



DIRECT ACTION

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ONE PENNY.

FREE SPEECH! A Fight to a Finish.

I.W.W. Men Jailed at Port Pirie.

The following is from the Sydney "Sun" of June 25th:-

PORT PIRIE, Thursday. A serious position has arisen over members of the Industrial-Workers of the World claiming the right to hold meetings in the public streets.

Charles Reeves, the organiser, was recently sentenced to 10 days' imprisonment for refusing to move on when requested to do so by a constable. Since then members of the organisation have defied the police by holding a meeting in the street every night. Five of their number were on Wednesday sentenced to 21 days, and they told the magistrate that they intended speaking again when released.

Members of the I.W.W. have arrived from Broken Hill and Adelaide to continue the free speech campaign, and a wire received from the Barrier last night states that another large crowd from that city will arrive here to-morrow by train. Speakers are also coming from Sydney, Melbourne and other parts of the Commonwealth.

At a meeting last night the crowd pelted with the foot police, and mounted troopers were called out. If it had not been for the leaders appealing to the crowd to keep their heads, a serious disturbance would have taken place. The police several times broke the mob up, but eventually had to let the meeting proceed owing to being outnumbered. Police reinforcements will probably arrive from Adelaide to-morrow.

Since the campaign started the police have taken the names of about 20 speakers, who will all appear at the police court. Violent and inflammatory speeches were made at last night's meeting, and the police were bitterly attacked, one man, referring to a constable's job as being "the lowest which a man could take." "The police are so low and degraded," continued the speaker, "that when they die they will need to climb a ladder to reach hell." A Russian member gave an address in his own language; another speaker said the rulers of Port Pirie were the most damnable mob that ever lived in any town in Australia. Members of the I.W.W. had all come to Port Pirie quite prepared to be gaoled for advocating their cause; but none of them minded, and the authorities would soon find that the gaoles were not large enough to hold them. They already had comrades coming from all over Australia to carry on the fight, and, if necessary, they would come from America. He himself was concerned, he said, in a similar fight in America, and there the members of the organisation killed a policeman for every member of the I.W.W. who was shot by the police. When the authorities were up against the I.W.W. they would find they were up against a tough proposition.

Until additional police are sent here it is probable that the meetings will be

allowed to occur without interference. Cuttings from Port Pirie papers to hand also indicate that this attempted suppression of I.W.W. propaganda began on 19th inst. when Organiser Reeves was given ten days of His Majesty's hospitality for daring to express his opinions publicly.

Reeve informed the magistrate that he would continue with I.W.W. propaganda, goal or no goal, whereupon the Magistrate threatened to commit him for contempt of Court. "Direct Action" right here wishes to inform the Magistrate in particular, and the judicial vamps of capitalism in general, that the I.W.W. never did have anything but contempt of the most radical kind for the legal institutions of the capitalist class. We wish further to intimate that before this fight is through the bosses round Pirie way will have reason to regret the day their hiring prostitutes interfered with the Freedom of Speech.

The following telegram is the latest we have received from the organisation at Port Pirie:-

"Reeves gaoled nineteenth, ten days; five on 23rd, three weeks; three to-day, one month. Six new names taken. 'Freeforters' wanted."

This fight is by no means one of these chance encounters with police authority. In Sydney and other towns recently the authorities have hampered the I.W.W. in its propaganda work as far as they dared, and there is every reason to believe that, now that our principles are permeating the minds of the working class throughout Australia, a conspiracy is afoot to crush the organisation.

Well, go to it, you legal piimps and judicial parasites. We defy your laws, your courts, and your gaoles. You have awakened too late. You may gaoel and renege, and before you can now stop I.W.W. propaganda you will have to put your dishonoured and filthy claws on thousands of workers throughout the Commonwealth. And then some.

Before another twelve months have elapsed we will not alone have Free Speech in Port Pirie, but in every industrial centre in Australia.

We call upon all rebels and lovers of freedom to rally to the cause of Free Speech. Salvation Army ranters and fanatical sky pilots are allowed to make night hideouts in the streets of the cities, because their teaching of the cowardly Christian "virtue" of meekness and servility is calculated to keep the workers' minds in bondage. But discussion on industrial and economic subjects, according to the magisterial abortion which is handing out justice in Port Pirie, is an interference with the principles of freedom. Contempt of Court! Bah! We spit upon you.

Meantime, rebels at the scene of action: REMEMBER THE WOODEN SHOE. Never mind hitting the police. Hit the boss in his heart and soul.

800 SUMMONSES!

LABOR GOVERNMENT'S REWARD FOR OFFICE.

