



History Repeats



The little hoosier village, Tchicowgo, lay peacefully basking in the mellow hoosier sunshine of its own importance. 'Twas the day of the first coming of one Blabramovich, a Yiddish speaking anti-bolshevik cossack, from regions of Volga and Dnieper, beyond the lower east-side of Dnew Yorrikgrad; and the town was out en masse, hushed, virtuous and expectant—for "vas not here alretty a man" who spoke their native tongue?

Tchicowgo is located on the beautiful chlorinated Lake Mitchigan-kain, a body of fresh water—'were well so, for if the lake were located on Tchicowgo it would be bad for *beesnes*, as the hives—I mean, the dives are called—especially would it be ruinous to the Fire-Sales, pop-trades, playing-card-commerce and to the traffic in labor-leadership in Tchicowgo's slave-pits — For Tchicowgo dead in verified undertakings not only in second-hand garments. . . .

Needless here to state the settlement is Yiddish and speaks Jewish not only in terms of articulation (sibilantly plaintive) but in terms of stocks, bonds, per cent and accent and is dedicated to the program of world domination by Yiddish—a laudable ambition however misplaced, since that desideratum is already an accomplished fact. The mayor is a Jew as are all the officials, judges, street-cleaners, aldermen and patrolmen—all being descendants of Noah—and, 'tho, the mayor is unable to speak Yiddish he tries hard enough "to look Yiddish" when he wants anything done, in the absence of instructions. From the Swedes on Lincolnoff Avenewski, to Marginnis the belligerent chieka (not sheik) of Mid-Israel and swarthy sons of Garibaldi as far as Maxwellnoff Halstead-ki and beyond the population is Yiddish and speaks Jewish—of two kinds, orthodox and paradox—for history, repeats itself.

Loughmann and Rohn are the two eminent rabbis that condescend at, not infrequent intervals, Jeffersonoff-Madisonitch, and distinct sacrifice to exhort the "erring rabble"—as the sighing sons of Solomon are called by the "female Jack Londons" of the Proletarian Panhandling Pageant of Progress, (or is it "patient of progress"?) to reformation, the need for which is not evident since the rabble, no less than the rabbis, cherubims, tabernacles and "hobo college for the advancement of exact science in re-value," price and profit—(before-the-draw)—of two pairs, is distinctly eligible to handle old metal in the disintegrating stage of its declining infirmity for none such, and no better Jews abound; despite the fact that they too are in two camps like the waters of the dead sea, orthodox and paradox (let us hope the waters will not reassemble and crown the Pharaohs and save hangmen labor)—orthodox and paradox, for history repeats herself.

History is a Jewess—madam of reckless habits, a seducer of trusting souls; inquisitor of noble thoughts; coquette for convivial spirit and mistress of predatory interest—the hi-way that grows no grass.

And she repeats and repeats until the veriest tyro knows she is a perfect lady.

As before stated Tchicowgo lay listlessly lapping the mellow hoosier sunlight, even as she watched the incorrigible history pigeon-toe her irresponsible way down the market place, among the publicans of the army of unemployed fixedly staring into the future and searching for the elusive golden haired Prosperity—a maid of charm and refinement, but very unpunctual in her appointments—and Tchicowgo heaved a sigh for Tchicowgo knew that publicans waited in vain, or Prosperity was "up for repairs" having become a war-bride during a period of over-powering patriotism and land-love—They would watch in vain.

They might look hither and thither, like Ireland's two governments standing vigil on the border, yet they would see nothing—nothing but History repeating herself . . . (and McGinnis).

An old hag, most decidedly unapproachable, repeating and repeating herself. They might cry out in agony. (Prosperity will not come). They might plead. (Prosperity will not hear). Prosperity has been betrayed once too often, and violently—by the rake Capitalism—(not unlike the boy who "stood on the burning deck," his back against the mast; who swore he wouldn't move a step till Oscar Wilde went past). Prosperity refuses to make her appearance on the streets of Tchicowgo while Capitalism roams at-large seeking to "stick-up" Virtue and relieve "it of its own reward"—and Tchicowgo doesn't blame her, in the least, as much as it deplors the presence of the old hag History upon the thoroughfares. . . .

The day broke even. It was determined—and Blabramovich, the mighty orator of the Ural, held forth in purest Yiddish, and in a theatre—while Bill Dunnski; the extreme left feather of the left wing of what is left of the left-over Workers Partiviki, the Lion Crustky of the American blabor movement, stood in the offing of the show place, not far from an inevitable soap box, prepared to hypnotize the *exodus-to-be*—But Which Wasn't—Alass!

