

Regeneración

English Section

Published by voluntary
Subscription.
Single copy 5c.

No. 258

Saturday July 28 1917

Send money payable to the Editor
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SEE, HEAR, HUSH.

Speech pronounced by Ricardo Flores Magon, Sunday, May 27 in Italian Hall, at the meeting organized by the International Workers' Defense League in defense of comrades Raul Palma and Odilon Luna.

Comrades:

All of you know that on the 6th of this month, and while they spoke to the workers congregated at the Plaza, Raul Palma and Odilon Luna were arrested by some members of the police of this city. Palma and Luna were making use of the right that all human beings have to expose their ideas for their acceptance or rejection. The utmost composure reigned at the meeting and all indicated that the act would end happily and with great benefit from the ideals of human emancipation that the proletarian speakers propounded; but the police, headed by one Rico, took it upon themselves to inject disorder where order reigned and dragged the speakers to jail. Now, the federal authorities are trying to deport Palma and Luna to Mexico because they are anarchists, so that Carranza may shoot them. For they will not be delivered to Zapata, they will not be delivered to Villa, neither shall they be put in the hands of Cedillo, of Flores, of Sibakume or of any other rebel; Palma and Luna will be put at the disposal of the cowardly and cunning enemy of the working class; they shall be put in the hands of Venustiano Carranza, the lackey of Wilson and of the bandits of Wall Street. The pretext used for these deportations of members of the proletarian class, is that their utterances are injurious to the country, owing to the special circumstances in which it finds itself. In reality anarchist doctrines are not injurious to any country, but to the pocket-books of the vampires who live from the sweat of the workers. The words of the anarchist are words of truth and justice. If because this country is engaged in the European carnage, our words are obnoxious, they are undoubtedly, to the interests of the capitalist class; but not to the interests of the people who are the producers of all wealth. Our words hurt those who take advantage of the European slaughter to fill their coffers. Our words hurt the enemies of humanity; our words hurt only those who are interested in the subsistence of the inequality of fortunes; but in what way do our doctrines hurt human beings who waste their existence in the factory and the shop? What injury does the peasant suffer by our words who is obliged to work a land that is not his, and who bent and jaded deposits in the endless furrow, with the seeds that shall produce rich grain for the master. His sweat, his health and his hopes? How can the words of the anarchist hurt the man or woman who has to work in order to live?

Our words hurt all of those who live from the labor of others; our words hurt the parasites, the useless and noxious beings who suck the blood of the people. The clergyman, the bourgeois and the ruler; these are the ones who are injured by our words. So much the worse for them, so much the better for us!

That the country is at war and that is why we cannot talk. Bully reason this! It is precisely because the country is engaged in a war for the declaration of which the opinion of each and all of its inhabitants was not taken into account, that we

must talk, and we must talk high and loud, hurt whom it may and no matter what the consequences of our words may be. What interest have we the disinherited in this war? Are we the wretched going to have more bread for ourselves and for our dear ones? Are we going to be freer? No: we shall be forced, as poor that we are, to shoulder a rifle, and we shall be dragged to the trenches to be torn to pieces by grape-shot, so that Rockefeller and Morgan and all the bankers, and all the merchants, and all the bandits who exploit the proletariat may increase their millions and thereby their power. We shall give our blood in the trenches that our masters may debauch in banquets the product of our sacrifice. We shall render our existence in the battle field, and when in the desolated home our dear ones mourn our banishment, and in it reign mourning, weeping, sorrow and hunger, our hangmen shall put in their pockets the price of our pain and sacrifice.

We the anarchists, cannot shut up; we shall not shut up. So long as injustice reigns, our voice shall be heard. We are not actuated by caprice, but by the sovereign urge of reason which points the way of duty to us, and all injustice, all imposition, all exploitation shall have to stumble over our resistance and our protest.

Comrades: The order of the day put in force by our tyrants, is silence. Do you suffer? Very well, devour your bitterness in silence. Does injustice make you indignant? So much the worse for you, for you shall have to swallow your rage.

For tyranny, silence is a virtue, and the best citizen, in spite of the blood that humanity has shed in the struggle for liberty, continues to be who steadfastly observes the black maxim that, to the shame of this country, continues to embrace the entirety of duties of the oppressed toward the oppressor: to see, hear and hush.

