

DIRECT ACTION



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ONE PENNY.

ARBITRATION JOKES.

Why Contract Contracts? Why Agree to Agreements With Which You Can't Agree? Awards that Don't Award!

Why dont you drop your atches, you slaves of crafts and other "grafs"? Some of you do, religioously and effectively, but you don't drop the right ones—the Oimans, the 'Ugheses, the 'Oyles and the 'Iggineses. There are several others!

Drop 'em if you wish to survive the big industrial war that is being fought in four continents, at least. Yes, drop em like hot coals! They might have intended doing something for you (originally), but never can, and never will. Impotent, suave—what you will, working men—but first and foremost, impotent. Political saviours never saved, never could, never would, and never were manufactured along those lines.

Let us see. First of all you go to work, or else you don't. You get a job that you don't like. You strike, or you tell the boss that that is your intention. Having given him fair notice—in order that he may have sufficient time to fill your places with scabs, your case is eventually "arbitrated" and you get an award. Say! Isn't that award a fine thing? It's yours—is all your own? You won it in the teeth of antagonistic capitalism. You have it, and then again it's sort of evasive. You know it's yours; then, again, it falls to mate-rialize.

Why not get down to bare facts and look them in the face? If you desire instances, or examples, where awards and arbitration courts have demonstrated their futility, "DIRECT ACTION" has something like a gross of them on file, and if you can't read, there are about five hundred educated slaves who can din them into your ears. A few illustrations may be timely, at this juncture.

Judge Higgins, of the Federal Arbitration Court, has sailed for Europe, via America, but he told us before he left that he had accomplished some good work here. Undoubtedly, he will tell America and Europe similar great tidings regarding "his" arbitration courts. Anyhow, he says he needs a rest. So do the workers. Hizoner Rich has taken his job—pro. tem. But regarding these instances:

The engineers, in the coal mines of the Newcastle district, struck the other day. They had a grievance. It was a long-standing one. Three years before they had been given an award, by the Federal Court. The employers had appealed to the High Court, and the award had not been awarded yet.

Struck again—stuck again—come again—done again!
Same old story—nothing new!

What this paper would like to know is when are you silly "crafties" going to learn what is good for you? You strike and strike, and strike and strike; then you always go back to the boss—good and obedient slaves. Yes, always! Why don't you drop those atches—the unnecessary ones—they never will and never can do a single thing for you!

And when you drop 'em, drop 'em in the dunghap from which they emanated.

It is not necessary, here, to refer to the butchers' strike, the "Black Chaff" strike or the Bakers' joke "strike." You were betrayed every time by your leaders! You know it, but have not courage enough to confess it. If you had, you would be out of a job to-morrow, and the world would be benefitted thereby. It

would teach you the lesson the "ONE BIG UNION" is striving to teach—everlastingly! Organization; Education. Emancipation must indubitably follow. If you care not for emancipation, stick to your atches, the Hughseses and the Higginseses and the Hoyle'seses "what is" and all the rest of the bunch, and, as one Booby Burns once said: "Gang ye're ain gait!"

It is generally accepted—absorb this, ye "crafties"—that the ignorant man ganging his ain gait finishes nowhere. He merely also ran! Is it possible that this incontrovertible fact will not penetrate?

To our mythical devil with assumptions! Let us get back to facts! Let's have some more of arbitrations and "awards!"

In December, 1912, that particular portion of the proletariat—known as the tramway men, in Adelaide, went on strike to better their conditions. Same grievances were submitted to Hizoner Judge Higgins—who has become so "tired" that Europe is the sole panacea. After much lengthy and expensive evidence had been adduced, demonstrating that the tramway men had been mulcted and mulcted again—that their treasury had been depleted—Old Hig. finally came to the conclusion that the tramway men were deserving of the "award."

Findings of the "Arbitration" Court to come into effect immediately—if not sooner.

Following morning! What a joke! If you look upon it that way. Having won, the men went back to work. Do you silly-fool-arbitrations's wish any more of it, or have you had enough?

With "awards" protruding from every pocket, they went on the job again. They naturally went to the tram sheds. A surprise awaited them! It read something like this:

Tramway Men: If you are not prepared to go to work under the old conditions you can GET OUT.

Absolutely equivalent to ordering Hizoner Judge Higgins to get out. He has, by the way. Still, he may come back, if you working men will stand for a "come-back."

The notification referred to above was signed by the manager of THE ADELAIDE MUNICIPAL TRAMWAY TRUST, and stated distinctly and definitely that if the employees were not prepared to go back under the TRUST'S OLD-CONDITIONS they could go to—

Like all of the hide-bound craft unionists, they are on their way there, in an industrial sense. They are protesting, consequently, although inconsequentially. Although they received an award from Hizoner Higgins eighteen months ago, it has not awarded to any great extent to date. And his Worship has gone to Europe, being tired, he says. Why, in the name of conscience, don't you silly asses get tired, too? "DIRECT ACTION" is!

Enquiries as to several hundred other "awards" that have not been awarded, will be promptly attended to by the "Arbitration" editor of this paper.

Premier Watt, of Victoria, was fined two quid, the other day. If a Lib. is worth those same two Jimmies, a Labour member should be fined two hundred at least, whatever the offence.

Short Arm Jolts.

Pertinent and Impertinent.

The strikes which Russian workers have entered upon as a protest against the suspension of several Socialist members of the Duma for disorderly interruptions, is extending to St. Peters.—News Item.

Strange, how the politicians who are so ready to belittle direct action cannot protect themselves without the aid of those "ignorant" workers.

A debate was held at the University the other evening, between Law and Science students. Science affirmed and Law opposed. That trades unionism is inimical to the welfare both of the workers and the general public. Law won.

When trades unionism is endorsed at a capitalist University it is time that workers began seriously to think. We suggest that the next subject at the University should be, "That Industrial Unionism is the deadly enemy of hypocritical parasites." We'll affirm.