At the instance of the Minister for Labor and Industry, about 800 summonses have been issued against men employed in the coal mines in the Newcastle district.

They were called upon to show cause why a penalty of £50 should not be imposed upon them for taking part in a strike. This is in connection with the refusal of the men to work the afternoon shift.

The summonses are returnable on July 2.

Comment on the above is almost sacrilege. It speaks so loudly for itself that the worker who does not hear it is more deaf than the proverbial post.

Can it ever, you coal-miners. Think of it, and when you have finished thinking, what is to be your reply?

Will you go meekly to the courts, like lambs to the slaughter, and apologise for striking; for asserting your own manhood? Or will you call upon your fellow-miners to resent this damnable piece of impudence and treachery in the only way left to you—A GENERAL STRIKE?

A GENERAL STRIKE OF COAL MINERS, AND OF EVERY WORKER ENGAGED IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF COAL, SHOULD BE YOUR ONLY REPLY, AS IT IS YOUR ONLY HOPE.

Keep Minister Estell and his colleague-traitors busy issuing summonses if they dare! They are taking advantage of your weakness, and your lack of solidarity. If they wish to summon some 15,000 or 20,000, why, let them go to it. Make their courts a farce and their law a by-word.

Miners, your last word to this traitorous gang who have gulled you, fooled you, and betrayed you, should be: "800 summonses—not one corner of coal." Do not allow 800 of your class to be victimised to-day, or your turn will surely come to-morrow.

This is a fight of your class, not alone against your exploiters, but against the proachery of those whom you have foolishly trusted. Estell, Holman, and Co., are doing the dirty work of your masters.

Assert your power and see how really weak they are. Your weakness is their strength. Sweep their laws and their courts to hell by solidaric action. It is up to you!

hard work since his arrival that he is sure in a position to judge. "Do not play the fool," he said, "but play the game, and you will find Australia a good place to live in."

That is, be humble, hard working stiff, and the bosses might give you enough to eat, and be in a position, at the same time, to pay Arthur a nice fat screw for gulling you.

"A fig for your Democracy and Parliaments," which trite expression is justified by the news that the Privy Council in London the other day had it put to them that the cutting down of fig trees at Governors' House should not be proceeded with on account of the "illegality" of the eviction of the late Governor-General. "This must be stopped," says Privy Counsellor Haldane. "We are sorry," replied Premier Holman, "and won't do it again—until you give us leave." You workers do own Australia, sure.

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"WHAT HAS THE I.W.W. DONE?"

Amusing Impudence of Labor Leaders

"The scheme of organisation which divides the workers, instead of uniting them is a tragic delusion."

This chunk of wisdom lately appeared in a most unexpected place, in the columns of the "Australasian Worker." It has reference to an article which recently appeared in the International Socialist Review, written by Tom Mann, in which he expressed the opinion that the I.W.W. had adopted wrong methods in America in not working in conjunction with other unions.

The worker scribe, who signs himself "Qui Vive," endorses Mann's opinion, and gives utterance to the above remark about quoted.

This identical remark or its effect in other words, has been made from thousands of platforms in the English speaking world, by Industrial Unionists, and given as precisely the reason for the existence of the I.W.W. The organisation was launched because the unjust policy of dividing the workers into thousands of sections, each with its own brand of union card, and all scabbing in turn, was seen to be something more than a "delusion" in its tragic results.

The I.W.W. precludes any such divisions by its recognition of the economic fact that all workers have interests in common, irrespective of color, craft, or creed, and by its declared purpose to organise accordingly. How such a scheme of organisation divides the workers instead of uniting them, is only to be perceived by blind-eyed partitioners, who give themselves such inconsistent non-diplomes as "Qui Vive."

If the 100,000 workers who have joined the I.W.W. since its inception represent the result of its organising capacity, nobody knows better than Mann that there are reasons back of it which no set of workers, no matter how capable, could overcome in the short period of the organisation's existence. From the beginning, it has resolutely set its face against the economic fallacies of the older organisations. The "harmony of interests" theory; contracts which are virtually agreements to scab; the conservatism of the American Federation of Labor in refusing to admit, or make an effort to organise, the great mass of unskilled workers, etc., were all prejudices which had to be met and difficulties to be overcome.

Had it sailed with the wind and allowed itself to be absorbed by the A.F. of L., as Mann advises, we agree with the latter that its organisers could have shown better results, numerically. What then? The American Federation of Labor has been in existence for 33 years. What has it accomplished? So far as its leaders and organisers are concerned, its record is one long series of betrayal and treachery. It boasts of a two and a half million membership, but the vast majority of toilers throughout the United States have been left unentered for by its organisers.

