

DIRECT ACTION



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ONE PENNY.

Direct Action.

Taming the Ganger.

I should like to touch upon a letter which appeared in a recent number of "Direct Action," written by S. W. Brown, and termed "A Navy's Life."

I have personally struck similar conditions in various parts of Australia, but certainly the gentleman of the miss-fire episode was breaking new ground in the exploitation business.

There are various ways of bringing these scabs to their senses, as I can show by an experience that I had with a boss of the same kidney some time ago on a railway construction job in Victoria.

The rails had been laid on the unfinished formation to carry material trains, etc., whilst along the line at intervals of about ten miles were gangs of twelve men and a ganger who were raising or widening banks, and doing other necessary work. This meant that trolly had to be done over five miles on each side of the camps.

Now our ganger was a big surly tyrant whom we called Crooked Mick, and he was also trying to save the Government a few shillings at our expense. He used to make us carry our water a distance of 1/2 a mile, when it could have easily been left for us by the engine, and also told the travelling foremen not to leave us any wood as we could easily cut it ourselves.

When we were working a distance away from the camp, it was the usual thing for us to knock off an hour early, but one day Mick started to rave and he said that he wanted eight hours' actual work done. But we weren't having any, and put the trolley on the track and got abroad. Mick had to swallow his wrath ultimately, and take his seat but he swore that we would only be paid for seven hours' work. Mick had the best of us for a few so we called a meeting one night, and after a discussion we decided to pack and leave in the morning.

Just as this was decided upon the quietest man spoke up. We had always called him the Silent Member. "Well," say he, "before we abandon the position let us make some effort to turn the tables on Crooked Mick. If we leave now we won't get another job on this line, as we are sure to be blackballed. Therefore, we will drive Crooked Mick off the job or convert him to our way of thinking. Either way will be a victory."

"Leave the matter in my hands for a week or so, and I think that in that time we will be able to effect an alteration." We agreed. The Silent Member also advised that each man should take an equal part in anything that was done or said in the presence of Mick.

Now the tents were pitched within a few yards of the line, the gangers, by way of distinction, standing some three chains away from the rails. It was the usual thing for us to put the trolley behind Mick's tent.

On the morning following the meeting all hands put the trolley on the line, and Mick, as usual, was the first man aboard.

As we moved off some smouldering substance was thrown on the tent. A little breeze was blowing, and before we had travelled a quarter of a mile the tent was in ashes. That night Mick had a shock when he got back to camp, and he said that it must have been caused by a spark from the



The Advancing Proletariat.

South Australia.

Next morning he had a new tent, fly, etc., pitched, but a couple of days later the same thing happened, and Mick had the need of a further new tent. I shall never forget the look of astonishment that came over the face of Mick when he saw the second burned tent, and after he had recovered somewhat, he said, "It's strange that my tent should be burned twice while all the others have escaped."

One of us replied that it was just as well that ours hadn't caught, as they would all have got burned. Another of the boys said that it was a good job that our tents hadn't caught, as our reduced wages wouldn't admit us to buy new tents. I said that our wages were very low, but it seemed as if Mick's were lower.

A flash of enlightenment seemed to cross his dial. He cut his wisdom teeth that night, for next day when we were sitting around the camp fire he came up, and without loss of time said, "I have decided not to stop that hour after all, so I suppose it will be all right."

We all reckoned that it would be all right, but we had nothing to thank him for, seeing that we were entitled to eight hours pay. Mick took these rebukes in silence and then left us.

Well, after that he was the best ganger I ever worked under, for afterwards, instead of one hour for travelling, we generally had two. Also, we had the water and wood left at the camp. The change in Mick was marvellous, for he dropped his surly ways and became more like a fellow worker than a straw boss.

I expect that our political law and order friends will shriek, "What a devilish doctrine to advocate." Well, Mick attacked us in our pocket, and we returned blow for blow, and thanks to the Silent Member we landed the heaviest and most effective one. Let S.W.B. and other fellow workers take a hint from this, and commence operations on aggressive and surly straw bosses, and they will get the goods. Then they won't stop fifteen minutes for a miss-fire.

SABOTAGE.

F. W. Fagan, the literature, will be out of hospital shortly, and back at his old job. He has got a number of slaves thinking in the hospital. The I.W.W. man could get in propaganda at a Chamber of Commerce meeting.

judge the local is an assured fact, and the membership will grow, for I know a good few of the militants. As I get in touch with these I will preach the gospel. The boss on my job would chuck a seven if he knew that one of his slaves was rebelling against the order of things. In all probability I'll get fired in the long run for propagating anti-capitalistic theories.

