

Whitmaniana or Walt Speaks

Allons, camarado! Write and tell them that I live, that there is no such thing as death; I live, I have ever lived and shall ever live.

Tell them that I live as I lived on earth in the hopes of seeing these States extend their hands to all peoples, to be a land of free, vibrating, energizing souls, tilling the land, clearing the forests, digging the mountains, sending their vessels over the globe.

Tell them that I am ever watching, ever waiting, ever vigilant; that these States are as my children, that I feel their faults yet forgive them, that I rejoice in their goodness.

Tell them that I lived as their mother, their lover, their spokesman and defender,

That I still live and watch and hope, that as long as they live will I live and watch and hope.

There is not one in these States whom I do not love: the President and the Vice-President, the statesman and the office holders;

The business man at his desk, though his mind be on gain (he looks for material gains not knowing that he is seeking the shadows instead of the substance);

The farmer toiling in the fields, oft in penury, oft with his heart wet on luxuries;

The laborer in the mines toiling for hours 'neath the soil, seldom gazing on the sunlight and then only in times of struggles with those he considers his master;

The sailors on the mighty caravans of the deep—how lucky they are! They little reck of the struggles and sufferings of their forbears. Let them remember their forbears and consider, they have risen high on the ladder of life and may they rise higher but not forget;

The carpenter and the builder laying the foundation for mighty buildings, girder upon girder, board next to board. The growing city stands upon the dung-heap; the oily soil gives rise to homes and mansions and apartments filled with busy people.

There is not one of these I do not love.

The minister preaching in the pulpit—he remembers the words but forgets the spirit of the Great

Camarado; let him remember the spirit, yet him I love. I condemn him not though he may condemn others.

The scientist in the field, in the laboratory, on the lecture platform; he is sure he has made a great discovery; he is sure he is approaching the truth (he forgets that the Truth may be unapproachable); him I love, his zeal, his aspirations, he is too oft condemned, let him persevere.

The doctor, the healer, the druggist—all who live to rid the world of sickness; they are part of life and I condemn them not. Let them forget their rivalries and see alike the good the other does.

The housewife, I love her too. The day of womankind is coming. Let each play her part in patience, knowing that the day is coming when women will be free—free as their husbands, brothers and lovers. Let them see that sex bondage is but a part of all bondages and let them be enemies of bondage. The human race cannot be free with half in slavery. Therefore women, contend against slavery, against child slavery, against the drudgery and irksomeness of home, of field, of factory.

The children, too—products of a better age, a better system of education, a bigger and better life, leading to greater things. May they realize and aid their children even to a bigger and better world.

All, I salute you all, I live and am with you always.