

**Sabotage is the smokeless powder of the Class War. Sabotage reduces the output and the army of Unemployed.**

# DIRECT ACTION



VOL. 1. NO. 18

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ONE PENNY.

## Moderation and its Results.

The workers' need is the bosses' opportunity. How truly the employers are acting up to this maxim is well exemplified by recent happenings. The bosses and their tools are never more arrogant than when the struggle for existence among the workers is keenest. So we find the Miners' Federation fined to the tune of £2,000 for the "crime" of assisting some of its members who were on strike to procure bread for their starving dependents.

Mutual aid, a principle recognised even amongst the brute creation, is a crime in the eyes of capitalist society, when the workers apply it for protection against the greed of their masters.

But however self-sacrificing and noble this method of assisting strikers may be, it is more than time it was recognised that its chances of winning a strike are growing ever more remote. Here we have one more illustration of the fact that the master class strike mercilessly hard whenever they see their opportunity. Any appeal to their humanitarian instincts (if they have such) is entirely wasted effort. Yet in face of all the evidence on this point, there is a large section of the workers still hoodwinked by the belief that moderation in all dealings with their bosses should be their watchword. They howl "extremist," "impossibilist," etc., at those of their class who point out the self-evident truth that moderation with an unscrupulous enemy is always accepted by the latter as proof of weakness.

Weakness in this case was shown in the first place by the Miners' organisations leaving a small section of their fellow-workers to wage a hopeless struggle against the whole forces of capitalism in this State—Parliaments, Courts, and Bosses. Weakness was again manifested when they allowed, without protest, 800 of their members to be hauled before a Court, heavily fined and lectured by a parasite of capitalism, as if they were a set of naughty children, for the "crime" of demanding a say in their hours of labour.

"Direct Action," at the time, warned the miners that a general strike should be their only answer to this outrage on their manhood; this insult to their class, and that if they neglected their manifest duty "it would be their turn to-morrow."

Well, their turn has come even sooner than we expected. Their organisation, from a financial point of view, has been crippled by one blow; and yet—blind leaders of the blind!—their officials, are still preaching and practising "moderation."

In other words, wholesale, organised scabbing has characterised the attitude of the Miners' Federation and its leaders ever since the beginning of the trouble; and scabbery has met with the reward which it always receives from the capitalist class once it has served their purpose.

Surely the time has arrived when a foul, spurious, stinking unionism of this kind should be swept away, and with it the vultures who prey upon it—the judges, lawyers, politicians and labour leaders who fatten on the spoils of Arbitration.

One thing, however, is clear. The I.W.W. is sometimes charged with being out to destroy this brand of unionism. But it is not so. Craft unionism is digging its own grave



## The Amazing Adventures of Mr Simple.

more quickly than the most ardent I.W.W.-ite could wish. We, of the I.W.W. are merely assisting at the obsequies, and out of the ashes will arise a unionism that will be as merciless and uncompromising in its dealings with our employers as the latter have formerly shown themselves to be.

Industrial Unionism will fine the boss to the full extent of his ill-gotten plunder.

T. GLYNN.

### A REVOLUTIONIST'S DICTIONARY.

(By Ulyses Grant Morris.)

The conventional bourgeois trinity: Business, Politics and Religion.

Business—1. A great system of

method for determining the greater common denominator of human greed.

2. A utilitarian musician who reduces to one harmonious note (profit) all the jarred and jangled chords of warring religious factions out of tune. Into this symphony the atheist enters as one of the elect.

3. The veritable embodiment of a war congress of religions in daily session.

Politics—A dissolute lodging-house—conducted ostensibly in the interest of a vague abstraction called the Public—in whose rooms, strange bedfellows are the rule and not the exception. Its attaches are called "The Push," its reception-takers "Graters," and its proprietors "Statesmen." In this establishment the cubic-air ordinance is never enforced.

Religion—An eleemosynary institution, the superintendent whereof, in consideration of a modest stipend and the promise of future emoluments, daily endeavours to square a vicious circle with the aid of a wretched intellectual equipment. A large majority of its inmates being women, their time is spent in a display of the latest mode of millinery creation, while the men play at maintaining an absurd thing called "Business Prestige." The function of this body is to act as a moral police force for the ruling class. On occasion it presents its sponsor, the capitalist, with a gold brick in appreciation of his most distinguished consideration.

Journalism—A model garbage factory whose chief activities are directed to the gratification of the tastes of bourgeois prejudice.

## Roberts.

### Takes His Medicine.

Earl Roberts has gone the way of mortal flesh. He has gone the road that his myriad victims have travelled.

On the plains of Hindustan, on the Afghan heights, in African kraal and Boer farmhouse he was hated and cursed by those whom he robbed of husband, friend, and liberty.

With the civilizing influence of the Maxim gun he furthered the interests of his masters, the plunder ghouls of Britain. Wherever a free race could be lashed into slavery, or the chains of bondage tightened, Roberts and his gang of myrmidons were ready to go.

The capitalist press wails of his popularity in the Service. Roberts was next to Walter Kitchener, the best hated man in the Service. Tommy never had the slightest use for the tool of the National Service League.

His military record is not a record of his capacities for any particular administrative ability or strategic greatness. There is nothing very magnificent in subduing native races armed only with sticks and out-of-date smoothbores. A handful of cocky farmers kept the great tactician busy for over two years.