- I believe in the Class War, the Materialistic Conception of History, and the theory of Surplus Value.
- I believe in beating the boss.
- I believe in Sabotage.
- I believe in getting wise at the boss' expense.
- I believe in the "Right to be Lazy," and in Direct Action.
- I believe in doping the Labor fakir with his own dope, and the capitalist with his own weapons.

Hallelujah! I'm a bum.

The I.W.W. is the only movement that can bring freedom to the working class, and I will devote the best of my poor abilities to the organisation. I am sick of the palliatives, the meanness of the Labor party, and their parrot cries of reform. Damn reform! We want rights, not a hotchpotch of "mights."

DUX.

Propaganda Notes.

F. W. Gawer is in the Forbes district, and jobs are scarce. The I.W.W. are getting in the dope in the cockey country.

There was no meeting on Sunday, the 18th, in the Domain, on account of the wet weather. However a reading was given in the Hall from the "Martyrdom of Man." Fellow-workers and readers of the paper are invited up to the Hall on wet Sunday afternoons, when readings or discussions will be organised.

Good meetings were held over this week-end at Bathurst-street, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings. Fellow-worker Reeve addressed a large meeting in the Domain on Sunday, while at night in the Hall, Mrs. Katz delivered another very interesting address, which was followed very closely by the large audience, and which aroused an animated discussion.

The sales of literature also were very good, as also were the paper sales. The local is expecting a stock of new propaganda pamphlets in a short while—from the States. Members should apply early.

Future speakers at the Hall lectures are Fellow-workers T. Glynn and C. T. Reeve. The local is also in communication with other speakers that can deliver interesting and educative lectures on the Class War.

A good sign of the times is the fact that quite a number of ladies are beginning to attend the lectures, and we give the hint for what it is worth to the fellow-workers to bring their woman folk with them. The seating accommodation is now much better, and much more comfortable.

The essential requirement of revolutionary movement is a sound understanding of Economics. Every Tuesday night the Sydney Local holds an Economic Class, and all, whether members or non-members, are cordially invited to attend. The Class starts at eight o'clock.

Every Wednesday night Fellow-worker T. Barker will give a reading from some well-known book. After the reading, the meeting is thrown open for discussion. The book now under discussion is Ragnar Redbeard's "Might is Right." Other works to be discussed at an early date are "Six Centuries of Work and Wages," and "The Militant Proletariat."

Members of the Sydney Local are requested to bring their dues book along to the secretary, so that they can be checked in the ledger. Members are also reminded that it is their duty to be present, if possible, at the business meetings on Thursday evenings.

JOLTS.

A well-known firm of printers in Sydney gave £50 to the Patriotic Fund. They have now dismissed most of their employees. That is the dope according to Dr. Johnson, "Patriotism is the last resort of scoundrels." Perhaps the patriotic employees will wonder why.

The "Snooze" recently had a photo of Little Eddy, the Prince of Wales, dressed in the service dress of the Grenadier Guards, in its columns. His legs are a thing of beauty, and he has pa's masterful chin well developed. He is shyly gazing at would have in the slave market, the ground. What a chance he selling his labouring energy. I guess that Brennan would shoo him if he asked for a job.

It reminds us of the time when a patriotic silly paper came out in the Old Dart with a picture of little King George, and under the gft. 2-inch dump was the following: "Every king a king." The unkind world rocked with laughter.

The Sydney Morning Herald has an article in its financial column, stating that unscrupulous German employers are closing their factories at a time when they ought to be kept open. Thank God, granny, our employers are British and they never put off hands. Is it grand to be British.

Ben Tillett, an English Labor fakir, suggested that an army should be formed from all the unemployed dockers, the same to be called the "Citizens Guard." The man idea is to eliminate class distinction during such a time when we are all expected to all stand as one, "patriotism" you know. Starvation may be a good weapon to force a great number of unthinking slaves to protect the bosses' property under the guise of Citizens' Guards. Ben, but it does not and cannot eliminate class warfare.

Ben admitted the danger of allowing capitalists to volunteer in such a way and having a large unemployed army

The Tramways' Arbitration case is lost against the employes. Oh dear! yes; after two and a-half years' begging. And now the T.A. secretary says, with the greatest impudent plausibility, "We must start afresh." Col. Maritz rebelled against those who trusted him and within two hours martial law was proclaimed. But evidently traitors to the workers are to be respected by the workers—but when? when will the slaves wake up?

Capitalist editor—a mental prostitute. Stay away from the "district."

Direct Action



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Strikes and Political Foolishness.

