

Regeneracion.

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"No Song of Grief! No Song of Sighs!"

Ricardo Flores Magon, Enrique Flores Magon, Librado Rivera and Anselmo L. Figueroa, members of the Junta of the Mexican Liberal Party, have been sentenced to a year and eleven months imprisonment in the federal penitentiary at McNeill's Island, Washington. The jury found them guilty of conspiracy to violate the neutrality laws. Judge Wellborn, in passing sentence, expressed the opinion that the jury could not have reached any other conclusion, and added that the crime had been committed deliberately and persistently. On legal grounds he rejected the special and earnest plea of the prosecution, which was that there should be a separate conviction on each count of the consolidated indictment, and that on each the full penalty should be inflicted. That might have meant eleven years for Ricardo Magon and Rivera, nine for Enrique Magon and two for Figueroa.

I do not believe anything is ever gained by concealing or evading truth, and I am satisfied that both the judge and jury performed conscientiously their duty, as imposed on them by oath. It is not by railing at them personally that we shall accomplish any good, and indeed by doing so we ourselves should be guilty of injustice. We should misthreaten what seems to me the bottom truth in all this trouble; for, failing to recognize that the judge and jury acted as they were compelled to act, we should blind ourselves to the fact that our imprisoned comrades have been doing that very thing. They have trodden the path they were compelled to tread, and I cannot conceive how they could have turned their backs on it and remained true to themselves or their convictions. This, it seems to me, must have been sensed by the jury when it deliberated so long, and by the judge when he abstained from all expressions of reproof and turned a deaf ear to the prosecution's plea.

The two Magons, Rivera and Figueroa are no criminals, as the public understands the word. They are actors in a world-wide drama, of which the Mexican Revolution is but a passing scene. They did not write that drama, nor did they thrust themselves into the role they have been called to represent. They no more made the Mexican Revolution than I or any of my readers made it. It was imposed on them by causes that take us far back into the barbaric past, and they have understood it simply because they have been gifted with the intelligence to understand it. Would you have them false to their convictions? Would you have them traitors to their deepest selves, as so many unfortunately are? Would you have had them pretend that fine words could have coaxed Diaz from his throne, or that Madero's infidelity was a trifle at which a suffering nation could afford to shrug its shoulders? From such you may get your blameless citizens who play through life in safety, supporting whatever iniquity may be in power. The men who leave their mark are made of different stuff, and with them alone history troubles itself to keep account.

The chief prosecuting attorney talked as if Ricardo Magon were a chicken thief and the Mexican Revolution an affair of hen roosts. He spoke as if he had entrapped a common brawler, but I am satisfied that both the judge and jury saw through the absurdity. He could not blind himself to the fact that thousands of the Junta's fellow-countrymen regard them as heroes, and he was compelled, therefore, to waste much eloquence on the supposed ignorance of those who uphold the Mexican Liberal Party. We know better than that. We know that the worker, however unlettered he may be, judges better what ails him than can any prosecuting attorney, who wins his bread and butter by putting his fellow creatures behind the bars or bringing them to the electric chair. We know that men do not risk their lives and throw their all into the balance from any insane desire to uphold mere disturbers of the peace. We know that they do not part for nothing with their hard-

earned dollars, or persistently fling defiance at the law and face imprisonment without good reason. On that persistency and that defiance the prosecutor harped as evidence of hardened criminality. A wiser and less prejudiced judgment would have informed him that those who offer so high a price are after something they regard as worth it.

Two years ago Diaz was in the odor of sanctity. The Mexicans overthrew him, and all the world now knows that Diaz was a monster. I pick the word and use it advisedly as descriptive of an unquestionable fact. I say that the crimes of Diaz have been proved, and have passed into the category of historical facts beyond debate. I say the man sold out his country; reduced his race to poverty and worse than chattel slavery; established conditions of which Terrazas, now a refugee in Los Angeles and reputed the largest landowner in the world, is typical. These things are known wherever literature circulates, but it is not so generally known that Ricardo Magon was the first man in all the Mexican nation to face the despot who at that time had, and exercised remorselessly, the power of life or death. When, alone among hundreds of delegates, Ricardo Magon singled out Diaz for attack at the Convention of San Luis Potosi, eleven years ago, he voiced what all men were concealing in their hearts but none of them had dared to utter. It was then, and immediately, that he was singled out for punishment, but it was also then that Magon won the allegiance of his fellow-prisoner, Librado Rivera—an allegiance that never has and never is likely to falter. Since then these "cowards"—if you believe Prosecuting Attorney Robinson—have undergone one continuous martyrdom of imprisonment and exile.

