

DIRECT ACTION



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ONE PENNY.

ANOTHER "BIG UNION."

It Belongs to Billy Hughes and his Twelve Apostles.

After getting the workers' hands tied behind their backs by Arbitration Acts and other legal devices, the Craft Union leaders and politicians have now set about shackling their legs. The Federation of Unions proposal now being launched is, in more senses of the word than one a "crafty" scheme towards that end.

The reason for this step on the part of Labor leaders is not far to seek. The increased prices in the necessities of life; the absolute impotency of craft organisation to maintain, much less advance, the workers' standard of living; the ever increasing economic pressure being brought to bear through immigration, combined with the advocacy of militant Industrialism during the past few years, have all had their influence in the resultant uneasiness displayed by all grades of the working class. So much so, indeed, that in spite of the pains and penalties attached to striking, even the most conservative of craft unions began to kick, and kick vigorously.

Hence the desire on the part of politicians and high-salaried officialdom to get the workers by the ankles, as it were, and put a stop to this disagreeable tendency. The one thing these leaders detest, above all others, is that their followers should exhibit any signs of discontent.

When the One Big Union idea was first mooted in Australia, a few years ago, by a small band of Industrialists, labor leaders laughed in derisive scorn. "Fanatics," "Dreamers," "Impossibleists," etc., were some of the epithets hurled at the unfortunate I.W.W. propagandist. But now that the rank and file of the workers are becoming imbued with that idea, and the militant tactics that go with it, this self-same gang of place-hunters comes forward with the cry of "One Big Union" on their lips, but with treacherous vile, unspeakable, in the innermost recesses of their boodle-loving souls.

This treachery is written so large in one clause of the Constitution of the proposed Federation, that one can only wonder at the audacity of its authors in putting it into print.

The management of the Federation is to consist of a Council of twelve members, and the clause referred to provides that:—

Every affiliated organisation shall, at the earliest opportunity, notify the General Secretary of the Federation of any dispute or any proposed alteration of existing industrial conditions in the industry in which such organisation operates. The General Secretary shall make a record of all such matters in a special book kept for that purpose, and immediately on receipt of such notification refer all such matters to the Council, WHO SHALL DETERMINE THE COURSE TO BE ADOPTED BY THE ORGANISATION immediately concerned, as well as by all affiliated organisations, and such decision SHALL BE BINDING upon the organisation immediately affected, and upon all other affiliated organisations.

The Constitution goes on to provide not alone against the contingency of strikes, but also, apparently, against sabotage; for the next clause informs us that:—

"No cessation of work or DISTURBANCE OF EXISTING INDUSTRIAL CONDITIONS by any affiliated organisation shall take place unless and until the matter has been laid before the Council, and the Council has so decided."

There can be no hesitation in saying that had a constitution of this kind been drawn up by, say, members of the Employers' Federation, ninety-nine out of a hundred of the workers concerned would at once see through its fraud and trickery. In this connection a remark lately made by Mr. Hughes, one of the moving spirits, by the way, in this proposed Labor Beau-racracy, with regard to the Conscriptio Act, is illuminating. "The Labor Party has done," he said, "what the Liberals dared not do."

Mr. Hughes spoke the plain truth; though few of his hearers, perhaps, understood its underlying meaning. The workers will not tolerate from their known enemies what they will meekly swallow at the hands of clever politicians masquerading under the name of Labor.

This hotch-potch scheme in which a junta of twelve is given a supreme voice and ultimate control over the working conditions of hundreds of thousands of wage-workers, is the latest pill manufactured by Doctor Hughes, and his fellow quacks, and coated as it is with "one big union" sugar, the workers swallow it without turning a hair. That the workers should be induced to abdicate their power, to abandon their independence and initiative, and place their destinies in the hands of any dozen men, even assuming their sincerity, is a violation of every principle that the working-class movement ever stood for. But that they should voluntarily give this power to men not of their own ranks, who are absolutely out of touch with the everyday lives of the workers themselves, to politicians whose ideas of present day slavery, are gathered at the windows of a first-class railway carriage, would be humorous if it were not that one can plainly foresee its tragic results.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that any form of Federation is certainly not Industrial Unionism, and must fail in any struggle of importance, for the simple reason that craft organisation, even when federated, places innumerable obstacles in the way of concerted action in any one industry. The Industrial form of organisation alone makes it possible for the workers to concentrate their fighting energies on the point where capital is concentrated against them.

Federation under any guise, therefore, as the recent strikes in New Zealand and South Africa fully illustrate, is at best but a euphonious title given to cover the obvious disadvantages of sectional organisation. But a Federation under the guiding influence of such men as Hughes, Catts & Co., whose declared policy is to confine strikes to their narrowest possible limits, and who have acted up to that policy in every recent industrial war, is certainly something that should make our capitalist friends lick their chops in gloating expectation.

There does not seem to be much else for Mr. Hughes to do in the shackling business. But, perhaps after all, Mr. Hughes is not so clever as he imagines. The saying, "That you may fool some of the people some time," etc., is worn-treadbare, yet Mr. Hughes would appear to have forgotten it in his calculations. It is doubtful whether a paper Constitution, even when drawn up by such a trustworthy and infallible individual as Mr. Hughes, will prevent the workers kicking over the traces. More "sacred" laws will yet be broken in the onward march of the workers towards the consummation of the One Big Union idea.

Arthur's Hope!

M.L.A. Wants a Hundred Thousand Girls. What for?

Dr. Arthur, M.L.A. (signifying Master of the Little Artifices of politics) says that New South Wales is great.

There are people rude enough to agree with him. Didn't they put him in the Legislative Assembly?

Moreover, and furthermore, sayeth same Medico Arthur, the girls of New South Wales are her greatest product.

"We need one hundred thousand more of them," says his doctorship. "The poor little wretches, 'snippets,' 'flappers,' and girls almost of a marriageable age, want to know, Dr. Arthur, what you need a hundred thousand more for."

They are asking why they happen to be the "Greatest Product" of New South Wales.

They are wondering why it is necessary for them to arise at six o'clock in the morning in order to be AT WORK at eight.

They are enquiring of Dr. Arthur M.L.A. why they should work at all when there are thousands of unemployed men walking the streets of Sydney—men who, if given remunerative work, would be enabled to marry and take them out of the mills and factories.

