

Regeneración English Section

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Agonizing.

The days of carranzism are numbered. Without the reelection of Woodrow Wilson, the organization of "constitutionalists", would be a thing of the past.

We behold the last gasps of the corrupted political organism that only could live thru the decided support of the American government, which requires the consolidation of a government in Mexico under the shelter of which business, greed and fraud may again prosper as in the 'good' old days of Diaz. Carranza was the most logical man to effect a restoration: pliant, opportunistic, menial; base, greedy and brutal, he was the man to guarantee the capitalist class, a bountiful era. For that reason he was supported by Woodrow Wilson; but also for that reason he is receiving the last kicks from the people.

Since the revolution started six years ago, we signified that no government would consolidate again in Mexico. Many were those who laughed and even looked upon us with pity. No reasoning was of any avail to demonstrate that our predictions were based on facts, precisely on the serious causes that had impelled the people to rebellion, as are misery, tyranny and oppression. Superficial people, those who never had been in contact with the working mass, and did not know the immense aspirations for economic liberty that dwelt in the breasts of the then humble and now rebellious, asserted that a change of personnel in the government would suffice to appease the people.

The facts have come to demonstrate the error in which that superficial people were. A government falls and another rises to fall again, and so on in succession, why? Because governments do not give bread to the hungry. That is the reason, simple and plain!

With his atrabilious acts, the petty carranzista government has greatly benefited the anarchist cause, because, it has not only proven that governments do not give bread to the hungry, but that it is an institution created to snatch the bread from them, since it forbids the workers to cease work when by means of the strike they try to force the rich to concede them an additional crumb for their daily pittance.

Carranza falls, all governments in Mexico have to fall, unless the miracle of the existence of a government that shall give bread be realized; but as there are no miracles in this age any longer, we must renounce to that hope, convinced by experience that all governments are created to guarantee to the rich their dominion over the poor.

The very henchmen of Carranza find themselves forced to confess that peace is impossible in Mexico, so long as the workers be not economically free. In an article written by the carranzista propagandist, Modesto C. Rolland, and which he entitled: "Why is a Government Needed in Mexico?", the following words are read: "They—the Mexicans—have always maintained an ideal of liberation, which at the bottom is only economic freedom, but they have always been deceived by the government."

Further on he says: "If the economic processes do not change, things will be the same as ever..." And then: "...the people who know that constitutions were merely shields to protect those who struck blows at them, what would they want a 'government' for? What the Mexican people want is land..." At the close of his article Rolland says: "...the only salvation of Mexico lies in the change of its economic government."

Of course, Rolland says that all the governments have deceived the

Mexican people; but that such thing shall not happen with the Carranza government.

Events have demonstrated that the Carranza government is as bad as any other, and it is due to this that the people, determined to conquer its economic independence, continue up in arms.

The situation is desperate for carranzism. The workers of the cities, ruthlessly awakened to the reality of the brutal decree of the 1st of August, have turned their backs on him; with the ghost of the peons of the Pacific Coast before him, the petty tyrant makes haste to calm down the excitement by ordering his lackeys to proceed immediately with the repatriation of lands in the Territory of Tepic; in the state of Oaxaca, the Mountain of Ixtlan ablaze, and the Istmus of Tehuantepec is in the hands of the rebels; Chiapas and Tabasco, the far away States that were said to be pacified, are pastures of the Revolution; the zapatistas sustains battles in Conterras, a short distance from the City of Mexico; overcome with terror, Carranza wants to cut the head of the agrarian movement at one single stroke, and he orders the reconcentration of the inhabitants to determinate places in the State of Morelos; Villa in the North, is no longer a thorn in the carranzista sides: he is a mass that crushes the cranium of the demented horde, who dreamt to substitute in rapine that gang of intelligent and cruel brigands who called themselves "los científicos" ("the scientists"); Torreón, the great strategic point, may fall in the hands of Villa at any moment, and then, goodbye carranzism in the frontier! already maddened, Carranza sends thousands and thousands of men to the border in the hope of crushing Villa, and by which he only succeeds in adding fuel to the bonfire..... because his soldiers desert, boots

The Eternal Humbug

The election just gone by has given another good illustration of how hopelessly stupid and thoughtless the mass is; of how easily a shrewd and crafty politician can stampede it to his banner with a few sweet phrases and by doing something which he has been forced to do.

