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A Tamed Beast

(Translated from the Spanish section.)

Beg and you shall be despised, demand and you shall be respected; return blow for blow, violence with violence bit harder than you are hit, and you shall see your enemy humbled or flee in defeat. This is what has happened in Australia between the workers and the arrogant English government.

It happened that, because of the European war, the flower and cream of Australia's laboring young manhood was sent to the slaughter, where 75,000 men died. To replace those dead, the authorities tried to force more Australian workers to go and die for the rich, but the workers stood erect with virility and the government, fearful, tried to give its crime that legal aspect that so greatly enchants the ignorant and it submitted to election the compulsory military service plan, while the Australian Premier, one Hughes, feeling certain of humbugging the workers with his legal schemes, made haste to mobilize some 40,000 workers in the military camps to send them to war as soon as the government had triumphed in the elections; but Hughes had reckoned without the rebellious spirit of our brothers, the I. W. W.'s of Australia, who are energetic, class conscious and determined workers, and great was his surprise when he saw that the masses, impelled by the I. W. W.'s, revolted against those in charge of drafting men, threatening to rise in arms if compulsory service was established.

The government, to impose its authority, let loose its persecution against the rebels, arresting comrade Barker, who in other occasions has had the honor of drawing the ire of those above for his revolutionary activities. The I. W. W.'s immediately demanded that Barker be set at liberty without delay, threatening to set Sydney on fire if their demands were not conceded.

The arrogant government, trusting in its brute force, refused to comply with the demands. Then the I. W. W.'s set out to make good their threat and no night went by without the house of some bourgeois being reduced to ashes in Sydney.

"When houses to the value of \$3,000,000—says the 'Times' of the 7th of this month, from which I take this beautiful news—had been destroyed, the government backed down and let Barker go (who said it wouldn't?). It was practically a surrender to anarchy, (the 'Times' groans. And continues:) Some ten or twelve I. W. W.'s were arrested on a charge of treason in connection with the fires. The demand was promptly made that the government drop this charge. Again the government was obliged to eat dirt and yield." There is what the poor can do when they determine to be men! There is the good fruit of Direct Action.

Election time arrived; the government came out defeated, and the said Hughes had to drop his long ears and return to their homes the 40,000 hapless workers who were held in readiness to be sent to Europe as cannon fodder. The crocodile tears shed by the government lamenting the necessity of the unfortunate Country for soldiers to defend it, were shed in vain.

But everything did not stop there. The miners of northern Australia, taking advantage of the opportune moment when the government was weak, went on strike to obtain certain gains in a peremptory moment. The ex-

plorers refused their demands; the workers stood pat, and as they extracted no more coal, it was exhausted and all the factories in the whole country remained paralyzed. Eighteen hundred factories were shut down in one of the large cities of Australia alone. It was a general strike.

Then, the tables were turned. In the past the worker had supplicated; well, it was the government who supplicated then. It came, to the miners on its knees begging them to extract a little coal to send some ship loads of soldiers that were urgently needed in France on the firing line; and the workers sent the government empty-handed on its way. Again the government came to beg a handful of coal to send some ships loaded with provisions for the troops in Europe; and it was ignored. Promises, supplications threats, everything was tried by the government, to no avail; the workers stood firm and triumphed. When the ship that brought those interviewed by the 'Times' reporter left Sydney, Australia, the prostration of the government was complete and the I. W. W.'s had control of the situation.

These news, without the need of comment which, unfortunately, I have no space to make, are a good lesson for the workers of the whole world, that they may learn how the beast that is called Capital, Clergy and Government is tamed, and its claws trimmed that it may not continue its persecution of those who fight for the emancipation of the workers.

That this lesson will not be forgotten, when the occasion arises, are my ardent wishes.

ENRIQUE FLORES MAGON.

VIOLENCE.

(Translated from the Spanish section.)

It is futile to wring your arms before the ravages caused by the Revolution. Just as well greet it with enthusiasm.

Human progress needs those catastrophes. Without them, the human specie would continue to groan under the yoke of the pharaohs or the despots of the Orient.

