



T-Bone Slim Says It's Time to Put The Parts Together

Workers in the industries are organized into a crew by the boss or his accessories, and the purpose of that organization is not so much to produce commodities as it is to produce profits for the owner. Greed is the driving force. Commodities are merely incidental, and if the profits could be had without the commodities, commodities would be dispensed with.

But since commodities cannot be dispensed with, they are permitted, even encouraged, to the point of saturation where all profits stop.

Profits cannot come without commodities, but commodities can come without profits—this statement is sufficient unto the day. Commodities are a sure fire hit on any shooting gallery but profits are uncertain even when hooked onto commodities. Commodities can be maintained without profits, so I cannot well see why profits should not be dispensed with. Excuse me: Profits subtract from the value of a commodity and put an addition to its price—it sounds like Oscar Wilde but it's so however.

Now since the barnacle, profit, can well be dispensed with, it would seem that greed can also be eliminated. And, if greed and profit can be given the air, there is no reason why we should doff our hats to the parasite. These three put no values in commodities—only labor does.

As I said before, the "crew is organized," not merely assembled. Organized. We often hear men say: "Wait till I get organized, and I'll show that sucker what's what." That isn't merely a flippant crack—it has deep truth. He must first clear the decks before he can holystone the promenade.

Parts of a tin lizzie must be uncrated, reassembled, and then organized before you can take your friend's best girl out riding. "Parts" of a car has no mileage. Organizing the parts of a car gives it the very necessary knee action. Isn't it funny, you can put those dead parts together and they come to life.

"Parts" of the working class, likewise, are pretty small potatoes. Organized into a crew they are a power. Organized into a One Big Union they are a Super-Power. There are no supermen any more than there are super-peas. (I'm as small as any—but organized in a One Big Union I am a power to be considered.)

The unemployed are "parts" of the working class—"extra parts" just at present, because the industrial autocrat condemns them to idleness and begrudges them a nose-bag. (Lumber camps, too, fatten the pigs for market and "thin the jacks" for the spring drive.)

Organization of the workers by the management brought profits to the master—this is no dream. Organization did it—organization alone. Well, just so will organization of the workers by the Industrial Workers of the World bring the full value of the workers' production to the workers.

Get this, this power, the I.W.W., ignores its own pocket and gives consideration only to its members pocket—and it considers the whole working class its members.

The I.W.W. makes the member strong. The member makes the I.W.W. strong.

What's going to stop us? They'd have to have pretty big ushers to bounce 45,000,000. It used to take ten to bounce me alone. (Eight could do it now that I've got the rheumatism.)