Madero had wealth, and the power that goes with wealth. He was of the Mexican Liberal Party, a subscriber to "Regeneracion," an ally to whom timid or venal men would have stuck at any cost. To those who have followed the history of Mexican affairs during the past twelve months it is now self-evident that Madero's promises were inspired by personal ambition; that he never intended to restore the heritage that, as the Mexicans consider, has been stolen from them. I say that the evidence on that head today is overwhelming; that the case of Madero, like that of Diaz, has passed into the category of historical facts beyond debate. The world did not know that truth in February of last year, but the Junta of the Mexican Liberal Party did, and relations were severed and Madero ruthlessly exposed. It was a painful duty; but it was a costly duty; but it was as high, as absolute, as imperative a duty as ever put men to the test. For all I or any of us can tell Madero may be able to retain the seat into which credulity has hoisted him, but under his rule the old conditions will continue, and the Mexican masses will remain economically dependent on the few. It was not for any such a fiasco that the Mexican Liberal Party was organized and passed through fire and hell; it was not for this that the Mexican people shed their blood unstintingly; not with any such pitiable a mess of pottage should they be content.

Mexicans are fighting for the restoration of their stolen lands. I cannot speak of the masses, since I do not know them; but I know the men the law now puts in prison, and know they consider the freeing of the land cheap at a thousand martyrdoms. They have spoken and written, persistently and with the utmost precision, what they knew would endanger once more their personal liberty. They have done this with keen recollection of the misery they suffered in long years of previous imprisonment. Schooled to the endurance of a poverty that has been very actual, they have refused offers of money and position that would have placed them beyond all fear of want—offers that came through the Magons' brother, who is Madero's Secretary of State, Enrique Magon, at least, has courted and taken part in desperate fighting, and I have good reason for supposing that every one of the imprisoned men would have been in the field in Mexico but for the action of the United States authorities, who held them captive here under bonds furnished by those to whom they would not play false. Nevertheless I also know that it has been urged on them perpetually—by myself among the urgers—that their true post was at the editorial desk, carrying on a wide-spread agitation on a question that concerns not Mexico alone but the world at large. I may add that I knew of the coming indictment a week before it was issued, and begged Ricardo Magon to disappear and not make himself a target. He considered but re-

jected my advice, declaring that his absence would disorganize the movement. Ricardo Magon has few illusions, and he was then convinced that the United States government would do all in its power to crush him. When he appeared last week in court he expected to be deprived of liberty for eleven more long years. Find me another man in Los Angeles who will put his head knowingly into such a noose for principle!

I know these men; believe I know their deepest thought and dearest aspirations. They think, as I do, that the world is on the eve of change; profoundly revolutionary economic change. They think, as I think, that all this poverty and fear of want; this cowardly submission to the economic boss; this dismal treadmill of slavery to the job, with starvation as the alternative, are needless absurdities; a hideous nightmare from which humanity has to arouse itself AT ANY COST. They are younger than I am; but their revolutionary experience has taught them what it has taken me many years to learn; viz., that for everything worth having the price must be paid in full. To the superficial—as I regard them—we are dreamers. In reality—as I believe—we are realists, who cannot conceive that the world will free itself from slavery by shouting at political conventions, or listening to notoriety and money-hunting orators. As I understand the matter we are all individualists, eternally preaching the doctrine that the individual man must save himself, and that as long as the masses lean on leaders their redemption will be such stuff as dreams are made of. We all consider that the first step toward Individualism is economic independence, and the first step toward economic independence free access to nature's storehouse—Land.

