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Persecution

WAR, WHAT FOR! ON THE I.W.W.?

(A. Mack.)

"What is the motive behind the savage and monstrous persecution of the I.W.W.?" is the question thoughtful people are asking themselves to-day.

It may be as well to state here, for the benefit of any who do not know, that the letters I.W.W. stand for "Industrial Workers of the World," an organisation that advocates the building up of One Big Union of the working class on industrial lines; it is therefore opposed to the present craft organisation, claiming them to be out of date and consequently useless. For months past readers of the daily papers have been regaled with wonderful stories of the alleged criminal activities of the I.W.W. This was done, of course, to damage the organisation in the eyes of the people by leading them to believe it to be composed of criminals and crooks. There was at one period a suspicion that the people would fall to the trick and condemn the I.W.W., but the authorities pursued their dirty tactics just a little too far, and the result is a turning of public sympathy in our favour.

The plute papers, the politicians, and the craft union officials have been our most persistent and venomous opponents, and they have described us as assassins and criminals—backed by German gold—who are seeking to destroy society, to disrupt the sacred Labor Party, and smash up the Trade Union movement in this glorious workingman's paradise. Though always hated because of the fear our potential power engendered, this hate and fear assumed material form when the I.W.W. originated the campaign against conscription many months ago, and since then the "powers" have not "let up" for one day: the reign of oppression reaching the zenith while the conscription fight was raging at its highest, and when twelve of our members were arrested and flung into prison on a charge of treason. These men, and many others throughout Australia, all of them the staunchest fighters that ever spoke on behalf of the working class, are now awaiting trial—and possibly years of brutal treatment—in master class dungeons.

The politicians, the union secretaries, and plute all are gloating over the treatment meted out to our members; they hate us because they fear us, and they fear us because they can see in the organisation we advocate a weapon by which the workers may come to their own. The capitalist has visions of dwindling profits, while the politicians and the union officials can feel their good jobs becoming less secure.

According to the "Sun" of 2nd November, one union official declares the I.W.W. members to be a greater pest to the unions than they are to the Railway Commissioner, and consequently they ought to be got rid of. This individual is shrewd enough to know that another year or so of Industrial Union propaganda will relieve him of his job, because the workers will have been awakened to the stupidity of craft organisations championed by parasitical, self-seeking union secretaries.

The politicians are in the same boat, for as the I.W.W. is a non-political organisation, intending rather to spend the union funds on educational work, than to waste them on political schemers, these gentlemen can feel work advancing upon them with no uncertain steps should the I.W.W. be permitted to live on unmolested.

The opposition, then, of all these heroes is prompted by personal gain; they are all afraid of losing their jobs. The Labor politicians and the union secretaries pretend to be deeply concerned about the welfare of the worker, but not more than a superficial examination of their attitude is necessary to convince us that in truth they don't care a damn about the conditions of the working men; if they did they would willingly assist in perfecting the economic organisations and would hail with pleasure every suggestion making for this perfection. The I.W.W. claims that the fight for political power is not the real fight; the real fight is the struggle for the control of industry, and must be fought in the industries by the workers themselves; hence we realise that politicians cannot win emancipation for the working class. Too much we have depended on the politicians, and too little have we relied upon our



In some country districts the polling has been postponed for a week owing to heavy floods.—(News item, 1/11/16.)

Wobbly:—"I s'pose I'll get the blame for this."

own strength!

Our workers have been so hypnotised in the past by political opportunists that they actually believed better conditions could come only through the politicians. The gods of the Labor Party have failed because they had no hope of success. Bulldozed labor officials and political schemers blame the leaders, and seek to elect new leaders, who must in turn fail, and will in all probability be displaced by others, and so the game will go on until the workers become wise to the position.

One of the chief objects of the I.W.W. is to educate the working class, to show them the true position of the political swindle, and prepare them for the fight on the industrial battle field. Our success has been wonderful; it has astonished and astounded the "powers that be." They know we have the key to the industrial paradise, and because of our success all the machinery of the capitalist State has been turned loose against us.

Our hall has been raided periodically as a matter of principle, our literature, our papers, pictures, and press have all been confiscated; our members and speakers have been arrested and charged with almost every crime on the calendar; the authorities are making unscrupulous, bitter and frantic attempts to stifle the propaganda of the I.W.W. CAN THEY DO IT!

News and Notes.

The Referenda.—There can be little doubt that No has won, although the capitalistic press are very vague on the matter. We are glad to see the Anti-conscriptionists and Trades and Labor Council are moving with a view to the repeal of the proclamation. Workers should be wide awake, as the defeat of conscription at the ballot box is not sufficient.

Local Activities.—The usual weekly meetings were held. Comrades report attentive audiences, and good sales of literature. On Sunday the usual Domain meeting was well attended. Donations totalled £10/8/. "Direct Action" again sold very well at the gates. In the evening J.

Wilson gave an eloquent address to a packed audience, which was very enthusiastic. Donations, subscribers and new members are steadily coming in. Although the monies for the Defence Fund have been considerable there is room for more, as the trial is likely to be a very costly business, and some of these men have dependants who are in need of finance.

The Coal Strike.—The miners seem determined to fight to a finish to gain their very reasonable demands. If they stick solid and are not side tracked the great probability is that they will win. We wish them every success. "Direct Action" will be pleased to publish matter dealing with their case.

Treason Trial.—Some days ago the Crown thought fit to alter the charges (which are now practically reduced to arson and conspiracy), and also alter the date of trial. As this new move hardly allows the accused a chance to prepare their defence last week Mr. White, their solicitor, tried to postpone the trial to the original date, Nov. 20th. The matter was postponed to Monday, Nov. 6th when the defence raised objections to the trial being forthwith proceeded with.

After hearing counsel the judge decided that the case be listed for Nov. 20th.

EMPIRE HALL, COLEDALE.
Friday, Nov. 10th, at 7.30 p.m. Prompt.

TOM BARKER
Will Lecture on
"THE NEW UNIONISM."