Mr. Knibbs, the Commonwealth Statistician, points out in the Labor Bulletin for the second quarter of the year, that in this period, 83 industrial disputes occurred, involving directly and indirectly a total of 16,850 persons. New and old disputes during the quarter together accounted for an estimated loss of 306,305 working days, representing a loss in wages of £150,015. The number of disputes which occurred during the first quarter of the year was 113, the loss of working days amounting to 260,151, and the loss of wages of £136,302. Of the new disputes beginning during the second quarter of 1914, 45 per cent. occurred in the mining industry, chiefly in New South Wales.

This is a grand advertisement for the benefits of Labor Governments. Take good notice, ye wage slaves, working short time; ye loyal Labor voters, who are unemployed and hungry.

Your "great" politicians were going to usher in a new Time, and you deluded yourselves into believing them. You returned them, and they gave you an Arbitration Court. The Arbitration Court got evidence to see what it cost to keep a worker and his family in a bare state of physical efficiency. Then the Judge, appointed by the great Labor Party, made an award based upon the bare cost of subsistence. You are on the verge of starvation if you are out of a job for a fortnight.

The Arbitration Act was introduced to do away with strikes. Mr. Knibbs shows conclusively that strikes are increasing, and that the Court is no solution. The Court has issued time and again under the auspices of the Labor Governments, summonses against workers for refusing to work under the conditions laid down by an aristocratic Judge, who after all is guided by his class instincts and not by any principles of justice or equity.

The attention of the Press, of course, is turned as usual to "the large amount that the workers have lost in wages." The Press is always so concerned about the working class.

There have been 106 disputes in six months, and if ever there was an indictment against the craft union system, that is one. But the workers have persisted in pinning their faith to the futility of politicians and the senility of craft organisation.

Union after union going on strike, with an unscrupulous employing class opposing them tooth and nail, and all the Labor Party's institutions and courts ranged against them, it is to be wondered that the workers of Australia are going from bad to worse?

There are the Maitland miners fighting the most hopeless fight ever seen, while the Government is using the law on the strikers, while all the other miners are working hard to cover the orders that ordinarily would be filled in Maitland. And then the Press sheds crocodile tears about the wages that have been lost by the workers.

The wages have not been lost, they have only been diverted into the pockets of other "union" miners, while the miners of Maitland are broke. Craft unionism, brother, fine thing ain't it? And our democratic Labor Government doing the bludging for the mine-owners.

The bosses are not worrying, there are plenty of slaves offering, and good slaves, too. The organised state of the miners in New South Wales is emphasised by the small pettyfoggish strikes that are taking place and the men are getting defeated and disheartened.

It has always been the case where so-called working-class parties have obtained political power, the unions have relied on the politicians to do the fighting, they have lost their self reliance, and by the time they have discovered the futility of the ballot, they find that their unions have become helpless and spineless, that are to all intents and purposes are only dues-paying organisations, keeping a few useless officials intriguing and loafing.

Labor Governments, Arbitration Courts, Loss of Wages, Garnishee, tip-pot disputes, and craft union scabbery can't settle the question. The principles of the One Big Union is the only way to advance the interests of the workers. It believes in ONE dispute, and that, a fundamental one.

That dispute lies always, however well veiled it may be, between the producers of all wealth, and the employing class who own and control that wealth.

The basis of all laws lies in the workshop, the mines and the factories, in any place where labor is sweated. As long as the employer is the boss of the job, then he is the boss in the law courts, in the Government, whatever the label may be.

The workers have lost something greater a thousand fold than a few measly thousand pounds, they have become emasculated, they have lost their manhood. They have relied upon broken reeds, instead of relying upon themselves. The craft unions are only doing the bosses work, they are preventing common action, as Mr. Knibbs proves conclusively. One union at a time, they range up to be slaughtered, whining with their little disputes, howling for "public sympathy," etc.

The I.W.W. has the message for the working-class. Get it in to your head, Mr. Block, it is **One Dispute, One Enemy, one Union.**

Do you get me? Well get busy for the One big Union. Carry the message far and wide. No more sectional disputes, no more so-called benevolent legislation that only further enslaves, no more hypocritical tears from the Press over the worker's loss of wages. No, let us make the tears change to the shrieks of terror and fear.

Let us be self reliant, strong and scientific. Let us taboo the political spew binders, and fire the useless ornamental officials to the offal heap. Get together, ye boneheads, and study the One Big Union.

And when you understand it you will be able to realise why the politicians fear this great movement, and why the Trades-Hall officials in Australia, and the pseudo-revolu-

tionists of New Zealand use every method, fair and otherwise, to discredit the apostles of scientific and up-to-date organisation. Become a propagandist and help to hew the path for the greatest movement of the centuries.