After the war Roberts got £100,000 and the thanks of Parliament. He ought to have been court-martialled. Park Lane now controls South Africa, and thousands of men who fought for the country are now starving and rotting in the greatest Empire the world has ever seen.

The day of worshipping at the shrine of uniformed imbecility and glorified murder is passing. The next generation will have nothing but contempt for the memory of Roberts of Kandahar and Callan Park.

### OUR PRIMER OF CELEBRITIES.

See the War Lord. Yes, you have guessed it truly. He is a king by divine right. This must be so, because he says it himself. And he knows.

What does the War Lord do? Oh, many things. For instance, he talks of peace between wars while he is getting ready to fight.

Dear, dear! Does he love to fight?

Well, yes, in a way. But he does not like to fight unless it is for honor, or principle, or something like that.

Then he loves to fight and kill as many as he can. And when it is all over and his honor has been vindicated, all the widows' had orphans are so glad.

Isn't that strange? Tell me; are there many War Lords left?

Not many. And there won't be many after a while.

You don't say! When will that time be?

Pretty soon—pretty soon—unless all signs fail.—Life.

Mr. Ponder, Labor member for Adelaide, in the House of Assembly, in his position on the Adelaide Fire Brigade Board, supported its action in refusing to allow the firemen to affiliate with the Trades and Labor Council, and subsequently snubbed the council when asked by them for an explanation of his actions.

# Direct Action

## The Westralian Labour Party.

## "More German Atrocities."

## From Boulder City, W. A.



OFFICIAL ORGAN

Of the

**INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD.**

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## Another Labour Party.

The Newcastle miners have got the hump because Justice Heydon has dug his judicial finger into their drop-box.

Indeed, they are becoming so rosy that they are going to start a new Labour party.

God help us!

As if we didn't have enough stupidity, mediocrity and vacuity in one Labour party, without contaminating the country with another one.

The Newcastle miners evidently want another twenty years of tinkering with political institutions, shadow-chasing and its subsequent re-remissions, dirty linen and treachery. Their motto must be, "A long way in a long time."

Instead of looking for political Messiahs, they ought to begin to rely upon their own strength. The miners of Newcastle are strong enough to mine millions of tons of coal every year. Surely they ought to be strong enough to laugh at Justice Heydon and all his backing of Labor politicians.

The propaganda of the I.W.W. has to make a start in the coal-fields of New South Wales.

The need of the time is a Fighting Organisation, and not a political party. By a union we don't mean a financing machine for political dog-collar hunters. Nor a funeral fund. Nor a back-scratching collection of sentimentalists.

There ought to be enough evidence in this number of "Direct Action" to convince anyone with a brain that the political game is just about played out. All the State, as well as the Federal, Labor parties point that out conclusively.

The Newcastle workers have power when they organise along the right lines. Then they will be able to talk back. They will be able to hit back.

All the changes in working conditions can be made without the medium of Parliament at all. Direct Action and Organisation will do that.

If the authorities fine you, take it out in sabotage. And do it tenfold. That will stop fines double quick.

Say, you miners of Newcastle, you 12,000 working men, don't rail against the misdeeds of thirty or forty politicians. You only make a laughing stock of yourselves. Organise your power industrially

In the "Westralian Worker," under the non-de-plume of "Vertical," a prominent and popular politician, while bitterly bewailing the defeat of his colleagues at the recent election, says, among other things: "There has been general ingratitude on the part of the workers," "they (the workers) have nothing to be proud of," and "will learn bitterly by their mistake." Well! Well!

As an ungrateful worker humbly anticipating a bitter lesson the writer may be allowed to recall some attempts of the Scaddan Government to earn the gratitude of the workers:

1. They locked out the navvies at Mt. Lawley for demanding another sixpence a day. This extra sixpence had always been granted for this particular class of work previous to the advent of a "Labor" Government.

2. They heavily-fined the workers at Geraldton for striking for better conditions.

3. They heavily fined the Metropolitan horse-drivers, who struck with "the same object, and put "johns" on scab-driven vehicles to protect scab drivers.

4. They absolutely refused to listen to the employees on strike at the Burwood filter beds until they had scabbed, i.e., resumed work at the old rates.

5. They fined the locked-out car-penters, and dismissed the charge against the powerful and wealthy combine (Millars) responsible for the lock-out.

6. They chloroformed the South Western timber workers into accepting two-thirds of the retrospectively pay (8d. for every shilling), ordered by the Arbitration Court, after these workers had, by "Direct Action," succeeded in establishing an eight-hour day, drove them by threats and cajolery back to the nine hours.

7. Immediately war was declared, they reduced to half-time and pay, the men receiving the minimum wage at the State Implement and Engineering Works. They have also maintained departmental heads and salaried officials on full time up to date.

But life is too short. Too short to bother with politicians. Besides "Vertical" is mistaken. The workers are grateful. Profoundly grateful for the illuminating illustration of the utter futility of political action to better their conditions. They now realise that the Parliamentary machine, designed expressly to protect the interests of the ruling class, cannot possibly be used in the interests of the working class.

They partly realise the power they possess, as workers. They are beginning to realise that, when they delegate that power, either to a highly-salaried union official, or to a political fakir, they are in the same plight as Samson beguiled of his strength by his traitorous light-o'-love.

The workers of the West need a new weapon. Here it is: "Direct Action." The I.W.W., by insisting that each individual unit in that organisation shall retain the power of control, directly, his or her own industrial and social welfare, and by rigorously restraining the profiteering instincts of parasitic officials to fasten on to the organisation, offers the only way out of wage-serfdom. Speed the revolution!

