

The Policeman, Judge, Soldier and Parson all Live, like the Bed-bug, on the Sweat of Others. Slow down on the Job!

# DIRECT ACTION



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ONE PENNY.

## Arbitration - - - - - - Chickens.

Coming Home to Roost.

The latest "victory" for arbitration, that wretched scheme which according to Trade Union officialdom, was going to achieve wonders for the workers, has come in the shape of a 25 per cent reduction in the wages of those workers employed in restaurants and tea-shops, etc. The writer has said more than once that an Arbitration award was at best but a legal declaration of the law of supply and demand already existing in the labor market, and the various declarations and announcements made by Arbitration Court judges and chairmen, since the present economic crisis began, prove that contention conclusively.

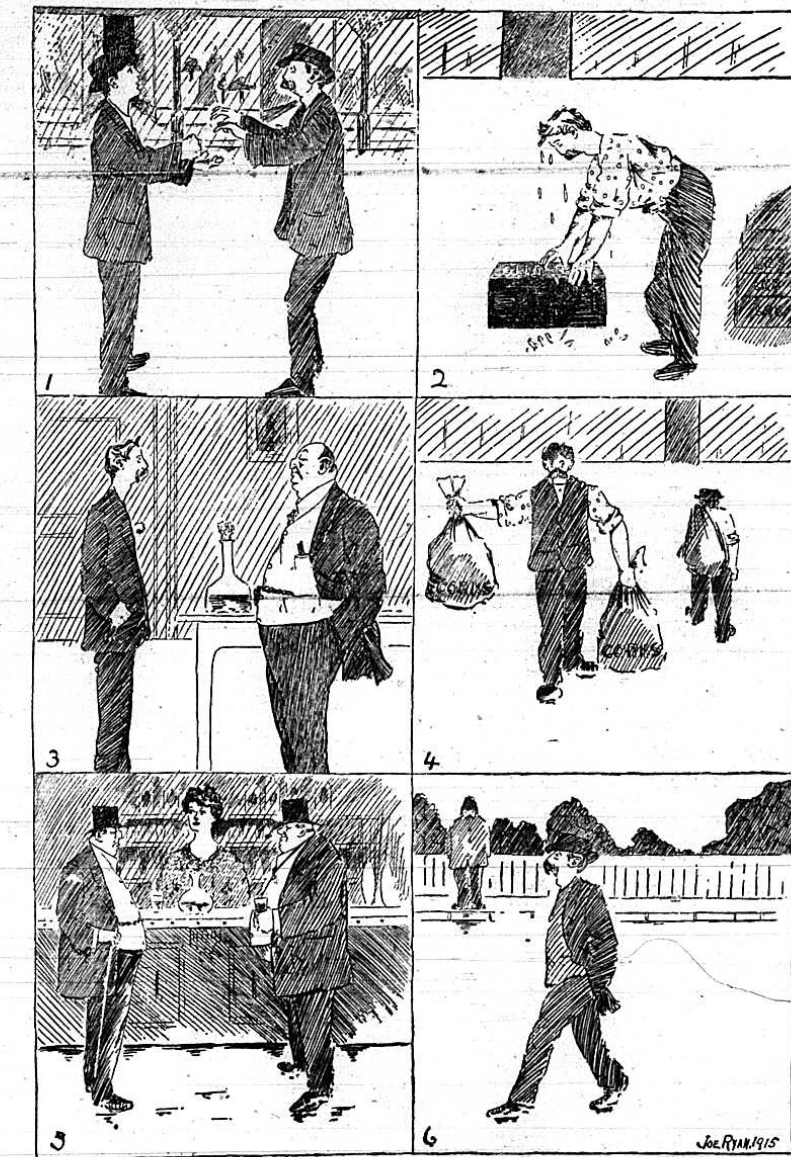
The Secretary of the Union to which the above-mentioned workers belong incidentally endorses this view when he stated that the latest award brings the employees concerned back to the position they occupied six years ago, a time when the labor market was all that could be desired from the capitalist standpoint. This official now admits that the workers may have to resort to "cruder" methods for the settlement of disputes with their masters, as if there could be anything more crude than arbitration itself has proved to be. Tea-shop girls, for instance whose wages have been reduced from 17/6 to 13/ per week, and in some cases to 12/, will doubtless testify to its "crudity." Wheelers in the South Coast coal mines who have recently been fined sums ranging from five to ten pounds with the option of accepting several weeks of His Majesty's hospitality, will also in the future, no doubt, see the crudity of those who argue that the individual's right to cease work when and how he pleases is a right which should never have been surrendered.

But, as the Secretary of the Sydney Labor Council, Mr. Kavanagh, admits, unionists have always been told that if this system (arbitration) did not increase their wages it would certainly not decrease their pay, there may be some excuse for the workers' acceptance of arbitration methods. What shall be said, however, of the unscrupulous politicians, and the high salaried officials of Trade Unionism, who certainly knew better, and who deliberately fostered the belief so that the security of their own positions would be undisturbed by strikes, sabotage, or similarly "crude" affairs?

It is frequently argued that the workers in this country, having accepted arbitration, should abide by it; but as a matter of fact their "agreement" with the principle has been a matter of compulsion; and there is scarcely a Union in Australia, the rank and file of which, who have not, at one time or another, shown their disapproval of the principle and, incidentally, their contempt for the forces which stand behind it.

The acceptance of Arbitration, and the attempt to enforce it, have been wholly the work of wily politicians in both the Liberal and Labor parties, combined with the cupidity of Trade Union officials who were not slow to see a material addition to their own salaries by the pickings to be derived from attending wages boards, etc.

It, therefore, comes ill from men of Mr. Kavanagh's type to cry out about "driving girls to destruction on 12s. a week," for the parasitical horde of officials to which he belongs



## The Amazing Adventures of Mr. Simple.

(1) An I.W.W. man is trying to impress upon Mr. Simple that there is nothing in common between the boss and the worker, and that sabotage is a good weapon to use. Mr. Simple is horrorstricken and says, "For God's sake, stop, you fellows make me nervous. The bosses are all right."