It is bad and sickening enough for the multitude to be the eternal prey of the political hucksters, but not strange, since it has ever been their easy meat, but when we see an almost general rush of radicals flocking to the siren songs and calls of a politician, seeking galvation, it becomes more than disgusting.

And Wilson has turned the trick. Here we have socialists, unionists and even "anarchists", working like trojans, hand in hand, to elect a man who "has kept us out of war", has, as if by the stroke of a sorcerer's wand, "given the eight hour day to the railroad men", and all but established heaven on earth.

"Whiskers or no whiskers". The issue could not be clearer, as Robert Minor puts it in his cartoon in THE BLAST. Only that it is still charitable, since the real dilemma was to select the executioner of the people for the next four years. And why should not the radicals, at least, realize it? Has the appalling thing not been repeated enough? Are the present conditions, whereby millions of people find themselves in the verge of starvation while a few brigands gamble with the means of life, not frightful enough to make the elect a clean-shaven or abewhiskered quack, it is all the same to them? Can they not see that no matter how "sweet" their disposition and how "good" their intentions Wilson, or any other professional saviors under

and baggage, to Pancho Villa; in Santa Rosalia, Jimenez and Parral, the proletarian scythe mows down the bourgeois heads of all nationalities: Mexicans, Chinese, Arabians, Americans and Germans, since all belong to the same caste: that of the exploiters; the carranzista escorts who guard the railroad convoys, are exterminated en masse by the rebels; like a tragic magnet, the Cerro de las Campanas (the mountain where the people executed Maximilian) attracts the "First Chief", who sets out on his march to Queretaro..... under the kisses of two Judases: Pablo Gonzalez and Alvaro Obregon.

Such is, at great strokes, the situation. Remove the names of persons and places and replace them by others, and it is the same situation of two, of four or six years ago, with the difference that to-day the Mexican proletariat have opened their eyes a little more, since there is no better school than that of experience.

To the fore!

We shall not see our brothers again, the workers of the cities, shouldering a gun to shoot down their brothers of the fields; we shall not tremble with indignation again before the caravans of peasants coming in pilgrimages to the National Palace asking for lands, when they would have to do nothing else than to look toward the South, to convince themselves that well-being can be attained by merely laying their audacious hands upon the social wealth. If we have two hands, let us use one to thrust a dagger in the heart of the bourgeoisie, and plant with the other our redeeming flag in the common wealth.

Forward! To the front! Long live the Manifesto of the 23rd of September, 1911! Long live Land and Liberty!

RICARDO FLORES MAGON.

this system, are avowed upholders of the present reign of exploitation and slavery, and that they are solemnly pledged to protect the exploiters and their loot and to keep the exploited in subjection?

However, all of this is not enough. The multitude must always wait for a calamity before beginning to see the light. But it is here, and they do not see it! Unquestionably there is not a more dangerous tyrant than a venolevolent one. Wilson certainly is an artist at the game. Forged by a clenched fist, he grants the 8 hour day, to railroad men only; the rest of the herd didn't ask for it, you know, and the rabble acclaims him as a savior. The mass works itself into a furore to gain a paltry sop and when the politicians, thru sheer pressure, are compelled to grant it, they become idols.

And the irony of it! They can stab the mass right and left, but if they only wear a smile while doing it, the sport is perfectly safe and sane.

Here we have Wilson and his administration, the best ever, if you please, and never since the time when Elijah Lovejoy was murdered, when William Lloyd Garrison was dragged with a rope by the neck, and when Wendell Phillips, was hounded for his abolition propaganda, has there been so much persecution as right now. Revolutionary papers are being ruthlessly suppressed in large numbers, the prisons are packed thru the land with workingmen who have done no more than to protest against, and try to change the miserable conditions of the present; and things go from bad to worse.