In this century of the aeroplane and the zeppelin; in this epoch of the wireless and the submarine; when God tumbles from the skies at the blast of reason, and human thought reaches with its powerful wings the lofty summit of the anarchist ideal, the old order of see, hear and hush is an anomaly, it constitutes an outrage which men possessing free minds reject with indignation.

See, hear and hush was tolerated in the obscure times of Torquemada and Arbes when humanity knew no other light than the livid flames of the inquisitorial fires; see, hear and hush was the supreme law, before which the serf of the Middle Ages patiently bowed his head; but that damnable law was buried with the bones of its upholders under the ruins of the Bastille. Why excavate those ruins and extract from its sepulchre and poison the atmosphere with the corpse of a law which culture rejects, which a new conception of human dignity cannot tolerate and which threatens to drag us to a past of shame and humiliation, from which we are redeemed at the price of the blood and sacrifice of our ancestors?

After the Bastille, after the Commune and privilege and tyranny, in Mexico and in Russia, feel in their throats the choleric hands of the people, and from Chapultepec and from Petrograd emerge on their knees the last spawns of the pharaohs and the caliphs, it is a shame, it is an outrage that the shady emblem

of oppression be unfolded to the light of the sun, the black flag of despotism with its shameful inscription of see, hear and hush.

To hush, when all invites us to speak; to hush when we must shout. Go on, you haughty overlords, swallow your order, for we the anarchists are not disposed to obey it, we cannot shut up, we will not shut up, and we shall speak, cost what it may.

To hush, remain with our lips sealed thru fear when before our eyes you revel in your feast of hyenas, to hush, when you are draining millions of proletarian arteries in the fields of Europe to turn into gold the blood of the humble; to hush, when mourning invades millions of homes, until yesterday smiling and happy; to hush, when our hearts break to pieces before the sobs and tears of the orphans and the widows of the victims sacrificed to your ambition; to hush, when civilization is seriously menaced under the hoofs of allied and teutonic prussianism, is the same whip whether it be in the service of democracy or autocracy; to hush, when the progress slowly and painfully attained thru centuries and centuries and centuries, is at the point of perishing; to hush, so that those above may oppress those below at will, is something that we anarchists cannot do, you contemptuous lords. Above your caprice is our right, right which we do not owe to you, but to nature which has endowed us with a mind to think, and in the defense of a right, understand it well, we are ready for anything and to face it all be it the dungeon or the gallows. Don't forget that right, no matter how much you may mutilate it, no matter how much you may crush it, no matter how much you may try to annihilate it, when it is persecuted the most, and when you are the proudest of your triumph, it roars its vengeance in dynamite belches lead from the barricade.

The spring of every revolt is a violated right; the driving spirit of every insurrection is a wounded right; a persecuted right engenders the revolution. It was not powder that acted in the revolver of Pardinaz; it was an outraged right; in the dagger of Caserio it was a trampled right that flashed. To crush a right is to throw wide open the doors of rebellion. Press harder, you tyrants, that peoples need the rigors of oppression to remind them that they have the right to be free!

RICARDO FLORES MAGON.

Through Our Bastilles.

Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, as the Spartans of yore, have fallen upon their shields, with glory, courageously fighting in the front line.

Crime has Virtue; Tyranny feels unsafe before the accusing finger of the libertarian; Autocracy, lacking arguments to uphold itself, as the mule, argues with kicks. That is why Emma and Alexander have been sentenced to two years and \$10,000 fine, each, for opposing and attacking conscription.

Nowadays, to think and express one's thoughts sincerely and honestly is a crime. Our Romanoffs have instructed us already to keep our mouths shut. Times are coming at full speed when the ideal American citizen shall be a body devoid of a head to think with. Is that Democracy? Is that Freedom? Are those the virtues we want to teach the world over and shoot them into the German?

Latest news say that Emma and Alexander have been ordered freed on a \$25,000 bond, each, and granted new trials by Judge Brandeis. But the arch-criminal Fickert, the proven cold-blooded conspirator against human lives in San

Francisco, is busy framing-up on Berkman, whose extradition he wants.