TOM BARKER.

WHY CAPITALISTS HATE THE I.W.W.

Writer in Newspaper Finds Anarchism and Socialism Harmless in Comparison.

The following letter in a New York newspaper is interesting. It explains, in its analysis of the various social movements, the reason for capitalist hatred against the I.W.W.; the latter bodes ill to capitalism:

I.W.W. INTENTIONS.
How the Movement Differs from Socialism, Anarchism, Trade Unionism.

To the Editor of the Evening Sun:—Sir: I note in your news columns that occasionally when referring to the recent bomb episode and to the Tarrytown nuisances, the agitators are called interchangeably either anarchists or members of the I.W.W.

It is important that in the consideration of grave attacks upon our institutions the public be not misled into regarding as synonymous the names of two classes or types of organized discontent, differing widely in their methods and purposes.

The avowed purpose of the revolutionary anarchistic movement is the destruction of all government and the removal of all restraint upon individual action. Their philosophy, too, they have one—strongly individualistic in its nature.

The members of the I.W.W. on the other hand are collectivists, and as a body do not countenance sporadic attempts at violent action, whatever some of their members may do. The propaganda of this organisation is based upon European syndicalism or industrial unionism, i.e., the unionizing of workmen, both skilled and unskilled, by industries, as opposed to the organisation of workmen into craft unions, of which the American Federation of Labor is the best type in this country. The I.W.W. notions of economics are fundamentally the same as those of the Socialist party, both seeking the Utopia of a co-operative commonwealth and the equalization of incomes.

The I.W.W. has a much more effective and dangerous programme, namely, they propose by obtaining control of the machinery of production and the means of distribution, through industrial unions eventually to take possession of them and when sufficiently organized bring about an economic revolution. Their organizers are everywhere discontent exists, organizing workmen along these lines, fomenting class consciousness, promoting strikes and doing more harm to our industrial processes than the present Socialist party or the hell-bent individualists with anarchistic ideas could do if their numbers were tripled. And this movement is only six years old and numbers but a few thousand active workers at the present time in this country. The gradual breaking down of craft unionism due to improved methods of machinery which are slowly but surely throwing large numbers of skilled workmen into the ranks of the unskilled adds continually to the strength of the Industrial Workers and tends consistently to the disintegration of the present conservative craft unions.

Anarchism because of its individualistic tendency does not create class-consciousness, but I.W.W. is slowly creating a solidarity among the under-dogs of society which bodes ill for the future of the republic. The political Socialist party to-day, against which a movement has been organized is hardly worth the attention it is receiving; its members when elevated to office instantly become conservatives, or reformers of a weak type. Compared with the I.W.W. it is comparatively innocuous.

E. D. CONDIT.

Passaic, N.J., July 9th.

THE INTERNATIONALE.

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,
For justice thunders condemnation,
A better world's in birth.
No more tradition's chains shall bind us,
Arise, ye slaves; no more in thrall!
The earth shall rise on new foundations,
We have been naught, we shall be all.

'Tis the final conflict,
Let each stand in his place,
The Industrial Union
Shall be the human race.
We want no condescending saviours,
To rule us from a judgement hall;
We workers ask not for their favours;
Let us consult for all.
To make the thief disgorge his booty
To free the spirit from its cell,
We must ourselves decide our duty,
We must decide and do it well.

The law oppresses us and tricks us,
Wage systems drain our blood;
The rich are free from obligations,
The laws the poor delude.
Too long we've languished in subjection,
Equality has other laws;
"No rights," says she, "without their duties,
No claims on equals without cause.

Behold them seated in their glory,
The kings of mine and rail and soil!
What have you read in all their story,
But how they plundered toil?
Fruits of the workers' toil are buried
In the strong coffers of a few;
In working for their restitution
The men will only ask their due.
Toilers from shops and fields united,
The union we of all who work;
The earth belongs to us, the workers
No room here here for the shirk.
How many on our flesh have fattened!
But if the noisome birds of prey
Shall vanish from the sky some morning,
The blessed sunlight still will stay.

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 organized, not only for the every-day 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.

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

Why we are at War.

The Responsibility of Sir Edward Grey.

By J. Ramsay Macdonald, M. P.

On that fatal Sunday, the second of August, I met in Whitehall a member of the Cabinet and held a long conversation... The purpose of showing how we strove for peace and how Germany immovably went to war.

It begins with a conversation between Sir Edward Grey and the German Ambassador on July 20 regarding the Austrian threat to punish Serbia...