But this is not all. No president in all the history of the country had ever burdened the nation with military expenditures as Wilson has done. And it remained

for the benevolent Wilson to establish conscription in this country by approving the law authorizing the President to DRAFT citizens into the army, an outrage so stupendous that the double-dealing Wilson himself was forced to declare that it was "too sweeping", and that he hoped to "get it limited at the earliest opportunity."

Could more be expected from the worst tyrant? A despotic ruler is infinitely better, he shows his hand, and his teeth, and the people know where he stands. A despotic ruler makes rebels while a benevolent one makes submissive and cringing slaves.

It is time even for the most candid to realize that if we ever expect to shake our chains, we must refuse to be led by the nose by politicians, leaders or saviors of any stripe. Nature has endowed every one with common sense, and if it only were used we should realize that a society of free men is saner and better than one of masters and slaves.

Down with Authority! Long live Anarchy!

R. G. COX

BACK FROM FRISCO

Invited thru Alexander Berkman and provided with the means to go to the Bay City to speak at Carpenter's Hall last November the 12th, I addressed in English and Spanish an intelligent and eager crowd of men and women of many races that warmly responded to the hints given by the speakers who, being radicals, did not treat their subjects with kid gloves but calling each thing by its real name, and who pointing out as the weak spot in ourselves—the proletariat—our tameness, on rank cowardice and our stupid passive forbearance of the outrages, tyranny and exploitation that the rascally privileged few see fit to heap upon us, gave the workers this, worthwhile advice: "Since those above use violence on you thru their soldiers, police and legal machinery, you have the perfect right to buy a gun with plenty of ammunition for your own protection. Therefore, from now on believe in 'preparedness' and be ready to meet the depredations and the violence of your masters and their hirelings with your justifiable violent resistance. Then, and only then, when you are determined to make yourselves be respected, and that you be 'prepared' to make good your determination, your tyrants and exploiters shall fall on their knees begging for mercy!"

On the 14th of November, introduced by our Socialist comrade J. E. Snyder, Editor of the Oakland "World", to the Socialist Local of that city, and invited to speak; I let them know the Mexican proletariat's appreciation of the solidarity of their American brothers in opposing armed intervention in Mexico. Afterwards, at their request, I explained to them the Mexican Social and Economic Revolution that for six years has already been going on without flinching, thanks to the determination of the slaves to reach their goal condensed in these two words: LAND and LIBERTY.

On the 16th, my life mate Teresa V. Magon and myself, addressed our Mexican and Italian comrades in Spanish at the Italian Club in San Francisco, on the subject of "Why we are poor and how to stop it." This meeting was arranged thru the help of comrade M. E. Fitzgerald, and was a moral success.

Cicerone by comrade Fitzgerald, we had the opportunity to meet Tom Mooney, Ed. Nolan, Warren K. Billings and Israel Weinberg, the men wanted by the ogre of Capitalism to crush Labor and drag us back to the Dark Ages that the ones in power may prey on us without a dissenting voice of protest, without any manly effort to steady their criminal hands and cut open in two their pestilent hearts. I, that have spent so many years behind the bars, finding myself away from action when my heart aches to be in the firing line, could understand what these fighting men must feel surrounded by iron bars, like wild beasts, impotent to go to their brothers to uplift them from the mire of Capitalism towards their emancipation.

