

Save Your Chains to Earth like me, Ye are Many, They are Few



VOL 2 NO. 26.

Registered at G.P.O. Sydney. SYDNEY, APRIL, 1, 1915.

ONE PENNY

Free Speech.

There are twenty-four men in jail in New South Wales for exercising the right of free speech.

This is a shocking circumstance. It is something to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every citizen who understands the elemental principles of democracy.

Without freedom of speech there can be no progress. Established Tyranny has always recognised this, and from the time of Socrates—over 2000 years ago—right down to our own day, has sought to make it dangerous for men to raise their voices against constituted authority.

Socrates spoke in the streets of ancient Athens, and because his criticism pleased to those in power he was bound to his death.

Christ, for daring to speak in public places against those who wielded power, was jailed, and beaten, and mocked, and executed on Calvary.

Tyranny does not go as far as that in the twentieth century of Christian enlightenment, but the spirit that animates it, even here, is the most democratic of spirits. It is the same spirit that animated those in Athens and the greatest man in Jerusalem for acting upon the belief that it was not only a right, but a duty, to proclaim their message to their fellow men.

New South Wales is said to enjoy the blessing of Labor Government, but there are times when it seems that this is an allegation entirely unsupported by facts. The present is such a time. Here can there be a Labor Government in power, and twenty-four men in jail for exercising freedom of speech?

The two things are incompatible. Only by the assertion of free speech is it possible for Labor to triumph. Only by exercising the utmost liberty of expression in condemning and exposing the ruling classes of Capitalism was the Labor Movement raised from street-corner obscurity to the limelight of power.

That men should be languishing in the cells for doing what Labor has always done, and always must do, if it is not to become rotten at heart and a curse to the world, is something so outrageous that we can find no words to adequately express our detestation of those who are guilty of so foul a crime. To make the matter worse, these men were criticising the Labor Government. We do not suggest it is for that reason they are in jail. But there is nothing which we will hesitate to do, so long as it certainly no mitigation of the world.

These who compound a tyrannical abuse of power should be made to suffer while a Labor Ministry sits like Pontius Pilate in the seat of authority. Those who compound the Labor Government stand up on kerbside in the streets in the day gone by, and who then, when the capitalist governments denounced the degraded inmates, like if a jail offense now to do unto them what they did unto others?

It is as awarded that it is not for speaking in condemnation of the Labor Government, but for speaking at all, in defence of the new trade regulations, that these men are imprisoned, then there is no possible strength in the resolution that the Government, for their sake, sought to take action to remedy the degraded inmates, that is being perpetrated in its name.

Religious bodies are permitted to walk the same places, sing and shout in the same places, bang drums, blow horns, and rattle tambourines in the same places.

Such a hypocritical mockery of the law is a degraded instrument of persecution, and of Justice a squinting hag. We don't want religious bodies stopped in their street demonstrations. Were they interfered with, and their leaders hanged and jailed, we would fight for them as readily as for others.

But they are allowed to pursue their propaganda without molestation by the authorities, and we demand that the rights which they are granted shall be extended the Socialists and the Industrialists, too.

Equal liberty for all—
"Worker."



The Amazing Adventures of Mr. Simple.

- (1) Mr. Simple is touring the city looking for a master, when a window frame falls upon his bony head, and makes him see diamonds.
- (2) Mr. and Mrs. Simple get their heads together and determine to see a lawyer about diamonds.
- (3) The lawyer tells Mr. Simple that he has a splendid case, and they decide to sue for £300.
- (4) Mr. Simple is jubilant, when he gets a verdict for £150. He immediately borrows £10 from his brother-in-law, until he gets the cash, so that he can rig himself out in style. He calculates that the I.W.W. don't know what they are talking about, when they talk about "justice." He thinks of deserting his wife.
- (5) Next day he calls around at the lawyer's for the money, but the lawyer says he is very sorry to inform Mr. Simple that the other side have appealed to a higher Court, and that they will have to box on.
- (6) Twelve months later after Mr. Simple has been through every court in the land the lawyer presents Mr. Simple with a bill of costs, and informs him that Mr. Simple owes him a liver, but he has no objection to giving his client time in which to pay.

A VISIT FROM THE WAR OFFICE.

Several lads labelled "W.D." and protected by detectives, made a hurried visit to our establishment on Wednesday last. They were on the track of a stray anti-militarist dog that we hadn't printed. After nosing round the place, a labor agent, they apologised for mistaking the address, and said "good morning." Nothing has been noticed so far.

Sentiment may for a time gloss over the antagonisms of masters and men, but sooner or later, the class struggle must emphasize itself in strike and contention, and the creature called box patters, become irreversibly economic enemies.