2. Mr. Simple is beginning to think that his job is somewhat hard, and knowing that he can get an easier billet, he decides to sling it in.

3. He goes to the master, and tells him that the job is killing him, that

he is going to leave, and would he kindly give him a reference. The boss says he is sorry to lose such a good man, and that he will give Mr. Simple a personal reference at any time.

4. Mr. Simple gets the other job and reckons that he could work all day with his overcoat on, and not raise a sweat. He also has an idea that there was a lot in what the I.W.W. told him.

5. The two bosses have a tiddley together. Mr. Skinnen says to Mr.

Fleesham: "You'd better sack that man, Simple. He is becoming too intelligent." Mr. Fleesham winks, and says, "I understand what you mean. As a matter of fact, I saw him reading a paper called 'Direct Action' the other day."

6. Mr. Simple can't make out why he was sacked. He is looking for another master, but the policeman's eye is on him, for Mr. Fleesham has told him that Mr. Simple is a loafer and bad character. Things are not too bright for Mr. Simple, since his former boss sabotaged him.

have been bulwarks of this scheme which prostitutes womanhood, degrades manhood, and if carried to its logical conclusion, would bind the shackles of slavery more firmly to the toilers' limbs than ever serf or chattel slave was bound to his lord or master.

If men are to be imprisoned for refusing to work, why not hang or shoot them? It is all a matter of degree, not of principle. Indeed it

has already been suggested by enterprising capitalists who see the logic of the arbitration position, that men who strike in any large industry should be treated as mutineers in an army. Thanks, however, to the instinct—one can't say the knowledge—of the majority of the working class, there are indications that arbitration will be relegated to the scrap heap long before this happy consummation of its teaching. The

class-struggle, after all, is more potent than all the wiles and sophistry of politicians, and all the abject scheming and dishonesty of unscrupulous union officialdom. Even in the present orgy of so-called patriotism, the class war manifests itself. While plutish editors prate about the liberty and freedom of their country, their newboys go on strike

for more bread. All the efforts of the capitalist class and their hirelings to conceal the struggle between master and slave, only seem to show it up in bolder relief. Education to ripen the instinct of the working class into a knowledge of their position is the primary work of the I.W.W. Join us, you rebels, and then—"To the Day!"

T. GLYNN.

## "Victories."

The Christian churches of Boulder City in common with other towns all over the English speaking world prayed for "Victories" on Sunday last, January 2. Prayed that the Allies' army might defeat the German army.

Victories! What does it mean? It means great slaughter and carnage on both sides. It means the tears of widows, and cries of little children on both sides. It means laying waste farms and homes in all Europe.

"Victories" for the great army of unemployed.

"Victories" won, by the groans, the sweat, the tears, and by the labour of the workers of all lands.

Victories that do nothing but harm, and that prove nothing.

Did the victories of Alexander, of Hannibal, of Julius Caesar, or Napoleon, prove that their cause of conquest, was wise or just?

On the day of "Intercession and Prayer," I was proud and glad that I was not a Christian or a patriot.

I did not feel the need to pray to a bloodthirsty anthropomorphic God—to "kill, slay, and destroy" my fellow-workers of any land.

But I did feel the need to work, not pray, for the One Big Union of all workers of all countries.

There is a great need to work, that victory may be given to light over darkness; of knowledge over ignorance; of evolution, over religion; of communism over Capitalism, and of the working class over the master class.

To those Bishops, politicians, and other immoral persons, who prayed on Sunday last, for "Victories," will say "As a Communist Anarchist, and a member of the working class, and I hope a human man, I despise your religion, your crude economics and your bestial morality."

The great statesmen who pray for victories have the twentieth century method of dealing with the unemployed. That is to insult them, or order the police to club the workless or homeless.

The working class all over the world have a victory to win, a victory over "Patriotism, Original Sin, and Wages." A victory of an organized working class over a capitalist society, a real victory, of abundance over poverty; of smiles and laughter over groans; and tears of happiness over misery; of art over industry; of peace over war; of fine house over slums; of use over profit; of a full life over wages. If this war does not cause the necessary reaction to promote the social revolution, then there will be another. Carlyle in writing of the French Revolution, said, "If one revolution is not enough, then you will have another."

War cannot be carried on without the slavery of the working class. War cannot be abolished by prayer, but by work, by working to destroy Capitalism, by means of international revolutionary industrial unionism, and victory—Victory will be ours.

MICK SAWTELL.



## Direct Action



OFFICIAL ORGAN

Of the

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF  
THE WORLD.

(Australian Administration).

Office—330 Castlereagh St., Sydney  
Australia.

EDITOR: TOM BARKER.

MANAGER: E. A. GIFFNEY.

Matter for publication only should be  
addressed to the Editor. Other matter  
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Terms on Bundle Orders.HEADQUARTERS I.W.W. (Australia):  
330 CASTLEREACH ST., SYDNEY.GENERAL HEADQUARTERS—  
164 W. Washington St., Chicago,  
Ill., U.S.A.The News Boy's  
Strike.

The newsboys are still on strike against the "Sun" and "Evening News." The papers being sold by scabs are very few, which must be felt to some extent by the papers mentioned.

The Trades Hall have formed a Union for the boys, but as yet, the Unions who are engaged in the production and transportation of the papers are still at work—scabbing, with a paid up Union card, snugly reposing in their waistcoat pockets. But little trifles like that don't trouble the Sydney Trades Hall, who thoroughly understand the art of losing strikes.

The next step will be the citing of a case before the Necessary Commodity Commission, which means a few months of delightful meanderings through the bye-ways, and cul-de-sacs of law courts, lawyers, and various other institutions, that are the products of our hard working Labour Party. By this means will the Stone age, officialdom of the Trades Hall give the newsboys, the victory they desire. We don't think.

Because "Direct Action" went to the extent of pointing out the scabby tactics of the Trades Hall to the newsboys and the general public, the stone age officials told the newsboys not to sell "Direct Action," because the I.W.W. was an organisation composed of men who never worked, and who were bad characters. And, of course, if the newsboys had anything to do with the I.W.W., the sympathy of the general public would be against them.