By the way, let me say that by January 4th, 1917, the judicial farce shall start to which Tom Mooney will be dragged by those contemptible Fickert, Brennan and Swanson, three fine specimens of the Law and Order Clan. Back of the lackeys Fickert, Brennan and Swanson, the main ones to bribe degenerate human-scum for their star witness, are the large vampire Corporations of the master class. Therefore, back of the Mooney, et al. defense must be the exploited, not just for the sake of the prisoners, but, in fact, for the sake of the proletariat at large, for in this fight it is not the Mooneys, Nolan, Billings and Weinberg the only ones that shall perish if they lose, but Labor itself. Hence, for self defense, every working man and woman should help to save these prisoners, as the many others now in the jails, assisting morally and financially towards that end. Send contributions to Robert Minor, Room 210, Russ Bldg., 235 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

Finally, and arranged by Fitzie, at Sara Bard's place in San Francisco, I delivered, the night of November 20th., a lecture on the Mexican Revolution, to a group of writers and social workers, that was followed by a lively discussion of it, of our Ideals and our methods. While speaking and referring to Woodrow Wilson's meddling in Mexican affairs, I antagonized the views of some of my hearers that, most unfortunately, as happens with many other honest people, believed with their eyes shut in the two-faced Wilson that with the fine words of his smooth tongue has succeeded in chloroforming many to the extent of overlooking how Wilson, for Morgan's sake, keeps American marines in Nicaragua to uphold the newly "elected"—under the pressure of the American bayonets—President Chamorro who is a tool of the said Morgan; how Wilson, for Wall Street's sake, is having his dogs of war murdering the Santo Domingo natives and crushing down the Haitians; how Wilson, through his Post Office hirelings, is encroaching Freedom of Thought and mainly one of its most important manifestations, of the Press, by suppressing all papers that would not praise Capitalism; how Wilson, although proven innocent, and he himself confessing to Senator Smith from Arizona to be convinced of it, kept us (the Magons, Figueroa and Rivera) two long years in McNeil's Island Penitentiary, just because he—using his words—"did not see it wise for his policy to let us free," how Wilson.... But I think it is needless to continue enumerating Wilson's transgressions on human freedom. Those aforesaid are enough to convince any thinking human being that while Wilson caresses the cheeks of Freedom calling her sweet names, he brutally stabs her back.

My words might hurt the feelings of Wilson's admirers, but Truth must be spoken regardless of consequences. Besides, "Truth, crushed to earth, shall finally brace up," and then Wilson's friends, whose beliefs I might antagonize now, shall see clear and be careful for the next time not to trust politicians, not to trust leaders, no matter how velvety their tongues may be.

It is not the duty of the revolutionist to pat somebody's back and praise his idols, but to wield the pick of Truth and to handle the shovel of Reason to demolish the false pedestals of the idols and shove aside prejudices and atavisms that always stand on the way of Progress.

ENRIQUE FLORES MAGON.

WE THE POOR ARE

ALL BROTHERS

(Translated from the Spanish section.)

The poor are everywhere poor. Be it in the United States, France or China, he suffers the same miseries, the same pains, the same anguish, the same contempt from the lordly rich, the same oppression from the domineering rulers and task masters.

On the other hand, the rich, wherever they go thru the world, never suffer starvation, miseries or want; and never scorn, oppression or exploitation.

The nationality and race of one or the other, in no way alters the social, economic or political conditions of the individuals of either castes. The rich do not lose their power, the comforts and advantages derived from the money amassed by the sweat and sacrifices of the poor. The poor never ceases to be a pariah or to die of hunger and want, even if he constantly work like a beast of burden, and, being he who, with his brain and brawn produces all the social wealth.

All the poor that inhabit this earth, no matter to what nationality or race we may happen to belong, must consider ourselves all brothers

We the poor are all brothers.

No matter what the color of our skin, our eyes and our hair may be; no matter what our language, our habits or customs of the region in which we happened to be born may be; or the race to which we may belong; we are all poor and, therefore, all brothers; and as brothers we shall see each other, as brothers love each other; as brothers treat each other.

All the poor of the earth carry on our backs the crushing load of exploiters and tyranny that we suffer at the hands of the other class, the rich, and of its servants, Authority and Church. We all drag at our feet the same chains of slavery. We all have the same obscure death in the accidents while at work, in the numbered bed of the public hospital or herded in the parks, or in the threshold of the rich, where we die of hunger and cold, we who have produced all, while inside, those who never have produced anything useful in all their parasitical lives eat, drink and laugh.

