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The American Russia.

(Translated from the Spanish section)

(Address delivered by Ricardo Flores Magon, the 3rd of December at Labor Temple, against the excesses of present capitalist tyranny.)

Comrades: Greetings.

We are living in a solemn moment, and our throats and actions must measure up to the heights of the circumstances. The two historic forces that have labored in the human destinies; the conservative force that wants to bind us to the past and the progressive force that impels us toward the future, are at the point of reaching a crisis. The collision is imminent; the catastrophe approaches. Let us prepare our hearts for the arrival of the longed for moment when we shall break our chains in the craniums of our executioners!

The enemy hears the martial call and prepares; let us also be prepared!

The enemy! Why should it be necessary to tell you who is our enemy? You fully know it: the enemy is the bourgeois; the enemy is the ruler; the enemy is the clergyman, the three pillars that sustain the dense coalescence of the dark structure that has rested upon humanity, since the appearance of the first bandit who said: this is mine, and there surged from the shadows of history the protector of the robber, crying: obey me!, accompanied by a black, musty bird who raising his eyes towards the sky burst out with this croak: be submissive!, a croak whose mournful echo has kept humanity on its knees at the feet of its tyrants!

Well, that black structure threatens to crumble. Foundered on all sides, reforms are no longer of any avail; the capitalist system totters, totters without recourse, and its pillars crackle. The three-headed monster appeals to extremes to reaffirm its dominion all over the world. It cannot decide to perish without before offering a ferocious resistance, and it leaps backward, to the darkness of the Middle Ages, and if we the downtrodden do not remedy it, if we the oppressed fold our arms before the sullen beast, very soon, the flames of the Inquisition shall be kindled before our astonished eyes.

Shall we submit to this frightful regression to barbarism where the capitalist tyranny drags us? Because towards barbarism we are being dragged, comrades; we are being carried to the brink of an abyss where sinister and grim, Peter Arbués and Torquemada await us.

Let us take a look on our own account, and we shall be convinced of the havoc wrought by the enemy on our ranks. How many of our men are rotting in the dungeons in this free America? Could you even count them? Rangel and his comrades, condemned to meet the same fate of Ortiz and Alzalde in the Texas penitentiaries; (Ortiz and Alzalde were murdered by prison guards) Tresca and his comrades, candidates to the electric chair in Minnesota; McNamara, Ford and Suhr condemned to spend the rest of their lives in the penitentiaries of California; Schmidt and Caplan who do not know whether the myrmidon than approaches the bars before them carries a prison sentence for life or a death warrant; Billings sent to San Quentin for life, while Nolan, the Mooneys and Weinberg, their comrades in martyrdom, await the brutal thrust of the enemy in the San Francisco prison; in the Pittsburg penitentiary eight good fighters wear the prison garb, the striped cloth with which bourgeois society insults us, and which I would like to soon see

hoisted by the infuriated people as a banner of vengeance!

And what for, comrades, continue to enumerate one by one the good ones from our ranks who at these moments occupy the cells in this land of liberty, as this American Russia is graciously called? There is no week of each month that at the end of its period of seven days, does not carry inscribed in its black record the name of one, of five, of fifty and even of two and three hundred of those of ours, of those who think and feel like ourselves, as is evident by the black files of the States of Pennsylvania and Washington. And where are we headed for? Are we not being dragged to the abyss? And those who fall in the clutches of the capitalist beast are the best in our ranks, they are the vanguard of the revolutionary legion, they are the brain and brawn of the great mass that groans crushed, outraged and spat upon under the feet of the insatiable monster, who in each piece of gold it gobbles up carries a drop of our blood and a tear from our eyes. The pleasure of those above is obtained at the price of those below! an old maxim is this, as old is exploitation as old is tyranny, and it lives and shall live in the heads of slaves, so long as we lack the courage to blot it out with the blood of our executioners.