When the I.W.W. descends to systematic organised scabbery for a living, they will have a need to fear the general public.

Let the Trades Hall carry its mildewed worm-eaten mind back some four years ago, to the time when it organised the newssellers on a previous occasion, and let us know what it resulted in. They let the news sellers' organisation die, when a more numerous body, the straw plaiters, asked to be organised. We wonder if they will drop the newsboys again, like they did on that occasion.

The fact that the Trades Hall used its influence to stop the sale of "Direct Action" is a direct proof that the Trades Hall fears the search light of working class opinion being turned upon the treacherous, and

underhand methods of the luminaries of that mainstay of big business, and capitalism, situate in Goulburn-street, Sydney.

The I.W.W. challenges them to come out and justify their actions. The epithets of "I won't work," "irresponsible," "extremists," is no argument.

The I.W.W. accuses the Sydney Trades Hall of serving the interests of the employers, by allowing the Typographical Association are setting time working, while the newsboys are out on strike. Also, that the Typographical Association are setting up and composing lies about the boys on strike. In short, we accuse the Solons of the Trades Hall, of organised scabbery.

Let them come out into the light of day and meet these charges. Inuendo, and imputation won't meet the charges. Neither will they kill the criticism of the I.W.W. or nullify the circulation and influence of this paper.

Another thing could have happened if the Trades Hall were really sincere. Why didn't the "World" issue emergency editions, to help the boys win? Why didn't our great Labour daily come out at an opportune time like the present? Because, we presume that if the "Sun" and "News" win, that they will be able to wholesale to the vendors at ninepence per dozen. Which means more profit than selling at the rate of eightpence for fourteen.

Craft unionism is a back number, it is worse than useless, it is dangerous and treacherous. It is on trial in Australia to-day.

It is arraigned before the working class jury, its accusers are the revolutionary working class. Its products are thousands of organised scabs, its actions baneful in the extreme. Seemingly democratic, it is nevertheless entirely in the hands of an hierarchy of officials, who are reactionary, backward, and treacherous.

By their actions shall ye know them!

"The new grows up in spite of the old." The New Unionism, the I.W.W. challenges the existence of the craft unions, and the Trades Hall. And they are hated and feared accordingly.

The I.W.W. will destroy the slums of craft unionism, and rear in its place, the lasting and stately edifice of the Industrial Democracy.

TOM BARKER.

ANOTHER VICTORY FOR  
THE I.W.W.

Some while ago the I.W.W. asked Mr. Maiden, the curator or something, of the Botanic Gardens, for a permit to sell literature in the Domain on Sunday afternoons.

The eminent eucalyptist said, "No," as he deemed the I.W.W. to be dangerous, bad persons, who had no respect for gum trees or eminent studiers of prickly pears.

So the Police Department took a few names and put some of the I.W.W. in the "cooler." But the notorious I.W.W. held big protest meetings, and continued to sell the literature.

The Head gies down in Muck-sarry-street got tired of the whole business, and one day a mysterious Order in Council took away Mr. Maiden's "little brief authority," and left him in peace and seclusion with his cacti and bonedust. He now ex-officio guardian of public morals.

The business of issuing permits was given over to the Police Department, and recently, the I.W.W. became law-abiding and was granted a nicely typewritten, be-monikered piece of foolscap granting them the right to dispose of lynyotyped cayenne, etc., for three months.

The I.W.W. kindly disposed, and charitable as always, buries the dead cat and cordially invites Mr. Maiden to deliver a lecture at the I.W.W. Hall, 330 Castlereagh-street, on "Eucalyptus, Cactus and Prickly Pears." The botanical section of the I.W.W. is growing some.

TOM BARKER.

Parliament cannot be transformed, nor its institutions utilised to aid, or emancipate the working class. Neither can the craft unions, or their federations be reconstructed into a revolutionary organisation. The bow and arrow cannot be converted into a machine gun, neither can an antiquated spinning wheel be converted into a modern power loom.

The Right to Live  
in Port Pirie.

The desire to live is natural, but the right to live is uncertain. Ever since the birth of mankind it has been natural, the desire to eat in order to live. Under the present capitalist regime, man's mouth as a road to his stomach has proved to be his curse. While mankind needs no more clothing than Adam, a fig-leaf and a worried look, he can't dodge an appetite. Consequently, that weakness is his master's opportunity to-day.

It was not always in the days of long ago when man was a savage or uncivilised, an hour or two spent in the chase with his primitive bow and arrow, snare or fishing line, was all that was necessary to appease his hunger. He even did not stick to animals, for when he desired a luxury he'd tackle one of his kind for a change, and from that practice sprang capitalism to-day, though it took several periods to arrive here.

Mankind only had one stomach to fill, consequently when one tribe I a glorious victory over another, bags of prisoners, etc., even when he had a glorious burster, he still enough prisoners left over. Now, even prisoners must be fed, and kept fat, for there's no pleasure to be got in picking a bone with nothing on it. That meant the victor had to put in more hours at the chase, etc., than before. His luxury of human flesh, therefore, became a nuisance.

His native cunning began to work, and the result was he made his prisoners do the tilling of the soil, etc., in order to assist in supplying food for all. That was the slave period, and meant slave drivers, soldiers, etc., in order to keep down the slaves.

But even the slave was given sufficient food to carry him on from day to day, to replace the energy used up by him in the service of his conquerors. Can you, the slave-workers, of to-day say that your masters guarantee food to you in or out? "No, emphatically, no," say you. Then why is it, that you are in a worse condition than the slave prisoners here-in-mentioned?

