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The Dizzy Race

By T-BONE SLIM

It takes all my spare and sparse moments argying it out with the shining lights of organized fiction sometimes called "the press" and then, and again—"Journalism". Said luminaries upon special request by very special people toss their hats in the air revealing an imposing area of bald pate and screaming: "Lookit the progress WE have made! Hear ye! Lookit all OUR solid comforts! OUR wealth! Glorious institutions! Influence! Power!" etc., ad lib. infinitum, the same old gag in the same old way as barren of thought as the day it was born.

I've looked.

I saw millionaires of yesterday jumping from skyscraper windows and penniless paupers drowning their sorrows in the lakes and rivers of our fair land—and I got to wondering, wondering:

Are those suicides a fair indication of the great blessings we are "enjoying" or just about to enjoy?

Let's take this matter up, editor.

Here's a man, Mr. Abraham Appis, 38, a tailor, discouraged over failure of his business, killed himself to-day, but he first thought of his wife and five children.

He tiptoed through their apart-

five children.

He tiptoed through their apartment, 463 E. 171st St., the Bronx, and flung open every window.

Assured that the rooms were well ventilated, Appis locked himself in the bathroom, placed a tube in his mouth and turned on the gas-jet.

Lena, 31, his wife, found him this morning.

I suppose the champions of "AS IS", and apologists extraordinary, will let go the lid again and screech: "Modern conveniences"!

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Mr. Appis tiptoed his way to open the windows . . .

Now supposing Abe's toes had been weak from over-starvation and had dropt his arches or landed on his heels, waking up his wife? The suicide would have been all off, wouldn't it, and the poor man would have had to put in another long day and balance of sleepless night against his will and better judgement.

Wouldst the apologists call a suicide, that hinges on strong arches a convenience? I don't.

A time comes in every man's life under capitalism when he feels a change is necessary — imperative, acceptable or tolerable. The individualist immediately looks to suicide for a way out and leaves things exactly "As IS" for other misguided suicides to follow.

What is this, a program of self-destruction labelled PROGRESS?

That's about the size of it and the forecast is: continued cold and cloudy.

We haven't seen a thing yet. Just wait. It's due to be a national pastime . . . That's why I say it's an outrage for society to expect its members to pull off the "Big Idea" with poor tools, appliances, such as gas hose, razor blades and bailing wire.

I do not propose to rest till an electric chair graces every home, boarding house and camp—public chairs at public squares and missions, (nickel in the slot affairs, at convenient distances) for the down and outs and "kicked outs"—anyone will hand 'em a nickel for that purpose.

Chairs in colleges should proportionate population of professors.

Death must be placed within reach of all!