

DIRECT ACTION



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ONE PENNY.

Sydney Local Notes.

The propaganda meetings conducted by the Local have been both plentiful and successful. The Domain, Hall, street and job meetings have been very well attended.

On Sunday, 20th November, Fellow Worker Jackson, life of the Brisbane Socialist Party, lectured to a crowded hall-full upon the "Class War." The lecture was very interesting, and well received.

On Sunday, 6th December, J. B. King lectured to a large audience on "Objections to the I.W.W." As a result of the meeting many new members joined up, to help in the work of social re-construction.

Literature sales, according to the Literature Secretary, have been very good of late. The new pamphlet, "The Advancing Proletariat," in particular, has received a good deal of attention. Early orders are invited for the remaining copies, as they are going quickly.

The Press Committee has published a large stock of "Industrial Unionism and the I.W.W.," by Vincent St. John. This pamphlet is one of the best ever published as a primer on the all-important question of Industrial Unionism. The price is 9d. per dozen, posted. Rush in your orders.

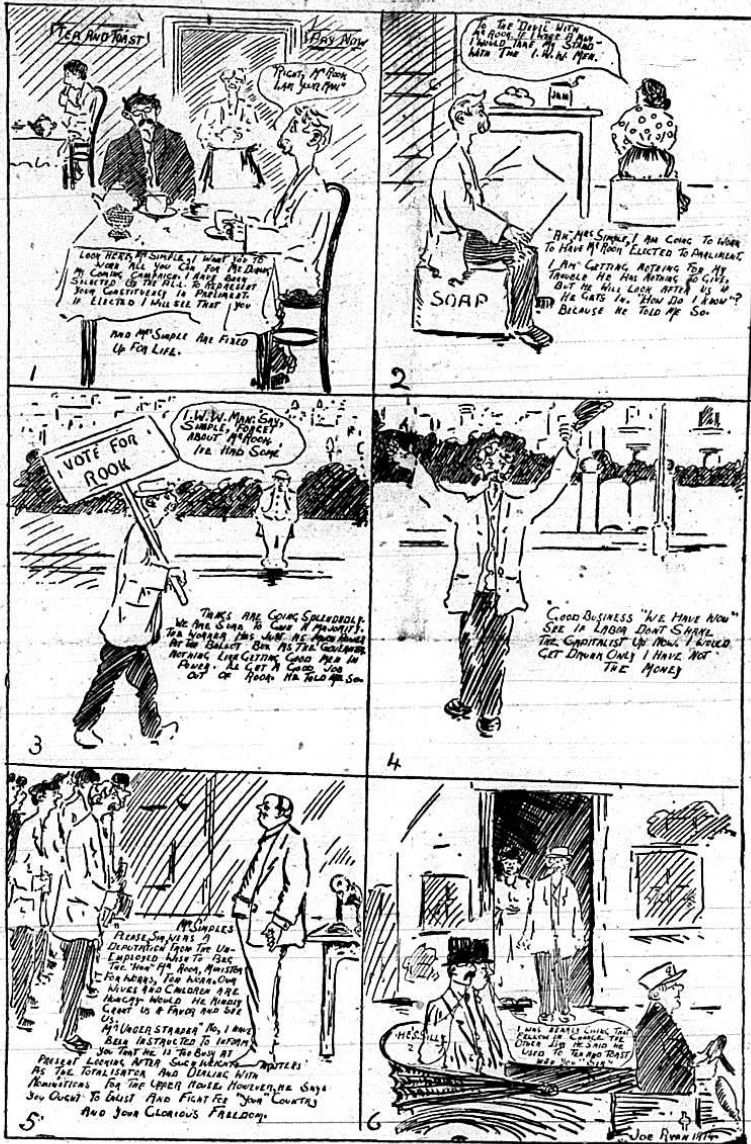
The meetings held at the Randwick workshops were very well attended, and by systematically carrying on the propaganda and machine talks these jobs can be got for Industrialism.

The sub-getters have been doing good work in Sydney of late, and with a little more assistance from the outside members and sympathisers the paper will be in a fairly strong position.

WHAT MY ENVIRONMENTS CAUSES ME TO BELIEVE.

(By W. H. Lewis.)

1. That people whose economic interests are not identical cannot be organized in the same organization without compromising the interests of one or the other.
2. That it is impossible to expect relief from above, that if we are to be free we must work for freedom ourselves.
3. That it is impossible to abolish capitalism with any of its institutions, whether it be the ballot box, the bullet or the church.
4. That all reforms will but make the lot of my class harder and the lot of the exploiter easier.
5. That the State is our worst foe and the ones who are advocating State ownership and control of industry are traitors to the labor movement. "Socialists" please note.
6. That after making analysis the scab is composed of the following ingredients: One part werewolf, two parts vampire, three parts corruption and the remainder a mixture of fiend, viper, rapist,



The Amazing Adventures of Mr. Simple.

More Police Prosecution.

...dung, coward, slime, filth, cur and hellion. The fact that he lays under the door step nine days waiting for his eyes to open proves that he is part cur, and his every action in later life proves that he is composed of the others.

7. That the I.W.W. is the only organization that reflects the economic interests of my class.
8. That labor leaders are not supermen, but act according to their environment.
9. That a working stiff who lets the boss and preacher think for him is also under the doperstep.
10. That the only anarchist is the one who will not unite with his class. The very fact that he refuses "proves his individualism."
11. That the law is nothing but the will of the ruling class imposed upon the ruled class.
12. That might is right, even though it be wrong.

—"Voice of the People."

