

DIRECT ACTION



VOL 2 NO. 33.

Registered at G.P.O. Sydney. SYDNEY, JULY. 15, 1915.

ONE PENNY

I.W.W. in London.

(From "Golos Truda.")

With the beginning of May came a mandate from the great British Liberal Government to the Labor and Socialist organisations that at First of May demonstrations no criticism was to be levelled at the war. Secondly, a police resolution was sent to each to be read and voted upon at the gatherings.

The Industrial Workers of the World, in conjunction with many anarchists, decided to hold a gigantic demonstration in Hyde Park on the 1st of May, and very promptly placed the police resolution in the W.P.B.

On the 1st two hundred I.W.W.'s marched through the streets of London with banners to Hyde Park. On the arrival at the Park most of the ground was occupied by officers drilling squads of soldiers. A platform was erected, and a speaker got up. He elucidated the causes of the war, and condemned it strongly. Among the vast audience were several returned wounded soldiers, who attempted to break up the demonstration.

They offered very little trouble, however, as soon as the fellow workers closed in. It was then decided to continue the meeting much longer. During the first portion of the meeting great masses and streams of people came in all directions, until the Park was nothing but a dense, black mass of people.

A woman fellow worker, Miss Baker, was subject to interjections from some patriots, who wanted to know something about German outrages on women. She replied that excesses of that kind were not confined to German soldiers, for many cases had happened in England.

Then a Russian speaker addressed his countrymen, and he was followed by six more speakers who condemned the present war, and also the tyranny of the Russian Government, for their brutal behaviour to Labor organisations.

Later on in the afternoon a large crowd of police arrived, and they were greeted by the vast audience with the singing of "L'Internationale." They did little, however, except take names and addresses of speakers, while detectives in the crowd made notes of the speeches.

At nightfall the meeting terminated, and the vast assemblage slowly wended its way homeward. This meeting was one of the largest ever held in London, and the general feeling was strongly against the war. The speakers spoke fearlessly, and urged the workers to organise for the overthrow of the vile system of capitalism, and end all wars for ever.

London, 2nd May, 1915. J.A.

MELBOURNE.

We are making slow but steady progress here in Melbourne. The usual attempts are being made to try and stifle our propaganda by the soap-box and paper. Anyway, we thrive on persecution, Mr. Boss.

Fellow-worker G. Hill finished his week's rest cure at G.R.'s palatial establishment in Russell-street, last Wednesday. It is quite likely that more of us may be there in the near future to emphasise what is known as "British Liberty."

F.W. Mark Anthony has arrived here, while F.W. King called on his way through.

Wounded soldiers arrived here back from the front at Port Melbourne. The powers that be took them off at night-time. It might have put the damper on the other fellows if they saw the wrecks who returned.

Yours for one union, one class, one war.

R. M. ROSE.

Lessons from the New Zealand Strike.

News from Locals

MISJUDGMENT.

During strike times we see a man really in his true light. In the time of peace we gather wrong impressions of each other which are scattered to the winds when the gauntlet has been hurled. Those who we thought would be found wanting at the critical moment, most of them have been found staunch, some who we thought were true were false. The strike is a great educator, and by the education derived we understand each other better.

LOOSELY LINKED UP.

From the moment that the waterside workers laid down tools, from that moment their defeat commenced. For eight days after, the carters, whose union was part of the N.Z.F.L., was used at once to break the strike. There was a continuous procession of carts going past the Auckland W.W.U. committee rooms, up till 10 p.m. every night, carrying coal and coke to the electric power station.

It was known that, if Auckland could have been put in darkness, the victory was won for the workers. That was denied us, not through the fault of the carters, but through the unscientific form of organisation, being loosely linked up, there was loose discipline. If all seamen, carters, watersiders and railwaymen were to down tools like one man, at a moment's notice, they could bring the employers to their knees within a week, in any part of the world, despite all the farmers who ever followed the plough.

FALSE FRIENDS.

In all strikes there is quite a number of gentlemen who try to intercede between master and man. They may be well intentioned, but only those who have the right should be allowed near the committee rooms. This applies greatly to newspaper reporters. In time of war there should be no chances taken. When the fox preaches, take care of your geese.

FOLDED ARMS.

Right through history all victories won have been won through might. There is no sentiment about it. This doctrine of peaceful methods, or non-resistance would act very well if the scab would desist. Desistance has its limits, and the side which makes the first good move (sabotage) wins. If craft union officials sincerely believe in peaceful methods, they should see to it that the farmer strike breaker is converted to Count Leo Tolstoy's doctrine of non-resistance. In all industrial warfare the chief aim of master and man is to inflict the greatest suffering on the opposite side. It is no kind glove fight.

TREACHEROUS OFFICIALS.

It was wicked the way in which some of the officials endeavoured to stop their members from morally supporting the strikers. When it was known that the strike would probably be discussed at a meeting, the chairman would often endeavour to have the question talked out. This was remarkably so at the seamen's meeting, which was the largest ever held in Auckland. The chairman's intention was to protract the discussion, and to admit of any amount of irrelevancy, with a view of tiring out the meeting. Some of the members were there to do business, all credit due to them, but that was too late, the strike was then becoming a lost hope. Quite a number of other unions followed out the same policy. Like the walrus and the carpenter they

Talked of many things—
Of shoes, and ships, and sealing wax,
Of cabbages, and kings

And why the sea was boiling hot,
And whether pigs have wings.

It is astonishing how law abiding some union officials suddenly become when they are called upon to give their moral support to an industrial war. They'll at once dust the covers of the arbitration law, and point out sub-clauses A to Z, which is an indictment on their form of organisation.

PROFESSIONAL SPEAKERS.

Great orators of whatever power should be kept off the strikers' platform. This has been mooted in various parts of the world. It has been fully demonstrated in the late strike. He can do a great deal of harm if not versed in all the facts of the position. There should be no public meetings, all educational work should have been done before the declaration of industrial warfare.

PARLIAMENTARISM.

Whatever our opinions are about parliamentary action, or parties, they should be kept entirely clear of any industrial fight. All thought and effort should be concentrated on how to win through. Parliamentary propaganda doped out on the platform in the late strike to a very large extent took all the fight out of the strikers by being told to wait till next election, when they could hit Square Deal Bill in the ballot box, in the "sweet bye and bye." This kind of dope could have been dispensed without coming on a strike platform to do so 10 months before the election. Politicians set but a poor trap to catch luck if they bait it with wickedness. In all future industrial struggles all parliamentarians should be given, as such, short route out a strikers' platform.

DECENTRALISATION

When a field marshal enters the field of national battle although he is in full command, he doesn't know of all movements. His command is split up into smaller commands, and they in turn into smaller commands, and although not directly under the command of the field marshal the forces are all joined up into one great body. It should and must be the same with the labor forces to achieve any success. It is too ridiculous to expect that any executive can control the whole labor forces of any country. They can not be in touch with every local position. There should be full autonomy in each industrial, local, district and national councils. This scientific machinery at work along with suitable tactics would win strikes every time. A lesson to be learned is that sometimes local unions alone can hit the employing class a deadly blow on their own, such as a building trade strike during the building of an exhibition, or a miners' strike during a war scare. We'll have to learn to move just when it is opportune, and become more aggressive, to do just as the enemy will do when it suits him and do it at the right time.