—FLANEUR.

A cable informs us that the "Belgians' retreat from Antwerp was very successful." Yes, that may be true in regard to "gallant King Albert, of Belgium," who fled under escort when the Teutons advanced, and also in regard to the Government who did likewise.

right in the mines of Newcastle—right in the places where you sweat—and you can squeeze anything out of the boss and the Labor party except principle.

Another Labor party! Why, you're joking!!

The Fraser Film Company is patriotic. Intensely so.

There is a blood-mad population who desire sensational anti-German photo-facts to howl and boob at. The Fraser Film Company may hail from Germany, Palestine, or Scotland, but when there is profit to be made their business instincts are aroused.

"German atrocities" are needed, so they have to be enacted and photographed somehow. As Belgium is so far away, and so unhealthy, the "atrocities" had to be performed near the Sydney Gas Works.

The first thing required is a tame actor; the next thing is two supers that have been donned up in the paraphernalia and tin helmets of German soldiers.

Scene: The Gas Works. The benevolent, white-haired patriotic hero is captured by the swash-buckling, sauerkraut-chewing, man-eating German Huns.

He begs for his ten-bob-a-day life on his bended knees. The German Huns dance around, and threaten him with pea-shooters. The dastards prod him. (Get your handkerchiefs out, girls).

The poor hero is agonised, and with tears splashing down his cheeks he pleads for mercy.

Suddenly he springs into the air with a frenzied howl. The onlookers applaud enthusiastically at the good acting. The actor, however, is not pleased at the reception, for one of the tame Germans has stuck his bayonet right into our hero's rear anatomy.

Alas, war is us, that such high spirited and patriotic sentiment should be spoiled by a blundering comic opera German soldier. But it is extremely gratifying to know that the picture will do much towards arousing the indifferent working class of Australia, in bug-infested picture halls, to the unparalleled and barbarous atrocities performed by German soldiers in the vicinity of the Sydney Gas Works.

The valiant hero is now in hospital, and it will be pleasing for him during his convalescence to reflect upon the signal service he has rendered to his country by arousing the indignation of the Australian people against the dastardly outrage which a German soldier (hired by the Fraser Film Co.) inflicted upon an unarmed, Empire-saver (also hired by the Fraser Film Co.).

If the bayonet inflicts blood poisoning on our hero, we sincerely hope that the perpetrator should be court-martialled, and strung up by the toe-nails.

We also suggest that the Millions Club present the daring hero with a pair of second-hand trousers.

TOM BARKER.

## OUR Patriots.

That patriotic gang of high-souled, stay-at-home spiers, and Potts' Point pointers, recently started an "old elo" business to supply the starving Belgians with Australian left-offs.

The winter has started in Belgium, but the surplus waistcoats, last year's Panamas, dungarees and nighties are still stacked up within the democratic confines of Australia. There is no room on the boats for the "old elo," as the wool must be accommodated.

When the wool season is over, the Belgians may possibly get them in time for the Ostend summer season. Business is the first consideration of our patriots, and after all that has been settled crocodile-teared charity can take its chance.

The Patriotic Fund is another eloquent testimony to the disinterestedness of our dinkum patriots. Most of it has been invested in the Sydney Gas Company, and the Belgians will get the dividends about a fortnight after the Social Revolution.

Contented wage slaves are like contented cows; they are profitable.

One union, one enemy—stay out of the enemies' ranks.

assistance I can, especially on the soap-box. There is the greatest field for operation for I.W.W. here, than anywhere else I know in Australia, because the conditions under which the wage-slaves are working are damnable in the extreme, and discontent is rife among them; they realise that craft unionism and political action is futile, but they don't know the way out of it. Those that we have been explaining I.W.W. to, are delighted and are extremely anxious to know when we are going to make a start.

There are 4300 in the Miners Union and over 2000 in the Surface Workers' Union, besides there are several other sections of craft unions in the mines here representing a considerable number. I can assure you that hundreds of them will fall over each other to join.

Just fancy H. Glance, general secretary, Miners' Union, receiving £5/10/- a week, is Mayor of Boulder, and consequently puts in a lot of his time attending to municipal matters, absorbing the 3 per cents by way of champagne and chicken guzzling entertainments to junket globe-trotters, besides almost every day sitting as Chief Magistrate, and dealing out stoush to drunks, street walkers, etc. He has also a favorable reputation at the Chamber of Mines. We have the best of information for an organiser to work upon and make a great success.

Daly and I are every day spreading the gospel and getting converts, while McMillan is at Gwalia, Log-nora.

The West is ready for the dope. Hog in!

E. M. McLOUGHLIN.

## THE ROSE OF WAR.

Its leaves are bright with the cannon-shine,

Its shadow is dark with trembling fears.

Its roots reach down to the deadly mine,

It is watered with widows' tears.

Its blood-red petals are beating lives.

Anguish-dewed where the blossom parts;

Its thorns are the thrusts of angry knives

Death-deep into human hearts.

How fair it gleams in the lying light,

In the flush of the glittering sun how fair!

But tarry not by the gallant sight.

For the breath of the tomb is there.

—Amos R. Wells, in "Life."

Our good comrades, who voted so diligently for socialism, are now shooting for capitalism.

The slave who is contented de serves slavery. Only those who rebel deserve freedom.

## The I.W.W. Preamble.

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 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.