The average working girl, Dr. Arthur, M.L.A., is not a vulgar female; she realises that she is a notable product of New South Wales; also that she has either to go to work or go upon the streets. But what she does desire to know, Mister Doctor, M.L.A., what in the devil's name do you want a hundred thousand more of 'em for? "Do you want them for breeding purposes, or do you want them to scab on the men?"

Say, Doctor—if doctor you be—take a dose of your own medicine, some evening, and, awaking early, drift down to the foot of George or Pitt streets. Read there; learn there, and inwardly digest.

If you are an observant citizen—and a conscientious legislator, you will observe some strange sights, mostly similar.

From 7.30 a.m. until 8.30 a.m. you will see them—that's if you can see, or desire to. Yes; you can get an education—if you wish one—on the matter of New South Wales' "Greatest Products."

You will see them, Fellow-worker Doctor, going to work, and it might open your political eyes.

"DIRECT ACTION" cares nothing for your eyesight, political or otherwise, Herr Doctor, or do the women of Australia care much more.

They say that their condition is bad enough without you making it worse.

They don't care two whoops in Hell whether you have a hundred thousand daughters or a hundred, but they do care, Mr. Doctor, M.L.A., about competition, because they know they're up against it. If you think, Mr. Physico, that one hundred thousand more girls are needed in New South Wales, one hundred and fifty thousand are on your trail. Yes, on the warpath!

Look to it, your doctorship, or else you'll lose your job.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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

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

ARE YOU ALL ASLEEP?

Read About That Diesel Engine and What it Means to You!

Possibly the most revolutionary invention, in its effects upon the unemployed, and the working class in general, is the Diesel engine, although few realise what Dr. Diesel accomplished when he demonstrated to the world at large what his discovery portended. It is now recognised by all industrial authorities that the Diesel-Internal-Combustion-Self-starting engine is destined to destroy many industries that were generally conceded to be permanently established on a firm basis.

With its eventual success the coal-mining industry must be practically wiped out, as the expense of mining will not furnish the propelling force hitherto considered its greatest asset.

Oil is taking the place of coal, more and more. It is infinitely more economical in every way, being more plentiful and much more easily produced. As it is an irrefutable fact that the employing class always seek their commodities in the cheapest market, so is it an undeniable one that they are going to take full advantage of the Diesel engine. They have grasped the opportunity to cheapen sea-going travel, and the invention has already been installed in one ten-thousand ton liner. It has proved such a success that others are being built as rapidly as possible, and it will not be many years before the stackless liners will have the control of the ocean.

Sir Marcus Samuel, chairman of the Flower Motor Ship company, has stated that their ship, the Arum, of 5500 tons capacity, consumed only six tons of oil in twenty-four hours, and furthermore that oil was as cheap in England, ton for ton, as was coal? Ships of a similar size, burning coal would consume twenty-four tons, a saving of seventy-five per cent. This is an item that the capitalists of the world are very likely to overlook for long.

Oil has, this additional advantage over coal; that it requires less labour power and labour energy in its production. Oil gushes from the bowels of the earth in thousands of tons, without the slightest aid from the hand of man, whereas coal must be produced by the hands of the toiler. It must also be realised as a significant fact that there is not a coal mine in the entire world that can produce fuel, per day, as can any of the artesian oil-wells of Mexico, Peru, or California.

Neither are the wonderful possibilities of the Diesel engine confined to shipping. It has been adopted by many large railway lines and will eventually displace steam there also. It absolutely eliminates boiler troubles, needs less repairs and is capable of running trains for hundreds of miles without a stop. Stationary plants are also commencing to sit up and take notice of the great potentialities of this marvellous discovery owing to its great advantage over the steam engine. It is destined to be installed in most of the big plants of the world. Steam must become a back number—a mere matter of history in a very few years. And with the disappearance of steam, and its magnificent achievements of the past, must also go coal, coal-mining and coal miners. What that means to the millions of toilers the world over, who delve in the bowels of the earth, may be left to the reasonable readers' imagination.

Nor will that be all; stokers, firemen and thousands of members of other so-called crafts will be thrown out of employment. It means a cataclysm—a distinct industrial revolution—which must be met by the workers themselves. It behoves engineers, engine-drivers, boiler-makers, all railway workers, seamen, firemen, coal lumpers and others affiliated in one way or another to come to their senses and ask each other what is to be done.

Then, again, there is the Panama Canal, which must be duly taken into consideration by all workers. The "Big Ditch" is now open for traffic, and through its opening a route to the greatest and most prolific oil-fields in the world—those of Peru—is available for all shipping or other companies to secure all they desire or require. Exploiters of the trade routes, West or East, are going to exploit those Peruvian oil-fields for their own benefit, no matter of what nationality, and thereby are going to further exploit the workers of the world. On the conclusion of the Mexican war, the rich fields of Tampico, and other in that war-racked country, will be similarly exploited with similar results. Most of these resources, it should be borne in mind, are virgin resources.

It must be distinctly evident to the thinking worker that labour is being displaced daily in every industry in the world by the machine, and that consequent unemployment is the result. In order to cope intelligently and effectively with such a state of affairs, we must first understand our class position, and then must know how to best improve our conditions. We must realise our importance in society.

We, the working class, have but one way of securing a living; by the sale of our labour power—our working energy.

The Diesel engine, as well as all other machines, ancient and modern, have been produced by labour—those same machines that are displacing it—these we kindly and charitably turn over to the master class and its control. Each additional labour-saving device increases the power of the worker to produce and decrease his ability to consume, owing to the economic fact that wages are reduced in proportion to the amount of labour displaced by the machine, while the capitalist, on the other hand, is finding it ever more difficult to discover markets for his increasing surplus.

This means ever-increasing misery, want and hunger for the workers by reason of the fact that they are not organised industrially. By such organisation shorter hours must become an accomplished fact, unemployment will cease to exist, and all surpluses will be abolished. There will be an elegant sufficiency for all, as somebody once said.

J. B. KING.

Since "DIRECT ACTION" and the capitalist press have both decided on terming that "Council of Twelve" in Billy Hugheses "One Big Union," the "Twelve Apostles," we ask readers to pick out the Judas.

It is not a difficult guessing competition. "Twenty pieces of silver" for the best answer. Send them in

One hundred and humpty-steenth thousands of willing workers are sitting at the feet of one Willing Hughes, waiting for a job. What Billy and his "disciples" say, goes. You get a job or you don't. If you're a good slave it's yours. If you pay your Hughes dues you're all right. If you don't, you can't belong to the (C)

Direct Action



ORGAN

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THE GREAT "SEPARATION."