The conquests of our grand fathers; the generous hopes of our ancestors; all the efforts of our elders, all that was done to open for us an ample way that would convey us to liberty and well-being, all of that which signifies torrents of blood and oceans of tears is at the point of shipwreck. The Rights of Man, bought at the price of the sacrifice of millions of lives, are dead flowers between the pages of the political constitutions of the nations of the Earth. All those rights lack the root of all the human rights, the right of all rights: the right to live!

A new parenthesis in human progress is at the point of aperture, and if we do not hasten to prevent its opening, centuries and centuries of darkness and oppression shall come, until from the wombs of proud and lofty mothers men superior to us shall come forth who will deign to open their arteries to drown the tyrants in their generous blood.

All of this persecution of our comrades is nothing else than a persecution of progress, a brutal assault upon civilization, because summed up it is nothing else than the result of a conspiracy of the parasitic class to make a failure of the emancipation or betterment of the working class. With this persecution the right of free association, the right to strike, freedom of thought, spoken and written, are attacked. By persecuting the most active, the most energetic, the most intelligent and the most advanced agitators, they pretend to check progress, the civilization that humanity has achieved thru the efforts of those who think. Without those who think and those who act, the human specie would continue to inhabit the caves. It is not a dollar mark who audaciously bores the cart hand penetrates its bowels, feeling with emotion the walls of the bosom of our common mother, in search of the metals or coal, buta being of flesh and bone and cerebrum and blood who has a life to lose, a family who awaits him with anguish, for they know not if the kiss proffered that morning upon leaving for the mine, would be the last sign of affection from the father, the brother, the husband and the son who is surrounded by darkness and upon whom the mountain that is liable to crumble gravitates; it is not a dollar mark the man who, like a graceful spider,

balances in the blue space laying stone upon stone, brick upon brick, embellishing his gigantic work with the melancholic melodies of a popular air that seems to condense his love, his slavish anguish, the bitterness of the pariah, while with his mental eyes he observes his dark cave, and in his penumbra, sees the figures of the dear ones who await him, move with the fear of seeing appear in the humble lintel, instead of the smiling and amiable being who gallantly left in the morning, a mass of flesh and splintered bones, heaped upon a stretcher; it is not a dollar mark the valiant who defies the inclement weather in the field, scratching the earth to deposit in the luminous furrow the seed that is to nourish humanity; it is not a dollar mark he who audaciously sets adrift the ship upon the loins of the turbulent sea, to transport the wealth to other shores, or to submerge in the green lymph in search of that siren that sleeps like the corpse of a tear in a tomb of nacre, the pearl or to extract the fish from its prodigal bosom, but the man who has affections, who has a heart to feel, a cerebrum to think, a pair of eyes to allow an exit to feeling, pure, beautiful, limpid as a crystal drop, and whom in the beach that the mist makes invisible, is watchfully awaited by his dear ones, casting sorrowful glances to the hostile horizon, interrogating the waves with an oppressed heart, if they have seen the father, the brother, the son, the sweetheart, with an attentive ear to the rumors of the wind and the water in the hope of hearing the voice of that being so dear; it is not a dollar mark who under the snow, or lashed by the sun, or flogged by the chilly wind, constructs arteries of steel thru which the riches and the people must circulate carrying life and meriment everywhere, the same as the blood circulates thru the body to sustain it, but the worker who sighs when he thinks of the future of his sons, those dear parts of his flesh, those tender sprouts of his body, who by the evening, when exhausted with fatigue he returns to the hut, come out to meet him lively, happy, whirling their little arms in demand of caresses; it is not a dollar mark that moves industry, it is not a dollar mark that bakes bread, it is not a dollar mark that weaves cloth, it is the worker, without whom there would be no civilization, progress would stagnate, humanity would return to barbarism.

As it not, then, this mad persecution against the best of our brothers an assault upon civilization and progress?

