

From Struggle Springs Life.

A world ablaze! Do we realize that less than five years ago Porfirio Diaz still reigned supreme in Mexico, having at his back a military organization regarded as impregnable? Who imagined in those piping times of peace—a peace of Warsaw—that less than five years would bring this well-nigh universal marshalling to arms? In Mexico herself President after President has stormed the heights of power only to be swept into oblivion once more by the hurricane of a revolution that has yet to blow its course. Land monopolists have been run out of the country; over and over again the title deeds of economic slavery have been reduced to ashes; a vast religious dictatorship, which held body and soul in thrall, has been heard crying aloud for help; one of the most powerful financial gangs in existence, the Cientificos, has been scattered to the winds. Here evidently we have tremendous changes at work—for bad, as thinks the vast majority, which necessarily reckons in the terms of existing institutions; for good, as we believe, who look for the day when no idler shall be able to live on tribute wrung from the unwilling worker. For that, however, the entire system of monopoly must go. For that the entire system of special privilege—secular and religious, industrial and official—must be overthrown. For that the time-honored philosophy of feudal paternalism, which still holds Europe in its grip and is at this moment deluging her with blood, must be abandoned.

A far-reaching program, which has to work itself out roughly and takes time. New currents have to force their way, and the greater the obstacles they meet the more violent the hubbub that results. Two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time; and, if the Mexican worker is to own the land he tills, the absentee landlord, whatever his nationality, must be ousted. Were landlords ever known to go until they had to? If the Mexican is to be master of his own thought he must shake off the authoritarianism of the Roman Catholic church. Many countries have done that during the last four hundred years, but which of them has been able to do it without passing through a long and bloody struggle? If the Mexicans are to own themselves they must get rid of the paternal gentlemen who make it their special business to manage their fellow-countrymen's affairs. When politicians voluntarily give up the hunt for office we may be sure that the millennium has arrived.

All this makes up a pretty quarrel, and one that cannot by any possibility be settled in a day. The Mexicans have been at it, this time, some five short years. We who live North of the Rio Grande, on the other hand, have been at it some centuries, for it is our boast that this country was settled by rebels against authority, both clerical and secular. How far have we arrived? To what extent have we succeeded in crushing out of existence that landlordism which brought us hundreds of thousands of Irishmen, exiled by it from their native land? Have the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers freed themselves, once and for all, from the clutches of the church? Are we rid of militarism? Have we shaken off the politician and become in truth self-governing? To some of us it appears as if, hypnotized by big business and that alleged material prosperity which blesses us with ten thousand millionaires and several million paupers, we had given up the fight. To some of us it appears as if American labor's loudly-heralded revolt has degenerated into a shameless job for office and office into a mo-

dem revival of the "bread and circuses" with which Rome's rulers were wont to soothe their growling mobs; into a craven thankfulness that, if we behave ourselves, we usually can find a master sufficiently benevolent to furnish us with work.

We of the United States boast of our conservatism, which means our placid acquiescence in wrongs denounced for generations, with every epithet to which we could lay our tongues. We congratulate ourselves that we are not as are the Mexicans, because we have been too prudent to "take arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing END them." We pose as neutrals and plume ourselves upon it. We do not care to take a stand. We are for peace at any price. Our system of monopoly may be a harder taskmaster than ever chattel slavery began to be, but we want no repetition of the Civil War. We take what is given us and are thankful that it is no worse.

On this spiritual death our editors congratulate us. How much happier, they say, is the American worker, tranquilly packing his full dinner-pail to the Chicago stockyards or Steel Trust works, than the restless Mexican, chasing rainbows and tilting against institutions hoary with antiquity, can hope to be. To be a living ass, however underfed and over-worked, is infinitely better than being a heroic lion shot full of holes. The land monopolist may be a vampire who sucks the blood of nations, but it is indiscreet to risk your skin attacking him. Clericalism may be a curse, but priests have influence and if you fall out with them your job may be in danger. As for the politicians, they give you municipal employment, and only a fool will quarrel with his bread and butter. To hell with ideals; you have a wife and family to feed. To the devil with posterity, for what has posterity ever done for you?