The first conference of the pseudo One Big Union was held at the Trades Hall on Monday, 25th inst. An article showing the true inwardness of this Federation appears on another page of this issue, and, curiously enough, the first resolution passed by the conference more than justifies the I.W.W. contention that Craft Unionism does not change its nature by a simple change of name.

Mr. D. Watson, president of the Northern Colliery Employees' Federation, one of the organisations represented, announced to the conference delegates the dissatisfaction of miners in the Newcastle district with a recent award of the Arbitration Court, which exempted ten collieries from certain benefits won by other mines.

Upon this announcement the bombastic fatuity of this much-talked-of "One Big Union" manifested itself. Conference immediately got on its hind legs and expressed its "emphatic opinion" that the decision of the Arbitration Judge should have been otherwise, and also expressed its intention of using "every legitimate" means to assist the colliery employees.

A straw shows which way the wind blows.

Notwithstanding the high-faluting antics of Mr. Wm. Hughes, who opened the conference, in which he referred (with his tongue in his cheek) to the necessity of Industrial Unionism (ye gods!) for fighting gigantic aggregations of capital, when this "Big Union" representing 150,000 workers, met with the first concrete test, its "fighting" ability found vent in pious opinions, and in assurances to the master class that the observance of "law and order" would be its watchword.

Well might Mr. Hughes exclaim that neither courage nor numbers were useful to the workers in their struggle against exploitation. Both courage and numbers in any army are always at the mercy of treachery and treason.

Plutes, Politicians, and Putridity.

"Political power is a necessity for the present, in order to secure legal immunity for the striker, and to strengthen the working-class by improved conditions."

This is the opinion expressed in a recent book entitled "The Facts of Socialism," by Jessie Wallace. Mr. H. T. Boote, in the "Worker," quotes the

opinion with approval. Mr. Boote is either very forgetful or imagines the workers to be so. The "legal immunity" for strikers, after their conquering the so-called political power, has hitherto manifested itself in Australia in the shape of prosecutions, fines, and the garnisheing of wages.

Mr. Boote goes on to inform us that in Australia political action "has so firmly established itself that its efficacy is unmistakable, and those who oppose it form a very small minority without either power or significance."

In view of the "legal immunity" aforesaid, the first part of Mr. Boote's proposition is indisputable, if he means its "efficacy" from the point of view of the employing class.

As for those who advocate direct action (which, we would remind Mr. Boote, is not the same thing as "opposing" political action), their number or "significance" has no material bearing on the problem: The spread of an idea or a principle is not to be judged by the number of those actually promulgating it, but rather by the numbers engaged in putting it into practice. And in spite of the teachings of arbitration and other vote-catching expedients, Mr. Boote knows that an ever-increasing per centage of workers, even in Australia, are learning to rely upon direct action for the ends they wish to achieve.

Mr. Boote would also have us believe that the influence of this idea in English and America is due to the fact that in those countries "politics have been debased to a putrid condition by the Machiavelian tactics of the plutocracy." But the Labor movement in Australia, he adds, had effected a "cleansing change." If the backbiting and character-smashing antics, which is becoming quite an attribute of some of Australia's prominent "Democrats," count for anything, the plutocrat has got to go some before he reaches their level of putridity.

However, Mr. Boote's reasoning is again at fault. Parliamentary corruption is not altogether a matter of the personal dishonesty of politicians. Like every other capitalistic institution, Parliament in itself is inherently corrupt and putrid. It was established by plutocrats for the protection of plutocratic privilege; it has ever since been financed by plutocrats for the same purpose; and if ever the day shall come when the sophistry of politicians fails to keep the workers contented and servile, the same brand of plutocrats will give politicians the boot.

Let us hope Mr. Boote will not be amongst the booted.

T.G.

CONSCRIPTION.

The following gives the view-point of a fifteen year old boy on that most important subject—compulsory military training—a boy who has studied his subject matter thoroughly. Working parents of working sons would do well to read this article carefully, also to do a little thinking themselves. Sons of workers, might digest it as well. It is peculiarly illustrative of what the master class intends to use your dreams of empire for—merely for themselves.—Ed.

One of the most insidious laws which the capitalists of this or any other country has ever enforced on the working-class is that known as the "Compulsory Training Act," or, as I prefer to call it "The Compulsory Traitor Act."

Conceived in the brains of the cunning capitalists and their political friends this law was passed, in order to enable us to protect "our" country. Oh! you ignorant workers, where is your country? You have no country, no home, and no freedom!

What have you to fight for? Do you love your hovels so much that you would give your life for them? Look to South Africa, ye workers. During the last strike there the citizen army was called out to shoot, baton, and bludgeon the strikers back to work. It was the conscripts who defeated the workers who were engaged in that struggle.

Since its very inception, the Conscription Act has been applauded from the very house-tops by the capitalists and their prostituted press. And no wonder! To them it means a new and successful way of defeating the ever-increasing demands of the workers and the certainty of enjoying for a long time to come the comforts and luxuries which they have stolen from the workers.

To the working-class conscription means disaster. Defeated by your own fellow-workers, dispirited and unorganised you will be driven farther back into your hovels, forced to work in even worse and more filthy factories,

mines, and workshops, hotbeds of vice, fever, and consumption. This is the "Great Betrayal" to which the workers are being lured by their self-appointed leaders and politicians, with the help of the capitalists and their press. This is the disaster to which their foot-steps are being cunningly directed, to lead them even further into the economic mire of wage slavery and oppression than they are at the present time, if that is possible.

Working-men, is this the legacy of pain and tribulation you are going to leave to the children who are coming after you?

Do you wish them to become the servile slaves of the merciless capitalists to be used as their interests may dictate; to be robbed and exploited till death comes as a welcome relief; or do you wish them to lead better, nobler and happier lives than you have done, in a free, joyous world, inhabited by one class, the workers?

Working-women, do you bring your children into the world but to become the slaves of a lazy and impotent class? Do you not wish to see them well-educated, independent, and happy, having to depend on no man for their existence?

Conscription is an audacious attempt on the part of the master-class to enslave the sons of the workers, and to use them as their tools and cats-paws. Working-men, you must oppose this! It endangers your interests, and, therefore, it is your enemy.