Serenely unconscious of the fact that the days of the skilled worker were numbered, it has throughout kept to its closed union policy of high initiation and prohibitive fees, while Gompers, Mitchell and others of its leaders, dined with the "great captains of industry," at Civic Federation banquets and assured the master class, in champagne toasts, of their fidelity to capitalist rule. Truly, a wonderful testimony to the "organising capacity" of Craft Union leaders.

Many of the employers reciprocated the brotherly attitude of the A.F. of L. to such a degree that they would send to the nearest A.F. of L. bureau, if they got wind of an I.W.W. agitator

shipments, and ask that their slaves should be organised on the lines of "same unionism!"

These are some of the obstacles that the I.W.W. had to contend with; and not the least of its difficulties has been the fact that it has met with the most virulent abuse and vindictive misrepresentation from those very individuals who now sneer because it has not relieved the miraculons.

It is safe to say that if the workers awake to-day, for the first time, to the necessity of organisation, it would never occur to any individual to organise along the lines of craft or sectional unionism, for the simple reason that the reason that the conditions of production which gave birth to this form of organisation have developed beyond recognition. History shows that many institutions will retain their character and still live, long after their utility has disappeared. Trade Unionism belongs to this category; one of the strongest reasons being that the material interests of its leaders are bound up in its continued existence; consequently they sedulously promote organisation along these lines.

After years of fruitless effort, fruitless in so far as the great mass of the workers are concerned, during which they have been led to defeat after defeat, it is rather amusing to find these same well-fed and well-paid gentry getting up and indignantly asking "What has the I.W.W. done?"

It has for the first time in the history of the working class movement, despite the treachery of politicians from within, and the opposition of labor leaders from without, given concrete expression to the slogan of the old International, that the working class must achieve its own emancipation. It has during the short period of its existence—won some of the finest victories on the industrial battlefield since capitalism began. It has spread the gospel of One Big Union as the workers' only salvation, north, south, east, and west of the English-speaking world, until even the politicians have been compelled to take up the cry in order to save their jobs. It has shown up the fallacy of encouraging to harmonise interests essentially irreconcilable, a "tragic delusion" which only compares with the other inanities of Craft Union leadership.

These are some of the things the I.W.W. has done, and is continuing to do; and if its efforts have also resulted in concrete organisation, it is not because of any assistance from craft union sources, but in face of the bitterest opposition. The I.W.W. is making its appeal to the modern proletariat, the homeless, propertyless, wandering wage-earners. As capitalism develops this class is becoming ever more numerous. Of its very necessity it will develop the power and the organisation that will establish its ultimate victory.

"The proletariat, the lowest stratum of our present society, cannot stir, cannot raise itself up, without the whole superincumbent strata of official society being sprung into the air."

The future is with the I.W.W. But it is our turn to ask a question. What have the Craft Unions with the all treasuries and financial resources at their disposal, with their boasted superiority in organising ability, with their press and their thousands of paid officials—What have they done? Much space could be filled in recounting what they have NOT done, but as space is limited, their positive achievements can be summed up in one word: SCABBED. AND STILL

OUR STANDPOINT.

Billy Hughes' "Big Onion," apparently, does not smell sweet to the navies of New South Wales. They have refused to place themselves under the guiding influence of the appointed Twelve.

Socialist Philip Snowden, M.P., would appear to be mad because the suffragettes are playing hell with the bosses' property in the "Old Dart." Philip wants to "substitute reason for brute force." The kind of "reason" the bosses use when their interests are threatened is like that of the tigress when her young is attacked.

liberty. Verily, a change of name does not change the colour of the politician.

One cannot visit a picture show in Sydney nowadays without being compelled to gaze for a time on the weak and effeminate countenance of George Rex. The masters are being sorely puzzled these times to keep the flame of "loyalty" burning.

Sir Arthur Stanley, who has a nice little job as Governor of Victoria, addressed some immigrants who landed in Melbourne the other day and told them that though he had not been long in Australia he was sure it was a great country for

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STRIKE METHODS.

UNION SECRETARY AND 'KANT'.

Union Secretary Thompson, of the Amalgamated Railway Servants, at a branch meeting of that body the other day, in referring to the function of the recent 'Union of Unions' Federation, told his hearers, according to the 'Co-operator', that the scientific method in modern strikes was to confine the strike area to 'its narrowest possible limits.'