But Fickert has lost on this score; Rens Mooney has been acquitted. The frame-up is so crude and the exposure of the crime of Fickert's snake nest has created such scandal, that there were no men with guts enough or enough of Fickert's brazen cynicism to hang Rens. Nevertheless, the danger is afoot in San Francisco, since Fickert is still at large, and what is worse, administering "Justice." Well; monstrous Capitalism needs of monsters to preserve itself by persecuting Mooney et al. in San Francisco, Schoon in Stockton, Cordero in Arizona, Jesus Rincon in this city, Diego Pena in Texas, the striking miners by the car-loads in Arizona, the M. But what is the use to continue enumerating this endless list of outrages, brutality, tyranny, oppression and exploitation that besides hunger, we are "enjoying" in this land of ... F. K. S. S. ?

All I have to say as a comment on such disastrous and hellish conditions, is that Government and Capitalism themselves are fostering the Social Revolution right here in this country by their brutal tyranny and insatiable greed, for they, and not the rebels that are being hunted down, are the ones that created and are making worse these unbearable conditions of hunger and oppression, and driving the masses mad to the breaking point of armed Revolution. Let the arrogant masters continue encroaching upon human liberties and starving the people; let them forget that the Capetos were beheaded by their own slaves, that there was once a 93 in France and that History repeats itself; let them forget that they are fostering the Social Revolution in this country and that they are precipitating its inevitable arrival; let them busy themselves building their own scaffold that way and digging their own grave That is their own business and their own pleasure, and let us attend to our own affairs by activating the propaganda of our lofty ideals, so that the day when people be forced to pick up their guns, and erect the barricades, they shall know what to fight for, so as to avoid that they commit the error of just changing tyrants, but that they may know how to implant a new Social Order within which all crimes, tyranny and exploitation be out of date and the Future Society of our dreams may come true, where all shall be equal, free and brothers.

ENRIQUE FLORES MAGON

THE ROUNDUP

(Translated from the Spanish section.)

Democratically, very democratically, since no one has been personally consulted about shouldering a gun and being sent to defend the Morgan millions and the millions of the other bloodsuckers of this boasted Country of Liberty, on Friday, the 20th of July there took place in the Senate chamber, at Washington, D. C., the first of the series of drawings that will be effected to force into the military service 1,374,000 out of the 10,000,000 young men of all races that, with very rare exceptions, were forced to register on the 5th of last June, under the threat of being sent to jail for one year and then forced to register anyway, by being taken in person by the minions of the Dictatorship to the place of registration, or by being induced thru trickery, as was the case with the Mexicans, whom the fiscally carranzista consults, and even the american authorities, made to believe that nothing was meant by it but the taking of a census.

The drawing taken on the 20th of this month was to pick out the first lot of men for the European carnage. The funeral act was presided over by Secretary of War Baker and witnessed by senators, high-ranking military officers and countless other parasites and a small audience. Baker, with all the gravity and circumspection that the act required, had himself blind-folded, that he might be the one to draw the first number that would determine the first victim in the cause of Capitalism.

It seems that what has been chosen to be called Fate has a taste for being ironic and sarcastic. The first number drawn by Baker, according to "The Times" of this city, designating the first "lucky one" to go to defend "his" country, corresponds to a Mexican, Alejandro Duarte.

But the irony of fate does not stop there. Duarte, the "happy" mortal who has had the "honor" of having his number drawn by the worthy hand of Baker and the "glory" of being the first one to be designated for cannon fodder, surely must be anxious, yes, very anxious, to shoulder a gun; but not to defend the Morgan millions, but to avenge grievances, for it is well to know that Duarte is one of the 1200 striking

miners and sympathizers who were brutally assaulted on the night of the 15th of this month in Bisbee, Ariz., at the hands of the Sheriff of that locality and of a criminal mob armed to the teeth, who invaded the homes of the strikers, dragging them from their beds where they slept peacefully, throwing them into cattle cars, taken to the isolated station of Hermans, N. M., and there abandoned; after being deported they have been concentrated in a military camp, where they still are in the hands of the soldiery.

In that concentration camp is Alejandro Duarte, according to "The Times," and after being the victim of the savagery that characterizes the Capitalist System, he further had the "luck" to be the first one designated to go and defend the very same ones who exploit him, mistreat him, trample him under foot and oppress him for daring to ask a petty raise of wages. Indeed, so-called Fate has a taste for being ironic and sarcastic.

The same Fate, too, since its first blow, has come to point the honorable carranzista consults with an accusing finger, denouncing them as liars and criminals who in accord with their master Carranza, in his efforts to win the good graces and favors of Wilson and Wall Street, deceived the Mexican workers impudently, that they might tamely go and place their heads on the gibbet of the June 5 registration. This shall once more teach the Mexican workers, in a practical way, that what we say is true, that no government must be trusted because all governments are the enemies of the poor and the faithful servants of the rich.