The working-class has only one thing to fight for: Their emancipation, and that is the goal for which all intelligent workers are striving. And that is the aim of the One Big Union, whose doctrines are slowly, but surely, educating the workers, and showing them how they can defeat not only the Compulsory Training Law, but all other laws of capitalism, until the day comes when we will fight our last fight, and win the world for the world's workers.

F.-J. CALLANAN.

Short Arm Jolts.

In a speech before the Labor Council Mr. Holman outlined seventeen Acts of Parliament, which his Government intended to pass during their term of office. The press reports state that he met with a cool reception. Had he promised to repeal some seventeen of those already passed by Labor Governments, doubtless, the enthusiasm would have been greater.

Anyhow, his proposals were "fishy" in the extreme. He announced his intention of securing cheap fish for the workers by the introduction of Government trawlers.

The workers who remembered that cheap fish, cheap bread, cheap meat, cheap rent, a "cheap" Living Wage, a la Judge Heydon, were dumb.

"A Sydney Workman" writes to the "Worker," suggesting that "prominent-Labor men" should take the initiative in organising a protest against the massacre of strikers in Colorado. It would be more to the point if "Workman" suggested a protest against the punishment of strikers BY "prominent Labor men" nearer home.

The only difference between Rockefeller and "prominent Labor men," is that the former dares to do what the latter would do but dare not.

There is no difference in principle between shooting strikers and depriving them of the means of life by garnisheing their wages. For the worker it is merely a matter of sudden death, as it were, and Inquisitorial torture.

The "passing it on" bogey of capitalistic economists is a dangerous boomerang for the capitalists to play with. If the workers once believe that it is useless for them to try and better their conditions by increased wages, etc., all the more reason why they should hasten to abolish an economic system so hopeless for them?

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

FELLOW WORKERS if you work

you can make a Weekly of

Direct Action.

Born for What?

What is the heritage of such as I?
To live to work; to work to live;
And then to die; to die like dogs—
That is the heritage of such as I.
Shut out from nature's bounteous store
By fellowmen, who own the earth
And all therein,

I beg for that which nature gives from birth
To all brute kind; and am denied.
"We cannot earn enough to mine."
I ask the reason why, and mother sobb;
"We cannot earn enough to tux;
Go ask the miller for a job."

I ask, and asking, I become the slave of them
Who own the tools wherewith I work.
"Work, and we'll give you bread," they say;
And I am willing, for hunger presses,
And the chill cuts deep into the bone.

So fare I forth to mine or mill or factory,
Where whir great wheels from daylight unto dark.
A child I stand, the dormant intellect,
The brotherhood of man within my soul,
Putting on the shackles at an age
When life should be all play—and all for bread.
Good-bye to childhood, youth and learning—
To hope, ambition, love—

For these are attributes of freedom.
From morn to night I labour, and for pay
Receive, a rag, a crust, a place to sleep.

A cog in the whirring wheel,
My masters count the wheel of greater worth than I.
My happiness, my life hold they within their hands
Because, they own my job.
I starve; I pay their price
In ignorance, sweat and heartache.

Work I must, and when my masters say I shall not work.
I ery aloud and madness come, or perchance
I cast myself uncalled into the open grave.

I fill the jails of charity to o'erflowing;
I fill the jails for stealing
That which masters stole from me.
I know no home; the love of wife and child denied
Or crushed, I live an animal at bay.

Beauty, art and science mock me;
Learning laughs me to scorn.
Poverty, disease and degradation
Lay their blight upon my soul.
And all the while the masters take their pound of flesh
And call it profits.

— Elsie H. Latimer.

The Preamble of the I.W.W.

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people, and the few who make up the employing class have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organise as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the 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 set of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping to defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

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

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

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with Capitalism. The army of production must be organised, not only for the everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organising industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

Knowing, therefore, that such an organisation is absolutely necessary for our emancipation, we unite under the following constitution:

HOW TO JOIN.

Any wage worker wishing to join the Industrial Workers of the World can obtain information by applying to the nearest local I.W.W. secretary. If there is no branch of the I.W.W. in your district you may become a member by making application through the post to any secretary listed in the paper.

Do you agree to abide by the constitution
Will you diligently study its principles and
make yourself acquainted with its purposes?

Name
Occupation
Industry
Street Address
City
State

The above applicant, having subscribed to the principles of the preamble, and having answered in the affirmative to the questions, expresses his desire to become a member of the Industrial Workers of the World, and is therefore recommended for membership.

To Local Union No.

By
Initiation

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

REVOLUTION AND THE I. W. W.

(From THE FORUM)

(Continued.)
It is only in its conjunction with their enforcement of the mechanical shop discipline, and to illustrate the actuality of the industrial State's power, that it is mentioned. This latest mechanical discipline of the ruling class is perhaps the most catastrophic which has ever afflicted the workers. It is producing that monstrosity—the possibility of whose appearance has been denied by idealistic schools—the economic man. In turn, out of these facts, there has been created a device to off-set and to overthrow this latest discipline of overlordship. It is known as Industrial Unionism; that is, union by industries, thence to One Big Union of the workers. Specifically, it is known as the Industrial Workers of the World.

In the struggle between the old political and the new industrial State, the latter had won even before the battle began. It could not help winning. Its victory was predestined by the very nature of economic development. The industrial State is not at war with itself. Its existence is not dependent on no such attenuated metaphysics as the "political will of the people," but rather on the material needs and wants of the people. Perpetuity of this power of the industrial State lies in the industrial acquiescence of the proletariat.

No question of it! We are not to be deluded by the falsity that power lies elsewhere than in the control of things. We are not to be fooled by the manifold phases of combat between these two portions of the ruling class, and led to believe that revolution lies therein. We are not interested in metaphysics, we are interested in realities. Exploitation is very real. In fact it is about the most desperate reality we know of. Revolution lies in the abolishing of it by the proletariat.

In the aggressive acquisition of industrial control the proletariat develops the thing it needs: a sense of social responsibility so essential to an ethical operation of the world and industries, and without which no working-class society can ever achieve permanence. In its contemporary battlings for even a margin of industrial control it is developing a sense of power, and well to still great power. It is accomplishing this by its activities in the terms of industry and not in any terms foreign to the means, in which life has cast it. It is getting a sense of possessiveness over industrial processes. No philanthropic alliance with the political State can give it this. The proletariat must take it for itself—on its own terms—on its own ground. It is in this industrial activity sense that there is an historic accretion in the world's revolutionary movement. In America, the Industrial Workers of the World are the heritors of Europe's revolutionary tradition. The I.W.W. is the revolution in America. There is no other.