Such is the narrowly materialistic view of life which dominates North America and has reduced its revolutionary thought to temporary impotence. Below the Rio Grande we have not that philosophy. There we are in the habit of regarding life as superior to its handmade toll; and business as a servant who must do OUR will. There wants are simple and leisure appears more desirable than the aimless accumulation of superfluities heaped up by ceaseless labor. There we would rather be poor and free than rich and slaves; but there we are persuaded also that freedom is the one and only road to permanent wealth, and that slavery ultimately will lead the masses to the jail, the lunatic asylum and the poorhouse. Our close association with the United States has taught us that.

So we fight on; not surely because we love to fight but because it is forced on us. Go back to the manifestoes of the Mexican Liberal Party, as published in this paper, and see how repeatedly we urged that the peon upon obtaining possession of the soil proceed to cultivate it, co-operatively, in the most economical manner possible, that all fear of famine might be removed. But we have urged him also to do it with the rifle ready to his hand, for we have known that he must expect unrelenting attack by those who reduced him to peonage and necessarily regard his escape from it as the most unpardonable of crimes. "Forgiveness to the injured doth belong, but they ne'er pardon who have done wrong."

In my own pamphlet, "The Mexican Revolution," published in January, 1912, when Madero was still in power, I wrote: "The first practical question, therefore, is whether Madero himself can establish a government strong enough to thrust the masses back into their economic dungeon." Since then Madero has failed, Huerta has failed, a host of lesser politicians have failed, but fresh aspirants hammer assiduously at the hopeless task. They

have to, for it is the very essence of their occupation to keep in operation the machinery whereby a nation is divided into governors and governed, that the few may get an easy, highly-honored and luxurious living by ruling while the many toil on incessantly because they are ruled. For this every institution that maintains special privilege is upheld and defended to the last ditch; and it cannot be otherwise. No ruling class has ever voluntarily abandoned power; no government ever lets go without struggling to the last gasp. All men desire the most agreeable life obtainable, and it is far pleasanter to boss than to be bossed.

Great upheavals stir men to both their highest and their lowest depths, and face us with human nature as it really is. Then all passions are unleashed, and racial and national characteristics break into instant action. In Mexico as today in Europe—although there the action is on a vastly more colossal scale—all have acted as their past has habituated them to act. The financier has laid and pulled his wires internationally, as has been his habit in the past. The law and the church have stood by their traditions; for churchmen and lawyers, as a class, run, like the rest of us, in their set grooves and live on precedent. The politicians, in every country a deplorably numerous and influential element, have acted as politicians always do—running with the hare and hunting with the hounds in their attempt to be upon the winning side. And the masses also, sick of words and promises made only to be broken, have acted as they had to act, if they were to attain results.

What the masses always need is quick action, for the starving stomach—and the Mexican peon has starved by thousands—cannot wait. Moreover, they have learned by bitter experience the uselessness of referring grievances to government commissions. To that all history testifies and it seems useless to give illustrations; but it happens that beside me is a long article on the monopoly of the Agro Romano—the public domain—in the immediate neighborhood of Rome. It was way back in 1870 that Garibaldi, then a supremely triumphant figure and eager for the people's welfare, "proposed measures by which he hoped to restore the ancient fertility and glory of the Agro Romano." The Italian government professed to welcome the suggestions and referred them to a royal commission. That is forty-five years ago and the situation today is practically as it was in Garibaldi's time! So it goes always and everywhere. When the people hand their case over to the lawyer and the politician the game is lost.

