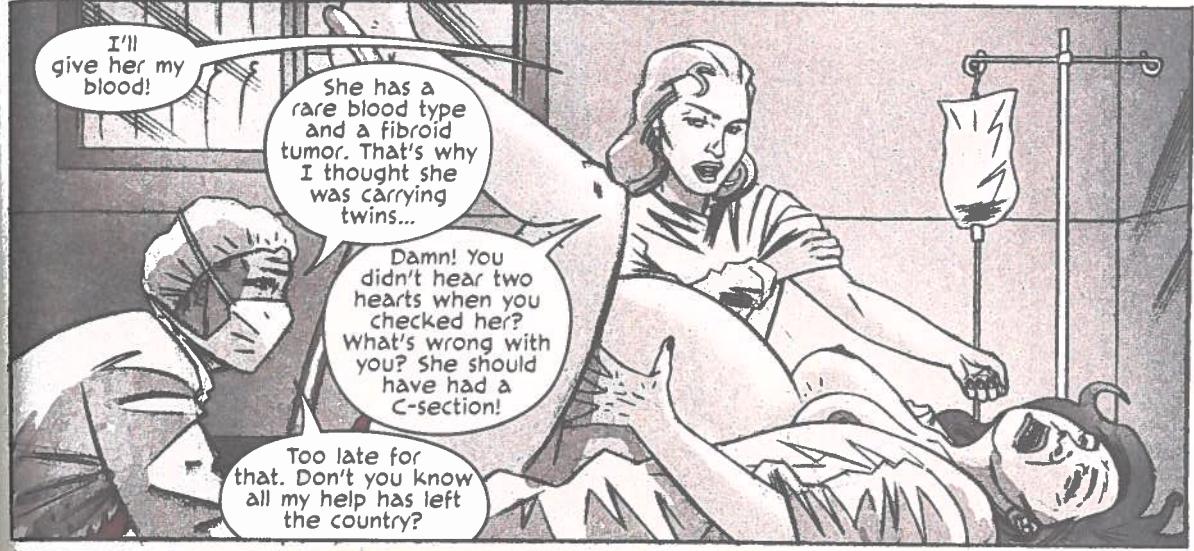
We're doing a gall bladder. The patient is very thin, so a small and high abdominal incision will do. I'm going to let you open this time.

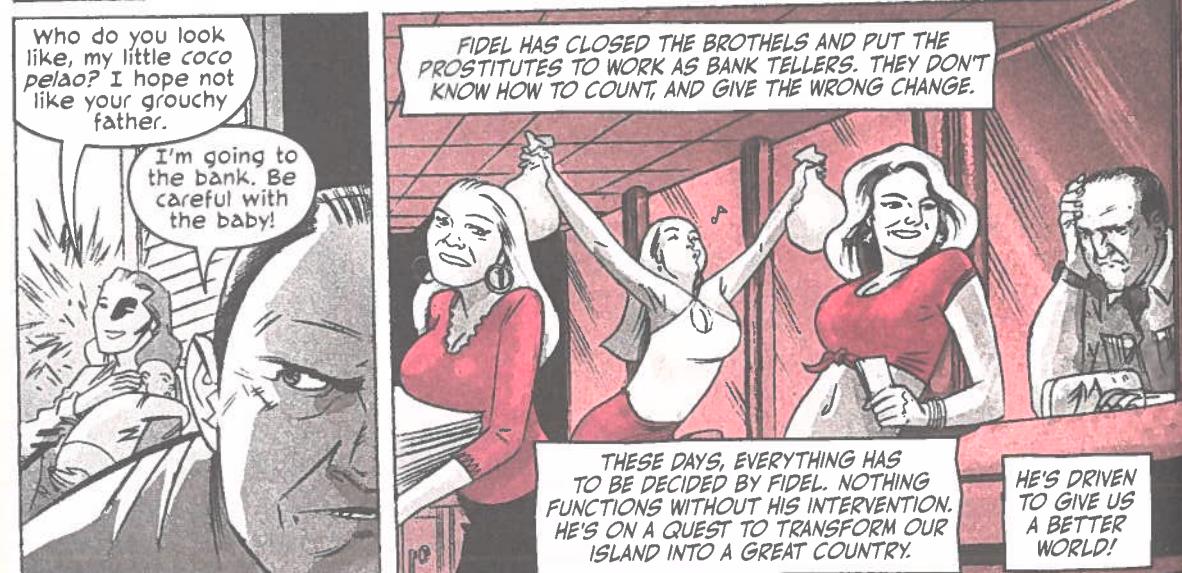
Oh, thank you!

I'M SURE THIS WILL BE THE LAST TIME I HAVE TO HELP WITH A PRIVATE SURGERY. THAT'S WHY HE'S GOING TO LET ME START.

Sonya!
Dr. Cárdenas
is calling you
from his clinic.
Something about
your mother.

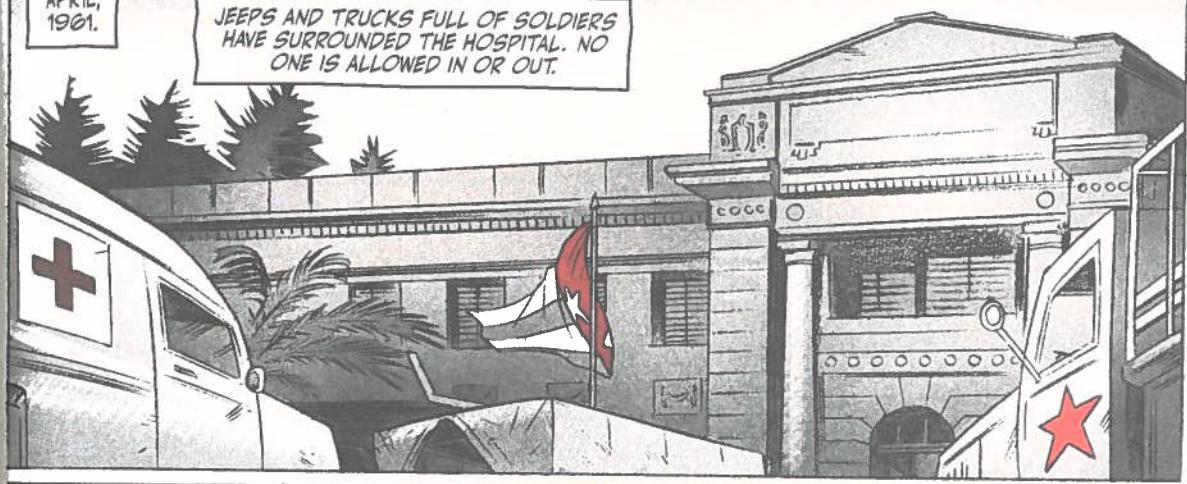






APRIL,
1961.

JEEPS AND TRUCKS FULL OF SOLDIERS HAVE SURROUNDED THE HOSPITAL. NO ONE IS ALLOWED IN OR OUT.



MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED OF US-PHYSICIANS, NURSES, STUDENTS-ARE HERDED INTO A ROOM.

We have been invaded, possibly on four separate fronts.

The enemy has been flying over the capital. We have information that the invaders are members of a CIA-trained Cuban exile force.

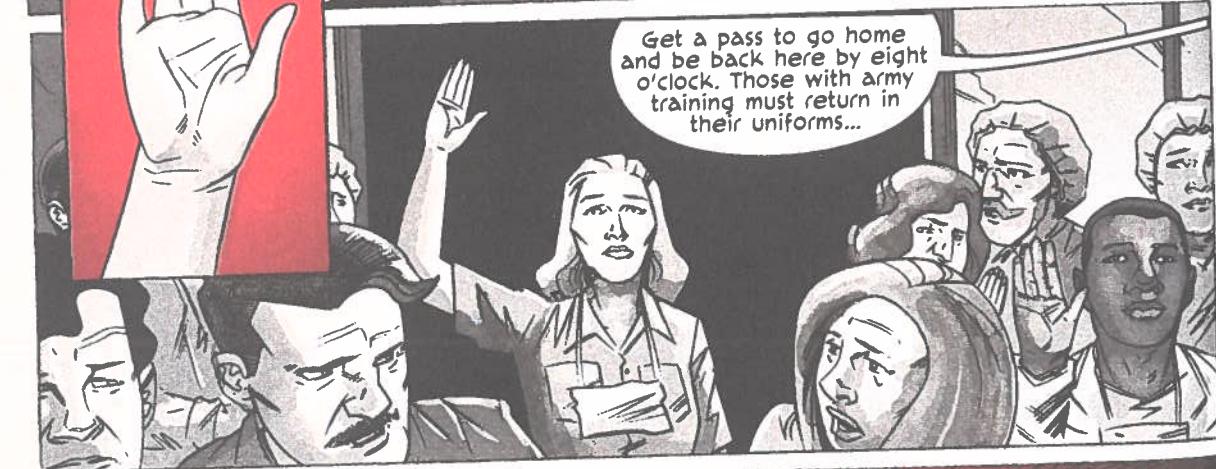
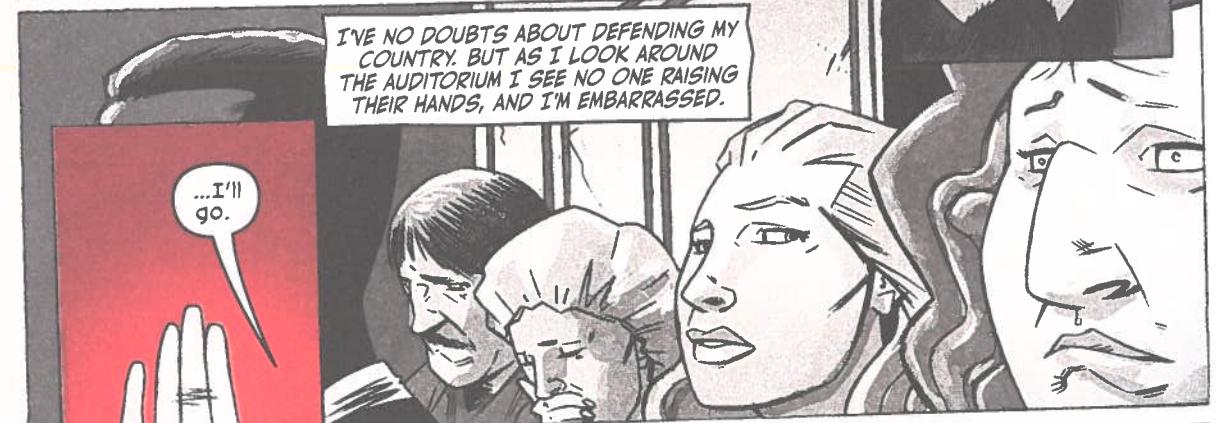
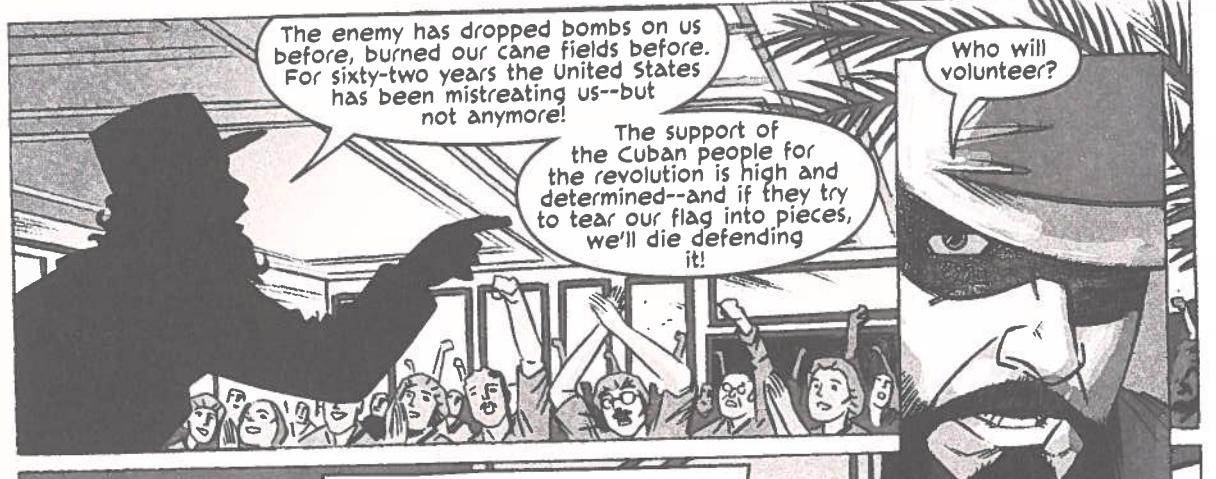


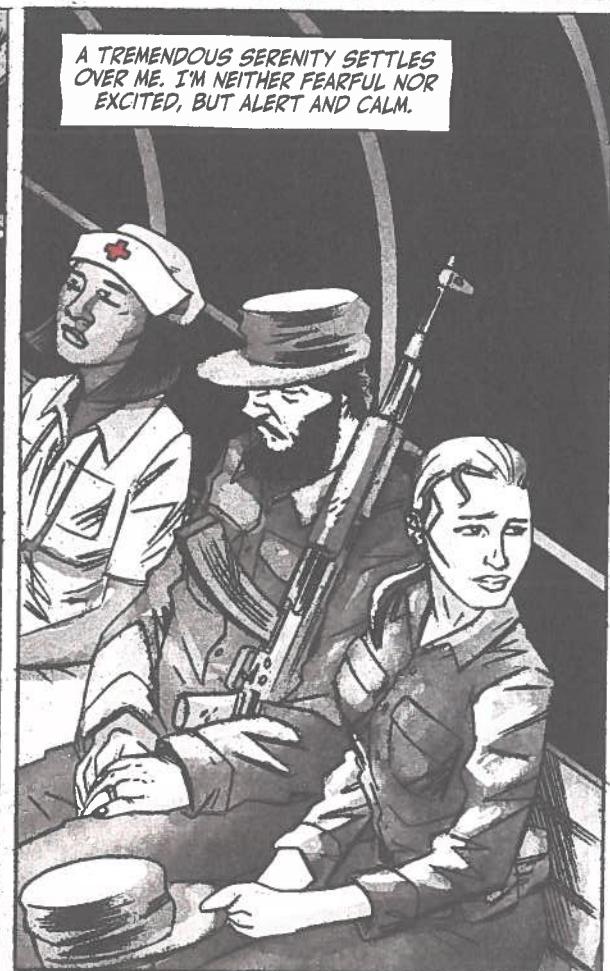
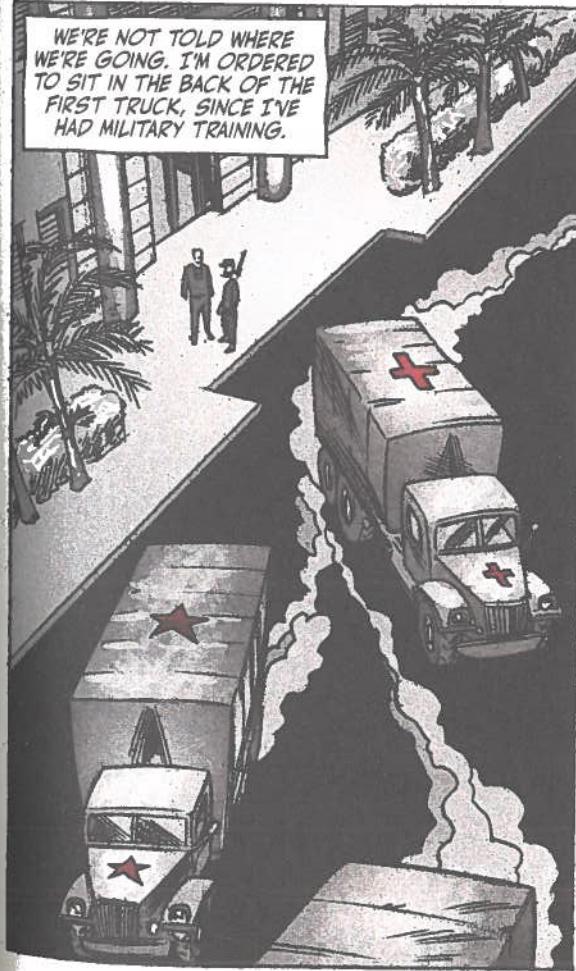
WE'RE ALL IN SHOCK. FOR MONTHS, WE'VE HEARD RUMORS OF INVASION, AND THAT THE CIA WAS EXPECTING THE CUBAN PEOPLE TO RISE UP AGAINST CASTRO-BUT UNTIL TODAY, NOTHING HAD HAPPENED.