Freedom of speech in the education, an economic factor. The stifling of public expression, results in secret conspiracies, which are much more difficult to control than ordinary public meetings.

Combinations.

"Solidarity" is the official organ of the I.W.W. in North America. It is full of strike news, tactics, and interesting articles on Industrial Unionism. No industrialist can afford to be without it. It ought to have a circulation of at least 2000 in Australia. It will be posted from this office for 6s. 6d. per year. In conjunction with "Direct Action" the two will cost 8s. per year posted.

"Globe Trade" is a Russian industrial weekly published in New York. It contains favourable articles on the I.W.W. Every Russian worker should read it. The yearly subscription is 6/6 in conjunction with "Direct Action," the two papers will be sent for one year for 2/ to any address in Australia. "El Proletario" is the I.W.W. Italian weekly published in the U.S.A. It will cost 6/6 per year posted, or 2/ in conjunction with "Direct Action." Address: Lat. Secretary, 383 Castle-street, Sydney, N.S.W.

ELECTRIFYING RAILROADS.

A press dispatch declares that the presidents of hundreds of train men have petitioned that company to electrify the system gradually.

The saving that will result will be enormous. According to the International Socialist Review, the ordinary steam engine needs overhauling every 125 miles, while the electric motor requires inspection only every 350 miles. A steam engine waiting to be used consumes no power.

The railroads will be enabled to rid the tracks of hundreds of train men needed to haul fuel for the engines. The electric engine will make room for a greater volume of paying freight. Moreover, the electric road will throw out the fumes, the engineers, inspectors and repairmen.

There will be fewer jobs for the workers. This means more competition and, if possible, lower wages. It means longer headlines.—Citizen's Weekly.

The permission by the Government to keep shops open on Sunday is rather belated, seeing that drinks and refreshments have been sold for years. It only shows that laws are initiated outside Parliament, and then when the silver-tongued cacklers wake up over their periodical tenure, they place it on the statute book, and await congratulatory £500 a year for putting it on paper.

Sound logic, so we are told. To destroy capitalism we must be capitalistic institutions. Therefore we must get into Parliament, into the church, into the judiciary. Yes, so we are told.

Political power is merely the reflection of economic control. The substance can't be altered by doctoring the shadow. The barometer doesn't control the weather, neither does the tail wag the dog. If you see your face is dirty by looking in the mirror, washing the mirror won't make it clean.

Economic slavery, and political non-slavery, cannot exist. Economic slavery can demonstrate itself without ballot papers or ballot boxes. Freedom can only be achieved by economic aggression, not economic organisation in the workplace.

"Economic Determinism" is the underlying basis of the I.W.W. Class organisation alone, can prevail. Co-operation with their "identity of interests," and political parties with their exploiters, and exploited members—economic antagonism is the basis of the law of the "Economic Determinism."

Direct Action



OFFICIAL ORGAN of the INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD.

Office—330 Catherine St., Sydney Australia.

EDITOR: TOM BARKER. MANAGER: E. A. GIFFNEY.

Address for publication only should be mailed to the Editor. Other matter to the Manager.

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I. W. W. Papers.

The I. W. W. papers in the United States are facing the pinch of hard times, two going out of business during the past year. The Spanish paper 'El Obrero Industrial,' published at Tampa, Florida, was the first one to go, it was followed by the suspension of the English paper 'Voice of the People,' published in Portland, Oregon.

Good news, however, has again come through, for the organization has started two papers in other parts of the country, one being for the Lithuanian membership, entitled 'Darbininkai Balsas,' and the other being a combined Scandinavian paper 'Solidaritet,' published in Seattle.

So, in spite of hard times and misrepresentation by people who sought to know better, there are still eight papers controlled by the I. W. W. in America. These are 'Solidaritet,' weekly (English); 'Barmunks,' semi-monthly (Hungarian); 'Vremennyye Delitsi,' semi-monthly (Bohemian); 'Solidarnost,' weekly (Polish); 'Solidaritet,' monthly (Scandinavian); 'Darbininkai Balsas,' weekly (Lithuanian); 'Het Laska,' monthly (Flemish); and 'Il Profetario,' weekly (Italian).

'Golos Trudovika,' a weekly Russian paper, and 'Cultura Obrera,' a Spanish weekly, are also strong advocates of the I. W. W., and its principles and tactics.

There is at the present time a strong movement going on for the re-starting of the 'Industrial Worker,' the militant business paper, which went out of business some time ago.

With the coming of the spring in North America, the organization will have a new issue in time a strong movement going on for the re-starting of the 'Industrial Worker,' the militant business paper, which went out of business some time ago.