Curiously enough, according to another report in the same issue of the paper, Mr. Thompson, when addressing a meeting of the East Greta Co. employees on the necessity for 'one big union' (oh, much mis-used-words!), in the railway service, drew the attention of his audience to this sage advice of the German philosopher, Kant, 'That to test the soundness of a principle we must ask what would happen if it were universally applied.'

Let us put Mr. Thompson's 'scientific method' of conducting strikes to the Kantian test. 'If we may use the vernacular, Kant simply means that if a principle is sound at one end it holds good right through the piece. At time of writing there are, for instance, 3000 miners on strike in the Maitland Coalfields. But why 3000? Why not 2000, 1000, or 100? Why, indeed, should not 2000 coal miners return to work forthwith and leave one solitary striker to wage the fight against the coal barons? This would be confining the strike 'to its narrowest possible limit,' would it not, Mr. Thompson?

The 2000 might also levy themselves to the extent of one penny a week of thereabouts and 'assist' the striker to victory. Such a method would, in any case, have one thing to recommend it. It would have the merit of at least benefiting one individual, the solitary striker aforesaid, which is more than can be said for former methods of craft union and pseudo 'one big union' fighting, which benefits nobody except the masters.

We do not know whether Mr. Thompson desired to impress the employees of the East Greta Co. with his range of philosophical reading, or merely wished to convey to workers in general his own ridiculous inconsistency and his inability to see plain facts:

The victimisation of men in connection with the strike of porters at Darling Harbour, and the failure of Mr. Thompson's organisation to get these men reinstated either by commissions or petitions—presumably, more of Mr. Thompson's 'scientific methods' is a brilliant

gained by confining strikes to their narrowest limits. Had Railway men in other branches of the service, at the time, exercised their economic power in

stead of scabbing on the advice of some of Mr. Thompson's confederates neither commissions nor petitions would have been necessary. Every petty strike which has occurred since then, with its inevitable failure and the fines which followed in its wake, is also bound to remain a historical tribute to Mr. Thompson's 'scientific' method.

It would be interesting to know from Mr. Thompson and his officials why they gull the workers with lip-service to the One Big Union idea, while advocating sectional methods of warfare. If one big union of railway workers is being organised for the purpose of keeping strikes 'confined,' etc., then obviously, it exists for the purpose of systematizing scabbery, and, in reality, its history so far and its only claim to be 'scientific,' lays along those lines.

The scabbing principle 'when universally applied,' Mr. Thompson, will result in the future, as it always has in the past, in the workers' victimisation, defeat and humiliation. On the other hand the universal application of the strike by a concerted refusal of the workers further to submit to economic bondage, will be the trumpet-blast of the SOCIAL REVOLUTION, the fall of the citadel of Capitalism.

In conclusion, and at the risk of being impertinent, we will give Mr. Thompson one word of advice; it is not of Kantian origin, but all our own. It is: Don't talk (Kantian) T. G.

SYNDICALISM.

WHAT IS IT?

There are have been many definitions of Syndicalism, but the above question has been suggested by an article which appeared in the May issue of 'Solidarity,' the London organ of British syndicalism. The article is from the pen of Mr. A. Crawford, one of the departed South African mine, and is written, apparently, in reply to an attack by Ramsey MacDonald on the Syndicalist movement.

'Syndicalism,' says Mr. Crawford, 'is a philosophy which justifies the present tendency of the Trade Unions to exercise a determining voice in the management of industries.'

This is fairly clear and approximates the average definition which we have read, though we rather think the real Syndicalist, the rebellious slave, would say that Syndicalism meant action on the job and not mere 'philosophy.' The 'determining voice' of the workers in industry, however, according to Mr. Crawford, is to be attained by their having 'representation on the boards of the particular companies which employ them—the Railway Board, Chambers of Mines and Commerce, etc.'

If this is Syndicalism, it is certainly a phase of it hitherto unheard of until Mr. Crawford gave it to an astonished world; and if the advocacy of this idea is 'Syndicalist philosophy,' then Sir William Leyer, Sir Christopher Furniss, and other 'profit-sharing' apostles are Syndicalist philosophers par excellence.

Mr. Crawford informs us that the Railway Strike in South Africa in January of this year, occurred through the workers demanding half representation on the Board, which managed the railways. If this has been so, it is a pity that such a stubborn fight should have been wasted on anything so foolish. When the workers have nothing better to fight for than 'a voice' in the management of industries which they do not own, it is about time they quit 'fighting.'

