

[A One-Man Boycott]

Beliefs and Customs - Folkstuff A ONE-MAN BOYCOTT OF THE UNIVERSE

3.

“As time, time, time slips between the fingers and flows through the heart time after time it comes to this comes to this, it is a question of time”

(This high-strung sidewalk intellectual is wiry and swarthy with oily skin and greasy eyes. His mouth is twisted between self-pity and bitter contempt.

A permanent grimace of satire is on his lips. He earns carfare and coffee-and by selling a scathing broadside against Hitler. A habitue of the New York Public Library, he rounds out his nervous denunciations of dictatorship with cullings from encyclopedias and thesaureses.)

[md] In 5/10/39 ID[?] Sheet

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK Forms to be Filled out for Each Interview

FORM A Circumstances of Interview 4 copies 400 words [3?]

STATE

NAME OF WORKER Herman Partnow

ADDRESS 557 West 144 Street

Library of Congress

DATE May 9, 1939

SUBJECT Unemployed fringe

1. Date and time of interview

April 17, 1939

2. Place of interview

Second Avenue and 11 Street

3. Name and address of informant

Anonymous

4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant.

5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you

6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

STATE

NAME OF WORKER Herman Partnow

Library of Congress

ADDRESS 557 West 144 Street

DATE May 9, 1939

SUBJECT A BOYCOTT THE WORLD A ONE-MAN BOYCOTT OF THE UNIVERSE ONE-MAN BOYCOTT OF THE UNIVERSE BOYCOTT THE WORLD I am a student of life, I am a scholar of cosmos, my contemporary friend . a scholar of cosmos. Cosmology, histology, pathology, neurology, astro-physiology and the whole tautology of existence are my fields. But what have I ascertained, deduced, induced, produced, [?] [?] [?] [?] Is there a design, a scheme, a plan in this world? No, I declare, no, no and again no. [?][?][?] The world is tottering toward catastrophe, [?][?] My friend, it is suffering endless fluctuations, alterations, transformations, - in short, flux. In order to save and preserve their rights and privileges their front lawns and limousines , the economic royalist gang of psychopaths, paranoiacs, neuresthenics and megalomaniacs - in short, butchers - are plotting to delude, deter, detract, deceive, extort us with nationalism, patriotism, aryanism, racialism - in short, LIES. Everywhere trepidation, hallucination, anxiety [?][?] prevail. In short, jitters.

The poor people may [?] vacillate, fluctuate, hesitate and - waver. But, my contemporary, they will win their revenge. And the The disinherited will have their cosmic revenge. I promise it. Picture for yourself, for example, their grave and ours . First, ours. Look at me. I'm 2 emaciated, dessicated, lacerated, withered - in short, dried up. Imagine me dead. I've [?] I'm lying there like a schlemiel in [?] a cheap coffin of warped, bleached, knotty lumber - in short, a pine box. Along come the worms - the round worms, the flat worms, the earth worms, the tapeworms - in short, worms. [?] [?] They're wriggling and squirm, squirming, they're searching for something to eat [?] that's nutritious and nourishing. They They smell here, they smell there, nibble a piece here, a piece there. Phooey. Like an old baked apple. Every bite produces nausea, dizziness, wind, loss of appetite. I'm left in peace.

Library of Congress

Now [?] the scene shifts. [?] It is now P. Morgan's grave. A box of delicate wood, of sensitive fibre, of finest grain. A corpse that's [?] freshness fresh and richness rich and succulence succulent - summers in Bar Harbor, winters in Palm Beach. It's a toothsome bit of zoffig carnivorae. In short - stuffed kishke. Now - enter the worm . disgusted and He's still suspicious from the his at my grave. A cautious sniff and a nibble and - HA-HA-A-A-A-AH! What have we here ?/ Ach de Liebeg No more meal or lunch or dinner but a repast, a banquet rare, a feast. He rings the dinner gong and [?] [?] they all come running in droves - the ringworms, the earthworms, the round worms, the flat worms , the tapeworms and presto! it's a skull and bones. You see? It's The the revenge of the poor . my contemporary friend [?][?][?][?][?] [?][?][?][?][?][?][?][?] decay [?][?][?][?] But not for me. No, my contemporary. I must have my [?] revenge now, now, now. But Who can trifle with 3 lockouts, walkouts, walkins, sitdowns, sleepins? My [?] I was never hired, [?][?][?][?] so I can never be fired. It [?] My strike is a one-man boycott of the whole world. [?][?][?][?] [?] [?][?][?][?] [?][?][?][?] [?][?][?] You see? I blockade the universe.

Now look into the future. Cast your imagination into the [?][?][?][?] crystal globe. [?] Every day more and more people out of work, every day more and more [?] joining my ranks, year by year more and more and more - millions and billions throughout the world -. Are you following me? Do you see [?] the vision, the apparition, the overpowering apocalyptic panorama? A whole world, my friend, without a single person at work . .Colossal. . .What? . . .What keeps me from going mad? Why, words, my contemporary, just words.