- 1. Sir Edward Grey strove to the last to prevent a European war.
2. Germany made the mistake of not going for peace, but it is not clear whether she actually encouraged Austria to go to war.
3. The mobilisation of Russia drove Germany to war.
4. Russia and France strove, from the very beginning, both by open pressure and by wiles, to get us to commit ourselves to support them in the event of war.

German Ambassador understood that we might keep out of the conflict. During the negotiations Germany tried to meet our wishes on certain points so as to secure our neutrality. Sometimes her proposals were brusque, but no attempt was made by us to negotiate diplomatically to improve them.

That is the gist of the White Paper. It proves quite conclusively that those who were in favour of neutrality before the second of August ought to have remained in favour of it after the White Paper was published.

That Sir Edward Grey should have striven for European peace and then, when it failed, that he should have striven with equal determination to avert a great continental war, is not surprising.

Great Britain in Europe can pursue one of two policies. It can keep on terms of general friendship with the European nations, treating with each nation as with an equal, co-operating with all on matters of common interest.

As a matter of practical experience the very worst form of alliance is the entente. An alliance is definite. Everyone knows his responsibilities under it. The entente deceives the people.

It is interesting to gather from Sir Edward Grey's speech of August 3 and the White Paper how completely the entente entangled him. There were first of all the "conversations" between French and British naval and army experts from 1906 onwards.

These "conversations" were carried on for about six years without the knowledge or consent of the Cabinet. The military plans were sent to St. Petersburg and a Grand Duke (so well-informed authorities say) connected with the German Party in Russia sent them to Berlin.

The country had been so helplessly committed to fight for France and Russia that Sir Edward Grey had to refuse point blank every overture made by Germany to terminate the entente.

Now, the apparent contradiction that the man who had worked for European peace was at the time the leader of the war party in the Cabinet can be explained. Sir Edward Grey was not in fact a man who was fighting for Europe at peace but, when he failed, he found himself committed to dragging his country into war.

Without this wide survey of policy it is impossible to estimate either Sir Edward Grey's culpability or Germany's share of blame. Germany's share is a heavy one. Taking a narrow view, she, with Russia, is mainly responsible for the war; taking a longer view, we are equally responsible.

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how scared we were when we were told of German threats against ourselves. The stubbornness of Germany, shown on every page of the White Paper, was not merely military obstinacy, but the staid of a country being put into difficulties by time tipping the balance of power against it.

So I come back to the statement which I think I have clearly proven: that the European war is the result of the existence of the entente and the alliance, and that we are in it in consequence of Sir Edward Grey's foreign policy.

The justifications offered are nothing but the excuses which Ministers can always produce for mistakes. Let me take the case of Belgium. It has been known for years that, in the event of a war between Russia and France on the one hand and Germany on the other, the only possible military tactics for Germany to pursue were to attack France first through Belgium.

We knew Germany's military plans. We obtained them through the usual channels of spies and secret service. We knew that the road through Belgium was an essential part of them. That was our opportunity to find a "disinterested" motive apart from the obligations of the entente.

Such are the facts of the case. It is a diplomatist's war, made by about half-a-dozen men. Up to the moment that Ambassadors were withdrawn the peoples were at peace. They had no quarrel with each other; they bore each other no ill-will.

I have been reminded of one of those sombre judgments which the prophet who lived in evil times uttered against Israel. "A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land; they have no quarrel with each other, they priests bear rule by their means, and my people love to have it so; and what will ye do in the end thereof?"

LABOUR LEADER.

My South African Experiences

(By D. Goldstein).

South Africa within the last two years has come in for a certain amount of notoriety, due no doubt, to the two great industrial struggles that have taken place whereby the workers endeavoured to force better economic conditions from their masters.

On my arrival in South Africa last April, the authorities tried to prevent me from landing, on the pretext that I had missed two commas in an education test. However after a lot of palaver, and the announcement by the Chief Immigration officer to the effect that I was an active member of a revolutionary organisation, I was allowed the "privilege" of landing on "British" South African soil.

On landing, I discovered that the Labor politicians had got their dope into the minds of the workers with a certain amount of success. They had told the workers that the reason why the boneheads had not succeeded in getting better working conditions was because they had not sent Labor men to Parliament.

The craft unions had become mere recruiting agencies for the Labor party. Some idea of their militancy may be gauged from the fact that the South African industrial federations (Tom Manns ideal organisation), a conglomeration of apologetic craft unionists, refused to pass a resolution inviting their fellow crafties, who had been deported by mistake for taking part in the January strike, back again to South Africa.

Therefore, summing up the industrial position from a revolutionary point of view the movement was far from being healthy. The craft union officials could only do what they have always done, that is to disorganise the workers into craft unions, which each make separate agreements with the master class and thereby perpetuating the rotten working conditions, by acting as legalised scab institutions.