The labor organizations threatened with death; free speech suppressed with the bullet; the labor press crushed, where are we the downtrodden headed for? We are headed for slavery. In Everett our brothers are murdered for trying to exercise a right that nearly a century and a half ago, among the gentle melodies of the Marseillaise, and the choleric blast of the trumpet, was magically emblazoned upon the ruins of the accursed bastille.

In San Francisco a bomb explodes which wrecks panic in the ranks of our enemies. What courageous hand placed it there? That does not matter! it was the oppressed people who planted it! Yes; it was the people who no longer want soldiers, who no longer want to support their own executioners, who no longer want war against other people for the benefit of the militarization of the country, because they see in it a menace to their liberty. The San Francisco bomb was a protest; it was not the dynamite in it that roared; it was the formidable cry of one hundred million human beings!

Therefore, our executioners being unable to find the party who set the bomb, pounced upon Nolan, Mooney and his life mate, the gal-

lant Rena Mooney, and Billings and Weinberg.

The imprisonment of these dear comrades of ours has no other object than to snatch from the bosom of the San Francisco labor organizations, the strong, the energetic, the intelligent and active personalities who are capable of guiding the labor movement thru the revolutionary path. It is not the explosion of the 22nd of July that has our friends in chains, it is the fear of the redeeming barricade! The torch of the Revolution was beginning to sparkle in audacious hands, and it was necessary to enchain those hands to extinguish those sparks.

And what about our press? How many of our papers have been suppressed during the last few months? They are more than twelve and REGENERACION has the honor to be counted among them! REGENERACION has ever deserved that honor: that of being persecuted! He is persecuted who is feared; he is persecuted who hurts. Hapless is the fighter who knows not how to bring the storm upon his head! Poor of him who fights and does not feel himself gnawed by envy and a mountain of hatred does not rest upon his shoulders! To be persecuted and to be hated: there is something for every sincere fighter to aspire to. Miserable is he who fights to ride on the backs of those who suffer; petty is he who seeks to rest upon the backs of the mass; insignificant is he who feels under his feet the flabbiness of those who supplicate and flatter; big is he who invites assault, who is confronted by the clenched fist and goes on his way at the flare of the thunder of hatred. The thunderbolt does not seek the bramble; it strikes the oak! REGENERACION is a summit: that is why it draws the thunderbolt. REGENERACION is a bulwark: that is why it is caressed by the canister shot. REGENERACION is the shield of those who suffer: is it strange then, that all the lances of the enemy charge against it?

Comrades: let your presence in this place signify the discontent of those who suffer; let our presence here not only be a mark of protest, but an irrevocable resolution to reach the extremes in curbing the demented assaults of the capitalist monster. If with our protest we fail to stay the arm that threatens to drag us to the times of Loyola, then let us rebel!

Let us stop this criminal repression. Our strongest arms, our most powerful minds, the flower of the phalanx of the common mass, are locked in prisons, and all indicates that they shall not be the only ones. Those big indian hearts imprisoned in Texas, the generous poet Carlo Tresca, the staunch Ford and Suhr, the martyr Mathew Schmidt, the betrayed David Caplan, the 300 I. W. W. 's of Everett, and all of our martyrs who in these moments pace silently and insomnious, in the darkness of their cells, shall be joined by the company of other hundreds, other thousands more of the good ones, whom the enemy hates and fears, because they are the leaven that ferment the anxiety of rebellion in the enslaved multitude.

By snatching the good ones from our ranks, the capitalist beast defers the barricade, prevents the mutiny, kills the nerve of insurrection, prolonging the existence of the accursed system that fattens on our sorrows and drinks our tears. Yes; with the imprisonment of the good ones, who shall guide the labor organizations thru the revolutionary path? Who shall induce the masses to the revolution and protest? Who shall make the bugle vibrate to convoke to battle? What hand shall dare to unfurl before the amazed looks of the tyrants of the world, the Red Flag of Land and Liberty?

Brothers of chains: to the strike of protest to liberate our brothers, and if even then our tyrants fail to yield, then, to arms!