Progress has to march stepping over corpses on its way. It sounds nonsensical; but it is a great truth: by destroying we construct; by causing death, life is engendered. All that is bad is destroyed, all that is on the way, all that tyrannizes, so that the atmosphere may be created within which we may be free; killing is necessary that the right of all human beings to live may be assured. Destruction and slaughter necessary! There would be no need of such catastrophes, if there were no persons and interests that strive to conserve what is in conflict with liberty and justice.

Our love to the Revolution, our hymns to Violence; that robust arm that snatches scepters, cuts the heads of scoundrels and demolishes formidable Bastilles.

Without violence, revolutionary that would be sterile. Without violence, revolutionary philosophy, would have an infelicitous sleep in the pages of books. The Bastille was not overthrown with books, but with arms.

To go into hysterics in the face of the Revolution, is the act of small beings, is to deny human progress. Those very same persons who condemn violence exercise political rights that never would have been conquered without the intervention of armed force. All Human Rights are the offspring of violence. Why should not the Right to Live, proclaimed by anarchists, be the offspring of Violence in the same way? From the moment that

there are persons and interests who oppose the implantation of that right, there has to be a clash, blood has to run in torrents, Violence has to be resorted to.

Without Violence, which emancipated science, there would be no steamships, nor electric cars, nor airplanes, nor automobiles, nor wireless telegraph, nor any of the things that constitute the pride of the men of this age. All of that, considered by religious as embryos of the devil, would have died with its authors, in the flames of the Holy Inquisition. Remember Galileo, remember Giordano Bruno!

Honor to Violence!

RICARDO FLORES MAGON.

The Undying Question.

Violence, terrorism, direct action and the like, are ever present and persistent questions in the minds of all those who care to give any thought to present, every-day problems—and also of those who do not care. They should be, since they are too lively to be dodged, and society today, as in all the ages, rests on brute force, and it would not stand very long if it didn't. Despotism can endure no other way, but like causes beget like effects and hence the inevitable repression.

All governments, supposed to be the administrative power of society, but in reality the executive committee of the ruling class, must of necessity rest on brute force, since they are based on iniquity, injustice and oppression, and such order of things would not prevail otherwise, the same as such condition would be unnecessary if society was based on common justice and equality. Bad things cannot be imposed upon a people without force; the same as force is not necessary to confer good things to any people.

Government has ever been a one-sided proposition, and a very queer proposition at that. It has always claimed to be the will and servant of the people while being an entirely opposite body and their worst enemy; ever ready to protect the interests of the privileged few, who prey upon the masses, from the justice of the latter.

From time immemorial; the people of all the "civilized" world have endured this baneful curse, and never have they found relief until determined to face the stern reality: force must be met with force. The odds have ever been appalling, but there is no other way! Distressing? Yes. But no step in human progress has ever been attained without the use of force and the shedding of blood in torrents. Perhaps we have not yet reached the stage where we can advance otherwise. Certainly not so long as we allow a few thieves to gobble up all the means of life and furnish them with an army to hold their loot.

And can anyone imagine these plunderers loosening their grip on the booty they hold, without force? Take a look to the past. But that would be violence, direct action, revolution; and it is a crime to preach it!

Violence has always been perfectly proper and moral when PRACTICED by Authority, but an unpardonable crime when PREACHED by the oppressed mass. It is perfectly sane and right for the government to send its hired murderers out to shoot down the working people when they refuse to be outraged by the master class, but woe to the people if they even hint at killing the murderers in return. It is alright for the industrial masters to starve and work their slaves to death; to force young women hood into prostitution and to send

their gunmen against them all if they have the audacity to stand for their rights, but it is an awful crime if any of the slaves has the manhood to whisper that the monsters should be blown up.

It is a nauseating situation. The utter contempt of the predatory gang for the useful, producing class, and the high regard and cure of Authority for the safety of the useless, parasitic idlers, is bad enough, even when coming from the present order, but when we find some of our present day social philosophers using a similar zeal to protect the rich thieves from the righteous resentment of the despoiled mass, it becomes most disgusting.

