

# DIRECT ACTION



VOL. I No. 4

Registered at G.P.O. for Transmission by Post as a Newspaper.

SYDNEY, MAY 1, 1914.

ONE PENNY.

## THE "ONE BIG UNION"

Its Rebellious Origin and Its "Fighting" Future.

The cry of One Big Union, which first arose from the hearts of the propertyless submerged masses of America a few years ago has since found an echo in many queer recesses.

Timid exploiters have whispered it to themselves in awe; those more bold have scoffed at its pretensions and defied the inevitable, as at Lawrence, Mass., McKees Rocks and elsewhere; churches have denounced it as giving rise to class hatred and class antagonism; juries and judges have tried its protagonists at the bar of capitalist ethics and capitalist law; it has crossed oceans and continents and given hope and inspiration to erstwhile desperate, despairing millions—all this might have been expected by the enthusiast, but that the cry should find a resting place in the bosom of Mr. William Hughes, Labour M.P., and ex-Attorney-General of the Australian Commonwealth, is surely something more than the most sanguine ever hoped for.

So it would seem at first sight.

But the fact is not so remarkable when examined in its true perspective; it is one of those phenomena, which, when looked at in the light of history, should make intelligent workers reflect.

There has been few great historical movements which, at some period or other of their development, have not been seized upon by the unscrupulous, very often successfully, and led blindly from the path which they were originally intended to pursue.

The founder of Christianity laid equality and brotherhood as the foundation stone of his movement, but since the days of Constantine downwards, the Christian religion has been prostituted to privilege, its ministers have openly championed slavery and oppression, and its crimes against humanity would make its latest Polyneesian convert blush for shame if he only knew.

The French Revolution with its watchword of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, chanted by the rebel slaves of an effete aristocracy, affords another illustration of how scheming and ambitious place-hunters are ever to turn the discontent and need of the toiling masses into power and pelf for themselves.

So, as soon as the workers of today show symptoms of impatience with the results of their "redemption" (this time, not by blood, but by ballot), and resurrected the idea of class emancipation by class action, there are not wanting those who are ever ready to be in the vanguard of a movement provided it can only be led whither they desire.

That the One Big Union idea is getting hold of the rank and file of the Australian working class, there is no gainsaying. Australian workers were in the forefront of fighting unionism nearly a quarter of a century ago; but the same type of individual who landed that movement in the quagmire of Parliamentarism, and sunk the workers deeper into the economic mire, is now once again to be found, with the self-same purpose in view, joining in the chorus of One Big Union, whilst their every action for the past twenty years has been a denial of the material basis on which that idea rests, a betrayal of the class struggle and all it stands for.

Will history repeat itself? I think not.

The One Big Union as preached and understood by thousands of rebellious workers to-day has about as much relation to the politicians' conception of it as the facts of modern science have to the Book of Genesis.

Our Arbitration-loving Billy would undoubtedly be pleased to see a heterogeneous collection of every large and petty union in the Commonwealth, all with arbitration awards expiring at different dates, each immediately responsible to its own little clique of officials, but all ultimately under the supreme control of ambitious politicians, a Junta in which vote! vote! would be the first word and last.

This is the Great Betrayal to which Hughes and Co. are looking, some of them consciously, others ignorantly, but all greedily and without reserve. Is this to be the end of the One Big Union idea? I can imagine the reply of the I.W.W. rebel on the track, by the camp-fire, in the fields, factories, mines, and gaols of Australia.

Is it—h-e-l-l!!!  
That is why we smile at Hughes' "One Big Union."

T. GLYNN.

## Humans and Cattle

Oxen May Loiter But Man Must Work.

There were three of them. Swag-gies. It was more than hot. It was in Northern Queensland. Summer time, too. Huddled and a few odd units in the ice-box. It was Hell! No shade, no water, no nothing.

They glimpsed a shimmering something in the distance, dancing on the drab landscape. It was a branch railway line doing the tango. The trio made it. They discovered a bridge, spanning a gully. There was shade—grateful, refreshing shade. But, alas, there were also cattle—panting for relief.

The human "cattle" vanquished the bovines.

Shortly arrived the perspiring and spluttering minion of the law, flourishing a young cannon.

"Here! Here! You fellows, go and find your shade somewhere else. This is for the cattle."

Moral: Cattle are saleable; the labor market is overstocked.

## The Shoe With a Kick.

Once on a time a slave did climb  
To greater heights than Cabot;  
Taught unto men, and to their ken,  
The beauty of the Sabot.  
Of dainty feet sings many an ode,  
But Sabot now is a la mode.

Exploiters all, who hold in thrall,  
Your destinies and mine,  
Curse Sabotage and vainly rage,  
And whine and whine and whine.  
They know that weapon as their doom—  
They see the toilers' freedom loom.

