



Let's Have Long-Term Solidarity

By T-BONE SLIM

Strip-tease doesn't clik in New York because the good citizens have been living for years without clothes. It's old stuff to them.

Employed workers can join a union anytime—all the "exclusions" can't stop them. The castouts, unemployed workers, cannot join any union at will but must suffer for their "status," or organize a union of their own. For allowing itself to get into this divided estate, labor deserves most withering censure. Half pulling at a frankfurter; half sucking their thumbs!

What the world needs in labor objective is long-term solidarity, plus incidentals. No part of labor can elect to fight alone—except to get licked and to be further disqualified. If you can't go as one, you can't go.

Not only must workers unravel the tangle of competitive organized unionism, they must straighten out their net in regards to the so-called "culls and castoffs" that compose the unemployed workers.

The action of the employers created the unemployed army: inaction of the employed maintains them as such, and further action of the employers will use them as such to the disadvantage, discomfort and sorrow of the presently employed workers—plus the youth of the CCC. Talk about your *carte blanche*! "Yes, yes, dear boss, you can do as you bloody well like."

And labor holds the bag. (The hell of it is, the bag is empty.) "Hm," says Labor politely, "someone's been here."

Changes are bound to happen in this inconstant world . . . Witness the complete new deal in Germany. All the old faces we loved so well are no more. A younger generation came and placed the aged rascals on file. No more creaky generals dodder around the battlefields. It's a herald of a newer day, regardless of the merits or demerits of the present conflict.

You wouldn't use an old razor blade (Eskilistuna or Sheffield) or an old egg that is too ripe? Youth shall have its day!

This doesn't mean that the wheezy old agents of the employing (exploiting) class must of needs retire to their sofas and easy chairs. They can throw their glazing eyes around peeling spuds for the armies of the future. Prime Chanticleers, indeed! Must you go now? Here's your hat.

If humanity and civilization mean exploitation of labor, we can well dispense with them.

Hornswoggling of nations is another example of civilization that discredits it.

Mismanagement of industry and miscontrol of economy further put blueblooded nobility, parasites, chiselers, and their civilizations in the dog-house. The unretractable miss-moves they have made makes them forever, incapable of remedying the depression they have created. They must be relieved of the power to further cavort in the game of blind man's buff.

Since labor started dabbling in Social Security, Old Age Pensions,

Flat-foot bonus, Arthritis and High Blood Pressure Relief, and since it moved its point of production to Washington in the blue sky area, it has become a sort of auxiliary old men's club after the manner of the U. S. Senate and wages are going down for the third and last time. There's no blue sky in a roly-poly pay envelop.

The old fashioned way of strike is still the best surcease for immediate troubles. And beware of domestic entanglements.

Only direct action can strike. We wouldn't expect the \$10,000 men in Washington to strike for us. What do they know about strike? Many of them never saw the point of production (and a few more points that I could mention).

"You don't belong!" (A strange devil in hell.) War propagandists that reach our radio seem to have their bowels near their vocal chords—hysterical as Biddy that lost her rent-money. This indicates which way the wind blows.

Sorry we can only weep with them.

We have been offered a war with Japan, Mexico, Russia, Germany and other first class scrappers but, as Eugene O'Neal remarks in effect in his "Hairy Ape," we do not fit.

Under no circumstances read fresh war news! In three days it will be denied and your excitement is all in vain; your sorrow or joy wasted. Conserve your emotions and read the *Industrial Worker*, workers' loyal servant.

The Choice They Made

Great Britain and France created Hitler in the Versailles Treaty. They took an understrapper in the army and made him Commander-in-Chief of the German forces and now they regret the wonders and blunders they performed. There is no fundamental merit in any of these. The difficulty was remote and in each case the trouble still remains—exploitation of man by man, in peace or in war.

We hear so much about vitamins over the radio, and just what to give the kids three times a day. I'll stick my neck out: Give the little rascal a porkchop, well buttered on both sides, and a glass of cow's milk for a chaser. The little angels are hungry—skip the jam. Don't expose your hand—grow up yourself first.

No German troops have been landed in Buffalo as yet. So I guess we're all safe.