"During the funeral obsequies of the Duke of Argyll at Westminster Abbey, the anthem, 'I heard a voice from Heaven,' was impressively sung."—Cable.

Doubtless it was the voice of the evicted tenants of the Argyll estate preparing a reception for the Duke at the top of the Golden Stairs.

"The perfume from the many floral offerings—was almost overpowering," said the cable.—Not so much as the nauseous drivel of the press over the death of this Prince of Plunder.

Slum dwellers, take heart! The National Council of Women, headed locally by the Lady Strickland and, internationally, by the Countess of Aberdeen, is going to take up the cudgels for you. But we are dubious, after all—Slums and titles are some of the inevitable products of capitalism.

The "Sun," by the way, commenting editorially on this movement, remarks that, "It came as a surprise to this paper to learn, some time ago, that those wretched tenements in a very bad slum district in Sydney were owned by a clergyman."

We are surprised, too—at the "Sun's" surprise.

Mr. W. Rosser, secretary of the Separation of Labor, is advocating a new political party. All the political parties, Mr. Sec., that you can advocate, will be just that same pliffie it always was.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Please notice that this issue of "DIRECT ACTION" has now become a fortnightly. Your yearly subscription, Fellow-Worker, will cost you no more on that account.

It is the intention of the Industrial Workers of the World to publish a weekly paper, within the next few weeks, and if you belong to the class-conscious end of this movement, and are really sincere in your desire to make "The One Big Union" a success, your financial aid toward that end will be proof of your sincerity.

REMEMBER THAT A MOVEMENT WITHOUT A PRESS IS A MOVEMENT DOOMED TO FAILURES!

STRIKES AND SENTIMENT!

Bakers' Batch of "Daily Bread" Botched. Their "Cake" is Now "Dough" Why "Public Welfare" in Class Warfare?

The recent strike of bakers in Sydney affords another illustration of the fatuity of Craft Unionism, as inspired by Labour politicians and Arbitration advocates.

With the results of that strike, in so far as the actual working conditions in the bakery trade are involved, we are not here concerned. The rank and file of the bakers are the best judges of what conditions they shall work under. But the tactics adopted, and the attitude taken up by other unions in allied trades is worthy of special notice.

Right at the very onset we had even the bread-carters discussing the attitude they should adopt in the event of a strike, as if there could be two answers to such a question. Then we were treated to the spectacle of the Newcastle bakers, who, not content with remaining at work and thereby helping to defeat the strike had it lasted for any length of time, actually sending a wire at the most crucial moment in the dispute, condemning their fellow workers for taking action to better their conditions. Nearer home, the same remarks apply for the officialdom of those unions connected with the food supply. The higher lights at the Trades Hall, as well as the Labour politicians and Ministers in Parliament, were all unanimous in joining the capitalist press in a chorus of disapproval at the action of a section of the workers in daring to defy "constituted authority, their elected representatives," etc. and making some conscious effort of their own to have a word to say on job conditions.

In face of such opposition, even, the paltry concession gained, is a tribute to the solidarity of the rank and file of the bakers themselves.

But the most remarkable feature of this strike—if it can be so-called, was the manner in which all concerned were anxious to assure us, at the beginning, that there would be no shortage of bread—strike or no strike. Master Bakers and Unionists, Strikers and Non-strikers, as well as those in charge of the State Bakery, each and all were unanimous in their desire to see the "General Public" supplied; that "General Public," about whose material welfare the capitalist press pretends to be so violently anxious, when a strike is in progress. But the great majority, on normal occasions, may be starved, damned or crucified, so far as that "same press" is concerned, provided they only do so without howling.

Now, it must be plain even to the befuddled brain of a Craft Unionist, that if a tactic is sound for the bosses, when a strike is on, it cannot possibly be to the benefit of the strikers also. If they are straining all efforts to keep the market supplied with a certain commodity when a strike in the production of that commodity is in progress, it is the plain duty of the strikers themselves, to take steps to cut off the supply whether produced under good conditions or bad, by "union" or non-union, and that, too, in the quickest and most direct means possible.

I can imagine the purblind and the timid holding up their hands in horror at this suggestion.

"What!" they shout; "you would cut off the bread supply, and the workers themselves would be the worst sufferers."

More fools the workers!

Bread is looked upon as a neces-

sity, to-day, but is not absolutely so. In every street and by-way of this city there are plenty of substitutes for bread piled high in the shops, warehouses and storerooms, all produced by the brawn and the brain of workers themselves. If they stood quietly by while the master-class appropriated these good things, they most assuredly would deserve to suffer and starve. Of course, I mean that these things should be BOUGHT by the workers. Perhaps! Perhaps not!! What I do mean is, that if the workers had been educated in the science of Strikeology, further explanation on this point would be superfluous.

Had even the semblance of such tactics been advocated, and the workers employed in the distribution of food supplies made common cause, the master class of Sydney would have something so peremptory to say to the master bakers, that the day-baking principle for which the strike was fought, would have been an established fact, long before this article appeared in print.

But better luck next time, Brother Bakers! Like most of your brother-crafts, you have yet, apparently, some road to travel before you realise that "THE WORKING CLASS AND THE EMPLOYING CLASS HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON," more especially in a strike. The "General Welfare of the Community," about which you trouble your weary souls—being so well coached by the prostitute scribe—has always meant the damnation of you and your class.

Even if there were any truth in such a cry, there is no room for sentiment in this struggle!

The class struggle is the worst, hard, cold and pitiless war ever waged in human history.

When opposing armies meet each other they know the battle must be fought, and each side fights to win, irrespective of sentimental qualms about the sufferings of the slain, or the widows and orphans they may leave.

The strike is a battle in class warfare.

Sentiment finds no place in its ethics, and it should be waged to the bitter end, though the heavens fall; waged until victory is achieved, or until defeat is so apparent that even the intellect of a savage can recognize it.

Then Mr. Worker, go back to work—and prepare to do better next time.