CRAFT ORGANISATION.

If ever the wage workers are to emancipate themselves they must organise on a different basis upon class, instead of craft lines. This weakness was the great cause of the workers' defeat in the late strike. Craft organisation has outlived its usefulness, has become reactionary, and is maintained oftentimes in the interests of the master classes, having for its basis a common interest between exploiter and exploited. It's sectionalism, its conciliation and arbitration whitewashes the class struggle.

Craft organisation is incapable of bringing into existence that comradeship

we so much need in our industrial struggle with the exploiting class. This was notably so respecting the New Zealand railwaymen, who carried bulls, pumps, special policemen, scabs, and all who were helping to break the strike. With the despotic officials of N.Z. Railwaymen's Union it was anything but face the issue, but instead to go whining and begging for skin plasters to cover the industrial sores of the workers.

Craft organisation in a fight with trustified capitalism is just like a fight between a rowing boat and a battleship, a very uneven fight at best.

So not relishing the class struggle most of the craft unions have developed into benevolent and mutual agreement societies.

The great need for future fights with the exploiter is closer organisation and scientific methods. This is generally accepted by membership of all unions. It is the despotic craft union chief who alone oppresses it in the interests of their easy and secure billets. The late strike of New Zealand was brim full of lessons to be learned. We should be wise and avoid a repetition of the blunders.

W.M. MURDOCH.

NORTHERN WORKERS.

In organising the coloured workers of the North the I.W.W. is doing work of supreme importance to the movement for the emancipation of labour. For the organisation of coloured labor is essential to the success of the campaign against capitalism. It is highly probable that the coloured aliens will make first class unionists, and add to the movement that touch of barbarism necessary to meet the unscrupulous tactics of capitalism. Indeed, it would fit in with fate's usual irony that our despised alien should take a leading part in the abolition of the wage system. All plans to achieve freedom must fail to succeed unless backed up by direct and vigorous action, and the simpler mind and less restrained impulses of the yellow and brown races, promise to give the necessary vigor to the more reasoned efforts of European workers.

In the event of failure to starve or slaughter the European workers into submission, the capitalist will naturally endeavour to utilise the coloured races for the purpose of exploitation. Therefore the alien must be instructed in the art of united action and the defensive and aggressive tactics evolved by the I.W.W. with the least possible delay. Unfortunately the largest of our Australian unions is pursuing the short-sighted policy of ignoring the necessity of forestalling the capitalist in the organising and utilising of our coloured neighbours, a regrettable policy in so far as it hampers the efforts of the I.W.W.

However, it is certainly better that their organising should be left to the members of the only union that is likely to be of any use to the workers.

J.G.J.

STICKERS.

Stickers are one of the most effective propaganda dodges that can be used. The Press Committee have printed a large quantity, which are now on sale to members, and locals. The prices are 2s. 6d. per thousand; 11s. for 5000; and £1 for 10,000. Orders despatched by return.

What is a "Wooden Shoe?" Read "Sabotage."

SYDNEY.

The cold weather and lack of speakers have interfered a good deal with the propaganda of the Sydney Local of late. Nevertheless, the Domain and hall meetings have been well attended, and "Direct Action" and literature sales have been very fair.

On Sunday, the 20th June, F.W. Michaelson delivered an address in the hall before a large audience upon "Recent Happenings in the American Labor Movement." During the course of his lecture, he dealt with the Western Federation of Miners, the trial and kidnapping of Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone; the Los Angeles "Times" explosion; the McNamara trials and sentences; and the Fresno and other free-speech fights by the I.W.W. After a very interesting talk, the audience put up a very lively and instructive discussion.

On Sunday, the 27th June, Mrs. McDonald lectured on "The Sex Question" to a very large and appreciative crowd. Mrs. McDonald, who has made a very intent study of the question, went into many sides of the problems of marriage, child-bearing, prostitution, etc. After the lecture the usual questions and discussions occupied the rest of the evening. Mrs. McDonald promised, in answer to an inquiry, that she would be prepared to give another lecture at an early date.

BOULDER.

Fellow-worker Reeve reports as follows: I have arrived safely in Boulder, and am busy getting things straightened up. I have taken over the literature secretaryship, just vacated by Fellow-worker E. McLoughlin, who has left Boulder.

The evening after my arrival, a few of us held a meeting on the street, and sold 8 dozen papers and a quantity of literature. The next evening we had another successful meeting, which we opened with a song. We disposed of two dozen song books in a very few minutes, and after that we sold nearly two pounds worth of paper and literature. The meetings are very well attended, and the dope is evidently making a very good impression amongst the crafties.

On the afternoon of the following day, F.W. Sawtell and myself went to one of the mines and disposed of a large quantity of back numbers of "Direct Action." Taken all round, things are favorable for propaganda here.

The local has a very nice room here, with plenty of window space for literature, posters and cartoons. We have taken stock of the literature left by F.W. King, and will send orders for other stuff as needed.

Increase the bundle order of "Direct Action" up to thirty dozen again. We hope by next issue to send it up to fifty, and afterwards to sixty dozen. Best wishes to all. We should have a weekly "Direct Action" soon.

NOTICE.

The Editor of this paper cannot undertake to publish anything that is sent along by members or individuals. Organisation news and information comes first; topical instructive articles second, and lastly articles of general interest.

Contributors are asked to write legibly, in ink, and on one side of the paper. If these simple rules are disregarded, the articles will not appear, and don't write for "Direct Action" unless you have something to write about. The Editor's life and time on this planet is limited.

Direct Action



OFFICIAL ORGAN

OF THE

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF
THE WORLD.

(Australian Administration).

Office—330 Castlereagh St., Sydney
Australia.

EDITOR: TOM BARKER.

MANAGER: E. A. GIFFNEY.

Matter for publication only should be
addressed to the Editor. Other matter
to the Manager.Subscription, 2/- per year. Special
Terms on Bundle Orders.HEADQUARTERS I.W.W. (Australia):
330 CASTLEREACH ST., SYDNEY.GENERAL HEADQUARTERS
164 W. Washington St., Chicago,
Ill., U.S.A.

Kids

Said in His Sleep.

Thrift.

"Solidarity"

At a meeting of the Subiaco Municipal Council (Perth) lately an avaricious lord, after a stormy discussion was refused permission to build two cottages on a block of land which by a narrow majority was deemed only large enough for one. During the discussion, while some one was appealing for a saner system of town-planning, one witty councillor provoked "roars of laughter" by exclaiming, "Fancy having shops with flowers and trees and lawns in front of them." Ay, only fancy, thou Caliban, with the soul of a blow-fly and the instincts of a sewer rat. Compared with thee and thy breed Shylock was a philanthropist, and Boubt a knight of chivalry.