So see we then—by word and pen—  
Impotence in our masters,  
Our police, our plutocrats, our prostitutes,  
Our priests, our press, our pastors,  
Confess that they are greedy hogs.  
Now Slaves put on those wooden clogs.

Oh! "graffy" crafts and kindred "crafts"  
Where is, Oh! where thy sting?  
A.W., yes unto you,  
Of Sabotage I'll sing:  
A Sabot is a wooden shoe;  
You'd wear one if you only knew.

You A.M.A., who sometimes play  
At striking for more money;  
You U.L.U. and B.L.U.  
Are equally as funny.  
For every time you strike you lose,  
Why not then buy some wooden shoes?

You Building Trades, of various grades,  
Of mortar, wood and bricks;  
A.R.T.A., and others—say—  
Why kick against the pricks?  
'Tis really not a grievous sin,  
Put on those wooden shoes, and win.

'Tis in your grasp, to use the rasp.  
You waiters, stewards, cooks;  
Although ill-paid, be not afraid,  
To even up with crooks.  
A little jalap, now and then,  
Will educate the wisest men.

Unite! Unite! On with the night,  
Consider not the bosses.  
They steal your every joy in life;  
What care you for their losses.  
So don't forget, what'er you do,  
The beauty of the WOODEN SHOE.

S. W.

## CLASS WAR IN N.Z.

Tyranny and "Justice" Under the Southern Cross.

A few months ago, as the result of wholesale victimisation and tyranny, the workers of New Zealand protested against it by means of a general strike. Owing to the incompetency of the leaders, the ignorance of the workers involved, and the brutality of the capitalist class and their creatures, the workers were finally defeated.

Not content with their victory, many arrests were effected upon the most specious charges, this especially happening in the capital city Wellington. All sorts of charges were preferred against the striking workers, varying from unlawful assembly to attempted murder.

Sentences of the most outrageous kind were inflicted by the Stipendiary Magistrate in the Lower Court, who showed on every occasion his hatred for the strikers, and a class bias against everyone and everything connected with the strike movement.

Many of the cases were sent on for trial to the Supreme Court the juries were packed with middle class people, and ferocious sentences were inflicted on the most trivial evidence and charges.

One case is typical of the cruelty and ruthlessness of N.Z. capitalism, and its time serving tools engaged in the alleged dispensation of Justice.

Patrick Hassett was a waterside worker, a native of N.S.W., an ex-Boar war contingenter, and a married man with five children. Three charges were preferred against him at the Supreme Court before Sir Robert Stout, Chief Justice (1) That he attempted to murder John Cullen, Commissioner of Police; (2) That he carried a revolver in a riot, for an unlawful purpose; and (3) That he was present in an unlawful assembly. The most preposterous and absurd evidence was tendered by the Crown, and on the first two serious counts the jury, in spite of their prejudice, returned verdicts of "Not Guilty," while on the unlawful assembly charge (which savours of medievalism and Russia) he was found guilty.

For this trivial charge Patrick Hassett, striking worker, ex-soldier and staunch unionist, was sentenced to two years' hard labour. Another case is that of Albert Anderson, a native of Sweden, who was sentenced to 21 months' imprisonment for breaking a

barricade. Another dozen workers are serving sentences in Wellington Jail varying from three months to two years, for what Fat and Co. are pleased to call "rioting."

Fellow Unionists of all countries! These men are hard working sons of our class, that are known and respected, who have held aloft the banner of unionism, and stood for the glorious solidarity that can alone ensure victory to their class.

Their only crime is loyalty and devotion to the principles of the movement, in doing this they have incurred the hatred of those who rob and rule.

We of the I.W.W. appeal to the militant workers of all countries to refuse to handle N.Z. foodstuffs and products until these victims of capitalist tyranny are returned to their families.

We appeal to the I.W.W. of the Pacific Slope to use their influence amongst the seamen and long shoremen to tie up the N.Z. boats at Frisco and Vancouver.

We appeal to the unions and propagandist organisations of Great Britain to boycott N.Z. products, in order to bring pressure to bear on the employers of N.Z. Danish butter and Argentine butter contains as much nutrient as the N.Z. butter.

We appeal to the workers of N.Z. to do their share towards freeing our brothers from the claws of the vultures of N.Z.

Mere protests are useless, and a waste of time. Direct action will free and win. Cut a hole in the profit of the big commercial companies, and show that the international solidarity of Labour is not a mere mouthing but a real live factor that lives in spite of gaols, bludgeons and maxim guns.

Remember fellow workers, that in God's Own Country, under the alleged liberty of the Union Jack, your class brothers are rotting in gaol for you and the movement.

What is your answer? Will you strike, boycott and use the deadly wooden shoe? If so, the I.W.W. of N.Z. and Australia salutes you.

An injury to one is an injury to all.—Long live the gaoled workers of Maoriland and the One Big Union.

—SPANWIRE.

## The Great American "Joker."

President Worried, Plute Indifferent.