But do not whine to a capitalist judge, or to a labour politician, who never labours for YOU; never did anything for YOU, if you failed to do it for yourself. If you do, you have lost your manhood and, like every cringing cur, will get more kicks than morsels.

A study of I.W.W. methods, which include sabotage, is then—as it is always—your only salvation. T.G.

Parliamentarianism—Pure.

You fat-headed toilers did not imagine when you sent your representatives to Parliament, that they slept on the floor of the House, while your problems were being discussed.

Yesterday's "Herald" says so, anyhow, and also tells you, unobtrusively, that twelve pounds a week is not enough to buy your politicians a "doss." They haven't the price to buy a decent "doss" outside, and so it seems your legislators, on Wednesday night, in YOUR Federal Parliament, indulged in a free-for-all fight as to which of YOUR representatives possessed this pillow or that blanket.

Why don't you buy them all blankets and pillows, Mr. "Political Actionist"? Let 'em sleep like you are doing!

Direct Action



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THE BALLOT.

Its Possibilities & Otherwise

It has been frequently asserted by revolutionists that the ballot as a weapon towards working-class emancipation is at best but a provocateur of civil war, a weapon which is really but a boomerang of the most up-to-date invention.

How clearly this assertion is borne out by facts, recent industrial and political history illustrate.

When the Governor-General of South Africa in the so-called riots of July last, called upon the military, without consulting Parliament, to assert by force the supremacy of cosmopolitan capitalism on the Rand, and the right of the capitalist class to exploit unmercifully and without interference, he was giving only a bloody and material significance to the oft expressed opinion of revolutionists, that the ballot is the greatest fraud ever perpetrated upon a long-suffering and over-patient working class.

A repetition of the occurrence was to be expected in the natural order of events, and so we find South Africa, itself, a few months' later, and New Zealand almost simultaneously, loudly proclaiming on behalf of the ruling class their "Right to overthrow by force any constitutional privileges which the workers, hitherto, fondly and foolishly believed they possessed.

Thus we find, at the time of the recent revolt in South Africa, one of the capitalist organs declaring that the deportation of a few of the prominent strikers was really unconstitutional, but justifiable from the point of view, "Of the commercial and business interests of the community."

It is not surprising, therefore, that the "Sydney Morning Herald" should come forward and inform us, apropos of the recent political situation in Tasmania, that "It is not the easiest thing in the world TO SAY WHERE THE POWERS OF A GOVERNOR BEGIN." One of the powers remaining with a governor is the right to select the man who is to be trusted with the Premiership. Though constitutionally a governor is supposed to act upon the advice of his ministers, he holds unlimited authority in regard to the appointment of a new premier, and may even look for a premier outside of parliament, if he so desires.

Just another quotation from this, for once, illuminating issue of the "Herald"—Ballot Box Revolutionists

please digest—"Another absolute decision that remains with a Governor is that relating to the dissolution of Parliament."

"He can dissolve Parliament when he likes."

This is fairly candid.

In the past quarter of a century we have been fairly deluged with appeals to "strike at the ballot box," and put an end to exploitation, but now we are unceremoniously informed that should there be any desire on the part of our elected saviours to carry out our wishes, the Governor may suspend Premiers, Parliaments, Politicians and their perks, and rule as his masters—the Capitalist Class—may direct.

Such a position, as we have already pointed out, could only have one result—civil war.

Now, the workers are neither armed nor organized for civil war; neither are they ready for any other kind of war, for that matter. So when Industrial Unionists point out to them the absolute necessity of perfect industrial organisation, as the only method by which armed and organised capitalism can be met and defeated, it is rather peculiar to hear the Parliamentary Labourites and Socialists vying with each other, and incidentally, with the capitalist press, in denouncing the direct actionists as "fomenters of violence. Physical forceists, etc., etc."

It is not often that the capitalist press makes a slip of this kind in opening the workers' eyes to the force of our so-called democracy. Its function, generally, is to lull the workers into the belief that everything they desire can be accomplished by parliamentary and constitutional methods.

This was to be expected, as a matter of course; but the tragedy of the working class movement has been, and is, that hundreds of thousands of workers are still living in that Fools' Paradise, got because of the capitalist press, but because of similar insidious teaching on the part of those whom the workers themselves have raised to positions of privilege and of others aspiring to such positions.

Everything, however, points to the fact that the workers are slowly awaking from this hypnotic sleep. Capitalism, itself, is becoming so outspoken, through press, parliament and pulpit, that no longer can there be a doubt with regard to its real intentions.

Direct Actionists have never had any illusions as to what these intentions are. To dominate, to exploit, and hold in subjection, by fair means or foul, whether legal or illegal, that great mass of humanity who have for ages been content to minister to their well-being and comfort.

The I.W.W. is the only organization, to-day, that is sounding the clarion note of revolt. In spite of abuse, misrepresentation and persecution, its propaganda is making tremendous headway.

It steadfastly refuses to be side-tracked by the catch-words and phrases of politicians, rulers and lawgivers. It is revolutionary, yet evolutionary; materialistic in its aims; yet its ideal is the only one worth fighting for! The World for the Workers and economic Freedom for all!

Mission of Churches.

The Same Yesterday, To-day and Forever.

The Rev. Terras, new Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of New South Wales, delayed not, on being appointed to his new job, in assuring interested persons that there was going to be no alteration in the relations of his Church to the working-class, so far as he was concerned.

The subject, indeed, has been the principal item of business lately, when ever "Two or three are gathered together in My Name," but the Rev. Terras is particularly interesting and illuminating.

After getting off his chest the stereotyped slime about the "Dignity and Nobility" of Labor, this member of the work-shy brotherhood, informed us that "The Mission of the Church" was to teach servants not to be over-anxious about material things; but rather to seek after the higher ideals of service; to be faithful in whatever condition they found themselves to be," and generally to behave as cringing, crawling, Christian slaves ought to.

Further on, the reverend bloke remarks that "While those who were called employers might give a certain portion of THEIR wealth to those who were instrumental in the production of it, the real wages of the workers would yet be paid by God."