Fidel Castro is in command of our troops-and will lead us to victory.

We need volunteers for the front. Red Cross trucks with surgical units will perform first aid.









OUR FIRST STOP IS A MILITARY POST, WHERE WE'RE ORDERED TO REMAIN IN OUR SEATS. WE HEAR PLANES OVERHEAD, SEE THE SOLDIERS FROM THE BASE SCREAMING AND SHOOTING.

SOMEONE IN CHARGE TELLS US WE'RE HEADED TO GIRON-IN THE SOUTH COASTAL AREA OF MATANZAS, SEVEN HOURS FROM HAVANA.



THE BAY OF PIGS? THAT'S FIDEL'S FAVORITE FISHING PLACE. DON'T THE AMERICANS KNOW THAT?

MAYBE IT'S NOT THE AMERICANS WHO ARE COMING. AFTER ALL, THEY ARE NOT STUPID.



HOURS LATER, WE'RE STILL FAR FROM THE FRONT, BUT WE CAN HEAR THE SOUNDS OF THE BATTLEFIELD. LOUD NOISES, BUT SCATTERED. LIKE THE HARD THUMPING OF LUMBER BEING UNLOADED.



We have orders to go to Playa Larga, where there are casualties. Sleep for two hours and we'll depart in two groups.



MOSQUITOES SWIRL IN THE AIR, AND THE SMELL OF BLOOD AND DEFECATION IS SUFFOCATING. NO ONE ASKS QUESTIONS.



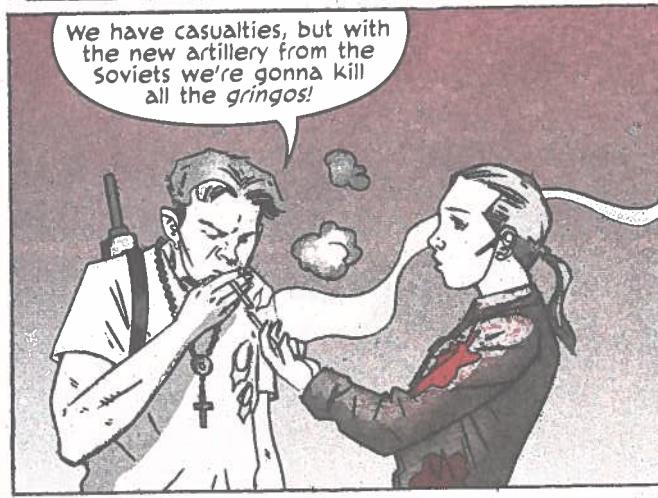
THE NEXT MORNING I CAN STILL SMELL THE BLOOD. NEWS IS SCARCE, BUT EVERYONE ACTS AS IF THEY KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON.



UP THE ROAD, A GROUP OF YOUNG SOLDIERS APPEARS.

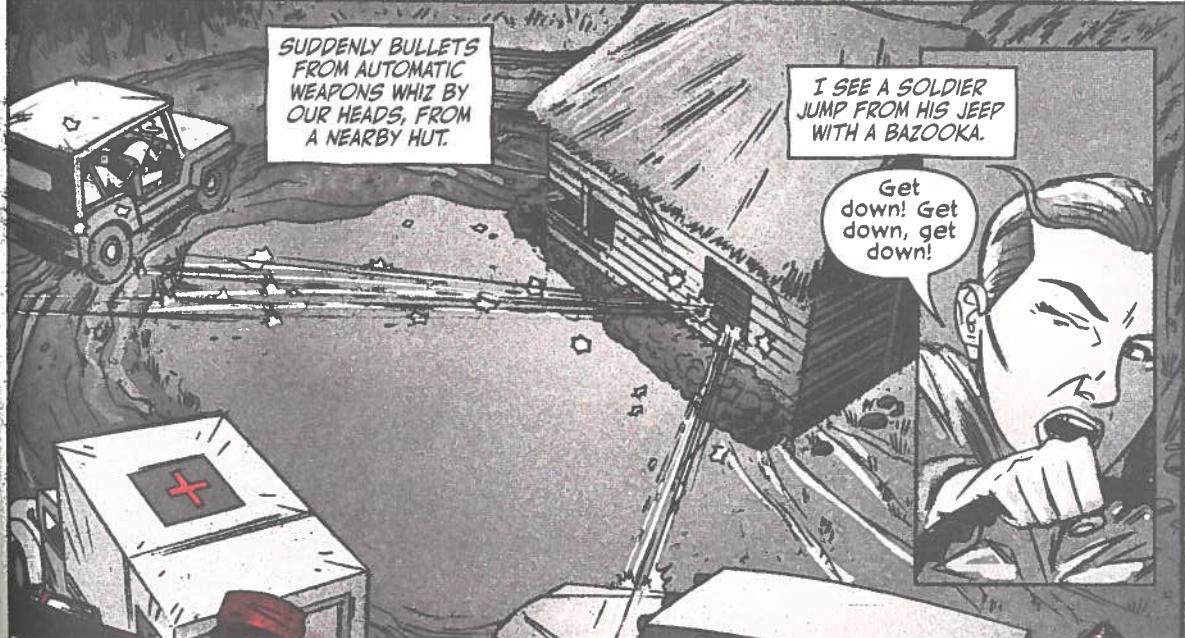
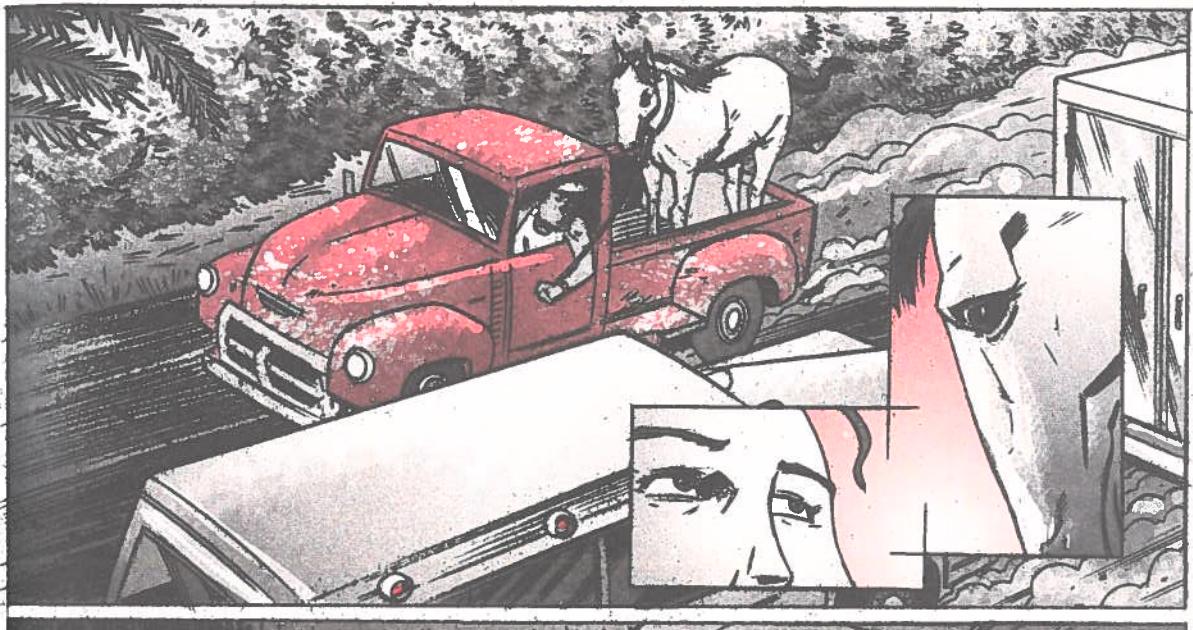
iCompañeros!
Do you have water and cigarettes?

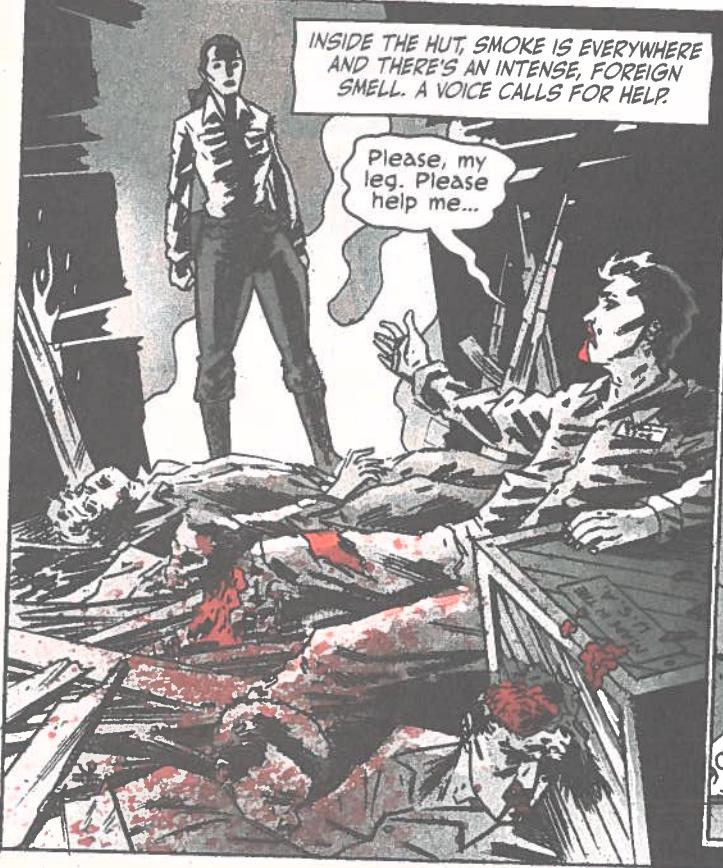
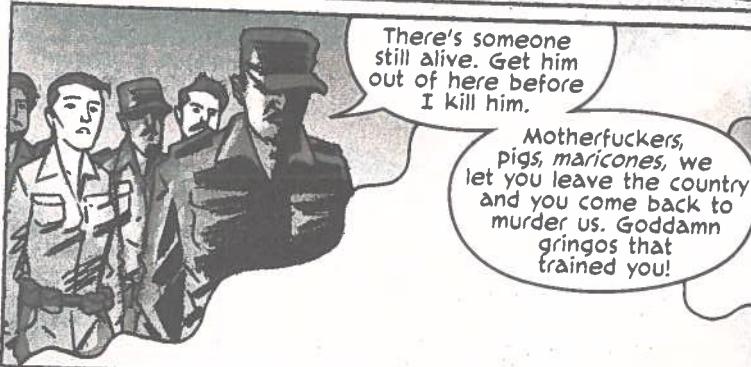












HE DOESN'T
RECOGNIZE ME.

MY LEGS ARE TREMBLING AGAIN. I
CAN'T GET UP. BURNING BILE RISES IN
MY THROAT, BUT I CAN'T VOMIT.

Bring a
stretcher and
take him to the
truck. Sonya,
come with us.
We're going to
need help.

I-I can't...
I've got to
drive the
ambulance...

Let someone
else do it. You're
a better surgeon
than a driver.

My Flavio. My
poor Flavio. What
happened, that you
turned against us?
How come you
didn't tell me?

We're
going to save
you, Flavio.
Please, open
your eyes. I
love you...I
love you.



MORE THAN ONE THOUSAND MERCENARIES HAVE BEEN CAPTURED, WITH MANY STILL AT LARGE AROUND THE SWAMP AREA. WE CAN STILL HEAR FIRING IN THE DISTANCE.

MEANWHILE, WE HAVE FIVE HUNDRED DEAD AND A THOUSAND WOUNDED.

A lot of these *mercenarios* are the sons of rich Cubans who left in the late '50's. I hear the Americans trained them at a Florida base before sending them to Guatemala for further training...

SUDDENLY I REMEMBER WHAT HE TOLD ME. HE WASN'T GOING TO BOLIVIA. IT WAS GUATEMALA.

BUT WHY DID HE TURN AGAINST THE REVOLUTION? WHAT COULD HAVE CHANGED HIS MIND? I WILL NEVER KNOW.

Flavio, you're going to get better soon. Very soon. In no time, you'll be walking again.

Doctor, my name is Nemesio.





A STRANGE SILENCE SETTLES OVER THE FRONT WHEN WE ARRIVE AT PLAYA LARGA. MASSES OF VULTURES APPEAR FROM NOWHERE—CIRCLING, SWEEPING, CIRCLING.

FIRE SHOOTS THROUGH MY LIMBS, AND THERE'S A PAIN IN MY CHEST, SO DEEP THAT I THINK I'LL CRACK. I CAN SEE A LINE RUNNING DOWN MY TORSO SPLITTING ME IN TWO, AND I SQUEEZE MY CHEST, TRYING TO HOLD IT TOGETHER.

There's Fidel! His leg is bandaged. I bet he doesn't even care. He's our chief commander. I'd die for him!

EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE MOVING IN SLOW MOTION, AND I HAVE THE FEELING OF ARRIVING AT THE END OF THE WORLD. LEGS ARE ALL I CAN SEE.



THE MOOD AMONG THE SOLDIERS AND PHYSICIANS IS EXHILARATED AND CAUTIOUS. THE WOUNDED ARE FINALLY BEING TAKEN FROM THE SCHOOLHOUSE TO HOSPITALS. WE'RE HEARING THAT THE BATTLE HAS ENDED, THAT THE MERCENARIOS HAVE ALL EITHER BEEN KILLED, OR TAKEN AS PRISONERS.







I SHOULD FOLLOW ORDERS, BUT I WILL NOT LET THIS MAN DIE!







I AM TAKEN TO
LA HABANA IN THE
BACK OF A MERCEDES.
I FALL ASLEEP, AND
DREAM OF MY MOTHER
GIVING BIRTH-BUT
NOT TO MY SISTER.

SHE'S BIRTHING
HUNDREDS OF LITTLE
FIDELS, EACH WITH A
WOODEN LEG, MARCHING
OUT OF HER VAGINA.

THREE DAYS
LATER.

I WAKE UP IN A CELL, STRIPPED. I DON'T REMEMBER GETTING OUT OF THE CAR. IT'S DARK AND NO ONE IS AROUND. THE CELL SMELLS OF EXCREMENT AND URINE.