A Russian member of the I.W.W., Frank Madors, was arrested on Saturday night, December 5th, at the corner of Bathurst and Pitt-streets. This occurred after an I.W.W. meeting, and Madors was leaving the meeting for the Hall, with the platform under his arm. He was accosted by three drunken soldiers, who asked him if he knew what person had said that soldiers were "assassins, mongrels, murderers, and police pimps." He replied, "No." Whereupon one of them said, "Are you a member of the I.W.W.?" Madors replied that he was. Then they said: "You'll do us," and gave him in charge of a policeman. On the way to the station

the soldiers said that it was time that they arrested I.W.W. men, and that it was their intention to arrest Grant.

The charge was one of seditious language. Bail was refused, therefore Madors had to spend the weekend in gaol.

The case appeared in the Central Police Court on the following Monday. The defendant pleaded "Not Guilty." Mr. Abigail defended. The three soldiers gave evidence for the prosecution, but in cross-examination they made a miserable hash of things, and revealing the fact that there had been a good deal of rehearsal.

During the hearing of the case, the witnesses for the prosecution all remained in Court, while the defendant's witnesses were ordered out. As another sample of British justice, the soldiers were continually primed and talked to by the police, and assisted in their evidence.

While in the witness-box the defendant was asked by the defending

counsel, "Why are you a member of the I.W.W.?"

Madors replied: "Because I believe in the working class getting the full product of their toil."

In reply to Sergeant Mankey's question, "I believe that I.W.W. means that 'I won't work'?" Madors said, "Then that proves that you are ignorant."

Mankey then said: "What does it mean?" The reply was, "Scientific industrial organisation."

The next question was, "Would you use seditious language to anyone who wants to go to the war?" Answer, "No."

"Would you go yourself?"—"No."

"Would you pick up a rifle to fight?"—"I would not."

"Would you fight for your country?"—"If you give me my country I'll fight for it. At present I have no country; it belongs to the capitalist."

"Why did you leave Russia?" "Isn't there sufficient land there?"—"No. Russia belongs to the Feudal lords, just as Britain belongs to the capitalists."

The "defense" called twelve witnesses, who testified unanimously that Madors stood close to the platform all the evening handling papers and taking money for them. That he never uttered the words complained of, and that he behaved in a very decorous manner. Every witness was plied with questions of a most insulting nature by Sergeant Mankey, who endeavoured, by bullying, to tangle them up.

The Magistrate displayed his bias in favor of the prosecution on many occasions.

After the defence was through, Sergeant Mankey asked the Magistrate to allow the soldiers again into the witness-box. In spite of the defending lawyer's protest, the Magistrate allowed it, saying, "It is the law."

In the defending lawyer's speech, Mr. Abigail asked the Magistrate to be impartial, and take note of the fact that he had heard the evidence of twelve working men who were there at the time, and that it was conclusive that the defendant was innocent; and that, in regard to defendant's ideas, the British idea of justice was in favor of the freedom of thought, ideas, and opinions.

The Magistrate said that he was quite convinced that the soldiers' evidence was correct, and therefore he found the accused "guilty." The accused was bound over to keep the peace for twelve months, in two bonds of £10 each, or one month's hard labor.

For a sample of justice this case takes the biscuit. The I.W.W. has said again and again that all Courts are for the purpose of conserving the interest of boodle. According to the verdict a drunken soldier is infallible, while a sober working man is thoroughly unreliable.

It was mentioned in the Court by the Crown Prosecutor that Madors was a member of a very powerful organization, which was spreading all over the earth. It was time for the authorities to stop its developments.

In the past the powers-that-be have regarded the I.W.W. as insignificant, but today they have to admit that they are a big armful.

And we should just smile at the Crown Prosecutor, and Sergeant Mankey thrown-in as a makeweight, trying to stop the development and progress of the Industrial Workers of the World.

They can scare working men who are afraid of gaol, but when they meet an organization that has a contempt for their long suit, their name is mud.

Direct Action



OFFICIAL ORGAN

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Terms on Bundle Orders.HEADQUARTERS I.W.W. (Australia):
330 CASTLEREACH ST., SYDNEY.GENERAL HEADQUARTERS—
164 W. Washington St., Chicago,
Ill., U.S.A.The Labor-Socialists
and the European War

We have refrained from discussing in this paper the actions of the International Trade Union movement, the International Socialist movement, and many of the other parties, political and otherwise, in aiding the capitalists of the various countries to bring about the gigantic conflagration.

For years we have been treated to fiery speeches from sentimental Socialists and labour men, who have declared that war was impossible owing to the organisation of capital, and the international organisation of labour. Pretending to be internationalists, they prated of brotherly love, the identity of working class interests, and the common hatred for the capitalist class.

As soon as the war trumpet has blown we see the anti-patriots of yesterday rushing to arms to defend their sacred "national liberty" against the attacks of other autocratic races.

Gustave Herve, the one-time anti-militarist, insists on going to the front to defend the sacred French institution of the seven-day week. His action is largely backed by the C.G.T.—the "Bataille Syndicaliste" and "La guerre Social."

Liebnecht, of the German Social Democracy, was supposed to be shot for opposing the war. The international sentimentalists buried him with a great wail. They blubbed of "martyrs," wrote sickly hymns—and then discovered that Karl was at the front in Belgium.

Tom Mann, in a recent letter to Mr. Rosser, states that he is recruiting for the British Army. Principles don't seem to way at all with our modern-day intellectuals of the Labour movement. It is rather too much to expect anything like consistency from "our authorities."

Then there comes Mr. Will Crooks, the pantaloons of the British Empire Parliamentary Party that recently visited these shores.

He also is in favour of the war. I presume that it is necessary to defend that sacred British institution, the work-house (where Mr. Crooks proudly claims that he first saw the light of day) from the attacks of autocratic Germany.