These men are Mexicans for the immediate moment, because Mexico and the freeing of Mexico from the tribute-gatherer is their immediate task. At bottom they are internationalists of the broadest kind. I know the eagerness with which they read of every movement of revolt; of the sympathy they extended to all popular awakenings, whether they took place in Japan, China or India, Spain, Italy, England or the United States. Their greatest pleasure has been the notices in foreign papers which showed appreciation of the fact that they were struggling in a world-wide cause. Their keenest regret has been that such appreciation was all too rare. The prosecuting attorney made much of the fact, disclosed by the correspondence seized, that their movement covered not only Mexico but many other countries, and denounced them accordingly as public enemies. On that basis he should bring proceedings against me, for I have made it my special task to encourage the international revolt. We have been agreed that the overthrow of the landlord and usurer in Mexico would mean the jeopardizing of their careers elsewhere.

It has been disgusting to be dogged eternally by detectives, who left their footprints to prove that they had been listening to conversations we were anxious to megaphone to all the world. It was disgusting that the first witness for the government should have been a man who used to dandle the baby in the house wherein I roomed, that he might worm himself into the confidence of the women who subsequently mobbed him. All those methods are repulsive to decent humanity, but they are part of the game as played by prosecuting attorneys, who themselves are not above the denunciation of men who sit before them as helpless as newborn babes. My indignation at Mr. Robinson's address nearly got the better of my intellect, which told me it reacted in our favor, and tended to bring into still more universal contempt justice, as administered in these United States. In this article I myself endeavor, most conscientiously, to do real justice. Being satisfied that Judge Wellborn and the jury acted as they felt bound to act, I say so. Being satisfied that it is the duty of the prosecutor to present all the facts fairly and impartially, and not attack when the other side is powerless to hit back, I say so. Being satisfied, from the closest personal intimacy, that our imprisoned comrades overflow with the milk of human kindness and have acted as their consciences dictated, I say so. Indeed, so far as I can judge, they have one fault to which I consider myself immune. I believe there is in the Mexican character, as in the Russian, a natural tendency to self-sacrifice and martyrdom.

The tomb of the builder of St. Paul's cathedral, in London, bears the inscription: "Reader, if you want to see his monument, look around you!"

When I was a youngster that inscription made an impression on me. I have always considered that the proper tribute to the great is not the erection of monuments or those oratorical offerings with which memorial meetings have made us so painfully familiar, but the continuation of their work. Of course we shall continue our agitation, regardless of the conviction of the Magons, Rivera and Figueroa—all equal co-operators in this universal task. We shall struggle as long as we have an ounce of struggle left, but we should not be left to struggle alone. The few cannot redeem the mass from slavery, and the co-operation of all is needed. Go to the very edge of your capacity, and you will find that capacity far greater than you suppose. We have within us heroic possibilities of which we little dream. Were it otherwise we should still be herding with the apes.

The battle for Liberty is long, but like that for life, it never ceases. I could think of no better heading for this article, than a quotation from Freiligrath's great poem, which our imprisoned comrades admired beyond all words. The stanza from which I took it runs: "No song of grief; no song of sighs For those who perish unsubdued; Nor yet a song of irony At life's fantastic interlude— The Beggar's Opera that ye strive To drag out through its lingering scenes, Though moth-eaten the purple be That decks your tinsel kings and queens." WM. C. OWEN.

FUNDS NEEDED. The week in Los Angeles has been big with events that have swallowed up what little leisure the editor of this section ordinarily has. Furthermore, exceptional circumstances have compelled him to pass much of his time in travel. Matters that should have been arranged without a moment's delay have been necessarily shelved, and as yet no adequate steps have been taken toward meeting emergencies that have arisen. Our Spanish editors are in jail, and now more than ever, the whole world should be informed of the true nature of their "crime." Like all the propaganda they maintained so gallantly that needs money; money not only from the Mexicans, whose individual struggle with poverty is so appalling, but from the better paid workers of other countries whose battle they are fighting. Volunteers for the arrangement of a systematic canvass are in great demand, inasmuch as "Regeneracion's" own staff is, for the moment, too small to carry all the burden of the work that should be done.

