

Regeneración

English Section

Edited by WM. C. OWEN

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America Also Has Her Kaiser.

The United States government now formally recognizes Carranza and invites him to send a diplomatic representative to Washington. Brazil, Chili, Argentina, Guatemala, Bolivia, Uruguay, Colombia and Nicaragua join in the recognition. The theory on which Republics are supposed to rest is that the acts of their governments reflect and carry out the people's will. Yet who will dare to tell us that the inhabitants of the United States, or of the other countries named, have been consulted and have expressed their deliberate conviction that Carranza is the proper person to be President of Mexico?

Following the official recognition came intervention by the United States, in the shape of a special permit allowing Carranza to transport troops across American territory, for the purpose of cutting off and defeating Villa, at Agua Prieta. That is intervention, as effective, as actual, as real as if this government had detailed its own soldiers to participate in the hostilities. Has our government, which in theory reflects and carries out only the will of the people, ever asked us whether we do or do not wish to intervene?

Furthermore, the citizens of the United States are now forbidden to ship arms to Carranza's enemies, but he himself may buy all he wants, provided he can get the price. Assuredly that will not bother him, for he who obtains a special privilege from government can always obtain credit in proportion to the value of the privilege. Can you imagine a more valuable privilege than that which our government has now conferred on Carranza, and when or by whom have we, the people, been consulted?

So, again we have intervened in Mexico; as we intervened, but on a small scale and timidly, for Madero; as we intervened on a far larger scale, and to the accompaniment of much bloodshed, at Vera Cruz. The excuse then was that Huerta had not been elected by the Mexicans; that they had not been consulted as, in the opinion of President Wilson, the greatest of all theoretical sticklers for popular representation, they should have been. When we now accuse Wilson of having intervened without consulting us, the people, whose obedient servant he assumes to be, what is his answer?

Let not our readers imagine that in these columns we are concerned only with the fate of I believe, beyond dispute that Carranza. I, at least, as editor of this section, have infinitely more at heart the future of the United States, for I see it passing more and more into the eclipse of which autocratic government has ALWAYS brought to EVERY nation. At this moment I see the world deluged with blood because a particular individual, who apparently believes himself the divine representative of an Almighty God, had the power to order millions to take up the sword, and exercised it, I see the President of our own alleged Republic doing exactly the same thing, and I apprehend, in a future by no means distant, exactly the same results.

There should be no mistake about this matter. We have intervened in Mexico, and no sophisticated eloquence can hide the fact. The sword Carranza apparently wields today—according to his own avowal with the ex-

press determination of exterminating his opponents—is being actually wielded by the United States. If Villa—for whom my personal admiration is very scant—and other Mexican leaders are defeated it will be by the force of the United States, and the widows and orphaned children of Mexicans henceforth slain in battle will say, and say correctly,—"Our men were killed by the United States."

There should be also no mistake about this matter of autocracy. Henceforth let us have the honesty to acknowledge that the theory by which our President poses as the SERVANT of the people is all a sham, for in reality he possesses and exercises the power of a Kaiser. He dresses as does the ordinary citizen, but acts as if he wore a crown. He need not consult his subjects, and he does not consult them. "Their's is not to question why; their's but to do and die."

We are concerned here with things incomparably greater than the immediate question of who shall or shall not be President of Mexico. We are concerned with a problem that is much more than Mexican, that is also American, that is world-wide. Primarily, and always, I think of myself as adding my little contribution to the exposure of a blatantly audacious sham; a delusion fully as ridiculous and, in my judgement, far more pernicious, than any of those allegedly-miraculous fakes which for centuries an ambitious priesthood has foisted on a credulous world. It is more pernicious precisely because, it has immediate, far-reaching and intensely practical results; because it affects most directly the personal liberty and personal security of every one of us; because it works with us, eats with us, sleeps with us and shapes the whole course of this, our earthly life; the only life we ever can hope to understand and master; the life we have to live, in opposition to that of which, at best, we can but dream. With the sham of pretended self-government; with the lie of social equality, under such institutions as we have at present; with the hocus-pocus swindle of popular sovereignty while the few are clothed with the power of life or death—which is essentially the power of Gods—while untold millions creep through life more helpless than the new-born chick; with such a colossal fraud every honest man and woman should be at war.