By birth and early training I myself belong to the class which always diplomatises, which always plays for time, which knows that in the end brains are a thousand times the superior of physical force. Instinctively I myself always trust to time; am anxious to have the opportunity of appealing from Philip drunk with power to Philip sobered by adversity; distrust the rough and ready methods of the mob. But I say emphatically that the Mexican who really cared for the welfare of the peon had only one thing to do—viz. to drive out Diaz by force of arms; and I say as emphatically that he has still to rid himself, as best he may, of the fatal legacy that Diaz left; to rid himself of the land monopolist; to abolish slavery to special privilege; to kick the riders off his back. Somehow to that point he must go and not stop short of it. Somehow to that point the masses in the United States and Europe eventually will have to go, and the extent to which they fall short of it will mark exactly the limit of

their failure. The land monopolist, native and foreign, is still in the saddle in Mexico and, somehow or other, he will have to be unhorsed. The politician still holds the reins and, somehow or other, they must be wrested from him. Until these things are done fighting will continue, as it continues unceasingly in these United States, as it rages today in Europe. Down at the bottom the desire to boss and thereby get the better of your neighbor is the one cause of violence and war.

M. Dario del Carpio, editor of "Cronica," published in Guadalajara, Mexico, is contributing a series of articles to the "Chicago Daily Journal," which our comrade Wheeler has brought to my attention.

Del Carpio says nothing new—what is there new?—but he writes very well, impartially, as one not tied to any faction. He shows how in the North the Mexicans have become entirely skeptical as to the benefits the Roman Catholic church has brought them, and, therefore, whether under the banner of Villa or Carranza, do not hesitate to plunder it.

On the other hand, as he alleges, the Indian of the South still clings to his religion, and Zapata accordingly has respected church and priest. But he points out that both North and South are one in their hatred of the economic monopolist who still has the country by the throat, and that in this matter the middle class, comparatively undeveloped though it is, sides with the masses. On this head, after describing how the people gradually awakened to the fact that Diaz had given away their country, he writes:

"The poor man's life was a dog's life. Homeless, defenseless, underfed, he sauntered about as a beaten beast.

"Finally he revolted, and social order was overturned in Mexico. The present revolution is not as many American papers seem to believe a clash of political factions, each trying to grasp dictatorial power. Such a clash has occurred in Mexico on other occasions, not now.

"Roman pretorianism, as a morbid type of political phenomenon, or its Mexican correlative, called caquismo, is not the main feature of the present armed struggle.

"The peon, the artisan, the tradesman, the city homeless, the down-trodden citizen and the dispossessed owner of small property, all in one big, enraged phalanx, are demanding justice. They are not an army: they seem more like a mob. But they are not 'banditti,' as many superficially informed writers aver.

"As an important part in this struggle we must reckon, on the side of the feudalistic landlords and other thick-skinned spoilers, some foreigners who obtained magnificent land grants by means of graft, under the semblance of lawful acquisition."

That, I am sure, is true, and it seems to me well put. I have a similar opinion of his remarks on the ever-menacing threat of intervention, for which the foreign exploiters of the peon have never ceased to intrigue. Upon that subject M. Del Carpio writes:

"The Latin diplomats, who, together with Secretary of State Lansing of the American government, suggest that the different Mexican faction leaders should come together and settle their differences, fail to notice these 'differences' between factional leaders are absolutely unimportant in the matter. The real 'differences' are between those who possess the land in great estates, and consequently the natural resources of the country, and those who have labored, toiled, suffered and undergone crude slavery. The former claim the protection of a law twisted by the dictator. The latter claim the protection of civilized humanity.

"Even if Villa and Carranza should come to forget their 'dif-

Regeneración

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Single copy, 5 cts.
One dollar a year.—6 months, 60c.

No. 206
Saturday, October 2, 1915

Send money payable to
ENRIQUE FLORES MAGON.
P. O. Box 1226, Los Angeles, Cal.

ferences" and make up, the problem would remain.

"The United States could not solve the problem either alone or associated with other American nations.

"There is no place or reason for any mediation on the part of outsiders. Mediation would mean intrusion. Intrusion would generate hatred."