The sooner the type of Mr. Crooks gets to the field of operations the better, and in future we may be spared the odious spectacle of a toadying representative of the working class getting up in the Parliament of the country of child labour and hungry millions and leading the singing of "Britons never, never, never shall be slaves."

We have touched upon the Labour politicians of Australia, who are favouring this war and making stupid speeches in favour of it. We say again right here that any member of the working class who justifies and aids in the slimy and foul work of wrecking working-class solidarity upon the rocks of capitalist rapacity and cupidity, that they are traitors to the very class that they are supposed to be representatives of.

As for Robert Blatchford, a few years in the barrack room has hypnotised him in much the same way as the gloom, incense, and music of the church acts upon the mind of the child in its early years. He talks as if the war was a field day on Laffan's plain.

The fallacies of depending on governments, whether capitalist or labour, has been amply demonstrated by the facts that the European war was brought about without the permission of Parliament, Reichstag, Assembly, or any other national legislative machinery. They were simply ignored. International Socialism and its voting and financing machine, the International Trade Union Secretariat, have proved by their action, or rather their lack of action, that they were an organisation on paper alone.

They are a failure. They are worse than a failure, for they have combined their inefficiency with the blackest treachery.

Anyway, the lessons are worth the experience. It has once more proved the contention of the Industrial Unionist that no one must be trusted in this movement, however fine his career may have been.

The future of the movement cannot be left to sentimentalists and silvery-tongued exponents of Social Democracy. If so, it will result in shipwreck again.

The only working class who have proved that they were internationalists are the syndicalist workers of Italy, who refused to go to the war, and compelled the Government to keep out of their trouble. Good for the Italians.

Let us get to work, we of the Industrial Workers of the World, we, the countryless, the pariahs, the hobos, the migratory workers. Let us throw off the insidious shackles of hero-worship, the iron dictums of the great leaders, the pusillanimity of political sentimentalists.

Ours is a Gospel of Power, the Gospel of Control, the Gospel of the Industrial Union. The old society is dying despite its socialistic props, the economic conditions are bringing us together in spite of ourselves.

The hope of the future lies in industrial organisation, on the lines of revolutionary militant action, not the supine cowardly subterfuge of revolution by proxies. We, the workers of the world, are dependent upon one another. We produce in conjunction, we distribute in conjunction; we are divided into craft unions, which have divided our actions and made us scab upon each other.

Let us profit by the lessons of this war and the actions of the demi-gods of the labour movement. Let us trust only our own strength, rely on our capacity to think and act. Industrial unionism is our only hope, let us get busy in Australia and emulate our Italian cousins who have compelled by swift and decisive action their master class to stay out of the orgy of blood.

If you do your bit for the Publishing Bureau right now, in a very short while the Press will become entirely self-supporting, and a paying proposition. Every penny you send in we can convert into a shilling with the Press. Do it now!

Death or Life?
Which Choose You?

By W. H. Lewis.

If we are to accept the cell theory; the theory that substance is composed of countless thousands of cells, then the question arises; when does death come? Is it upon us before the heart has ceased its beating? Or is life with us after the breath has left the body?

If you are not as heavy as you were a month ago, then it must be that some of the cells of your body have died.

For the body to take on more cells to take the place of the ones that have died *and* are dying, you must have food. You must have the food that is favorable to cell growth. If you are not getting this food you are dying!

Any time that more cells are dying than are being evolved, you are to that extent dead.

Now, our class does not get the food necessary to maintain life (cell growth). Our death rate is higher than is the death rate of the well-to-do classes.

Exposure, lack of food, intemperance and hard labor, all contribute their part toward cell death.

Leisure, moderate labor, wholesome food, pure water and fresh air, contribute their part toward cell life.

The cells of the bodies of farm workers, sweat shop slaves, lumberjacks, sailors, miners, and all workers who are underfed and overworked, are dying faster than new ones evolve!

"Oh death, where is thy sting?" It has its fangs fastened into the bodies of every child slave, of every woman sweating and toiling until she is worn out, of every laborer in the wide, wide world!

Every man, woman, and child is a cell of society, and when the individual suffers, so also does society suffer.

A starved, overworked working class has marked the downfall of every social structure of the past. For proof of this assertion read the history of the various social structures that have fallen.

The greatest struggle of the ages is just ahead of us. It will be the fiercest struggle for existence.

The very lives of the workers are wrapped up in the issue. If the workers win then they will just begin to live! If they lose then death is their portion.

To win the workers must be organized. They must be prepared to take the world and hold it for themselves.

We must fight for our lives. This is not optional with us, we will be forced to rebel, in order to gain the food necessary to maintain life.

We must be industrially organized, and to that end it is necessary that you join the only revolutionary industrial organisation—the Industrial Workers of the World.

Arise ye disinherited of the earth; life is calling you! Cast off the hideous spell that has kept you in bondage for ages!

Hear the clarion call of Marx: "Workers of the world unite." It is for life! life! life! that we ask you to make this fight.

Remember, death awaits him who stands alone.

You are dying! dying! dying and have been since you were born. Your parents before you were dying for years before they were buried.

Let the enemy curse your organisation; let them rain all the lies and vilifications they please on to the heads of the Industrial Workers of the World. The hellish fiends only seek and scheme, and connive to destroy your lives!

Up with the crimson banner of life! Down with the black flag of death! Out of the night ye outraged workers! Into the light! On with the fight!

The Press Committee have decided to get in a cutter and gullionet, as it is practically impossible to get on without it. It is a costly machine, so boys come through with the dough, we need every bean.

COMRADES.