If that portion of the ruling-class which finds itself in a struggle with the powerful industrial State cannot maintain the balance of power through its own instrument—the political State—how is it possible to consummate the aims of proletarian revolution by this means? The proletariat never gave birth to the political State. Proletarian psychology is quite alien from the cobwebby intricacies of statecraft, bourgeois statehood tradition, and the entire intent and function of the political-state, bourgeois politicians and lawyers; meanwhile the proletariat has been "building up the country!" Proletarian thinking is in terms of the industrial process it is immediately engaged upon. The proletariat thinks

in terms of wheels, engine, picks, shovels, trains, ships, lathes, levers, electrical apparatus, looms, saws, wagons, wheat, coal, drills, hammers, lumber and other tangibilities. And yet there is a school which would lead this relatively simple psychology into the labyrinth of the bourgeois State!

The success (for itself) of trade unionism has largely depended upon keeping free from political intrigue and intrusion, and in keeping itself concerned with that in which it was chiefly engaged—industry: a far-sighted policy. Too long have some of us been misled by the chimera of politics. There is even less excuse for it today than in the nineteenth century, when the political State was still the chief instrument of ruling class discipline over an undeveloped proletariat. We shall never be misled by it again. We know it for what it is—the device which the ruling-class set up to discipline the proletariat and to regulate the division of the spoils. Nothing more!

Marx' predictions of industrial consolidation are being rapidly fulfilled. But some Socialist statisticians point out that small property holders and small shareholders are in greater number than ever. Apparently they believe this justifies the admission of all manner of men to the councils of revolution. Clinging tenaciously to obsolete ideals of proletarian political expression, the revolution is lost sight of, and "revolutionary politics" becomes, not alone that which it has always been—a mistaken effort—but a pot pourri of conflicting economic interests, and equally conflicting psychologies. Revolution has become, with these, not proletarian, but "societary!" Shades of Marx and Bakounin!

They appear to forget that the consolidated economic power behind this horde of petty shop-keepers, small industrial share-holders and small agriculturalists is not controlled by State or National legislators. It is controlled by the new industrial statesmen—the "Masters of Capital," through their clever device of 51 per cent. through inter-locking directorates, through credit, and through unnumbered mortgages—held by trust companies and banks; the total bulk of which constitutes the newer and greater power, the industrial State.

It is true that these smaller capitalistic beneficiaries are great in number, and that their very numbers obscure ofttimes our revolutionary issues. This fact, however, does not alter their economic relationship to the proletariat. They are allied to the ruling-class. We revolutionists know only too well that it is not their economic interests alone which alienate us. Their entire psychology is hostile to the proletariat, and to every effort at proletarian revolution.

Feeling the implicable organised power of the industrial State, they vent their resentment in muck-raking, interstate commerce legislation, "trust-busting," and "progressive" politics. But the industrial State is already powerful enough to defeat attacks from every quarter but one, viz., from the proletariat itself. Indeed, the turmoils and "reforms" which disturb this large class of small property-owners are frequently instigated by the industrial overlords themselves, in order to clear their councils of the interference of small shareholders.

Again, the political State "dissolves" some branch of the industrial State. What happens? Is the power of the industrial State lessened? Not at all. Prices and stocks go up. Dividends increase, and—exploitation of the proletariat continues!

The explanation of this seeming paradox is that the political State did not attack the real power of the Industrial State. In fact, it could not, for to do so would be to attack the source of its own power as well—the lesser economic interests it "represents" but does not control. Its power and the power of the industrial State rest on the same basis that all ruling-class power rests on, and that is property and exploitation of the proletariat. The beast has grown that is all.

It may be mentioned, however, that the two States possess different modes of expression and differing aims. The aim of the political State is to perpetrate the petty bourgeois institution of competition, and to preserve itself in its own form. The industrial State seeks to consolidate all its functions, and to place itself in harmony with mechanic supremacy. We may yet witness a drama more Napoleonic than any visioned by the Corsican. Be that as it may, the two States will continue to have one thing in common—their enmity to the proletariat.

Come, learned acolytes of "political action," read us the riddle of "government by commission," "progressive politics," "trust-busting"—which does not "bust," manipulation of federal finance by others than the Secretary of the Treasury, Interstate Commerce Commissions, extra-legal finance ("panic money"), expulsion of Senators, one thousand trusts with a capitalisation of 57,000,000,000 dollars!

If revolution prospers in none of the foregoing phrases of contemporary life, where, then, shall one look for it? The answer is in the Industrial Workers of the World. The proletarian character of this latest militancy nowshaking the world of labor has eroded a psychology and tactic comparable to any which the revolution records. The direction of the I.W.W. is straight upon the source of ruling-class power—industrial control. No half-way stations, no tinkering with obsolete experiments, no half-hearted methods, no political "philosopher's stone," but proletarian revolution through seizure of industrial control is our goal.

In the exercise of revolutionary industrial acquisition, collective will be engendered. With this will come the impulse to still greater acquisition, all of which goes into the making of power. It is only by and through power—tangible, organised power—that proletarian release from exploitation can be accomplished. History has taught us the greatest of all lessons, that delegating power is no longer power to those who have delegated it. We purpose to keep our power—which is our labor, the tool and the product in our own hands, and precisely where we exercise it, in our industrial sphere. No great, social ends have ever been gained except by and through the exercise of tangible power. Knowing this, we organise and fight where power is—on the job.

The Industrial Workers of the World is the only proletarian organisation with a potentiality for successful revolutionary aggression upon the industrial State. In form it may be said to be complementary to the latter. As the industrial State has achieved financial supremacy through the technic, form and sweeping scope of its organisation, so does the I.W.W. possess potentialities for proletarian industrial supremacy.

But the I.W.W. is more than an organisation; it is more than a "problem"; it is more than a "phase." The I.W.W. is an effort, and not a social philosophy. It is a secular movement of men, and not the rallying

ground of aspirants for a New Jerusalem. It is not a "cure-all." It is not a new psychology, a new value creating economic mechanism. It seeks economic control, for that is power. We have discovered that men are significant in proportion to the power they embody. Its militancy is more implacable, more potential, more aggressive than the ephemeral "programmes" with which idealists have tortured the proletariat hitherto. It is a recurrence of what Bergson calls "The Vital Impetus." It is the elemental instinct of life in revolt against the latest enemy of life—special proletarian life—namely, the automatism of a mechanistic age.