That great American philanthropist, John Dough Rocketteller, is in the limelight once again. President Doctor Wilson, of the United Snakes, has appealed to the Oily Magistrate to do something, as the largest mine owner in the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, where gassing guns, armoured trains, militia, thugs pinkertons, and all the rest of the riff-raff, are shooting up the miners who desire to make a living wage. John D. Rockefeller, who, it might be observed, pertinently, is more than largely responsible for the present Mexican trouble, intimates that he is too busy playing golf to be bothered with such trifles as these.

The Wheatland "murderers," who never were known to carry a gun, Ford and Suhr, are serving their life sentence. Thus far attempts to secure a new trial have proved ineffective. The I.W.W.s and other rebels in the United States, are showing every

disposition to fight to the bitter end this latest and most dastardly crime of capital against labour.

Paid thugs, special police and militia continue their foul tactics against the striking miners of Calumet, Michigan, while Congress "investigates."

President Wilson candidly admits that he cannot spare any soldiers to settle either the Calumet or Colorado troubles. Says he needs them for subduing the peons of Mexico.

Meanwhile, the I.W.W.s of America are chuckling in their sleeves at the impotence and pusillanimity of their appointed chief executive. There is also a broad grin going around the world at the expense of poor old Uncle Sam.

It is stated on good authority that New Jersey Slim Woodrow Wilson will be perfectly willing to relinquish his job when Theatro Rosenbunk comes marching back from his explorations in South America.

## Persecution of Harry Holland.

Gets Twelve Months for Sedition.

We notice that the Citizens' Association Government has awarded Harry Holland, the editor of the "Maori Land Worker," a sentence of twelve months for saying seditious things about Law and Order, and the paternal Massey Government.

Harry is pretty well used by this time to Fat's boarding houses both in Australia and New Zealand, but that does not deter him in the slightest from speaking the truth about existing evils.

He is, owing to his incarceration of 5 months in Albury Gaol, following the Broken Hill strike, to all intents and purposes a cripple, having to rely upon a well-worn crutch and a push chair.

So now he is staying in courageous William Massey's private hotel. Whether the workers of New Zealand are

going to stand this or not is the question. Waiting until next November won't get him out. Servile deputations praying for his release won't get him out.

What about a general strike in the coal mining camps or a systematic adoption of wooden shoe philosophy to obtain results.

That reminds us that old Bill Parker and Albert Anderson are still in there.

It is a moral certainty that suffering from bad health as Holland is, he will never do twelve months and come out alive.

A little Direct Action, fellow-workers, may induce the Citizens Association to ask Mr. Massey to ask the Justice (?) Department to let Harry out of the "cooler."

# Direct Action



MONTHLY ORGAN

Of the  
**INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF  
THE WORLD.**

(Australian Administration).

Office—330 Castlereagh St., Sydney  
Australia.

EDITOR—

MANAGER—E. A. CUFFNEY.

Matter for publication only should be  
addressed to the Editor. Other matter  
to the Manager.

Subscription, 2/- per year. Special  
Terms on Bundle Orders.

HEADQUARTERS I.W.W. (Australia):  
330 CASTLEREACH ST., SYDNEY.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS—  
164 W. Washington St., Chicago,  
Ill., U.S.A.

## Is the I.W.W. to Grow?

It seems quite evident from recent events both in Australia and N. Zealand, that the craft unions and craft federations, with their corrupt and useless officials, and their narrow outlook, are quite unable to fight the battles of the membership, and have outlived their usefulness.

Furthermore, the craft unions are like so much patty in the hands of professional secretaries, and scheming politicians who seek to use them as voting machines, and levy-paying organisations, for financing elections.

Especially in N.Z. do we see political parties clamoring for union votes, and actually having the audacity to ask economic organisations to dip into their industrial war chest and use their funds in chasing will o' the wisps.

Even the more radical members of such organisations are now beginning to admit that Arbitration Acts will be all right provided "they are administered fairly."

Craft Unionism breeds systematic organised scabbery, produces and maintains a nose led mass, and seeks not to aim at the overthrow of existing society, but rather to uphold it, if possible by legislative reforms such as a Right to Work Bill, etc.

But it is pleasing to note that the Labour Parties of Australia, when gaining a majority on the plush cushions in the various Parliaments, have displayed absolutely their utter impotence to do anything for the workers.

The sooner the workers of N.Z. realize that their so-called political party will be just as barren of results, the quicker they will seek to organise on the basis of industry, develop their power by aiming for the control of their jobs, and fight for the direct overthrow of capitalism.

The I.W.W. in Australia consists of mixed locals in Sydney, Broken Hill, Port Pirie, and Adelaide, and in N.Z. it consists of two mixed locals in Auckland and Christchurch.

The organisation has come to the conclusion that it is time to declare open warfare on Craft Unionism and political fakirism, and to that end Fellow-worker J. B. King has been approved as General-Organiser.

