



## From Murder to Re-Action

"Axman Admits Killing Wife"—headline.

We don't believe a word of it—But if he admitted that his wife killed him we would swallow the yarn whole and call for a second helping. It doesn't sound reasonable. It isn't the style. The women have been killing their husbands, their neighbor's husbands, stray boarders and even inoffensive batchelors—whenever they could get a shot at 'em without hitting a horse or a dog . . . I s'pose they thought "long's they won't organize it's best to get rid of 'em."—I won't believe a word of it till I see the body.

Women ain't gonna stand for so much fiddling around! They want direct-action—

I want belief.

After capitalism is fully developed and civilization has reached it's dizziest pinnacle, and when the whole land, all the ponds, and part of Lake Michigan is dotted with tombstones—and all the prairies are graveyards—all the valleys are cemeteries—and all the mountains are mausoleums, I mean—when there is left no place in which to tuck the dead, this will be a good world to live in.

The graves should be dug deeper. Plant the dead two and three deep—sort of "stack 'em up." Square the tops of the tombstones—all of equal height—so that we can build our HOUSE on the remains of the dead.

When monument is against monument.

Note: Since making above discovery and after proposing the remedy for the congestion, a thoughtless fellow worker informs me that it is done that way in Scotland. . . . What's the use of having imagination or conceiving anything when others beat you to it by 900 years—through no fault of yours.

Our house is built, on the remains of the dead—there it is—sticking up in the air—on top of those tombstones. We have no bread, no wheat, no farm? No bologny, no meat, no stock—we're stuck?

Just a second there—we have our radio!

Ha! With its two tube hook-up; its condenser housing stator and rotor; its amplifier superheterodyne; its . . . its

. . . stuck again, well I'll be damned

. . . its thermo-electric principles . . .

Ha! We shall tune in. Turn the knob to eleven octaves and fourteen degrees LLD

Fahrenheit, (do it just as if you was opening a box of snuff) have you got it . . .

Darn THAT STATIQUE! (We had the bread broadcasting station, R. Y. E.) Darn

that loud-baker, anyway . . . I believe

they palmed a one-step amplifier on us

. . . just as we were about to eat.

Static? I should say so! Capitalism! Inter-

ference! Sap o dodge! Skull-druggery!

HELP!!—Try it again:

Place the loud-feeder against your belly-

button—hm—now turn the knob. Do you

taste it? Is it fresh? Broadcasting from

the waters, is it? What station—P. U.

N. K.?

Now tune in on the butcher—odd and

ends is on the program for tonight . . .

Say, ain't this a great life—I'd like to see

Scotty, (canny as can be) beat that! Live

on air, Humph!—Yesterday I saw a book

in a window:

"The Life of Christ."

Wot a life! Wot a lift!

A certain amount of organization is very necessary—enough anyway to maintain a hall or an appointed meeting place; not so much to transact legisaltion as to compare notes, discover jobs and familiarize our-

self with the appearances of our fellow

workers (so that we may recognize and co-

operate with them on the jobs). The bene-

fits overbalance the losses enough to pay

the rent.

Much organization is desirable. Com-

plete organization is important.

A little is necessary—saved "lost time"

(between jobs) is money and, quite fre-

quently, lost-time is work—unpaid labor.

Organization changes all that.

. . .

Still at it:

"A fool and his money are soon parted."

In succession, thus:

A fool and his hair are soon parted.

Thus:

A fool and his wealth, his teeth, his

watch, are soon parted.

A bee and his honey are soon divorced.

Proving: Thieves are wise, or "Franklin"

Ped. Take your pick.

Idiotic bees honeyless, foolish men

moneyless, is not an ideal condition and

therefore: full-wits should cease robbing

half-wits—they're apt to hit you, or sting

you. I'm telling you for your own good.

How provoking!

"Re-actionary! You're a re-actionary."

So goes the wail. They think they alone are the only smart ones the "lord awl-mighty" made. "You can't go back." (If you walk out of the house without your trousers, you got to tough it out). If you go back your a re-actionary. Terrible! Terriffiffle!—Oh, well, maybe, you can find a pair of pantaloons on the way; out in the desert—deserts are that way—and, surely, you wouldn't hang around civilization without pants? Surely?

If you run into a blind-alley and if you come out the way you went in—you're a re-actionary. But if you start "milling" round and round, "you're a revolutionist of the first-class." They will say so. . .

And remember: It's quite a temptation to "back out." I recall a gentleman in Chicago who went a bit further than that: Chased "in" by the law he fought his way "out" . . . he must have been reaction-ary as hell itself.