By Lawrence Tully.

I went into the Reichstag,
My comrades there to see.
They sat in all their pomp and power,
And broad humanity.

It was Comrade this and Comrade that,
And "Comrade, you are first."
And "Comrade, let me help you,
Ere with eloquence you burst."

Just then a man rose up in front,
And "Comrades," says, says he,
"We're gathered here this blessed day,
To consider our army."

"Our Comrades, 'cross the Channel,
They're arming to the teeth.
We must grab them by their hairy throats,
We must shake them off their feet."

It was Comrade this and Comrade that,
And "Comrade, let me shake."
And "Comrade, you're a poltroon,
When the Fatherland's at stake."

I walked the streets of Paris,
And I hadn't walked so far,
Ere the thought was born within me:
The nation's going to war.

Beneath a spluttering torch-light,
For the day was turning dark.
A Red was loudly shouting,
And I stopped to hear him bark.

It was Comrade this and Comrade that,
"But our German comrades! God!
We must bayonet them and burn them,
We must plant them 'neath the sod."

For, Comrades, you're my brother,
No matter what your ally,
But you're a hissing, crawling serpent,
When it comes to boundary.

I stood upon the battle field,
And watched the spitting flow,
Of his-blood from the Saxon,
And his stalwart Teuton foe.

And Comrade this and Comrade that,
Had drenched themselves again;
They had done their masters' bidding,
And were numbered 'mongst the slain.

Now, many words could type this sheet,
Of what I saw across the sea.
But, what's the use of wording,
When it comes to you and me.

For Comrade this and Comrade that,
It sounded very fine.
The bomb has burst beneath you,
You are swallowed in a mine,
And the cant that turned to cannon,
And the hand-clasp that was mailed,
Will record unto ages,
The philosophy that failed.

—"VOICE OF THE PEOPLE."

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

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

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

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with Capitalism. The army of production must be organised, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalism, 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 Advancing Proletariat.

By Abner Woodruff, C. E.
THE LAW OF EVOLUTION.

An examination of the facts of the orderly Universe leads with precision to an understanding of the laws of that Universe, and it may be said that these laws find their supreme expression in the Law of Evolution—the "great immutable law-of-change." This law may be stated as follows: All things in the Universe today are the results of the actions of the forces of the Universe upon the matter of the Universe, applied throughout the eons of time, producing innumerable changes, which have finally developed higher and more permanent forms of life out of those which were lower and less stable. The physical conditions which compelled changes in animated nature, and under which they occurred, are usually denominated "the environment"—the surrounding influences.

Charles Darwin and Alfred Russel Wallace are regarded as the co-discoverers of this great Law of Life. They not only observe the changes in the material Universe, but also the efforts of animated nature to place itself in harmony with the physical world by adjusting itself to these changes. These efforts at adjustment and re-adjustment are now termed "the struggle for existence"; for animated nature must conform to the conditions of the physical world in order to survive. These forms of life which conform the most successfully are regarded as the most adaptable and, therefore, the best; from which we have the expression "the survival of the fittest" or, "natural selection." In other words, Nature selected these forms as being the fittest to survive.

MAN A PRODUCT OF EVOLUTION.

From a study of plants and the lower forms of animals, it is but a step to the study of the highest form—Man; and, in a state of nature, we find man responding unconsciously to the law of Evolution: changing to correspond to his environment, and persisting in those forms which are in closest harmony with the requirements of nature. Of all creatures, man is probably the most complex, and this complexity was his most baffling problem until the statement of the law of evolution with its corollaries, "the struggle for existence" and the "survival of the fittest." Here was a basis on which to conduct the most rigid examination and, from the gathered facts, construct a definite, a positive philosophy. Anthropology became at once an intimate and particular branch of Biology. Man commenced to be studied from the view point of his place in nature, and his differentiation from the other animals began to be ferreted out. Man picked himself to pieces, studied his own parts and decided on the laws of his being. From the facts, and by reasonable analogies, his history, from the day his arboreal ancestor swung down from the trees and walked upright on the ground, was constructed, and forms a record, so simple, so rational, so decisive, that few are left to question it.

Man's physical structure is a result, traceable to definite and known causes, and the laws of his being are codified. His brain, with its powers of observation, association, coordination and determination, is no longer a mysterious thing—the gift of an equally mysterious and baffling "first cause"—but a development of the spinal marrow, the culmination of an infinite series of changes and adjustments to environment taking place through the ages during which the Earth has been the seat of life. Man, in both body and brain, is

therefore a creature of environment, evolved out of the Cosmos. The flower of the Cosmos, his particular differentiation from the other animals lies in the complexity and refinement of his nervous organization, and the consequent close coordination of his muscular and mental reactions. Yet, basically, he is so different, for, even in his mental processes, he is moulded and formed by the influences of the things around him.

THE MIND—A RESULT.

Joseph Dietzgen, in his Philosophical works, has demonstrated the fact that all of man's ideas come from the outside—that no thought ever springs spontaneously in the human brain. In other words—human thoughts, human ideas, spring from human contacts and experiences with the physical Universe about us. Man's ability to think—his consciousness—the thing we call the "Ego"—the mind—is a natural development through the orderly operation of the laws of the Universe, and, as such, it may be studied, analysed and classified. The science of Psychology takes its place naturally as part of the larger and more extended sciences of Biology and Anthropology.

Here then is a basis for the study of the actions of men. Whim and caprice disappear, and the laws of cause and effect are seen operating in an orderly and rational sequence. The individual takes his place as a resultant of the experiences of his forebears and his own contacts with the world around him. His environment and the history of his race have made him what he is. Knowing the intimate history of any man, and with a given human situation, we may confidently predict what his actions will be.