The Mexican Situation.

(Translated from the Spanish section.)

In order to acquire the necessary popularity to attain power, among other of the deceptions that of the devolution of the communal lands to the people, with the object in mind of snatching these lands again from them as soon as he felt himself strong enough to do so. REGENERACION observed the swindly and opportunely voiced the alarm; but there were those who were more prone to believe the false words of the swindler than our honest warning, and they gave their support to the slave driver of Cuatro Ciénegas.

Events have come to prove in time that reason was on our side and that our accusations were not the offspring of passion, but that of observation and study, since all of our predictions have in time been fulfilled, one by one.

To-day, to the long list of communities and individuals to whom lands were given to be snatched again from them, once they were settled and disarmed, is added the case of the inhabitants of the villages of Amecol, Socialpam, Santiago Tlalnelolpam or Lomas, San Sebastian and Nopala in the State of Hidalgo.

In the nefarious time of Porfirio Diaz, a family of buccaners, named Escandon, and belonging to the group designated by the name of "Cientificos" (whose counterpart in this country is formed by the group of vampires denominated Wall Street), despoiled the inhabitants of the aforementioned communities of their communal lands, being assisted in their work of rapine by Porfirio Diaz himself, sending his soldiers to quell discontent among the peasants, murdering some of them and jailing others of the most outspoken in claiming their rights. In that way was formed the immense Hacienda (estate) named Marques, belonging to the Escandon family.

When Carranza, thanks to the military prowess of Francisco Villa, who was then General in Chief of the carranzista forces, attained certain prestige, as a reward of certain politicians surrounded and advised him. Carranza, let to his own intellectual resources is a perfect imbecile, without any more ability than that of despoiling the thousands of slaves that work as peons in his extensive haciendas in the State of Coahuila; but aided by his advisers, he developed a competent policy

The brand-new machine of conscription has begun to work. The reigning Dictatorship, in its mad anxiety to satisfy the wishes of its masters has undertaken the enterprise of assassinating Democracy and Liberty in their own name.

A mad enterprise this, as mad are the countless persecutions, assaults, vexations and savagery with which terror is sought to be implanted and make the workers tractable who, as a rule, refuse to serve as cannon food for the sinister ends pursued by the bourgeoisie, and its lackeys.

The historic "iron hand" of Porfirio Diaz has become rusted after the Mexican Social Revolution has been on foot for well nigh seven years.

The "Law of Terror" was smothered under the weight of the Romanoff crown when this rolled on the ground upon being searched from his head by the sturdy fist of the Russian people.

But then, so much the worse for those above! Let them pinch all they want! That the more they pinch the quicker Wilson shall meet his Ipiranga ("Ipiranga" is the name of the ship in which Diaz decamped) to go and die insane in Paris, since he wants to imitate Diaz, and the quicker shall the bourgeois american gentry be seeking other lands and wielding the pick and shovel, the same as more than one Mexican bourgeois grazes the post of a section hand in this Country of the mighty Dollar.

The temperature of the Century is not the same as of yore, propitious for the growth of the poisonous fungus of tyranny.

ENRIQUE FLORES MAGON.

which adapted to the radical environment dominating among the popular Mexican masses, served well his purposes of deceiving the workers to the point of inducing them to support and help him ascend to power.

Being the general aspiration of the Mexican proletariat to expropriate the lands of the rich that they may be retained for the benefit of all, Carranza schemed with the "land" grabbers, among them the Escandons, explaining to them the necessity of lulling the workers to sleep by a play of dispossessing the rich of the land and returning it to the poor that they might grow confident in the oncoming regime, drop their hostile attitude and allow themselves to be disarmed, so that once being impotent, the lands could again be grabbed from them to be restored to the rich even with the advantage of being now cultivated and with the crops about to be reaped.

And this is what happened to the residents of the mentioned villages. They secured the assurance of Carranza that their communal lands were returned and when these were already cultivated, with the crops ripe to be reaped, the carranzista soldiery swooped down upon them, sent by the carranzista governor Rodriguez and led by one Ramon Garcia, lackey and administrator of the Escandons. The peasants, lacking arms with which to defend their rights, were expelled, not only seeing their lands and crops slip from their hands but also their cattle that grazed in the communal pastures.