MY HEART RACES. I'M IN A PANIC AND ASHAMED OF BEING NAKED. I TURN OVER AND SEE A MAN AT THE BARS.

Wh-why
am I
here?

Stop!
Stop!



HOT WATER SHOOTS FROM
THE HOSE AND KNOCKS
ME TO THE FLOOR.

I RUN FROM ONE
WALL TO ANOTHER,
SCREAMING.

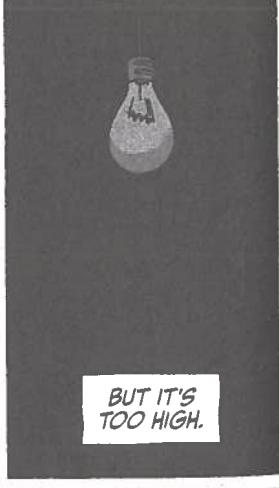
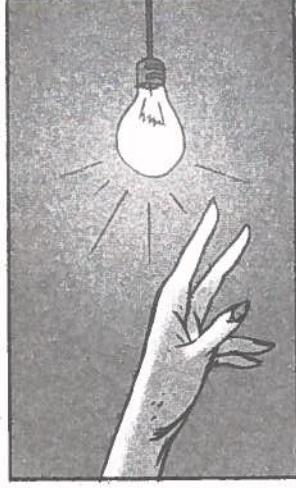
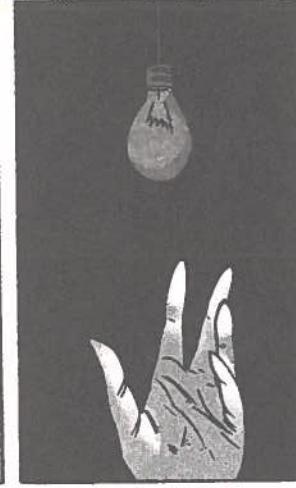
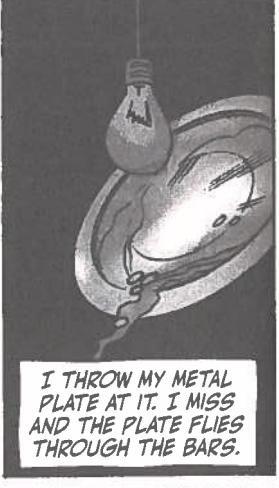
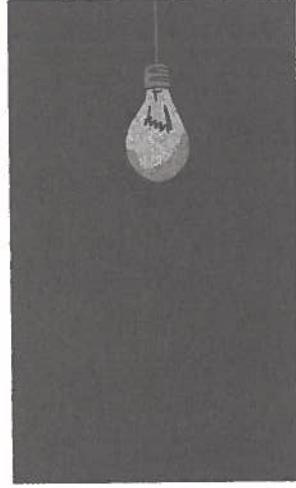
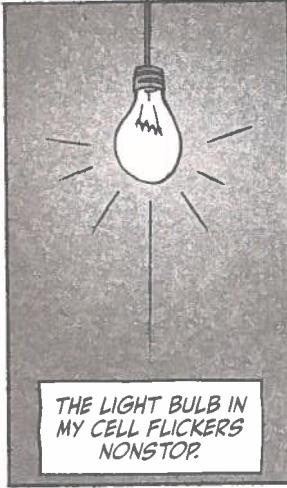
I PASS
OUT.

LATER.

I CRY LIKE A WOUNDED ANIMAL.
MY HANDS, BACK AND BREASTS ARE
BLISTERED. MY THIGHS ARE BURNED.
I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING.

Who are
these people,
Flavio? Did you
know them? Is
that why you
came, to save
me?

OUT OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE,
I CONTEMPLATE THE ROTTEN
POTATO AND SMELLY BEANS.



DAYS
PASS.

Tell me
who else is
involved with
you. We know
you belong to
the CIA.

I don't
know any
names. This
is a mix-up!

Cold!

Please,
no more!
No more! I
don't know
any CIA!

MY ARMOR
IS GONE.

ENRAGED,
I AM TAKEN
OVER BY THE
SPIRIT OF A
BLACK PANTHER.
FUR GROWS
ON MY BODY.

I SMEAR IT WITH SHIT. I
LIKE MY SMELL. IT IS STRONG,
SOFT AND BITTER.

SUDDENLY I SEE THE
GUARD AND LEAP TO
THE BARS GROWLING
AND HISSING.

I JUMP DOWN, GRAB
A HANDFUL OF
SHIT, AND WITH
A ROAR, SLING
IT AT HIM.

DAYS
PASS.

I PLAY WITH THE DANDRUFF
IN MY MATTED HAIR, ROLLING
IT INTO TINY BALLS.

I TRY TO STAND BUT I AM
DIZZY WITH SPENT ADRENALINE. I SEE
PIECES OF MY SKIN STUCK TO THE
WALLS AND VOMIT. MY EXTREMITIES
ARE SO COLD, I BEGIN TO TREMBLE
AND GO INTO SHOCK.

Hose her
again. Bring
her to the
room. Break
her fingers
first.

I'M IN A ROOM AS DARK AS MY CELL. I'M TERRIFIED. EACH SOUND OUTSIDE THE JAIL SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM WITHIN ME.

We have a confession from your friend saying you were his contact.

My contact is Flavio.

Flavio? Is that your other contact?

Flavio.

I want his full name.

Flavio.

His full name!

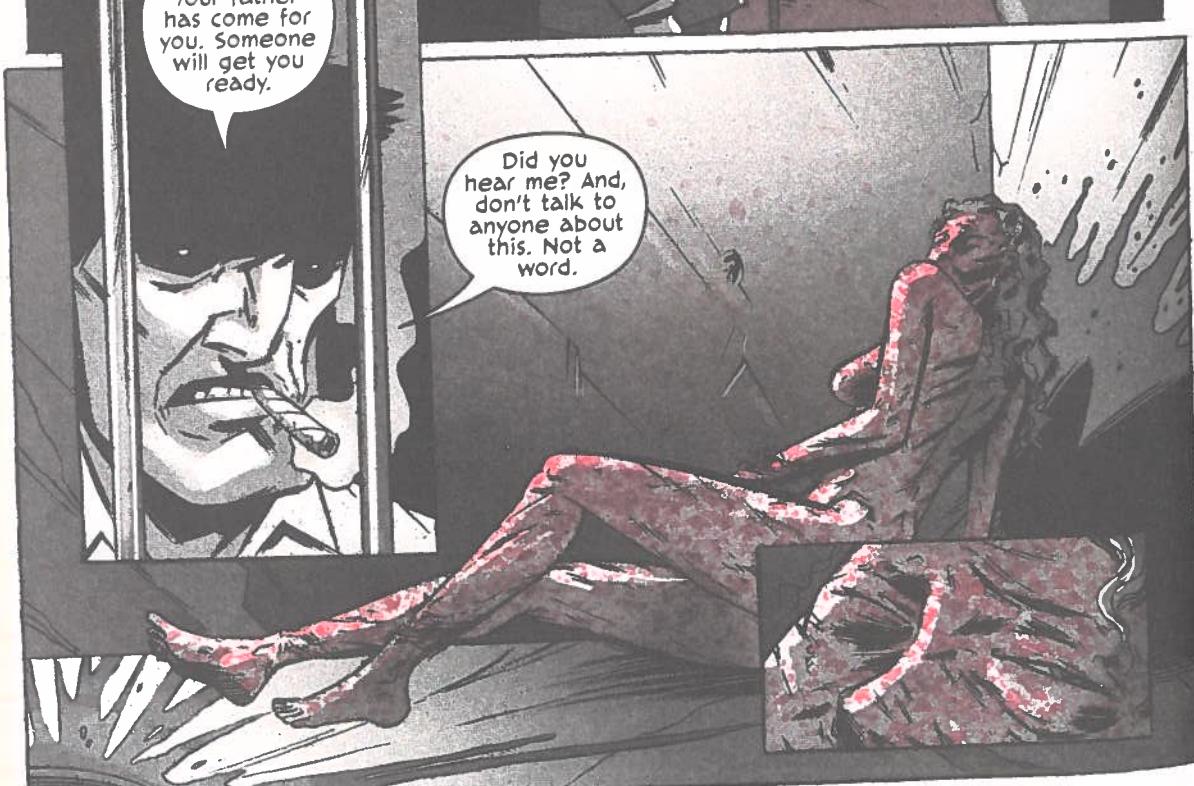
Fidel.

Flavio Fidel? That's a middle name. I want his full name.

Fidel! Fidel! Fidel!

I see you have a sense of humor. Let's see how long it will last.





JULY, 1961.

I'M STAYING AT MY FATHER'S HOUSE. ANTIBIOTICS
KEEP THE INFECTION DOWN, AND MASSIVE
TRANQUILIZERS MAKE ME NUMB. THE HOSE MARKS
WILL STAY ON MY BODY FOR MONTHS.

MY FATHER DOESN'T WANT ANYONE TO KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED, LEAST OF ALL MY MOTHER.

I owe
Pérez Monet;
first for finding
you, and second
for providing
your meds.

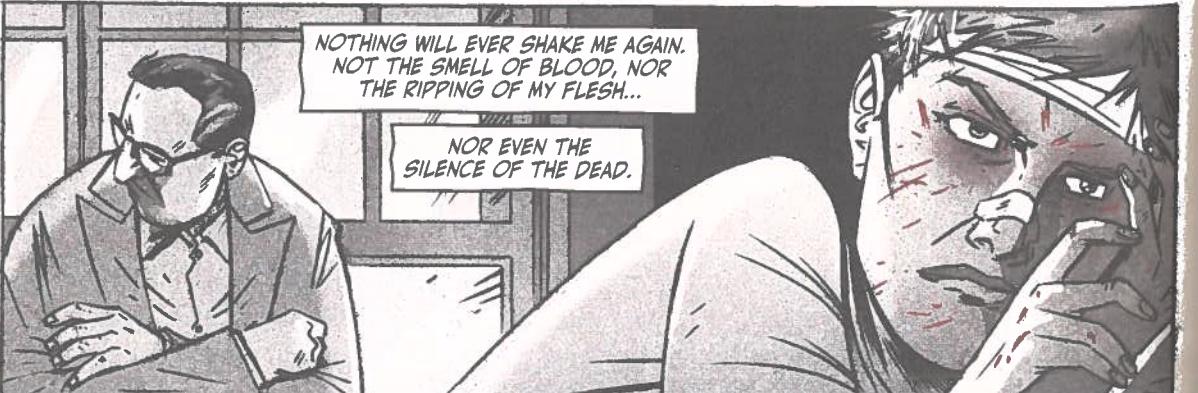
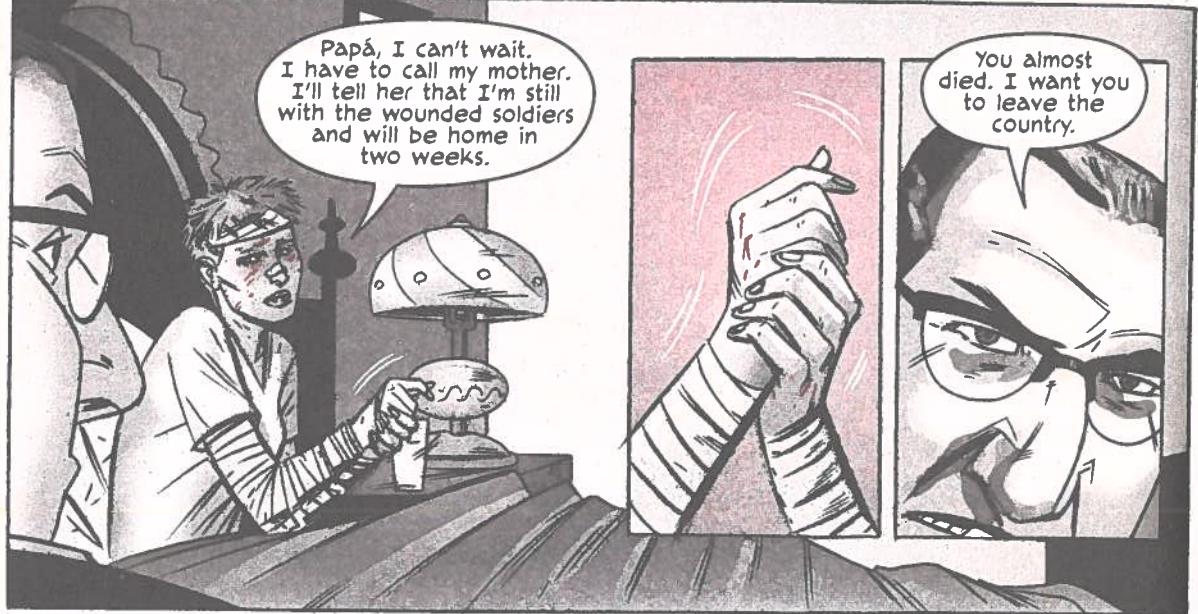
I will
work for him
as long as he
wants me to,
Father...

You're very brave,
Sonya, but you can't go back
to the hospital. Not with the
tremors the meds are causing
in your hands.

I feel so
detached...is
that also the
medication?

In
part.

The
tranquilizer
is helping to
diminish your
nightmares, your
uncontrollable
thoughts...but it
diminishes other
things as
well.



AUGUST, 1961.

FIDEL GIVES A FOUR-HOUR VICTORY SPEECH ON TV, SAYING THAT WE CAPTURED 1,189 PRISONERS AND THAT ONLY 114 OF OUR MEN DIED.

BUT THE VICTORY AT PLAYA GIRÓN HAS UNLEASHED A SUSPICIOUS MOOD. PEOPLE FEEL AS IF THEY'RE BEING WATCHED ALL THE TIME.

STILL UNABLE TO BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED IN PRISON, I COME HOME STUNNED, TO A FAMILY UNAWARE OF THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

Your stepfather and I could have been strangled dead and your sister taken to the Sisters of Succor orphanage while you were gone. And the tortoise...God forbid... starved to death!

Mamá,
are you not
glad to see
me alive?

I don't understand why the military had to keep you working so long and why they didn't let you call your mother sooner. I bet they didn't even pay you!

I DON'T RECOGNIZE MY OWN LITTLE SISTER. I DON'T FEEL ANYTHING AND I DON'T WANT TO TALK.

Mi hija, you look like a boy. Why did you cut your beautiful hair? And you're so thin! I'm going to make you rice and beans.

Why did I come back here?

Look at Fidel, talking again. It seems to me he hasn't stopped for days. Maybe weeks. And now he has declared us a communist country!

I hope she doesn't notice my hands. I hope they can still paint...

Wait... Communist? Fidel said that?



SEPTEMBER,
1961.

COPPELIA IS THE LARGEST ICE CREAM PARLOR IN LATIN AMERICA. IT OCCUPIES A LARGE CITY BLOCK AND SPILLS ONTO THE SIDEWALKS WITH LUSCIOUS GREENERY.

Sonya!

I didn't know where you were. Your mother said you were just vaccinating soldiers and rolling bandages, but you were gone so long...

Oh, my mother! Carlos, I'm so glad to see you.

Why are your hands trembling?