Coming from work each night the writer threads his way through mean streets, undrained and foul. Children swarm everywhere, for it is a working-class suburb. Blue-eyed children, black-eyed children, golden-haired children, raven-haired children, babies in arms up to children of twelve. None over, they are picking their way through swarms of children in other suburbs, on their way from work. Skipping, tiggly, hoops, tops, marbles, hop-scotch on footpath, gutter and road, all are occupied. Occasionally some brutal clown shouts "Git out o' me bloody road, you little b—s." It is a cheerful and inspiring sight; for doctors and undertakers. A group of urchins clamorously intent on "footing" hurriedly retrieve the treasured ball from the gutter; and disappear swiftly as a portly "John Hop" looms into view. It is a police-court affair kicking a football in the street. Reserves and parks are scarce. Scarce to the point of invisibility. And they are fenced in, strong cumbrous fences with heavy clumsy turnstiles to keep out wandering buffalo and hippopotami. Destructive things hippos, they chew all the bark off the trees, root up the flowers, and lick the paint off the seats that are not there. Ah! these aldermen and councillors! Like the blaspheming brute hereinbefore mentioned, they are inexplicable phenomena. Nature's unpleasant jokes. Quaint survivals from the Cave period, when the hairy Cave-wife's maternal instinct prompted her to hurriedly conceal the smaller and juicier members of the family when she heard her lord roaring through the forest on his homeward way. Experience had taught her that prevention was better than cure. In point of fact there was no cure if the cave-larder was empty and the hunt had proved unsuccessful.

On dreamy evenings 'midst clouds of fragrant tobacco-smoke appears a vision of the city beautiful. Wide air-spacious, each alternate block holds crowds of happy, laughing children swinging or playing on the grassy, well-kept lawns. Every recreation block is a thing of beauty and utility. Noble trees offer tempting shade from the too ardent rays of the sun, while dazling fountains splash musically. Large covered-in gymnasia provide for nature's rougher moods. Sturdy youngsters display remarkable proficiency on the multifarious gymnastic apparatus. As evening draws on the electric lights twinkle out, and the stranger, musing apart, hears groans and lamentations. Peering intently into the branches of one of those splendid shade trees he may dimly discern a couple of misshapen, evil-smelling objects roosting on a limb. They are the shades of rent-lords. "Oh," moans one, "what a sinful waste of good land." "Ah," the other wails in sympathy, "just think of the rents it would bring in if it was fenced and sub-divided into building allotments." Then in a flash the word that had eluded me for hours came into my mind. Fence, that was the word. I had seen it in the museum, ticketing one of that queer collection of ancient curiosities. Fences, gates, padlocks, leg-irons, handcuffs and a multitude of other wooden and iron abominations. The prominently displayed placard explained that these things were used in remote ages to torture refractory prisoners.

A falling coat from the grate brings me back with a sigh, and a curse, to the present. Curses both loud and deep. The curse of all men on those whose greed leaves but the gutter for the playground of children; whose itching fingers fill the graveyards with the beautiful human blossoms God has placed in the world to make bright the life of man. The curse of every clean-minded man on those whose brutish instincts prompt them to stick unsightly iron spikes around our parks and lock them up at sundown, as in Perth. And a black and bitter curse on the callous

(The Lord Mayor of Melbourne has ignored a request for permission to take up street collections in aid of the unemployed.—News item.)

"No work, did you say? How dare you annoy me with such trifles at this time? What's that you say? Not trifles! When the very existence of this great Empire of ours—Hungry, are you? Don't interrupt me with such nonsense. Why, at this very moment the flag which allows you the privilege to enter MY PRESENCE is in danger of being dragged in the mire! Sh-h-h! Stop that child of your's whining, woman."

I never heard of such depravity in my life. You must not speak to ME in that manner! Do you not know that I am Lawd Mayah of one of the proudest cities in the British Em— Damn the British Empire, did you say? Be careful, sir; be careful! If you use language of that kind again, sir, I shall hand you over to the military authorities. My friend, Mr. Hughes, has specially passed an Act to enable us to deal with such seditious fellows as you. Did I hear somebody say something about bread? Bread! Bread!! Stop that whining, you vulgar brats! Of all the unpatriotic, unthinking people— Where IS your patriotism, you whining herd! Do you not know that our brave Allies of Poland, Serbia and Belgium have first call upon us? Why so? Dare you ask such a question! Were it not for gallant little Belgium, ladies and gen—almen, I mean, you boneheads—the free blood which flows in British veins would at this moment be in danger of contamination by German— Eh, what's that? It's God-damnation time your blood got nourishment of some kind. Is it? Don't misuse the noble English language, sir. Where is your pride of race, I say! Leave me, you workless stiffs, you sexless outcasts, you homeless brats, you—"

(But at this juncture my Lawd Mayah wakes up from his afternoon nap, and remembers that he has to preside at a patriotic blow-out, where he eventually winds up the proceedings with that impressive hymn, "Britons never, never, never—").

T. GLYNN.

stupidity of the sheeplike citizens who permit these things. Keep out the children. Keep them off the grass. Keep them from plucking the flowers. Keep them anywhere—till they are old enough to earn profits.

"But what," some cynic will ask, "has all this to do with the I.W.W.?" The I.W.W. is a movement for men. It entails fighting, abuse, persecution, perhaps jail. And yet, friend, it is the only organisation on God's green earth that holds any hope for the children. Child protection societies, silver chain leagues, waifs' rescue homes, and others of that ilk, if they do not, as their activities suggest, hold a vested interest in the exploitation rather than the cure of the ills that afflict the disinherited little ones, do but a limited amount of good. The I.W.W. is the only one with the courage and methods to grapple with and destroy the underlying causes that sap the strength of infants, and rob childhood of its joys. Dainty flowers from the Garden of God. In the good time coming, when men with good red blood in their veins have swept away the corrupt and cruel system we live under, a more generous consideration of the needs of our little playfellow will be given. What staunch and loyal friends are children? How they hate lies and deceit. How they hate work. How they hate monotony. How quickly they rebel against injustice or oppression. And how they love sunshine and laughter. How they love good food, good clothes, and good times. How they worship the beautiful. What scoundrel, unselfish spirits they have. And what an all-enfolding, unquestioning love they give. God grant that their hatred of the ugly and wicked things man's hands have created may live and flourish and become a mighty hate. God grant that their love for the pleasant and beautiful things of this fair earth may grow, and grow, till it becomes a love stronger than the love of life, an obsession, an all-powerful love overshadowing and beating down all base desires and evil impulses. "Then, pious stranger, breathe a silent prayer

That sorrow's hand may still be softly laid
On these young wanderers in this world
of care."

FLANEUR.

The working class of Australia have been getting quite a good deal of superfluous advice from middle-class, stay-at-home patriots to practise the strictest economy in their domestic expenses and to practice thrift.

This bug-bear of thrift, so sedulously fostered by middle-class economists is one of the most potent factors in reducing the already low standard of living.

For the sake of example, we will presume that in order to save a few coppers per week, the working-class in general decided to let their whiskers grow, instead of getting them shaved off by the barber. That would mean that all barbers' shops and their attendants would be unnecessary.

The barber would be out of a job. Having a stomach and probably a family, he would have to look for a job in an already overstocked labor market. This would mean that competition would become keener for jobs. Wages would fall in accordance with the increased competition, and by that means the few coppers saved by growing beards would disappear altogether. The working-class would be relatively worse off after their thrifty spell than they were before.

The greatest drawback that the working-class has to contend against is the cheap laborer, the man who scrapes and saves all the time. If everybody becomes thrifty, thousands of men and women workers would have to be dispensed with.