THE COMMON MIND.

But man is a gregarious creature. He herds with his kind in social organizations, and his history is not complete without an examination of the relations which men sustain towards each other. Immediately our studies are shifted from the individual to the race. The sciences of Ethnology, Geography, Ethnology, Anthropology, Glossology, Technology, History, Archeology, Sociology, and Economics are opened up to us. Through them all runs that wonderful law of human development—the Law of Evolution. Through them all we are continually brought round to the dictum of Dietzgen, that "human thoughts and ideas spring from human experiences."

Similar experiences beget similar ideas. The average of the experiences of a community, or a class, a nation, or race; therefore, in attempting to explain the tendency of such a community, class, nation, or race to gravitate about some central idea, or concertedly move towards some definite goal, we must discover those similarities of experience which furnish the same ground for similarity of thought and unity of action.

ECONOMIC DETERMINISM.

History furnishes us with many instances of great popular and class movements, but it was not until Marx enunciated the Law of Economic Determinism, that a rational basis for the determination of these events was secured. In his researches into history, he observed certain classes of men always standing together—always appearing upon the same side of the great historical arguments—and, upon a careful analysis, he promulgated this law, that the thoughts and actions of men are determined by the manner in which they obtain their living. The same being only another way of stating the evolutionary truths, that man is a product of his environment; and that his thoughts and ideas are generated by his contacts and experiences with the world around him.

MATERIAL CONCEPTION OF HISTORY.

Carried over into the field of Historical Economics and applied to the Science of Sociology this law is translated into the Theory of the Materialist Conception of History which declares that all the Social Phenomena in any Historical epoch may be explained upon the basis of the method of wealth

production and exchange existing at that time. Immediately History ceases to be a mere record of the achievements of the individuals. Instead, it becomes a moving panorama of the progress of the race as depicted in the struggles for supremacy of the various classes that have successfully dominated society. Fundamental causes are seen at work, continually and methodically shaping the trend of events. All the apparently disjointed and apparently unrelated facts marshal themselves into orderly array, and take their place as guide boards along the high-road of history. The fall of Babylon, the Roman invasion of Gaul, even the Medieval Crusades, are reasonably and fully explained.

The pre-eminent fact of History, from the viewpoint of Economics and Sociology, is the institution of Private Property. Upon it Marx predicated the disestablishment of the Communal Tribes and the rise of the Nations, with the division of the people into classes in the terms of wealth and power—the separation of society into opposing camps—which carry on a continuous warfare among themselves. A warfare which he was pleased to call "the class struggle." And in each civilization we find a dominant class imposing its will upon the balance of society and maintaining the basic method of wealth production and distribution of that time. All the laws, the religion, the educational system or lack of educational system were designed to retain that class in its position of power and privilege. Internal peace depended upon the relative degrees of acquiescence in the general scheme manifested by the secondary and subject classes, and their ability to wrest concessions from the dominant class by a display of their organized strength.

SUCCESSIVE RULING CLASSES.

It is characteristic of all civilizations based on Private Property and Class Privilege, that a secondary or subject class developed within each society and eventually displaced the dominant class. The new dominant class warped the old institutions to its own purposes, introduced a new method of production and exchange, imposed its will upon the balance of society and thereby established a new civilization. The Chattel Slave System of the Roman Patriciate gave way to the Serf System of the Feudal Lords. Feudalism disappeared before Capitalism with its Wage Slave System of factory and machine production. The lesser Capitalism now moves aside for Plutocracy with its highly centralized form of Corporate Ownership and Industrial Control, and we seem about to enter upon a new era—the age of Industrial Feudalism.

The Chattel Slave, working with the simplest of hand tools, produced practically all the wealth of the Roman world. Upon his labor was built the power, luxury and culture of the privileged classes; and so essential was this kind of labor to the development of the civilization that we find the Romans waging wars of conquest for the special purpose of procuring it. Caesar's invasion of Gaul apparently had no other object than the capture of slaves for the Roman shops and fields.

The drying up of Western Asia forced the great migration of the Communal Tribes, and the tribesmen, descending in hordes upon the Roman lands, brought with them institutions and customs totally repugnant to the Roman system. For several hundred years the struggle between them proceeded with varying degrees of fierceness, and finally ended in a condition bordering on social and industrial chaos. Out of this catastrophe arose the Feudal System, which was a compromise—a partial amalgamation of Roman and Tribal customs and institutions. Its distinguishing feature was the translocation of obligations owed to the nation or tribe into obligations owed to persons; and rendered as a payment of rent for the use of land. The Roman slaves and *coloni*, and the Tribal freeman were held as serfs and were bound to the soil. Enforced labor upon the land or in the shops attached to the castle of the Feudal Lord was the chief method of production—the serf producing a certain portion for his master that he might produce another portion for himself.

A Proletarian Story.

Tom Staunton stood at the front gate of the three-roomed wooden shack, mis-called a house, and wondered why all women, even the best, such as Mag, always kept a man waiting.

"Hurry up, Mag," he called warningly, "we'll miss the tram."

"Coming," answered a cheery, musical voice, as, slamming the front door, his wife joined him in a hurried run for the screeching car. "I was only putting away the fifteen shillings for the rent," she said, breathlessly. Tom nodded shortly.

"Going to hear the spouting?" queried the conductor, affably, as he tore off half-a-dozen tickets in return for the proffered "bob."

"Dunno, might have a look at 'em," returned Tom. "I'm gettin' fed up with politicians."

"Don't make much difference," grinned the conductor, "does it, who gets in?" Tom grunted, but he went to hear the "spouting."