LOOK UP FOR THE PAY-DAY NUMBER.

Editors, workers, take a kick at the System by pushing 'Direct Action.'

(A. Mack) Hear the voices raised for freedom, As our brothers face the foe; See the blood that prints our story As it trickles through the snow; Hear the cracking of the sides, And the sighs that give release; Ye, that turn to God to judge, Be ye highly talk of peace.

—(R. J. Cassidy) In every age and country the masters of men have practiced and do now put the machinery of Direct Action into operation to settle differences of opinion with the workers. The above lines are part of a poem written when Russian capital was last administering a sedative to her discontented toilers. This bloody act filled the world's workers with fiery hate, and even British bourgeois commented on the cruel outrage and opined that such could never happen under the flag of freedom—the Union Jack.

Though while these events were happening there is little doubt that the world's capitalists and their satellites were avidly watching the play with satisfied attention. We know, so well, that Russia is not the only country where capitalists end not murder and rape, but also the most heinous wealth producers, that every sophistic reference to British freedom causes us a painful smile. Too well we know that the world's workers, under the most liberal, not only towards liberty, but also in respect to life, wherever the black flag of capitalism casts its shadow, are the most despised and the victims of their victims from Johannesburg and Dublin, under the folds of the Union Jack, have not yet rubbed off the earth.

This hatred and contempt for us, which they economically, morally and socially breathe, appear insupportable unless they very little value the good with our blood. The world's blood, appears ever so fragrant in their nostrils, the ideal of the master class is "profit," and anything which interferes, or seems likely to interfere, with that "god," will be promptly crushed beneath the iron boot of oppression.

Intelligent workers know that it is their own labor power applied to the natural resources, that produces all the world's wealth; they know that when they cease to toil the human world would starve; they know that this matter of class appropriation is not a parable, but a performance of a useful function in human life, even though they loathe their brains and superintendence of their brains and superintendence are or shall be, that without the labor of their 'human rubbish' the master class could not exist or prosper. How is it that such vermin-like parasites of the human family are able to maintain themselves as a master class in the world's wealth, while the useful members of society rest and depend on their generation and dependence? It seems a strange position that the world's main-remain chained to the yoke, toil and suffer, while they are fed for central and not enjoy the wealth that we produce. The contradiction is still more complex when we consider that through its lifetime the capitalist class has ever been weak and cowardly. They won the reins of world control through the Cromwellian, American and French revolutions, but only by the aid of the most despised workers, who are now commencing to bid for the world's main-remain themselves. How they treat the fighting workers then and since has not yet faded from our memories! The world's main-remain won for the capitalist class by the workers only because they are able to find among the workers a degraded and a product of their own social management, who are willing for a uniform, some hypocritical flattery and a few shillings a day to kick them and their blood to run over their and shoot and bludgeon as class brothers into submitting to a brutal and an inhuman existence.

Search the master class for the supposed contempt for the worker, you will find them to be a system that condemns the human brothers to servitude and an inhuman existence.

We, the advance guard of the lightened labor force, understand the "Five Percent" system, we understand how we are robbed, under the most advanced arrangement of four-fifths of what we understand the position, and when they do so and are asking our class to understand the industrial flag under the "Direct Action" banner they will refuse to produce nothing for a master class who

poverty for themselves, but will force a revolution that will tumble our shoddy capitalist society to its knees, and a social structure wherein all humanity will have a chance to live the life of a human being, and be not disturbed by overworking and ill overwork. We are preaching the ethics and the necessity of the "One Big Union"—the world unity of the workers. Craft organizations stand for the interests of the masses of industry and intelligence; a well-informed and class-conscious working class would have escaped it years ago, but they weren't well-informed, and we are suffering to-day.

Because the ruling faction know that we understand our position, and know also that "One Big Union" of the workers spells disaster to themselves they make frantic efforts to prevent our propaganda. One of their favorite methods is to prohibit freedom of speech. Just at present they are making this assault on the "liberty of expression" at various places, throughout the Commonwealth. The colored workers are being clapped behind prison bars for taking advantage of a right our fathers bestowed of winning for us—under the Union Jack. However, we are not yet born. It now appears that that right to Free Speech means only Free Speech to bolster up the present partial social system. Hence, we are not yet born. It now appears that that right to Free Speech means only Free Speech to bolster up the present partial social system. Hence, we are not yet born. It now appears that that right to Free Speech means only Free Speech to bolster up the present partial social system. Hence, we are not yet born.