Chairman—Mr. D. McGhee.
Collection to Defray Expenses.
FRED. LOWDEN,
Secretary.

All unsigned articles are written or collated by the editor, J. A. Kinman, 403 Sussex-street, Sydney.

The Wheat Fires.

BRITISH JUSTICE.

Some weeks ago two members who happened to have gone to the country on a holiday, were arrested and charged on suspicion of having set fire to a haystack. Apparently the evidence was so slight that even the conservative authorities could not see their way to commit them for trial. The Sydney "Sun" prints the following without any comment:—

"The Attorney-General has declined to file a bill against George F. Finn and Wm. G. Thompson. They were committed for trial from Lockhart Coroner's Court to Wagga Quarter Sessions, on November 6, on a charge of maliciously setting fire to wheat stacks at Lockhart on October 4."

It seems that Finn and Thompson arrived at Lockhart with the intention of spending a holiday. There was no evidence as to how the hay caught fire, all we know is that two I.W.W. men and a detective had arrived in the district. As detectives never set fire to things the authorities arrested our comrades. One witness said he had seen them going along a road about a quarter of a mile from the haystack. On this slender evidence they were put upon bail, their residences searched, and Mrs. Finn put to considerable inconvenience. It was useless for them to deny they had been near the haystack, the fact that they were members of an alleged criminal organisation was considered quite sufficient grounds for detaining them. After being held in bond for some time the Attorney-General now declines to file a bill, with the result that they, after being put to great inconvenience, are free to wander on the track to seek another master. To throw men into gaol because one witness says he saw them a considerable distance from the scene of the fire is grossly unfair. If they had not been I.W.W. men it is improbable that they would have been arrested. Some fires are purely accidental, others again may be caused by people anxious to get the insurance money. In Australia cases have been known where detectives caused fires for reasons of their own. Of course they don't do that in Australia, neither are there any people eager to take insurance companies down.

Australia being a peculiar country, the chemical laws affecting combustion do not apply here. Every fire must be put down to I.W.W. men, probably every flood is traceable to the same source. Meanwhile the two men can go on their way secure in the knowledge that British justice is full of the milk of human kindness.

RISE ABOVE THE SOURCE.

He rises from the muck and slime,
A humble worker in the ranks,
And after he has served his time,
At buying votes and counting blanks
His honors slowly comes across
And he becomes a petty boss.

In this position he must stoop
To anything that brings success;
With crafty grafters loop the loop
And save the boddlers from distress,
And as his party louder calls
He braves the legislative halls.

Soon things begin to come his way,
For little favors he can do
For persons who will gladly pay
To have their shady deals put through;
With reckless hand he plays the game
And reaps a certain kind of fame.

Now coming out from all this stench
By hook and crook and scheme and plot
He grabs a place upon the bench,
And says what's law and what is not;
He makes decisions pure and strong
And never after can do wrong.

—D.M.S. in "Appeal to Reason."

Direct Action

An Appeal.

WEEKLY
OFFICIAL ORGAN
of the
INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF
THE WORLD.

(Australian Administration)

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The Struggle Ahead.

Whether the purpose of the Referenda is defeated or not, and even presuming it is defeated, the class war for industrial control will go on just the same. It is almost a economic necessity for the owning class that the workers should be conscripted in industry if they are to compete successfully after the war with German merchants.

With the prosecution of the world war a serious situation presents itself to the capitalists in Australia. As man power becomes scarce labour will be dear. It is, therefore, necessary for them to avoid this so-called national calamity. Already apart from the conscription issue they are taking steps on the industrial field to safeguard their interests at the workers' expense.

With or without conscription for service abroad the women and children are destined to be industrially conscripted here, unless the workers are alert. Conscription is only required to make assurance doubly sure, and was not an essential condition of success in the class struggle which will be decided on the industrial field, and not the military arena, as some ignorant workers seem to think. Defeating conscription on the ballot, although of some psychological value, does not improve the workers' economic position. We stand just where we were, if anything a little worse off than before the referenda on the industrial field. Although there may be a little political freedom here or some social liberty there, economic servitude still stares the workers in the face.

It should be patent to every thinker who has studied the labour movement that a thorough reorganisation of unionism is necessary to meet the changing economic conditions. The biological law of progress applies to all social relations. Either we progress or retrogress. There is no via media to be found in conciliation. Neither is there any haven of refuge in arbitration. Labour organisms must at least keep pace with economic development. If the psychology of the unit is weak and the form of industrial organisation obsolete then labour inevitably must sink back into slavery. If the psychology of the unit is virile and the organisation scientific then labour will triumph over all difficulties, for labour produces all, and has the economic power to conquer all.

Whatever may be the differences of opinion as to ways and means it is the end, and not the tactics that is of primary importance. Once the will to industrial control and the desire for a free society permeates the mass the rest will follow quickly.

Where there is a will there is a way is a truism that applies forcibly to the labour movement of Australia at this juncture. Once this fact is clearly realised we can confidently look forward to the day when capitalism will fall never to rise again mortally wounded by the strong arm of organised labour.

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem, the human mind from error,
There were no need for arsenals and forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred,
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain.
—Longfellow.

Fellow Workers,

Lying in Long Bay Prison at the present moment are twelve of Labour's staunchest fighters for the cause of working class freedom. By their efforts, by their class consciousness, by their unceasing activity on your behalf they have brought about a condition of things that has made the master class of this country their determined enemies.

Why are these men selected out for drastic punishment? Why has the whole system of capitalist intrigue, of class biased masters been brought to bear upon these men?

Because they succeeded in awakening the working class.

Because they had become dangerous to the interests of the profit mongering exploiters of the working class.

Because they taught a system of organisation and revolt that meant business.

Listen. You are wage workers. You are tools in servitude. You are not free men. Your wives are not free women.

Every day your lives are in danger in one form or another. From one day to another, from week to week, your lives, your liberties are jeopardised, you have rotten conditions, your only value is that of cattle, your safety is of no importance, you have not even the ordinary comforts of a beast of burden, as it does not have to worry about unemployment.