Let us leave him a while, and see how Mag fares in her weekly shopping expedition. She is young, and four years of married life have neither detracted from her good looks, or diminished her adoration of her big handsome husband.

Attracted by the strains of a grand piano, she pauses before the open door of a music warehouse. A girl is playing the jewelled comb in her dark hair scintillates in the subdued light, and a string of creamy translucent pearls

seem almost dusky on her satin-sleek and snowy throat. An immaculately dressed youth bends over her as she plays.

"Going to start house-keeping, evidently," soliloquises Mag, sympathetically, as she recalled happy hunts for furniture in her own pre-conjugal days. Mag felt somewhat shabby and dowdy, as she watched the girl and her lover.

She and Tom had not tried the tone of any—pianos, "grand" or otherwise, on their furniture trips. What would a quarryman's wife do with a piano? "Fur the luv o' Gawd, lady, spare us the price of a feed," wheezed a quavering voice at her elbow. Roused from her reverie, she turned to meet the rheumy eyes of an aged deliric, whose seamed and wrinkled face and gnarled, palsied hands bespoke the life of toil that lay behind.

Before the coin could be transferred to the pleading ancient, a heavy hand descended on his shoulders. "Come on, now," said the owner of the hand, "what's the meaning of this?" "Poor old fellow," entreated the compassionate Mag; "he's hungry, I'm sure." "Well, missus," said the "John," civilly, "there's plenty of tucker where he's going."

Mag, with suspiciously bright eyes, hurried on to Sawfit and Kawn's "boot emporium." "Yes, madam, a good, heavy, working boot? How does this suit, double row of Hungarian nails, with heels and toe plates. Only eight-and-six. Thank you. Shall I wrap them up?"

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, sir," apologised the urbane shop-

man to a fur-coated man smoking a fragrant cigar, "this line, I think, will suit you, a really strong, serviceable, shooting boot, stand any amount of rough wear 'twenty-two-and-six. Thank you, sir, I'll send them round first thing to-morrow."

But Mag had reached the grocers, and her fair forehead is puckered into a calculating frown, as she surveys the tempting display and noted the prices, "Tea, good Ceylon," 1s., up to "Special," 2s. 6d.; "Butter" rod., "Best Factory" 1s. 4d.; "Eggs" 9d., "New laid" 1s. 3d.; "Bacon" rod., "Prime" 1s. 3d.

With the reflection that, as Tom's work is strenuous, naturally he should have the best food, we will leave Mag. No need to wait and Ceylon" or "Special," plain "Butter" whether she invests in "Gooder" or "Best Factory," with Tom earning, or receiving, nine-and-six a day.

The pre-election "Labour rally" was crowded. Tom had to stand. Federal and State members were in great fettle. "What have the Labour Party done?" shouted an elderly, well-fed speaker. "Look at the old-age pensions, no one need ever want in Australia." (Cheers.) "Who inaugurated our Defence Scheme, and is training the youth of Australia to habits of discipline and manliness." "Yah! Hoo! Dick!" yelled a sallow-faced youth wearing a brown-paper suit. At least it looked like brown paper, but the interjecting youth was thrown out so suddenly that Tom could not be certain.

"Australia," cried a short, corpulent orator, "is the freest coun-

try on earth. There is no aristocracy in Australia. The country and all that is in it belong to the people." Before Tom's mental vision passed the picture of two half-crowns and a half-sovereign in the corner of a drawer awaiting the advent of the landlord on Monday morning.

"The people own the railways" (cheers), "they own the tramways" (more cheers), while Tom involuntarily felt his pocket to see if his tram tickets were safe. "The Labour Party," continued the orator, warning up, "do not believe in class rule, they legislate for the benefit of the whole community, and the heel of the oppressor shall never be planted on the throat of the workers while labour holds the reins of power in Australia." Frantic cheers, during which Tom made for the door, feeling slightly dazed.

In a vision that night I saw a younger, fairer Mag, wandering hand in hand with a braver, manlier Tom, through a fair and fruitful garden. Broad flower-bordered paths ran between noble trees, laden with luscious golden fruit, theirs for the plucking. Back from those paths ran stony tracks with thorny trees, bearing bitter fruit.

The white-robed spirits of harmony, content and happiness, beckoned them towards the flower-bordered paths, and pointed invitingly to the fruit-laden trees, while the grey shadows of penury and suffering, with their foul sister, pointed sullenly to the thorny, stony track.

Which will they choose? I wonder.

FLANEUR.

ARMAMENTS AND SABOTAGE.

There is a flutter in the dovecote of the amateur armament builders of Cockatoo and Garden Islands. They have built the H.M.S. Brisbane on the top of a hill, and now they have discovered that she is wanted for marine purposes, and not as an aeroplane.

All that is required now is a coffer-dam, which will take nine months and £30,000 to build, which will provide work for a few hundreds of unemployed; and give the politicians wordy bricks to heave at one another between their afternoon naps.

Our Gilbertian Defence Department is truly some joke, and the present exploit is by no means the first.

A while ago the H.M.A.S. Warrego was sent out in sections from the Old Country, and our amateurs set to work to build her. They made such a good job of her, that after finishing her, they had almost enough material left to build another ocean-going destroyer.

We suggest that the authorities convert the Brisbane into a Zeppelin, seeing that they are so ingenious. It will save thirty thousand quids and nine months, and give the Million Clubs another chance to howl about the greatness and ingenuity of the Australian character.

Don't talk to us any more of the cobbler of Koepenick. We should smile.

TOM BARKER.

"Less Work or The Law. A Startling Case. None". What it is. Weird Experience.

