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FORMAS



CariSun Festival 2231, Trinidad de Cuba

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[20.07.2231]

Hey, sorry for the noise... the boat is fully booked, and you know how chatty we can get. You will probably get this message later because I've heard that communications are still a problem when entering the Caribe land, something about electric interference, they are saying here on the boat. May is doing alright, but I think she is a bit anxious about getting the hormones she needs in Trinidad. Other passengers recommended we travel to Santiago to get the rest of the pills in case we want to stay longer in Cuba, we'll see. I know she's trying to hide any signs of concern from me because I am so excited, she says I'm a little girl again. Everyone else on the boat, especially the Cubans, is excited too. Can you imagine? The CariSun Festival is not only in Cuba, but in my hometown! I guess they are really taking seriously the decentralization of everything this time, LOL... it seems like all the criticism paid off, and the R2.0 (2nd Cuban Revolution, updated in 2180) is really going somewhere.

I am just a bit tired with all the travelling, but I am still grateful we got a spot on the boat. It might take a couple of days to get there since we didn't qualify for the flight even with my condition. It's okay, really, my knee doesn't hurt as much, and I think that besides worrying about the pills, May is fine. I am happy the flights are reserved for those who really need to be there or can't endure a trip this long... It is hard to even conceive how people were flying so much back then, especially to the Caribbean every other weekend off just for a holiday. I've heard cruise ships were popular too, but nobody would travel to the island in one of those. To think their casual visits were in fact contributing to destroying our islands' beauty...

This boat is relatively small, but the 46 people on board are making everything work so efficiently. Speaking of which, we are on kitchen duty tomorrow, so I will probably not be recording any messages, but we're almost there, so I'll send you another voice message when in Trinidad. Remember these aunties love you!

[27.07.2231]

Oh, my Goddess! The Sun! So bright, so strong! My skin sensors are showing crazy readings, but the locals say it is normal this time of the year, but they are still recommending staying outside just long enough to recharge one's battery. They have planned the recovery and organization activities for the early morning or late afternoon, but there is not much more to do, to be honest. We met a volunteer from

Boriken, and he said Cuba suffered a bit more from the hurricane Atama, but the response was so quick from the island, its neighbors and nationals in the diaspora who –like us– came soon as they could, that everything was almost completely back to normal in less than a month. In the mornings we are attending the food garden Mama prepared in the neighborhood's corner, and thanks to her contacts we got nice shifts at the local *Archivo descolonial y ecofeminista* checking if the documents were damaged by the humidity left by the hurricane. We are actually having so much fun it hardly feels like work, but the archive is so big that you come across with the most different materials, from a 400-year-old newspaper clip announcing the sale of a slave, to a picture album with the latest festival of the queerafrocaribbean collective. Bodies in pain, and bodies in joy, they are all part of the archive now.

The best moment of the day is the afternoon, no doubt. With a milder sun and soft breeze we sit on the stairs in the old city, under the bougainvillea tree. It is so perfect! This is the only fruitless tree that has been permitted because the entire place is supposed to be covered with native fruit trees to provide free edibles, but the flower is so iconic in the city that people agreed on having them in certain places. I have been watching a music video filmed almost a century ago, and that particular spot doesn't seem to change. They keep playing that electronic version of Compay Segundo's *Chan Chan* and it gets me so sentimental every time. We just sit there and relax, catching up with anyone who passes by and wants to join. We've learnt so much about the festival, and how challenging the preparation has been, but everyone agrees this is going to be one of the best ones in the last decades since Caribbean cities started hosting this celebration in 2194, honoring the forces of nature, both the energy from sun and the cleansing chaos of the hurricane.

[29.07.2231]

I was expecting some security in the streets because Teja Salomon should be arriving soon. For being one of the best well-known minds of the century one would assume it would be a great fuzzi, but I always forget how the quotidian and extraordinary walk hand by hand on these islands. I have seen some zines and pamphlets about the super scientist circulating around though, their research in human body transition led to such an impressive discovery regarding our own bodies' capacity to harness energy from almost everything, especially from the sun. What I like the most is how the information was more focused on how the discovery changed forever the way we perceive energy consumption: we use that which we ourselves produce, and the surplus goes to your nearest community.

I can't believe how there are still people trying to make money out of socellar technology, because commercialization is heavily penalized, but you know how we humans are... (rolling my eyes). Salomon is now retired, but thankfully they have made sure nobody can put a patent on this technology, so the

greed of both individuals and big corps has been temporarily kept at bay. The problem now has been how to approach the migration situation since many people want to come to Caribe land with tempting offers to the government to export energy. Voting starts next week, but Mama told us Trinidad has already chosen not to open the city, at least not to westerners. Most people here resent them due to the old histories of colonialism and tourism, others argue this is nonetheless discriminatory. In any case, the sun is still the treasure of the tropics, and many celebrate these days that we have been harvesting its energy long before socellar technologies came into the picture.

[01.08.2231]

I can't believe that the day has finally come, and the festival will start in only a few hours! May and I were so excited this morning that we decided to put on our wedding suits because they were still in our old wardrobe, and all our other white pieces are dirty until next week, when it is supposed to rain. Everyone will be in white today, the intention is twofold, for maximizing the energy harvest and a reverence to our Santeria heritage. Can you hear the music in the background? They have been playing this anthem all day and we just can't stop smiling and moving our bodies to Bob's rhythm. We're going out now, everyone is on the streets... Wait, May wants to sing a bit for you...

Sun is shining, the weather is sweet, yeah
Make you wanna move your dancing feet now
To the rescue, here I am
Want you to know, y'all, can you understand?
here I am
Want you to know just if you can
(Tuesday evening) where i stand
(Wednesday morning)
Tell myself a new day is rising
(Thursday evening) get on the rise
A new day is dawning
(Friday morning) here I am
(Saturday evening) want you to know just
Want you to know just where I stand
When the morning gathers the rainbow
Want you to know *I'm a rainbow too...*