These articles are meant to have a logical development. In that entitle "What does Carranza really mean?" it was shown, as concerned only with the fate of I believe, beyond dispute that Carranza means nothing except high-sounding words, which was the fatal misfortune of his unfortunate predecessor, Francisco I. Madero; that he professes to think it possible to secure social equality while protecting the vested interests which, as he himself acknowledges, were granted most unjustly by the military dictator, Diaz; that, in a word and as the Spanish saying goes, what he writes with his hand he rubs out with his elbow. Nothing substantial; nothing real; merely words, words, words. That article was followed by one headed "Better Roosevelt than Wilson," in which I endeavored to explain why I prefer the man who will fight for what he believes to be right to the man who prates everlastingly about civic righteousness but will embrace her only when it pays to do so; whose Platonic flirtations with the lady must be

safely respectable, sanctioned by the authorities and conducted according to the book of etiquette. That is my opinion of Wilson, for he has shown himself a hare before Germany but a lion toward weak but struggling Mexico. In this respect I regard him as reflecting most faithfully the inherent weakness of the United States, which is a Power only in words; a compromise between desire to do right and a moral cowardice which dare not live up to its convictions.

In the speech I criticised last week President Wilson had much to say of the Statue of Liberty and the Declaration of Independence. Imagine yourself a penniless immigrant, rounded up as one of a drove of cattle at Ellis Island; asked a hundred insulting questions with all the proverbial "insolence of office" thrown finally on New York's streets a helpless waif, to be watched suspiciously by every detective and hounded by hunger from agency to agency while hunting desperately a job. Can you not imagine it? Has it not been, and is it not today more than ever, the fate of millions? Finding yourself in such circumstances what would you think of the grandiloquent promises the Statue of Liberty represents? What would you think of the assurance given by the Declaration of Independence that you have landed in a country where all men are free and equal? As a matter of fact you would curse the lying fraud of which you are the victim. As a matter of fact you would become, then and there, a revolutionary Anarquist at heart, although in all probability, and most fortunately for the Authorities, you would not have the ability to clothe your thought in words and hurl it, another firebrand, into the already seething furnace of discontent.

An old-fashioned monarchy may be a Power, because it has granted no concessions to the people and has made no promises it cannot meet. But such a country as the United States lacks the courage of integrity, for it is conscious that it has played a bunko game, knows that it has cheated the masses into believing themselves sovereign, and cowers before the Frankenstein it has created. Strikes which give Germany no apprehension, for they would be dealt with by drumhead courtmartial, here cause wide-spread panic. The unemployed, who never have made an Emperor lose one wink of sleep, are here a constant source of anxiety to all who have anything to lose. It is proposed to build up a huge standing army; but, although our alleged representatives, having the law-making power entirely in their hands, spend money without stint, nobody knows who is going to man the guns or whether the American soldier can be depended on in a quarrel of which he does not approve. To be a Power you must be able to rely absolutely on a given quantity of force; on the unwavering support of certain elements competent to take effective action. That force and that unwavering support the United States cannot command today and will be less likely to command tomorrow, for discontent marches ahead with seven-leagued boots. Miserable though our compromise with industrial and political freedom at present is, we have advanced too far along that path to allow of our being commanded, as the Russian moujik, for example, is commanded. The very weakness which keeps us from being a Power is, in reality, our strength.

Consider that, during the brief dusty rush obediently to the

life of this Republic three of its Presidents have been assassinated. And if I express the hope that there will not be a fourth it is certainly not to guard my own skin but because I consider assassination a detriment to progress. I think, however, that the day is very near when a President may be impeached, as Charles I of England was impeached, and may lose his head, as did that much mistaken gentleman. I think that the American people are about to discover that they have no use for kings, and I anticipate that this will be the great lesson driven home to them by the European war. We want no autocrat in a dress coat to involve us in quarrels for which we may have to pay a frightful price. If the rights and wrongs of social controversies are to be decided we want to do our own deciding.

Think how this matter of intervention in Mexico really stands, and consider the autocratic authority our President has had the audacity, the unspeakable audacity, to assume. He alone, and contrary to the judgement of such countries as Great Britain, took it on himself to decide that Huerta had insulted the United States flag—and every one knows well today that this was merely a pretext—and he alone gave orders that the insult should be wiped out in blood. He alone now decides—for the South American Republics have acted merely as an echoing chorus—that Carranza is the man, and that he is to be supported with all the force of this Republic. Yet I adventure to assert most positively that if the people of this country understood the Mexican situation as I and most of our readers understand it, the last thing they would think of would be the endorsement of intervention on behalf of a man who has made the declarations Carranza recently has made.

Most positive am I that the people of this country would not indorse the given of one penny of compensation to the great land monopolists whose titles are driven from a military adventurer who waded through slaughter to a throne: Most positive am I that the people of this country, instead of sending to prison men who, like the Magons, fought against such infamies, would have lauded them as heroes. Most positive am I that the American public, if it only knew how financial vultures gorged on Mexico's prostrate carcase, would have no patience with this new adventurer who, that he may seize the presidency, gives eager assurance that his countrymen shall be taxed to their last centavo to reimburse those vultures. Some five years ago I spoke on Mexico at a dinner given by certain of the Los Angeles' most distinguished citizens. Next me, sat an Appellate judge, himself the son of a United States senator, and he declared emphatically that a nation's first duty was to wipe out of existence a government so corrupt as has been that of Diaz. Yet today Carranza promises that the beneficiaries of that government will never be able to charge the Revolution with having robbed them of a cent! And today the President of the United States, assuming to speak for his masters, the people, but without consulting them, has forced us into partnership with the man who makes such promises.