The last invention of the race is the machine process. As long as this machine process is in the exclusive control of the ruling-class, through the medium of ownership, the terms of its manipulation will necessitate militancy and organisation on the industrial field exclusively. This is the function of the I.W.W.

One looks elsewhere for a clear-cut revolutionary movement which has done with compromise and experiment, but one looks in vain. In accord with the forms of economic development, we are after precisely what the industrial State now possesses—industrial power. This is what revolution means to us. In such a revolution we see the possibilities of abolishing, once and for all, that historic institution, the ruling-class. This is the function of the I.W.W.

No, "friends of revolution," we are not interested in a polyglot individualism, with its cults, isms, reforms and "social uplifts." We are not interested in that agitation which shrieks for the "economic emancipation of woman," yet bids her scorn the union of her class. We are not interested in the individualising of sweet souls in a death grapple with their own inflated egotism—the culturalists. Erotic drama is no concern of ours; nor are woman suffrage muckraking, "progressive," or "revolutionary" politics matters of import. We are interested in the propagation of revolutionary economics, in the organisation of industry, and the abolition of the wage system. This is our conception of revolution nothing else.

If ours be pronounced a narrow sinister creed, so be it. But it could not be more narrow nor more sinister than that of the industrial State whose god is profits, whose shibboleth is "scientific management," and whose juggernaut of exploitation crushes all it touches. The industrial State has produced a phenomenon more sinister than anything since gladiatorial Rome. This is that soulless, mindless, mannikin—the economic man. His presence is an omen of darker social night than the imagination could depict; unless through revolutionary mastery of his economic destiny, he shall attain self-mastery, and thereby throw off the deadly automatic discipline which the industrial State has imposed.

To accomplish this is the task of the revolution. It is the task which the I.W.W. has set itself. And so, ours is not a narrow or a sinister creed, but quite the opposite. In our autonomous form we are achieving the art of self-direction, than which there is no greater. In the practice of our code that "an injury to one is an injury to all," we devise the inspiration which springs from solidarity. In our struggle with the enemy we are recovering that long-lost instrument—power. Could anything bespeak more for the future of revolution?

Frank Chester Pease.

The "Daily Telegraph," in talking of Unionism lately, expressed its indignation at any attempt to get for a certain section of citizens a monopoly of the right to live." How encouraging! We never dream "Direct Action" had an ally in that quarter.

The Broken Hill Proprietary Company has decided to give preference of employment to members of the Ironworkers' Association, because, according to the "Worker," "they have had so many defectors amongst non-unionists that they will not now employ anyone except through the secretary of the union." Must be good slaves, these "unionists." How quickly the boss recognises a scab—even when disguised!

LOCAL NOTICE

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

Stock Literature

We have the following literature in stock:—

- One Big Union, An Outline of a Possible Industrial Organisation of the Working Class, with chart. By E. A. Trautman. Price 6d.
- The Rights to be Lazy, Not the right to work, but more of the things that work creates with leisure to enjoy them, that is what intelligent wage workers demand. By Paul Lafargue. Price 6d.
- On the Firing Line, Report of the Seventh Annual Convention, on the McNamara Case, Ettor and Ciovanetti Case, The Lawrence Strike, And what is the I.W.W. Price 3d.
- The I.W.W. Its History, Structure, and Methods. By Vincent St. John. Price 3d.
- The Revolutionary I.W.W. By C. H. Perry. Price 3d.
- Eleven Blind Leaders, or Practical Socialism and Revolutionary Tactics. By B. H. Williams. Price 3d.
- Direct Action versus Legislation. By J. B. Smith. Price 2d.
- Industrial Unionism, Am, Form and Tactics of a Workers' Union or I.W.W. Lines. By T. H. Price 2d.
- Wage, Labour and Capital. By Karl Marx. Price 1d.
- Industrial Union Methods. By W. E. Trautman. Price 1d.
- How Capitalism has Hypnotised Society. Price 3d. Published by Sydney Local No. 2.
- Industrial Unionism, The Road to Freedom. By Joseph J. Ettor. Price 3d.
- Why Strikes are Lost: How to Win. By W. E. Trautman. Price 3d.
- Economic Discontent, and Its Remedy. By Father T. J. Hagerty, A.M.S.T.B. Price 2d.
- Song Books, To Fan the Flames of Discontent. Published by the I.W.W. Price 6d.

Members in all parts are invited to send in short, concise articles and reports. Don't traverse the universe; keep them inside 500 words if possible.

Adelaide Notes.

We still continue to grow; in fact we are growing more rapidly than ever. We suffer, in common with other locals, through a lack of well-equipped speakers, but we are there all the same. Still, we are educating them, and several are coming to the front.

H. S. Clark is attracting large crowds at our particular corner, opposite "Covells," Victoria Square, and interesting them as well. Literature sales have been good, and "DIRECT ACTION" is commanding a ready sale.

We expect, in the near future, to get rid of a thousand "DIRECT ACTIONS" after every issue.

The paper will undoubtedly prove a thorn in the side of labor-faker and capitalist, alike. We welcome the day!

Both the wage mules and the capitalists are commencing to grasp the fact that the industrial fields and those of parliament are entirely distinct pastures, that economic organisation is the key to all power political or otherwise.

It is not our intention to denounce Labor Governments, merely, in our street talks; rather it is with the desire of demonstrating to the worker, first, and the voter, afterwards, the fallacy of entrusting our future interests to the hands of a dozen "leaders."

We have quite a number of organisers on the job, among our fellow-workers, although they are not all orators. Still, they get results, and, as one of our greatest authorities says: "It is the immortal goods that count." Great strides are also being made

among our neighbours in Port Pirie, and we wish our friends of the smoke town the best of good things.

Matters among the "crafties" in our "City of Churches" are dead slow, as they ever were. We often wonder that they ever installed such a thing as craft "unionism" here. Suitable servility is their only way of settling disputes.

The invitation is always open to them to debate with us, but neither here, nor in any home of craft "unionism" that we know of, has the invitation been accepted. But it is still open, and perhaps before the next issue of "DIRECT ACTION" it is possible that we may be able to send upon an account of a discussion on the question between Industrial Unionists and Craft Unionists.

—E.L.R.

It is the opinion of a number of Industrial Unionists, in good standing,

that such a debate would be impossible. Craft Unionist disciples don't debate—they know better.—Ed.)