'Railwaymen,' argues Mr. Crawford 'go the benefits to be derived by their sharing in the management of the railways.' The first we heard of it. Hitherto we had thought that OWNERSHIP and not 'management' was the determining factor in the distribution of Labour's product. Ownership precedes management and not vice versa. For the workers to make sacrifices for representation in the management of privately, or so-called publicly, owned industries is, well, we do not wonder at MacDonald or anybody else attacking Syndicalism if this is it.

It is doubtful if Syndicalists in general will be thankful to the author for his contribution to the sub-

No. Mr. Crawford, the only 'voice' that matters tuppence to the workers is that which they exercise on the floor of their industrial organisations, provided they have the Might to back it up by action. Representatives of the workers managing industry with their feet 'under the mahogany,' with the bosses might be good business for the said 'managers.' We are more than dubious about its utility to the toiler on the job. T. G.

BROKEN HILL.

COMMISSIONS THAT DON'T COMMIT.

By James Pope.

The idea of a bunch of workers patiently waiting while a representative of the boss and a conservative from their own ranks, 'argue the point' before a chairman who is drawn from the ranks of the hangers-on of the capitalist system, is enough to make any intelligent slave sick.

Here in Broken Hill, a royal commission has been appointed to enquire into the working conditions in the Barrier mines. Four years ago, we had also a commission to enquire into the fracture question. At the time we were using Cape Fracture. Notwithstanding the fact that the commission found (what every miner knew), that the said fracture was more injurious to the health of the miners than any other fracture in the market, most of the mines refused to supply any other.

The members of the A.M.A. refused to use direct action because they had an agreement with these 'humanitarian' masters. Their 'great' political party has done nothing, and now four years after, they are still getting poisoned by Cape fracture smoke.

A commissioner has now been appointed to make enquiry into the advisability of providing in connection with the various mines:

- 1. The abolition of piece work. 2. A reduction of the temperature in mines to 75 degrees Fahr. 3. The compensation of workers by the companies in cases of industrial sickness or accident. 4. The improved ventilation of mines. 5. The authorising of craft union officials to visit working places in mines and to examine peace cards. 6. The prevention of the wholesale influx into Australia of 'foreigners,' unable to speak English, with a view to minimising the number who may seek a job on the mine.

It is not what we want, but what we have the might to enforce that counts with the masters. The boss is not giving away anything unless we are prepared to take it; and we do not deserve what we are unprepared to fight for.

'He is right who has the might, and his to keep who can,' is so patent a fact that all the 'Moralists,' and advocates of 'Law and Order,' can do nothing with it.

As soon as the wages-slaves recognise this and organise to gain the requisite power, the days of politicians and royal commissions will be numbered. The bosses' Might is Industrial, National and International. Before anything can be accomplished the class consciousness of the workers must rise to the level of organising on similar lines. Craft organisations do neither one nor the other of these things, and the notion that the masters fear them is as silly as the superstition of the utility of parliaments, or the sincerity of politicians.

In the 'Philosophy of Power,' by R. Redbeard, he asks: 'How can a slave recover his liberty? By re-conquering his conqueror. If he feels he is not man enough, then he must submit, or DIE FIGHTING UNSUBDUED.' Freedom cannot be granted, it must be taken.

As long as the foreigners on the Barrier, or anywhere else, are after the Boss's goat, and get into the fighting line they will find plenty of friends in the I.W.W.

What's the use of dreaming dreams That 'each shall have his own,' By forceless votes of meek-eyed thralls Who blindly sweat and moan? No! a curse is on their cankered brains, Their very bones decay.

Go, try your fate at the Iron Game.

EVOLUTION.

By Langdon Smith.

When you were a tadpole, and I was a fish, In the Palooze time; And side by side in the ebbing tide, We sprawled through the ooze and slime. Or skittered with many a Candal flip, In the depths of the Cambrian fin, My heart was rife with the joy of life, For I loved you even then.

We're clad in your glorious hair, Deep in the bloom of a fireless cave, When the night fell o'er the plain, And the moon hung red o'er the river bed, We mumbled the bones of the slain.

Mindless we lived, mindless we loved, And mindless at last we died, And deep in the rift of the Carradoc drift, We slumbered side by side in the lath of time, The hot lands heaved amain, 'Till we drew our breath from the womb of death, And sprang to life again.

I flaked a flint to a cutting edge, And shaped it with brutal craft; I broke a shank from the river bank, And fitted it head and haft.

We were amphibians sealed and tailed, ed, And drab as a dead man's hand; We coiled at ease 'neath the dripping tress, Or crawled through the mud and sand, Croaking and blind, with our three clawed feet, Writing a language dumb, With never a spark in the empty dark, To hint at a life to come.