# The Logic of the Machine.

When we think of the part played by modern machinery in production, we wonder where it will end. It has altered the relations of society as a whole.

The capitalists are trying to displace all the labor possible. Their one idea is to economise on labor. Their ideal is the manless machine. In every factory where machines are made, the management have a special staff whose duty it is to study and improve on the machinery. The reason for improving the machines is because they desire to substitute mechanical power for human power. They are meeting with success in every industry. It is also a well-known fact that as the machines are perfected, the skill necessary on the part of the workers is reduced to its lowest minimum.

The capitalists also know the advantage of having a huge unemployed army hanging around their factories. The unemployed aid the capitalist in reducing the standard of living to its lowest minimum.

All workers are affected by the reduction in the standard of living, for even the so-called skilled workers have been made so numerous that they are forced to accept the same conditions as the unskilled. The capitalists have instituted a "scientific management" scheme to aid them in still further economising on labor power. Graduates of these institutions are sent to the various mills to study the movements of the machine operators. If they discover that any operator is making any useless motions they correct him, so that every movement may be a useful one.

The workers must study their position in society. Their surroundings are identical. Their conditions are the same, regardless of the industry they are employed in. The same clique of capitalists are exploiting them. In a word, they are simply wage-workers. All desire to better their conditions.

The I.W.W. offers an opportunity for all workers to meet on a common basis. Its object is to organize all the workers into a single body, for the purpose of making it possible for common action to be taken by them in the defence of their working class interests.

We, the workers, are face to face with an organization on the part of the capitalists that makes an injury to one capitalist an injury to all capitalists, that is as far as the encroachments of labor are concerned.

The workers cannot ignore the labor-saving machines and "scientific management" concerns much longer, as their very existence is thereby threatened. Modern machinery, labor-saving devices, and perfect management are right enough, but the workers must begin to prepare themselves to reap the harvest of such discoveries, and not allow them to be controlled by an interested few.

Let us build up an organization that will prepare the workers to take control of the natural resources and machines of production, so that the men who are employed in industry can manage industry. All for the One Big Union, and the One Big Union for the benefit of all wage-workers.

O. E. WAKEUP.

A new Union has been formed in N.S.W. The promoters say that it is to protect and further the interests of window dressers, commercial artists and advertisement writers. Its headquarters is the Chamber of Commerce. Nuff sed!

Mr. Holman is recuperating down at Canvas Town after a strenuous session. He laid the first peg of the Post Office on Saturday, and was presented with an illuminated address by the Mayor. Dennis O'Dooley (late of Wooloomooloo) in the presence of Mourning Herald reporter, four unemployed navvies, and a half-bred Scotch terrier. Great enthusiasm reigned, and patriotic references were made to the brilliant attack of the British soldiers on Potsdam.

# Adelaide Doings.

The successful propaganda meetings held by the Adelaide Local continue to prove an irresistible attraction to the local bulls, who attend in numbers at each meeting.

At our meeting held at Grote on the 31st October, the bulls endeavored to create a disturbance, but patrol happened along about 9 p.m. their attempt failed. A military and they were spoken to by two bulls, who were constant attendants at our meetings, Crowley and Simpson. Crowley told the patrol that the speaker, Fellow-worker Rose, had called them murderers (which was a lie), and advised the patrol to deal with him.

The patrol made a rush for the box, and attempted to prevent Rose from speaking, but their efforts were foiled by the watchful I.W.W.'s who were present, and who gathered around the box. One of the patrol stated in a lurid manner that if Rose called him a murderer again, that he would be given some cold steel. A by-stander advised the swaddies not to use bad language, as the police were present, but the speaker, they beat a retreat in the direction of Crowley and Simpson. Crowley then pointed out the I.W.W.'s to the patrol.

There was not the slightest doubt that the bulls desired to cause a disturbance to have an excuse to stop our meetings, as they are not game to fight straight out. Last Saturday night a swaddy came into the ring and said that he would give the speaker five minutes to get off the box, but when a few determined members threatened him with a little direct action, he left, saying that he was going to fetch a bull to settle us, but evidently his eyesight failed, as he did not return.

The conditions of the slaves in the Holy City are becoming worse daily. They are working for rations out of the Patriotic Fund, and the craft unions have again proved their uselessness, as all they can do at present is to hold cagging meetings, outside the union mortuary. By this means they are attempting to get money to purchase bread with, and which as distributed daily to the assembled crafties outside the mortuary.

It is surely time the workers of the Holy City abandoned their crawling attitude, and realised that a dose of direct action practised on the master class would force them to come through with the goods.

—THE REBEL.

## THE PRISONERS WENT MAD.

The following story is vouched for by a citizen of Adelaide, who relates it with much gusto. The committee of a library on North-terrace decided to get rid of a lot of out-of-date literature, which had accumulated in the basement. Some of the collection was sent to light-houses and a quantity drifted to the stockade. A large proportion of that which went to the labor prison consisted of volumes of "Hansard" reports and Parliamentary records. A visiting justice a month later remarked that considerable mystification had been caused by the fact that four of the prisoners, who had been sane and sensible, had suddenly developed melancholia and had been sent to the Parkside Mental Hospital. Subsequently it was found that they had been reading "Hansard."—Adelaide Advertiser.

## AN ODE.

My name is Tommy Atkins,  
And I'm a husky chap,  
My comrade is a Cossack,  
And my partner is a Jap.

We are going with some Ghurkas,  
And likewise with some Sikhs,  
Some black Algerian Turcos,  
And other colored tribes.