In short, thrift is one of the most plausible and dangerous things that the working class has got to fear. During the present war, the appeal for more economy, is only a move to get the working class to permanently agree to a reduction in their standard of living.

The workers must keep a jealous eye on the future. They must keep both eyes upon the masters of bread. Don't agree to do without certain commodities; demand more; be prepared to take more.

If you are obliged to eat margarine, slow down on the job! If you are obliged to purchase inferior food, sabotage the employer. If he tries to make you live cheaper, make him get two men to do your work.

If he cuts wages, cut your work more. If the cost of living goes up, and wages don't, make the boss pay by working slower. Poor food, poor work, is sound logic. Slow work means more jobs for the unemployed. Less unemployment means less competition for jobs. Less competition means more wages. More wages means a higher standard of living.

In short, if the boss expects you to be thrifty, or pays you only wages enough to be thrifty, be thrifty with your work, work slower. Take your time, and you'll live longer. Practice thrift with your work, but be a spendthrift with your wages and demand the best; and YOU HAVE THE POWER TO TAKE IT, when you understand the methods and economics of the I.W.W.

C. B. SHAW.

It is the final test of conviction, the only lever strong enough to overturn a social system, the only way of saying Must. Let six hundred and seventy fools loose in the street, and three policemen can scatter them. But huddle them together in a certain house in Westminster, and let them go through certain ceremonies and call themselves certain names until at last they get the courage to kill, and your six hundred and seventy fools become a Government. Your pious mob fills up ballot papers and imagines it is governing its masters. But the ballot paper that really governs is the paper that has a bullet wrapped up in it. Vote! Bah! When you vote, you only change the name of the Cabinet. When you shoot, you pull down governments, inaugurate new epochs, abolish old orders and set up new ones. Is that historically true, Mr. Learned Man, or is it not?

Ought, Ought, Ought are you going to spend your life, saying ought, like the rest of our moralists. Turn your oughts into shells, man, come and make explosives with me. Whatever can blow men up can blow society up. The history of the world is the history of those who had courage enough to embrace this truth. Have you the courage to embrace it?

MAJOR BARBARA.

We are very pleased to announce to the Australian members and sympathisers of the I.W.W. that the American I.W.W. Publishing Bureau is issuing on the 31st July, a special copy of "Solidarity" to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the Industrial Workers of the World.

It will be an issue of sixteen pages of the large magazine style. It will be illustrated with selected drawings and cartoons. It will contain special articles from the many men and women prominent in the Industrial Union movement of the various countries of the world. Some of these men are at present in gaol.

It will touch upon past achievements of the organisation, as well as a running narrative of the present. It will be a vision of the future of Labor.

An issue you will want to read, to preserve, and have a few copies to pass on.

The Sydney Local is taking 1000 copies. Locals and members sending bundles should place their orders early with the Literature Secretary, 330 Castlereagh-street, Sydney.

Now is your chance to give "Solidarity" a great boost in Australia, and send the circulation up to the 1000 mark. Every reader of "Direct Action" who wants to be conversant with the I.W.W. must read "Solidarity."

Whatever you do, write now, and then, if we are able to dispose of more, we can write to America for more immediately. Bundles, 1/6 per dozen; single copies, 3d. posted.

Combinations.

"Solidarity" is the official organ of the I.W.W. in North America. It is full of strike news, tactics, and interesting articles on Industrial Unionism. No industrialist can afford to be without it. It ought to have a circulation of at least 2000 in Australia. It will be year. In conjunction with "Direct Action" the two will cost 8s. per year posted.

"Golos Truda" is a Russian industrialist weekly published in New York. It contains favourable articles on the I.W.W. Every Russian worker should read it. The yearly subscription is 6s. In conjunction with "Direct Action," the two papers will be sent for one year for 8/- to any address in Australia.

"Il Proletario" is the I.W.W. Italian weekly published in the U.S.A. It will cost 6/6 per year posted, or 8/- in conjunction with "Direct Action." Address, Lit. Secretary, 330 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

CORRESPONDENTS.

R. M. Rose: Unsuitable.
W.M. (Frankton, N.Z.): Many thanks. Writing.

H.T. (Auckland): Sorry, but unsuitable. "Taihoa" is promising. We must keep personally out. The movement is greater than the individual. There are better themes than the S.D.P. who only need decent burial.

Flaneur: Thanks.
W.H.L. (Melbourne): Many thanks for quotation.

N.R.: Thanks.

W.O.B. (Port Augusta): Thanks.

Good luck with propaganda.
W.J. (Townsville), D. Foley (Ararat), F. Ratz (Broken Hill): Thanks for subs. Receipts coming.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

To Direct Action is 2s. per year, within Australia; New Zealand 3s. and foreign, 4s. Bundles, 9d. per dozen posted.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

For

DIRECT ACTION.

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

NAME

(Street or P.O. Box)

City

State

(If removed, please mark as a card)

Another Idol Smashed.

Another God Fallen.

Just as men build idols, and construct images to worship and adore, so surely are they, as years roll by, destined to see their gods perish before their eyes through circumstances over which they have no control. It is the inexorable law of fate, that all things must change. Everything in the wide world is subject to continual and everlasting change. The old must always make way for the young, the worn-out for the new.

The Political Labor Party in Australia is yet only a few years old, but progress and science have made such rapid strides in all spheres of life, that the Parliamentary machine has been rendered obsolete and antiquated.

The recent bust-up in the Federal Labor Party, caused by several members kicking against the despotic tactics of that party, has caused much consternation among many members of the working class. But, after all, what is there to become hysterical about. It is only the inevitable trend of events which make for progress. The present rupture in the ranks of the Political Labor Party should be welcomed with joy, and not met with sorrow. It is only heralding the time when the working class will cast aside for ever the bruised and broken reed of Parliamentary action, and organise together into one mighty army of industrial workers. Such an organisation would have an influence far greater, and wield a weapon more powerful, than all the Parliamentary Labor and Socialist quacks in existence.

For many months past, Mr. Frank Anstey, member for Bourke in the House of Representatives, has been criticising the Federal Labor Party in strong and vigorous language. At last the culminating point was reached, and after a forcible and violent denunciation of the Party he represented for so many years, he passed in his resignation. That all this trouble will be settled before long to the satisfaction of both sides is very apparent. But all this commotion only goes to prove the utter corruption, infamy, lies, and hypocrisy which surrounds the Parliamentary machine.

Thousands of working-men in Australia had built up glorious hopes in the Labor Party. They looked forward to great things from that "working class" party in Parliament. When it swept into power with a large majority, they thought the millennium would arrive in about a fortnight. But what a disappointment! What a delusion!

Mr. Frank Anstey, one of the most active members of the Labor Party, has called it a "paralysed party," and finished by saying, "The Labor Party in Parliament has stood at the door of a glorious opportunity. It is afraid to enter. It refuses to move. It is more timid than the timid. IT IS MORE TIMID THAN THE TIMID. It is afraid to live up to its principles. It is commencing to rot." Could anyone want a greater indictment against the Labor Party than the foregoing sentences? They prove its helplessness, show its leaning towards Conservatism, and forecasts its decay and ruin.