This world, we know, is not at peace. From pole to pole it is racked by most sanguinary struggle yet recorded, and that struggle sprang directly from concentration of power; from giving one the authority to hurl millions into war. And you talk to me of a Rockefeller, a Morgan or a Carnegie, as embodying the real power in the United States! These so-called autocrats of in-

White House when the still greater autocrat of politics summons them: To the campaign of those who hold, or are likely to hold, political power they make, and most unwillingly, their contributions. To buy the good things politicians have for sale, or to buy off the deadly attacks they are capable of making, even the most powerful capitalist groups are compelled to maintain costly lobbies in Washington. The employer may be a law to their immediate workmen, but they themselves are under the law, and the law itself is at the mercy of the lawmaker. There lies the power of peace or war, of ruin or prosperity, of social equality or of those monstrous inequalities to which special privileges, granted by the lawmakers, have given birth.

"My Lord," said Queen Elizabeth to one of her bishops, "I frocked you and, by God, I can unfrock you." And so it is with capitalism, which today the lawmakers cloth sumptuously and tomorrow may strip to the skin. Who bankrupted Mexico? Surely not any mere money-bags, but Porfirio Diaz, formerly a penniless soldier, who carved his way to possession of the lawmaking power. Five years ago the Kaiser summoned the leading bankers of Berlin to his palace, and rebuked them sternly when they declared themselves unprepared for war. Today our own King-in-dress-coat virtually declares war on Mexico and, however costly the undertaking eventually may prove, every one of us, whether worker or capitalist, will have to foot the bill. What centralized power has done for Europe centralized power is doing for this country, but I believe that in the near future there will be a magnificent job lot of crowns for sale, with no purchasers.

As one supposes, Carranza, thanks to the assistance given by President Wilson and with the vociferous approval, as I notice, of General Otis, will step into the ill-omened shoes formerly worn by Francisco I. Madero. He will side-step very much as Madero side-stepped, and the general discontent, grown to a vastly greater stature during the last four years, will come to an even more dangerous head. Disturbances on an even larger scale will be the continuous order of the day, and there will be constant pressure on the United States to take more and more drastic action. That much is easy to forecast, but what will follow is the merest guesswork. History is being made with lightning rapidity in these stirring times.

WM. C. OWEN.

Save Castillo's Life

Comrades, you of the International, you who extend the hand of comradeship to all humanity, you to whom this fight for social justice is life itself, it is to you I make this appeal. Save Castillo's life!

Comrade Castillo is the truest rebel that ever fought for human justice in Mexico and, unless we can save him, he will be sacrificed to the gods of greed that one ravishing and devastating his country. He was one of the first to take up arms against the old despot, Porfirio Diaz, and was F. I. Madero's trusted bodyguard throughout the revolution. Castillo fought to restore to the people the land which had been stolen from them and when Madero took over the government, he went to Chapultepec Castle (Mexico's white one the authority to hurl millions into war. And you talk to me of a Rockefeller, a Morgan or a Carnegie, as embodying the real power in the United States! These so-called autocrats of in-

Castillo and told him to "go home and forget it"

Castillo went home but he did not forget. He had not fought to remove one tyrant to place another in his stead. In his native hills of western Chihuahua he to gether with Orozco, raised the Red Flag of Socialism and, swearing allegiance to the Zapata cause, started a counter revolution against the traitor, Madero. Their army was known as the Zapata army of the north, and fought against Vic. Huerta both before and after he murdered Madero. But the love of gold was too much for Orozco. He sold out to the greatest landholder in Mexico, Don Luis Terrazas, and joined his former opponent, Huerta, against Villa, Carranza, and his former comrade, Maximino Castillo, who was holding out in western Chihuahua, beset by enemies on every side.

Finally after fighting until his ammunition was exhausted, and he was unable to secure any more, Castillo and his adjutant major, Jesus San Martin, together with a hand full of men, were forced across the border by the Villistas near Columbus, N. M.; where they surrendered, empty handed to the American troops. From there they were sent to Ft. Bliss, near El Paso, and later to Ft. Wingate, N. M.; where together with several thousand Huertistas and Villistas, they were finally released by the War Department, and altho all the rest are still at liberty, Castillo and San Martin were re-arrested by the Immigration Department and ordered deported. They have remained in the county jail at—El Paso ever since and are still under sentence to be deported. It was commonly believed here and elsewhere that they had been deported, and Castillo's friends were wondering what had become of him, until recently his friends learned of his whereabouts. In consideration of his life, Castillo was permitted to say to which faction he wanted to be delivered, and knowing full well that it meant instant death should he fall into the hands of any but Zapata, he designated him. But Zapata holds no port, and our comrades are being held without bail until such time as he can be turned over to Zapata or until peace is nominally declared in Mexico, in which case Castillo might as well be shot on this side of the river, for neither Villa or Carranza will spare his life; so dangerous a man to the vested interests is he considered.