And all the blooming virtues,  
With which, you know we shine,  
We are bringing civilisation,  
To the people on the Rhine.

—R.W.

# The Story of a Patriot.

The troop-ship "Ascenius" has cast off, and was steaming slowly down the placid bosom of the Swan.

As the indispensable band struck up "The Girl I Left Behind Me," the gallant defenders of "our" Empire full of patriotic enthusiasm and beer, crowded to her sides, cheering lustily. Disconsolate flappers, sobbing broken-heartedly, dabbed the tears from their eyes with dainty wisps of cambric and waved farewells to the departing heroes.

Men cheered and women wept. The enthusiasm was contagious.

Alongside a small group of working-men, a portly and prosperous citizen, laden with a bag of golf-clubs was excitedly waving a large silk handkerchief. His red face shone with enthusiasm. The pimply folds of fat on his neck were exuding moisture, a result either of emotional stress or a too lavish dietary scale.

"Noble fellows," he exclaimed to his tall companion, whose features were irresistibly suggestive of a predatory bird. "Most impressive spectacle. Hooray! It's times like this, Smail, that makes a man realise what true patriotism means. Hurrah! The devoted fellows. God bless them!" and he rose on tip-toes to demonstrate more effectively.

The hawk-faced one nodded.

"What d'ye think of it, Joe?" asked one of the workers, indicating the troop-ship by a short nod. Joe removed his pipe and spat disgustedly. "Think of it! A shameful waste of men and money! Why, the blasted fools, if they had only half the guts in the industrial fight we would come into our own inside of a month."

The red-faced gentleman swung round and transfixed Joe with a cold glare of disapproval. "Do you realise, fellow," he demanded severely, shaking an admonitory finger at the unpatriotic Joseph, "do you realise that a great national crisis is upon us, in fact, that the Empire is in danger?"

Here Joe made an offensive noise with his mouth, known to the irreverent Australian youth as "blurtin'." The obese patriot became slightly apologetic, and impatiently shaking off Smail's restraining hand, vociferated, "A man who does not volunteer to fight for his country at a time like this is a poltroon, sir, a poltroon!"

"Come, come, Gasby," urged the pacific Smail, "we'll be late for the links," and he gently urged the indignant patriot towards the waiting motor car. Short explosive barks of "Confounded Socialists," "jail fit and proper place," "make an example of traitors," "police neglecting their duty," punctuated his passage to the car, and as they swept out of sight, Joe turned to his grinning neighbour, and remarked dryly, "Golf, eh, fine healthy pastime, golf, eh, Bill?"

"It is," agreed Bill, glancing towards the rapidly receding transports.

## FLANEUR.

## OTHER NEWS.

In the absence of men volunteering for the front, Mr. Josiah Thomas is in favor of compelling them to go. He emphatically protests against politicians being compelled to go.

Leonard Forsyth was charged with horse-stealing at the Sydney Quarter Sessions. Judge Backhouse said that he would bind the prisoner over as a first offender, and he ought to be allowed to go to the front, as he was of the material that was needed there.

The Reds and I.W.W.'s combined on Sunday night and bluffed the patriots, who after receiving a little attention, left in dismay. We were out in great force, and had two meetings, consequently, the shipping of the I.W.W. type is safe from the north to the south of Argent-street. The Reds are still in Sulphide-street, and are paying attention to a few cruisers of the jingo type, who took part in engagements on Friday night, and up to the present are disabled.

# Foreign Administrations.

## England.

Greetings from the British membership of the Industrial Workers of the World to the fellow-workers in Australia.

"We are told here in England that the war is a just war, a holy war, while the staid scribes announce it as the "balancing of power," in their attainment of their parasitical dream, the capture of the world's markets.

H. G. Wells and Hilaire Belloc (the sneak who justified Spain when it murdered Ferrer), are yapping of the holiness and justice of this war, but that is only because people have no time to read pale novels while the war is in progress. All the time the "Times" is talking about the capture of the £9,000,000,000 worth of world commerce.

That is what the British Socialist Party wants the workers to fight for.

The I.L.P. is standing by the "International," and although the organisation is weak-kneed the anti-militarist policy that it is advocating is good. The S.L.P. will be glad if England wins.

The I.W.W. doesn't give a damn who wins, all the workers know is that they cannot when the markets for surplus commodities are the laurels. The only war we gain is the class war, the Social Revolution.

The most surprising fact is that the very troops who fired on the workers at Belfast, the same troops who were on the railways with ball cartridges when the workers were on strike, were carried by cheering workers on their way to the front.

Our meetings are broken up nightly here in London, but the cost of living is rising, and before long, from present indications, the people also will rise. We are out to further the ideas of Industrialism, and our work is hard. But the I.W.W. is the organisation to do it without the help of great thinkers and middle class emancipators and their like.

We say, to hell with the international gang of capitalists!

Yours for the I.W.W.,  
W. E. G. Smith, gen. secy., British Administration.

## North America.

The Ninth Convention of the I.W.W. passed off in Chicago last month. There was a pleasing absence of personal and non-essential discussions.

Measures to deal with organisations of the unemployed were brought forward by the general organiser, Bill Haywood, and was endorsed by the convention. The unemployed has become such an enormous factor that their claims can no longer be ignored, and without doubt the I.W.W. is going to take up in a business-like manner the organisation of the surplus laborers.