The same was attempted upon our brothers the zacapoxtla Indians, of the State of Puebla, but they had retained their arms, refusing to surrender them, and when he tried to despoil them of their lands anew, for which purpose he sent his soldiery, the reception given these ignorant hounds of Capital was so warm that it appears, some of them are still running from the shock received.

The same was also tried with our brothers the vaqui indians; but they also kept their arms, wisely anticipating the trap, and when Carranza tried to annihilate them by sending twenty thousand soldiers to exterminate them, the myrmidons suffer defeat upon defeat and they continue to suffer them at the hands of those noble proletarians who fight at the vile cry of "Land and Liberty!"

Fortunately, if we were not heard before, now that events have come to prove the truth of our predictions, public

ment has turned against Carranza with such uniformity, that, as it seems, there are but two of all the States of the Republic, Yucatan and Campeche, that are not overrun with guerrillas of revolutionists up in arms against the bearded trickster, or, at least, from which no news come to this effect, perhaps on account of being in the extreme southern part of the country, too far away. Excepting those two States, Yucatan and Campeche, the anti-carranzista movement is general; even the Federal District itself, where the Federal Powers of the country are located in Mexico City, is a constant theater of the activities of numerous rebel guerrillas, among which are mixed a goodly number of comrades who with their activity and example maintain the revolutionary spirit alive.

It is impossible, for lack of space, to give in these columns a detailed account of the operations of the rebel guerrillas in that country. But to give a slight idea of the revolutionary force, it is enough to quote the States from which in one single issue of a carranzista paper, "El Pueblo," of Mexico City, such news appear. By the last issue received of that paper, dated the 6th of July, it is seen that there is wonderful revolutionary activity in the States of Tabasco (which was said to be completely pacified and in which it is now discovered that there are numerous rebel bands), Puebla, Oaxaca, Michoacan, Nuevo Leon, Hidalgo and Federal District. From different points of those States, in one single day, accounts are given of several bloody encounters. In the same issue of the said paper is also seen that the main lines of communication are interrupted by the revolutionary activity all over the Republic.

This shows that the fall of Carranza is imminent; to which it is due that Carranza seek the way of distracting the attention of the revolutionists, pretending to involve Mexico in the European war, and also that he seek to still ingratiate himself more with Wilson and Wall Street, that they may uphold him in power. To this trucking attitude of Carranza, is due that recently, last week, to be exact, permission was granted anew to Carranza to import arms and munitions from this country in big lots.

But aided or not by the big crooks of this country, Carranza has to fall, the same as all the other tyrants of the whole earth have to fall who so democratically tyrannize and help to exploit the peoples everywhere.

Carranza has to fall; his tricks have been discovered; his acts of today are proving his falsity; the workers, disabused of the vain illusion they had nurtured, that a government could make them happy, turn against Carranza, and countless more workers convince themselves that all governments are bad for the poor because the duty of governments, no matter what their form or the name they carry, is to protect the interests of the rich, which are based on the wretchedness, misery, pain and the slavery of the poor.

From this conclusion that experience itself has brought to the Mexican mentality during these long years of struggle against the unbearable conditions which forced the present Mexican Social Revolution nearly seven years ago, comes that the number of class-conscious workers increases and that the wide battle cry of "Hail Land and Liberty!" which so much frightens the bourgeoisie, because it means the end of its iniquitous reign, be spreading throughout all that region.

Onward, Mexican revolutionists! Onward! The arms must not be laid down so long as the land, the machinery, the means of communication and transportation and, in short, all the social wealth, does not remain in the possession of all, for the use and enjoyment of all the inhabitants of Mexico equally, regardless of sex, race or color, without any other condition than that of being products.

Onward! It is only by the force of arms that we shall emancipate ourselves, by putting into effect the expropriation of social wealth that the capitalist bandits have usurped, and which the government, by means of brute force, helps them to retain. To try to do it by peaceful means is to die defenseless in the hands of the soldiery of the bourgeoisie and her ally, Authority, as it happened in Rio Blanco, Cananea and in as many other places; as it happened in Ludlow, Custer D'Alene and other points.

The emancipation of the workers lies in the conscious use of physical force by the workers themselves, without following leaders, without making an idol of anyone, without placing anyone in power that later on he may again do like Carranza and become a new tyrant.

Onward! Long live the Social Revolution! Long live Land and Liberty! ENRIQUE FLORES MAGON.