Then I hid me close in the reedy tarn, Where the mammoth came to drink; Through brawn and bone I drove the stone, And slew him upon the brink, Loud I howled through the moonlit wastes, Loud answered our kith and kin; From west and east to the crimson feast, The clan came trooping in.

Happy we lived and happy we loved, And happy we died once more, And our forms were rolled in a clinging mould, Of the Neocomian shore.

O'er joint and gristle and padded hoof, We fought and clawed and tore, And cheek by jowl, with many a growl, We talked the marvel o'er.

Thus life by life and love by love, We passed through the cycles strange, And breath by breath, and death by death, We followed the chain of change; 'Till there came a time in the line of life, When over the nursing sod, The shadows broke and the soul awoke, In a strange, dim dream of God.

I leaved that fight on a reindeer bone, With rude and hairy hand; I pictured his fall on a cavern-wall, That man might understand, For we lived by blood, and the right of might, Ere human laws were drawn; And the age of sin did not begin, Till our brutal tusks were gone.

Swift and light through the jungle trees, We swung our airy flight, Or breathed the balm of the froned palm In the hush of the moonless night, And oh! what glorious years were these, When our hearts clung each to each, And life was filled and our senses thrilled, With the first faint dawn of speech.

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And that was a million years ago, In a time that no man knows; Yet here to-night, in the mellow light, We sit in Delonchios, Your eyes are clear as the Devon Spring, Your hair is black as jet; Your years are few, your life is new, Your soul untried—and yet.

And I was tewed like an Auroch bull, And tasked like the great cave bear, And you, my sweet, from head to feet,

Our trail is on the Kimberidge clay, On the scarp of the Purbeck flags, We have left our bones on the Bagshot stones, And deep in the Coralline crags, Our lives are old, our love is old, And death shall come again; Should it come to-day, what man shall say, We shall not live again?

And I was tewed like an Auroch bull, And tasked like the great cave bear, And you, my sweet, from head to feet,

God wrought our souls from the Tremolose beds, And furnished them wings to fly; He sowed our spawn in the world's dim dawn, And I know we shall not die, Though cities have sprung o'er the graves, Where 'the crook'd boned men made war,

And I was tewed like an Auroch bull, And tasked like the great cave bear, And you, my sweet, from head to feet,

And the ocean waves o'er the buried caves, Where the mummied mammoth are.

And I was tewed like an Auroch bull, And tasked like the great cave bear, And you, my sweet, from head to feet,

Then as we linger at luncheon here, O'er many a dainty dish, Let us drink anew to the times when you, Were a tadpole and I was a fish.

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SABOTAGE.

By Walker C. Smith.

Many who condemn sabotage will be found to be unconscious advocates of it. Think of the absurd position of the "craft union socialists" who decry sabotage and, in almost the same breath, condemn the various efficiency systems of the employers! By opposing "scientific management" they are doing to potential profits what the saboteurs are doing to actual profits. The one prevents efficiency, the other withdraws. Incidentally it might be said that sabotage is the only effective method of warding off the deterioration of the worker that is sure to follow the performance of the same monotonous task minute after minute, day in and day out. Sabotage also offers the best method to combat the evil known as "speeding up." None but the workers know how great this evil is. It is one of the methods by which employers coin wealth from death, consuming the very lives of the toilers. By payment of a slightly higher wage to the stronger and more dexterous slave, the rest are forced to keep pace. Those who fall by the way are unceremoniously cast aside to beg, steal or starve. One method used by the saboteur to stop this form of scabbery is illustrated by the following occurrence.

Building laborers were wheeling barrows of material to an electric hoist, following the rate of speed set by their higher paid taskmaster. The pace became so swift that those who were weaker could no longer keep up. During the noon hour one of the men stepped to the wheelbarrow of the speeder and tightened the bolts on the wheel. Upon resuming the taskmaster started at his usual pace but soon was obliged to slow down through sheer weariness. No class conscious worker will join the moralists and vote catchers in condemning this action.

In the steel mills the speeding up process has become so distressing to the average worker that still greater steps are taken for self-protection. In fact, in speaking of these class traitors, it is often remarked that "Something dropped on their foot often affects their head." There are many points of similarity between the speeder and the favored steer in the stock yards, which is trained to lead the other steers into the killing pens.

England offers an example of a practical method of limiting the output. Due to effective, widespread, systematic sabotage the brick masons there lay, as a day's work, less than one-third the number of bricks required from their brother craftsmen in America. Any reduction in pay is met with a counter reduction in the work. Sabotage means, therefore, that the workers directly fight the conditions imposed by the masters in accordance with the formula, "Poor wages—bad work."