The Sydney correspondent of the Melbourne "Australasian" writes:—"The huge losses incurred on railway works are nothing short of a scandal. Our illustration will typify a system full of political profit to the party responsible for it, and full of danger to the general well-being. Two young men, brothers, left the Maitland district to work on the North Coast extension in the Tarce section. They set to work with a will, giving a fair day's service for liberal wages. They were warned by their fellow-navigators to slow down. They moderated their pace a little. A second warning was given. They still went beyond the super-Government stroke. The end of it was that the ganger was forced to give them are good men spoiled, the State's millions wasted, and authorised lines delayed in completion."

WEST AUSTRALIAN.

The law, we are told, is the will of the people, crystallised into rules for the harmonious working of and the humblest member of the community is on an equality, in the eyes of the law, with the richest. Theoretically, this may be correct, but what actually happens is that a number of citizens within certain geographical boundaries, elect a man to give effect to the will of the people. Among the thousands that elect this man, widely divergent views are held.

Ignoring these, the elected one merely gives expression to his own, or his class's, views. In every electorate, more especially the metropolitan, dozens of conflicting interests clamour for recognition. Does this disturb the elected one? Not at all. He invariably recognises his own and his class's interests, first.

The elected one (or politician) of whatever party, makes laws or rules of conduct, which the rest of the community must observe, and is therefore unquestionably of the ruling class, and the interests of that class are, to him, of paramount importance.

This is so self-evident that it is perhaps superfluous to cite the splenic outburst of Judge Heydon, and the vindictive penalties imposed by that amiable gentleman on the Northern miners in N.S.W. recently, when some law or rule, manufactured by the people's, i.e., workers' representative, was broken.

Over 90 per cent of the community are workers. This nineteenth produces and distribute all the commodities necessary for the well-being of society. No one will seriously contend that it is the will of the workers, i.e., the producers, that anyone, always excepting children, the aged and invalids, should consume without producing; that the idle tenth, the ruling class, while producing nothing, should consume according to their will and pleasure.

And yet we, reasonably intelligent and presumably sane citizens, select one of our number, elect him as a law-maker, thereby elevating or degrading him to the ruling class to make laws, any old laws, which we must obey.

As already stated, nine-tenths of us are engaged in some industry, primary or secondary, and inside knowledge is essential in framing industrial laws. Who, then, is best fitted to make laws, or rules, under which an industry shall be conducted? Aye, and enforce those laws? The workers engaged in the industry, or political pundits, jaundiced judges, and pliant police?

FLANEUR.

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.

membership of 200 there in two months. Big orders for "Direct Action" and literature have been sent to head-quarters. The West is going to be SOME field for the One Big Union.

The Craft Union officials and politicians may well shake at the knees, as the advent of the I.W.W. means the death knell to their ambitions.

Our old friend, Tom McMillan, left a fiery trail behind and arrived at Gwalia, where he found an exploiter. After working there a while the local Craft Unions requested the management to stop a certain supper shift from the workers' wages for the Patriotic Fund. Tom got up against them right, away, and promptly got sacked.

The Physical Research Society of W.A. recently investigated a case that is still puzzling students of the occult.

At the annual trades picnic of the Plumbers' Union, Claude Socks accidentally fell into the river while the picnickers were disembarking from the excursion steamer "Zephyr." Efforts to restore animation proving only partially successful, he was hurried to the Perth Hospital, where he subsequently recovered.

Socks is a working man of normal mentality, holds no pronounced religious views, and takes no interest in politics. Stripped of its lurid terminology, Mr. Socks' narration of his extraordinary experience is as follows:—

"The last thing I remember is 'helpin' the missus down the gang-way. I don't remember hitting the water; I must ha' knocked my top-pice again one of the stringers of the wharf. Nex' thing I was goin' up a wide, white road towards a big, shinin' gate."

"There was mobs and mobs of things along that road. Some was like big white butterflies, and others like snowflakes" and like a little bit that's been torn off a white cloud that has just the least pinky sunset tinge in it. And the road was almost covered with ugly, dirty-looking things, wrigglin' and squirmin' along, but all were makin' for the shinin' gate ahead."

"I tried to puf out my hand and ouch one of the snow-flakes; it looked so soft and pretty, but I couldn't. Just like when in a dream, you want to move and can't. Bimeby I gets up near the gate, and sees an old white-whiskered geezer, with a big key in his hand. Then I took a tumble. I WAS DEAD."

"I knew the old pea with the long whiskers at once. I had seen his picture often when I was a kid at Sunday School. I hung around a bit and waited, as the old bloke seemed busy. I found out that the white floating things, like snowflakes, that came up the road along with me, were the souls of children."

"Old Peter was very gentle with THEM. Some of the others that floated along with the kiddies were very beautiful, but had quite common names, and were mostly women, workin' women, and workin' men's wives. St. Peter always ushered these through the gate very tenderly."

"Others were just ordinary white and pinky-white ones, and gave their names like this: 'Bill Jinks, wharf lumper;' and Peter 'd nod his head for 'em to pass through, and say: 'Hop in, Bill.' The wrigglin', crawlin' ones were clamorin' round Peter's feet, singin' out their names and the good deeds they'd done when they were alive."

"Some of 'em were nearly black, and smelt awful, and some had red spots on 'em, and more had bits chipped out of 'em. One of 'em, a very black one with big red spots, kept singin' out: 'I'm the Honorable Harold Gause, mine-owner and M.L.C. Let me in at once."

"Just then a mob of ordinary white ones came along, and sang out their names. There was about eighty of 'em, all miners. Old Peter flung the gate wide open, and as they were crowdin' in, he reached down, picked up a shovel, and, scrappin' up the wrigglin' ones, Harold and all, he shovelled 'em down a big, deep hole at one side of the gate."