The Labor Party, who tell the workers that they wish to function for them in Parliament forget to let the workers know that no working class party can function there. It does not pay. Parliament must

function in the interests of capitalism, because the politicians are paid out of stuporous value. Therefore the only hope for the revolutionist was to declare war on the craft unions, and show the workers the alternative, industrial organisation, direct action and sabotage.

Just as the present war broke out, and the workers of the different countries rushed at each other's throat, the propaganda of the I.W.W. was beginning to become effective.

The Labor Party immediately set on foot a Labor legion, which, according to a leaflet issued was to defend "our" country, "our" railways, and "our" people.

It was rumoured that Generals Beyers and Delarey had been arrested on charges of sedition and afterwards released.

The Dutch of the Transvaal and Orange Free State, in conference assembled in Pretoria, pledged themselves not to help the government in their expedition into German South West Africa.

Just as I left for Australia, a rumour was current that martial law was going to be proclaimed, and that every male from the ages of eighteen to sixty would be called to the colours for the purpose of defending "our" country against internal and external enemies.

JOLTS.

The Press Fund is creeping slowly along, thanks to a few of the more active members. We want subs., as many are lapsing. Do your bit, fellow worker, if you are among the slaves, get a bundle, and set the One Big Union ideas moving.

The same crooks who howled for the prohibition of the German band, are the same boneheaded cranks who employ girls of thirteen in their factories, and then yell: "Britons never, never, never shall be slaves." Their brains are on the wrong end of their spinal columns.

Italian Workers Uphold Neutrality.

Syndicalists and Revolutionary Socialists Hold Back Government From Taking Part in European Conflict.

Solidarity is indebted to Carlo Tresca for the following notes on the Italian situation, gathered from "L'Internazionale," official organ of the "Union Sindicale," the direct action organisation of Italian workers:

A manifesto distributed to all union halls, posted on doors, streets, etc., throughout Italy, has this stirring conclusion:

"We notify the predatory band who desire more butchery of the people, if the blood of the working class must dye the land; we prefer to give this blood for liberation, not to rivet more chains on the necks of the proletariat."

"Workers! Keep your heads and your hearts high! We are not preaching a stupid, futile, whining pacifism. We tell you rather to prepare yourself to transform the odious war between nations into a redeeming civil war; to use the army, that your enemy has placed in your hands to kill your brother, for the liberation of your class."

"To you—citizens on the streets and soldiers in the armories and encampments—you must now demonstrate you are not sheep-like slaves, but a conscious, human collectivity determined to conquer equality and liberty."

"The government has put fire to the powder! The explosion will destroy only themselves! Down with war! Long live the revolution!"

The official Social Democracy of Italy has taken practically the same position as the German Social Democracy. Brissolatti, a socialist deputy, well-known leader of the party, is not satisfied with the expectation of a ministry, but expressed his desire to go to the front as a soldier.

The revolutionary socialist element, through the organ "Avanti," take the same attitude as the syndicalists; the anarchists and even some republicans take the same position, which explains why the king is not declaring war. "Avanti" has to say:

"In face of this outrageous war, the Italian proletariat declares to the government his decision—and sends his ultimatum in brief: Absolute neutrality."

"Italian workers, do not hesitate longer to express thus your invincible hatred for war!"

"Italian workers, suppose the government does not abide by your solemn ultimatum, prepare yourself for action. Stand erect! This is a time for strong determination and grave responsibility. Remember, in the balance is your bread, your blood, your future."

In connection with and as an explanation of the above, Tresca suggests that "the Italian workers have been trained and enthused by the last war recent—General Strike. The alignment between reactionaries and revolutionaries has been clearly made in that strike, and the people of Italy are in a measure drilled and prepared for common action; not groping in the dark as in Germany and France." Italian workers are apparently not "willing war-victims."—Solidarity.

TWAIN'S "WAR PRAYER."

Mark Twain pictures a regiment gathered in a church on the eve of departure for the front. The "War Prayer" is offered as follows:—"Oh, Lord, help us to tear the soldiers of the foe to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriotic dead; help us to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending widows with unavailing grief; blast their hopes, blight lives, water their way with their tears."

Early to bed and early to rise, makes your boss—healthy, wealthy, and wise.

"German Atrocities" and Others.

Much is being heard of German atrocities at the seat of war. Rape, murder, and torture are the order of the day in Belgium if the cables are to be believed. Details are dwelt upon by the jingo press, and editors vic with each other in expressing horror and indignation at all sorts of nameless barbarities, and pouring forth their maledictions on the perpetrators.