Long live Anarchy! Long live Land and Liberty!

THE ETERNAL SLAVE.

(Translated from the Spanish section.)

The slave of the field works fructifying the earth with his copious sweat and making it produce, with his intelligence and his efforts, fabulous quantities of grain and vegetables.

Bent upon the furrow, wielding the hoe, or dragging along it, like a giant caterpillar, during weeding time, the peasant works, works, works.

The galley-slave of the sod toils and works; and so much does he work, that in one season alone he produces fabulous quantities of corn, cotton, wheat and everything that is necessary for the subsistence of humanity.

The crops he raised the last year yielded more than was necessary to sustain him in abundance during the present and without having to kill himself working. Nevertheless, the same as last year, he works, works, works, bent upon the furrow, dragging himself along it, with the tendons of his legs sore and cramps in them, with his shoulders and back irritated and tired, his waist stiff and his loins inflamed.

Like an enormous worm, he drags painfully along the furrow, amassing more wealth, accumulating more treasures, repleting still more the granaries of the master, from which his creating hand cannot extract even a handful of wheat with which to allay the hunger in the little mouths of his dear ones who ask for bread, nor a roll of cotton where to lay at night and rest his aching bones....

He works, works, works, the slave of the earth, producing a thousand things that he never enjoys, ever dragging the chains of his slavery and always submerged in misery, as he was last year, as he shall be the next, as he shall continue to be eternally as his sons shall also live so long as he does not understand the social injustice of which he is the victim, so long as he does not understand that being he who produces all, it is he who has the right to enjoy it all, so long as he does not resolve to seize from the hands of the rich what they have stolen: the land, the grain, the implements of work, the machinery, all that exists, so that everything may be the property of all, and that all may have assured in this way, the means of life.

ENRIQUE FLORES MAGON.

The Land! The Land!

By Convington Hall.

Sons of the Clansmen, off your knees!
Arm yourselves and suit your ease!
Let not your wives and children lack
The Land of Dixie—take it back!

Be not satisfied with crusts—
Obey no master's "shalls" and
"musts",.....
Behold the sons of Mexico,
How they to death or freedom go!
Unite! Unite! Rebel! Rebel!
Onward! Onward!—out of hell!
Arise! arise! With Ruthless hands,
Tear up their deeds—take back your lands!

Hear!

To every child, by right of birth
Belongs the usufruct of Earth
This nature's law, this Love's command:
The land! The Land! TAKE BACK
THE LAND!

(The Rebel, Hallettsville, Tex.)

The Magon case

Thanks to the generous response of our friends, who contributed the necessary money for the preliminary action in the appeal of the Magon case, Attorney J. H. Ryckman secured a postponement until the first of October, 1917, when the case will be argued before the Appellate Court in San Francisco, Cal. This failing, it is the intention of Attorney Ryckman to carry the matter to the Supreme Court, in which instance Frank P. Walsh, the noted lawyer of Kansas, has promised

to assist Attorney Ryckman.

The importance of the case does not lie in the persons that happen to be involved, but in the principle at issue: the right of free expression, written and spoken. Those well informed know that this case happens to be a test of the pernicious "section 211 of the criminal code," which gives Post Office officials the power to exclude from the mails at their discretion any publication or written matter that does not meet with their approval, and even to persecute and throw the writers in jail.

It is to be hoped that those who prize whatever few liberties we retain, those who realize that freedom of expression is the first and most elemental necessity to progress, will not lose sight of this matter and lend their assistance as they have done in the past, when the time comes to carry this case to its conclusion.

R. G. COX

Caplan Convicted

The sinister, one-sided game of "loaded dice," as it were, has again scored for the ruling class. Comrade David Caplan has been convicted. Of what? Perhaps of the crime of being a man, for even the most desperate efforts of the predatory gang utterly failed to connect him in any way with the accusations against him.