Our old friend, Mr. W. T. Pills, gave some lectures at Los Angeles. Among a number of other foolish things, he said: "If Germany should be victorious and extend an industrial tyranny over all of Europe, then the strongest factor within the German Empire will still be the Socialists. And that one factor existing within all the conquered countries then subject to the industrial oppression of Germany will be ready to co-operate with the German Socialists in demanding and securing industrial justice within Germany and without."

No doubt the Socialists in France and Belgium will be pleased to co-operate with their German comrades, who are now preaching Socialism with cannon and submarines and Zeppelins.—"Voice of the People."

The boneheaded action of the patriotic numskulls in the high places in stopping the German band from playing their national airs reminds us of the Irishman studying self control, when he says to the B'ling Wather, and see if I fiddler, "Paddy, play the 'Battle of can stand it.'"

# Starvation Patriotism.

In the S.M. Herald of the 20th inst., Mr. Griffith is reported to have said to an unemployed deputation from the Barrier, that single men without encumbrances who could not get work had no right to "sponge" on the taxpayers for either relief or financial assistance, while men were required to defend the Empire, and its democratic institutions against the "splay-footed" militarism of Germany, which is endeavoring to stamp out the smaller nations and establish a military despotism throughout the world.

What a mess of bad logic, bad economics, bad faith and bad manners.

It is an uncalculated insult to the very class that have put Mr. Griffith in his comfortable billet, and an exhibition of bias in the favor of the well-to-do.

The unfortunate unemployed wage-workers, already hard hit by the war, are given the alternative by their Government of fighting or starving, while the wealthy tax-payer, who, as yet has hardly felt the pinch of the war, is to be defended in his position. The capitalist class in the community are guarded in their freedom of choice, whether to volunteer or stay at home in comfort, while the working class are denied that right. Mr. Griffith is defending those who are suffering least by the war against those who suffer most.

As for the democratic institutions of the Empire, which compel men to go begging for work and submit to the insults hurled at them by Messrs. Holman and Griffith lately, are those institutions worth defending?

I don't think that Mr. Griffith's "splay-footed" boogy of a German military despotism throughout the world will frighten intelligent workers. Suppose the Germans conquered the Allies to-morrow, and suppose the rest of the world offered no further resistance. Then, suppose that after the greater part of the depleted German Army had been absorbed by civilian duties in Germany, the remainder was distributed over the world to maintain military despotism.

Does Mr. Griffith really think that the two or three hundred German officers and men that would be our portion, would keep 4,000,000 Australians in subjection.

—J.W.

## CIVILIZED WARFARE.

Some one, somewhere, appears to be laboring under a serious mis-take, or we should not have been exposed so frequently during the last few months to the phrase "Civilized Warfare." There is no such thing, of course, as civilized warfare. All war is necessarily barbaric in its methods, and ludicrous in its assumption of its semi-decency.—The Forum.

The latest news from the scene of operation is that Fisher, Hughes, and Pearce have increased their wages without the assistance of Judge Heydon's wage boards.

It is reported that Kitchener would not grant the Prince of Wales permission to go to the front until he was broad enough to cross a street grating without taking a risk.

The reason why the Prince of Wales wears putties is not because he wishes to display his shapely calves, says our Society correspondent, but because he is anxious not to lose his nice service trousers.

Australia's famous gramophone, Sirgorgreed, is working overtime cackling lies and sentimental rubbish at banquets in the Old Dart. It's about time that the Australian working class gave Yes-No a free pass to the front. He would make nice practice for the new German seize gun. He would talk the enemy to death.

# Syndicalism.

By Bessie Beatty.

The following article appeared in the "Syndicalist Special Edition of the San Francisco Bulletin, Oct. 3." This edition was edited by Austin Lewis and contains many other interesting articles dealing with different phases of the movement.

## WHAT IS SYNDICALISM?

Ninety-five of every hundred readers who pick up this issue of The Bulletin and see its title will come bolt up against the question.

They will find no gib and ready answer waiting back there in the subconscious storehouse of their minds.

Inability to define syndicalism is not a conviction of general ignorance, for Syndicalism in its form is as nebulous as moon rings, in its expression as varying as the face of a moody woman.

To be ignorant of the essence or spirit of Syndicalism is a different matter. That is to be ignorant of a significant social factor of the Century.

The word syndicalism, which is of French origin, means simply union, but the term is applied to manifestation obviously different in characteristics.

The Syndicalism Confederation Generale du Travail in France differs rapidly from syndicalist organisations of England. Italian syndicalism may be more yet sharply differentiated, and in Scandinavian countries the name covers a multitude of movements.

In some respects Syndicalism comes very near self-contradiction, because under the cloak of its name we find archaic economic ideas surviving with the most modern theories of the radical intellect.

While one set of Syndicalists bases its notions upon the theory of natural rights, another set finds its doctrines upon the right of might. Philosophically its basis is not clarified, but underlying every manifestation of it, and in spite of all differences there is one common cry.

## REVOLT AGAINST THE MODERN SYSTEM OF INDUSTRY.

The great slogan of the Socialists: "Workers of the World Unite. You have nothing to lose but your chains, and you have the world to gain," is in spirit the cry of the Syndicalists, but the two groups differ in their viewpoint as to method.

Though Syndicalism has taken much of its philosophy from the Socialist leaders it refuses to regard the State as an instrument for the elevation of labor and denies the effectiveness of political action as a means of obtaining desired ends.

"The best labor law is the law made by labor itself," says the Syndicalist.