The jails are open to receive you to-day, and fill practically the same function as the savage victor of that tribal fight years ago. But I forgot; you are free men, living under the protecting folds and shadow of the Union Jack. You sing very heartily that soul stirring comic song, "Britains never shall be slaves," and you continue to starve, more especially at the present time, while thousands of your fellow-slaves are being blown to hell in order to more firmly rivet your chains of wage slavery. Now I am going to jump from thousands or years ago to 1915. Here, to-day, in Port Pirie and elsewhere, men are denied the right to live. You know quite well that you go to work, to earn the cash, to buy the food to gain the strength to go to work, etc. The same old game year in and year out. The same old following up the shifts, 3 times a day at the gates of hell (smelters I mean), or parading like prize bullocks at a cattle show, on your wharves 5 times a day—all for the right to live. You don't even fight like dogs, for the bone your master's lackey throws you. You quietly and in a docile manner, wait to see who will be the lucky one. If you're head does not look thick enough and your muscle, etc., big enough, you return to your miserable galvanised ovens, call homes, praying for better luck next time. Is this worthy of men, or unionists who believe in "unity is strength," "United we stand, divided we fall," etc., etc. You hang your heads; you have your job trusts, in the A.M.A. or the A.W.A., and other like organisations, yet you, you can't find a master (the modern slave) to engage you, to give you the job that means to you the right to live. Now, then your craft union tickets, etc., have availed you nothing to-day, in this, your hour of need.

Your position to-day is due to your own apathy and indifference, which allowed your political saviours, through their knavery or ignorance, to land you in this bog of misery. Will you now take a hand in the game? You have a trump card up your sleeves, will you play

## Getting Some Light.

Those of us who have been occupying our spare time for some years in the firing line of the Class War are aware that in all industrial disputes the capitalist mouthpiece voices "public opinion." Public opinion or, to call things by their right name, "capitalist opinion," always condemns the strike leader who acts square and tells the men to keep striking until they have won. Should however the leader "go crook," hobnob with the boss, and advise the strikers to chuck the sponge, the capitalist press pours its foulsmoke eulogy over the reptile. Again, should the strikers repudiate him as their leader, then the capitalist-press informs the strikers that they are asses: "You have disregarded the advice of your own elected leaders, you skunks, you mob," etc.

As an Industrial Unionist, a Revolutionist, and a Rebel against the system of capitalist pinching, I am amused at the so-called and self-styled leaders of Socialist philosophy on the Continent and especially in Britain. I have been taught that the working class and the class that works them have nothing in common with each other, hence the Class War. In the columns of "Justice," the organ of the British Socialist Party (God help them), Knee, Lee, Bax, Gorie, and Tatler, are slinging ink, trying to prove that this is a war waged in the interest of the workers. I suppose, in the absence of further information, that these weather-cocks who claim to be Socialists mean the international workers. German militarism must be smashed, the people must be free, British rule is good, German rule is bad. Blatchford (of German war-scare fame), Lord Beresford, Hyndman, Lord Roberts, and a few more comrades, all swash-buckling advocates of militarism, are declaring that German militarism must be broken. British militarism is the right thing. Every soldier a citizen, every citizen a soldier, and every soldier and citizen an international Socialist. Britain won't be worth starting in until we are equal to Germany.

I must confess, after studying Socialism and trying to propagate it for a few years, that I have failed to interpret the meaning of the word. If the above-named men are Socialists I don't want to be classed in their school. With few exceptions a Socialist cannot be found outside the work-in class. If the idea of this was to capture new markets so that British workers may get more work, then as a British worker I can't go to war, as I always get too much work. If on the other hand German capitalists want to provide more work for German workers let the Germans get the work. Work, to my mind, is most degrading, and even when you have finished a day's work you have to set about with soap and water to clean your skin from capitalist filth.

Workers, we can't fight for more work. War is started by the capitalist class, fought by the working class, settled by the capitalist class, paid with sweat and blood by the working class. As British workers we don't know German workers, and therefore we can't quarrel with them. We do know the capitalists of our own country to be our economic masters; it is they that screw wages down. Remember, when you went to the front to break the sixth commandment, you were promised half pay—which you did not get. When you come back you find—a nigger doing your work for half-a-dollar per day. Don't get angry or disheartened at these things. Should you feel hungry just sing Rule Britannia. Gaze on the medal you possess. You may have lost a leg, an arm, or an eye; don't worry about these trifles; you may have found your thinking power. And if you have just one eye left, it will be more difficult to see the large country you have won, but you will still be able to see and realise that you have been an ass. After you have pawned your medal and sung yourself hoarse, you will realise that you are just in the same position as the German worker whom you fought. You have done your duty to your country; all that remains to be done is your duty to yourself and your class. Look out for a sour apple tree and go and hang yourself.—A. B. Dunbar, in "War on War Gazette," Johannesburg, S.A.

## The I.W.W. Preamble.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Direct Action here and now will force the masters to give you food, etc. You're industrial and political masters fear that. Are you storehouse, etc., of your masters are ready and willing to try for the crammed to overflowing, filled by you, will you starve while there's corn in Egypt yet? Flies, fleas, and bugs, etc., never starve, are you men lower than they? Human parasites in the shape of well-fed and overpaid sky pilots, politicians, union secretaries, etc., have not lost a meal, are you, the useful toilers, not as good, aye better far, than they? Broken Hill and the I.W.W. have shown you the way to get food; will you follow them. Pirie local is ready to act with you, united action will get the goods. Select a five-committee, craft secretaries and politicians debarred: collect in your hundreds outside of master's storehouse here in Pirie, and demand food for all the workless, last but not least, "To Hell with the landlord—Pay no rent."

CASUAL BILL



# The Advancing Proletariat.

By Abner Woodruff, C. E.

Continued from last issue.

The future society comes only at the desire and with the consent of the proletariat, for it is evidently the only class able to safeguard humanity by means of a new society; and the revolution can properly occur, only after the proletariat has had sufficient training in voluntary co-operation and self-government to be able to demonstrate its ability to successfully continue production and handle distribution so that all may be fed. Voting en masse at the polls is no evidence whatsoever of such ability, and to teach this class that its way to freedom lies primarily through the ballot box is a most miserable miseducation and paves the way to the most desperate catastrophe that humanity could ever suffer.

The Socialist Philosophy bases itself upon the proletariat. The needs and aspirations of the proletariat are the justification of the Social revolution. So, why attempt to lead this class in a way, it cannot go? Why forget the fundamental fact of proletarian life—the law of Economic Determinism? The method of getting the proletariat's living determines its thoughts and actions. Machine production—group effort—scientific team work—class experience—these are the determining factors, and all the fine spun theories go glimmering when confronted with these. Middle class meddling and interference with the proletariat—giving it a program tainted with middle class traditions—is an impertinence that is excusable only on the grounds of misguided but philanthropic zeal.