IV.

Actions which might be classed as capitalist sabotage are used by the different exploiting and professional classes. The truck farmer packs his largest fruit and vegetables on top. The merchant sells inferior articles as "something just as good." The doctor gives "bread pills" or other harmless concoctions in cases where the symptoms are puzzling. The builder uses poorer material than demanded in the specifications. The manufacturer adulterates food stuffs and clothing. All these are for the purpose of gaining more profits. Carloads of potatoes were destroyed in Illinois recently; cotton was burned in the Southern States; coffee was destroyed by the Brazilian planters; barge loads of onions were dumped overboard in California; apples are left to rot on the trees of whole orchards in Washington; and hundreds of tons of foodstuffs are held in cold storage until rendered unfit for consumption. All to raise prices. Yet it is exploiters of this character who are loudest in condemnation of sabotage when it is used to benefit the workers.

Some forms of capitalist sabotage are legalized, others are not. But whether or not the various practices are sanctioned by law, it is evident that they are more harmful to society as a whole than is the sabotage of the workers. Capitalists cause imperfect dams to be constructed, and devastating floods sweep whole sections of the country. They have faulty bridges erected, and wrecks cause great loss of life. They sell steamer tickets, promising absolute security, and sabotage the life-saving equipment to the point where hundreds are murdered, as witness the Titanic. The General Slocum disaster is an example of capitalist sabotage on the life preservers. The Iroquois Theatre fire is an example of sabotage by exploiters who assured the public that the fire curtain was made of asbestos. There are also the Primero, the Drakesboro, the Cherry mine disasters, and the terrible Triangle Shirtwaist tragedy. The cases could be multiplied indefinitely. These capitalist murderers constitute themselves the mentors in morality of those slaves who "have nothing to lose but their chains." Only fools will take their ethics from such knaves. *Capitalist opposition to sabotage is one of its highest recommendations.*

Capitalist sabotage aims to benefit a small group of non-producers, while working class sabotage seeks to help the whole body of producers at the expense of the parasites. The frank position of the class conscious worker is that capitalist sabotage is wrong because it harms the workers; working class sabotage is right because it aids the workers. This view comes from the position the proletarians occupy in the class war. A word about that class war.

To the rebellious toiler the class war is no mere theory. It is a grim reality. To him it is not a polite sparring match according to Marquis of Queensbury rules with four years between each round. It is love of liberty, and war against the exploiters. "All's fair in love and war."

Because the revolutionist has discarded the moral code of the master class and has spit in the face of bourgeois ethics, it does not necessarily follow that there is no rule regulating his conduct. He is, in fact, so strongly actuated by an ideal that he has left the arena of words to enter the realm of action. Sabotage is a direct application of the idea that property has no rights which its creators are bound to respect.

However secret must be sabotage, when used by the individual instead of the whole body, it is taking its place in the rising moral code of propertyless toilers just in proportion as it is being openly advocated. The outspoken propaganda of sabotage and its widespread use are true reflections of economic conditions. The current ethical code, with all its existing laws and institutions, is based upon private property in production. *Why expect those who have no stake in society, as it is now constituted, to contribute to its support?*

V.

The charge that sabotage is "immoral," "unethical," "uncivilized," and the like, does not worry the rebellious workers so long as it is effective in inflicting injury to the employers' profits. As it aids the workers in their fight, it will find increasing favor in their eyes. In war the strategic move is to cut off the opposing force from its base of supplies. Sabotage seeks to curtail profits and in conjunction with other weapons to abolish finally the surplus value, or unpaid labor, that is the source of the employers' power.

"You are immoral," cry employers and politicians alike. Our answer is that all morals to-day are based upon private property. Even so-called sexual immorality is condemned, while universally practised, because it violates the principle of inheritance in property, and is in defiance of customs generally accepted, but seldom inquired into. When the workers accept their morals from the capitalist class they are in a sorry way indeed. *The question is not, Is sabotage immoral? but, Does sabotage get the goods?*

"You are destroying civilisation," is likewise hurled against us, to which we reply in the language of the street: "We should worry! Civilisation is a lie. A civilisation that is built upon the bended backs of toiling babes; a civilisation that is reared upon the sweating, starving, struggling mass of mankind; a civilisation whose very existence depends upon a constant army of hungry, scroful, and law-abiding unemployed, is scarcely worthy of consideration at the hands of those whom it has so brutally mistreated. The saboteur carries on his work in order to hasten the day of working class victory, when for the first time in human history we shall have a civilisation that is worthy of the name."

What is more civilized than for the workers to create powder that refuses to explode?