The game is becoming hideously nauseating and the canaille gets bolder and bolder all the time. Perhaps they feel perfectly safe about it, and they should; since the giant Labor is harmless and the onslaughts of Authority are becoming so thick and common, that they seem to be taken as a matter of course and are hardly noticed any more. A deplorable situation!

It is idle, and impossible, anyway, to enumerate the myriad cases, such as Caplan's, that spread thru the land at the present time, but an illustration of the growing boldness and arrogance of the master class can be gained from some of its recent assaults, as marked by the San Francisco case, the Evert massacre, the imprisonment of Tresca and his comrades, and now by the conviction of Caplan.

To protest, to cry "injustice!", "frameup!" and the like, is as silly and futile as it would be for one of two warring factions to raise this same cry when some of their members had fallen in the hands of the enemy. It is open warfare; but the bitter irony of it is to behold the one-sided contest. On the one side the ruling class with all the machinery of government and a martial array in their hands. And on the other side the giant Labor with his bear fists.

How long this will continue is hard to tell, but it will not endure for ever; even the worm will turn, and if things go on at this rate, the giant Labor should soon realize that the devil must be fought with fire.

Even when taking the above things into consideration, Caplan's conviction is astounding. Besides the utter failure of the persecution to connect him in any way with the case, Caplan was not even a member of any labor organization, and while being a radical, his activities in the labor movement were far removed from the unions implicated in this case. In fact, the whole course of the proceedings and the methods of the prosecution were such, that Caplan himself was hardly ever mentioned until the close of the trial, and at this point even the prosecutors went as far as admitting that they didn't claim that Caplan was a party to the crime of which he was accused, but that he had a "criminal knowledge" of it, and that on this ground they asked for his conviction.

Caplan is to be sentenced the 27th of this month, but his attorneys will ask for a new trial; this failing, the case will be taken to

the higher courts. Money will be necessary for this fight, and all funds can be sent as before, Katherine L. Schmidt, P. O. Box 935, Los Angeles, Calif.

The entire procedure was merely the McNamara case gone over again, the same cut and dried stories repeated, and even the Judases playing the same role, without whom, the McNamaras, Schmidt and Caplan, would not now be behind the bars. It is not necessary to say that this was the most loathing and disgusting feature of the trial; more so when the monster McManigal had been joined by that other two-legged creature, Meserve, who is still more detestable than McManigal himself, since he hales from an anarchist environment. How these creeping things can roam about, occupying good space among decent people and polluting the atmosphere wherever they go without making every living thing sick about them, is nothing short of a riddle, but every dog has his day, and when the time comes for the whole ruling canaille to pay their tribute to the redeeming guillotine, the McManigals, the Meserves and their ilk will not be the last ones to bow before it.

R. G. COX.

GRAND

MEETING ENTERTAINMENT and PLAY, at T. M. A. HALL, 231 S. SPRING ST. SATURDAY, DEC. 30. 8 P. M., by the Mexican Radical Groups of Los Angeles, for the benefit of REGENERACION.

The meeting will be opened by the Mexican orchestra and a speech in Spanish by Ricardo Flores Magon. Then will follow the presentation of the gripping revolutionary drama in four acts, "Land and Liberty", written by Ricardo Flores Magon.

While the play will be produced in Spanish, the presentation of conditions, social, economic and political, in Mexico, is so realistic and thro, that a knowledge of the language is not necessary to understand its meaning. Mexico's curse of the ages, tyranny slavery and oppression, will be shown in its real light. Authority: the ruler, the priest, the politician, the labor faker will appear in their true colors.

A better idea may be had by a mention of the characters in the cast: a rich land owner, a priest, a big politician and office holder, a labor faker, a rebellious peon and his mate (wife), a persecuted peon and his mate, a peon agitator and his mate, a jailor, military official and soldiers, guard, servant, labor delegate, peons and peasants. Also some Mexican dances. The cast in whole will consist of about fifty people.

The general admission will be 25 cents.

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Written by Robert Minor.

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