ADELAIDE ACTIVITIES.

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

Educational classes are held each alternate Wednesday, and all workers are requested to attend. The fee for membership is 2/6. Dues, 1/- per month.

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

Any further information desired will be furnished on request by

H. T. KELLY, Secy.

13 Welcox-street, Adelaide.

OPERA BOUFFE TO-DATE

"Labour's Love Lost."

Billy "Hughes" "One Big Onion."

(The Twelve Disciples of Saviour Hughes Discovered Singing!)

(Chorus of Disciples):—
"We're disciples of our Master, Billy Hughes;
Don't you know it? Well you haven't read the news!
You can read it in the Daily Tell-a-cram;
You can read it in the Herald's daily slam.

Hallelujah! One Big Onion!
Hallelujah! Saved again!

Hallelujah! For our Saviour,
Who has fooled 'em again.

No, we don't like to work
Like other men do;
We'd much rather shirk
And pull down our screw.

Hallelujah! We're disciples!
Hallelujah! Let 'em delve!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
We're the "Council of Twelve."

(Enter Saviour Billy Hughes.)

Saviour Hughes:
No faith had I in that Industrial Union,
In fact I 'e'en did hate its very smell,
But lately I've been holding strict communion
With myself, and all my fellow crooks, as well;
And we've come to this conclusion:
We must cover this confusion,
By being "One Big Onion," though it smell,
And industrious or else we'll go to Hell.
Yes, the crafts and grafts will all go plum to Hell.

(Enter the Industrial Workers of the World.)

Chorus of REAL WORKERS:

Billy Hughes, you're a faker;
Billy Hughes, fake again.
Billy Hughes, you're a "scream,"
And you give us a pain.

Saviour Hughes:

I had to save my face, you must admit it,
To do it I have done my very best;
I thought I had the remedy to fit it,
To Providence I must have left the rest.
But Providence is fickle—seems to be—
Yes! Providence has handed it to me.

Though I never liked your I nor double W,
My efforts have entailed an awful task,
So gentlemen, although I hate to trouble you,
Just join me and get everything you ask.

One I.W.W.:

I would like a monoplane,
And a hydroplane as well,
A motor car that will go so far
As that "Big Onion" smell.

Another:

We want our own—we want the earth—
Your yachts and all we make;
We want some joy, we want some mirth,
And Porterhouses' steak.

Chorus of I.W.W.'s:

We also want you, Billy Hughes,
And every scheming Turk,
To stop your labor faking news,
And do some honest work.

(Exit Saviour Hughes.)

(Curtain.) S. W.

Hints to Tramway Men.

Why Don't You Trammies Learn to Run Trams.

If you lay it down as a principle that you will ask for increased wages only when tram receipts show a surplus you will first be asking for your Old Age Pension.

Surpluses in branches of the public service have never represented anything for you except a jumble of figures.

When the figures disappear so does the surplus—but never by any chance into your pocket.

Don't be fooled by expert figure-jugglers.

Do you know that the capitalist press and politicians of all parties have recently been boasting that Australia has just gone through a phenomenally prosperous period?

Ask Holman where you come in. The "phenomenal prosperity" only applied to interest collecting parasites: the holders of Government bonds, for instance, who are the real owners of "our" trams.

Ask Premier Bill the amount paid annually to these exploiters of yours. Incidentally enquire if FORCE does not represent the interest collecting ability of British financiers.

How long would it be before British warships blockaded "our" ports if Australia repudiated its National debts?

The point is: WHAT FORCE LAYS BEHIND YOUR WAGES COLLECTING ABILITY?

YOU don't want warships. Organisation will do.

It is not a question of figures, but of Might.

Figures have never decided anything—in your favor.

Besides, "high finance" is not in your line. Leave that to politicians and Cabinet Ministers, the debt collecting agents of the "high financiers."

The Economic Status of the Cupboard should be your concern.

You see to it. You can bet your tottom dollar "high finance" will take care of itself.

Remember: Your wages are determined by the surplus you produce, but by the amount you are content to live upon.

Fancy the howl that would be raised if the workers demanded wages in proportion to profits.

Some of your fellows-unionists (?) would have you "demand" in proportion to an imaginary loss.

Don't be damned fools. Don't be cringing, crawling, lickspittle, servitors. Don't "petition," "beg," or "request." Demand firmly; act promptly—and beware of aspiring politicians.

EX-CASUAL.

The daily press informs us that a "novel outcome of the recent bakers' strike was an over-production of bread." Not so "novel" as it might appear. Over-production in the necessities of life is the inevitable result of a system in which the producers are only enabled to buy back one-fifth of what they produce.

"Drugged Again."

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

Scene: Trades Hall, Any Old Night.
Dramatis Personae:

Craft Unionist—Mr. Blockhead,

Alert Politician—Mr. Wm. Hughes.

Attendants—Spence, Catts, and Others.

An Effigy—Identity Uncertain.

C.U. (wearily): Oh, how powerless I feel. Could I only get out of this environment I feel sure—

A.P. (interrupting): Pardon me. You don't seem well. Stomach, eh? One Big Onion's the thing. If I can be of any service—

C.U. (dubiously): Don't know. You fellows promise such a lot—

A.P.: Patience, brother, patience. Trust me. Trust me. If you will allow me to pull the strings—the bell, I mean. (Pulls bell forthwith. Enter attendants, bearing amongst them an effigy labelled "One Big Onion.")

C.U. (flabbergasted): Hurrah! Hurrah! Who would have thought it? Three cheers for the I.W.W. and Billy!

A.P.: Hush! Hush! Don't talk so much. Leave that to me. It's not in your line. Have a drink. (Hands him a concoction of "Council Supremacy," "Centralised Power," "Legitimate Methods," "Arbitration Award," "Law and Order," etc.)

C.U. (too late): Drugged again! By God!

(Curtain.)

(Author's note.—A drama entitled "The Burning of the Effigy" will be published when he wakes up.)

T. G.

Notice from the G.E.B.

All fellow-workers are notified by the G.E.B., through this copy of "Direct Action," that Fellow-worker C. T. Reeve, general organiser, will visit Adelaide, Port Pirie, Broken Hill, and other industrial centres within the next two months.

He will start his tour at Adelaide on Saturday, June 6th.