In a class society, the powers of the government are derived from the economic power of the dominant class, and for that reason, the prime necessity of the proletariat, in its struggle, is to develop its economic power, for it is really opposed only by economic power. Organization on the economic field, at the point of production, and contending for the product of the machines is the only method of developing economic power for the proletariat; and participation in purely political propaganda and campaigns is a criminal waste of time and energy. In the field of politics, the program of the proletariat should be "Pressure rather than Participation"; a program heretofore ably pursued by the plutocrats.

The proletariat cannot conceive of an acceptable society without machine production. It cannot conceive of men producing efficiently except in groups around machines. Consequently its form of organization to carry on the class struggle and build the society of the future must preserve the unity of the groups now working about the machines. Any other method would be foreign to it and doomed to failure because inconsistent with proletarian experience.

No class ever yet successfully dominated society unless

it demonstrated its ability to direct industry. Only on this basis could a following be secured and power be established. The proletariat is in no different case. It must demonstrate its efficiency. To merely destroy modern society without substituting something better would be the most monstrous of crimes. To achieve emancipation only to plunge the world into economic chaos would be the bitterest of travesties upon human intelligence. The proletariat must recognize and be prepared to assume the responsibilities of production and distribution, and of social and industrial administration; otherwise, it had better submit and accept such ameliorations as a Benevolent Feudalism may be willing to accord to it. It must have a positive scientific philosophy, a definite conception of the future society, and a practicable programme. Lacking these, it fails.

Modern science, based upon the law of evolution, now furnishes a Philosophy of Life, positive and definite in its character, and acceptable to the proletariat, because it offers a connected and rational explanation of the phenomena of the Universe. The proletariat conception of the Industrial Democracy, harmonising man with the method of wealth production and distribution, finally harmonizes him with his environment and therefore, through universal well being, guarantees the generation of a highly cultured race, which from its viewpoint, is the purpose of human life upon this planet. The program of the proletariat is necessarily dependent upon the industrial system and upon the degree of its own intelligence. Its watchwords are "Agitate—Educate—Organize," and, as organization is fundamentally necessary to unity of action and the working out of a program, we will now consider that phase of the question.

## PROLETARIAN ORGANIZATION.

Marx declares that the Historic Mission of the working class is to overthrow capitalism and establish a new order of society, therefore, the method of its execution is of the first importance. We have seen that to function at the machines is the basis of the proletarian relations to modern society, and it must now be borne in upon our minds that, the basis of proletarian relations to the future society will be functioning at the machines. The future society will produce and distribute its living by machinery just as we do now, except that the machinery will be greatly improved; therefore it is a perfectly natural and a highly necessary step for the Proletariat to organize at the machines and in the terms of modern industry. The handicraftsmen—users of hand tools—organized in the terms of those tools as craftsmen; the proletarians—groups of non-specialized workers around the machines—now organize in the terms of the machines as Industrialists.

Syndicalism in Europe and Industrialism in America were evolved out of the struggles and defeats of the rebellious working class and have many things in common. Both hold the needs and aspirations of the proletariat as the basis of their organizations. Both declare "Labor alone is fruitful" and "to the worker belongs the full social value of his toil." Both propose the abolition of the wages system and the conversion of private property into social possession. Both demand that all normal adult persons shall function in industry, so that the same may be democratically managed and controlled, and all men have that reasonable leisure and education which makes for a truly cultured race. Both have a vision of the future civilization, and the organization of their Syndicate and Unions have three cardinal purposes which are

identical; namely,

- (1) To resist the master class;
- (2) To build the new society; and
- (3) To function as units of production, distribution and administration in the new society.

The Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World (the American organization) says: "It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with Capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when Capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the new society within the shell of the old."

From my notes on an address by Leon Jouhaux, Secretary of the Confederated General du Travail (France) I quote the following:

"Aims of C. G. T.

Section 1. Grouping of wage workers for the defence of their moral and material interests, both economic and professional.

Section 2. Outside every political school it organizes every worker who is conscious of the struggle, for the abolition of the wages system and the employment class."

\*\*\*\* "It proposes to become the local administrator and regulator of production in the new society."

\*\*\*\* "Syndicalism must be self-sufficient in the task it has laid down for itself, therefore it develops class consciousness. It develops and strengthens the working class through the everyday struggles. It promotes class education towards the expropriation of the employers."

\*\*\*\* "Economic transformation only is sought, therefore the ability of the workers for production and self-government must be developed."

\*\*\*\* "The C. G. T. forms the new society within the shell of the old."

You will observe that both these official utterances are practically the same in regard to purpose, and that they show a complete realization and acceptance of the duties and responsibilities imposed upon the working class by their revolutionary programs. But, at his point, the two organizations diverge, fundamental differences of conception and tactics distinguish them to such an extent, that it is a grave error to say that the two are really identical. The recent formation of the Syndicalist League of North America has accentuated this difference in the United States and there is no longer any reason why any inquiring person should fail to distinguish between them. The anarchistic element are strong and active in the C. G. T., and have developed their defensive tactics to a remarkable degree; while the Socialistic element hold the balance of power in the American Industrial Unions and have devoted themselves very largely to questions of problems of structure; so that the conception of the future society seems to be much clearer and more rational in his country than in Europe. The French autonomous local, unassisted and unrestrained, does not appeal to the American with his ideas of centralized authority and responsibility. Furthermore, the American idea of efficiency necessitates a system that can use and practice the most scientific economy in the administration of affairs, and such economy is not promoted by the use of an autonomous system.

To be continued.

## The Golden Mile.

The members of the ruling class, such as mining magnates, bishops, politicians of all parties, and other immoral persons, point with pride to the Golden Mile of W.A. The Golden Mile is Hell; the hell of capitalism, the effect of a dying and rotten social system, based on ignorance and false ideals. There is unemployment on the Golden Mile.