The twelve men in gaol know all these things. By might and main have they striven, sacrificing health, comfort and liberty to reconstruct society.

Fellow workers, it is up to you. These men need help.

Were it not for the propaganda of these men, make no mistake, Australia would be shackled to-day with conscription.

They fought the politicians, they exposed the fraud and corruption of the people's mis-leaders. They shamed the office-hunters and place-holders into action. They made it impossible for these creatures to deceive the public. Such a mighty work did they do that the master class knew well that before long they would rouse you, the wage-workers, to realise your position, and in doing this the capitalist exploiters saw their speedy ruin and downfall. They knew well that once you were thoroughly enlightened and class conscious, you would sweep away the parasites battenning upon you, that you would institute clean, just laws on your own behalf, and recognise that you alone were best fitted to govern.

Criminality on the part of the master class begets criminality by their awakened dupes, but, so far, nothing has been proved against these men. Once more, they need your help, it is up to you. This is your fight, and upon you rests the answer. Speak, then, with one mighty voice, and give the answer to these lying traitors, show them that the working class of Australia is awake to their fraud and humbug, and that they can no longer insolently mislead and gull you.

These men are clean and honorable and straight, and your support is necessary.

—W. JONES.

THE I.W.W. AND CHARITY.

Some of the capitalistic press make sneering remarks because the I.W.W. is soliciting contributions for a fund to be used solely for the purpose of saving some of its members from being railroaded on trumped up charges.

According to capitalistic ethics it is really a most immoral thing that mere working class people should attempt to help themselves against the machinations of an unscrupulous and vicious enemy. This sentiment comes from the same hypocritical press that has always called upon the people to stand up for their liberties. Of course they really mean fight in the interests of the capitalist class—a class that pretends to speak in the name of the people.

Although not prone to organising edging crusades we see no reason why the I.W.W. should not have the same rights as churches, unions, and various societies which frequently rake in large sums during the year and have little or nothing to show in return.

The I.W.W. has the advantage of most societies. The money collected is not spent on a staff of highly paid officials or squandered in entertainments. What we receive is utilised for the purpose for which it is given. All that is over goes in educational propaganda. The capitalist press, if it took the trouble to enquire

could verify that statement for its own satisfaction. Of course, it would not pay the plutocratic press to grant anything that does not harmonise with snobbish sentiment. This same press, which booms charity, erusades, finds it incumbent to refer sneeringly to the efforts of the workers to help themselves—a most charitable act truly—an effort worthy of the hirelings of plutocracy, who in season and out of season are never weary of discanting on the blessings of charity.

Alpine Activities.

On approaching the navvies' camp at Alpine last Saturday afternoon, a curl of black smoke was seen making its way upwards, and great hilarity was heard amongst those assembled.

Upon arriving at the scene of excitement it was found that a fire had been raging, which was fed by willing hands, and the ashes revealed the remains of an effigy of our Prime Minister, Billy Hughes.

Many navvies were not content with voting "No," but wished to show their opposition to the "Yes" crowd, so they formed themselves into a procession, and with their wives and children followed behind a coffin in a mock death march until they reached the stake, when Billy Hughes' effigy was erected and the cremation took place amid great excitement of men, women and children.

Previous to the above demonstration a large crowd visited the local picture show, and demanded that an I.W.W. meeting for the following Sunday be advertised upon the sheet.

The proprietor at first bluntly refused to advertise an I.W.W. meeting for nothing, but when he found that the navvies intended to boycott his show he quickly relaxed and got the slide ready.

By a show of solidarity and the threat of the boycott the I.W.W. got their meeting advertised per medium of a picture show.

The denizens of Alpine were disturbed last Saturday night by the sounds of the town crier announcing the I.W.W. meeting. Fellow-worker Rancie spoke to a large crowd upon the "Necessity of Industrial Organisation." The meeting was orderly to the finish, and many pertinent questions were asked, among which I.W.W. tactics was explained to the amusement and instruction of the crowd. The meeting closed with three cheers for the I.W.W.

On Sunday morning, at the Five-mile Camp, a good meeting was held, and the treason charges were dealt with.

Mr. Webster, representative for the navvies, was in the chair, and asked for a good hearing for the speaker, and not to judge the imprisoned I.W.W. men unheard.

The crowd was full of interest, and attentively listened to the speaker all through. At the close of the meeting the following resolutions were carried unanimously:—

"That this meeting of workers protests against the imprisonment of members of the I.W.W. on the charge of treason, and demands their immediate release."

Also:—"That this meeting pledges itself to assist the I.W.W. in the present trouble financially and morally."

The navvies left the impression that they were with us in this fight for the release of working-class agitators, and would do all in their power to assist.

At the Seven-mile Camp on Sunday afternoon, Mr. Robertson, an official of the P.L.L., presided at the meeting, and with brevity explained the persecution which the working class has suffered in the past, and what they were enduring to-day. He stated that all toilers should be with the I.W.W. in the present fight, which was simply a war between the bosses and the workers. The treason charges were then dealt with, and Industrial Unionism explained by our speaker. Motions of a similar nature to the above were carried, and the meeting closed, thanking the speaker for his address and wishing long life to the I.W.W.

On Sunday night, at the Eleven-mile Camp, F. W. Rancie was advertised to speak upon the treason charges, and also answer some questions which had cropped up during the past week.

At 6.45 the local hall was packed to its fullest extent, which included several women.

Mr. Whittom, a member of the local P.L.L., took the chair, and introduced the speaker, who was received with loud applause. The hollowness of the treason charges was exposed, and the necessity of industrial organisation was demonstrated. The meeting was full of life and enthusiasm, and the navvies pledged themselves to do all in their power—financially and morally—to bring about the release of the working-class champions who are languishing in jail.

On that Sabbath evening the lushy lungs of the toilers gave out three hearty cheers which seemed to disturb the elements and silence the night-birds.

If resolutions, applause, cheers and exhibitions of enthusiasm forecast action, then the navvies in the various camps along the main southern railway are going to be heard of very soon. All the reps in the different gangs have sub-

scription lists from the Defence Committee, and it is expected that the toilers will respond liberally to the cause which means so much to every member of the working class.