Most gladly would we have abstained from spending one cent on legal proceedings, but it was necessary for the life of our propaganda, and our attorney, Mr. Willedd Andrews, has rendered us services well worth his fee—by far the greater part of which is still unpaid. For fully a month we have monopolized his time, and now we have seventeen additional workers in jail, here in Los Angeles alone. They should be defended, for we cannot allow the charges lodged against them to go unfoisted. Funds must be raised and raised systematically; meetings, as it seems to us, should be arranged, and the workers will find them better worth attending than those organized for the purpose of boosting some greedy nonentity into a fat office job.

To every honest battle of the workers "Regeneracion" always has lent its aid, sincerely, unselfishly, to the best of its editors' judgments and to the utmost of their power. It will co-operate with them as loyally as ever, but their co-operation also it must have. The harvest is whitening and the call for reapers should be rung out, loud and clear. We are not grafters, but without the sinews of war no war is possible.

TWO THOUSAND ATTEND. By telegram we learn that fully two thousand followed Voltairine de Cleyre's body to its last resting place in Chicago, and that Hayward delivered a most impressive address. We intended to give this week a short resume of her active and most useful life, but are compelled to postpone it until the materials are more complete. "Regeneracion" in the past has had constant occasion to quote from and reproduce her writings on the Mexican and social problems, for her pen illuminated whatever it touched. Our readers may be assured that we shall take many similar occasions in the future.

"Chief orders city scoured of evil. Every person of questionable character must leave, is Slover's mandate." The quotation is from the "Sunday Oregonian," and it is evident that Portland is afflicted with one of those spasms of sham virtue that periodically attack our hypocritical society. She will hand on to other cities her outcasts. How just! How effective!

RIOT FOLLOWS OROZCO AT BAY IN MOUNTAINS OF BACHIMBA

EIGHTEEN ARRESTED ON SERIOUS CHARGE. What the papers described as "one of the wildest riots ever witnessed in the streets of Los Angeles" succeeded the passing of sentence on the members of the Mexican Liberal Party Junta and their removal to the county jail. Probably from two to three thousand persons were involved; the police used their clubs freely and met in many instances with determined resistance, especially from the Mexican women, who became furious when seeing the manner in which the men were handled. A negro, who had borrowed a club from a policeman, and was using it, received a trifling knife wound. With that exception the crowd relied entirely on its fists and suffered severely in the unequal conflict.

It has pleased the police and local press to lay the blame on Ricardo Magon's step-daughter, Mrs. Lucile Guidero, who was the first to follow the prisoners to the county jail, and shouted "Tierra y Libertad" when denied entrance. On the other hand, supposedly impartial spectators whom we have interviewed, including two detectives, assert stoutly—confirming our own observation—that there would have been little, if any, trouble had the police observed judicious patience. It was well known that the Mexican population felt most deeply respecting the imprisonment of the Junta members, and it was certain that if attacked they would retaliate to the best of their ability. As it was the large body of police already on hand was reinforced by fifty more, and the fire department was appealed to, though its services eventually were not required. The "Los Angeles Examiner," which is far from friendly to the Mexicans, had to admit that "the women, in an endeavor to rescue their relatives from the police, were at times roughly handled."

Five women and thirteen men were arrested, and there has been much discussion as between the federal, State and city authorities as to the course to be pursued. It now has been decided to prosecute under the State laws, the city and United States government co-operating. Complaints have been issued, charging five women and twelve men with attempt to rescue prisoners in the custody of federal officers, and bail has been placed at \$500 in each case. The legal penalty is from six months to five years in State prison.

Those against whom complaints have been issued are: Celevera Figueroa, Maria Figueroa, Mercedes Figueroa, Valentina Espinosa, Lucile Guidero, Charles Guidero, Peter Castenera, Jack Clark, Geo. Dickenson, Antonio O. Sarabia, A. Tellez, Julius Ege, Juan Rincon, Luis Scurr, E. Sanchez, A. Cenores and Francisco Valdez. The first three named are the wife and daughters of Anselmo L. Figueroa, one of the imprisoned Junta members. Without wishing to anticipate whatever evidence the State may offer, we must say that the charge astonishes us. In no instance were weapons found on any of those arrested, and it is hard to believe that unarmed men would dream of pitting themselves against the powerful guard that conducted our comrades to the jail. Most ample precautions had been taken by the authorities, and the federal building, in which sentence was pronounced, swarmed with uniformed officers and plain clothesmen.