Sensationalism is, to me, the most unpardonable of journalistic sins. I look down with haughty contempt on that miserable type of revolutionary editorship which thinks it must twist facts to favor its own cause. What the public wants is truth, and the influence of writers caught in lies is dead immediately. The workers' cause is strong enough to stand on its own legs, and like the cause of Mexico, needs only to be explained. Our race has enough intelligence to understand that a nation cannot live without its land; that a homeless and penniless outcast is bound, by the imperative law of self-preservation, to resort, if necessary, to any means in order to live; that when men who have been forced into the gutter rise once more there is certain to be trouble. On this both common sense and history are in perfect accord, and we should not be surprised to discover that the Mexican along the border is not acting as well-fed gentlemen habitually act. But I remember that old Texas residents used to tell me how they despised the Mexican as a whining beggar. Today they denounce him as a lawless bandit. Under Diaz he crawled, a lifeless thing, the spirit crushed out of him. Today he is rising to his feet, hot with resentment; and what else could one expect? How is it that the German, ordinarily most peaceful and humane, can find no tears for the Lusitania victims? The answer is that he is in the fighting mood and has no room for other feelings. A gallon bucket contains a gallon and no more.

Taft is provable one of the best living authorities on Philippine conditions. In today's paper he is quoted as predicting troubles there fully equal to those now facing us in Mexico. There also the masses are not taking kindly to foreign management, and there also alien government fosters continual discontent, as it fostered it in Alsace-Lorraine, in Poland, in Italy, in Serbia, throughout vast areas now ravaged by the most cruel war on record. And yet in Mexico, as Del Carpio puts it, "to crown all, there is a threatening of armed intervention pointed against the thing we love the most—our nationality. Not because it is a proud one, but simply because it is ours. Anyone who is human cannot help loving his mother, even if she happens to be an ignorant woman. There is a strong call in the blood, as nature intended there should be." I am sure that is right. I am sure you cannot wrench a people from the habits into which they have been growing for centuries and force them into your particular mould—which naturally you consider the only decent one—with-out arousing bitter hatred and provoking a long series of the bloodiest reprisals. Apart from the merest handful of fanatics, who have duped themselves with the parrot cry that the worker has no country, there is hardly an Englishman who would not die rather than have German customs and German regulations imposed on him by force. Norway would fight in a moment if her neighbor, Sweden, tried to rule her. The cries of "Ireland for the Irish" and "Italia Irredenta" have kept their potency for generations, and if these divisions exist amid nations that seem so closely akin

how can we hope to mate successfully two civilizations so opposed as those of the United States and Mexico? To one of the partners it would mean inevitable extinction, and that every intelligent Mexican understand.

I take my illustrations from Europe because the trouble there and in Mexico are fragments from the same bolt of cloth; because human nature is everywhere the same; because economic and political cause and effect know no distinctions of latitude or hemisphere when people push themselves where they are not wanted there is always dissatisfaction. When some try to impose their rule on others the spirit of rebellion is kindled immediately and awaits only the opportunity to break into flame. Have you ever considered how truly fortunate it is for all of us that this is so? Have you ever reflected that, were it not for this deep-seated instinct which prompts every one of us to resist the invader, society would be permanently enslaved to the bold and unscrupulous few? In truth, we have many examples of once noble and distinguished races that, having lost the spirit of resistance, have become so enslaved. India supplies us with one of them.

In the "Los Angeles Times" of September 4 there is a long article on the Yaquis, by Lieut. Ridd, of the U. S. navy. The paper in which it appears and the author's profession are sufficient assurance that the article will not err on the side of partiality for the Yaquis, but the writer has to introduce his subject by giving some history of this famous tribe, and to admit that the military campaign waged against it so long and ruthlessly by Diaz—you will find a very full account in Turner's "Barbarous Mexico"—reduced its fighting force to three hundred men, compelled to hide in the most inaccessible mountains. Then he tells us how a company was formed by one Richardson, of Los Angeles, to liberate and occupy the Yaqui lands, and how it sold bonds "in the United States to the extent of \$3,000,000 to such men as Harry Payne Whitney and John Hays Hammond." The latter, I may remark, was for years the most noted of all the many mining experts employed by the Rothschilds, and was one of the chief instigators of the Jameson raid, which precipitated the war between Great Britain and the Boer Republics. The whole of that trail drips with blood.