Can any live Laborite sit still when he reads Andrew Fisher's speech at a banquet given by the Chamber of Commerce in Melbourne a few weeks ago? The implicit faith and trust placed in the Labor Prime Minister by many slaves must have been shaken when they read his speech to those well-fed members of the master class. "I am not opposed to private enterprise," he said, "in fact I doubt which is the best economic system." Ye gods! "Honest Andy" is doubtful whether private or public ownership would be the better system. Is not that a complete negation of all the true principles of the Labor Party? How Parliament does change men. It is a greater narcotic than all the booze ever swallowed. It is more immoral than a house of ill-repute.

"Progress," a Fretrade journal published in Melbourne, in its issue of May 1st, says: "Where are the fearless advocates who used to voice their honest convictions within the ranks of Labor? What has become of such champions of Freedom as Hughes, Pearce, Mahon, Fisher, and others? They have been chained. They have been weighed down with salaries of £2400 a year." The validity of the above cannot be denied. Before the bright glitter of gold, they have become blind to all the principles of which they once spoke so loudly. They are mere puppets, worked which ever way the master class want them. The mere sight of the bosses' pocket book works wonders with the Labor politician. Is it any wonder that these one time "sons of toil" become wealthy men? No man can stop in Parliament and remain honest. It is impossible.

What a miserable figure those erstwhile agitators of the working class now cut? Think of it! The Labor Party paralysed! Commencing to rot! More Tory than the Tory! Alas! Another idol smashed! Fisher, the guest of thieves and parasites, and not opposed to their system of exploitation and murder! Alas! Another god fallen! Apostles of Labor, muzzled with a golden chain from £2000 to £10,000 a year! Ah! More Judas Iscariots discovered, who have sold their principles for a few quid! How much longer will the toiling masses trust these Parliamentary twisters, who desert them at every opportunity, and despise them all the time.

Speaking in the House of Representatives on April 19th, 1915, Mr. Anstey said: "Do not let us talk of morality in politics. It has been said that in all politics there are NO MORALS, NO PRINCIPLES, but only expediency; and those who lead the life well know that. What has the Labor movement produced? NOTHING. It has produced here a class of us who are drawing our salaries, and are not prepared to utilise the instrumentalities of human government in order to push forward the common cause. Let us own and acknowledge that it is all one gigantic hypocrisy." Behold! Out of the mouth of politicians sometimes comes words of truth and wisdom. The foregoing admission by a Labor member on the inside running, should be convincing proof as to the futility of Parliamentary action. Politicians must, of absolute necessity, become conservative. Their very jobs demand it. Their very lives prove it.

It is rumoured that a new political party is in the process of formation. That is just what many political dead-beats have been praying for. Most of the good parliamentary jobs are captured, and many disappointed and jobless politicians are left out in the wet. A new party would be hailed with great joy and rapture by all these out-of-work legislators.

What will this new lay-out be? Can it formulate a better programme than the Labor Party? Can it have a better fighting platform? Can it have a greater ideal? No, it cannot! If printed words, and a statement of principles were all that a political party needed, well, the Labor Party has all that can be desired. Any slave looking for political honours will find the Labor Party wide enough and broad enough to accommodate him, no matter how high his ideal.

In the early days of the Labor Party, before it could bow-wow in the House, it was composed of agitators, demagogues, socialists, rebels, and soap-boxers. They stood on street corners and upon vacant land, and advocated the cause of down-trodden and oppressed humanity. Many went to gaol for the principles of free-speech. They advocated the class-war; expounded the theory of surplus value, and denounced militarism in all its forms. Can a new Political Labor Party do more? I think not. Give any parliamentary gang power, no matter how revolutionary they may be, and it will be seen that they will become as conservative and corrupt as all their predecessors.

History and experience tells us of men who have stood up, and in wrathful indignation exposed the treachery of their Party, but they were soon silenced. Let us not waste time for another 20 or 30 years in building up another political party, only to see it go smash, so soon as it gained power.

Political action is a played-out weapon of the working class. Let us cast it upon the lumber heap, where it rightfully belongs. The place for action is in the industries where we work—at the point of production—on the job. Once organised into one industrial union of the working class, all activity in the shop will be productive of much good. The I.W.W. is working for the day when politicians will become useful members of society.

NORMAN RANCIE.

List of Locals in Australia.

Adelaide Local No. 1: Secretary-Treasurer, S. G. Drummond, 43 Charles-street, Unley, Adelaide, S.A.

Sydney Local, No. 2: Secretary-Treasurer, F. J. Morgan, 330 Castle-reagh-street, Sydney, N.S.W.
Broken Hill Local No. 3: Secretary-Treasurer, E. J. Kiely, Palace Buildings, Sulphide-street, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Port Pirie Local No. 4: Secretary-Treasurer, G. Kiepert, Florence-street, Port Pirie, S.A.
Fremantle Local, No. 5: c/o W. Johnstone, Burlington Hotel, Parkenham-st., East Fremantle, W.A.
Boulder Local No. 6, Secretary, Treasurer, E. Christensen, Lane Street, Boulder, W.A.

Brisbane Local, No. 7: Secretary-treasurer, J. J. Burke, "Mimi," Cribb-street, Milton, Brisbane, Q.
Melbourne Local, No. 8: Secretary-Treasurer, N. Rancie, 243 William-street, Melbourne, V.
Tottenham Local, No. 9, Secretary, Treasurer, A. S. Graham, Umang Street, Tottenham, N.S.W.

N.Z. LOCALS.

Auckland Local No. 1: G. Phillips, Secy. Treasurer, Kings Chambers, Queen St., Auckland.

Christchurch Local No. 2: E. Keat, Secy. Treasurer, Madras St., Christchurch.

Wellington Local No. 4: H. F. Wrixon, Secretary-Treasurer, c/o P. Josephs, 2 Willis-street, Wellington, N.Z.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

J. Allen, 1s; A. Bremer, 1s; L. T. Brazier, 1s; J. Brazil, 1s; C. Bezusy, 1s; J. R. Collins, 6d; D. Camp, 2s; H. Collins, 2s; D. P. Cannon, 1s; F. W. Dawson, 1s; W. Dicks, 6d; J. Dawson, 2s; J. Franson, 2s; D. Flynn, 2s; C. Ford, 1s; N. Giovannich, 2s; R. Graham, 2s; F. Garth, 1s; W. Hopkins, 1s; C. A. Howell, 1s; T. Hammond, 2s; W. Jackson, 2s; M. Lardner, 2s; Mr. McKay, 2s; A. McPhee, 1s; E. Mullery, 2s; A. Mills, 1s; McCoville, 1s; J. D. Miller, 2s; A. E. Noonan, 2s; W. H. Nixon, 2s; T. O'Loughlin, 6d; T. Orr, 6d; P. J. O'Neill, 2s; H. Potter, 2s; A. Reynolds, 1s; Mr. Rankin, 2s; Les Smith, 2s; R. Stien, 2s; J. S. Stewart, 2s; G. J. Shilling, 1s; M. Vass, 1s; Williams, 1s; J. Winter, 2s; W. Weale, 2s; Des Moines, Local 577, I.W.W. 4s. 2d.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

It has been proposed by the membership of Local No. 2 that we, of the I.W.W., start a vigorous campaign for a six hour day. The object being to pay more attention to an agitation for a reduction in the working day, instead of confining our activities to generalities.