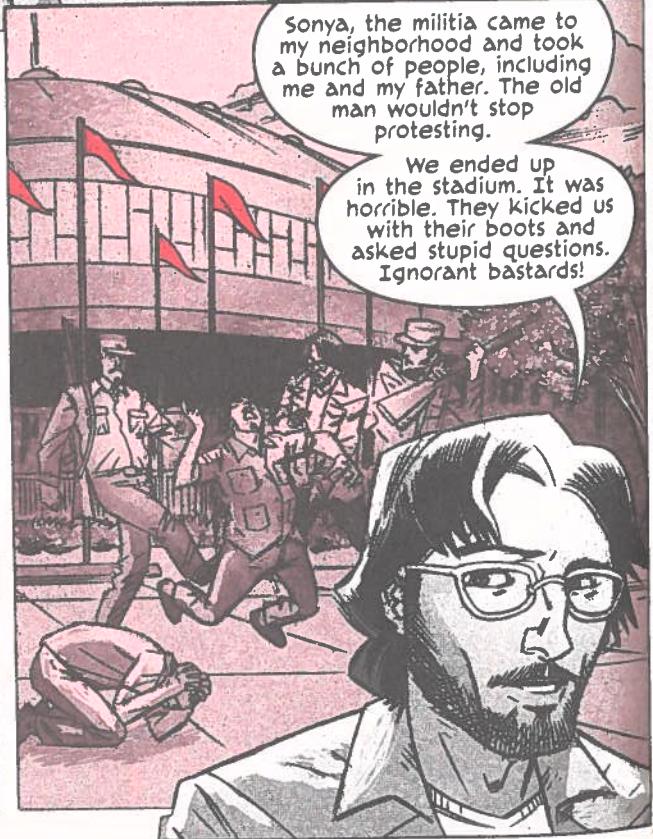
Maybe I'm still shell-shocked.

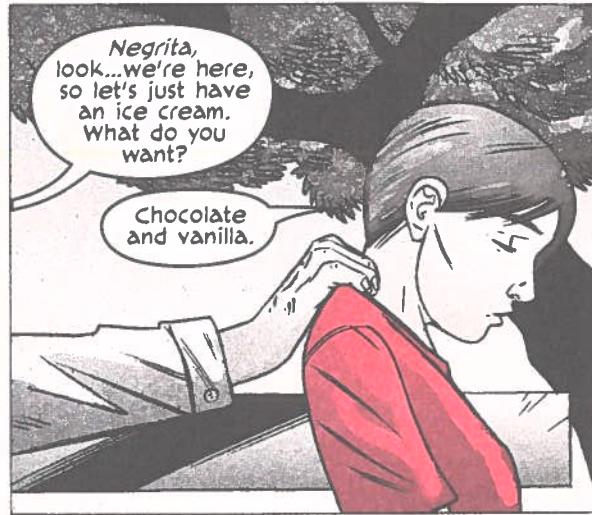
And your hair's gone, too, but you are still so beautiful.

My...my hair just got in the way while I was helping with the wounded.

Sonya, the militia came to my neighborhood and took a bunch of people, including me and my father. The old man wouldn't stop protesting.

We ended up in the stadium. It was horrible. They kicked us with their boots and asked stupid questions. Ignorant bastards!





THAT NIGHT, I DREAM OF A HUGE STONE ARCH, LIKE THE ONES IN PARIS AND ROME BUILT TO COMMEMORATE HISTORICAL BATTLES. FIDEL IS CARVED IN THE STONE LIKE A CAESAR, AND A MULTITUDE OF FLOWERS GROW OUT FROM THE TOP OF THE ARCH.

ALL AROUND THE SIDES AND THE TOP, BIRDS OF DIFFERENT COLORS ARE NESTING. EACH BIRD HAS A LEG TETHERED TO THE ARCH, AND AS THEY TRY TO FLY AWAY, THE TETHERS PULL THEM BACK.

I'M EXHAUSTED WHEN I AWAKE. THE DREAM SEEMED SO REAL.

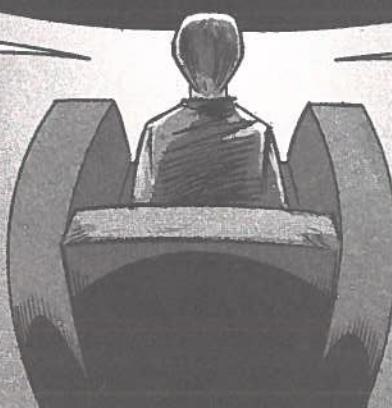
DECEMBER, 1961.

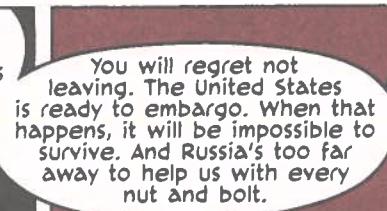
When I returned to the hospital, things were so different. An anesthesiologist took me to a corner and told me about a list he saw, with my name on it. As soon as he told me, he disappeared because he couldn't be seen talking to me.

Many of my friends were gone and others were trying to leave, too. They were even more short-handed. I thought it all the more reason the hospital should have me back. They need me. I am very good.

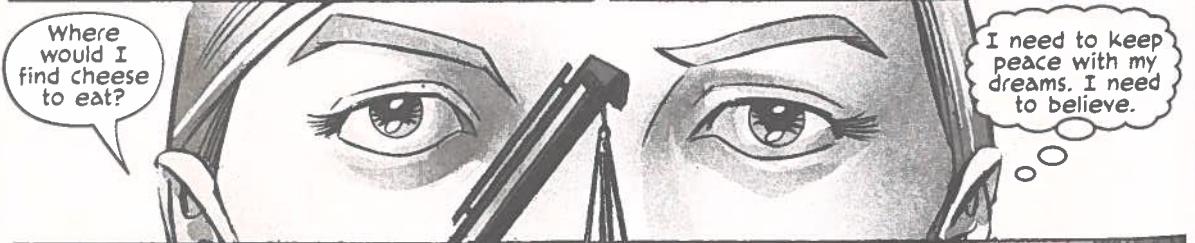
No one wanted to work with me. When they saw me they looked at the floor or pretended to be busy. I felt like an outcast, devastated.

I REPORT ALL THIS TO MY FATHER, TRANCE-LIKE, AS IF HE WERE ANOTHER INTERROGATOR.





Take two with water after each meal, and don't eat any cheese.

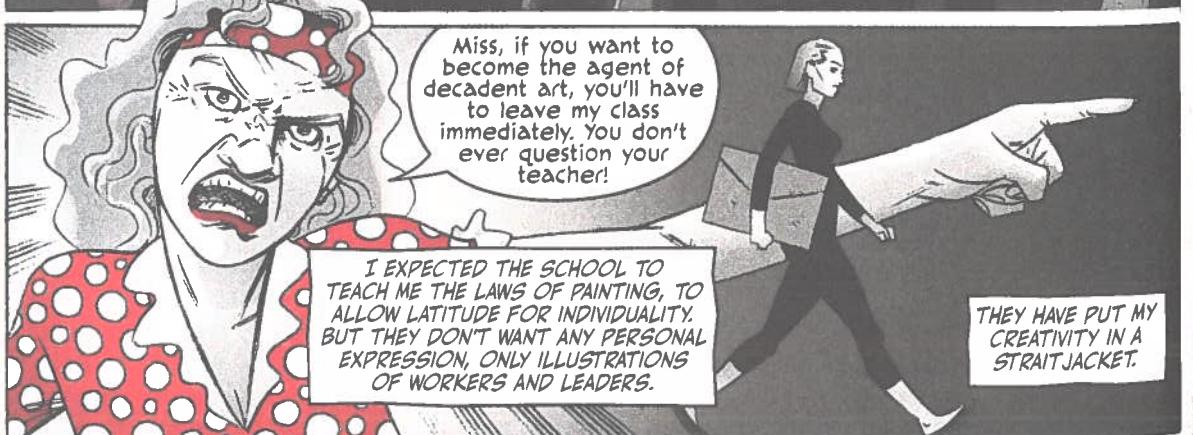


THE REVOLUTION BEGINS ITS THIRD YEAR. THE MILITIA BECOMES THE REGULAR ARMY TROOP. LITERACY BRIGADES ARE SENT INTO THE PROVINCES TO EDUCATE THE MASSES.



JANUARY, 1962.





APRIL, 1962.

"Mamá, you're absolutely crazy!"

"We can't wait for the visas, Sonya. Willi has given me a connection to the Italian Embassy. I've arranged to give our bedroom set to the family that lives next door. They'll let us jump from their balcony to the embassy yard."

"You know I'm not going with you."

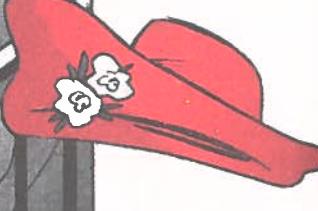
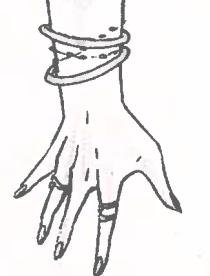
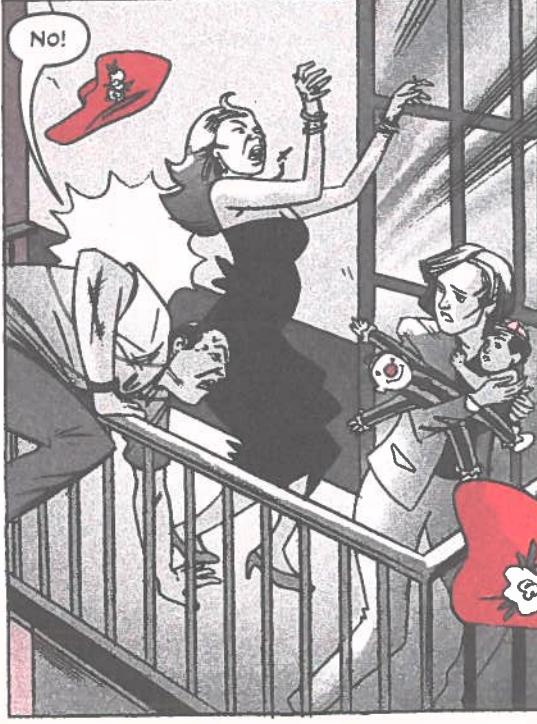
"You have to, *mi hija*. It's one piece of furniture per person. We'll take the furniture apart and put the pieces in bags."

"My step-father would never jump off any balcony. And you're going to kill my sister."

"Your sister wants to go. She wants to be educated in America."

"My sister can't talk!"

"She told me with her eyes!"







JULY, 1962.

WILLI ONLY COMES TO THE HOUSE ONCE A MONTH NOW, AS HE HAS HARDLY ANY FLOWERS ANYMORE. STILL, HE AND MY MOTHER TALK FOR HOURS, ALTHOUGH I CAN'T IMAGINE ABOUT WHAT.

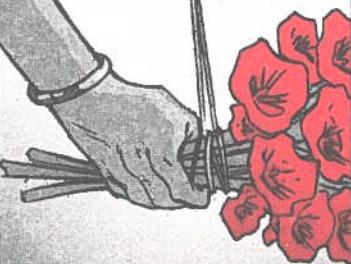
Miss Sonya, I haven't seen you in so long.

Just Sonya, Willi. We're equals now.

Your mother told me you're not a doctor anymore, you're an artist.

Yes, a starving artist. Be careful, I may want to do your portrait!

Keep well, Willi.



Willi, thank you. I'll call him tonight!

Ring three times, hang up and call right back.



Dios mio,
Sonya, come to
your senses! Have
you looked
around?

There are lines for food that never
comes. No deodorant or nail polish or
hair color. No movies, and no friends
you can trust. And if we stay, your
sister will be educated in a
school with no God.

You never cared
about the priests anyway!
You told me they were
all crooked!

What do you see in
the revolution? What do you
see that I don't? Please,
tell me what!

Mamá, I don't
care about material
things. I want Cuba for the
Cubans. I fought for a...

...communist country? The Russians
are everywhere. Their women don't
know how to walk in high heels
and don't wear deodorant. They also
wear silly babushkas while they drive
those filthy garbage trucks. What
kind of a country is that?

You don't
understand...

Your
father used
to tell me that.
You're like him.
He could argue
with a wall
and win.





WE'VE BEEN WAITING 30 MINUTES FOR THE BUS IN FRONT OF THE COLÓN CEMETERY. WHAT IF IT DOESN'T COME? I FEEL SAD AND FRIGHTENED FOR MY FAMILY.

WILLI IS AT HIS STAND. I'M STARTING TO REALIZE HE UNDERSTANDS MORE THAN I THOUGHT...ESPECIALLY ABOUT MY MOTHER.

Willi, if they take that bus I may never see them again. I am so afraid for mamá, she's so stubborn, but...goddammit, I am not leaving my country!

Sonya, let them go. This revolution has no room for those who disagree, like your mother.

But we're all equals now, and we won't have rations forever, and...

I only ever feel equal at your house, when your mother asks me to sit down and brings me water, knowing the neighbors will talk.

I will miss her. She's been like a friend to me.

Sonya, the bus is coming!

Go to her.



OCTOBER, 1962.

DAYS LATER, A LETTER FROM THE MINISTRY OF DEFENSE ARRIVES.

I'M TERRIFIED OF OPENING THE ENVELOPE. I THINK I'M ABOUT TO BE ARRESTED AND INTERROGATED AGAIN.

I can't breathe.

Please, Flavio, help me.

Don't let it be what I think it is.

Please, no more. Please.

Gracias, Flavio. Gracias, gracias, gracias.

IT'S AN ORDER TO REPORT FOR DUTY. FIDEL HAS CALLED THE MILITIA BACK INTO SERVICE.

AMERICAN U-2S HAVE DISCOVERED SOVIET MISSILE INSTALLATIONS UNDER CONSTRUCTION ON OUR SOIL, AND THE U.S. HAS DECLARED A THREAT TO ITS NATIONAL SECURITY--SPARKING THE CUBAN MISSILE CRISIS.

FIDEL BELIEVES WE'RE GOING TO BE ATTACKED AGAIN. WE HAVE ORDERS TO PLANT DYNAMITE UNDER EVERY BRIDGE.

Sonya!

Oh, Carlos, what happened to your face?

Those goddamn mosquitoes ate me alive.

Negrita, I taught a child and his grandfather how to read. You should see their faces when they learn a word.

I'd love going to the countryside to teach the peasants. Maybe we should go together the next time.

No, there won't be another time if I can help it. The food was heavy, I had the runs all the time, my back is gone from sleeping in a hammock.

And I missed you so much...

Not here, Carlos.

I don't like
to see you with
that rifle, baby.
Why are you in
uniform?

I thought
they dismissed
you.

Everyone has
been called back
until the state of
alert is over. You
see how they're
putting tanks on
every bridge.

My father
told me about the
missiles and the
aircraft batteries at
the Malecon, waiting
for the Americans...
I didn't even
know we had
missiles.

How
long do you
have to be
here?

I don't know. We're
installing dynamite on so
many bridges. Fidel says he'll
blow up the island before
letting the Americans
get it.

Babe,
let's get
married...

...before
everything
gets blown
up.

What does that
mean? Does he love
me? Or is it that he just
doesn't want to die a
single man?

And
what do I
want?

I COULDN'T DO THE JOB OF INSTALLING THE DYNAMITE. THE SOLDIERS LAUGHED AND SAID I HAD NO COJONES. AND WHEN I COME HOME FROM THE BRIDGES, EVEN MORE HAS CHANGED.

Mi hija,
look! Our
visas just
arrived!

We're leaving!
¡Dios mío! How am
I going to get to
America without
lipstick? And look
at my hair. What
will they think
of us?