Turner has been very eloquent on the universally-acknowledged merits of the Yaqui as a workman, and Kidd remarks that "the Yaqui is a highly sensitive creature and ability is required in handling him. Fair and square treatment must be given and consideration shown, but fairness must be ever evident." Now they are on the warpath, and Kidd comments on the seriousness of the fact that they "virtually control the entire State (Sonora) politically and otherwise." Unquestionably they have inflicted harsh reprisals on Americans now settled on their former tribal lands, and on our Southern Pacific Railway has suffered severely. What else could be expected? What sort of "fair and square treatment" has this "highly sensitive creature" received? What would you think of the Yaqui as a man if he welcomed the Gringo with a smirking bow and fawned on him as a benefactor?

I do not know what is going to happen next, and no one does. Willson does not know; Carranza does not; Zapata does not; the representatives of the six Latin-American countries called into conference do not. But those representatives already have shown themselves most apprehensive of any autonomy by the United States, and it is certain that the Mexicans themselves hold that position still more strongly. All well-wishers of their country long for peace, but none will care to purchase it by placing his country at the foreigner's mercy, and no honest man will pretend that real peace is possible so long as the present economic injustices remain intact.

Once again, having waded through a sea of financial difficulties, we start "Regeneración," and once again I have been invited to edit the English section and EXPLAIN. I cannot add anything new, for it is still the same old story. I can only

invite our readers to reflect that similar causes always produce similar results; that land monopoly, special privilege, invasion of opportunity to make a living and lead a free and independent life, are equally deadly to social and individual welfare, whether in Mexico or the United States, in England or Germany, under Northern or under Southern skies. Nature pays not the least attention to the artificial barriers constructors erect. Life has the same primary wants and moves in accordance with the same primary laws, whether the skin be white or black, the language spoken English or Chaldeic. When we accept this frankly, by deed as well as word, there will be peace. Until we accept it there will be constant war. It is ridiculous to apologize for Life's instinctive struggles. I should be an arrant hypocrite if I professed regret for the fact that Mexico is in the high tide of revolt, for were it otherwise she would be dead, dead as the vanquished proletariat of the United States at this moment appear to be.

Wm. C. OWEN.

Statement of Ownership.
In compliance with section 4674 of the Postal Laws and Regulations, as amended by Act of August 24, 1912, "Regeneración" publishes here details of its statement, filed April 8th last, in duplicate, with the Postmaster of Los Angeles, and sworn to before N. Treosti, a Notary Public. The statement shows that A. L. Figueroa is the editor and publisher, and Enrique Flores Magon, business manager; that the paper is not owned by a corporation, and that there are no bondholders, mortgages or holders of any securities. The circulation is given as 11,000.

Mexican Notes

Carranza has signified his willingness to consider international problems in conference with the peace delegates from the six South American republics, but has stated again, and apparently most definitely, that the internal affairs of Mexico are not a subject to be settled by others than the Mexicans themselves. This was his announced attitude last year. In a recent lecture, delivered in San Francisco, Lincoln Steffens reported that he had found Wall Street (and Steffens knows Wall Street well) satisfied that it could handle Villa easily, but that it could do nothing with Carranza. The latter is surrounded by many determined and uncompromising men, and nothing could be better than the pamphlet recently issued by one of his principal advisers. It handled the land question without gloves.

Amid all the comings and goings Zapata still holds his own. Four years or so ago, at the very inception of the revolution, the papers had killed him almost daily. Since then the story of his brutalities has been the favorite theme of all that army of writers monopoly command; but Zapata remains a dominant figure, having apparently the united support of the peasant population throughout the extensive territory over which his influence now extends. How could he retain that support, year after year, if his rule was as tyrannical as represented? How could this man, who has had no powerful connections and no financial backing, have kept on top so long if in some way he had not represented the true aspirations of the masses?

As Rangel informed the writer, Zapata knew little or nothing of the "isms" that divide the revolutionary movement, and said simply that the land belonged to the people and that it was the business of the revolutionists to help them win it back.