In commencing an agitation of this kind, we considered it necessary to communicate with all the units of the I.W.W. in Australia, with a view to getting the best results possible. While discussing this proposition, we decided to print a four page leaflet dealing with the question, and distribute them as widely as possible.

The Press Committee will take the printing of a leaflet in hand, and they estimate that they will supply Locals at a cost of about six shillings per thousand.

We trust that this matter will receive due consideration so that we can have the leaflet printed and set in motion at an early date. Yours for the solidarity of the workers,

F. J. MORGAN,
Sec. Local No. 2.

NOTICE.

Will George Barrett, of Arrawatta, please communicate with this office, re naturalisation papers in his possession. Any member or subscriber knowing F.W. Barrett, please call his attention to this, as it is important.

If a notice "Expired" is on your "Direct Action," it means that your sub has expired. Renew at once, if you desire a continuation.

Wowserism in Excelsis.

Or The Wail of the Williamite.

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

(By Ajax)

Brethren in Christ the "Glorious Twelfth" is upon us. Every year according to time honored custom, the 12th of July is kept sacred to the memory of William of Orange. Of late years this festival has lost some of its old time significance, but nevertheless on this day, as of yore, the Orange lodges, reinforced by a religious rabble of wallers, howlers, Bible bangers, and soul snatchers rally to the cry of "No Popery," and "Keep the memory of William of Orange green," which, seeing that green is the Catholic colour, sounds rather illogical, but these Puritans are peculiar people, as we shall presently see.

Briefly, William was a second Joshua, who greatly helped the Protestant Party by exterminating Papists ostensibly to the greater glory of God. He endeared himself to Puritans by defeating the Catholics at the battle of the Boyne (June 20, 1690). His reign was conspicuous for persecution of the Catholics and Irish at home and senseless wars abroad. Independent historians accuse William of disgracefully breaking the treaty of Limerick, and ordering the horrible massacre of Glencoe. It is said by partisans that William encouraged emigration. Among other Christian acts this King, after countenancing a colony scheme, suddenly stopped the provision ships intended for several hundred Scotch settlers, many of whom died in consequence. William's life shows him to have been a cold husband, a brave but unskillful general, ambitious, cruel, unscrupulous and withal a bigoted and tyrannical monarch, with a strong predilection for gu.

And this is your idol, O Orangemen! Except as a lesson in religious and monarchical strife the bloody career of William has no interest for Australians, still less can the perpetuation of the memory of a religious feud fought over 300 years ago in a country 12,000 miles away concern Australians.

Yet every year a holy howl of "No Popery" is foisted on the public. This sanctimonious screech is preached in sectarian quarters, boomed in tin tabernacles, and finds an echo in the rounds of Kentish fire, rolleyed in Loyal Orange Lodges. These lodges glory in wonderful and weird names, such as Elijah, Luther, Latimer, Empire, Good Queen Bees, England's Glory, Chosen, Few, and a lot more, which all meet in or before full moon. Moon in Latin is luna, from which derivation we get the word "lunatic." Doubtless Catholics will note this fact.

Every year to the rattle of sectarian bones July fanatics round up their followers to revere William's memory. At local celebrations Dill mania gird their loins with the guitars of righteousness, unctuously rail at Rome, rant on ritualism, and offer a good deal of steam ament the open Bible, the machinations of Jesuits, Sunday observance, and so forth. In Ireland the holy brethren go much further, and their excesses frequently lead to riots. At these Orange orgies the health of the hero William, of pious, glorious, and immortal memory is drunk with due solemnity. The formula is an eloquent testimony to the Christian sentiments of this sect, and the toast runs thus: "And all who refuse to drink this toast may they be rammed, stammed, crammed into the great gun of Athlone to be blown over the hills of damnation, and may their fat be as tallow oil to light the way of the croppies in Hell, etc." After this exuberance the faithful manifest their zeal by cracking Catholic skulls for Christ's sake. They could not do less on such an auspicious occasion.

In Australia public opinion is too far advanced for these scenes, so Williamites content themselves with fulminations against Rome and infidels. Although a decaying religious factor Puritanism (which is really the advanced guard of wowserism in this country) is active as a social and political force. Puritanism or Orangeism is closely allied with the cold water craze, charity and cadding crusades, the kill joy cliques, social purity brigades, where soured spinsters, doubtless all virgins, egged on by wild wowzers, pass resolutions demanding the gallows, knife and lash of sexual offenders.

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

Legally, several of the harsh laws in our penal code can be traced to Puritan proclivities, and call to mind the bad old days of the reign of the saints when Puritans in England and elsewhere sought by hogging, mutilating and persecuting people to lead men to God. The Public Halls Act and Sunday legislation passed locally by the Wado Ministry was an effort to propitiate Puritans. In dealing with this subject we have to remember that Puritanism is a gloomy sect, whose philosophy seems to be "that all happiness lies through pain, and that he only who is most miserable is true, righteous." According to Puritan divines the sickliest boy is always the holiest, and there is not a line anywhere in their theology that suggests that one will get "pie in the sky bye and bye."

Orangeism is not likely to add much to the gaiety of nations, but at least it has succeeded in contributing one of the finest pieces of satire in Australian history. During the South African war, while Englishmen were scabbing on the Dutch seamen, the Australian Protestant volunteers on their departure were solemnly admonished by the Moderator of Presbyterians, who was a leading L.O.L. light. The minister stood in the rain and invoked God's blessing on local Williamites who were off to Africa to murder Dutch Orangemen, descendants of the illustrious William of pious, glorious and immortal memory! It is thus good Protestants of the Puritan persuasion obey the Master's injunction, "Love one another."

Recently in Ireland the brethren in Christ threatened to oppose Home Rule by force. Elaborate military preparations were made to resist the law of the British Government, a Protestant Government, mark you. It is thus Loyal Orangemen fan the flame of fanaticism and sow the seeds of sedition. Indeed, it was an effort worthy of Christians.

Puritanism vigorously opposed the anti-slavery, feminist, and other progressive movements. Viewed through the coloured spectacles of Puritanism every striker is a seditious, every infidel is damned, every great man a criminal, and Puritans still preach from the text "The Ungodliness of Socialism" for the edification of old women, sickly youths and empty pews.

Workers will recall how the local organ of Orangeism howled for the blood of the miners in the Newcastle coal strike. It was the first paper which, under pretence of public safety, called for military force to suppress the strike. This sectarian sheet is ever sowing the seeds of social strife, and attacking Radicalism. Before this sees print doubtless the Orange organ will grow out its eulogy of William, and incite its readers with the tall tales of the brave men of Londonderry and the sanguinary exploits of Williamites. There is much racial and religious rancour, and not a little superstition and bitterness reflected in its pages, but nowhere can one find the way to spiritual life, much less the road to economic salvation.

During the life time of Cardinal Moran and Dill Mackay, both shareholders in the Newcastle mines, and rival labourers in the Lord's vineyard, they kept this sectarian sheet alive. After spending their time vilifying and denouncing each other here below we are asked to believe they now sleep sweetly in the arms of Jesus.

The tirade against Rome, although partly true, is nevertheless hypocritical, because Puritans have ever sought to set up a clerical despotism worse than the one they seek to destroy. From a worker's standpoint, there is no

(Continued on page 4).