F. W. Reeve is also authorised to collect subscriptions for "Direct Action," the official organ of the Australian Administration of the Industrial Workers of the World:

All members, sympathisers, and rebels are cordially invited to assist and help him in his tour, so that the ideas and principles of the I.W.W. may reach as many workers as possible.

T. RILEY.

MORE JOLTS.

"Australian Manufacturers' Week has been celebrated in Sydney this week. Goods of purely Australian make were exhibited in over 2000 windows and made a most effective display."—News item.

The thousands of workers who created these hundreds of thousands of commodities and placed them in 2000 windows to LOOK AT should certainly be proud of their achievement. Their bosses were—as the Millions Club-banquet shows.

The frequency with which Liberal and Labor politicians call each other liars is becoming monotonous. If they desire to provide a real public sensation they should pretend to believe each other; but even a politician could hardly stoop to such deception.

The latest triumph for Arbitration comes to us through the columns of the "Co-Operator." It appears that the Chief Commissioner for Railways has actually been fined ten shillings for working one of his clerks an hour over-time, "without giving directions to that effect in writing." Most thoughtless of the Chief Commissioner. He will assuredly be more careful in future, more especially as another clerk will now have to be employed

New Zealand Notes.

An alarming number of conflagrations have taken place recently in God's Own. It is nice to know that the strike is over—there can be no suspicion of incendiarism. We sympathise with Fat, as insurance rates are getting burdensome.

An antipathy to well-earned criticism has created a commotion in Wellington Labour newspaper circles, which culminated in the Joss fluminating loud and shrill, and the critic returning to the comparative obscurity of Auckland.

A boost for this organ of Discontent, will be appreciated by the slaves here, who are pushing the barrow. A little fresh air is sadly lacking in N.Z. so let her go.

Don't forget, Maorilanders, the boys are still in gaol. You can get them out now, if you act.

Push your memories back three years, Pig Islanders, and tell me how much your bonehead leaders have advanced in that time. The only thing consistent about them is their inconsistency.

"One Big Union" has no connection with Mr. Billy N. O. Use smell-some "One Big Onion," which is to be ruled by a council of twelve. Use a little disinfectant when you come across it—

Read "Revolution and the I.W.W.," boys, you can get back numbers on receipt of cash at this office. What about that bundle order?

Edward Hunter ("Billy Banjo"), late secretary-treasurer of the Denniston local, N.Z. convicted of the charge of sedition laid against him, was bound over to keep the peace for twelve months, during which time he must not speak, or write seditious matter. A rebel can always do better work outside the walls than within, even though the work be quiet, and therefore we congratulate "Billy Banjo" on the comparative lightness of his sentence.

THE POLITICIAN'S "PATRIOTISM."

Mr. Jim Page, Labour M.P. for Maranong, got the following slice of "patriotism" off his chest in the House of Representatives the other day:—

"A country worth living in was worth defending. Australia has been good to me, and if I had forty sons I would expect them to take their part in the defence of the Commonwealth." (Great cheers from his fellow-patriots.)

The workers of Australia have certainly got their work cut out for them. They have placed these "patriots" on the plane of economic independence, while they themselves are sinking deeper into the quicksands of capitalism.

What Mr. Page really means is that he would sacrifice his imaginary forty sons and the sons of every other toiler in Australia if by doing so he could maintain his parliamentary plums, while he himself looks on benevolently from behind that convenient fortress known as "Exemption."

When the workers have "plums" to fight for, they, too, may be as "patriotic" as Mr. Page.

At present they have only got the offal that Mr. Page and "patriotic" parasites generally like to throw to them.

JOHN M. BURKE.

Patriot's Note.

The following is a recent cable from the daily press:

"Mr. Charles Millen, president of the New York-New Haven Railway, admits that £240,000 has been set aside by his company to buy alterations in its charters from the political leaders who acted for the late Pierpont Morgan. Mr. Millen declares that the company was ready to do business with the devil himself in order to get what it wanted."

Those who are always shouting to the workers to "capture the Powers of Government" had now better set about capturing the Powers of Hell. We are afraid, though, the Charles Millens will get there before them.

We know that the bosses have the politicians on their side; we also have a strong suspicion that God and the church have been tampered with; the I.W.W. is prepared to give them Old Nick thrown in, provided we only have an industrially organised working-class.

Patriots, Read This.

It must be gratifying to Australian Patriots to know that TWO of their soldiers—conscripts, call them what you will—would be equal to one trained man.

Sir Ian Hamilton says so, anyhow; and as he has been touted, vaunted, praised and adulated in every capitalist paper in Australasia, we must take his word for it.

That would mean, when you go out on strike, working men, that if half of you refuse to respond to the call to arms the "soldiers" will be whipped.

The "Evening News" predicts that the people of Scotland, and the world generally, will soon have to revert to oatmeal and similar diet, owing "to the future of the meat supply." The "News," however, takes the matter philosophically, because it is not really necessary, it informs us, "to eat canned Californian asparagus, or smoked Norwegian sardines, or olives from Spain."

This little joke of the "News" is only meant for the workers' consumption, of course, in common with other "simple," very simple, diet served up to us by the capitalist press. The class which the "News" represents will take mighty fine care that too much "parritch" won't come its way if it can be helped. If the "News" perpetrates another joke like that the I.W.W. will really smile.

There is a boom in boy immigration just now. Perhaps the following dictum by Judge Heydon may throw some light on the why and wherefore: "I do not suppose the wage for them would be much," he says, referring to workers—between fourteen and twenty-one, "because in their case, IT IS SUPPOSED they are staying with their parents, and THEIR KEEP ONLY IS WANTED, and that is very little."

"The children of the rich and poor have equal opportunities in this country," shouts the politician on the hustings. "Pardon me," says Heydon, politely, "the poor are damned lucky if I allow them enough for their keep."

IMPORTANT.

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

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

Should any subscriber not receive his paper he should immediately notify Manager, 330 Castlereagh-street.

On the expiration of subscriptions the number of the last issue due subscribers will appear on the wrapper of the paper.

LIST OF LOCALS.

Adelaide Local 1: H. T. Kelly, Sec retary, Trs.

Sydney Local No. 2: C. Reeve, Sec retary and Treasurer.

Broken Hill Local No. 3: A. O. Malley, Secretary and Treasurer.

Port Pirie Local No. 4: R. W. O'Halloran, Secretary and Treasurer, Ellen Street.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK.

For DIRECT ACTION:

Enclosed find P.O. for £/s, 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 an x here).

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

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