



# Corpo-Fascism Prepares for Its Tea-Party

By T-BONE SLIM

"Ah Chan had shrewd little eyes, black and beady and so very little that they were like gimlet-holes. But they were wide apart, and they sheltered under a forehead that was patently the forehead of a thinker. For Ah Chun had his problems, and had them all his life. Not that he ever worried over them . . ."

"One judgement he achieved early, namely, that men did not become rich from the labor of their own hands. He knew, for he had labored for a score of years himself. The men who grew rich did so from the labor of the hands of others. That man was richest who had the greatest number of fellow creatures toiling for him." Jack London.

It is little things like that that prevent our masters actually putting a ball and chain on our laigs.

Generation after generation it keeps bobbing up, and every time it does it spills a pile of beans.

It is not an argument in favor of philosophy.

It is not an argument in favor of problems, so as to get that bulging forehead and wide spread eyes.

The language it speaks in pure King's English is just this: The Wages Forever Are Too Low.

I  
WW

"Japs force young Chinese into the army"—That's what you call jajitsu "make the Chinese lick the Chinese"—or Russians . . . or Hollanders . . . or French . . . or Britons . . . or what have you?

Nothing like having someone else pull the chestnuts from the burning.

I  
WW

Looks like another tea-party.

Boston Retail Trade Board of the Chamber of Commerce, in the person of its governing council, unanimously condemns Patman's anti-chain store tax bill.

What's in the wind?

Corporation jitters. Corporations would be the next best state (unannounced) and the Patman Bill would set a precedent that jeopardizes the good health of fascism in its inception. See how wild and woolly these things work? We're not supposed to see these things and let them move in their furniture on a moonless night.

I don't know how much furniture is already in but I fear when they come with the kitchen stove they will trip and break it.

"State" is employers' last stand—then comes deterioration, Disintegration and Death. The DDD of a people's procrastination and workers' slumber.

The mile posts (in order): Employer; Company; Trust; Corporation and State. Ambitious, hey?

And it all comes under the Exploitation of Labor; the same dope from the same jug, Special Privilege. Now will you organize?

I  
WW

They got off stuff in the poipers that smacks heavily of jitters—recently they all but called the Michigan workers sitterbugs.

Mebbe they've got something there, at that—at least they aren't scissor-bills.

I  
WW

"What are you going to use for money?"—

I understand Germany is paying off Hollywood film producers with vegetables, Italy pays with marbles and macaroni and (I s'pose) good ol' England pays with marmalade or floor wax. Japan hauls off and says "You take silk or take nothing."

Oi. Oi. Oi. Such is glamour!

Years ago salt was the medium of exchange—salt thou art to salt returneth, etc.

When will people get tired and use labor-power as measure of time and medium of exchange?

When the several nations are organized in the Industrial Workers of the World.

Until then, frozen capital, frozen credit, frozen profits and frozen money—it's the great freeze-out I prophesied 5 years ago; a regular glacier period with ice-boigs floating in the warm springs of privilege that was.

Maybe I should say again foreign trade is a delusion—the airdale always comes home with its chops full of porcupine needles. There's nothing in it but war.

I  
WW

We need not talk about the Ger-

man farmers turned into serfs so long as we have the sharecroppers on Missouri's icy highways.

I  
WW

"Off WPA, Hangs Self"—  
Too tired to beg; too proud to steal.