There is poverty on the Golden Mile. Men die early, are worked to death, are crushed to death, maimed, and the fine dust cuts the lungs of miners on the Golden Mile. The huge ugly dumps that disfigure the landscape and fill the workers' homes with fine dust, represent so much poverty, misery, sordidness, crushed hopes, and Dividends on the Golden Mile.

The mines and social system of the Golden Mile denotes a very low state of civilisation; all the features of capitalism are there. An ignorant and misled working class, preyed upon by corruptly interested persons, such as blatant politicians, tricked into time agreements by servile union leaders, and kept unthinking by all the forces of capitalism, the Law, the State, and the Church.

The contrast system in the mines is killing more men than the Government Sanatorium, or the miners' relief fund can cope with. Speeding up is a science; the truckers and shovellers are their own taskmasters, who have to fill in a card called a "Plod," giving details of work done. If the work done does not reach the task set, the "bagger" is fired.

Yet there is hope at the Golden Mile. Life without hope, what then? Our only hope is knowledge. Knowledge of life, the universe and some of its laws called science. We live in a world of change; everything changes, from stars to unions, not haphazard, not just by chance, but by law.

This law is called evolution. Evolution is action and reaction, is building and destroying, and of cause and

effect. Evolution is a universal doctrine and its logical conclusion is the unity of all things, in other words the unity of consciousness.

"Thou canst not stir a flower,"

"Without troubling of a star."

The first and most immediate lesson that evolution is going to, and is teaching on the Golden Mile, is the unity of the entire working class of the world.

The workers built up labor organizations, now those organizations will have to be destroyed and flung aside. The old craft unions have been the effect of a certain standard of intelligence, and now by the impotence of craft unionism in the class struggle, it will be the cause of making plain to the workers, the need for One Big Union.

Cause and effect is in all things. The logic of events on the Golden Mile, in fact, all over the world, is making the workers see that they must combine with fellow workers of all the world.

Craft unionism took some trouble to build up, now it has to be destroyed.

Capitalism has taken millions of years and lives to reach its conclusion and now it has to be destroyed and replaced by a social system based on a wider, deeper and truer idea of the Universe.

The more intelligent the workers are, the more consciously they will struggle. Capitalism on the Golden Mile cannot escape its fate—for evolution is universal, and the germ of the new society, the I.W.W., is here to destroy capitalism and its prop, craft unionism.

MICK SAWTELL.

## NOTE.

Correspondents are requested to write as legibly as possible, and on one side of the paper, as it facilitates getting the paper ready. The Editor regrets that he is not in a position to answer all letters owing to the amount of work to be done. In future, all correspondence will be acknowledged in the columns.

## The Remedy.

Another year has gone by—a year that will long be remembered as the year that marked the outbreak of the greatest slaughter, in the interests of Capitalism, that the world has ever known. Time and time again have the Industrial Unionists proclaimed what is to-day an established fact, that there is but one law governing the world—Might.

Time and time again it has been contended that that all disputes can be settled by peaceful arbitration, but the capitalists of all countries, whilst furthering such ideas by means of peace societies, Hague conferences, international treaties, etc., have not in one iota abandoned the policy that in he who possesses the greater might must ultimately be the winner. This policy is bearing fruit to-day, and we see thousands of men being ruthlessly slaughtered in order to decide which group of Capitalists shall control the markets of the world.

The causes of this war are wholly economic, whilst the greater portion of the natural resources and machines of production are controlled by a few, there are still many smaller men whom it is necessary, in the interests of the greater man, must be crushed out of existence.

On the face of it, it may be seen to be a struggle for supremacy by the German capitalists to attain a position in the world which he claims his trade and commerce entitle him to, but that supremacy means the downfall of the British and French capitalists, hence the position as we have it today. In the great game of Capitalism the workers are merely pawns, and the great majority of them in their blind ignorance are approving of what their masters are doing, not understanding what is in the interests of the Capitalist class, is directly opposed to that of the workers. Only a very small section of the workers have gained sufficient intelligence to stand apart and proclaim that the class war is the only

war that will ever be fought in working class interests.

Every worker should and must declare against war, not by frothy mouthings and maudlin sentimental statements about humanity which does not exist, and the brotherhood of man which never will; not by filling parliamentary seats with well-paid loafers, for surely this war, if nothing else will prove the futility of parliaments, but by striking at the root of all evils—surplus value or profit. So we see that it is the ignorance of the worker again to blame, as they are quite content to go on piling up that which in times of crisis can be used against the producers. Shorter hours, slow working and a free use of sabotage can alone alter this, and to use these weapons of organisation at the point of production must be our motto, all else is failure. Let us then start out in this New Year filled with a determination not to submit to be governed by a system that makes it possible for the few to inflict the many with all the horrors and misery of war, with its attendant evils of unemployment, starvation and death, whilst the few in perfect safety have all the good things of life.

C. E. L.

A thousand subs. means a weekly "Direct Action."

Hair-splitting is an arduous business, try sub-getting.

Dean Inge gets a copy of this paper, what about the scissorbill that works next you in the slave pen?

Sentiment don't butter parsnips, nor kill the boss. Spread the paper, and watch the boss's physiognomy.

If you want sub. cards, ask for them. We have a few hundreds. Hold up yer hands.

If it is, it can be done. When YOU get subs., when YOU do your bit. If you don't want a weekly, leave it to George! If you do, let's hear from you, and about you.

## LITERATURE OFFER.

The Press Committee has been very busy lately, and have on stock several new and interesting pamphlets.

"Revolution and the I.W.W.," by Frank Chester Pease, is one of the clearest and most convincing pieces yet issued by the advanced movement. Price, 3d.

"I.W.W. Song Book," containing 32 songs, including all the favorites, that are sung all over the world. A great thing for breaking new ground. Price, 3d.

"Sabotage," by W. C. Smith, is a remarkably simple and convincing pamphlet, which deals with Sabotage and its philosophy and application. All should read it. Price, 3d.

"The Advancing Proletariat," by Abner Woodruff, is a well-written history of the genesis, and development of the proletariat. It describes the effect of the machine on the trades unions and crafts, and shows the rise of that modern day phenomenon, the unskilled, propertyless working class. Price, 3d.