F. W. King is well known throughout Australasia as a convincing, and earnest expositor of scientific organisation, and Marxian Economics. All wage workers are particularly requested to hear him, and compare his message with what the Craft Union has to offer them.

He will leave Sydney about May the 1st, for Melbourne, Wonthaggi,

and then on to Adelaide, Broken Hill, and Port Pirie.

Any centres which desire meetings, any workers who are interested, or who want to help in the development of propaganda of the I.W.W., are requested to communicate with the General Secretary, Treasurer, I.W.W., 330 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

It is the intention of the General organisation to send F. W. King to N.Z. early in July. Meetings are to be organised, and held in the large towns, the mining camps, and other places where labor is exploited.

Members, or helpers in N.Z., who desire to make a success of the Organiser's tour, are requested to communicate with the Secretary, Treasurer, Auckland Local, 104 Albert Street, Auckland.

The objects, bear in mind, fellow workers, is for: (1) the propagation of the principles of the I.W.W.; (2) the establishment of verile educative organisations throughout Australasia; and (3) the establishment of a weekly "Direct Action" and also a N.Z. propaganda paper. Now is the I.W.W. to grow, fellow-workers? Rally to the standard and she must!

### MAY DAY, 1914.

Another year has flown, and the day of Labour militant is with us again. The red banners of freedom are leading a mightier force than twelve short months ago.

The world shakes under the mighty convulsions of general strikes, the propaganda of social war, the revolt of class.

The foundation of Capitalism are giving way slowly but surely, before the persistent organisation of the workers.

Let us carry on! The gaols are packed alike in snowy Siberia, and in "God's Own" New Zealand, with workers for freedom.

South Africa and its deportations, Colorado with its red blooded miners fighting for justice, the hideous horror of Calumet, and its glorious revenge. New Zealand strike bound, the Portuguese railway strike, the revolt of the tax-ridden Japanese, the general strike in Milan, the Indian passive strike in South Africa are but skirmishes before the great engagement of to-morrow. Yes, fellow-workers, May Day has its memories. Let us rally the forces, which no language or creed can divide. Let us dare to say and do, and to act. Before next May Day comes around, Australia itself will inspire the world of Labour with a rebellion stupendous.

Organise yourselves into the One Big Union, and win May Day for all.

### SHORT ARM JOLTS.

The I.W.W. seeks to capture the government, of machinery, and not the machinery of government, as the politicians desire.

A kick on the job is worth ten at the ballot box.

They say that Industrial Unionism is a dream, well if that is so, Capitalism is a damned nightmare.

Ingersoll said "A patriot is someone who seeks to do something for his country, but a politician is someone who wants his country to do something for him."

Legislation to prevent little dogs behaving indecorously is suggested by a prominent N.Z. social democrat.

The master of modern society is the master of the job. Workers organise to be masters of the job.

Pie tickets and meal ticket cards are creating much competition in N.Z. nowadays.

It is rumoured that J. B. King will be back in N.Z. early in July. Rebels take notice, and get in touch with N.Z. Administration, Auckland.

We want 50 locals in Australia and N.Z.

Oh! you Land of the Brave and the Free! Murdering working men at home, and peons in Mexico. Wall Street, beware!

Direct Action does away with a lot of barren theorising about what may be done for the working class. It puts it up to the workers to do things on their own initiative, taking no chances on outside saviours.

### SOCIETY NEWS.

The "New Zealand Herald," a revolutionary syndicalist organ of 60 years' standing, recently had an illuminating article on the effect of sugar on concrete. A little sugar, says our ancient contemporary, mixed in concrete, results in the spoilation of the job. Oh, those naughty, naughty syndicalists!

Fellow-worker Edward Wettin's dog Seizer has succumbed to distemper, and, like his master, passed beyond the veil. There will be joy in Heaven.

John Swagman will be delighted to know that 60 per cent. of Italians now wears suspenders, according to the daily press. The Parliamentary Socialists must be in control of the political machine in Italy at last.

Comrade Alfonso, of Spain, who has a lip like a pound of liver flip, actually allowed a common person to light his pipe from Fonso's cigar in the street the other day. Daily press please copy.

The little dogs who leave their visiting cards at uninvited places, it is presumed, are sending a large and influential deputation to interview the Auckland Branch of the S.D. Party, to find out whether there is any truth in the fact that certain legislation may be introduced, to curtail their citizen rights in that direction.

Commissioner Pay left a la Nazarene, for the Old Country the other day. The rumour that he stowed away is incorrect.

Mr. Walter Thomas Mills has resigned from the S.D.P. in New Zealand as their organiser. It will be remembered that in his early days he was most things unmentionable, but now, with election time near, he has forgotten his enemies, and united them. Unity! ! ! Yes, brother!

It will interest Bill Block to know that Judge Heydon can only sleep in one bed at once.

