



Truth Won't Set You Free

(Neither will I)

T-bone Slim

Repeatedly I have been requested to take a half day off and emancipate the slaves. Without a doubt it can be done in four hours, if I tackle the job, which I won't. How would I, an old paid up member, look emancipating a bunch of unorganized slaves? No, emphatically, no!—O go by the looks of the thing, I do!

But I will help them to organize themselves—in fact the help I will give them really requires more of my energy than would the actual emancipation, were I to do it myself.

I'm sorry—and all that stuff—but slaves must free themselves.

And it can only be done through organization.

And it doesn't require much of an organization to do it.

And it doesn't require many organizations to do it—(many can't do it).

It requires a One Big Union, good, bad, or respectable—A One Big Union.

The Industrial Workers of the World.—But if they do not organize . . .

They will be free. . .

When East is West and West is East,

When worst is best and most is least,

When toil is rest and fast is feast,

When grief is zest and Dill is yeast—

(Yes, indeed. Unorganized men will then be free. Don't forget the date:)

When Truth is Jest

And Thought is Beast.

• • •

And not before:

The Past shall come—the Sea shall leak—

The plutes shall bum—the mute shall speak;

The slaves shall chum—the Rivers squeak;

The dead shall hum—the Oceans creak—

(unless they organize).

Don't forget the date!

You will be free when:

High is low and low is high.

East is slow and is spry.

Friend is foe and wet is dry;

"Come" is go and Far is nigh.

When: . . . new is old;

Storm is calf and hot is cold;

Pain is balm and gloss is mold;

Wage is alm and mud is gold;

Peace is qualm and love is bold.

When:

No is yes and yes is nay—

More is less and red is grey—

"Know" is guess and night is day—

"Curse" is "bless" and work is play.

• • •

I don't want to be too optimistic. I really do believe the unorganized slaves will be emancipated on the date set:

When gloom is bright and "short" is long;

When dark is light and "frail" is strong;

When loose is tight and jazz is song—

When nerve is fright and right is wrong;

When shovels see!

And machines hear!

We'll all be free

O never fear—unless you organize.

Then and not until then!

• • •

A JOB FOR SOMEBODY

If the world doesn't suit you, change it!

Fix it! Do not stand and cower!

None but you can rearrange it—

For 'tis you that has the power.

Cats and dogs ain't going to do it,

Neither ministers or kings,

It is you that must renew it—

You're the author of all things.