THE MOMENT I FEARED IS FINALLY HERE.
BUT AT LEAST THEY'LL BE LEAVING LEGALLY,
AND NOT RISKING THEIR LIVES IN A BUS
CRASH, OR BEING EATEN BY SHARKS.

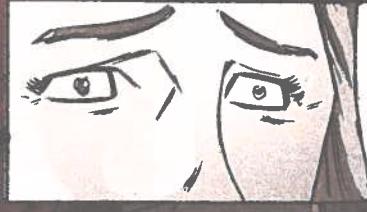
Does José
know?

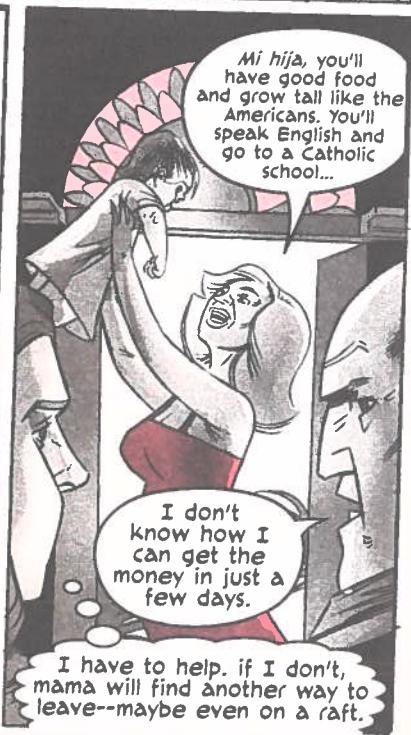
He has been
in a line waiting to get
food since 7 am. This is
finally happening because
of the protection spell
Willi put on him, you
know. It's the same one
done on Fidel so he
wouldn't get killed.

Mamá, no
one wants
to kill my
stepfather...

The only sad thing is that
your visa and airline ticket
will be coming a week
after we leave. My brother
couldn't get them
together.

You'll come,
Sonya. Won't
you, my baby?
We'll have a
house waiting
for you in
Miami. You
wouldn't leave
your mother
alone.





I'VE GONE THROUGH HALF OF MY PHONE BOOK AND NO ONE CAN LEND ME MONEY, NOT EVEN MY FATHER.

MAYBE EDUARDO, MAYBE HE WILL BE ABLE TO HELP US. HE'S A DENTIST WHO HAS BEEN A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY FOR YEARS.

God, I do not want to do this.

ADDRESS
BOOK

Eduardo, it is Sonya. How are you? If you're busy I'll call later...

I'm never too busy for you, precious. Where have you been?

I bet your teeth are beautiful. Have they stayed straight?

Yes, the braces worked, and they're straight. I need a favor, Eduardo...

...I need to borrow some money.

Does your father know you're calling me?

No, of course not. This is between you and me.

Well precious, and how are you going to pay Eduardo back?

I'll pay you back. I have a job. Please, Eduardo--I really need the money.

Come and see me and we'll make a deal, mi linda. How about drinks at La Cabaña pool? I'll be finished with my workout by six.

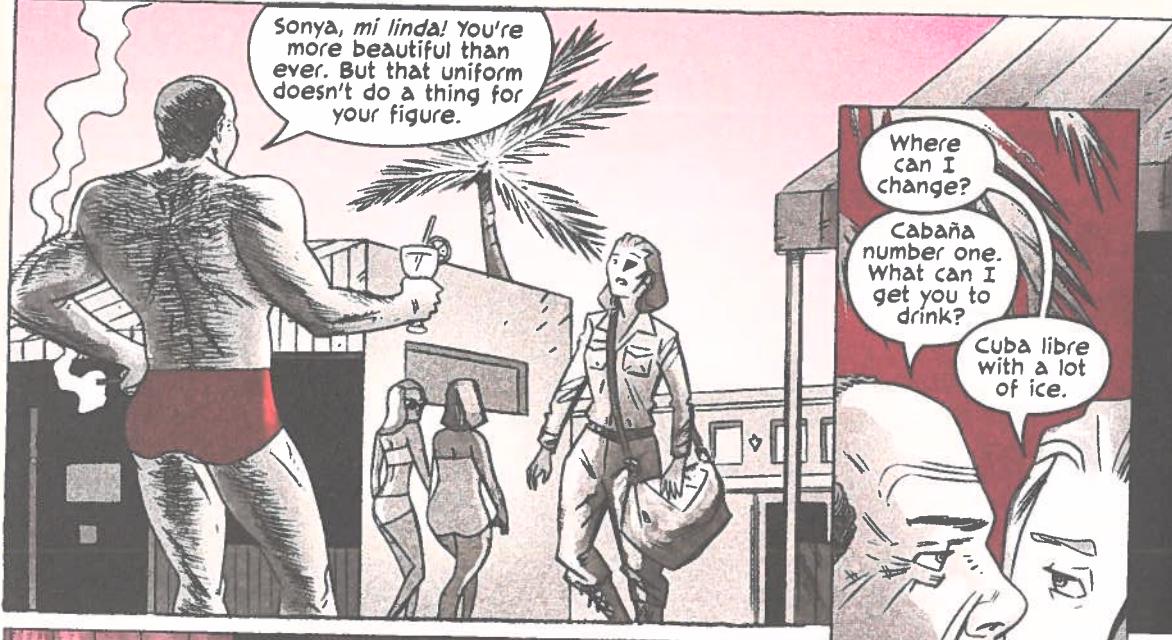
Tonight? How could the pool be open, with the threat of invasion?

It just is. Bring your bathing suit.

AS THE MISSILE CRISIS CONTINUES, WE LEARN DETAILS ONLY THROUGH THE GOVERNMENT NEWSPAPER AND FIDEL'S ANGRY SPEECHES.

NOBODY IS SURE WHAT'S HAPPENING. THERE ARE RAMPANT RUMORS OF NUCLEAR WAR AND THE COMING OF THE END OF THE WORLD. THE STREETS ARE LITTERED WITH SANTERO SACRIFICES.

THIS HOTEL IS SURROUNDED BY ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS, AND I AM HERE TO HAVE A "GOOD TIME"? I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO LOSE IT.



I DECIDE TO ASK FOR THE MONEY RIGHT AWAY. EDUARDO WANTS TO PAY ME IN TWO INSTALLMENTS SO THAT HE CAN SEE ME AGAIN.

I TELL HIM NO, THAT I'LL ASK SOMEONE ELSE INSTEAD.

JUST WHEN I'M ABOUT TO CHANGE MY MIND, HE AGREES TO GIVE ME THE MONEY AT THE END OF THE NIGHT.

You look like Ingrid Bergman. Come here, mamita, I want another picture of you. Don't move. One more now--hold it!

We're going to have a great time.

I have been wanting to sleep with you since you were a child.

Anytime you need some cash, you know you can come see me...but don't get greedy with your daddy.

I AM IMPATIENT FOR HIM TO FINISH, BUT HE TAKES HIS TIME AND I DECIDE TO BECOME SOMEONE ELSE.

MAYBE A MERMAID, THIS TIME. SWIMMING DEEP INTO THE OCEAN, SHIFTING, CHANGING, ALWAYS BEYOND THE REACH OF MEN.

OCTOBER 1962,
THE FOLLOWING DAY.

This is your paycheck?
I don't understand. This
communist government pays
more money to an artist
than to a physician!

Mamá...
I need to
sleep.

Thank
you, mi
hija.

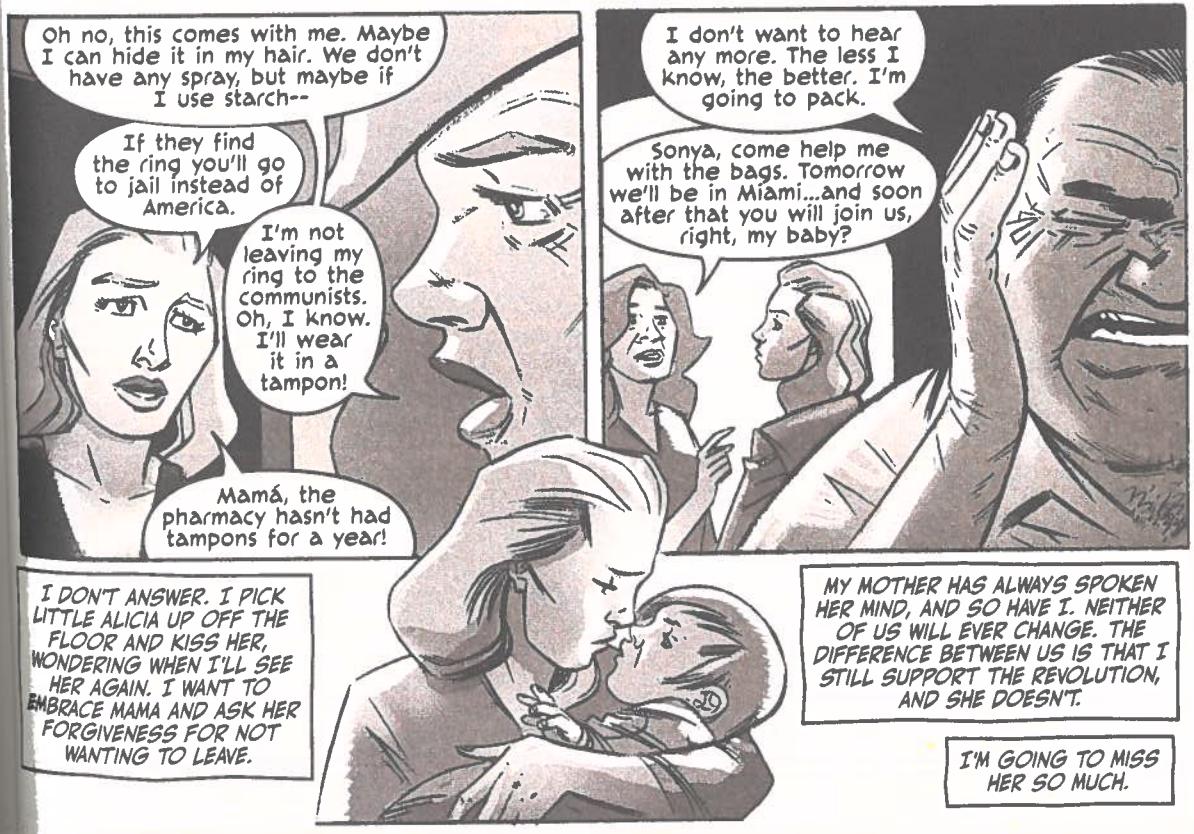
Wait until you get
to the States. With
your skills, you'll be
a millionaire.

NOVEMBER
1962.

THE CRISIS ENDS. RUSSIA WITHDRAWS THE
MISSILES IN EXCHANGE FOR U.S. MISSILE
WITHDRAWALS IN TURKEY, AND A PROMISE THAT
THE UNITED STATES WON'T INVADE CUBA.

CASTRO IS FURIOUS WITH KHRUSHCHEV
FOR NOT CONSULTING HIM ABOUT THE
AGREEMENT WITH THE U.S. CHE GUEVARA
IS GIVING TALKS ABOUT THE WONDERS
OF THE CHINESE REGIME AND THE
INEPTITUDE OF THE RUSSIANS.

AND MY FAMILY
PASSES THE
INSPECTION.



JEAN-PAUL SARTRE AND SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR VISIT CUBA, AND THE FASHIONABLE FRENCH PHILOSOPHERS START A TREND.

DOZENS OF LEFTIST EUROPEANS AND LATIN AMERICANS RUSH TO VISIT THE ISLAND. AT THE SAME TIME, MANY ANTI-BATISTA CUBANS RETURN-ARTISTS WHO ARE FULL OF HOPE AND ENTHUSIASM FOR THE REVOLUTION.

AMONG THEM IS COCO, A WELL-KNOWN CUBAN PAINTER WHO'D LIVED IN PARIS FOR MANY YEARS AND CLAIMS TO BE A GREAT FRIEND OF SARTRE. OSCAR LEARNS THAT THE REVOLUTION LURED HER BACK BY GIVING HER AN ATELIER IN OLD HAVANA, AND TELLS US SHE'S LOOKING TO FORM A GROUP OF YOUNG ARTISTS. WE DECIDE TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT HER.

When Sartre returned to Paris he said to us, "You must go back to experience the revolution." So of course I closed down my studio. It was next to the famous painter Wifredo Lam. He's coming back to Cuba soon, too...

Did your work sell in Paris?

Yes, I was famous there! I was one of the founders of the Op-Art movement. But I wanted to return--to help build a new Cuba!

Menteuse!
Menteuse!*

*LIAR!





What are we doing here? There's no ice cream and people are still standing in line. Always lines!

Maybe you should go join your family in Miami. Leave me here, with this fucking revolution.

Don't talk like that!

I'm sorry. I'm just really feeling screwed up.

I'm out of paint, and my father hates my work. At night he cleans his guns and reads communist propaganda.

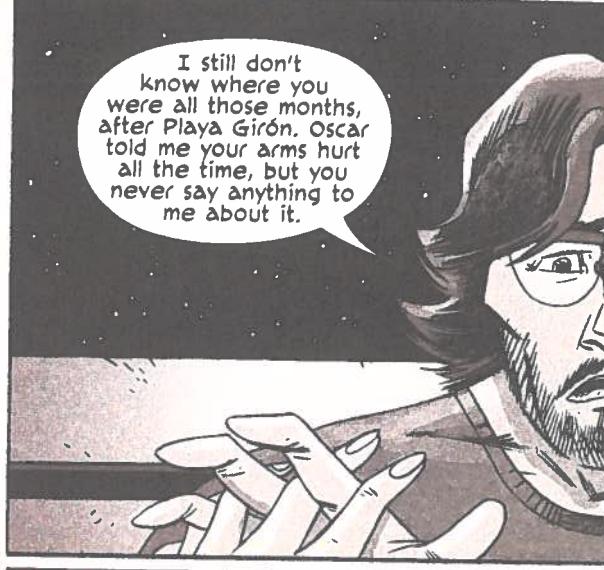
He despises all the writers I like--Proust, Camus--and says that Faulkner is decadent. He's threatened to burn my books.

He wouldn't do that!

He might. I am so afraid of him...and the CDR on my block...

I'm even afraid of you, sometimes. You're blind to the blunders of this government.

How can you say that, my love?



I still don't know where you were all those months, after Playa Girón. Oscar told me your arms hurt all the time, but you never say anything to me about it.



I love you, Carlos...please, you know that. You are just frustrated about your artwork.

I CAN'T TELL HIM ABOUT PRISON. I JUST CAN'T. NOT HIM--OR ANYONE ELSE.



Carlos, I'm sorry if I seem distant. I miss my family. Mirta said that if all of us were to leave the country, like them...



You and Mirta are now the thinkers of the revolution, I see.

Don't be sarcastic, Carlos. A small country needs allies like...

Like the Russian "specialists" on our streets? Whose salaries are ten times ours? Who buy all the food they want?



Don't you think I know that? I'm just waiting for this new government to trust the people...



Don't you realize this is not about the people but about one person? One leader's capricious desires?

Baby...let's go to my house to paint. I have enough supplies for both of us.



He doesn't understand the revolutionary process. He's too upset about his work.

At least Coco's exhibition is something we can agree about.

I SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO OPTIMISTIC. THE EXHIBITION OPENED AND CLOSED IN THREE DAYS.