One can quite understand why the gentleman opened his address by gravely informing his audience that "There was nothing more useful in the world than salt and light."

Statements of this kind require a goodly proportion of the former commodity, before the average twentieth century slave can swallow them. As for ourselves, we would not be averse to a little "Light" on when God is going to open up and discharge some of those black debts, owing by most of the bald-headed gentry in the Rev. Terras' congregation.

On the whole we are rather inclined to think that on this question of wages (as in other matters) God helps those who help themselves.

Yes, we are afraid the mission of the Church is pretty well now what it was in the beginning, and ever shall be: To induce the workers to accept a blank cheque on eternity.

THEY'LL GET PIE IN THE SKY WHEN THEY DIE.

T. GLYNN.

THE PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

(The article below was written by a boy of fifteen years, without assistance. The youthful author has attended the I.W.W. meetings for the past few weeks and seemingly absorbed some of its propaganda.—Ed.)

The problem of unemployment is more acute, as worker after worker is fast becoming one of the greatest in Capitalistic Society. In Australia to-day, this problem is growing more and being displaced, and forced to suffer all the horrors of unemployment, starvation, and its consequent degradation and misery.

The arrival in this country every year, of thousands of emigrants, is thought by the average wage-slave, to be the cause of unemployment, but they forget that this curse is world-wide, and that these workers have themselves been forced to leave the land of their birth by the unemployment existing there. Unemployment is found to-day in every part of the world where capitalists exploit workers, and it is obvious, therefore, that it must be the result of certain causes, which are common to all parts of the globe.

The real cause of unemployment is because the workers have not reduced the hours of their labour in proportion to the productivity of the machine.

In other words, the worker of to-day, with the modern and scientific machinery at his command, can produce far more of the commodities, which are essential for the upkeep of society, than could the worker of, say, ten, twenty, or a hundred years ago. Consequently, a smaller number of workers are required, and more unemployed.

The effect of unemployment on the conditions of the wage-slave, is to increase the competition for jobs, and this, of course, lowers the wages and makes the position of the "jobite" more acute, as worker after worker is out-of-work to take a job at any price, while the fear of the sack causes the "Jobite" to work at the utmost limits of endurance. It makes "suckers" of the employed and scabs of the unemployed.

The only solution of this huge problem is that proposed by Industrial Unionists, namely, to organise all wage-workers in such a way they will be enabled to shorten their hours, slow down upon the job, and restrict the output of the mines, mills, factories, and workshops, by systematic sabotage, and so provide more work for the jobless, which will automatically raise the wages and better the conditions of all workers, until the day comes when we will abolish unemployment, not only among the workers, but among the capitalist class as well.

F. J. CALLANAN.

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

FELLOW WORKERS if you work
you can make a Weekly of

Direct Action.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not, and that never hopes
Stoiled and stunted a brother to the ox?
Who loosed and let down this brutal law?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars, and search the Heavens for power,
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the dream, He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of hell to its last gulf.
There is no form more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the World's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the Universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of Labour, what to him
Are Plato, and the swing of Plectides?
What are the long reaches of the peaks of song?
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look,
Times tragedy is in that aching stoop,
Through this dread shape, Humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O, masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing, distorted and soul quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape?
Give back the upward looking and the light,
Rebuild it in the music and the dreams,
Touch it again with immortality,
Make right the immemorial wrongs,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with the man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When the whirlwinds of rebellion shake the World?
How will it be with kingdoms, and with kings;
With those who shape him to the thing he is,
When the dumb Terror shall reply to God
After the silence of the centuries?

EDWIN MARKHAM.

The Preamble of the I.W.W.

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 centring 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)

(Continued from last week.)

The cold-bloodedness of the industrial state exists through its impersonality. It is precisely this impersonality which makes an industrial Unionist so certain of his ground. It is a mechanism we have to deal with—a colossal machine of investment, exploitation, and profit gathering, that takes no heed of man, that cannot exist without men. The industrial state is serenely indifferent to the virtue of its female, or the domestic status of its male wage slaves. It is not a fraternalist affair—this new industrial overlordship—this Fourth Estate. It is a property controlling mechanism which measures the proletariat in the aggregate, values it by its labour power, and is after profits. Marriage and divorce, then, are not the "problems" of revolution. The frequency with which they are discussed in contemporary literature is no index of revolutionary growth. Their existence or abolition does not in the slightest degree retard the universality of exploitation. To state that marriage would be affected by proletarian control of industry would be untrue.

But to consider that revolution is gauged by the popularity of the Ibsen-Shaw-Strinberg school is equally fallacious.

And yet, with exasperating persistency the philanthropist continues to confuse revolution with such "problems." The revolution is not a "problem"; the revolution is a life to be lived; it is a mode of self-expression. In creating a proletarian structure to combat and conquer the new industrial state, in the daily battles of the war we have declared upon the private ownership of the machine process, we are living the revolution into being.

Those to whom the revolution is a rallying ground for every passing "problem" mistake the increase of toleration in morals and the growth of numerous cultural innovations for a real advance. A false and malicious optimism is thus engendered.

Many rebellious spirits are drawn into this philanthropist's maelstrom and lose sight of the fact that exploitation is the fundamental social affliction. They become disinterested or blind to the fact that revolution is the abolition by the proletariat of ruling class power for exploitation, and thereby the social control of one economic group by another.

The muckraking crusade is another case of deplorable optimism. Frightened by the power of the industrial state which has risen before their very eyes, the political state and that portion of the ruling class—the petty bourgeoisie—whose interests can still be served by it, and who also are still obsessed by the fictional discipline of competition, which is so ably kept alive by the forms and traditions of politics, hastened to give battle to the new power.