"Industrial Unionism," by Vincent St. John, is a splendid primer for a beginner. It describes in simple language the structure of the I.W.W. Price, 1d.

These five pamphlets, which are all printed in Sydney, will be forwarded post free, on receipt of a postal order for one shilling. Send now, and help build up the press of the I.W.W.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

N.G. J. O'N: M.S. (W.A.): Many thanks. Will publish.

J. Sweeney (N.Z.): Thanks for cuttings. Am using.

W. B. (Auckland, N.Z.): Thanks

## SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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

# I. W. W. News. The Interrupted "Snooze."

## Adelaide.

This Local is very short of speakers just at present, but sales are fairly good, and meetings carried on as usual. Wandering rebels are invited this way to have a kick at craft unionists and the boss.

## Sydney.

The meetings held of late have been very successful, considering the handicap for speakers. The Hall meetings have been very well attended considering the sultry weather. Literature sales have been very good, especially the sales of local printed matter.

The sales of "Direct Action," last issue have tipped the record, over 4,500 having been sold by the local newsboys alone. The Press Committee wholesaled them to the boys at the rate of 4d. per dozen, who sold them at 1s. 12 by the sales. The Trades Hall, however, used their influence to stop the sale of the sale of the papers.

The Trades Hall, in future, will receive its fair amount of attention from "Direct Action" and the I.W.W.

F. W. Pike, who is well-known in Sydney, is carrying on very successful meetings in Auckland, N.Z., where an I.W.W. revival is taking place.

## Broken Hill.

Owing to the bad times, most of the rebs. are out of town. Nevertheless, there is a good feeling towards the I.W.W., and as soon as things open up, it is going to be a big local again.

## Port Pirie.

15/1/15.

Editor, "Direct Action," Sydney,  
Fight on speakers beaten up. Men  
urgently required.

KEIRPERT.

Port Pirie is again in the limelight for the I.W.W.

Things have been very quiet since the Free Speech fight. A real live organiser is badly needed.

F. W. Lees and myself arrived here from Adelaide per shank's pony on Thursday in search of a master, and discontented slaves to talk to.

The discontent is here, and is being misdirected by craft union officials.

We held meetings on Friday, Saturday and Sunday to fairly large crowds, and, of course, we had the usual number of John Hops, patriots and Mr. Blocks, but more than held our own. There was a rumour current that it was the intention of the patriots to attempt to break up the meetings, on account of the anti-war propaganda. It may be necessary to educate some of them.

We intend to hold these meetings once a week in the future, and shake the dead-heads out of their beauty sleep. Any of the boys who are free can move in this direction, as the smelters await victims, and easily get a job by looking simple.

Dust, crannies and patriots are the most outstanding features of this town. The patriots believe in staying at home, and let Mr. Simple go to Europe. Regards to all the rebs.  
R. M. ROSE.

## Fremantle.

Despite great disadvantages, the Insurrectionists of Fremantle continue to hold their own. Members are joining up slowly, but surely.

The advent of F. W. King was a sign for renewed activity on the part of the members. He left on the following day with two more of the persuasion for Boulder City, and the I.W.W. Locals open-air propaganda.

There is a great need for a strong I.W.W. movement to wake up the Lumpers and other boneheads.  
N.G.

(A Versified and diversified farce—complete in one Act.)

(Scene: Editorial Offices of the S-News.)

(Proprietor, Editors, War Experts, War Correspondents, Reporters, Printers, etc., are discovered attempting to look happy.)

Proprietor:

"Faithful writers printers true, and other gloves,  
We're engaged upon a war we dare not lose!  
Those newsboys are a grasping set of knaves—"

General Chorus:

"Still, we must admit they used to sell the S-Noose."

Proprietor:

"To peddle now our mush there seems no hope;  
We must inject more ginger in our dope."

Chorus of Editors, War Experts and Reporters (despairingly):

"More ginger in our dope,  
How can we put more ginger in our dope?"

Proprietor:

"And you, my trusted printers, all must use,  
Amongst the Crafts, your efforts for the S-Noose."

Chief Typo:

"Oh! generous master, whom we owe,  
Our very bread and butter,  
We've done our best and great our woe  
O'er each sad truth you utter."

Chorus of Typos:

"At every hint your lies we'll print—  
Yes, every one you utter;  
To gain our bread and butter."

Chief Typo:

"Craft Unions, Sir, hold curious views—  
There's no one can deny it—  
Although we print your spurious news  
We're scabs, Sir, if we buy it."

Chorus of Typos:

"We can't refuse to print the S-Noose,  
But scabs, Sir, if we buy it.  
We're all afraid to try it."

Chief Typo:

"Our Trades Hall, Sir, is very strict  
On strikes and such-like matters.  
If we but mention S-Noose at all  
They tear the rag to tatters."

Chorus of Typos:

"But since we put your news in type  
Such rudeness little matters—  
They're all as mad as hatters."

Proprietor:

"Then what about my writers on the war?  
I pay you lots of money, Why? What for?  
Correspondents, experts, specialists, you say,  
Do you think I'm in this war-game just for play?  
I've a ton of unsold S-Nooses every day.  
If you can't make the S-Noose war news sell,  
War Experts, though you be, can go to—Well!"

Chief Expert War Expert:

"At Soissons, at Verdun and Ypres,  
I have changed the position each day;  
Yet the Allies won't do as I say.  
I have dreamed and imagined vain things,  
Till the bee in my war-bonnet stings,  
And my Pegasus won't flap his wings."

Chief War Correspondent:

"As your local correspondent, at the rear,  
I'm not at all despondent—don't you fear."

I know the Sydney tough  
And that is war enough,

To fill the Sydney patriotic ear;  
Although I never left my dear old Sydney,  
There are other correspondents of my kidney.  
When we fought the famous field of Broken Hill—  
When that poor old Ice Cream Turk went out to kill;  
Did I shrink that awful fight?  
Did the S-Noose not sell at sight?  
Did I not a thousand lying columns fill?"