It will delight Vickers Maxim to know that Woodrow Wilson is going to kill a million Yanks and Greasers 'cause Jack Huerta won't let off a gun, and salute a rag on a piece of sick.

Y. L. Block, the celebrated syndicalist, is causing great perturbation in financial and commercial circles with a brand new idea called a Right to Work Bill. No, Bill ain't a union secretary!

It is not true, says an American contemporary, that Hurry Larder, wearing his kilts, sat on his manager's knee coming across the American railways, and travelled at half fare.

Society generally will be sorry to hear that Mr. Gustavus Pyke and his accomplished friend Mr. I. W. Wonder left for a brief holiday visit to Sydney, after for an extensive exploration trip into the interior. Before leaving the "Otel Australia, Mr. Wonder thoughtfully presented the assistant deputy night watchman with a copy of "Economic Discontent," whilst Mr. Pyke, not to be outdone in generosity, left a beautifully engraved copy of his fingerprints with the night porter at the "Otel Darlinghurst.

"Servants obey your masters." Now slaves, make it "Masters obey your servants."

## The Slaves of Australia Need a WEEKLY PAPER Of Their Own.

FELLOW WORKERS if you work  
you can make a Weekly of

## Direct Action.

# WHAT WE WANT!

We are the hewers and delvers who toil for another's gain.  
The common clod, and the rabble, stunted of brow and brain.  
What do we want, the gleaners, of the harvest we have reaped?  
What do we want, the neuters, of the honey we have heaped?

We want the drones to be driven away from our golden hoard.  
We want to share in the harvest, we want to sit at the board.  
We want what sword or suffrage has never yet won for man—  
The fruits of his toil God promised when the curse of toil began.

Ye have tried the sword and sceptre, the cross and the sacred word.  
In all the years, and kingdom is not here yet of the Lord.  
We are tired of useless waiting; we are tired of fruitless prayers;  
Soldier and churchman and lawyer—the failure, is it theirs?

What gain is it to the people that a God laid down His life  
If twenty centuries after His world be a world of strife?  
If the serried ranks be facing each other with ruthless eyes,  
And steel in their hands, what profits a Saviour's sacrifice?

Ye have tried and failed to rule us; in vain to direct have tried,  
Not wholly the fault of the ruler, not utterly blind the guide.  
Mayhap there needs not a ruler, mayhap we can find the way,  
At least ye have ruled to ruin; at least ye have led astray.

What matter if king of council or president holds the rein,  
If crime and poverty ever be links in the bond-man's chain?  
What careth the burden-bearer that liberty packed his load,  
If hunger presses behind him, with a sharp and ready goad?

There's a serf whose chains are of paper, there's a king with a parchment  
crown;  
There are robber knights and brigands in factory, field, and town;  
But the vassal pays his tribute to a lord of wage and rent;  
And the baron's toll is Shylock's, with a flesh and blood per cent.

The seamstress bends to her labor a night in a narrow room;  
The child, defrauded of childhood, tipples all day at the loom;  
The soul must starve, for the body can barely on husks be fed;  
The loaded dice of the gambler settles the price of bread.

Ye have shorn and bound the Samson, and robbed him of learning's light;  
But his sluggish brain is moving; his sinews have all their might.  
Lock well to your Gates of Gaza, your privilege, pride and caste,  
The giant is blind but thinking, and his locks are growing fast.

## The Preamble of the I.W.W.

READ THIS.

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people, and the few who make up the employing class have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organise as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centreing of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping to defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organisation formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto: "A fair day's wages for a fair day's work, we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword: "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with Capitalism. The army of production must be organised, not only for the everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organising industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

Knowing, therefore, that such an organisation is absolutely necessary for our emancipation, we unite under the following constitution:

## How to Join.

Any wage worker wishing to join the Industrial Workers of the World can obtain information by applying to the nearest local I.W.W. secretary. If there is no branch of the I.W.W. in your district you may become a member by making application through the post to any secretary listed in the paper.

Do you agree to abide by the constitution

Will you diligently study its principles and make yourself acquainted with its purposes?

Name  
Occupation  
Industry  
Street Address  
City  
State

The above applicant, having subscribed to the principles of the preamble, and having answered in the affirmative to the questions, expresses his desire to become a member of the Industrial Workers of the World, and is therefore recommended for membership.

To Local Union No.

By  
Initiation

Cut this out, fill in. Post to Sec. Trs., with Initiation Fee.



# Revolution and the I. W. W.

(From THE FORUM.)