Throughout this country conflicts of a similar kind are becoming more and more frequent, and almost invariably the police are armed to the teeth while the workers have only their bare hands. At best they can but demonstrate how deep is their sense of an injustice that goads them to protest against odds so obviously unequal.

The right to express disapproval, and to express it vehemently, is part and parcel of the natural and constitutionally-guaranteed right of free speech, but the police habitually regard it as the challenge to a fight. No one who has followed the history of these innumerable labor troubles can doubt that statement. In the present instance they seem to have regarded the cry of "Land and Liberty" as tantamount to attack.

Meanwhile we must await the preliminary hearing, and we are doing our best to furnish bonds. It will be observed, however, that the high figure named is almost prohibitive. Our Mexican population feels most keenly respecting the economic struggle in which the proletariat of its native country is now engaged. Across the line its brothers have been fighting to the death, it has caught their spirit and it is anything but inclined to that non-resistance which authority inculcates as the first of virtues. A similar change is at work among the proletariat of this and other countries, and the future is black.

Orozco at Bay In Mountains of Bachimba

What the papers described as "one of the wildest riots ever witnessed in the streets of Los Angeles" succeeded the passing of sentence on the members of the Mexican Liberal Party Junta and their removal to the county jail. Probably from two to three thousand persons were involved; the police used their clubs freely and met in many instances with determined resistance, especially from the Mexican women, who became furious when seeing the manner in which the men were handled. A negro, who had borrowed a club from a policeman, and was using it, received a trifling knife wound. With that exception the crowd relied entirely on its fists and suffered severely in the unequal conflict.

Orozco is being attacked at Bachimba, despatches of June 27 stating that the federales, under Gen. Huerta, had opened a heavy artillery fire on his advanced trenches, six miles south of the point named. The hills are strongly fortified and the rebels claim that they will be able to defeat the two flanking movements being attempted against them, but there have been constant rumors of disaffection among and desertion by Orozco's followers, and the odds are believed to be decidedly against him. The expectation that he will meet defeat, and that his army will disperse, to engage in guerrilla warfare, is causing panic among the property owners of Chihuahua, and trains to Juarez are reported as crowded with refugees. Orozco himself has issued orders that all property abandoned, on which taxes to the government instituted by him have not been paid, shall be confiscated. From Juarez refugees, in considerable numbers, are crossing to El Paso, and similar conditions are reported at other points along the border.

Madero and his supporters are asserting loudly that Orozco is at his last gasp, and rumors of his expressed willingness to surrender have been current. Naturally they claim, as always, that such surrender means the revolution's final collapse. That has never been, and is not now, our view. We have been extremely skeptical as to Orozco's ultimate success. We considered Reyes' rebellion utterly hopeless, from the first. Never have we had confidence in anything but the movement of the people themselves; the movement of which the guerrilla warfare that now covers all Mexico is the natural and only possible expression.

More Confiscation Certain. The dispersion of Orozco's forces will add fuel to that fire; will swell incalculably the sum of confiscation which totals already so high a figure; will increase still further the difficulties under which Madero's government must continue to labor. In all probability Chihuahua will now join Morelos, Guerrero and Puebla, as a State in which guerrilla warfare is irrepressible. And Chihuahua is a State in which American investments are exceptionally heavy. In our judgment Orozco's defeat increases the danger of intervention by the United States.

Lack of time and space forbids the publication of the numerous notes of the Zapata movement compiled this week. Suffice it to say that, despite the rigid government censorship, we have received continuous reports of great revolutionary activity throughout the three States just named. The government itself admits that for three weeks it has been impossible to get into communication with the capital of Guerrero. In a word, Zapata and his fellow-leaders pursue the tactics that have proved so successful in the past, and unquestionably they have a right to consider themselves the best judges of the situation. Had Orozco proved successful and taken Torreón we have no doubt that a joint attack on Mexico City would have been made. But Orozco has failed.