A flood of muckraking literature has deluged the country. Villification of individuals—the new industrial statesmen—continuous attacks upon trusts, Mormonism, the banking, insurance and credit systems, made "copy" for editors, and brought a good livelihood the crack journalists who procured it. That mysterious fourth-dimensional race "The Public" is appealed to from every angle. "Reform" and "progressive" politics, along with many other clap-trap "remedies" of philanthropists, become the vogue. The "Spirit of the times" bristles into sublime aggression. What are you going to do about it? becomes the slogan.

It is to be observed, however, amidst this perverid politico-journalistic uproar, amidst this galaxy of salvational schemes, that one thing has been severely ignored—industrial exploitation.

This dead weight which shackles the working class in an immeasurable slavery is not probed by the pseudo-radicals. No hints to be had from them of the source of ruling class power or of the fundamentals of revolution; no casting about in proletarian directions for explanations or release

from the tyrannies of ruling class property control. And yet we find those who mistake the pale echoes of reform for the scarlet thousands of revolution. It is not understood that the most dominant factor of life—exploitation—is utterly ignored by those those self-styled "liberals"—these country savers—still unrecognised? Is philanthropist. Is the insouciance not perceived that the ponderous machinery of investment, exploitation, and profit-gathering functions—quite as smoothly as ever? Fie upon us for a race of believers!

Muckraking is no criterion of revolutionary strength. It is not even a social reflex from proletarian aggression. Its inspiration lies in another quarter. Pressure on the political State and those it represents came from the industrial State—from above, not below. Proletarian aggression from below has scarce begun as yet! We are still in that stage where, as one Western agitator put it, "We care more for a pamphlet than a loaf." We should make sure of the source of muckraking before we obsess ourselves with the idea that revolutionary accomplishment is measured by the sordid spoils of muckraking Don Quixotes.

In any analysis of contemporary politics and their relationship to the very tangible process of exploitation, it is necessary that at least two things be thoroughly understood: What constitutes power-social control? What is its basic mode of expression? What is it? How does it work?

It is scarcely necessary to mention that Marx has ably illustrated the historic function of property in class relations. Even if he had not we have a million examples of it in our workaday lives. Contemporary power is first what power has always been; control over the workers' economic and social existence exercised by the ruling class through their possession of property. Property, profits, power are concomitant.

This power is no longer the exclusive possession of the army of law-

vers, politicians, and bureaucrats which calls itself the political State.

Power is rapidly passing into the hands of the new—the industrial State, whose expression of it is direct, tangible, automatic.

There are, in short, but two dominant phases to contemporary life: the office end of business, and the shop end of industry. To be sure the mental still remains with the workers, but the new discipline, inaugurated by the machine process is fast becoming sufficient for the needs of the industrial State. It is because there is a new discipline—the discipline of the shop, which affects the workers more intimately and more disastrously than any of the numerous disciplines imposed by over-lordship throughout the ages—that it is necessary to concentrate our militancy in the place where the discipline is exercised. This place is in the industries—on the job.

The industrial State has so nearly succeeded in imposing its new discipline that it no longer depends on the old disciplinary adjuncts of the political State; the law, Church, political equality, etc. Nor does the industrial State place in the antique notions of "Love," "truth," "justice," "mercy," "loyalty," "co-operation." In the very terms of shop life it has at its command a regimen of discipline more insidious, more dominant, more deadly than any political State ever possessed. Some of these are time clocks, piece-work, "speeding up," long hours, infinite specialization, monotonous automatic functions, "scientific management," "Psychotechnics," and the violation of the worker in such fashion that he becomes disoriented to the rest of life outside the shop.

The industrial State is rapidly perfecting its own private militia—purely an extra-legally disciplining device, and a matter about which the political State has done much wrangling. But police discipline, per se, is an ancient institution of the ruling class.

(To be Continued.)

with that gun. Something was making its way through the grass.

It was meat, or it wouldn't be on four legs. And four legs it had. We could hear them going plunk, plunk, plunk through the dense, damp growth it struck a tree, and went up like a wild cat; a big, fat, juicy iguana. Our gun-man drew a bead on the reptile, but our dinner evaded the issue. The rest of us chased the guana round that tree until our marksmen pinked it fairly amidships.

"The boss was enjoying turkey, goose etc., etc., we knew that well enough. But we had the big lizard and we made a big stew. I can taste it yet. Yes, we had meat."

N.R.

LOCAL NOTICE.

- Monday Night—Economic Class.
- Tuesday Night—Speakers and Reading Class.
- Wednesday Night—Lecture in Hall
- Thursday Night—Business Meeting.
- Friday Night—Bathurst Street Meeting.
- Saturday Night—Bathurst Street Meeting and Parramatta Meeting.
- Sunday Afternoon—Meeting in Do main.
- Sunday Night—Lecture in Hall.
- Monthly Issue of Direct Action.
- Up-to-date Library and Reading Room.

Stock Literature

We have the following literature in stock:

One Big Union, An Outline of a Possible Industrial Organisation of the Working Class, with chart. By E. A. Trautman. Price 3d.

The Rights to be Lazy, Not the right to work, but more of the things that work creates with leisure to enjoy them, that is what intelligent wage workers demand. By Paul Lafargue. Price 3d.

On the Firing Line, Report of the Seventh Annual Convention, on the McNamara Case, Ettor and Ciovanitti Case, The Lawrence Strike, And what is the I.W.W. Price 3d.

The I.W.W. It's History, Structure, and Methods By Vincent St. John. Price 3d.

The Revolutionary I.W.W. By G. H. Perry. Price 3d.

Eleven Blind Leaders, or Practical Socialism and Revolutionary Tactics. By B. H. Williams. Price 3d.

Direct Action versus Legislation. By J. B. Smith. Price 2d.

Industrial Unionism, Aim, Form and Tactics of a Workers' Union or I.W.W. Lines. By T. H. Price 2d.

Wage, Labour and Capital. By Karl Marx.. Price 1d.

Industrial Union Methods. By W. E. Trautman. Price 1d.

How Capitalism has Hypnotised Society. Price 3d. Published by Sydney Local No. 2.

