



They Who Pay The Fiddler Call The Tune

By T-BONE SLIM

The great American billboard, the newspaper!—2 inches reading matter; 5 columns advertisements. Fridays the paper is big, full of advertisements; Saturdays the paper is small—this would seem to spell all news except Saturday's is manufactured news. Seems to me the adulteration is pretty heavy. Pigs get a better break with split-milk. The press is bought and paid for by advertisers, so what?

Our paper is supported by the working class and therefore the only

orders it hears is those of the workers.

No advertiser is going to stick his oar in here and try to run it. Membership always has the last word.

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No business man ever should be put at the head of a State (Brutal, am I not?) and Business itself should be based upon something more substantial than "window-jumpers."

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Several of the leading States have again and again decided to be a Business Man instead of a Worker—they decided to live by buying and selling instead of earning their living. That is their privilege but their history might stand for improvements.

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Recently the USA instituted a Division of Cultural Relations as a part of the US Department of State—"an official sanction and extension of the policy already adopted by the American Association for the Advancement of Science (AAAS) and the British Association for the Advancement of Science (BAAS)."

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Forget it. Since when has soup-lines become a cultural attainment? And furthermore, if the several white nations cannot make a living by robbing the black nations of Africa and Asia then they have no claim to culture or science.

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The best those nations can do is exchange souplines and busted barriers; ie, "You scratch me and I'll scratch you" and tell the world. "we're lousy—lousy as a cuckoo."

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Fascism cannot be the Cancer of Civilization because there is no civilization (Dog eat dog is not civilization). Fascism is merely an outgrowth of a very virulent dissintelligence.

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Since when is Kingdom a Democracy?—and how long will it remain? Long enough for the ink to dry?

Ho hum. I see no remedy (it's a bad dose).

Mitsui swings the gavel in the Orient—each Nation and each Dictator has its Supervisor. That Supervision is Business, the Art of living without Work.

And if worse comes to worse the American and British Association for the Advancement of Science will find a way for us to live without eats.

Yessir, too, come to think on't, I have a remedy: Let the Scientists spend one semester in Work Peoples College, Duluth, Minn., or four semesters in Columbus, Ohio, penitentiary.

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"Half-Yearly Reductions."—

Yearly Reductions, Anniversary Reductions, Birthday Reductions—Reductions, Reductions, Reductions! Even the women are reducing. Years ago we had to take 341 lbs, or go without; now we can get 'em at 108. And if this panic keeps on, well—I hate to think about it. We'll have to weigh 'em by ounces (so as to make 'em look big) and substitute stilts for high heels.

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Diplomatic notes, ultimatums, resolutions, sanctions, treaties, etc., come under the head: cackling hens lay few eggs—damn few.