The puny attempts of the master class to suppress the I.W.W. only helps to solidify our ranks and brings in new recruits every day.

The I.W.W. has been too long in Australia now to be wiped out, despite what the fools of capitalism might do.

Let them go to it; let them do their worst; it will always be found that the I.W.W. will live, thrive, and grow, when those who tried to kill it are dead and gone.

Our official meetings might be stopped; our hall might be closed; but, best of all, our propaganda goes on for ever.

—N.R.

THE ART OF GOVERNMENT.

The following extracts are from Machiavelli's celebrated book, "The Prince," written over 400 years ago. Whatever the author's intentions may have been in submitting his "Prince" to the consideration of rulers, the fact remains that things historical are daily happening in accordance with the teachings of Machiavelli. To what extent Machiavellianism are still up to date, let the thinking reader judge for himself:—

... He (the Duke of Borgia) resolved for the future to rely alone on artifice and dissimulation. . . . They (his old-time friends) attended the Duke at an interview at Signigalia, where they were all massacred by his order.

... Upon a thorough review, therefore, of the Duke's conduct and action, I cannot reproach him with having omitted any precaution, and I feel that he merits being proposed as a model to all, who, by fortune or foreign arms, succeed in acquiring sovereignty.

... I conclude that the usurper of a State should commit all the cruelties, which his safety renders necessary, at once. . . . Matters of severity, therefore, should be finished at one blow; for when time is allowed for resentment, the wound is not so deep; but benefits should be frugally dispensed, and by little at a time, that they may be the better relished.

... Measures should be so taken that when men cease to believe of their own accord, they may be constrained to it by force. Moses, Cyrus, Theseus and Romulus could never have secured an observance of the constitutions they severally formed otherwise than by force of arms.

I cannot but warn princes of the necessity they are under to fortify and provision the place of their residence, without troubling themselves about the rest of the country. It may, perhaps, be objected that the people who possess property in the country, and who see their lands ravaged, will lose their patience, and that their attachment to their prince will not long continue against the inconveniences of a long siege and desire of preserving their property. I answer, that a prudent and spirited prince will easily surmount these obstacles, either by inspiring the people with hopes that their sufferings will soon be over, or with a dread of the resentment and cruelty of the conqueror, or by taking proper means to appease those who are clamorous.

It is safer to be feared than loved.

It is indispensable for a prince that he should appear to have all the good qualities. He should make it a rule, above all things, never to utter anything which does not breathe of kindness, justice, good faith and piety; this last quality is most important for him to appear to possess, at the world in general judges more from appearances than from reality.

Oaths and protestations cost nothing. . . . Numberless engagements and treaties have been violated by treachery, and those who enacted the part of the fox have always succeeded best in their affairs. It is necessary, however, to disguise the appearance of craft, and to thoroughly understand the art of feigning and dissembling; for men are generally so simple and so weak, that he who wishes to deceive easily finds dupes.

It is very amusing to listen to self-convinced apologists for conscription:—"You know, I hate conscription; I have hated it all my life; I believe it to be of the devil; it was forged in hell; I wish we could do without it. But the Empire is in danger, civilisation is in danger, and I must vote for it." Some of these stalwarts profess to be the Backbone of the State and the Church. Poor State! Poor Church!—Rev. Rivett.

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Enclosed please find P.O. for 4/ for
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FILL IT IN NOW!

The Twilight of the Idols

GOLD THE GOD.

(By Ajax.)

[The night is dark and stormy. Thick clouds of a leaden hue obscure the stars. In the shadowy depths of the clouds ghostly forms arise which at first are hardly distinguishable from the encircling gloom. As the tempest abates the clouds gradually take shape, and as the night becomes clearer the aviator observes weird forms assembled round a throne that is dimly discernible in the vault of Heaven. Upon the throne sits a nebulous deity, whose face is of a coppery hue, and looks luminous in the inky darkness. The features are not discernible, but the dial of the deity has a marked resemblance to an English sovereign.]

Around the throne cluster shades of Shiva, Indra, Thor, Jehovah and Mars.

In the background other shades fit noiselessly around, and in the gloom the grotesque forms of barbaric idols and savage symbols can be seen. Ghosts, goblins and other strange harpies are in attendance on the deity, whose face gradually becoming clearer, shines like burnished gold.

Below the earth is wrapt in the silence of the night. Heavy fogs and smoke from burning furnaces pollute the atmosphere, and although the aviator cannot see the landscape a medley of strange noises in which at times the shriek of shells, the roar of guns, the moaning of the wounded and the lowing of cattle can be heard, ascends to the throne above. Unmindful of the strange sounds and the smell of smoke the heavenly host cluster round the throne and await the mandates of the Deity.]

God: I am Gold, behold O synophants your God.

Attendant Deities: Thou art Gold the God that was, and will be.

Priests (chanting): As it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be.

A choir: World without end. Amen.

Children praying: Gentle Jesus, guard thy little lambs this night.

God (harshly): Suffer little children to come unto me, for they are easy to sweat, don't you see.

A bishop: Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.

Bankers in chorus: In gold do we trust. Salvationist: Hallelujah.

Rude boy: I hardly knew yer.

A general: To the greater glory of God let us conquer or perish.

An officer: Fire!

A captain: Up guards and at them.

[There is a dull roar of artillery on land, while out at sea the dull booming of battleships can be plainly heard above the wash of the waves on the shore of Flanders. Everywhere the noise, confusion, stench and smoke portend that a great battle is in progress.]

God, gleefully: I am Gold, behold O synophants, your God.

Thor: My vikings did some damage, but those dreadnoughts are fearful monsters.

Jehovah: I caused a little rumpus down in Judea, but those tribal fights are a mere fleabite to this.

Mars: My astronomers say another spasm of madness has afflicted the animals on the North.