We here in El Paso will do, and are doing all we can, but we must have help if we are to save Castillo. His case must be re-opened and pressure brought to bear on the Immigration department, and it takes money. If you can help us, send what you can to our sec'y-treas., Wm. Love, 413 S. Stanton St., El Paso, Texas, and write a personal letter to Secretary Lane at Washington, D. C., enclosing this article and asking him to intervene in behalf of justice and humanity.

E. M. GLEASON Jr. Organizer,
Local El Paso Tex., No. 1003.

A LOS COMPANEROS DE ESPAÑA.
Por la presente hacemos constar a los suscriptores, pe-
riculosos de cange y paqueteros
de España, que el compañero
Joaquin Estruch, cuya dirección
es: Covadonga, 371, Sabadell,
España, ha quedado al frente de
la Agencia General de REGE-
NERACION en esa región, en-
cargándose tanto de la distribu-
ción de periódicos en el Reino
de España como de coleccionar
fondos para el mismo. Con él se
servirán entenderse, en lo de
adelante, todos nuestros amigos
y simpatizadores residentes en
aquel país.

Relaciones Internacionales

A la prensa libertaria del exterior.

He aquí un tema necesario, hoy mas que nunca, de ser desarrollado. La relación internacional libertaria americana, hasta ahora la hemos descuidado mucho. De tanto dominarnos los acontecimientos de Europa y los cuales comentamos diariamente, han quedado en olvido los pueblos americanos, pues podríamos decir que de pueblo a pueblo a mas de las fronteras nos limitamos nosotros. Y esto es sin ninguna exageración. En efecto, que sabemos de la propaganda en Chile, Peru, Bolivia, Colombia etc, y allí que saben de lo mismo en la Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay, etc.? Y conste que a pesar de todo hay movimiento anarquista en toda America.

Se impone, pues, una acción mas solidaria en toda America. Nuestra prensa debiera de tener interés sobre este punto y estudiar los medios y proyectar los actos de la solidaridad continental. Por eso va este suelto a la prensa libertaria.

Ya que esta por celebrarse un Congreso Pro-Paz y Anarquista Sud Americano en Rio, debe estudiarse esta cuestión y llevarse a finalidades practicas.

Con ese mismo fin el Centro Social Científico de esta localidad tiene una Secretaria Internacional de Relaciones que se encarga de los informes locales y recibe los del exterior. Luego podría ensayarse alguna acción solidaria en el continente.

Por hoy, decimos esto e invitamos a los colegas del exterior para una propaganda en dicho sentido;

(De "Prometeo", Asuncion, Paraguay)

Tanto la prensa carrancista, como la "científica" y los escandalosos diarios burgueses americanos, anuncian que las tropas de Villa se estan desbandando; que generales y politicos villistas se estan pasando al carrancismo, y que pronto quedara Villa abandonado. No es difícil que asi sea; pero eso significa solamente que muere el villismo, estos es, un partido personalista, mas no la Revolucion.

Jose Valdez.

Este firme, abnegado y sincero companero de ideas, se encuentra preso en la carcel del Condado de esta ciudad. En legitima defensa hirió a un individuo que, se dice, penetro a su casa y agredió a su familia con un punal.

Los tramites lentos de los tribunales son la causa de que el buen companero se encuentre preso todavia.

Bueno seria que los companeros que puedan hacerlo, visiten a Jose ahora que se encuentra entre las redes de la ley burguesa. Los dias de visita son los martes y los viernes, de diez a doce del dia y de dos a cuatro de la tarde. No lo olvideis, companeros.

Cosa curiosa: el agresor esta libre, mientras el agredido esta preso.

JUAN B. SALAS.

El estimado companero Salas ha cambiado de residencia y se encuentra mas en-
terno que antes. Urge ayudar, compa-
neros. No dejemos olvidado a este viejo
luchador. Esta olvidado de todos, segun
nos escribe en carta del 22 de este mes.
Es una verguenza, hermanos, dejar a
bandonados a los buenos!
Escribale ahi, con dinero dentro de la
carta, por supuesto: Juan B. Salas, De-
ming, N. Mex.

Toma empeno, companero, en
conseguir buenos suscriptores
a REGENERACION.