ARTE IMPERIALISTA

Exposición Cierra En Tres Días

ON THE FIRST DAY, PROTESTORS CAME OUT OF NOWHERE WITH SIGNS. THEY SEEMED SUSPICIOUSLY WELL-ORGANIZED. A BUS DROPPED THEM ON A CORNER.



Don't be discouraged. We'll have another exhibit. I'll call the head of the UNEAC, this must have been a misunderstanding. They'll listen to me...

I don't understand what happened. Such a fine exhibit to end the way it did...

I should have painted Che Guevara.

Did you show the work to the union before it was exhibited?

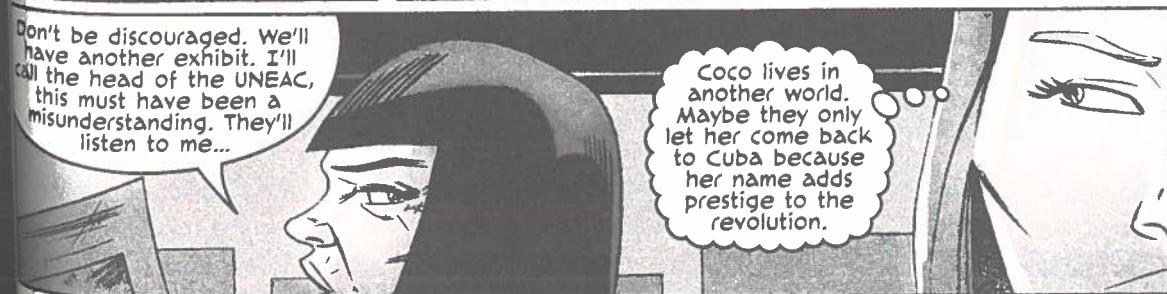
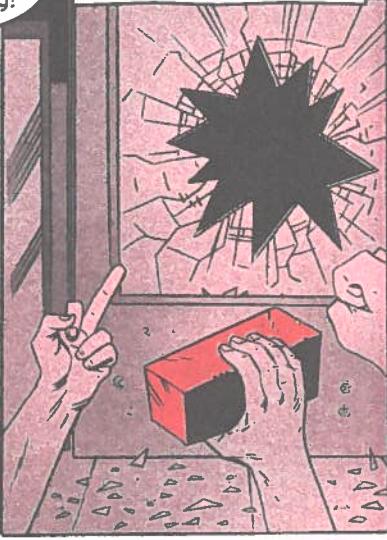
No, why would I have done that?

Coco, ideologically the union has to approve everything!

THE CROWD GREW LARGER. THE THIRD DAY IT TURNED VIOLENT. WE ONLY HAD MINUTES TO GRAB OUR ARTWORK AND RUN.



Coco lives in another world. Maybe they only let her come back to Cuba because her name adds prestige to the revolution.



JULY 1903.

IT'S THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF
THE ASSAULT ON THE MONCADA
BARRACKS--THE ATTACK THAT
SPARKED THE REVOLUTION.

ON JULY 26, 1953, A GROUP LED BY CASTRO ATTACKED
THE MONCADA GARRISON IN THE CITY OF SANTIAGO DE
CUBA. MORE THAN SIXTY PEOPLE WERE KILLED. CASTRO
DEFENDED HIMSELF IN COURT, AND HIS WORDS BECAME
THE PLATFORM FOR THE 26TH OF JULY MOVEMENT.

OSCAR AND I HAVE BEEN WORKING
STEADILY, PAINTING HIGH SCHOOL MURALS
FOR THE ISLAND-WIDE CELEBRATION.

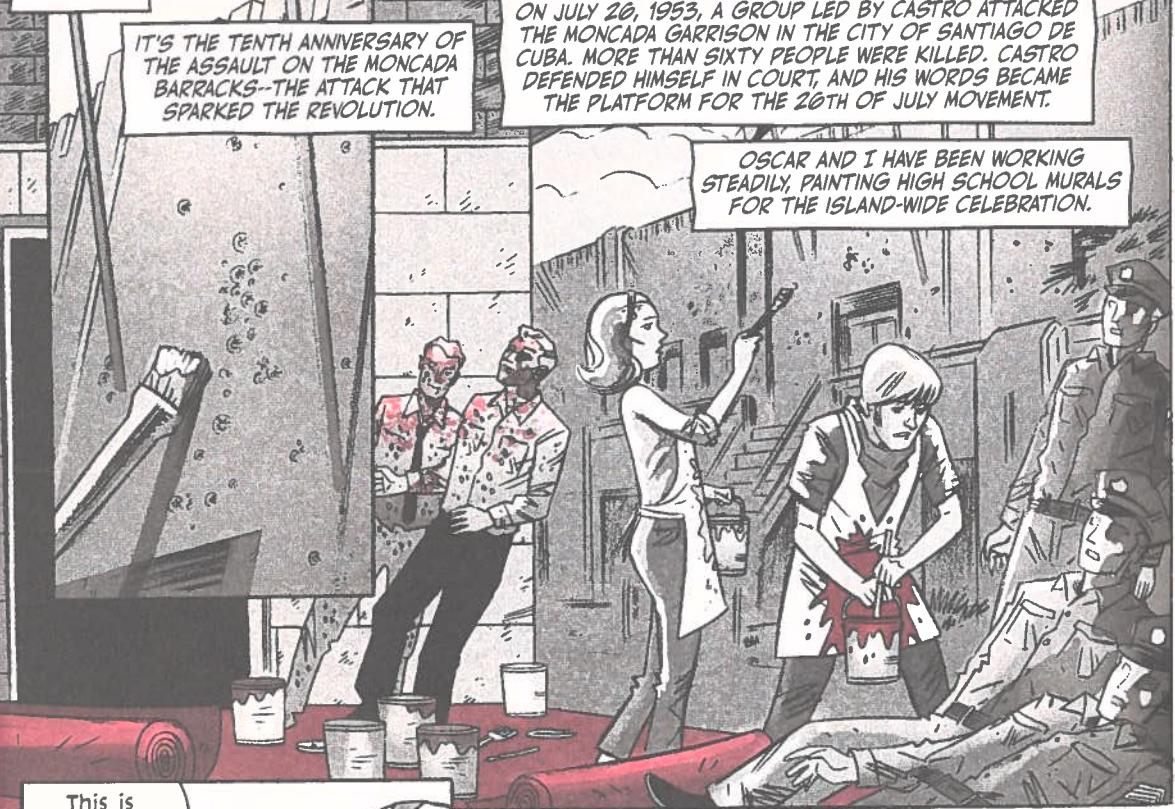
This is
great. No
one is doing
murals like
us.

I'm just
following
you...

I need your
imagination
and compositions,
negríta--this is my
way to success. I'm
not going back to
Coco's group.

Oh no,
Oscar--we
need you
there!

What for?
She's going to
get us killed,
or jailed...







NOVEMBER
1963





DECEMBER 15,
1963.

THE NEWS OF PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S DEATH LEAVES EVERYONE DUMFOUNDED. CONSPIRACY THEORIES ARE WIDESPREAD.

OUR ONLY NEWSPAPER HAS HEADLINES ABOUT ANOTHER POSSIBLE INVASION AND HIGH ALERT. THE SCARCITY OF FOOD AND CLOTHING IS WORSE. IT'S STRANGE, BUT I'VE BEEN CRYING FOR DAYS OVER KENNEDY'S DEATH.

ENTIENDO
el
SIALISMO

LOS PRINCIPIOS
NO SON
NEGOCIAZBLES

My daughter sent me shampoo from the north. Want to buy it?

I'm sorry, I don't have dollars or pesos.

Damn. I need to buy parts for my broken fridge.

Fridge? For what, señora? The little they give us is gone in a day, and then the goddamn lines again.

Compañera, you should be ashamed. Haven't you read the newspaper? We will have a surplus next year.

PATRIA
MUERTE

DECEMBER 31,
1963.

FIDEL HAS ABOLISHED ALL FESTIVITIES, AND THE BLOCK PATROLS ARE WATCHING EVERYWHERE. WE'RE CELEBRATING THE NEW YEAR QUIETLY AT MY HOUSE.

MIRTA AND I HAVE BECOME GOOD FRIENDS, ALTHOUGH HER DISILLUSION WITH THE REVOLUTION IS ADDING TO MY OWN DOUBTS.

I WAS SO INNOCENT AND FULL OF ILLUSIONS THAT NEW YEAR'S EVE WITH MOTHER AND SILVIO THREE YEARS AGO. NOW I AM A PAINTER, MY FATHER LIVES IN POVERTY AND MY MOTHER IN EXILE.

CARLOS IS IN LOVE WITH ME AND I DO LOVE HIM...BUT FLAVIO'S GHOST HANGS ON, AND I STILL HAVE FLASHBACKS.

To our new job!

Here's to boredom--and to our suppliers of vodka, my professors!

To my love, Sonya.

To us, and to a better year!

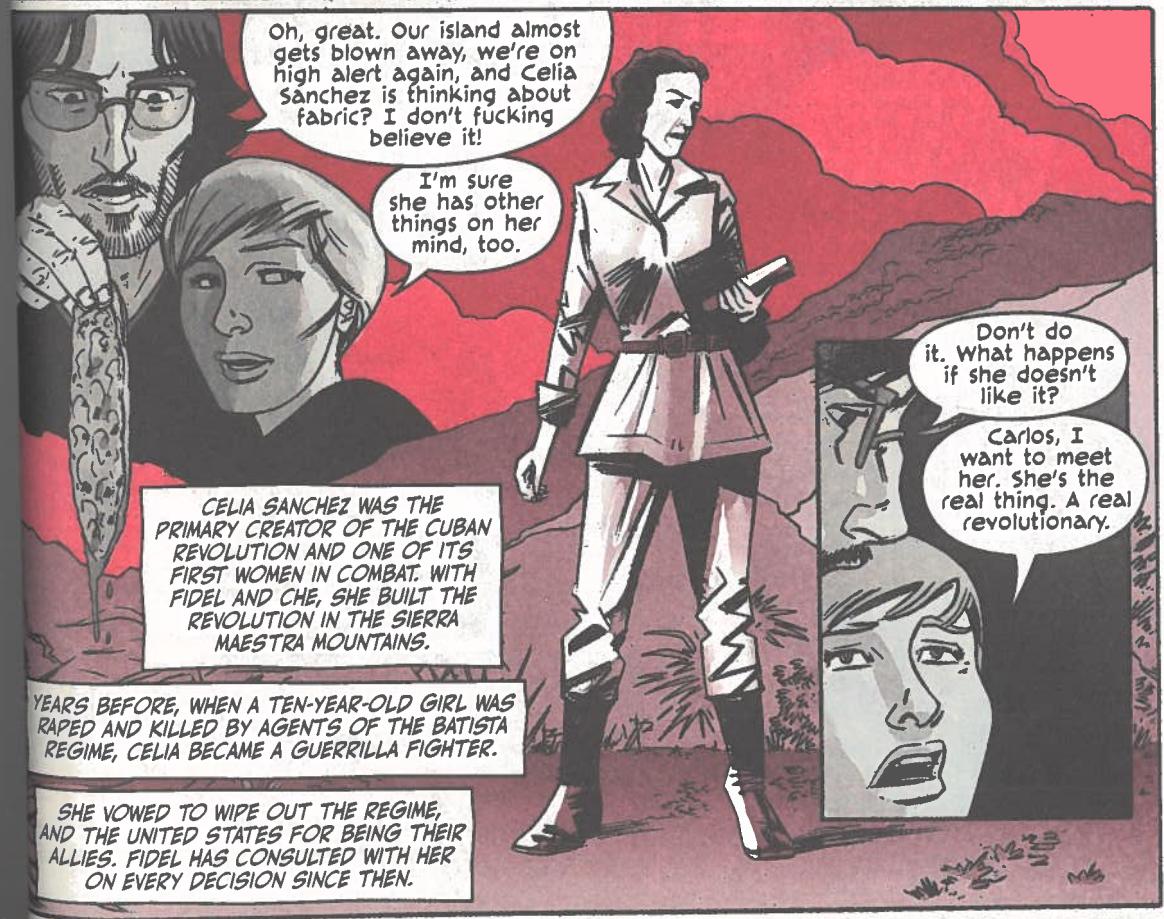
No! You know the shit we're going to hear. Our father, Fidel, who decides what we should think, eat, and when to piss!

Let's turn the radio on just to have some sound!

I'm hungry. Sonya, do you have anything else to eat?

Only baking soda and a can of Chinese mushrooms.

Let's go get it. I have an idea.



THE TRUTH IS THAT I'M SO CONFUSED. I'M HOPING THAT IF I MEET CELIA, SHE WILL MAKE ME BELIEVE IN THE REVOLUTION AGAIN.

We don't have fabric like this here. I think it's imported from Paris, just like the brushes. Too bad we have to return it.

It makes me sweat just thinking about red, with summer coming.

I hate having to be searched every day. And our dyes have to be analyzed! What kind of country are we living in?

You know the Americans are trying to kill Fidel. Come on--we have to paint 2,000 circles in yellow and the rays of each sun in reds, so we better get to it.

Oscar, if you want me to finish the work, I have to meet Celia Sanchez.

Why? Don't think you will be meeting the Virgin Mary and that she will perform a miracle.

Arrange the meeting. I'll take care of the miracle.

Sonya, I guarantee you that Baby Jesus is not coming to save Cuba.

THIS IS MY ONLY HOPE FOR UNDERSTANDING A PROCESS THAT I FEAR IS GROWING SOUR. I AM ELATED ABOUT MEETING CELIA SANCHEZ--AND TERRIFIED. FOR DAYS BEFOREHAND, I PRACTICE MY QUESTIONS WITH MIRTA.

I'VE BEEN WITH CELIA FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES.

To answer your question, yes, I prefer those days in the Sierra Maestra Mountains planning and organizing the peasants for battle.

Our ideals kept us alive. Our struggle was a collective creation. The revolution was a difficult undertaking, full of dangers, but luckily for Cuba this time it has come to power. It will not be like 1895 when the Americans made themselves masters of our country.

Celia knows the mountains and swamps better than any man. She sent 300,000 volunteers to teach the peasants to read and write.

But that's what I was saying--it's important to give credit to the women of the revolutionary process, and...

Our peasants would not understand if we were to treat men and women alike.

But Celia, it's not just about men and women. We need different opinions, not a forced ideology. Our students now are being told what to study, our artists what to paint...

Enough! Diversity brings chaos. Our priority is to send more teachers and doctors to the countryside and to Latin America.

Our national militia is a truly armed democracy. They all have rifles and the chance to do volunteer work.

Concentrate on the work you're doing here. We chose you for your excellent designs of revolutionary murals, not for criticism of our principles.

Oh--and I need the work finished this week.



OCTOBER,
1964.

Oh my God,
oh my God! Finally,
we're going to have
our own exhibit! A
show in the
Czechoslovakian
embassy!

I don't
know where
we'll find
paint and
canvases.

We have
six months. We
will paint over
the ones we
have. Do they
want to see
the paintings
first?

No. Of all
the communist
countries, the
Czechs are
the most
progressive.

What happened to
your hair? Why did
you cut it? You know
how much I loved
your long hair.

Two army
guys stopped us
in the street. They
said we looked
weird. First they
asked for our
ID cards...