The moon, which has been obscured by thick clouds, now appears, and says: I have watched the earth men for many ages. They bloat and struggle like maggots. They have made a pretence of venerating the Gods to cover up their foolishness and follies. In turn they have worshipped Shiva, Indra, Thor, Mahomet, Christ, and many others, but though your names be upon their lips they in their heart of hearts only love gold.

God: I am Gold, behold O synophants, your God.

I am above all pomp and ostentation, I am the ruler of every nation.

Though priests prate of their creed, I know it's me they need.

[At this point there is some commotion among the shades behind the throne as a figure, sorrowful in mien and wearing a crown of thorns, comes forward.]

Shiva: Why, it is the Nazarene. He is not even beautiful.

Mahomet: My followers had a terrible struggle with his believers.

Christ (passionately): And I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me.

God: Yea, thou wert lifted up. Thou wert tacked up on two sticks and died because thou wert against me.

Shiva: Handsomer men have shared a worse fate.

Jehovah: The Nazarene was crucified, but too much fuss has been made about that business.

[The roar of heavy firing is now deafening, and the cries and groans of the combatants can be distinctly heard in the vault of heaven. A huge battleship blows up and momentarily lights

up the sea with a ruddy glow. On land the armies are in deadly combat, the incessant rattle of musketry making itself heard above the deep booming of cannon. Cries, shrieks, groans and the piercing cry of wounded beasts is mingled with the shout of the victors and the pleas of the vanquished. A bedlam of noises, smoke, and the stench of burning corpses, is wafted through the darkness to the throne on high where the Gods gruesomely gloat on the scene.]

Christ: Father, forgive them, for they know what they do.

Christ: Suffer little children to come unto me.

God (angrily): Tut, tut, Carpenter. Can't you see your lambs are wanted for the sweatshops, especially as so many men are dying down there. That sentimental stuff is all very well in the Sunday School, but the wheels of industry must be greased.

A revivalist: The world for Christ.

God: I am Gold, your God.

Jehovah: There shalt not be any other God before or after thee.

A minister: From all pestilence, war and sudden death.

A congregation: Good Lord, deliver us.

Mahomet: Those Christians certainly do seem busy killing one another down there.

Shiva: Aye, even as they slaughtered my millions in India.

Jehovah: I must admit the squabbles I caused are tame affairs compared to this. I thought the Carpenter taught them better ethics.

Thor: We certainly had some bloody fights in my time, but those submarines are too much for me.

A priest: God defend the right.

A nun: Let saints on earth in concert sing.

God (wearily): I am Gold, behold O synophants, your God.

Mars: Our historians say our people ages ago were as barbaric as the earth men, it is to be hoped the latter will in time become sane and give up their foolishness.

God: I am Gold, their God, and as long as I reign they will obey me.

Monks (chanting): Glory be to God on high.

A congregation: For ever and ever, Amen.

[The sounds of the battle have died down. The broken ranks of the armies are exhausted and busy attending to the dead and wounded. The cannon no longer belch forth their message of death across the field of battle, where thousands of stricken combatants cry out in their distress to the ministers of the sick. All is quiet on the ocean, the battleships have disappeared into the blackness of the night, and nothing save a few bodies and some wreckage shows that there has been a naval encounter. There is a strange silence hanging over the sea, which is only broken by the rythmical roar of the waves breaking on the shore. In the towns bright lights are gleaming from palatial residences, where high revelry is held by the wealthy, who, oblivious to the tide of war or the sorrows of the city, make merry with music and mirth, women and wine. In the poor quarters of the towns the people foregather. Most of the men are haggard and worn, and not a few bear the scars of war. Ill-clad and under-fed, women gather in groups in front of shops and demand bread. There are heart-breaking scenes as the victims of the battle are brought in. Men curse, women faint, and children cry. Small groups of men, whose faces are haggard with want, and soured by woe, cast longing glances at the lights of the palace, and speak in awed whispers of the round of revelry and sumptuous luxury, the music of which is wafted to them on the early morning breeze that precedes the dawn.

Above, the night is nearly spent. The figures of the weird idols and wondrous images are becoming indistinct. Some of the shades can hardly be distinguished from the dark clouds which are dissolving into mist. Even the outline of the throne is lost in fog, and the burnished face of God has lost its ruddy hue. As if conscious of impending doom, the Gods cast anxious glances towards the east, where the violet tint of the heavens heralds the break of day.]

God (feebly): I am Gold, behold, Oh, O, synophants, y-your G-o-d.

Chorus of labourers: We are the will of labour, we are the word of law.

A president: What, what is that?

Women, in chorus: Give us this day our daily bread.

Rich diners, anxiously: What is the matter? What is wrong with the mob?

An usher: Your Lordships, there is an ugly mob in the palace square. The rascals are demanding food.

A general: How dare the rabble disturb our revelry. Officer disperse them.

An officer: The troops are weary and exhausted, and I am afraid some of them are joining the people.

A president: Order the guards to shoot down the ruffians.

An usher: The crowd increaseth in size and violence, your Lordship.

A bishop: May God pardon the people their sins.

God (almost inaudible): I a-m G-o-l-d. Behold G syn-co-ph-

[A large crowd, mostly of peasants, now surges over the palace square, brushing aside the guards who are loth to interfere with them. The latter hastily reform on the main doorway, and, urged on by the general and several retainers, try to stop the multitude. The latter comprise a motley crew, in which haggard hunger and beggared want preponderate. A new spirit seems to animate them. The timid men and frightened women that clustered in crowds during the night look determined and fierce in the dawn. They are no longer a spiritless mob, a new light is in their eyes and a new hope animates the mass, for they are the children of the revolution. Above, dawn is breaking, the dark clouds of night are fast evaporating. The ghosts of the Gods look nebulous, and shadowy in the light of the dying moon. The face of God is shrouded in fog, and only the dim outlines resembling a sovereign can be discerned. He still mutters inaudibly to his court, whose figures are dissolving rapidly in the morning mist.]

The president: The herd has turned, we must defend ourselves.

A captain: Unless the bishop intercedes for us with the people we shall all be in heaven within the hour.

A bishop: Good God, captain, can't you do something to save us?

