



## Friends and Ancestors

First: We, T. B. S., concede the election of La Faller and La Wheellette—it's all over, save the gnashing, weeping and wailing of teeth—We, ourself, didn't run (this trip) on account of a bad arch—rheumatism, I guess—otherwise we're a running fool.

Of course the returns ain't all in but that won't alter our decision—or the arch.

Second: Mrs. La Faller (if such there be) wins first place in the white house; Mrs. La Wheellette (if such there be) takes second money. Say! What's the matter with these canderdates, any way? Why don't they inform us as to whether they have a wife to beat up on, or "do they take it out" in cussing the hired girl—we can't write politics without material—without facts. We hereby withdraw our trenchant pencil from the political arena and proceed to write about things that somebody (at least) knows something—about.

Owing to periodical rains, which serve as rest periods, the harvest hand has gotten himself into a habit of working extremely fast in dry weather—(the pace once established) the farmer takes advantage of the "custom" by charging board for rainy days. We may as well drop back to the sensible way of doing things and let John run a boarding house if he wants to.

One of the principle causes of poverty is the wealth that is absent. That is why it is so important to get the full product of your toil. . . . The chief cause of unemployment is the "finished job"—fast work means unemployment sooner than usual. Death, too, is but-shortage of life.

Politics is the process of retarding and arresting progress. It is one of the appliances with which the prevailing system strives to perpetuate itself, and failing in this: to retard its final disintegration—to delay "change" until it is too late to be of full and wholesome use. Reforms under Politics naturally are very gradual and slow. Consequently much suffering must be endured before relief is found. Political moves are very deliberate, orthodox—a drowning man must not expect help from a politician. The politician would first go in search of a bathing suit (following precedent) then take off his shoes, hat, coat, pants, etc., fold them nicely. Then he would recall his valuables, put his clothes back

on (and on back) rush to the hotel, there deposit \$68,000 and 38 cents, rush back, all out of wind—he means well—in the meantime; some Reds had waded out and rescued the sinker—the water was knee-deep.

True, visible progress is made, given in so short a period of times as a life-time—through politics—but the minute you are dead, (and the politicians, watch you die) the whole shebang slides back into the rut. The same shenanigan is pulled off on your son and he in turn spends a life time and ruins a soul cussing the system—understand me, predatory interests, with financial power, is the cause of all this. . . . It is just as well to sit down and wait for death calmly, be sparing of shoe-leather; if you're not going to organize your economic power and offer politicians special inducements to set acts that they acted and put . . . and no reaction.

Society is based on "power at the top": the higher, the more power—an unnatural condition. The monkey on the top limb has the most say so; the monkeys below him (with a limb apiece) chorus, "That's right." —But the proletarian, with no family tree, is getting no cocoanuts. He's on the ground floor, and when he tries to climb the tree he is kicked in the face by a great, big, burly, blue baboon, with a white spot on its breast, sitting on the lowest limb.

That's why so many of the lower class "has to step out" and kill themselves a Hamburger every now and again—or perish. "Plenty of room up on top." Sure there is. One monkey to a limb is downright hog-selfishness.

I thought I was going to withdraw my pencil from the political arena? So I was. That's what I said—WITHDRAW—I didn't say I'd jerk it out.

What I say, I mean! La Faller wins, by the "bucker" vote, and La Wheellette takes second place by the grace of the "skinners." The only way to beat 'em now is for the two major parties to get together, run T-Bone Slim for Food Administrator and include in the platform midnight lunch—I'll wake 'em up.

But them monkeys, sitting on the limbs, that we were just speaking about, are not going to "stand for anybody" passing out cocoanuts even under the guise of administration. . . . "What the Hell," the wail; "let 'em climb up here like we did." The Administrator is in a quandary and out on a limb.

"Give 'em nutless days" yells the all-powerful monkey at the top, "und tell 'em to go und lick the stuffing outts them hatrocious ground monkeys under that other tree" . . . and so far into the night of shadowy scintillations . . . the raucous cries penetrate, and stick out on the far side of a charitable future . . . "atta boy!" "Treat 'em Rough!" "Woof!!!" "Whoopee!!!" . . . (!!!)

But, in politics, on the other hand, (I'm dipping in again) we find a device compatible with our mental calibre. Far be it from me to criticize it—I would as leave criticize the game of horse-shoes or baseball or penocchle. To the contrary, the exercising of the franchise is bound to be beneficial . . . an unexercised franchise is liable to develop bedsores. A trip to the polls is good for the legs. Appraising a distant unknown candidate develops an all-important part of brain—generating farsightedness—more so than if you were voting for a man you knew. It compels "directed" thought, of a very high "elevation" . . . I would rather vote for Abundranath Shimasurohiki than for my best friend . . . so long as said friend behaves himself.

The membership of the I. W. W. can now place absolute reliance upon my words. It is clear to me now that in all my writings I have written nothing original but that I have been quoting the most unimpeachable authorities, such as: Confucius, John L. Sullivan, Peggy Joyce, Judge Gary, Voltaire, Karl Marx, Harry Colby, Red Downs, Red Faber and Julius Barnes—the other great literary genius who thought the same way before me and after me and with me.

It is therefore with assurance and consciousness of right that I hasten to give the readers of this high-grade journal the true definition of the word "radical" and what it means:

A radical is a person (not a vegetable) and furthermore, he or she is a person that—that—earns his own living. That's it. Nobody supports him—that's why he is radical. And it means that he would not be a radical if he didn't have to support himself. He would be a liberal. And if he was in business to deprive others of a livelihood, he would grow real conservative. (Conservative and parasite mean the same thing.) Every man that is doing or is willing to do "the square thing" by his fellow men, is a RADICAL. And every man that is not willing to do so and succeeds (in not doing it), but reaps a certain special privilege at the expense of the working class—no other class has expenses—and cannot reasonably have because they produce nothing—such a man is conservative despite every outward and "audibull" or surface, indication. He may turn "pull" in the face and howl for blood—what he really wants is cream. That's the true definition of radical.

A radical never howls for blood. Blood is not good to him. He doesn't want his pay in blood, he wants it in good United States currency. He doesn't want it as crutches, coffins, insurance, pension, charity, clothes, garbage or any other substitute. Honor he can't use. Cash c-a-s-h in an envelope with a ribbon around it—plenty of it. All of it. The full product of his toil and no quibbling—that's Radical.