Looking over the field of world wide radicalism at first glance it might appear that the revolution was in a condition of progress commensurate with "General Development." From all sides the dawn of a great social change is endlessly heralded. One is well nigh deafened by this self congratulatory clamour of progress. Liberal magazines flaunt it, at us, scholarly books repeat it, that wealth of public opinion, the press, fairly shouts it from the house tops. From pulpit, lecture platform and soap box the glad tidings are reiterated, that all who may listen and marvel. There are progressive and revolutionary politics, new religions, philosophies and cults cluster the social highway. Much literature and drama is devoted to discussions for attacks upon marriage and Puritanism. For a whole decade now, muck-racking has engaged the leading journalists. Women suffrage, a veritable sirocco, is upon us. A tremendous clatter is heard about prison reform—the social conscience is awakening. Church pews are said to be going empty. The teaching of sex hygiene and many other innovations are being introduced in the public schools. A god destroying science promotes the comparative method of thinking through the medium of cheap editions and university extensions. In short, about every brand of reform, every scheme of social uplift, every species of agitation is to be found in society to-day. Yet can it be said that the Revolution thereby prospers in proportion to industrial development are the signs of the times these cultural innovations, revolutionary? Or are they something else. Is that historic institution, the ruling class, endangered in its rule, or not? Perhaps at no time in the history of propaganda in this country, more than at present, does it behoove us to question the validity of much which claims to be revolutionary, take stock of radical tendencies and attempt to sift from out these phases of revolution that which has genuine revolutionary vitality, constructiveness and permanence. Just what does a revolutionist mean by revolution? During the nineteenth century St. Simon Proudhon and others helped to clear the ground for Marx's re-interpretation of history as a series of struggles between the ruling class and the proletariat. Marx and Bakounin definitely established the socio-historic concept "working class." It has not been improved upon since, despite the numerous parties, unions, and movements of the world wide working class movement. This class division was not clearly established in our propaganda here (if one judges from the records) until the I.W.W. Convention

of 1905 as clear cut and decisive a belligerency as was ever penned read—"The working class and the employing class have nothing in common." This is the keynote of the latest militancy which is stirring the minds of the workers. Furthermore, indicating the farsightedness and revolutionary character of this premise, not the slightest doubt can be entertained as to just what is meant by the working class for the constitution of the Industrial Workers of the World provides that no person not an actual wage-worker shall become a member. It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organised, not alone for the every struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organising industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old." Here we have a definite interest quite independent of and distinct from all other revolutionary phases. With the birth of the Industrial Workers of the World we span the disastrous years—since the destruction of the International and the Commune, to pick up the broken threads of revolution, and couple ourselves with the fine spirit of revolt which gave these two events significance. History will record that revolutionists launched this proletarian organisation; it is as if they declared: "If there is no class war, we will make one!" In the birth of the I.W.W. great clarification of revolutionary purpose is evidenced. The historic interval since the International is strewn with mistaken or maliciously false issues. Working class propaganda, unfortunately, inherited many of them. Realisation of this, and of the necessity for a militancy which, by its strictly proletarian constituency, and by its form, could meet the growing power of the industrial state upon its own ground, industry, and at the same time bring new strength and new direction to the revolution, resulted in the convention of 1905. It is sufficiently understood just what was accomplished at this, the most portentous event as yet recorded in the history of the working class movement? Is it recognised that all the mistakes of the past, the abortive starts, all that debris of misconception and experimentation upon wrong lines was deservingly swept away? Is it known that a working class militancy, as such from now on, can express itself in tangible form and more tangible effect, where hitherto militancy had been dissipated by complex political programmes and impossible utopian idealisms? Such is the case, however, as is proven in the extraordinary achievements of this

young though powerful and growing organisation. At this Convention, co-ordination schemes, propaganda by the deed (that is in the outworn political assassination sense), proletarian militarism, "communist and co-operative associations, consumers, leagues, unions, craft unions, large union funds, identity of interest, discipline, contracts, old age pensions, stock sharing, civic federations, and, not the least, political suffrage and political action, were, one and for all, weighed and found wanting. A bedrock basis has been reached—at last! Proletarian institutions, as such, now have a chance to evolve. Henceforth industrial Unionists are in a position to create a conscious, revolutionary structure free from the contaminating influence of that scourge of the ages—philanthropy. We can now steer clear of those transient disciplines, instigated by the ruling class, known as reforms—that is, for just so long as we adhere to proletarian fundamentals, which are, abolition of the wage system, abolition of private ownership in social properties, abolition of an unearned increment—abolition in short, of any and all instrumentalities whereby the workers are made dependent on a ruling and possessing class. Departure from our strict class division, jockeying with passing innovations, such as alliance with, or incorporation of institutions not founded in the spirit or, for the purpose we have outlined, means historic repetition—means failure. Even if those great rebels of the nineteenth century had not bequeathed to us the concepts of social division into working class and ruling class, we have it plainly enough in this last Declaration of Revolt. But give it to us they did, and it is upon this basis that Industrial Propaganda, of the past half century has—at least in theory—proceeded. Let us see how some of the contemporary phases, tendencies and revolutionary politics line up with the proletarian conception of revolution as outlined in the determination of the Industrial Workers of the World. It is almost axiomatic to state that the ruling class will tolerate all things but that which constitutes or abets a direct attack upon property. It is easy to understand such a toleration when one realises that the power and the very existence of the ruling class depend first, last, and always, upon its control of property. Perhaps at no time in ruling class history has its destiny been so intimately and delicately dependent upon property as in the case to-day. Property has achieved highest rank amongst a disappearing race of gods. Indeed, may it not be last of all the gods! If then, in some tolerant mood, we view these contemporary phases from what the

