



## Family Entrance



The front of Capitalism is O. K., all that we could ask for—the veneer—the veneer false, work, in front—but the backside? Ah! The backside, the alleyway—it is N. G. It is the front side of capitalism that pleases the eye; beguiles the nostrils—ravishes the senses. It is phoney. Like a corpse in a coffin, collar, tie and starched front—but no shirt—it is phoney, and not worth the expenditure of time, labor and money required to make it substantial, sane, safe and sound . . . Capitalism is now in a very disreputable state of disrepair—(I refer to the caves and caverns in the rear of “its gilded cafes” where “delicious dishes” dwell along with rodents, roaches and rubbish). Capitalism has befouled its rear . . .

It is a substitute—not even an adulteration—it is a genuine substitute for a good, pure and wholesome arrangement and, like most substitutes, it is inferior—colored artificially, seasoned with aromatic spices, perfumed with rosewater and draped with patriotism—but the stench from its rear is terrific. . . .

Unlike the new order being born. Quite.

In Duluth, I am reminded: I was hungry, they fed me; I was depressed, they made “a great ado” over me; I was cold, they purchased clothes for me; I was sick, they bought me pills—these are the harbingers of the new order, helpfulness. . . .

But while yet the cold, clammy hand of death was upon me—as I thought—I got upon a street car and—and read an advertisement: “You are cordially invited to visit this beautiful spot—FOREST HILL CEMETERY, 2516 Woodland Avenue.”—Unfortunately I had other pressing engagements and could not accept the invitation—but, I feel, the very cordiality of the “invite” gave me determination to conquer sickness and move over to Superior to put the finishing touches to disease. Duluth’s chlorinated drinking water further encouraged me to this act of—of desertion—(that’s all it is)—And, there’s such a thing as carrying cordiality too far—so early in the struggle for universal emancipation. But I am not unmindful of the services rendered, even, though I would discourage the “services-to-be-held”—and, therefore, in payment, I would counsel the citizens of Duluth to start digging wells for themselves e’er it is too late.

In this connection, while still feeling spooky over the Forest Hill advertisement, and before I start singing the praises of the New Order, may I remark that the death of Floyd Collins, trapped and sealed, in the depths of Sand Cave, Ky., has one consoling feature—he didn’t die of “the high cost of living or the low wage of working”—the world was before him but he couldn’t embrace it. He was trapped. Trapped! Trapped! D’you know, I sometimes feel trapped?—Give me room:

The caves and caverns at the rear of capitalist institutions are no less traps than the caving rocks in Sand Cave, Ky. But the hope of release is less—more maneuvers are required—organizations must be formed—power must be generated . . . Everything to be done.

Behind the glossed exterior lives the barbarism of the ages. Behind the thin coat of outward glow resides the putrefaction of centuries. Behind, and in under, the marble-slabs dwell the “dirts of time” undisturbed, uncleansed—a polished lie—that is Capitalism! and its by-product. A polished lie!

What a whale of a difference a few scents will make!

Here are a few examples . . . space and time forbids . . . hence we must—to the “point of perdition” and untimely end, (of this article)—to be sure.

Listen Lester! Hearken Hester! Notice Nestor! Five ball in the corner pocket!

The New Order? Ah, it may be one of many a kind, who can say, Ah!

We may decide to seal the whole front of capitalism with plate glass—neat letters on its Maine entrance, at the Rear—or we may decide to clean up the rear and alley and leave the front as it is.

One thing is certain. Something ought to be done . . . that is Capitalism.