Industrial Unionism, The Road to Freedom. By Joseph J. Ettor. Price 3d.

Why Strikes Are Lost. How to Win. By W. E. Trautman. Price 3d.

Economic Discontent, and Its Remedy. By Father T. J. Hagerty, A.M.S.T.B. Price 2d

Song Books, To Fan the Flames of Discontent. Published by the I.W.W. Price 6d.

Members in all parts are invited to send in short, concise articles and reports. Don't traverse the universe;

MORE DIRECT ACTION.

In "God's Own" New Zealand, the other day, in a camp called Takapau, there were a big bunch of William Ferguson Massey's Territorials, who were ordered several extra days in camp without, sundulicks, or clean socks therefor.

The bunch weren't at all delighted at serving Benevolent Bill, and George Wetlin for six per diem, so they developed syndicalist tactics very suddenly.

They got an idea that a lively time would bring results, and so it did.

They kicked up a Donnybrook in the lines, and tried to chew a piece out of the ear of the guard. Then they turned their attention to the classic establishment where the Haw Haw persons—the officers—were gulping down decayed dog, and alcoholic poison. The Percy's (haw! haw!) hash chamber was promptly placed hors de combat, and things generally hummed.

Some of the Kurnels, who have graduated from the Blood and Fire Brigade, put in some good work praying for quietness.

For two hours, there was a general strike, which however, terminated, when the Camp Commandant swore by his 2/9 mashing spurs (guaranteed to jingle), that the bunch could have lolly pops, clean socks, and God knows what not.

And says our dearly loved Press Ass, these territorials used frightful language, and no doubt some of them said "scab," which is unorthodox in the Isles of Borrow. Alas, berruthers, let us wowsie, the Devil is following again.

These territorials rendered a new style short arm jolt to the millitary police.

Oh, comrades, what is the world coming to? Alas! alas! Why didn't these young fellers join a political party, get their party into power, and then get a change of clothing next November. Perhaps the cables are misleading, when they say that the Government has given in, and given the boys what they desire.

But! say, Macarland Territorial, you know the ropes of Direct Action, what about a Wooden Shoe. BINGO.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

OPERA BOUFFE UP-TO-DATE.

Some few days ago Mr. H. C. Hoyle, Minister for Railways, spoke to some of his constituents who comprised the N.S.W. Railway and Tramway Reserve Rifle Union, on defence, or as the "Herald" expressed it: "Australian Monroism."

"Direct Action" has received the following spasm from one of its contributors:—

(Scene—The Govt. Railway and Tramway Institute.)

(Minister for Railways Discovered—Chewing the Cud of Bitter Reflection.)

Oily Hoyle, soliloquizing—

I've tolled and molled, my hands were soiled,
In doing useful labour;
But now they're clean—by that I mean,

I've "grafted" on my neighbour;
They tell me I've the gift of gab—
Pray enter slaves—absorb a slab!

(Enter in columns of Four, N.S.W. Heroes of the Govt. Railway and Tramway Reserve Rifle Union.)

Railway and Tramway Heroes—

We don't like to fight, but Old Oily if we do,
We'll shoot the block of every bloke who is not true to you;

You're an honor to the Railways and the trams,
For the other coves we do not give two dams.

Oily Hoyle—

I thank you for your clarifying candour,
As the Lord will up above;
But don't forget our one best bet—
"The Land We Love."

Some people don't believe in this conscription—
(I know I didn't when my luck was out)

But when one has achieved some great distinction
Of conscription there can be no sincere doubt.

The environment is different you see;
Environment has told some truths to me.

I will cite a case in point,
Among leaders you appoint.

When I was a railway plug, they said: Why're you a mug
To work for bobs, when working slobbs,
Will give up coin in chunks and gobs,

If you can keep them in their jobs.
I listened to suggestions that were sinister.

Till now of Railways I'm your Minister.

So to Parliament I'm sent;
Quite a new environment;

No need to toll, for Mr. Hoyle,
No need to soil one's hands and spoil!
One's pulchritude, by working,
When the wise guys are all shirking.

To me it seems the Cabinet
Is the softest snap that I've had yet.

If again I'm a working stiff—
Please realise that "If"—
I would fight that patriotic stuff,
Of leaving Japs, and such-like guff,
To slaves who never had enough
Intelligence to call my bluff.

If again I'm a working plug
Please write me down a mug.

(Enter Secretary Kavanagh.)

Grand Chorus of Railway and Tramway Heroes, Craft Unionists and other Subversive Working Plugs Led by the Secretary—

Praise Hoyle from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him you scabs who're now below;

Praise him whenever "Walks the Ghost,"
Praise him when eating "Tea and Toast."

Orchestral Selection—
"Gor-save our Oily Hoyle."

(Curtain.)

THE CAPITALIST TO THE IMMIGRANTS MOTHER.

Breed us more men, ye daughters of toll;

Ye alien mothers in far off lands,
Sire them strongly, clean, brawn and bone,

For we sift from the chaff the wheat alone.

When they come to die at our hands

Think on our greed in your travail throes,
Think of us when ye bare your breast,

Mine and smelter shall claim their toll,
Roads shall be broken and reach their goal,

Though ye smell their blood from the west.

We build us strong on your woman's woe,
Pier of granite and iron span,
Glare of furnace and caisson's gloom,
Of him whom ye gave us—a man.

Seas shall not bar your sons from harm;
Steppe or forest, or alpine slope,
Our arms are long to grasp what we need.

The New World springs from your trampled seed;
Ye drain the dregs of our draught of hope.

—GORDON THAYER, in "Solidarity."

OUR CHRISTMAS DINNER.

We were meat hungry and it was Christmas Day in Central Queensland. Needless to say, it was extremely hot. Had we not contracted that filthy greedy habit of eating three times a day all was well. But once acquired that habit sticks.

We had breakfasted on damper and treacle, lunched on the same, and something similar stared us in the face for dinner. And, if you please, it was Christmas Day.