The charges against the Germans may or may not be true; but even if true, they pale into insignificance in comparison with some of the crimes of Germany's enemies in the not very remote past.

The natives of the Belgian Congo, for instance, could tell some queer stories of the "chivalrous and humane" behaviour of the Belgian officials and soldiery. The same papers that are now skedding Pecksniffian tears over the woes of Belgium were but a few years ago comparatively silent when some details leaked out of the inhuman and fiendish treatment of the late King Leopold's slaves in Central Africa.

Forced labor was but the least of the "civilising influences" which the minions of this blood-thirsty parasite brought to the unfortunate natives in the territory which they controlled.

Neither sex nor age were respected in their greedy desire to get the largest amount of profits out of their victims in the quickest possible time. Eye-witnesses have testified over and over again to the brutal tortures inflicted on men and women, young and old, whose work happened to meet with the displeasure of officialdom. Leopold's millions, over which, by the way, his family quarrelled before his infamous carcass was cold, were stained with the blood of hundreds of unfortunate slaves, about whose woes and suffering the press of the capitalistic world was silent, even Christian missionaries joining in the conspiracy, until the cries of the tortured souls in the Congo could no longer be hushed.

As for England the hypocrisy of the plutocratic press is revolting. The concentration camps during the South African war, with their thousands of women and children victims, shall for ever remain an historical tribute to the "humane" manner in which Great Britain carries on warfare. The wholesale burning of farmhouses throughout the length and breadth of South Africa, without even the excuse of "military necessity," was far more fiendish and vindictive than anything which the Germans have yet been guilty of.

And again during 1906 in Natal, in what was called the Zulu Rebellion, the kind of "civilization" which follows in the track of the British soldier was once more made evident.

A handful of natives refused to pay an unjust tax imposed upon them by the Natal Government. Some police were despatched to collect the tax, by force if necessary, and trouble naturally resulted, in which the police fared second best. This, then, was the opportunity for teaching the Zulu the real meaning of Christian teaching, of British "civilization." Thousands of soldiers from all parts of South Africa were poured into Zululand. The "rebels," who were led by a Zulu chief named Bambata, and who were armed with nothing more formidable than sticks and assegais (native spears) were eventually rounded up, and one fine morning the "glorious" Union Jack was once again dyed with the blood of several thousand defenceless natives. The Zulu was a "savage," consequently could not be treated as in "civilized" warfare; hence the whispered order, NO PRISONERS. Not a native escaped, and not a word of protest was raised by the subsidised press in South Africa, though fully aware of the facts.

As a crowning achievement to this act of British valour, the head of the unfortunate chief, Bambata, was cut off, preserved in spirits in a glass jar, exhibited throughout Zululand as a warning to "rebels,"

and incidentally to bear witness to the "civilizing influence" of the British flag.

Then need one refer to Russia, which we see hailed by the press as the standard-bearer of freedom to oppressed nationalities! It is enough to raise a smile even in a Siberian hell.

Then there is the press in Paris, the same press and the same class that egged on the soldiery to unspeakable deeds of infamy and massacre in the days of May and June, 1871; the same press and the same class that were responsible for the murder of 30,000 men, women and children after the fall of the Commune, are now whining to the world at large because a cathedral at Rheims with which a prostitute, Joan of Arc by name, had some casual connection, has been destroyed by some sacrilegious Germans. To do justice to this "brutality," however, we may add that Joan became such a celebrity at her profession she has since been canonized by the Roman Catholic Church.

And now my patriotic, starving, wage-plug, where do you stand in the matter? That there are horrors perpetrated on both sides in this war is undoubted; but will you ever understand that you and your class are destined to be the victims, irrespective of nationality.

The cause of this war and its bloody results is not German militarism, British Imperialism, or Russian despotism, but Modern Capitalism. This is the mighty Moloch at whose shrine must be laid the crime of war. All other so-called causes are themselves but the effect of the capitalist system. If you want to avenge atrocities and crimes against your class and against humanity you need not go to Belgium. Capitalism threatens your existence right here. Begin at home. If it is not your turn to starve or beg to-day where is your guarantee for the morrow?

Your place is in the rebel army of your class. Join the I.W.W. Be brave in YOUR OWN struggle, and Capitalism is at your mercy.

T. GLYNN.

The Day We Celebrate.

The slaves of Adelaide have once again demonstrated their weakness and lack of knowledge of "what ought-to-be" by marching through the streets, beneath the smiles of the capitalists who were perched on various business house balconies. Some amusement was provided for those of orthodox ideas. The builders' labourers displayed a bannerette worded, "We are the pioneers of the 44 hours per week, we lead, others follow."