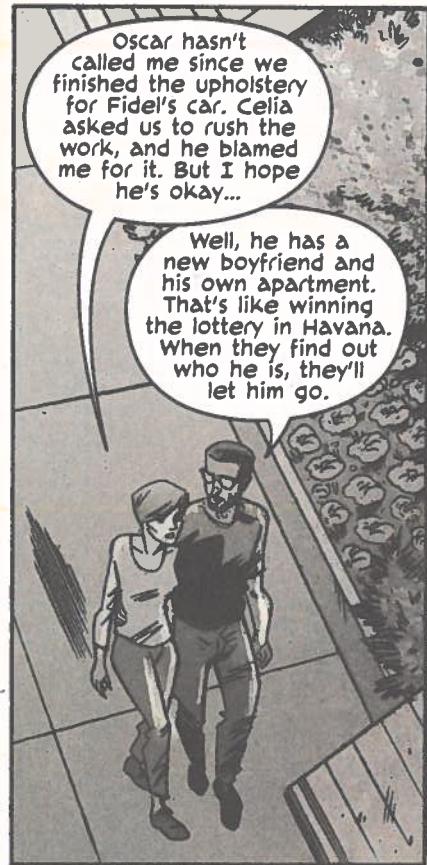
Who's
"we"?

"Oscar was with me.
You know how he
looks, with his earring
and red bandana.

They let me
off with a warning.
They said if I didn't
cut my hair, I'd go
to jail for being a
decadent capitalist.
But they took
Oscar with them."

"Where did
they take
him, Carlos?"

"I don't know...but
we need to get
out of here."



WE GET MARRIED IN A SMALL COURTROOM. CARLOS MEETS MY FATHER AND IT GOES WELL. MY MOTHER WOULD HAVE LIKED CARLOS A LOT, TOO. I HOPE ONE DAY WE CAN VISIT HER.

I AM AFRAID OF THIS SUDDEN HAPPINESS. I FEEL SO VULNERABLE.

When are you going to tell your parents?

I don't know. My father will find out about your family going to Miami, and think we'll be leaving the country next.

WITH THE CONSTRUCTION SHORTAGE, MANY YOUNG COUPLES IN CUBA HAVE TO LIVE APART, STAYING WITH RELATIVES.

OUR PROBLEM IS DIFFERENT. CARLOS IS AN ONLY CHILD AND TAKES CARE OF HIS BEDRIDDEN MOTHER.

HIS FATHER, THE OLD-LINE COMMUNIST, MAY NOT ACCEPT OUR MARRIAGE AT ALL.

Are you afraid he will denounce us to the police?

My mother won't let him. But she's so fragile lately.

We're married, my sweetheart! We're married!

Me, too. Negrita, we have to find a nice place to celebrate. That office was dreadful.

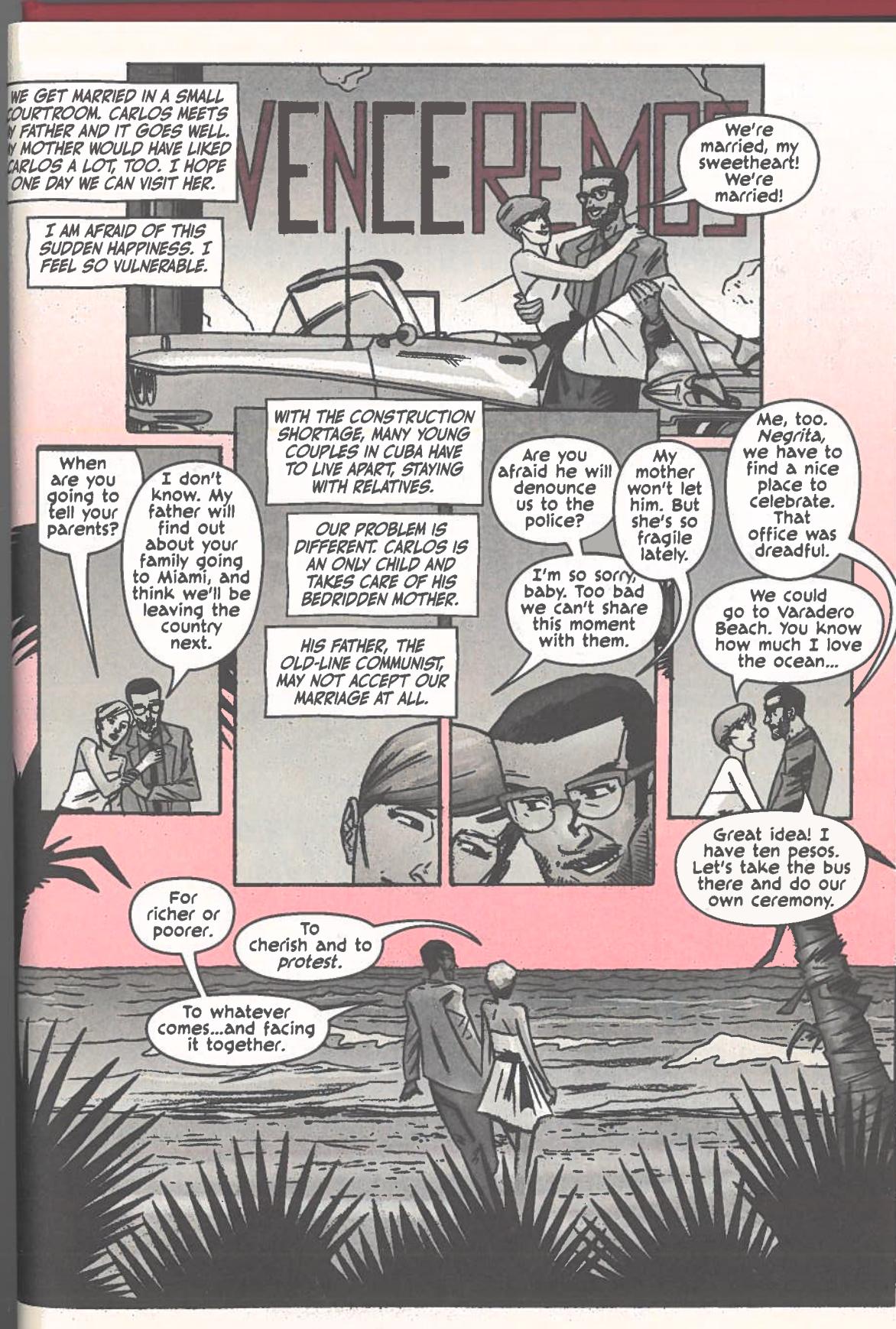
We could go to Varadero Beach. You know how much I love the ocean...

Great idea! I have ten pesos. Let's take the bus there and do our own ceremony.

For richer or poorer.

To cherish and to protest.

To whatever comes...and facing it together.



MAY 1965.

CARLOS SPENDS HALF THE WEEK AT MY HOUSE, WHERE HE PAINTS. THE THREE OF US HAVE DISCUSSIONS ABOUT ART, POLITICS, AND THE BOOKS WE GET IN THE BLACK MARKET. WE DISAGREE SOMETIMES, BUT IT FEELS LIKE A FAMILY.

You're not going to show any of this, are you?

Why not?

They'll put you in jail, or worse, declare you insane.

They won't!

Listen, Sonya. Wake up. They will only allow me to do plays about the workers. They won't let you do this.

I'd rather be dead if I can't express my ideas. I want to contribute to this new country.

You know that the government demands total ideological loyalty. You should also know that I am about to quit school...

Sonya, I got a call about Oscar. He's been taken to an UMAP camp!

UMAPS ARE CAMPS ESTABLISHED TO ELIMINATE COUNTERREVOLUTIONARIES. HOMOSEXUALS, JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES AND OTHERS ARE SENT TO REMOTE AREAS, AND SENTENCED TO FORCED LABOR.

Oh God. Even with all his connections he couldn't get out of this one?

I'd heard about the UMAPS but I wasn't sure they really existed...

Fuck! Carlos, can we go see him?

No one knows where he is.

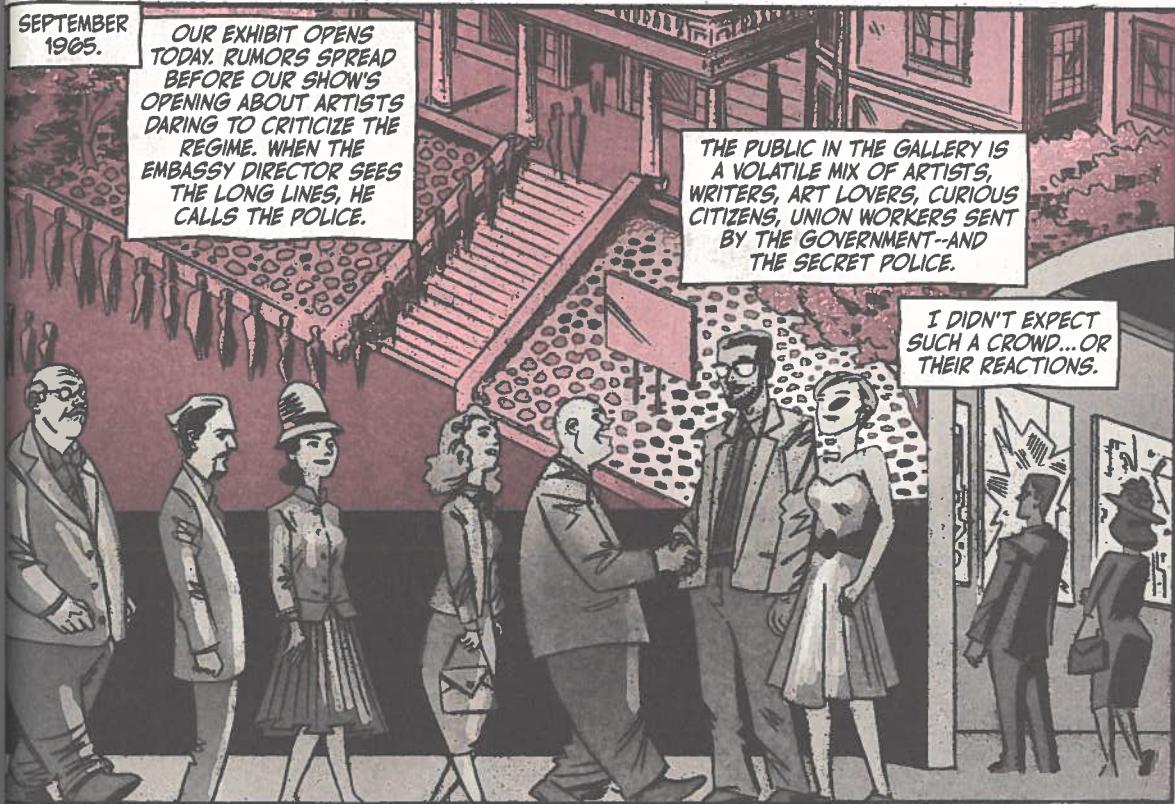
I DON'T KNOW RIGHT FROM WRONG ANYMORE. WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PRINCIPLES WE BELIEVED IN FIVE YEARS AGO? I'M ALWAYS AFRAID, ALL THE TIME. ALL THE TIME.

SEPTEMBER
1965.

OUR EXHIBIT OPENS TODAY. RUMORS SPREAD BEFORE OUR SHOW'S OPENING ABOUT ARTISTS DARING TO CRITICIZE THE REGIME. WHEN THE EMBASSY DIRECTOR SEES THE LONG LINES, HE CALLS THE POLICE.

THE PUBLIC IN THE GALLERY IS A VOLATILE MIX OF ARTISTS, WRITERS, ART LOVERS, CURIOUS CITIZENS, UNION WORKERS SENT BY THE GOVERNMENT--AND THE SECRET POLICE.

I DIDN'T EXPECT SUCH A CROWD... OR THEIR REACTIONS.



SOME PEOPLE ARE ONLY MYSTIFIED.

"Metamorphosis" is the title? What's that?

When something changes from one thing into another.

Am I going to change into a broom?

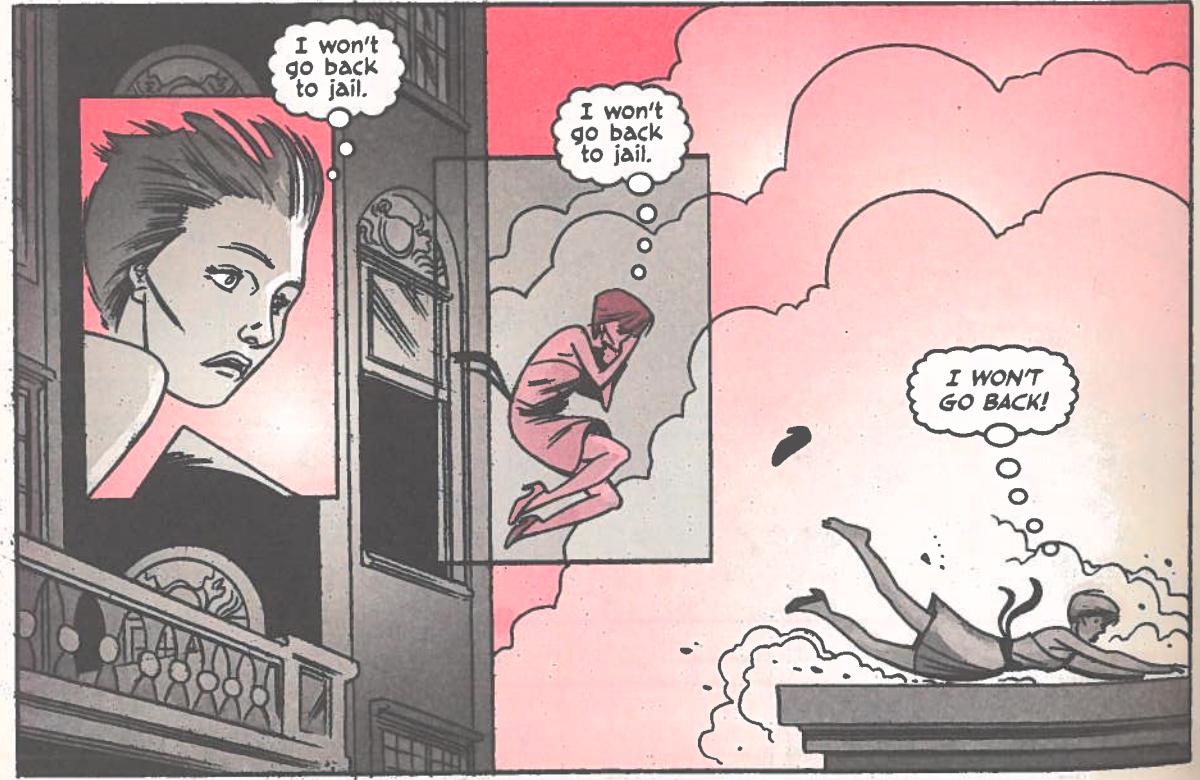
OTHERS BECOME HOSTILE BECAUSE ONE OF THE TITLES IS "MIEDO" (FEAR).

Fear?
Fear of what?
Who's this artist?

There's no fear in this country!
This exhibit is against Fidel!

HOSTILITY WINS. FIGHTS BREAK OUT IN THE GUESTBOOK SIGNING LINE.





WEEKS LATER I RECEIVE A LETTER FROM THE UNION STATING THAT THEY'VE CONFISCATED OUR PAINTINGS. I AM FORBIDDEN TO EXHIBIT EVER AGAIN.

THE OLD PAIN IN MY CHEST RETURNS. I DEVELOP TWITCHES. I'M WORRIED THE POLICE WILL BE AT MY DOOR ANY MOMENT NOW. I CAN'T HOLD DOWN FOOD.