What is more civilized than to work slow and thus force employers to give a living to more of the unemployed?

What is more civilized than to spike the guns when they are trained on our working class brothers in other countries.

What is more civilized than to waste the adulterations given the workers to place in food, thus making it unprofitable to sell impure products?

Sabotage will civilize the soldier, the militiaman, the policeman, the speeder, the slave-driver, the food-poisoner, the shoddy manufacturer, the profit grabber of high and low degree, and even the politicians.

Those who oppose sabotage on ethical grounds are supporters of capitalist theft and are faithful watchdogs of the strong boxes wherein the masters store their stolen wealth. Revolutionists have no time to waste in taking lessons in correct manners from those who do no useful labor in society. In advocating sabotage we hope to show that the workers should rid their minds of the last remnant of bourgeois cant and hypocrisy and by its use develop courage and individual initiative.

From sabotage to gain better conditions it is a logical step to direct sabotage against the repressive and perverting forces of capitalism.

VI.

The press is one of the greatest agencies used by the employers to keep the workers in subjection. It is dominated by the industrial masters. Sometimes the press is owned directly, sometimes through a mortgage or a secured loan. More often the subsidization of the press is accomplished through advertising patronage. But at all times the power of the capitalist press depends upon the servility of the slaves, who do all the work of setting up, printing and distributing the lies of the masters. Sabotage is the most effective weapon for the stoppage of newspaper attacks upon the workers and their organizations.

As a whole the reporters are favorable to the workers. They have to follow the policy of the papers to hold their jobs, however. They can use sabotage on the masters by their handling of the news. The editors of the various departments will colour the matter anyhow, in accordance with the wishes of the advertisers, or stockholders of the paper. But when an article is written that is harmful to the working class there are many ways in which it can be sabotaged. The linotype operator can misplace a portion of the copy. The proofreader can insert or remove the word "not," and thus change a knock to a boost. The make-up man can place another article where it was intended the lie should go, or he can even insert a part of another article under the offending heading so that it will apparently read correctly and yet will not contain the harmful material. The stereotyper can damage the face of the offending article so that it will not print. These are but a few of the many methods that might be used. All of those "accidents" are happening every day in publishing plants, and it but remains to direct them to a revolutionary end. With more class consciousness along these lines the employers will find it does not pay to lie about the workers.

To be Continued.

DO YOU KNOW

That the Boss likes to see you break records while engaged at your various callings; the faster you produce good things the richer he becomes.

That a six hour day would mean less of the good things of life for the boss, and more leisure for yourself.

That it would also mean employment for those now out of work owing to your working too hard and too long.

That the Bosses of Industry are bosses of Parliament, Hence, your Hard Labor Party can give you no thing but hard labor. That the worst use you can make of a member of your own class is to place him in parliament; you, yourselves, must be your own legislators; the place to do it is in the Industrial Union

of your class. That Parliamentarians have a too congenial atmosphere in Parliament to waste their time on industrial conflicts; they would rather drink champagne with the boss.

That the only place where the workers can improve their conditions is on the job where they work. Job control means better job conditions.

That 85 per cent. of your class keep the remaining 15 per cent. of society in all the luxurious things imaginable, whilst they, themselves, are being slowly poisoned by adulterated foodstuffs.

That nobody is going to object to this state of affairs unless you do so yourself.

That "Direct Action" is the only paper telling you these simple but necessary truths. Why not subscribe and help us to tell others.

WORKERS AND HOGS

"Many of them live like pigs in hovels" said Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald, in referring to the housing conditions which exist among those "prosperous" South Coast coal miners. Of course we knew all that before. But even pigs in hovels get enough to eat. Workers who live in slums don't. The reason is that in this "great and glorious civilization" of ours pork is more valuable than human flesh. Mrs. Fitz. appealed to the various women organisations in the State to remedy the slum problem. No good Fitz. not a bit. The women organization to which you refer are most of them composed of the wives and daughters of slum landlords.

Says the Labor Call (Melbourne) — "In less than 24 years the Labor party has gained over 37 per cent. of the seats in the whole of the Parliaments of Australia. Labor is in power in New South Wales, West Australia and Tasmania, and has in addition a majority of 22 in the Senate. There were no Labor members in Australia before the year 1891. This represents the growth of the Labor movement in about 24 years." Quite so. Nobody ever said that its "growth" ever represented anything else. The growth of prosperity has certainly been remarkable from the point of view of the representatives. For the wage-earners—well, 'Nuff sed.

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Members in all parts are invited to send in short, concise articles and reports. Don't traverse the universe; stay on the ground.

