



HISTORY

Concrete:

O how labored is the speech
Of those who labor would miss-teach.

• • •

Truth is homely—more's the pity—as
homely as a side of a barn.

• • •

Voltaire, garrulous Voltaire, when he
wrote the History of the World used seven
words: "Men are born, they suffer, they
die." Anatole France wrote them for him—
(I'm writing this).

• • •

Why so many words? Why not more?
Why not be accurate, thus: men are born,
laugh once and croak. The lone "laugh"
presupposes torture. Hence, amended, "Men
are born, are tortured, are murdered."—
"Happiness is an accident." Huh! Nothing
of the Kind. It is something the Managers
of Misery overlooked—Carelessness that's
what it is—or something "the cat" dragged
in.

Apology • • •

I'm the pump that is daily drained—and
then, along comes a native of distant lands
and says: "Water my plugs."

Take 'em down to Bad Medicine lake,
sez I.

• • •

"The women thronged to look
but never a one
Showed sorrow in her
eyes of steely blue;
And little lads, lynchers
that were to be,
Danced 'round the dreadful
thing in fiendish glee."

Poetry, what! Claude McKay, ace of
spades, said it. "Eyes of steely blue? H'm.
No hazel-eyed "wenches" were present. Oh
you Poetry!

• • •

A distinct "atmosphere of optimism" (hot
air) prevails on the slave market in Chicago
and all points east, west • • •

The optimism is all in the air—the slaves
are unaffected by it.

• • •

Frail ladies, propelled by powerful legs,
hurry to their employments through the
doldrums of unemployed men.

Unemployment, therefore, is as masculine
as it is real.

• • •

Frozen meats turn black in 15 minutes,
when thawed. Labor is "liable" to turn
black this spring. It is waiting for the
"Chinook." On the level, my masters, I'm
afraid you are over doing it.

• • •

If this keeps on, the Wobblies, despite
their organization, will find themselves out
of work—so far, more mutts than men have
suffered.

• • •

But, even THO—There is no cause for
despair! Livings can be made in 17 ways.

• • • Let us remember the 17,000 times
we didn't starve; the 963 times we didn't
freeze; the 19,370 times we didn't sweat
and the 16,000 times we never "carried the
banner"—ingenuity, gentlemen, ingenuity.
Keep the upper lip stiff.

Atmosphere of optimism! Count the times
you didn't die, nor cry, nor lie down—or
do any or all these things • • •

Read the signs (no shipment today).

No, Not on the boards! Ain't you ever
gonna learn? Keep your face away from
the boards. Pass through the crowds and
gaze into the eyes of the unemployed—it is
printed there in big letters, "No shipment
today." You don't have to look at the boards.
Gaze at the faces of your fellow men!

Read:

Want, Doughnuts, Sickness, Despair—
the history of Capitalism in four words.

And then • • •

Go out and organize.

P. S.—Mch 25th at hand:

To liquidate the I. W. W. is like spread-
ing concrete on bread—it will tear your
"bread" all to Helmar'r'r'r. "But if we
should, as a result of the internecine strug-
gle, go down into defeat before the com-
bined onslaught of the Communist party
and the Capitalist class, it will be the black-
est spot on the blackest page of treachery
and crime in the American labor move-
ment." (My sentiment precisely). But, it
will not be. The base for future resistance
is already laid and the "comrades" will be
spared the odium of being successful trait-
ors.