A few days ago we received a postcard from Bolton Hall in which he says: "Please discontinue the copy of Regeneration you kindly send me. I find the cry, 'Death to the Rich, impracticable, inefficient and immoral. If you said, 'Destruction to Monopoly,' I would be with you."

But my, even this peaceful single taxer is a destroyer! He may get into a peep of trouble one of these days with those destructive tendencies, altho, the idea of "destroying" Monopoly by waving a sheet of paper in its face looks a trifle quixotic. This would no doubt annoy the pesky land grabbers a good bit, since the inconvenience of continuous patching is not relishing by any means, but it wouldn't take them painful thinking to find a way out.

But the important feature is to hear a student of sociology say that the cry of "Death to the Rich" is impracticable, inefficient and immoral. Most certainly it is! Why, if we only look back five years, we find that Socialism was considered worse than that; and even today we find stupid and rascally preachers raising the cry of "Socialism is impracticable immoral and will break up the home." Every new idea, every step that makes for progress has always been a curse and a menace in the eyes of the rulers, and very naturally; their hold on the mass is threatened, but when one hears this same cry coming from professed radicals, it is indeed sickening.

It is perhaps fortunate for these social reformers to have been spared the fate of living at the time when some generous beings had the audacity to speak out as they really thought, or else their smug placidity and tender regard for the rich culprits would have been badly ruffled. Imagine a Bolton Hall, for instance, having his ears strained by this terribly "immoral" utterance from the insolent Max Stirner: "There will be no rest until the last king is hanged with the guts of the last priest."

Thomas Jefferson was not doing when he said: We are not expected to be translated from despotism to liberty in a feather bed." Then, even today we are pestered by that pesky malcontent, one G. Bernard Shaw, of England, who says that "the idle rich should be destroyed as the bees destroy their drones."

And it sounds sort of logical. Richard Carlyle was another of those boisterous apostates with a notorious penchant for speaking his mind and calling things by their naked name. He once said: "I hold the destruction of tyrants by putting them to death suddenly and violently, or if I am not sufficiently explicit, by assassinating them to be an act just, moral and virtuous, and legal, agreeable to the law of nature, which should be the foundation of all other law. A tyrant is the common destroyer of his species, and any member of that community in which he dwells and plays the tyrant, that receive any injury from him, may, in my opinion, meritoriously use him to death."

Very nasty language this, and in this "enlightened" age it would undoubtedly be most shocking and disturbing to the arrogant rich panders and their apologizers.

Without turning very far back, we find another renegade who spoke his mind with utter disregard for the respectables and

worthies of his day. This undesirable was Wendell Phillips; in one of his unbecoming outbursts he said: "Liberty and civilization, at present, are nothing else than the fragments of rights which the scaffold and the stake have wrung from the strong hands of the usurpers. Every step of progress the world has made has been from scaffold to scaffold and from stake to stake." Perfectly "impracticable, inefficient and immoral." The pity of it is that centuries ago men saw the undeniable reality of this, but some "thinkers" of today, when we are in a worse condition than ever, regard it as wicked and nonsensical.

Wendell Phillips was an avowed and open advocate of assassination for the tyrants and oppressors of mankind, and he commended and justified such act on the part of anyone with the virility to make justice by his own hands. His writings on this subject are so unmistakable and bold, that when Margaret Sanger, in her paper, THE WOMAN REBEL, quoted some of these writings, three years ago, she was indicted for sending "incendiary matter" thru the mails.

When one thinks of the sheepish spirit and eternal slowness of the mass to awake to a realization of its wretched condition, this doctrine of meekness, patience and forbearance toward those who prey upon its weakness, cannot but be regarded as a most vicious and degrading absurdity. In all ages men have died by the thousands at the hands of Authority for raising their voice in an effort to arouse the masses from their torpor; and just look where we are yet! Still these golden rule angels want more submission!