We were ravening for flesh, and discussed, hungrily, kangaroos, emus, possums and rabbits. True we had a gun, but no animal life was in evi-

The continued existence of the Wage System is a standing reflection on the working Class. Get wise, and Organise for your own emancipation.

"Has Anybody here seen Kelly?"

No Class War for Catholics.

"I say that it is entirely against Catholic principles for men to speak of war between class and class until one class is extinguished." Thus Archbishop Kelly informed his audience yesterday when opening the new premises of the Catholic Club. "Class must help class" he insisted, "and if one class does evil to another, that class must overcome evil by good. A man has no right to say to another: 'Give me work.' Pray to God for work, and He will send you work, but you must make your work profitable to your employer. A man who would not give a fair day's wages for a fair day's work will stand in lawful judgment before God, and I say that a man who will not give a fair day's work for a fair day's wages will also have to stand before God in judgment."—Sydney Herald.

What about the exploiter who swipes, or otherwise confiscates, anything between four-fifths and seven-eighths of the wealth produced by the working class, Bish? If the miserable producer shall stand before your God, in judgment, will the grafting capitalist have a seat on the steps of the Great White Throne, or will he sit on it? Bish!

WORK AND WAGES.

It is not an uncommon sight to see members of the working class standing perplexed and baffled when asked that pertinent question: "Is a rise in wages beneficial to the working-class?"

Many maintain that it is a grave waste of time to fight for a rise in wages, because every time it is followed by an advance in prices, the workers being no better off and the employing class not affected in the least. This ignorant wall comes only from those not conversant with the present industrial system.

To the student of Political Economy, this question is easily answered: Yes! undoubtedly, and undeniably yes! A rise in wages is always beneficial to the workers, and it behooves them to continually fight for more wages until the wages system shall be overthrown.

The dogma that a rise in wages is no good to the working class has been foisted upon suffering humanity by lying politicians and traitorous leaders with but one object in view: To keep the toiling masses from arising and seriously affecting the profits of the master-class.

The workers find themselves, every now and then, forced to demand higher wages in an effort to keep pace with the ever-soaring prices of commodities.

It is useless to blame the Labor party, the Liberal party, or the Socialist party for the existence of these prices.

No statesman or ruler in the universe can defy the workings of this self-evident economic law.

In the lands of trusts, in the lands of no trusts; under protection or free trade; under conservative, liberal or labour governments, it matters not. From every corner of the globe; from all sorts, colours, and creeds of workers, comes the one and the same cry: "What can be done to prevent the high cost of living?"

Because prices of certain articles are high it does not necessarily mean that those particular articles have increased in value.

No! It is the tendency of all commodities to-day to decrease in value. The value of a commodity is determined by the amount of necessary social labour embodied in its production. It should be plain to all, that in this machine age, the same amount of labour is not spent in producing

Justice Higgins Not Sick:

JUST TIRED, THAT'S ALL.

Mr. Justice "Higgins," president of the Federal Arbitration Court, has gone to Yurrup, via America, for an extended holiday. "Long may it extend," is the wish of the workers of Australia.

On the eve of his departure, a week or so ago, Hizzoner Higgins quite modestly admitted to several other fellow-Hizzoners, in the parlours of the High Court, Melbourne, that he had "done a great and beneficent work for the people of Australia."

"I am not sick," quoth Hizzoner to his fellow Jurisdictionists, during their mutual admiration talk-feast, prior to his departure on a world-wide junket; so great that I am compelled to rest. "Rest in Peace!" chorus the workers unanimously.

His Arbitration Washup did not intimate to his kind, during their mutual back-scratching gathering, that while he was not sick, Labor was most distinctly.

Sick of his piffing awards and footling arbitration courts;

Sick of the travesty of Justice to the workers, by capitalistic and parliamentary institutions, and sick unto death of arbitration and its deviousness altogether.

"If the Government should in September wish me to take another term of seven years," said Hizzoner, in conclusion, "unless one of my colleagues desires the thankless office, I shall not refuse."

Sure thing, yer honor! Why not more trips to Europe and America in order to imbibe the diplomacies of Arbitration, at first hand, from the capitalists of those various enlightened countries?

commodities as formerly. Their value must, therefore, necessarily decrease.

High prices simply mean that gold—the universal medium of exchange—has decreased in value at a more rapid rate than other commodities.

Gold has been adopted as the universal medium of exchange, merely because of its peculiar adaptability. It wears well and is easily recognized; it is almost impossible to counterfeit, and can be carried in a very small compass.

Gold is a commodity, as are labor-power, mules, coal, sheep, jams, boots, automobiles, or socks.

All commodities have decreased in value owing to inventions and new labour-saving appliances. Gold—the medium of exchange—has decreased in value even more rapidly, until the sovereign to-day does not approach in its purchasing power—the sovereign of years gone by.

The commodity gold—according to experts—costs about half as much as it did a few years ago, by reason of newer and fore economical processes of treatment. It will be plain, then, to all that the sovereign has lost some fifty per cent. of its previous purchasing power.

Having learned, then, that our wages will buy merely, about half of what they purchased a generation ago, is there not sufficient justification for making a bold bid for more wages and take back the loot that has been stolen.

The wages of the working class, in the aggregate, are determined by the necessities of life; the necessity of reproducing its labour-energy from day to day.

Why not, then, fellow-workers, make some of these so-called luxuries, necessities? The necessities of to-day were luxuries yesterday.

FELLOW-WORKERS! JOIN THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD AND LEARN HOW TO CONJURE LUXURIES INTO NECESSITIES.

NORMAN RANCIE.

Agitation on the Job.

I.W.W. Doings' in Sydney.

Several shops have been visited during this last week by the local organizer and propaganda talks delivered to the slaves during the noon hour. More assistance is needed in this work.

A reasonably fair amount of literature has been disposed of—the workers seeming very anxious to absorb anything pertaining to the New Unionism. All the meetings have been well attended, and many really intelligent questions were asked.