Nuns (chanting): He hath overthrown the mighty, and hath exalted the humble and meek.

Shades of Gods: The night of ignorance is over, the dawn of reason is upon us.

Voice of the crowd, growing loud: We are the Will of Labour, we are the word of law.

Priests (in chorus): Labour, Lord Labour, remember us when thou comest into thy kingdom.

The president: The people are upon us, the gods and ghosts cannot help us now.

[Even as he spoke the first rays of the morning sun kissed the clouds where once the throne had been. The gods and goblins had faded from the sky, and not a trace of the heavenly host was to be seen.

Below a seething mass of humans struggled on the palace stairway. There was a sound of blows, the tramp of many footsteps, the crash of breaking glass and wood, and the murmuring of the angry multitude as they forced their way in the dim twilight to the halls of music and mirth from which faintly could be still heard the strains of a drunken orgy. There was a short sharp struggle, and a great babel of voices, but above the din could be heard the voice of the labourer saying, The Gods are overthrown, the day of the people is at hand.]

All is lost in confusion and uproar.

POLITICAL CATECHISM.

- What is politics? A dirty scramble for office.
- What is office? A position with little work and big pay.
- What is money? A tool of oppression.
- What is law? An unequal distribution of injustice.
- What is a trust? A legalised bank of robbers.
- What is a bank? A corporation that lives on the interest of what it owes.
- What is poverty? Hell on earth.
- What is riches? Accumulated plunder.
- What is society? Good clothes, a full pocket and an empty head.
- What is civilisation? An agreement among the rich and strong to rob the poor and weak by legislation, instead of by physical force.
- What is a crank? A man with a new idea.
- What is a politician? A man who has the office itch?
- "The Fool Killer," Boomer, North Carolina, U.S.A.

The non-political propaganda of the I.W.W. during the past few years is stimulating the workers of Australia to act for themselves. The absolute futility of politicians of whatever brand has become so self-evident that even a child in the kindergarten can see through the bunkum and twaddle of these gentry. We saw in Newcastle a week ago the oiled and curled darlings of the Labor Party and the orthodox trade unionists celebrating the Eight Hours' Day. Now the miners are out on strike fighting for it. It is a quicker way of getting the eight hours bank to bank, fighting for it, than it is guzzling champagne with the local sweaters and work-shy.

Our Growing Press

"DIRECT ACTION."

English. Weekly, 4s. per year. Published by the I.W.W., 403 Sussex Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

"SOLIDARITY."

English. Weekly, 6s. 6d. per year. Published by the I.W.W. Publishing Bureau, 112 Hamilton Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.

"A BERMUNKAS."

(The Wage Worker.) Hungarian. Semi-Monthly, 6s. 6d. per year. 350 East 81st. St., New York, N.Y., U.S.A.

"ALLARM."

(The Alarm.) Swedish-Norwegian-Danish Monthly. 4s. per year. 164 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill, U.S.A.

"SOLIDARNOSC."

(Solidarity.) Polish. Weekly. 6s. 6d. per year. 164 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

"DARBININKU BALSAS."

(The Voice of the Workers.) Lithuanian. Weekly, 6s. 6d. per year. 860 Hollis St., Baltimore, U.S.A.

"HET LIGHT"

Flemish. Monthly, 4s. per year. Franco-Belgian Hall, 9 Mason St., Lawrence, Mass., U.S.A.

"IL PROLETARIO."

(The Proletariat.) Italian. Weekly, 6s. 6d. per year. Gen. Del. Hanover Sta-Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

"EL REBELDE."

(The Rebel.) Spanish. Bi-Weekly, 4s. per year. Bundle rate 1d. per copy. Address all communications and remittances to Administrator, El Rebelde, Box 1279, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

"RABOCHAYA RECH."

(The Voice of Labor.) Russian. Weekly, 4s. per year. Bundle rates, 1d. per copy outside Chicago. Address: 1146 South Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

"A LUZ."

(Light.) Portuguese. Semi-monthly. Subscription 4s. per year. Bundles of 50 1d. per copy. Address, 699 South First St., New Bedford, Mass, U.S.A.

SYDNEY LOCAL.

Meetings, &c.

Street Propaganda at Bathurst and Liverpool Streets every Friday and Saturday Evenings, at 8 p.m.; also Sunday Evening, at 7.

Meetings in Hall:

Sunday, 8 p.m.—Propaganda.
Wednesday, 8 p.m.—Economic Class.
Thursday, 8 p.m.—Business Meeting.
Saturday Evening.—Speakers' Class.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Subscribers and members can now obtain a complete file of the 2nd volume of "Direct Action." The volume contains from number 21 to 55, inclusive, and dates from February 1st, 1915, to the same date in 1916.

The complete file will be forwarded to any part of Australia upon receipt of money order for 3s., which includes postage.

From an historical standpoint, as well as from an educational standpoint, the volume is essential. All the information re the Newcastle free speech fight, the posters and stickers case, the hundred and one strikes of the year are contained within the volume.

It also includes "Cresset's" satire, Nicholl's cartoons, West's "Ballad of Maitland Gaol," "General Strike," "Arbitration Court," and "The Interrupted Snooze," as well as dozens of first-class articles and criticisms upon matters industrial and political.

An early application is necessary, as the supply of files are limited. There are no files of the first volumes left.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to limited space, we are holding over some articles. Writers should send in manuscript by Friday if they wish their matter to appear the following week.

Spasms.

(By Tom Barker.)

Some of the anti-conscriptionists wail about the effect of the L.W.W. on the recent referendum. They consider that the charges against L.W.W. men have prejudiced the vote. They forget that for the past two and half years the L.W.W. fought conscription and militarism, while they were patting Mr. Hughes on the back, even as recently as May of this year at the P.L.L. Conference.

The anti-organisations in Victoria were infinitely more active and powerful than those in N.S.W., and yet when the vote is cast "Yes" is carried. We can claim, I think, that the L.W.W. has had a greater effect on the conscription issue than the eleventh hour evangelists of anti-Hughes, who can see, in a misty kind of fashion, themselves gracing the seats evacuated by the conscriptionist Laborites.