As laughable and all as this is, it was completely outdone by another bannerette which followed in close order and belonged to the same society. It was worded thus: "We are unemployed; when we work, we work 44 hours." This, of course, is quite typical of all "crafties," but on this special occasion one could not help lending a laugh at the serious manner in which the slaves regarded the above quotations, erroneous absolutely, in the first instance and sadly true in the second.

Then again the formidable (?) A.W.U. marched behind a banner worded, "No Surrender." For hypocrisy alone this was well to the front. Seeing that it is only a few weeks ago since this same "politicians nest" surrendered their rural workers log, and that they also surrendered to the State award and ignored the Federal award, and thereby scabbed on the builders' labourers by working for 10s. instead of 11s., and 48 hours instead of 44, it strikes one as being extremely hot.

But, of course, these things are only "family arguments" among the crafties, and will always remain so long as the crafties remain. It was surprising, however, how many

slaves among the onlookers who could see the real fallacy of this sham of unionism, which on such days as this develops into nothing more than a mere free advertisement for the bosses' enterprise.

I am satisfied that the need of Industrial Unionism is becoming apparent to many outside of the I.W.W. This is very pleasing to note, and reflects well upon the propagandists of the I.W.W. for their hard battling. In the very near future we can be demonstrating in some way of a far more importance and of a more serious character than that of laughing with the boss. To hell with craft unions, give us Industrial Unionism.

E. L. ROYALS.

Redbeardisms.

This age of ours wants men above all things—"men of spirit"—men ever ready to look into the eyes of death, without winking. Behold! Post up this new proclamation: "The man who made justice was a liar."

The principles that govern a "hold-up" are the self-same principles that govern government. No government on earth rests on the consent of the governed.

Verily! Verily! A new nobility shall be born unto thee, O America! A breed of terrible commanders! of grim destroyers! A nobility unpurchasable with the minted tokens of money-changers—a nobility of valor, of power and of might—a nobility honorable, clear-sighted, clear-skinned, unconquerable!

When not thwarted by artificial contrivances, whatever argument nature promulgates is—right. The farther man gets away from nature, the further he departs from right. "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden," and those who obey are sure of—hell.

Even as I write (1890-1896)—with wrecked civilizations lying around me, cold and chill—outraged nature is preparing her whirlblasts of wholesale avengements. Europe is a vast powder magazine, with a strident maniac in the middle waving a burning torch; and from Asia is wafted the odorous stench of plague-smitten billions. Any day, and hour, "civilization" may be startled from its hypnotic trance, to gaze upon the mightiest drama that has ever been unrolled when "the tempest flings out its banner of lightning," and great nations groan, and reel, and surge, and rock, beneath the thunderous tread of trampling legions, drilling for the savage shock. Military arsenals are preparing in every city, and floating defiantly on seven seas are the steel-clad fortresses of rival might. Foolish and blind (or mad) are they who think the struggle for existence ended. It is only begun. This planet is in its infancy, not in its decrepitude. The "end of all things" is afar off. The kingdom of heaven is not at hand.

THE MACHINE GUN.

I speak with the voice of men and devils. My messengers sped their unerring flight to countless hearts. I work between two voids—back of me a pile of empty shells, in front of me a widening circle of empty hearts. I am no respecter of persons.

My victories lie in a horizon of homes. Hell inspired me, men created me, women and children pay for me. Each day of battle I prepare a feast of bodies, with Death as the host.

With my blackened wand I touch the breast of man and forthwith their springs the inearnadine river of death.

I turn but an inch, and the lives of maidens are blasted, mothers and sisters mourn, and a hundred babes are fatherless.

Science, Christianity and Civilization stand sponsors for me.—Life

F. W. W. T. Smith is at present at Maffra, Gippsland. There are no jobs round that part of the world.

The New Song Book.

The new Song Book is on the Press right now. It contains 32 songs and choruses. The price will be 3d. each, or 2s. per dozen. Further reduction for larger quantities. Samples sent on application to secretaries.

All the very best songs and tunes have been selected, and it contains twice the number of airs as the first edition. Every I.W.W. man on the job ought to have at least a dozen with him. They make rebels, lighten the swag, and black the trail for the One Big Union. Lets hear from you, ye rebel clan.

Adelaide Activities

Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, at Oddfellows' Hall, Mooltan-street, off Flinders-street.

Educational classes are held each alternate Wednesday, and all workers are requested to attend.

The fee for membership is 2/6. Dues 1/- per month.

Slaves interested in bettering their conditions should attend our open-air meetings, which are held opposite Co-wells, Victoria Square every Saturday night.

Any further information desired will be furnished on request by

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