Chorus of War Correspondents:

"If we never saw a fight  
We sold the S-Noose all right."

Chief War Correspondent:

"When we came back from our picnic in Rabaul  
Did I not proclaim our soldiers heroes all?  
Now, didn't I write reams  
Of the most fantastic dreams,  
To the tune of 'Let Me Like a Soldier Fall'?"

Chorus of War Correspondents:

"Although they never fell,  
We sold the S-Noose like Hell!"

Chief War Correspondent:

"When the Sydney sank that barnacle old scow,  
Your staff and I worked miracles, I vow.  
Do I let that Emden rest?  
Don't I trot her out with zest  
In your sanguinary columns even now?"

Chorus of War Correspondents:

"Your war staff, you've condemned 'em—  
Remember, Sir, the Emden."

Proprietor:

"Although you've done three things of which you speak,  
Your trash, of late, is washy, mild and meek:  
No massacres and very few sensations;  
No blood at all, no new annihilations—  
Why, you haven't killed ten thousand all this week."

Chief War Correspondent:

"Kindly wait until our Light Horse reach the front—  
We have the stuff in stock.  
When Australia's wild swashbucklers join the hunt,  
We'll hand the world a shock.  
We have 'Germans Fall in Heaps Through Heart Disease'  
'Australians Rout the Prussian Guards With Ease'  
'Sydney's Heroes Chase the Uhlans Through the Trees'  
'There is 'Bushmen Retrieve Germans in Their Teeth'  
And 'How Australia Wore the Laurel Wreath  
When They Chased the Pommes Home at Hampstead Heath'  
There'll be hide and blood and hair,  
In the circumambient air,  
When our scrappers take the bit between their teeth."

Proprietor:

"My soul is filled with hope,  
O'er your optimistic dope."

Chief Typo:

"There's no doubt we'll beat the Turco and the Sikh  
When it comes to writing patriotic guff.  
But what about the S-Noose-boys and their strike?  
Can we sell without some sellers—that's the stuff!  
We've advised those silly boys to arbitrate—  
To see Heydon on the Newsboys' living wage—  
If they do, of course such action seals their fate,  
You know quite well, Sir, boys are not of age.  
If the beak says twelve-and-six,  
We win the bag of tricks."

Proprietor:

"Then I shall get my news-boys back again?  
To lose them fills my heart with bitter pain."

Chorus of Typos:

"Yes, cheaper than before—  
That's how Craft Unions score!"

(Joyful Curtain.)

S. W.

## Boulder City.

Boulder,

18/1/15.

Barker, Castlecragh-street, Sydney.  
King arrived. Splendid meetings.  
Must have twenty dozen "Direct Actions."

M. SAWTELL.

## Brisbane.

The first business meeting of this Local passed off on the 11th inst.  
The opening was very encouraging, and a strong membership is assured.

C. H. Anlezark was elected secretary and treasurer, and F. W. Bright, literary secretary. Orders have been sent to Sydney for literature and "Direct Actions."

When the organization gets a little more weight, we will have a fight for free speech on Sunday nights. It will require 2000 men to win it.

A large meeting was held in the Born's Mam, on Saturday evening, the 23rd inst. The war and its origin were analysed by the speakers to a large and appreciative audience.

A bad habit—the wage system.

The workers have champagne appetites, but beer cheque books.

## Melbourne.

Melbourne has at last answered the call of the I.W.W. Bigotry and prejudice have been shattered by persistent revolutionary agitation. Superstition and ignorance have suffered a retreat before the advancing army of science and reason.

Capitalism, of late, has exposed itself as all its villainy, hypocrisy and lies; and many slaves are beginning to see the faulty structure upon which the present industrial system is reared.

The industrial depression, which now overhangs Melbourne, has revealed some startling facts to the toilers of this "Garden State."

The absolute failure of labor politicians; the utter inability of the Trades Hall officials; and the awful incompetency of the craft unions in trying to deal with the unemployed have made many workers think hard.

Out of the existing chaos and confusion arose the I.W.W. as a beacon light on the roadway to emancipation. The I.W.W. stands forward as something tangible and concrete; and by its modern methods of warfare, and the practicality of its ideals have won to its banner many old-time craft unionists.

We opened our headquarters in the city last week, but when the landlord found out particulars about us we were promptly fired out. We hope to be able to find premises, somewhere in a few days.

The slaves of Melbourne are hungry for the real straight dope. There is a large field here to work, and few to do it. Help in the spruiking line is urgently needed. Any wandering slaves of soap-box ability, who have done with politics, finished thumping Jesus, and past all sentiment, can spend a very busy and profitable time in Melbourne dealing out the dope of industrial organisation to the thousands of disorganised trade unionists.

Verily: have we started in Melbourne to "form the structure of the new society within the shell of the old."

NORMAN RANCIE.

It is suggested to transfer the Minister for Labour, Mr. Estell, to Mr. Ashford's portfolio, the Department of Agriculture. Mr. Estell as an industrial Napoleon, and autocrat, was hardly a success, but now he may have an opportunity of displaying his ability for keeping flies off turnips, and retrieve his lost reputation.

According to the "Labour Call," Melbourne, out of 600 enlisted men, only one was described as "of independent means," whilst all the rest were working stiff, unemployed, etc. Patriotic, pot-bellied, plutocratic chin and pen fighters, kindly note!

E. N. Gaudin, a city councillor, of Auckland, N.Z., was arrested on an Island boat by military instructions conveyed back to Samoa, and tried by a court-martial, consisting of a mayor, captain, and lieutenant, on a charge that hasn't been made known.

The court-martial, trial, service and number of the judges, and sentence were all contraventions of King's Rules and Regulations. Gaudin was sentenced to five years' imprisonment with hard labour. It is quite consistent with the history of New Zealand in the last two years. Three men are still lying in the Terrace Gaol, Wellington, for strike offences. N.Z. justice is the justice of the "push," the soulless money-grubber, and the raving maniacal patriot. Oh, for One Big Union!

Printed and Published on behalf of the Industrial Workers of the World, by John Hamilton, Chairman of Press Committee, 330 Castlereagh-street, Sydney, N.S.W.