"We want no crumbs from the rich man's table... We want a full meal of the best that is to be had, not because somebody chooses to give it to us, but it belongs to us."

"We want it because it is ours. We are the producers. Upon us rests the whole of civilisation. Any system which does not acknowledge us as the cornerstone of its existence is a fictitious civilisation and must crumble."

"We deny the validity of the existing economic regime and refuse to trade with it. Our building will come when its destruction is complete."

SYNDICALISM is not trade unionism. Trade unionism seeks to make the best terms under a given economic regime. It barter its labor to the men who can buy. It bargains for hours and wages and in so doing recognises the purchasing right of capital. It takes as its motto: "A fair day's work for a fair day's pay," and interprets the word "fair" as advantageous as its strength will permit.

It is not revolution as trade unionism. Syndicalism recognises no difference between carpenter and plumber, hod carrier and street sweeper, fruitpicker and dishwasher. It says: "We are all laborers. The fight of one is the fight of all. The strike of the carpenter is the strike of the laborer, therefore, it is our strike. The strike of the street sweeper is the strike of the laborer, therefore, it is our strike. We are the dispossessed fighting the possessed. Every artificial division of trade or locality weakens our power. There is but one division: the division of labor and capital. If the cotton picker of the South is the rebellious one among the dispossessed, the fruitpicker in California should rally to his fight. If the German factory hand is rebelling against the conditions of his toil, the fight belongs to the British coal miner."

The Syndicalist looks with suspicion upon all laws purporting to give him more leisure, protection or wages. He charges that capital and labor have nothing in common and that all concessions made to labor are but bones tossed to the dog to keep him from growling. He declares that the very existence of the one depends always upon the destruction of the other and that those who would offer terms are merely attempting to throw sand in the eyes of the marching soldier to keep him back from his day of reckoning.

He hunts for the nigger in every legislative woodpile and says that no law is safe but the law that is backed by force, and this law has no need of inquiry as to its constitutionality.

Philosophically Syndicalism is based upon the economic interpretation of labor. It maintains that the economic power is the only fundamental power and all other powers but manifestations of the great economic fact. Solidarity and self-sacrifice are perhaps the two most idealistic attributes of the Syndicalists.

Anyone with more than a superficial knowledge of the American manifestation of Syndicalism, which is expressed in Industrial Unionism, advocated by the Industrial Workers of the World, knows with what recklessness they relinquish life and liberty in a fight for the philosophy they preach.

In the United States the Industrial Workers, commonly called I.W.W.'s, are recruited from the ranks of the casual and migratory workers. They toil intervals, when the crops need harvesting, or other seasonal work is to be had. They live meagrely the remainder of the year in the cities where they maintain unpretentious headquarters and proselyte incessantly. In the ever increasing masses of unemployed men who congregate in the cities they find fertile planting grounds for the seeds of their doctrine. When there is a strike or a fight for free speech, they drop their work promptly and start from the four corners of the land for the battle line.

The Pacific coast has been the scene of several memorable conflicts in the last five or six years and the disinterested observer, who was willing to give more than a casual glance to any one of these struggles, could have found there a mass of material thought. Disinterested observers were few. The very nature of the conflicts and the temperament of the localities in which they occurred precluded much disinterested observation. In spite of their reputation of lawlessness, sometimes deserved and sometimes executed in accordance with their philosophy and justified by that philosophy, the members of the organization furnished notable examples of self-control and self-sacrifice. In Marysville, especially during the time of the trial of the four hop-pickers involved in the Wheatland strike, a small army of I.W.W.'s with little visible leadership, maintained a discipline that is seldom equalled by soldiers of the regular army. They were there to give comfort and support to accused members, and their agreement was to do no single thing that could offend Marysville standards in the slightest degree. They lived in two rough board shacks down by the railroad tracks, slept on the floor, cooked and ate plain food, washed and mended their clothes, argued their philosophy, played a quiet game by candle light, sat silently through the long sessions in court and patronized the public library.

The haunts of the intemperate knew them not. They had mapped out a certain course of action which they believed to be the best one for their ends, and whatever their natural inclinations may or may not have been,

they did not veer a hairbreadth from that course.

There were men among them who would have as readily gone to jail for weeks, or months, or years, if it had been decreed that jail stuffing should be their method, and there were men among them who would as promptly give their own life if it would advance their philosophy.

It is, perhaps, in its failure to recognize this recklessness of self that the public falls most short in estimating the movement and its relation to life.

The Syndicalist has a conviction and the man with a conviction, whether it seems right or wrong, is a force of some sort so long as that conviction dominates him.

The Syndicalist en masse is a world army expressing its conviction that the established system of industry is wrong; advocating revolt against that system and even destruction of it.

That its form is at present so nebulous does not prevent its spirit from being a definite, concrete, realisable fact, worthy of the attention of every student of conditions.

BESSY BEATTY.

## Sydney Local Activities.

During the past fortnight many educational meetings have been held by the Industrial Workers of the World in Sydney and the neighbourhood.

The outdoor meetings have been remarkably successful, more especially those held on the Domain. The Hall meetings were also very well patronised, when Mr. J. B. King and Mr. Katz lectured on "The Machine" and "Mutual Aid" on the two previous Sundays.

The mid-week activities are very well attended, and great interest is being manifested in the movement by militant members of the working class who are tired of craft unionism and politics. The result is a steadily growing and class-conscious membership.