We hold no brief for Hughes, but the fact remains that he has been consistent as a conscriptionist, and the Laborites who have followed him blindly have no room to sling mud. Idolised in May, and deserted in September, Hughes stands as an example of the instability of the opinions of the mob. But behind all the gyrations of the political opportunists and job hunters, we can see a changing public opinion, that was being manufactured while Hughes, with the congratulations of his enemies of today, was dining at Buckingham Palace.

Two leader writers on the staff of the "Evening News" refused to write certain conscriptionist matter for the paper. The heads were going to sack them, when the rest of the employees took a hand. Suffice to say, the "Evening News" came out all right, and the leader writers are still on the job. Solidarity is a wonderful thing to coax the boss with.

The "Grafton Examiner," with a large circulation on the North Coast line, recently reflected upon the L.W.W. men working on the railway construction works. A boycott was declared, which resulted in the "Examiner" offering to apologise. The person who wrote the article resided in a local hotel. That was also placed on the boycott list, which resulted in the scribe being told peremptorily by the licensee to find new quarters. The boycott is very popular with the boss. My word!

The Railway Commissioner in N.S.W. is a very decent sort. He is firing L.W.W. men, and turning them loose on the private employers. And the private employer is sucking them and turning them loose on the Government. We wish them both joy in the process. It will make the L.W.W. grow, and get strong and husky. And we have a sneaking regard for Railway Commissioners. Their method of using the big boot begets similar ruthlessness among the workers. If there was no Railway Commissioners and their kind there would be no L.W.W. And, consequently, the world would be insipid and P.L.L.-ish.

"W. A. Holman and his gang," says H. E. B. in the "Australian Worker," "have covered themselves with disgrace, and degraded the Parliamentary institution to the level of a brothel." The keepers of the last named place ought to sue the "Worker" for slander.

The ballot box is NOT, after all, the way to the millennium. Says the "Worker":—"The war may last for years. No one can put a period to it. And during all that time, unless the plotters are foiled, the betrayed and exploited people of New South Wales will have NO CONSTITUTIONAL REMEDY for the outrage perpetrated upon them."

We have again to complain about the Labor press associating Mr. Holman's name with Judas Iscariot. Judas was a fairly decent citizen (which accounts for him not being a member of the L.W.W.), for when he saw that he had sold his master, he regretted it and hanged himself. But, Mr. Holman—!

Parliament is going into recess, and the coal miners are on holiday. Funny why there should be such a howl about the latter, and such a feeling of relief about the former. Shows how much Parliament plays in modern society. A dustbin, unpretentious as it is, serves a useful purpose, while Parliament exists to emaculate and stultify every action of the working class to achieve things for themselves. When the miners win the eight hours, Parliament will be in favour of it and legislate it.

It is officially stated by the general secretary that it was not the L.W.W. that placed the iceberg in front of the Titanic.

Negotiations are now on to secure a large printing plant in the city, to publish "Direct Action." We want £250 in a month. And we are going to get it.

Songs of the Slave

THE RED FLAG.

(By James Connell.)

The workers' flag is deepest red,
It shrouded oft, our martyred dead;
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold
Their fire blood dyed its every fold.

Chorus.

Then raise the scarlet standard high
Beneath its folds, we'll live and die,
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

Look 'round the Frenchman loves its blaze,
The sturdy German chants its praise;
In Moscow's vaults, its hymns are sung,
Chicago swells its surging song.

It waved above our infant might
When all ahead seemed dark and night;
It witnessed many a deed and vow,
We will not change its colour now.

It suits to-day, the meek and base
Whose minds are fixed on self and place;
To cringe beneath the rich man's frown,
And haul that sacred emblem down.

With heads uncovered, swear we all,
To bear it onward till we fall;
Come dungeons dark, or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn!

THE TRAMP.

(By J. Hill.)

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, The Boys are Marching.")

If you all will shut your trap,
I will tell you 'bout a chap,
That was broke and up against it, too, for aill;
He was not the kind that shirk.
He was looking hard for work,
But he heard the same old story everywhere.

Chorus.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-marching,
Nothing, doing here for you;
If I catch you 'round again,
You will hear the ball and chain,
Keep on tramping, that's the best thing you
can do.

He walked up and down the street,
'Till the shoes fell off his feet,
In a house he spied a lady cooking stew,
And he said, "How do you do,
May I chop some wood for you?"
What the lady told him made him feel so blue.

'Cross the street a sign he read,
'Work for Jesus," so it said,
And he said, "Here is my chance, I'll surely
try."

And he kneeled upon the floor,
'Till his knees got rather sore,
But at eating-time he heard the preacher cry—

Down the street he met a cop,
And the copper made him stop,
And he asked him, "When did you blow into
town?"

"Come with me up to the judge."
But the judge he said, "Oh, fudge,
Bums that have no money needn't come
around."

Finally came that happy day,
When his life did pass away,
He was sure he'd go to heaven when he died.
When he reached the pearly gate,
Santa Peter, mean old skate,
Slammed the gate right in his face and loudly
cried:

In despair, he went to hell
With the devil for to dwell,
For the reason he'd no other place to go;
And he said, "I'm full of sin,
So for Christ's sake, let me in,"
But the devil said, "Oh, beat it, you're a 'bo."

THE BOYCOTT.

The trades unions and anti-conscriptionists a few weeks ago declared a boycott on the "Sun" newspaper, for the unfair way in which it stated the anti-conscriptionists' case. The boycott has been fairly effective, but the boycotters evidently do not understand the way to get effective results. The most effective way to kill a paper is to boycott its advertisers. For the modern press depends, not upon circulation, but upon its advertisers. The L.W.W. is going to boycott the "Mirror's" advertisers, and the "Mirror" readers can retaliate by boycotting "Direct Action's" advertisers. For the "Mirror" and "Direct Action" understand one another.—T.B.

£250 PRESS FUND.