cultural revolutionists are pleased to style the broader standpoint, we might agree that they were a manifestation of evolutionary revolution (a ponderous platitude worthy of Spencer, and which, by the way, is being overworked in some quarters—a la Spargo, Hillquit, et al) were it not for one thing; not one of these "phases," singly or collectively, is a menace to ruling class power as expressed in ownership and exploitation. Therefore, they are not revolutionary, it is because of this that so many political, educational, and cultural "innovations" are tolerated—yes, and in some cases, even fostered by the ruling class. Yet it is precisely this array of "radical tendencies" which is being heralded far and wide, as an infallible proof of revolutionary advance. But revolution rests on no such flimsy basis as the philanthropists these cultural and political revolutionists would have us believe. The ruling class has long since learned that as a fixed historic institution, its power is but little—if at all—affected by "revolutions" in morals, in religion, in education, in philosophy, or in politics. It has learned that the forms of overlordship may change without disturbing its function. The function of overlordship is to exploit. Throughout history this function has varied greatly in form, but it has never ceased operating. Cromwell, Napoleon, Voltaire, and the American Declaration of Independence, taught that! We may anticipate, then, that the issues of proletarian revolution will continue to be obscured partially by the best of innovations which constantly spring up. The philanthropists' profession is an ancient one; their ranks have not grown less with the lapse of time, nor are they likely to, with the morbid pathology of modern parasitism, but beneath or behind this phantasmagoria of fictitious transit, and secondary issues, how goes it with the revolution—the revolution in the sense of that fundamental, if misdirected, proletarian affair that spent itself in wave upon wave of revolt throughout Europe during the nineteenth century. We have learned a great deal since the International when the revolution had so many aims and issues, so many wings and "tendencies." We have learned, for instance, that the ruling class can be, and often is, god-defying, atheistic, indifferent to religion, and yet continues its exploitation of the proletariat with quite as much zeal as ever. If it be supposed that the desertion of old, or the embracing of "new" religions has any revolutionary significance, why, there are so many of us, who know that Christian Scientists, Theosophists, New Thought-

ers, "Free Thinkers," Bahaists, and many other philanthropists are quite as voracious as any of the ruling class. Religion or its absence is no criterion of the revolutionary strength of a period. Exploitation is not decreased by the repudiation of old, or the adoption of "new" religions, and exploitation is the all embracing concern of the revolution. We have learned that people are exploiters of labour, subsidiary exploiters of labour, or they are workers. Everyone is familiar with these philanthropists who finance settlement work, foreign missions, who build libraries, colleges, temples to peace, who patronize art, who endow scientific research, who establish foundation funds, and who release not one jot of their power of exploitation. Philanthropy, with its innumerable schemes for "social uplift," does not concern us! Sometimes in ungrateful equality we appropriate its products, or, as in the case of the Sage Foundation, its data. But philanthropy is not a jefex from nor a proof of revolutionary growth. It is a result of the psychopathic tendencies always inherent in social parasites. No more than atheism does philanthropy arrest exploitation, though it is frequently mentioned as if it did, and is said to be part of the "spirit of the times" that timorous platitude which means "historically—nothing!" The increasing freedom of women, the great interest shown in literature and drama, which deals with marriages, divorce, prostitution, and suffrage, are other cases of damp enthusiasm. They are said to indicate revolutionary progress. The scarlet banners of "sex freedom" wave bravely. Woman is coming into her own! "Man" is about to become as a god—chivalrous, brave and "free." This is how they enthuse—these marriage rebels! We industrial Unionists perceive the pallid psychopathies once again. We are not led astray by their braying. We know that the oneness which woman is coming into, is a greater and more mechanical exploitation at the hands of the Industrial State than men's in the home. Her arrival in the competitive arena of wage slavery is no proof of revolutionary advance. Indeed, her increasing presence therein may add difficulties to our organization of the proletariat, as she brings a psychology better fitted to the intensifications of exploitation than to its annihilation. She has less instinct for social solidarity than man. Her supposed instinct in this respect toward her own sex has been based, not on the ground of her common labour, but on the ground of sex segregation.