Outdoor meetings during the lunch hour are being held weekly at the Interlocking Department of the Railways on Fridays, and at Randwick Workshops on Mondays. These meetings are well attended, and the exposition of Fellow-worker King on labor-saving machinery and its effects are listened to with the keenest attention and interest.

Some of the members have been using their spare time in obtaining new subscribers for the paper, with considerable success of late. As a result the position of the paper has been materially strengthened. F.W. Scholnick, who is at Lismore, sent in ten subs. last week, and other fellow workers in the city are following him closely.

The printing of more literature is being undertaken by the Press Committee, so that the organisation may be in a position to rely less on foreign publishing houses. Literature is our great necessity. Don't forget the Press Fund, boys.

The new song books are selling like hot cakes, and orders are flowing in from all parts of the country. The airs are being sung all over Australasia. Even the soldiers and sailors are buying them. Let's hope that the philosophy sinks in.

An organiser will probably leave Sydney for West Australia at an early date to put in work for the One Big Union.

## FAMINE.

I am the skeleton in every nation's closet. I hide myself in the dark recesses behind the silent uniforms swaying in the dark. While the guests make merry and the householders ply them with viands at the friendly board, I bide my time.

But when the alarms sound, and the guests go out to kill, then I start forth in the gray shadows of early morning. With my thin wand I touch the cornfields and watch them wither.

And as the sun shines on battle-fields my day of triumph comes. No longer afraid to show my hollow face, I stalk through village and city laying my rattling hand on mother and wife and babe.

My comrade, War, true to his eternal promise, has given me the entry to all societies.—Life.

## List of Locals.

- Adelaide Local No. 1: H. Clarke, Secy. Treasurer, 105 Gilles St., Adelaide, S.A.
- Sydney Local No. 2, Secretary-Treasurer, Reg. McDonald, 330 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, N.S.W.
- Broken Hill Local No. 3—E. J. KIELY, Secretary and Treasurer, Palace Buildings, Sulphide-street, Broken Hill, N.S.W.
- Port Pirie Local No. 4: T. Cherrington, Secy. Treasurer, Ellen St., Port Pirie, S.A.
- Fremantle Local No. 5: Secretary-Treasurer J. O'Neill, Hubbard-street, Fremantle, W.A.

## N.Z. LOCALS.

- Auckland Local No. 1: G. Phillips, Secy. Treasurer, Kings Chambers, Queen St., Auckland.
- Christchurch Local No. 2: E. Kear, Secy. Treasurer, Madras St., Christchurch.
- Dunedin Local No. 3: Wellington Local No. 4: H. F. Wrixon, Secretary-Treasurer, c/o P. Josephs, 2 Willis-street, Wellington, N.Z.

This is to notify the membership that A. O'Malley is no longer the Secretary of Local No. 3. All communications should be addressed as above to E. J. Kiely.

## Literature in Stock.

- Capital: Karl Marx, 3 volumes, per vol. 8s.
- Value Price and Profit: Marx, bound 2s, paper 6d.
- Sabotage: Pouget, bound 2s, paper 1s.
- Militant Proletariat: Lewis, bound 2s.
- The Evolution of Property: Lafargue, bound 2s.
- The New Unionism: Tridon, paper 1s 8d.
- Eitor's and Giovannitti's Speeches From the Dock: Price, 1/-.
- Postcards: Price, 9d. per doz.
- Mr. Block Cartoons: Rilbe, paper 8d.
- Right to be Lazy: Lafargue, bound 2s, paper 6d.
- One Big Union: Trautmann, paper 6d.
- Communist Manifesto: Price, 6d.
- Advancing Proletariat: Price, 4d.
- New Australian Song Book: second edition; 32 songs. Price, 3d.
- I.W.W.: History, Structure and Methods: St. John, paper 3d.
- The Revolutionary I.W.W.: Perry, paper 3d.
- Revolution and the I.W.W.: Pease, paper 3d.
- How Capitalism has Hypnotised Society: Brown, paper 3d.
- War! What For? Cartoon: Price, 3d.
- Economic Discontent: paper 2d.
- Economics of Labour: Quelch, paper 2d.
- Summary of Marx's "Capital": paper 2d.
- Industrial Union Methods: Trautmann, paper 1d.
- How to Overcome the High Cost of Living: Dougherty, paper 1d.
- Wage-Labour and Capital: Marx, paper 1d.
- Chunks of I.W.W.ism: A.H., paper 1d.
- "Solidarity": I.W.W. American organ: Subscription, 7s 6d per annum, posted: Single copies, 2d.
- "The Voice of the People": The Lumberjack's I.W.W. organ: Subscription, 7s 6d per annum, posted: Single copies, 2d.

Postage paid on all orders of 1/- or over.

Lit. Sec., I.W.W. Local No. 2, 330 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Printed and Published on behalf of the Industrial Workers of the World, by John Hamilton, Chairman of Press Committee, 330 Castlereagh-street, Sydney, N.S.W.

## Adelaide Activities.

Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, at Oddfellows' Hall, Mooltau-street, of 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

H. T. KELLY, Secy.,  
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## Important.

Fellow workers and locals are invited to send in reports of activities, news papers, 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

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## IMPORTANT NOTICE.

In future correspondents are requested to address communications, postal notes, etc., to officers, and not to individuals. For example: The Editor, Literature Secretary, Business Manager. This facilitates the business of the Organisation, particularly when positions are being often vacated by members whose movements are determined by economic pressure.

## NOTICE.

There is a letter awaiting W. Butler at Local No. 3, Broken Hill.