The following welcome amounts have come in to purchase a new and modern press.
E. Hurley, £1; P. J. Eilley, 2/6; Richard Wakefield, £1; G. Edward, £1; J. Regan, £1; total, £4/2/6.

General Strike.

AUSTRALIAN COAL MINERS DE-CLARE GENERAL STRIKE. ENFORCEMENT OF EIGHT HOURS "BANK TO BANK." EMPLOYERS UNEASY.

After many years of celebrating annually the Eight Hours, the coal miners of New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, and Tasmania have gone out on strike to gain it. New conditions and propaganda have begotten a solidarity that possesses great potentialities for the future.

The miners have selected an opportune time for the fight. The defeat of the conscription referendum, the mixed state of both State and Federal politics, and the shortage of coal stocks, all tend to place the miners in an advantageous position.

The miners are realising that six years of State politics, and Labor preponderance in the Federal Parliament, means nothing to the workers. They have come to the conclusion that militant and aggressive tactics alone will get results. Possibly when the next Eight Hours Day comes along, the workers will be able to celebrate something that they really possess.

The Australian coal-miner in the past has not been noted for solidarity, although there was always a hopeful craft union militancy that augured well, for the time when a better understanding became imperative amongst them.

Under the present capitalist system, the coal miners hold an advantageous position, as long as there is general action. Society depends upon coal fuel. Although oil is making great strides in encroaching on the domain of coal, the latter is still the leading fuel.

Without coal, shipping and transportation must cease. The wheels of industry must become idle. The supplies of gas and electricity must fail. The miners become, by the cessation of work, a power in the country. Solidarity creates an all-conquering power out of segregated and unorganised craft unions.

But there is one thing the miners must never forget. That is the power of the master class in utilising ships for long-distance scabbery. A national strike of coal miners has its limits. The New Zealand strike of 1913 proved that. The N.Z. strike was broken by Hindoo, Japanese and South African miners mining coal for the N.Z. master class. The Australian miners must call upon these miners to make common action.

The days of national, as of craft unionism have gone. National organisations cannot cope with an internationally organised and controlled master-class industrial organisation. The form of One Big Union laid down by the Industrial Workers of the World is irrefutable from a working class standpoint. Solidarity that created a virile fighting force out of distinct and separated unions in various parts of Australia, must logically unite all national organisations into One Big Union of the working class.

The "Eight Hours Bank to Bank," if established will mean that miners, truckers, underground and surface workers will work eight hours only. Some of these workers have been working nine hours and longer. In two mines on the South Coast this precedent has been established, but these lodges, in a spirit of loyalty, are fighting in the best style to help their fellow workers to enforce this demand.

We of the Industrial Workers of the World wish the miners every success. We know that this strike will be successful. We hope that it will be the precursor of a six-hour movement, that will go farther to establish ideal conditions than all the wasted years of political and indirect action, that are gone, and to come.

This fight shows the growth of the idea of "Industrial Control," the new philosophy of the new labor movement.

Master class power depends solely upon the servile co-operation of the workers. When the workers throw aside the slavish concepts of a bygone and outworn age, a new world opens before them.

Long live the fighting miners, and may their spirit stimulate every worker for the great Industrial Armageddon.

TOM BARKER.

There is ONLY one Union. The Class Union. Within it, there is a place for every worker in industry. There is NO foreigner, save the exploiter. The abolition of the wage system is inevitable. Therefore, working men and women, organise to-day into the ONLY Union, the Industrial Workers of the World.

Melbourne News.

We had another great meeting at the Yarra Bank on Sunday, very successful both financial and educational.

The ballot box enthusiasm has died down, and the wagefight is waiting results. Let us hope this time he will not go to sleep thinking he has done all that is needed. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." How would it be with those who fool and degrade the working class if the same energy was applied at the point of production, as is applied in betting the Boss with bits of paper with X on it! If the same energy was used in convening meetings and soapboxing and turning out literary productions to educate the wagefight up to the need of a One Big Union as advocated by the L.W.W., the Boss would begin laying in a stock of buck skin gloves. But the old dope of "I am the good shepherd" has got the wool pulled over the average wagefight's eyes. It is only sheep that want a shepherd, and back of the shepherd is the shearer. They certainly shear the worker afloat.

If the worker would only cut the sheep business out, and take on the stubborn characteristics of the mule for a change and organise for a big kick, they would kick the shepherds to hell, as well as kick this old mad ball into a shape that would make it worth living on. Besides, the mule is recognised as a jib! And if the workers had the sense of the mule and carry the jibbing to a fine art, or, as the L.W.W. tells them, "To try and give margarine work for margarine pay," they would soon be able to run the Boss out of business, and with him out of business there would be none to subsidise crafty politicians, hypocritical parsons, reactionary labor leaders, or any other of the shepherd breed.

The L.W.W. here in Melbourne is doing its damndest to knock some mule sense into the heads of the woolly ones, with very satisfactory results. The results can be judged by the shrieks that emanate from the different day-lie factories. Our speakers are getting more support every week. Several came to light this week, and we are booming in all our activities.

The authorities seem anxious about that German gold we are supposed to be getting. Gee, I haven't seen gold for years. If they can locate any with my help I will willingly go halves. Anyhow, they are welcome to come along any time, because if they pass without giving us a call, we will think this local is not keeping its end up, and the Boss is beginning to tolerate us. Because the hostility of the master class justifies our existence.

JAMES POPE.

AN EFFECTIVE WEAPON.

WELLINGTON (N.Z.), Thursday.

The State coal miners at Greymouth have resolved on a restricted output, pending the settlement of a dispute in regard to the timbering of the working place. They are now earning 2/4 day, plus a 10 per cent. war bonus—"S.M. Herald."

(The miners at Runanga know how many beans make Ave. And the L.W.W. is illegal in New Zealand, they tell us.—Ed.)

STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

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

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

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

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

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

Published by Tom Barker of 25 Francis St., Sydney, for the Industrial Workers of the World, at 403 Sussex St., Sydney, and printed by H. Cook and Co., 200 Castlereagh St., Sydney.