(Continued in next issue)

## TELL THAT TALE.

Villa's murder of Benton—for doubtless it was murder—has been the signal for this joint intervention cry, and once again we are deluged with the Pharasatic cant that human life must be protected, even if we have to turn Mexico into a shambles. The sanctity of human life! Tell that tale to the outcasts hugging the shelter of a friendly arch in Chicago, with a temperature below zero, or sleeping in London's parks, soaked to the skin by driving rain. Tell that tale to the men shivering in the bread lines, or to the desperate unemployed whose protest meetings are ridden down by mounted police. Tell that tale to the men who have to pack their blankets all along this coast, and think themselves lucky if they strike a job under such conditions as those exposed so recently at Wheatland Cal. Tell that tale to the thousands you straight-jacket and paddle and torture with all the refinements of the Inquisition up-to-date in our jails and penitentiaries. Tell that tale to the children whose lives you've crushed, by the millions, in your factories; and to the men who take their lives into their hands that they may pile your skyscrapers to the sky, for social vampires to inhabit, or that they may dig out the gold which goes to swell fortunes that are the scandal of the ages.

Wm. C. OWEN, in "Regeneration."

## BONES.

"Capt. George Gates, the well-known rebel, who, during the first revolt in Mexico, confiscated an engine shaft and, though deep in his bosque, contrived to metamorphose it into a "Long Tom" for Madero, tells the following story—

"Once upon a time a man and his dog were lost in a far deep desert. They were without food. The dog was a good and USEFUL animal and had always been a good pal. Consequently, though the man was consumed with a gnawing hunger, he did not want to kill the dog. Finally he hit upon the scheme of cutting off the dog's tail—a large juicy one—and using it for food. Curtailment duly followed this economic discovery and the tail was cooked and eaten. It was in this manner the man's life was saved. When he had picked the bones clean of their rich nutriment he fed them to the dog, and thus saved its life, and—"

"Well?" questioned George's listeners.

"Well, those bones—them's Wages!"

FRANK PEASE, in "I.S. Review."

Quiet systematic agitation in the shop may not be as easy as "Killing God" on the street corner, but the former will square more with our pretensions as a Revolutionary Union Movement.

## SAYS "FAX."

It is action, not argument, that settles problems.

Much argument means little action. An ounce of action is worth a ton of philosophy.

Try it out and be convinced.

Philosophy is out of place until action has won the day.

There is a vast difference between discussion and argument.

Discussion promotes action.

Argument destroys action.

We discuss to find a common ground for action.

We argue to establish our individual ideas.

Men of experience discuss their problems.

Fools argue. Don't be a fool!

• THE GAMUT OF THEFT.

Taking £1,000,000 is called Genius.

Taking £100,000 is called Shortage.

Taking £50,000 is called Litigation.

Taking £25,000 is called Insolvency.

Taking £10,000 is called Irregularity.

Taking £5,000 is called Defalcation.

Taking £1,000 is called Corruption.

Taking £500 is called Embezzlement.

Taking £100 is called Dishonesty.

Taking £50 is called Stealing.

Taking £1 is called Total Depravity.

Taking a loaf is called War on Society.

—Exchange.

## ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

"Society in every State is a blessing, but government, even in its best state, is but a necessary evil; in its worst state, an intolerable one. The trade of governing has always been monopolised by the most ignorant, and the most rascally individuals of mankind."

—THOMAS PAINE.

IMPORTANT.

Fellow workers and locals are invited to send in reports of activities, news pars, and short snappy articles. Above all, don't send long, windy articles about nothing in particular, as the writers are bound to be disappointed. Anything of a personal nature will not be entertained, although criticism is always welcomed. The first idea of the organization is to propagate the tactics and structure of the I.W.W., and, therefore, necessarily, this paper will express those ideas primarily.

Should any subscribers fail to receive acknowledgment of their subscriptions the receipt of "DIRECT ACTION" will be equivalent to such.

Should any subscriber not receive his paper he should immediately notify Manager, 320 Castlereagh-street.

On the expiration of subscriptions the number of the last issue due subscribers will appear on the wrapper of the paper

Hitherto "DIRECT ACTION" has been published on the last day of the month. Henceforth, until such time as this paper becomes a fortnightly or a weekly, it will be dated the first of the current month. Subscribers please note that this change does not denote the loss of a number; merely the change of the date from the last day of April to the first day of May.

LIST OF LOCALS.

Adelaide Local 1: H. T. Kelly, Sec retary, Trs.

Sydney Local No. 2: C. Reeve, Secretary and Treasurer.

Broken Hill Local No. 3: A. O. Malley, Secretary and Treasurer.

Port Pirie Local No. 4: R. W. O'Halloran, Secretary and Treasurer, Ellen Stuyet.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

For DIRECT ACTION.

Enclosed find P.O. for 2/, for which send me Direct Action for 12 months at the following address:—

NAME

(Street or P.O. Box)

City

State

(If removed, please mark an x here).

Printed by H. Cook and Co., 200 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, New South Wales, and Published by Sydney Local, No. 2, I.W.W., 330 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.