The fact is that we are too cowardly, and those who dare speak out as it should be are distressingly few and far between. Take the average person, for instance, he will shudder at the word violence, and why? Just simply because Authority has ever taken good care to impress us, by terror, with the idea that we must respect our tyrants and despoilers. Still, when one of those generous and noble souls forfeits his existence to snatch the life of one of these monsters, a sigh of relief arises from almost every quarter, and a chuckle of satisfaction is generally heard, even from the ignorant rabble who, at the instigation of the mercenary press cry out, "the murderous anarchist", without knowing what anarchist or anarchy mean.

What kind of things are the laboring masses anyway, that they should be submissive to their tyrants and despoilers, while being murdered in cold blood by them? By what right does this happen? There is already too much of this nonsense! If we are to retain any vestige of manhood, the downtrodden mass has to be made to realize that we must not only answer blow for blow but that if we ever expect to be free men, the enemy has to be attacked on its own ground and the whole aggregation of human bloodsuckers driven off the earth where they belong.

R. G. COX.

BIRTH CONTROL

Birth Control is still a very persecuted propaganda, but not near as much as it was some two years ago when Margaret Sanger was forced into exile for its propagation. At that time it was a crime punished by many years of imprisonment and a fine of several thousands of dollars. To-day the penalty has dwindled to imprisonment for a few weeks and a moderate fine, and this mostly to assuage the sanctity of the law. It is only in free America that this work is a novelty and a crime, for, in most of the European countries it has long ago

become a part of every-day life. Perhaps no agitation had ever spread with such rapidity as this, but like in all new ideas, its initiators have paid the price; and as usual, they were the undesirable, anarchists and the like. But when the respectable element saw that the idea was spreading like wild fire, they thought it was the proper thing to steal the thunder of the malcontents and the movement is now so popular that it is practically in the hands of the society ladies. A few days ago some club women of this city held a largely attended Birth Control meeting, mostly attended by the "better element", and with the exception of an antiquated lady who protested at the "wickedness" of the women, all hailed the speakers with great acclaim.

Still, there are those who are paying the penalty for their activity in the work, altho with comparative leniency, but they are not those of the "better element". For instance Margaret Sanger has just been sent to the workhouse for thirty days, in New York, for "disseminating information prohibited by the law," and one of her assistants fined ten dollars for the same offense. Mrs. Ethel Byrne, Margaret Sanger's sister, was also sentenced to thirty days in Blackwell's Island for her connection with the same work. Mrs. Byrne went on a hunger strike, causing much sensation for the forcible feeding to which she was subjected, and according to press dispatches, she has just been released. Emma Goldman is also awaiting trial on similar charges, in New York, this not being her first "offense", as she has been one of the originators and most active spirits in the movement, and has already served time in the work house for her disregard of the law. Ben L. Reitman was also found guilty of distributing Birth Control literature, in Cleveland, and sentenced to six months in the workhouse and to pay a fine of \$1,000. He appealed to the higher courts.

And so it goes, but it cannot be very long before this stone-hatchet proposition has to be relegated to the scrap-heap of the Dark Ages where it belongs with all the other relics of Ignorance and Savagery. While social and economic redemption cannot be expected from the practice of birth control, the annihilation of the pernicious and brutish idea that a woman is not the sole owner of her body, to do with it as she pleases, is refreshing enough while we are on our way to bigger things.

R. G. COX.

THE FIRING LINE

No; it is not the real one, but as close to it as it can be. It is only the expression of discontent by the bolder ones in the front ranks who have the backbone to show their protest as best they can against Things as They Are.

The trial of the 74 Industrial Workers now in prison charged with murder for the assault and massacre upon them by the Everett Vigilantes, is to begin, on the 5th of March. The Los Angeles M. & M. has shown the solidarity of its class by sending special sleuths and stool pigeons to assist in the railroad of the men. It is now up to the workers to do as good by coming to the rescue of their class brothers in peril. Thomas H. Tracy will be the first of the fellow workers to be tried and, upon the outcome of his case will largely depend the result of the others. Send money for the defense to Herbert Mahler, Box 1876, Seattle, Wash.

