



Cause and Effect

I urge that it is absolutely necessary to go into this subject, because so many people carelessly arrange campaigns against effects when they should ambuscade the causes.

For instances: If a man tears his venerable pants on a depraved nail, what does he do? Does he call on volunteers "to get a hammer" and smite that nail hip and thigh on the nose? No. He sneaks through the alley to his room and crawls into bed, and, with excellent—nay marvelous—command o'er profanity, he repairs the effect of his adventure and his pants. He has no redress, so he re-dresses, goes back and tears his pants (this time) on the same old nail.

Somebody had neglected to discipline (for him) the intruding, devastating spike and he had neglected his share of improving the world.

He flies into a rage; grabs a wrench from a Ford and bends the nail. (Thank God, he has done his duty—but, why do people always rage before they do it?) And—then, he went out and bought a new pair of "experienced" pants—(new old pants.)

That's the way it goes—eventually, why not early or before hand.

Now you take the matter of death—its little things like that that count: Many people have a wrongfull idea about the cause of death. Some think that it's sickness that causes a fellow to *keel-over*—nothing could be farther from the truth—ain't I sick; am I dead—surely not; others say "rough accidents injures a man to death"—wrong again for is it not true that many people die in bed, asleep—still, we can't say that sleep killed them; and others say that it is old age that kills—nonsense! Why old age merely proves the distance of time you traveled before you died. Hence: sickness, injury and old-age is not the cause of death.

The cause of death is birth—if you had not been born you wouldn't die. Quite clear, fellow workers, and indisputate a bull.

That brings us to the question of birth—you know it has been a question about it for a while: Whenever that phenomena occurred people would lift their eyebrows in extensive surprise and wonder what causes . . . say, do you want me to disc this phase of our dilemma? Alright, alright—as you know, birth is a beginning . . . say we better not discuss this, it will spoil the article—for how in the world can there be a cause before the beginning?

We can't go back beyond the beginning, so, with your permission, I'll stay this side of the start and answer your questions.

One at a time, please.

How's that, how's that, "what's the cause of poverty," did you say?

That's easy.

The cause of poverty is shortage of funds.

What's the cause of the shortage of funds?

Let's see, let's see—it's not exploitation; it ain't "the blowing of it in"; it isn't Wall St.—it isn't scarcity of banks . . . Oh, I've got it: *Shortage of funds is caused by the failure to carry a red card.*

Bring on your questions.

"What causes drunkenness?"

Liquor and canned-heat.

"What causes drinking?"

Thirst.

"What causes starvation?"

Lack of organization.

"What causes high prices?"

Low wages, of course.

"What causes hope?"

Cold feet and paralysis.

"What causes love?"

I don't know—unless stewed apricots for supper.

"What causes quarrels?"

Sour stomach.

"What causes broken engagements?"

You think I'm gonna say flat-tire—nothing of the sort—he could run on the rim for a while.—(Editor, this is important)—when two trusting souls trite their broth; bite their draught; blight their troth; I mean—the *broken engagement* (it is clear) has been *dropped*. What can you expect?

"What causes weddings?"

Hamburger.

"What causes alimony?"

Divorce.

"What causes divorce?"

Marriage.

"What causes effect?"

Power.

"What causes power?"

"Agitation, education will defeat the foe," if any—connected with ceaseless activity.

"What is power, anyhow?"

The organization of all live factors into a union, properly. (Example: The Industrial Workers of the World).

"What is the cause of cause?"

I don't know.

"What was the cause of that submarine wreck?"

Well, although that is somewhat of a hypothetical (and dialectic) question, I do not mind saying that it is, from the evidence at hand, my firm belief that the crew of the submarine forgot to wind-up the alarm clock.

As truth is the fundamental base upon which literature is founded, the I. W. W. and radicals, as truth tellers, are the only ones in this age who can claim the distinction of producing literature. The bourgeois writers, who attempt to depict the beauties of capitalism, are nothing more than mental masturbants.

"Truth is the only thing that Time cannot destroy, and Eternity cannot dispense with."—Josh Billings.