There is no reason for supposing that conditions have quieted in any portion of the country, for the government is quite incapable of sending troops to the hundred and one points at which outbreaks continually occur. Even the specially censored despatches which report victories, mention constantly the "volunteers" as having dispersed the rebels.

Jean Jaures, recognized leader of French Socialists, has been interviewed on the subject of hard times and rising prices. He says: "The high cost of living has made life intolerable. The State must step in and save the citizens." Then these same men grow furiously angry when you call them State Socialists!

Syndicalism

The real pioneer of present-day Syndicalism, the man who infused into the French labor organizations, or syndicates (now embodied in the Confederation Generale du Travail), the revolutionary and Anarchistic spirit, was Fernand Pelloutier. It is due to the efforts of Pelloutier, declares Sorel in his book, "Reflections on Violence," that the Anarchists were induced to harness and organize their revolutionary activity in the French syndicates. In his "Letter to the Anarchists," Pelloutier himself defined his aim thus: "Our position in the Socialist world follows: Exiled from the 'Party' because, although no less revolutionary than Vaillant and Guesde and quite as resolutely partisans for the suppression of private property, we are something more than they are—rebels every hour; men really without a God, without masters, without a country; irreconcilable enemies of all despotism, whether moral or material, individual or collective, that is to say, equally opposed to laws and to dictatorships (including that of the proletariat); and passionate believers in self-culture."

"Welcomed, on the other hand, because of these very sentiments, by the industrial unions, we have devoted ourselves to industrial work, free from personal ambition, working with all our might, and ready to give up our bodies on any battlefield; and, after fighting the police and baffling the army, again impassively taking up the obscure but fruitful work of the syndicate."

"Well let us try to maintain this position. Let those of us who, like the collectivist, look at the syndicalist movement with unsympathetic eyes, learn to respect it; and let those of us who believe in the revolutionary mission of the enlightened proletariat, pursue, more actively, methodically, and more obstinately than ever the work of moral, administrative, and technical education necessary to render possible the realization of a society of free men."

"I am not proposing, you see, any new method, nor asking for a unanimous assent to this method. All I believe is that, in the first place, in order to hasten 'the social revolution' and to enable the proletariat to derive all the desirable profit from it, not only should we preach to the four corners of the horizon the government of self by one's self, but, in addition, experimentally prove to the working class, in the heart of its own institutions, that such a government is possible. It is our duty, moreover, to arm the workers, by teaching the necessity for revolution, against the enervating suggestions of capitalism."

Constructive Aims. This appeal to French Anarchists of the militant type to merge their spirit of rebellion with that of the syndicates will some day be looked upon, declares Sorel, as one of the most important historical documents of modern times. For Pelloutier, according to Victor Dave (in "Portraits of Yesterday"), was the inspiration of the essential and primordial idea of revolutionary Syndicalism—the idea that the State can be of no use to Labor, that essentially and intentionally the State is a tool of the ruling class; and that consequently the triumph of the working class can be realized only by the destruction of the State, by its decomposition or reabsorption into the body of labor organizations. Thus, the syndicates or confederation become a standing army inimical to the State, yet constantly within the confines of the State. ("Current Literature.")

WHICH IS WORSE? Is the deal the I. W. W.'s propose to give us more outrageously unjust than the one sanctioned by immemorial usage which permits two skinny youths, in New York, to inherit \$200,000,000 of income producing real estate, merely because their grandfathers were grabbers? The I. W. W.'s, bad as they are, are proposing nothing more monstrous than humanity has endured through the ages. And, let us be candid about it, about how much of the world's attention would be challenged by those who suffer hard usage if the sufferers bore their ills uncomplainingly and forbore to make a scene. About as much as would be accorded the suffrage movement in England if no windows were smashed. It is good for us to be brought up with a short turn now and again. And it is good for humanity. But it is mighty unpleasant. Let all of us have what we all create and there will be enough for all. Let each have what each created and if each has not enough the fault is his own. It is not now. What the I. W. W. teach is unimportant. The fact that they exist is of profound significance. (Arthur J. Pillsbury, in "California Outlook.")