Thomas J. Mooney's trial in San Francisco, is now drawing to a close, and the prosecution, seeing its frame-up in imminent danger of falling flat, is making frantic efforts to make it stick. But it appears that the defense did not make a mistake in accepting the services of Attorney Burke Cockran, who has succeeded in putting the corporation lackeys in a very bad pickle and, even from the press reports their "case" and antics appear like cheap, amateur comedy. Their array of "evidence" mostly coming from the gutter, is being shattered by the testimony now being presented for the defense, and it actually appears that Mooney should have little trouble in coming out clear. But as this would cause the complete collapse of the whole plot, the Chamber of Commerce will not allow this to happen without resorting to "heroic" tactics. Then, present day justice is well known—look at the conviction of Billings—and so, the acquittal of Mooney and his comrades, even when they

innocence is apparent at day light, is a matter of much doubt, and great efforts will be necessary to secure their release. Send contributions to Robert Minor, 210 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

After lingering for over two years in jail and partly in the penitentiary serving his life term for alleged complicity in the Mc Namara case, comrade Mathew Schmidt appeared before a court and thru his attorney argued for a revision of his case. The District Attorney was there with a battery of objections and the hearing was indefinitely postponed. The mills of the gods indeed grind mighty slowly.

For lack of the necessary funds and the added expense of Ricardo's treatment, who is now under medical care, a REVISION ACTION had not come out for the last three weeks. Under the circumstances we cannot say much about its future but will appear as often as means will permit.

These are critical moments, and we hope those intending to help will do so at once, for even Ricardo's treatment may have to be discontinued for lack of funds.

SOCIAL and DANCE, by Italian Radical Club, for the benefit of the Rebel Press; Saturday, Mar. 3, 8 P. M., at Burbank Hall, 547 S. Main St. Ad. 25c.

R. G. COX.

THE PROCURER.

Did you ever stop to think which is the lowest, the vilest, the most contemptible creature that lives?

I have. And it did not take me very long to find it out:

A Prosecuting Attorney, or rather, a procurer.

More. I have searched in vain and fail to find a living or crawling thing that will even compare with this monstrosity. I have thought of the hangman, the judge and the soldier. I have thought of the white slave, the pimp and the trafficker; I have thought of the assassin, the raper and the traitor; still descending lower, I have thought of the detective, the gunman and the policeman; the watchdogs of the present iniquity; and in the realm of the poor dumb brutes of the animal specie, I have thought of the hyena, the viper and the snake; and of every imaginable creature of the depths, but in vain have I scanned the confines of imagination for the festering and creeping thing that could begin to compare with the lowliness and villainess of an official Prosecutor.

While all of the above mentioned human creatures are a monstrous abortion and an outrageous travesty on mankind, they can only be accounted for, and unwillingly recognized as a calamity and a scourge, and as the inevitable and logical fruit of the present aberration called "civilization." And while the poor creature of the animal kingdom can also be termed as a curse, altho roaming the earth by the grace of Nature, all of the aforementioned things are certainly above the level of a Prosecuting Attorney, even if this abominable and despicable creature also be product of the present scheme of things. But all that may be said cannot deny the fact that the Prosecutor is the lowest of them all.

The hangman is paid his piece of silver for the "job" assigned to him from above, and which has no room for clemency or further appeal; at any rate, the hangman has nothing to say as to whether it is right or wrong, and he is more or less on a level with the other creatures. But the Prosecutor outstands.

He is not hired to find out the guilt or innocence of his victims, but he is paid to PROSECUTE, regardless of circumstances. He may be perfectly convinced of the innocence of those unfortunate enough to fall into his slimy clutches, but his duty is to PROSECUTE. And if there is no case, he descends to the gutter and makes one; the wretches of the abyss are his favorites.

And what is more, the greater his crime the greater his reward. The heavier the penalty the higher his pay. He lives and thrives on the misfortune, distress and calamity that he himself has brought upon others. And it would be to his interest and glory to hang every one he could lay his hands on, if he could only do it.

Nothing strange or inconsistent would it be for such depraved and brutalized fellow to cry for the blood of his own mother.

Can you beat it? Civilization, you know.

R. G. COX.