We the poor are all brothers; we must never hate each other; much less kill each other when it is convenient for our masters to send us to war.

Suffering the same fate as we all the poor do in all the countries where we happen to be, we must recognize that it is not by killing each other that we shall change our lot. We must recognize that our condition can never be changed so long as those that cause it, the rich, continue to have sufficient power to exploit us, to tyrannize us and to push us into fighting each other when it serves their interests to cause wars of conquest on other countries.

In such wars, craftily instigated by our masters and their servants, Church and Authority, we the poor have nothing that is ours to defend, and nothing to conquer, for ourselves. We go to such wars to defend the power, interests and the riches of our masters; we go to conquer more power and wealth for them. That, in reality is what we unconsciously do by going to war.

They talk to us about going to defend our country; but, where is the country of the poor if we are always and everywhere poor? Do we have a country? Yes, when we the poor be the owners of what we produce, when we be the owners of the earth under our feet, the machinery with which we create all that is useful and makes life agreeable, and when we be the owners of all the social wealth.

Then, when everything will be for all and not only for a few that have grabbed it, then we shall have a country; and that country

shall not be a limited region of the earth, but it shall be the whole world, because we shall have a right to all, the world over, as the producers that we are.

We the poor shall not look upon the poor of other countries as our enemies.

Our real enemies are the rich who upon taking possession of our common heritage, the earth, and the product of our labor, have forced us into misery and social, economic and political slavery.

Our enemies also are the supporters of the rich and of their institutions. Against the rich and their supporters, the Government and the Church, is against whom the poor of all nations must fight.

In the pending conflict between Mexico and the United States, we the Mexican poor must recognize that it is not the American poor who will bring about the war with Mexico, but the rich who covet the wealth that lies within the confines of that region, and who do not wish that we Mexicans be free, but that we continue to be exploited slaves as in the time of Diaz.

Against the rich, in that case, we must unite; against the rich and their retainers we must fight; but not against the American poor, the workers of this country because they generally recognize that the poor of Mexico are their brothers and they are opposed to war against them. Thanks to that opposition, the American Armed Intervention has failed realization.

But sooner or later the said intervention shall be a fact even against the will of the American workers. And at that time we must not only remember that such war shall be originated by the rich, but that we all the poor brothers, regardless of the race, color or nationality to which we belong, and that against the rich and their retainers, the Government and Clergy, responsible for our ills and wars, is against whom we must fight and declare war to the death, without truce or quarter.

Let us not then cry, death to the gringos! because with such cry we shall demonstrate our moral pettiness by extending our hatred against the Americans, while the majority of them, the workers, are our brothers and are opposed to the war for the same reason.

Then our cry shall be, and very loudly: Death to the rich! Long live Land and Liberty!

ENRIQUE FLORES MAGON.

Mass Meeting

At LABOR TEMPLE

SATURDAY, DEC. 17, 8 p.m. Under the auspices of L. A. Relief Society for Russian Political Refugees and Exiles. For the benefit of persecuted refugees. Comrade Brillion, just out of Siberia, will speak in Russian. Enrique Flores Magon will speak in English. Also a good speaker in Yiddish. Admission free.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The speech delivered by Ricardo Flores Magon last Saturday night at Labor Temple, will be translated and published in the next issue of REGENERACION.

We shall also announce in our next issue the Mexican Social Drama, "Land and Liberty", written by Ricardo Flores Magon after his release from jail, and to be given in conjunction with a meeting Saturday, Dec. 30 at T. M. A. Hall. While the play is to be produced in Spanish, social, economic and political conditions in Mexico are so vividly portrayed that its meaning can easily be understood without a knowledge of the language.

David Caplan

The case of comrade Caplan is in its critical stage; witnesses for his defense are soon to be presented and all the funds in the treasury have been exhausted. If Caplan is to be saved must be rushed at once.

Send all remittances to KATHARINE L. SCHMIDT, P. O. Box 935 LOS ANGELES, CAL.