

LET ME EXPLAIN

By T-BONE SLIM

Weather Forecast: Pale and weaker; rising blood-pressure. . . .

Of recent months I have had my ear to the ground but damn if I can determine whether or no the odors of capitalism are LAID. And the sole result of all my listening was an earful of mud. I had prostrated myself the better to determine the specific gravity of the fumes emanating from society as presently constructed and, may I say, I was horrified to learn the odors coming from the house of our clamorous liquidators weren't the sweetest in the world.

I am here reminded that many of my fellow workers worked up a chill and fever anticipating the fatal hour when they shall be changed to fluid (milk and water or something equally sinister) and once transformed into pints, gallons or barrels, as the case may be they would evaporate away and fall as grateful rain, shower or cloudburst in some far, distant foreign country. I can see them standing on the brink nervously expecting to be dissolved on the spot, any minute, and wondering how much of a puddle they'll leave them—many expressing the soul-felt opinion "its hard to wind-up as frog-pond or a glass of water." Their trepidation is unwarranted; there will be no puddle left behind—the wob is insoluble.

Their fear is ungrounded; if for no other reason then for the cantankerous nature of the animal.

But there is another reason:

Liquidation is only a threat—a threat to perform a deed of magic; to take that what is and make of it what isn't. It isn't as if one went ahead and proceeded to do those things, which imaginably are necessary to liquify a large body of men and women, it's merely like a promisory note, "you get the coin if you get it"; a transparent phantom raised to horrify the trustful worker. There should be a law against frightening the radicals.