Wowsersism in Excelsis.

(Continued from page 3).

fundamental difference between the parties in this semi-religious political struggle. The wind wowsers, like the cowed monk of antiquity, is out another type of religious fanatic. The cross keys of St. Peter and the gruesome cross of Orangeism are both quartered on the same shield. That shield is **STRENGTH**. Very another bogey come to judgment.

Under the cloak of religion, the grasping greed of political Puritanism lurks. It's a question not so much of the saving of souls, but rather the snaring of phobias.

The Puritan press is extensive, and turns out annually tons of books such as "The Sword of the Lord," "The Hate Crime," and similar religious rubbish calculated to deceive ignorant people, who are thus led to believe that social salvation can only be attained by close adhesion to the theological trash and narrow-minded dictates that emanate from a Puritan pulpit.

The history of Protestantism and Puritanism in particular is the story of war, persecution, and all unrighteousness. It failed because it never gave to the world any scheme of social salvation.

Economic forces have reassessed themselves over religious ideas, and Puritan conceptions seem crude and utterly out of place in the modern world. Despite spasmodic attempts at revival the star of Puritanism which once blazed brightly in the night of superstition now twinkles feebly in the dawn of reason.

To-day the wail of the Williamite is as the voice of one crying in the wilderness of wowsersism, "Prepare ye the way of the pulpit puncher." At these sectarian shows speakers still thunder against the World, the Flesh, and the Devil in general, and Rome in particular, although the game is nearly played out. Indeed the handwriting is on the wall, and the words of the open Bible for which they are professedly so zealous, suit them admirably, "Weighed in the balance and found wanting."

To sum up, Orangeism has failed dismally as a religious force, its social significance has ever spelt sectarian strife. Politically, it is a clerical capitalistic clique strongly tainted with jingoism. Industrially nowadays it is of little account, although formerly parsons exhorted the poor to take their troubles to the Lord in prayer. Psychologically it is a survival of 17th century religious mania. Historically it appertains to feudalism, and in some respects was fit to be the religion of capitalism, its austere customs and tenets, more especially its abolition of Saint holidays and deification of Sabbatarianism just suited the rising trading class. Commercially this sect has assiduously preached industry, sobriety and thrift to the masses. Philosophically, Puritanism is antagonistic to reality and life, upholding the doctrines of predestination, pain, renunciation and sex perversion, neither has it given the world any new idea. Theologically its creed is but a re-hash of the age-worn story of "Jesus and His blood," highly coloured by Puritan gloom. The Puritans are, in fact, the preachers of death and damnation, and have done their darndest to keep the fires of hell burning.

Probably in the future students will be amazed that so-called intelligent people of the 20th century still cling to an obsolete superstition. The economic evolution is against Orangeism, and it is slowly dying the death of superstitution. In the industrial republic of the future, when the mists of religious rancour has passed away, perchance people will have little time for these drones in the industrial hive. The wowsers will have to work, and a more enlightened generation will ask

Oh, preacher of death, where is thy sting?

Oh, gospel grinder, where is thy victory?

The Dishwasher.

Alone in the kitchen, in grease laden steam,
I pause for a moment, a moment to dream,
For even a dishwasher thinks of a day
Wherein will be leisure for rest and for play;
And now that I pause o'er the transom there floats
A stream of the Traumer's soul-stirring notes,
Engulfed in a blending of sorrow and glee
I wonder that music can reach even me.

For now I am thinking, my brain has been stirred,
The voice of a master the lowly has heard;
The heart-breaking sob of the sad violin
Arouses the thoughts of the sweet "might have been";
Had men been born equal the use of the brain
Would shield them from poverty, free them from pain,
Nor would I have sunk in the black social mire
Because of poor judgment in choosing a sire.

But now I am only a slave of the mill
That plies and remodels me just as it will,
That makes me a dullard in brain-burning heat
That looks at rich viands, not daring to eat;
That lives with its red, blistered hands ever stuck
Down deep in the foul in describable muck,
Where dishes are plunged, seventeen at a time,
And washt in a tubful of sickening slime.

But on with the clatter, no more must I shirk,
The world is to me but a nightmare of work;
For me not the music, and laughter, and song;
No toiler is welcomed amid the gay throng;
For me not the smiles of the ladies who dine,
No warm, clinging kisses begotten of wine;
For me but the venting of low, sweated groans
That twelve hours a night have instilled in my bones.

The music has ceased, but the havoc it wrought
Within the poor brain it awakened to thought
Shall cease not at all, but continue to spread
Till all of my fellows are thinking or dead.
The havoc it wrought? 'Twill be havoc to those
Whose joys would be nil were it not for my woes.
Keep on with your gorging, your laughter and jest,
But never forget that the last laugh is best.

You leeches who live on the fat of the land,
You overfed parasites, look at my hand;
You laugh at it now, it is blistered and coarse;
But such are the hands familiar with force;
And such are the hands that have furnished you drink
The hands of the slaves who are learning to think,
And hands that have fed you can crush you as well
And fast your damned

Go on with the arrogance born of your gold,
As now are your hearts will your bodies be cold;
Go on with your airs, you creatures of hates,

No Parliament.

I know, from the actual experience of living the life of a wage-earner, that there are many workers who believe in and accept the idea of the One Big Union; yet how to do without Parliament is a puzzle and a mystery to them. This stumbling block, this question must be met and explained to our fellow-slaves in clear and terse language of almost Biblical simplicity.

All reasoning is based on self-evident truths.

It is self-evident that nobody can fulfil two contradictory functions at the same time and place.

A man cannot be both a black man and a white man at the same time and place; he is either a black man or a white man.

Nobody can be both a wage-earner and a capitalist at the same time and place; he is either a wage-earner or a capitalist.

Parliament cannot both administer and destroy capitalism at the same time and place; it must either perpetuate or overthrow capitalism.

Now, it is the easiest thing in the world to prove that every Labor Government has never done anything but administer capitalism.

There is no need to take examples from Liberal or Tory Governments. Every Labor Government in Australia adheres to arbitration, and not only that, they have enforced arbitration awards, with injunctions, fines, and gaoling of strikers.

Is not the principle of arbitration the very root of capitalism?

The legalisation of the exploitation of the many by the few.

Then the Labor Governments have enforced the very essence of capitalism.

Can these arguments be denied? If they can—then, what about the penal clauses in every Arbitration Act?

How can we do without Parliament? I might ask, "What are we doing with it?" Now, I know that many workers have a vague idea that Parliament might get better. Ha, Ha!

Fellow-workers, your Labor politicians are now capitalists.

Think of all the men who have grown rich on the Labor movement, Messrs. Fisher, Hughes, and Mahon, etc.

Nearly every member in this State (W.A.) is a farmer, and farmers are interested in exploiting the workers.

Whilst these "honorable members" are in Parliament squandering golden eloquence, who ploughs the field, and reaps the crops for these political farmers?

Our friends, the International and Revolutionary Socialists, will object and say: "But the Labor party is not a real Socialist party"—granted. But the very moment there was a Socialist majority in Parliament, to be true to their principles, they would have to dissolve Parliament for ever. If not, they would have to administer capitalism.

What a satire, Socialists administering Capitalism. Perpetuating the very evil they claim to be out to destroy.