I DECIDE TO TELL CARLOS ABOUT MY TIME IN JAIL.

I couldn't tell you before. Even now I wasn't sure if I could. It's agony to talk about it.

Sonya, baby, I'm so sorry. I wish you could have trusted me enough to tell me sooner. Cowards!

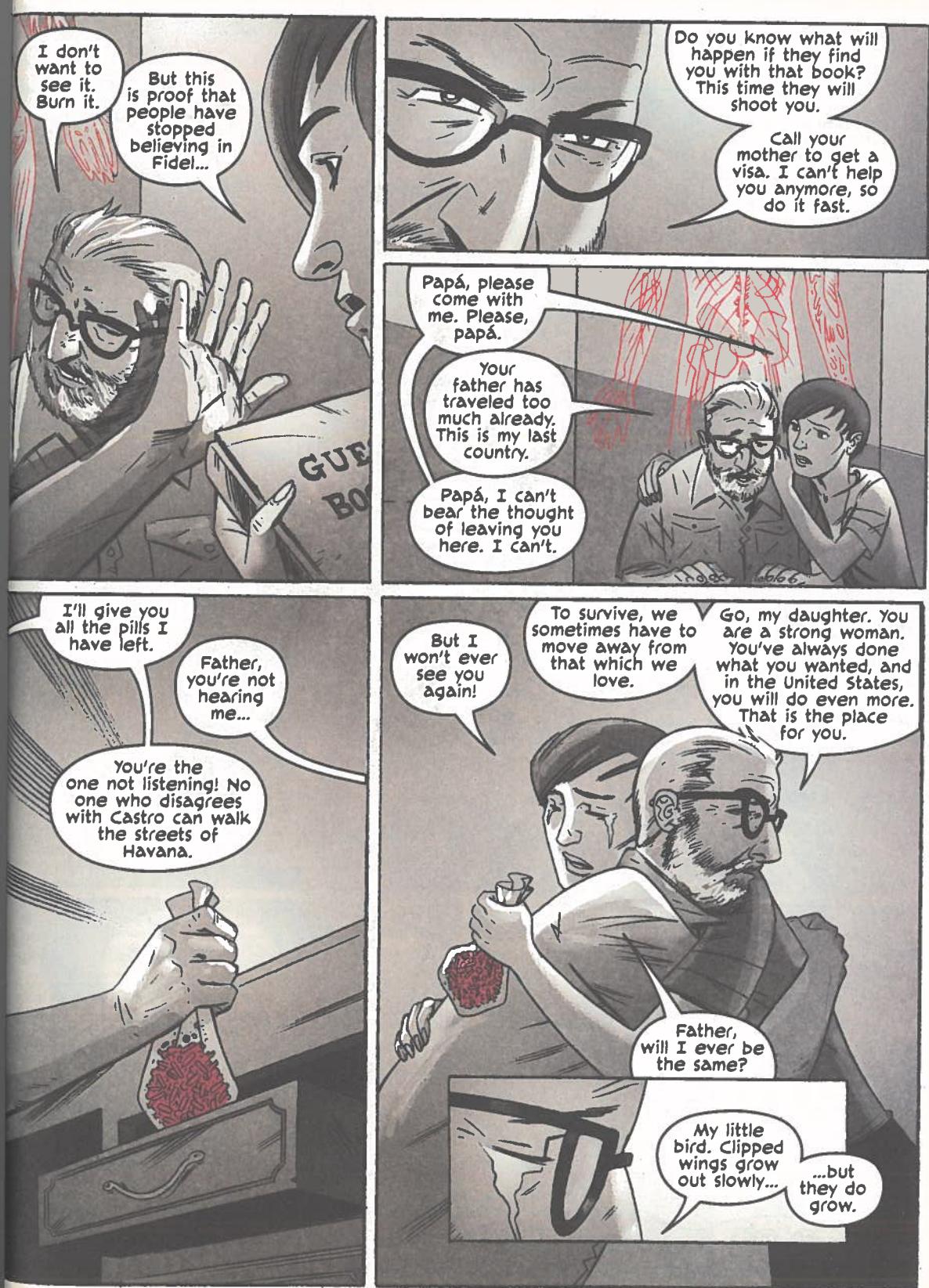
I think we're being followed. Those two men are looking at us.

Sonya... negrita. You've been throwing up for a while. Maybe they just want to help.

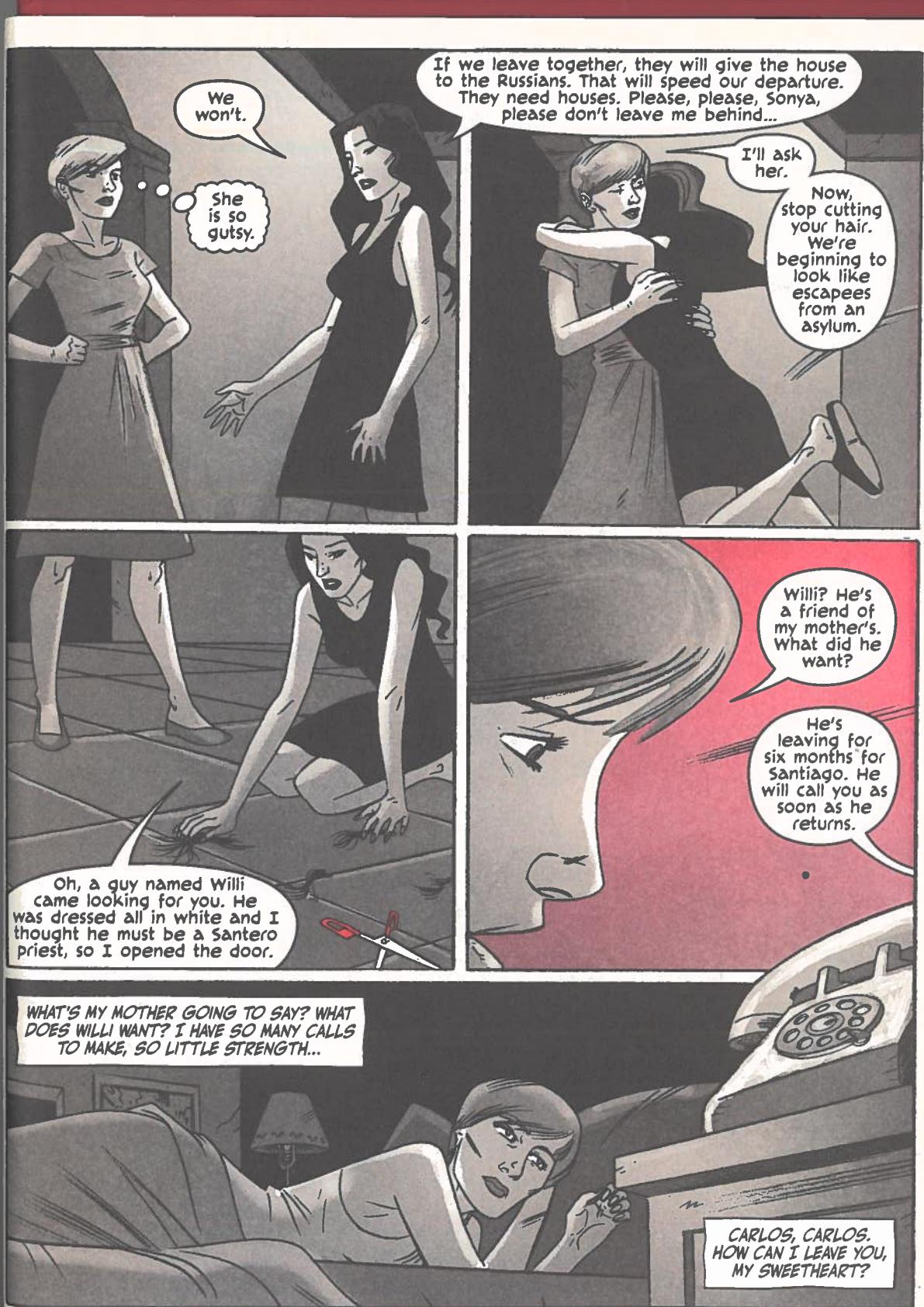
I love you so much. I don't want to lose you. Maybe we shouldn't have done the show...

We had to do it! Someone has to tell the truth! The truth, dammit! Someone has to talk!

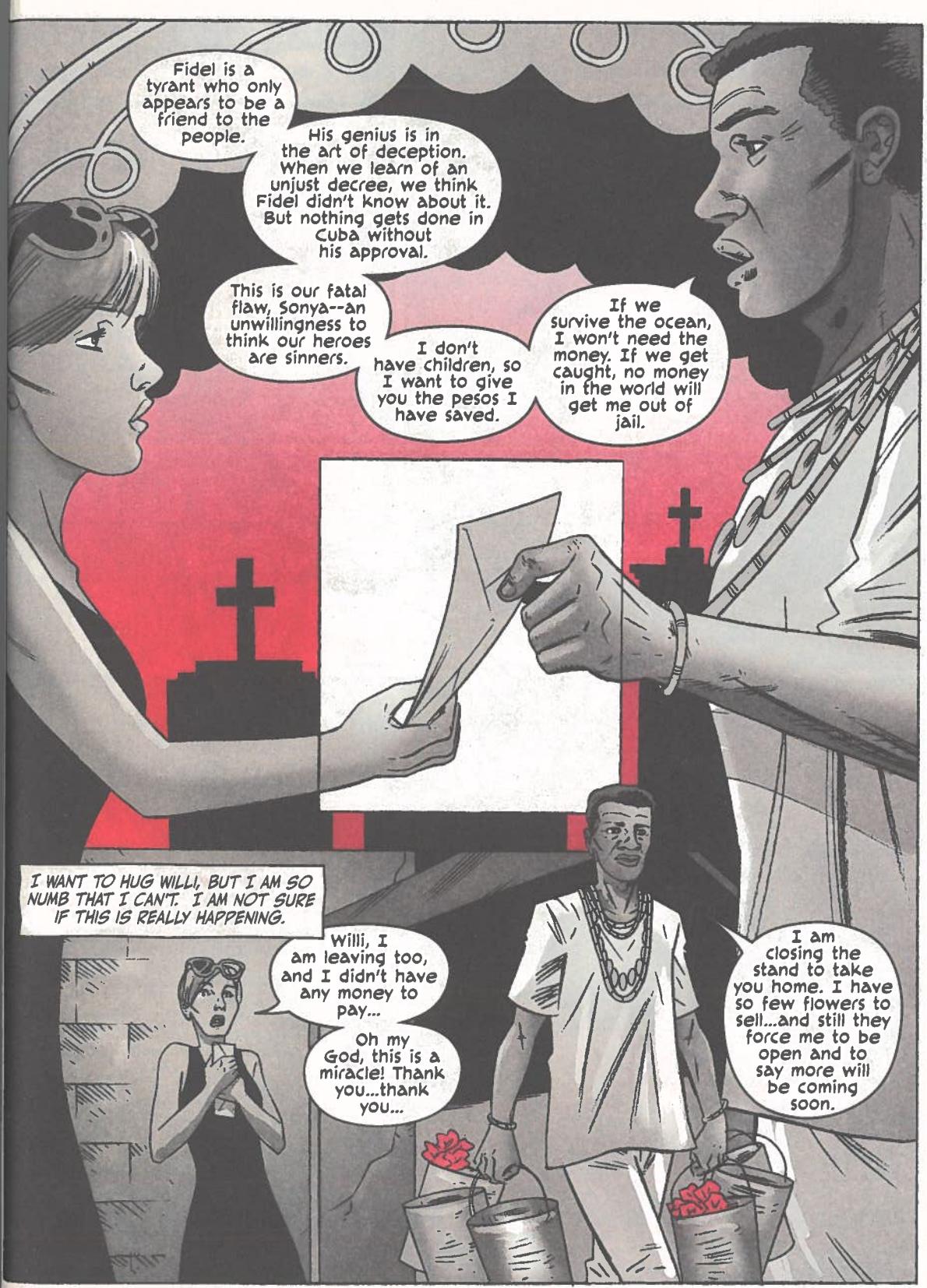












SEPTEMBER,
1966.

THE DAY BEFORE LEAVING
MY COUNTRY, IT STILL
FEELS UNREAL.

CARLOS AND I ARE SPENDING THE
NIGHT TOGETHER. WE'RE BURNING
OUR MEMORIES. WE ARE TOGETHER,
BUT IN DIFFERENT WORLDS.

I don't
know if I
can let
you go.

Our book,
Sonya! Our
book!

You
know we
have to
burn it!

I
know.

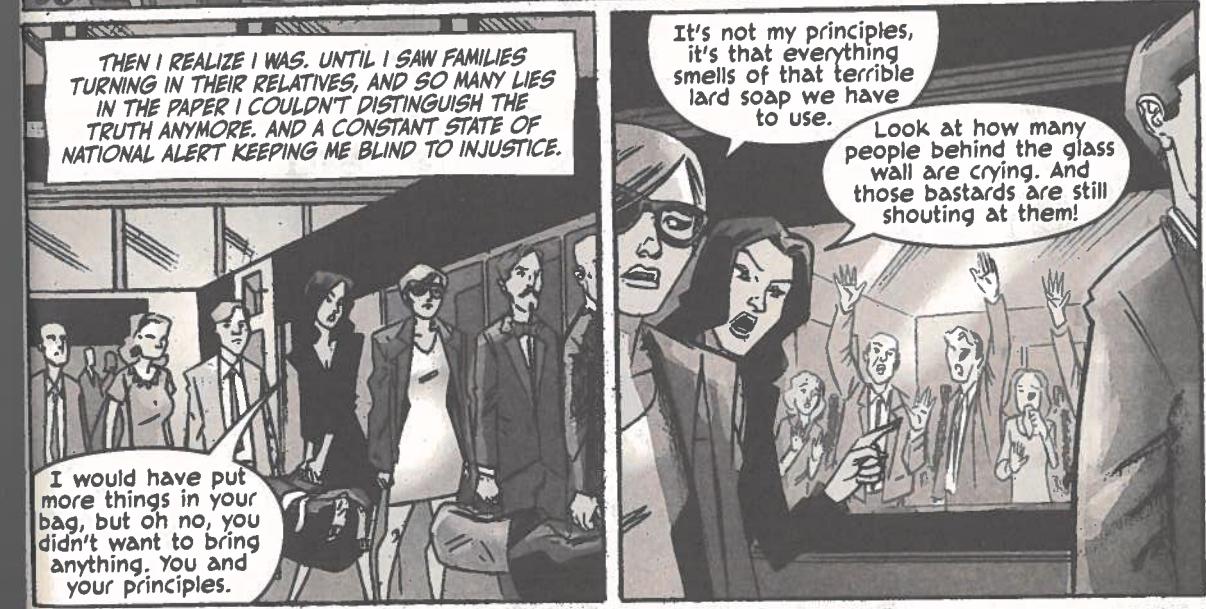
Promise
me you'll make
yourself invisible,
that you'll do
whatever they tell
you. You have to
stay alive.

I'll
work to
get you
out of
here.

I love
you, I
love you.
Promise me
you won't
stop loving
me.

How
could I?









THE SOUND OF THE ENGINES GETS LOUDER. THERE IS SILENCE INSIDE. NO ONE MOVES. NO ONE SPEAKS.



Welcome to
America.

Welcome to
freedom.