Arrangements are being made in order that the different workers at the various shops may have opportunities to hold evening meetings in the I.W.W. Hall, 330 Castlereagh-street, in order to learn more regarding Labor's most up-to-date weapon against Capitalism. It is confidently expected that several new locals will shortly be started in and around Sydney, in the different industries.

Fellow-worker King, recently appointed general organizer for Australasia, left last week for Newcastle, in order to instil the gospel of the New Unionism into the slaves there. It is optimistically believed that a local of the I.W.W. will be established in the Coal District very shortly.

If any class-conscious worker, in any industry, will write the secretary-treasurer 330 Castlereagh Street, intimating that meetings can and will be arranged, a speaker will be dispatched to talk at any such meetings.

Lectures are held at the I.W.W. Hall every Sunday night. All are welcome. These lectures are free.

MORE JOLTS.

Slaves, you will notice, those of you who read what the "Herald" Angel sings, that for several days in succession the star leader writer—or leader faker—has spent much valuable ink and time shedding "light" on the bakers' strike. "Give us this day our daily bread," cries the capitalist. Why don't you shut off the bosses' "Daily Bread," and then, oh, workers, you will shut off capitalism!

In a column editorial, the "Herald" of all good things for the masters, had quite some pungent remarks to make about the bakers' strike. Among them was the following gem:

"The men cannot have their cake and eat it, too." The working plug doesn't eat cake. Can't afford it! What the capitalistic organ meant, presumably, was that, under present conditions, "The men cannot bake bread, and eat it, too."

While referring to cake, it might be timely to remind the "Herald," and its hide-bound supporters, that a few days before that sweet martyr, Marie Antonette, was guillotined, the starving masses of Paris stormed the Louvre, crying: "We want bread!" Said the "martyred queen": "If they have no bread, let them eat cake."

A subservient courtier—"Direct Action" is not really interested in his name—suggested during that same trying period in French history, that if the people couldn't get bread they should eat grass. When his head was recognized, Mr. Leader Writer in the "Herald," some days afterwards, it was on the business end of a pike and its mouth was filled with grass of the most delightful emerald hue.

The time is rapidly approaching, fellow-working men, when our "Herald" will write on labor subjects intelligently, also conscientiously.

Tea and toast for Workers; Porterhouse for Shirkers; Put the boss to work!

An Open Letter to the Wharfies.

Fellow Workers:— Wake! Wake up! Are you going to be chloroformed all your lives? Are you everlastingly going to be floundered by political tricksters of the hue of "Tinker" Hughes? Attorney General, yes! For the capitalistic class. Shun him as you would any other skunk! Are you going to allow him and the class he legislates for to drag you deeper into the mire?

The time is ripe now for you to organize along the right lines—Industrial Unionism. Get into line with the men of YOUR class throughout Australasia and the world, and the world is yours. Arbitration and arbitration awards have accomplished nothing for YOU. They never can and never will; never were so intended.

Instances of arbitration and its absurdities could be given in volumes, but the editor of "Direct Action" says that his paper cannot afford the space.

Might be right and ever will be. Absorb that sentiment, fellow slaves. Let us quote the words of Covington Hall:

Might as be it—It e'er will be The one and only right. And so, Oh! hosts of toil awake! Oh! working men unite! Unite! Unite! for Might is Right— 'Tis Freedom's only way. 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World And the Gospel of to-day." F.A.R.

ONLY ONE SLOGAN!

The slogan of the One Big Union is sounding the death knell of capitalism. Slowly, but surely, the message of Industrial Unionism is reaching the ears of the down-trodden, oppressed, mass of workers, all over the world.

Everywhere, rumblings of discontent can be heard from the slaves who are compelled to live a life of drudgery, and sordidness, amid hellish conditions, in factories and mines for no other purpose than to build up profits for their exploiters.

It is amazing the amount of apathy and tolerance the average wage-slave has to his own interests since he does not rise and rebel against the inhuman exploitation of which he is a victim.

When we realise, that everything that is beneficial to mankind, is the result of his sweat, in the fetid suffocating atmosphere of the factory and mine, and when we consider for a moment, our position as slaves of a dominating class, it seems strange, that the working class should meekly hand over to that parasitical class, all they produce, for the mere privilege of existing.

Everything is denied us, mentally and physically, and used and appropriated, by that useless class—the Capitalist. All the arts, sciences, and literature, in fact, everything that goes to the betterment of the Human Race, is used exclusively by them, and is denied us.

The workers living in houses, back alleys, half starved and half-naked, are forced—if they must exist—to sell what energy remains in them, to their inhuman masters.

How long is this to continue, fellow workers?

How long are we going to stand meekly by, and see our brothers and sisters foully murdered, in the capitalistic sweat-shops of the world.

Just so long as we allow it, so long will murders go on. Let us be up and doing! Remove the squalor, which is part of our being every day. Join the I.W.W., the class-conscious organisation, whose ultimate goal is the abolition of the wage system.

Dreffful Bad Form Doncher-know!

Major McInerney has been expelled from the Melbourne Naval and Milling Club (haw!) for blaspheming Lord Rabbits, who is financed by the National Service League.

The worthy Majah (haw!) states that Rabbits is prejudiced, bigoted, and suffering from senility. Truth sometimes comes out in queer places. Anyway! Majah, Rabbits with all his senility got the kudus out of the Saffran War, while the blanky fools who did the spade work are nibbling daisy roots in Mosenstein's, Africa. Senility! Why, by deah Majah the whole service reeks with it, and the sooner another war comes along, and kills the type off, the better it will be for everyone.

Never be contented—contentment breeds servility.

When seeking redress, use every conceivable tactic—meet the boss at his own game—be scientific!

Read the literature, study it well and then you must become an agitator, when you fully realise your position in society.

The battle has to be fought, and it behoves everyone of us to be ready, as by becoming educated and organized, we are paving the way for our final emancipation.

W. M.

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 organisation 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, 330 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, Sec. retary 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 Street.

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