This is just what the Labor Party is doing. Parliament is doomed. We, as intelligent workers, want none of it. We are going to destroy Parliament with industrial management.

It makes no difference to the workers, whether they vote for Snodgrass, the Liberal candidate, or Gobshite, the Labor candidate, they both administer capitalism. A genius and a dunce go to the polling-booth. The result is the same—a cross on a piece of paper.

But not so with the I.W.W. programme.

Say, for instance, there are a hundred intelligent men in a community, but, with industrial management, all those hundred intelligent men can function, in the industry or sub-

division of industry that they happen to be in.

A genius and a fool would not be equal in industrial management. A genius would have great and noble and useful ideas, as how to run the industries. A fool would have none, like our clowns, the politicians.

Under industrial management, say, if there was unemployment in any locality, the workers in that industry would meet at their union meeting, and all would discuss the question.

Probably they would arrive at the decision to work shorter hours, and absorb the unemployment. But now when there are unemployed, Labor Minister Underwood, of W.A., tells the starving unemployed to "get work."

Yet, some of the slaves cannot see, "how we can do without Parliament."

Let us take another instance: The dust in the mines kills the miners, like flies.

A child knows that water will keep down dust.

The miners petition to their own politicians. The Mining Act is amended, after months, or even years, of talk.

Mining inspectors and engineers assume to be very busy. They issue long lying reports, saying that the "dust" evil is now being dealt with, and that conditions are greatly improved underground.

Yet every man underground knows these reports to be nothing but lies.

Suppose the workers determined to deal with the trouble directly themselves. They would meet at their union halls and discuss the question.

Then, at a time agreed upon, the miners, with the aid of the plumbers and carpenters on the surface, would start to lay their own pipes and water sprays to every part of every mine on the belt.

If the effort was properly organised, the underground workers could accomplish, in a few days, what Parliament will never do.

The raising of ore would have to wait until we had made conditions better to work under.

The humblest worker, if he sticks to the fundamental and logical proposition, that Parliament cannot fulfil two contradictory functions, he will always understand his position as an industrial unit.

A further division is the law of progress.

The industrial unionists want a further division in the management of industries.

We want to use all the intelligence of all the workers.

This is the programme of the I.W.W., with its six industrial departments, and its numerous subdivisions.

Read it, fellow-workers—there is a place for you in it.

M. SAWTELL.

BOULDER.

ACTIVITIES OF LOCAL NO. 6.
HALL, LANE-ST., BOULDER, W.A.

Wednesday evenings, in Hall, class meeting.

Friday evening, Boulder Post Office, propaganda meeting.

Saturday evening, Kalgoorlie, propaganda meeting.

Sunday morning, 10.30 a.m., Hall, business meeting.

Sunday afternoon, Keane's Goldfields Hotel, Athletic Club, at 2.30, lecture.

Sunday evening, Boulder, propaganda meeting.

Good library at Hall. All Reds are invited to dig in and make Industrial Unionism the topic of the day.

E. CHRISTENSEN,

Secretary-treasurer.

Eat well, while the dishwasher spits on the plates;
But while at your feast let the orchestra play
The life-giving strains of the dear Marscellase—
That red revolution be placed on the throne
Till those who produce have come into their own.

But scorn me to-night, on the morn you shall learn
That those whom you loathe can despise you in turn.
The dishwasher vows that his fellows shall know
That only their ignorance keeps them below.
Your music was potent, your music hath charms,
It hardened the muscles that strengthen my arms,
It painted a vision of freedom, of life—
To-morrow I strive for an ending of strife.

Literature List.

Capital: Karl Marx, 3 volumes; price vol. 8s.

Value Price and Profit: Marx, bound 2s, paper 6d.

The Evolution of Property: Lafargue, bound 2s.

The Militant Proletariat: Austin Lewis, bound 2s.

The New Unionism: Tridion, paper 1s. 8d.

Work and Wages: Thorold Rogers, paper cover, Price 1s. 8d.

First Nine Chapters of Capital: Karl Marx, paper cover, Price 1s. 8d.

Sabotage: Pouget, bound 2s, paper 1s.

One Big Union: Trautmann, paper 6d.

Right to be Lazy: Lafargue, bound 2s, paper 6d.

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.

Revolution and the I.W.W.: Pease, paper 3d.

Eleven Blind Leaders: B. H. Williams, Price 3d.

Political Socialism or Capturing the Government: B. E. Nilsson, Price 3d.

War! What For? Cartoon: Price, 3d.

Summary of Marx's "Capital": 2d.

Revolutionary Unionism: E. J. B. Allen, 2d.

Industrial Unionism: Hanlon, 2d.

Economic Discontent: paper 2d.

Wage-Labour and Capital: Marx, paper 1d.

The Diesel Motor: Frankenthal, 1d.

Industrial Unionism: St. John, 1d.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS ON SALE.

(All the works published below, although not officially endorsed as a whole by the organisation, can be obtained from the Literature Secretary, I.W.W., Local, No. 2, 330 Castlereagh-street, Sydney. Cash must accompany all orders.)

- | Title. | Price. |
|--|--------|
| Capital, Vol. I. The Process of Capitalist Production (Marx) .. | 8s. |
| Capital, Vol. II. The Process of Circulation of Capital (Marx) .. | 8s. |
| Capital, Vol. III. The Process of Capitalist Production as a Whole (Marx) .. | 8s. |
| Woman and Socialism, the classic work on this subject, revised, enlarged, and newly translated (Bebel) .. | 6s. |
| Ancient Society, the greatest and most revolutionary book on primitive man (Morgan) .. | 6s. |
| The Positive Outcome of Philosophy, also in the same volume Letters on Logic and the Nature of Human Brain Work (Dietzen) .. | 4s. |
| Landmarks of Scientific Socialism (Ant. Reiberger). Contains the most important portions of the larger work from which Socialism, Utopian and Scientific was taken (Engels) .. | 4s. |
| The Physical Basis of Mind and Morals. Shows the origin of mind and the relation of economics to morals (Fitch) .. | 4s. |
| Essays on the Materialist Concept of History (Marx) .. | 4s. |
| Socialism and Philosophy. In the form of familiar letters (Labriola) .. | 4s. |
| An Introduction to Sociology. A new and useful work for beginners (Labriola) .. | 4s. |
| Critique of Political Economy. Explains the general theory of surplus value and discusses the currency question (Marx) .. | 4s. |
| The Poverty of Philosophy. A reply to Proudhon (Marx) .. | 4s. |
| Looking Forward: A Treatise on the Status of Woman and the Origin and Growth of the Family and the State (Kappeler) .. | 4s. |
| Marxian Economics, a popular introduction to the study of Marx (Untermann) .. | 4s. |
| Philosophical Essays, including the Religion of Social Democracy, the Ethics of Social Democracy, Social Democratic Philosophy etc. (Dietzen) .. | 4s. |
| The Positive School of Criminology. Three lectures (Ferri) .. | 2s. |
| Justice and Goodness (Lafargue) .. | 2s. |
| The Militant Proletariat, a discussion of the American working-class and the Socialist Party (Lewis) .. | 2s. |
| Memoirs of Karl Marx. Delightful personal recollections (Liebknecht) .. | 2s. |

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.