



Dictators Live On the Warfare That Makes Them

By T-BONE SLIM

The question arises, are wars try. They make it a point to say, "We have no 'Fascist State' in this country."

However, in the midst of their eloquence, they are running a miniature fascist state in their establishments and workers of the Fourth Estate had to guild themselves in order to survive the blatting of those potential generalisimos of Journalism.

Journalism is in a bad way. No more does it talk about good roads and new Canal St. bridge—it's Hitler's mustache, Mussolini's pate, Stalin's ulcers, and Lebrun's ambish. Looks as if we'll have to go abroad to check up some of their lying. Lying about foreign matters gives them a wider range and is easier on their imagination; conscience they have none.

Wars, of course, never yet settled any question and there is no reason to think that it ever will, for the samples are missing—and to think so is the quirk of a disordered mind.

We do not emancipate ourselves by pounding the boss on the nose.

We emancipate ourselves by ceasing to fight among ourselves then we organize ourselves and ostracize the boss. Get this, an inorganic thing is without life—such as metals, ores, minerals, etc.—it just lays and lays there till some one comes along and puts it to use. So too is an unorganized working class inorganic; dead, dead, dead.

Workers living under an industrial autocrat here suppresses the expression of individual opinion (something like prohibiting a woman from having an individual child—covering a lot of territory, eh?) and on the other hand, "nullifying" constitutional guarantees is a direct assault against organized government and rates deportation—or worse.

Wilson spoke about invisible government but I'm showing you one right under the nose of Washington so clear that it hurts the eyes to look at it.

Indirectly, then, the working class shares the blame for this condition.

They have fought betwixt themselves. They have fed the industrial dictators with power after power until our overlords became so big and strong they threatened organized government and attempted to use it for a flunky. But we are coming up from behind; industrial unionism is the answer.

Cease fighting then, fellow workers. Let us all get ring-side seats at the Battle of Bosses, for that is what it will amount to—dog eat dog. They are a vicious element beneath their exteriors and insidious innards, (like the Swedish punch that smiles as it lays you under the table). If I thought they are laughing at us—I'd, well, I'd—organize.

What? No Fascism?

Enlightened newspapers do not say we have no fascism in this coun-

try. They make it a point to say, "We have no 'Fascist State' in this country."

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Protest against the goodly Black on the Supreme Court was not because of what he is but because of something he isn't. Oh well, the Sup. Court is as good as any place to while away the declining years of life, better than an infirmary in the sense that it squares one with the younger and more spirited relations at home; if they can't win the necessary respect they can at least put the fear of Christ in the hearts of those of the family not honored by the nation conspicuously.

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If we fight fascism abroad that will be just the respite our domestic fascism needs to catch its second wind—and when we come back they will have it all fixed for us. Fascists are making the biggest holler against fascism in this country.

Let us tend to our knitting . . .

Let Europe go barefoot if she wants to—or start crochetting.

Census

Rockefeller, Owen D. Young, and Dr. Coffin joined hands over the radio to get our "John Hancock" on the "unemployed card." I suppose it's all right? Seems funny though, they don't know how many they ditched. "Job census" they call it.

Count your jobless, count them one by one—

You'll discover it is lots of fun;

Count your jobless; find out how we stand —

They'll get good positions in the promised land.

Civic pride digs no sewers and statesmanship does no dishes; organize ther that which makes the world go round.

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I went in quest of Inca gold below the Rio Grande.