"I went over to have a look, but he seemed quitearked about something, and snapped: 'Don't stand gapin' there, Socks, get inside.' I ducked through the gate, and had a look around, and sees two angels at a kind of bench, sortin' out a lot of souls, and stickin' labels on 'em. New souls ready to be sent out they was."

"There was a little heap of burnt-up 'tater-peelin's lyn' on the corner of the bench, so I asks one of the angels, 'Do you use them bits

of 'tater peelin's when you are makin' up souls?' 'Tater peelin's,' says the angel, looking puzzled, 'there's no 'tater peelin's here.' 'What's them, then,' I says, 'pointin' to the little heap.' 'Oh,' the angel said laughin', 'them's souls for Labour politicians.' 'Just then I felt a hell of a crack on the back of my head, and woke up in bed at the hospital.'

FLANEUR.

BOULDER CITY, W.A.

We held the first meeting ever held in Boulder this afternoon, and got a dozen to give their names in as willing to form a Local. After tea we strolled down the town and struck an Italian fellow worker, who is a soap boxer, and who is going to help us organise the Italian workers here.

We are poorly off for speakers here in W.A. This is our idea. Get a Local going here, and with the help of the Fremantle Local we will finance a good organiser over here. If we can capture these fields we have captured W.A., as this is the home of craft unionism and politicians. Send over five dozen "Direct Actions."

We are going to have a weekly meeting inside and early on an ingenious propaganda until we are strong enough to come out and have street meetings. We expect a free-speech fight, and consequently we want to win, and we are going to win, too.

In my next letter hope to be able to inform you definitely that I have formed a Local.

The Italians and Austrians are going to be a big help to us here.

Yours in Revolt,
MICK SAWTELL.

Adelaide Activities.

Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, at Oddfellows' Hall, Mooltaun-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 H. T. KELLY, Secy., 13 Wilcox-street, Adelaide Up-to-date Library and Reading-Room

Important.

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

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

Should any subscriber not receive his paper he should immediately notify Manager, 320 Castlereagh-street. On the expiration of subscriptions the number of the last issue due subscribers will appear on the wrapper of the paper

SUBSCRIBERS!

A blue pencil mark through this par denotes that your subscription runs out with the next issue, and a red mark denotes that your sub. runs out with the present issue. If you wish the paper to continue, you should immediately renew.

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.
- Boulder City Local, No 6.—Secretary Treasurer, M. Sawtell, 17 Wittenoom Street, Boulder City, 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.
- Denimston 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.
- The Evolution of Property: Lafargue, bound 2s.
- Ettor's and Giovannitti's Speeches From the Dock: Price, 1/-.
- The New Unionism: Tridon, paper 1s 8d.
- Sabotage: Pouget, bound 2s, paper 1s.
- Mr. Block Cartoons: Riibe, paper 8d.
- One Big Union: Trautmann, paper 6d.
- Communist Manifesto: Price, 6d.
- Right to be Lazy: Lafargue, bound 2s, paper 6d.
- Advancing Proletariat: Price, 4d.
- Sabotage: W. C. Smith, paper 3d.
- 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.
- Summary of Marx's "Capital": paper 2d.
- Economic Discontent: paper 2d.
- 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. Industrial Union Methods: Trautmann, paper 1d.
- "Solidarity": I.W.W. American 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, 380 Castlereagh-street, Sydney, N.S.W.

12/11/14.

The perusal of the above passage from the plute Press here caused me to indulge in a vulgar guffaw. Even plute Scribers can be amusing, though this belongs to the unconscious order or humour. Every blow delivered at dividends elicits a squeal from the big-bellied bourgeois. This porcine, money-grubbing monomania of capitalism will not allow the least interference with his money bags. If you prepare to fight him with the parliamentary blunderbuss you mostly find that he has the control of the powder and shot, and that the possession of the antique weapon is not only useless, but a positive hindrance as well. But when you hit him in his tenderest spot with a real dirty left, right direct from the workshop, our friend squeals like the fat porcine creature he is.

Parliamentary law is but a provisional custom set forth in the statute books for the purpose of exploitation and subjection. When a custom becomes crystallized into law it becomes static and will not function fully. The necessary conditions of a law are brought about by direct action, and they should be carried into effect by the same method. What desired change has ever gone through the legislative machinery without being severely mauled and partially rendered useless. In every instance of so-called working class legislation, some fly has been introduced into the ointment, and always will do, so long as there remains the faintest suspicion of bourgeois in the structure of society.

We have another spasm of Hard Labor Government to put up with here. The transcendental beauties of arbitration, Happy's Jack's wildly-neurotic State monopolies, which don't monopolise or materialise, the glowing picture of Trades Hall cum-legislative bummery; in short, the whole fantasy of the Labor fakir in charge of the blunderbuss which won't go off.

In various socialistic papers we see the advocacy of Parliamentary bummery, but surely in Australia we have had enough of Labor in power to prove that the ancient machine of subjection is not greased with the oil of progress. It's creaking can be heard afar off, but the times are out of joint, and direct economic control of fields, factories and workshops is the only true solution of the problem which means life or death to the labouring class.

Come on, you boneheads! Rouse yourselves from the lethargic capitalistic slumber which has beset you. Unite in the ONE BIG UNION and defy the boss.

SANS CULLOTTE.

WEST AUSTRALIA.

Fremantle Local No. 5 is now on the map, and all members visiting that port are requested to get in touch with the Local. The Local is rather small, but will grow when the organiser gets there.

Mick Sawtell reports active work by the new Local at Boulder City, where the Local is already fifty strong. They expect to have a