They came to scoff, remained to pray and thus came the split in the Partiviki and the old hag History haggled, and snickered, and "whinnere" and repeated herself. Alass! No one was left to hold the bag—

for the "bushwahs," sorely impressed, took the sack along bent on discovering "ashes" with which, soda-base, they intended to exterminate lice in their beards and hairs. For had not the lusty Blabramovich, he of the purest Yiddish, inferred in his soul the utmost propriety of permitting dogs to lick the grievous wounds of Capitalism and had he not as a prophet appeared in their midst, right in the village of Tchicowgo (the seat of speckled radicalism) and revealed to them the "intentions" of the *sacred com-intern*? And had they not used their ear-spans diligently to the end and purpose that they heard every word of the mystic message and inspired tongue and was it not a matter of record that the left wing of the divided front in view of the "purest Yiddish," found no cause to bust up the meeting, proving Ignorance is blessed?

And Bill Dunnski waited in vain—and stayed the torrent of *registered rhetoric* welling within his breast—a model unborn, (unless at another time). A chance to set an example wasted—(Oh, well, another time. It won't take many, eh, Bill?)

Tchicowgo basked in the hoosier moonlight—while the bushwahs worried. . . .

The unemployed publicans worried—not that they should, for was they not so created as to absolve their soul from all worry; was not the upper part and lower part of their bodies connected by a shock-absorber instead of a belly and was not the whole governed by an automatic snubber—which, prevented them taking exceptions even to the reiterations of History as she ambled down the street brazenly unconscious of her "past" and unafraid of getting a "rap on the jaw?"

And Tchicowgo gazed into space with incomprehending eyes, like a monkey that lifts a newspaper from the ground to discover what is beneath—like an aged *discard* shuffling three nickles and two cents in his gnarled hand; the "change" for two-bits he received upon paying for his meal . . . But Tchicowgo refused to face Facts, and refused to organize. Discontent had introduced Facts to Tchicowgo, in a proper manner, observing all the rules of etiquette and other rules not so critical—all to no purpose. For Tchicowgo superciliously snubbed the logical Facts and nestled down to rest in the mire of its own lassitude. Prayers did no good—it was like standing ankle deep in a crate of eggs, in a roothouse, reaching for a ham, and praying for guidance; threats accomplished nothing—Tchicowgo's livelihood was in the error of its way; Refined Criticism (of its ways) washed its way down the drainage canal without so much as causing a flush on the smooth bellying cheeks of the hoosier metropolis. Facts attempted to redeem Tchi., from hock-reciting over the logic of sage, the wisdom of age and the truth of printed page; that *organization changes human nature*; that *majority opinion is irresistible*; that organization presupposes system, system presupposes full-filled desires—a system of distribution, which, in turn, presupposes justices, tranquillity, and satisfaction—all to no purpose.

Facts, out of patience, resorted to vituperation, saying:

"You Do Not Advocate Majority Rule.

"You Act As Sole Dictators.

"You Ignore the Wants of Rank-and-File.

"You Are Against Universalism.

"You Are Against a Complete Accounting System.

"You Act One Way and Talk Another.

"You Say the Rank and File Have Not Enough Brains to Rule—and then

"You Ask Them to Back You Up—(they're apt to do it)—Or to Vote for You.

"YOU!

"You Are Against the Election of all Job or Office Holders, (For the Organization) By the Rank and File.

"You Are For the Sliding Scale and Class Distinction, within the Organization—Which Is Against Universalism."

Tchicowgo only grinned!

Facts essayed a threat:

"Napoleon marched to Moscow, (Napoleon marched back again) and when he got back he was a BUM—that was the winter of the Blue snow, blue lips and Blues in general."

The Great organizer Napoleon! The great leader Bonaparte!

And History waddled forth distainfully tugging her hips and repeated herself for the benefit of the descendants of the Sons and Daughters of Noah, the erstwhile uniformly successful organizers—now punk—and what did History say? She said: "Divide and Conquer"—That's all she knows. . . .

And the Publicans went, some to read Zinovieff, some Spinoza, others to mope—But the great majority went to pray to the one and only almighty god, JOB.

"Our Job who art in Calumet.

"Give us this day our daily bread."

And the Great God heard their cry and answered: No Shipment Today.