

*La Revolución* [Revolution] August 6, 1870 or June 8, 1870: "Fear of Anarchy"

Disastrous, disastrous education! Not even over ten centuries will Spain be able to pay for the damage it has done to the populations of its race that live on the continent and the islands.

We have been educated in a vacuum-operated pneumatic machine, and when we leave it, surprised that we can still breathe, we fear even the open air.

We have been educated in a dungeon, and we come out to the light, we are frightened of it; we cannot see objects the way the light reveals them to us but instead only the way our retinas can receive them.

We have been educated in a desert, and when we go out into the social world, we are afraid of men, because we do not know them; we judge them poorly because we never know what makes them tick, or judge them to be good because they embrace interests or the passions that move us.

We have been educated in a prison that has been the constant target of mistrustful vigilance, as perpetual victims of a sole authority—a wicked one, due to its exclusivity—all of us obedient to the power, all of us adoring the power, seeing brothers as enemies, informers in friends, spies in strangers, seeing useless men in the poor, eminent men in the rich, demi-gods in the influential, a God in the powerful, rebels in the respectable, evil men in the independent. And when we have all convinced our selves that what we were doing, thinking, feeling, and wanting was bad because everything has already been done, thought, felt, and wanted under the harmful influence of the vile education we were getting; when we have enough virility, enough dignity, enough foresight, and enough energy to reject our overwhelming yokes, we found ourselves having of the prison's habits, with the same concerns brought on by the mandatory enclosure in which we live.

We have been educated to doubt what is good and bad, but more about the good than the bad; we are totally and absolutely incapable of believing in unselfish good, and even more unable to fight evil head on.

We have been educated in the Loyola school, and everything we've learned from it is a total deceitfulness, as well as adaptability; all the feebleness of conscience, all the shabbiness of ulterior motives.

We have been educated in a barracoon, as plighted slaves of a gutless master, and when we've gone out onto the street of freedom, we have feared the existence of a master in each one of the powerful men we look after.

Oh, despicable Spain! If there is atonement for the people, as they say there is for individuals, you, stepmother, you will atone for your criminal behavior in the colonies for a long, long time.

We are paying for the error of our foresight in confiding the education of new nations; but you will pay for the crime of having ruined indefinite generations of men.

Three generations and the current one. Independence will give us the solution and freedom will give us salvation; but in the meantime, errors linger, the disastrous bad habits of sorrow persist.

One of them is assuming ourselves to be so weak, so impotent, so incapable of resistance against evil, feeling ourselves to be incapable of resources against it that the moment someone steps outside revolutions' model path and follows the one generally followed by men who have only ambition—we start to desperately shout: “Anarchy! Anarchy is coming!”—while we also tremble and shout: “Anarchy! The tsunami is coming!” when the seas in which we are calmly bathing suddenly become choppy.

No. Neither anarchy or any other evil is coming to overtake our people when the people don't want it; much less because only one man wants it, no matter who he is, and even less so when there are men who don't want it, or can or know how to do what other men have done under different circumstances. Thank God and on behalf of Cuba's future, we still have enough time to reprint the article from seven months ago in which, in response to an American newspaper that wished for us to have a military temperament, we thanked it and politely evaded its good wishes.

*–Translated by Dr. Kenya Dworkin*