During the recent strike of whites in the Territory the colored workers refused consistently to scab, in spite of the tempting proposals made to them by the employers. In return for this, the A. W. U. promised them every assistance, when the time came for the colored workers to make their demands.

The strike, however, failed, as WHITE men were attracted. After the strike was over, some of the Manilla men applied for A. W. U. tickets, and were rewarded for their loyalty—supported by their employers. The effort many of them in a serious position, as the Administration in the Territory operates upon the preference to unionist policy.

Many of the colored workers were, as a result of their loyalty, and of A. W. U. "unionism," rendered destitute, and many of them have large families, having lived many years in the North.

Some of them eventually got employment from the Public Works Department, but hardly got on the job before the A. W. U. men arrived, and demanded to know why the colored workers were working there. To the credit of the Department, however, it refused to dismiss them.

John Jack, the member of the I. W. W., who defied the Cow during the free-speech fight in San Diego, and shouted "To hell with your Justice," was shot on extra six months for contempt, was murdered during a strike in Tonopah, Nevada, by a policeman. He was shot through the spinal column, and he never died. It is rumored to have information against his assassin, stating that there was no justice in the Courts of Justice. The I. W. W. has a list of names of men and women, including Jack Whyte. May we produce a hundred thousand like him.

The A. W. U. in the Northern Territory.

The I. W. W. is a class organization of the working class. It is organized upon the basis of the class struggle. Therefore it welcomes all members of the working class, irrespective of their varying creeds, colors, religious beliefs, languages, etc.

The A. W. U. is an organization based upon the identity of interest between the slave and his master, a denial of the class struggle. The A. W. U. stands for the white man alone, and treats all colored workers with unbecoming contempt. The man of color, although working for the same skinner and employer as the white, is denied the right of expression, in order to make the demands of his class more effective upon the members of the A. W. U.

Now in the Northern Territory, the white workers are organized in the "White Australia" A. W. U. They are from 500 to 750 strong, or rather weak. The colored population among them being probably 2,000, and consists of largely of Chinese, Japs, Malays and Mainlanders. The A. W. U. has consistently declined to allow the workers the right to take out a union ticket, although they have shown on many occasions that they have stronger unionist sentiments, than many of the members of the A. W. U.

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stand by them. If, however, the colored workers do take the job, the A. W. U. will have nobody to thank for their own "select white union." People who manufacture scabs ought to be squared with their own philosophy regarding unionism.

Now the I. W. W. says that if a colored man is worth approaching about job offers, then he is worth the job, the A. W. U. will have nobody to thank for their own "select white union." People who manufacture scabs ought to be squared with their own philosophy regarding unionism.

The A. W. U. is so proud of the chains, that in the Northern Territory it desires a monopoly of them. And in attempting to do so, it is playing in the hands of the employers, the very club to be used against themselves. The Class War is a nobler sentiment than to demand the white miners of the 1913 strike were defeated by the abolition of chains and not for their perpetration.

Class Unionism is the necessity of the hour. The New Zealand miners during the 1913 strike were defeated by Australian, Japanese and Hindu miners. White, yellow and brown miners were used by the international commercial trusts to defeat the white miners of "God's Own Country." Just as politics and religion divided the working class, for the master's advantage in the past, so does the color and racial question render colored and white workers alike, easy and amenable victims to extortion and exploitation.

Colored and white; Mohamadan and Catholic; best dressed and undressed; Socialist and conservative, are all subordinate to industrial slavery. The uninterrupted flow of profit is the only thing the masters desire.

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CORRESPONDENTS.

- L.S. (Coomaboo)—It would take me some time to answer all the questions... G.H. (Melbourne)—Thanks for information... E.L.R.—Thanks... T. Singer—Received. Will write not busy.

John Jack, the member of the I. W. W., who defied the Cow during the free-speech fight in San Diego, and shouted "To hell with your Justice," was shot on extra six months for contempt, was murdered during a strike in Tonopah, Nevada, by a policeman. He was shot through the spinal column, and he never died. It is rumored to have information against his assassin, stating that there was no justice in the Courts of Justice. The I. W. W. has a list of names of men and women, including Jack Whyte. May we produce a hundred thousand like him.

John Brown, the coal pitie, it is well known about the percentage of oil-burning ships now afloat on the South American coast. There are 46 ships in the world, and 99. Let us hope that oil will continue to advance, and stop the slavers, back-scratching pirates, who are the main cause of the world's prize wage-bullies, who are now kicking his profit-lined paunch for ever five years.

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 organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into few, and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the scale of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, and which makes 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 organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease working an injury or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conventional 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 organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalism, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

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TOM BARKER.

DIRECT ACTION.

The Ballad of Maidland Gaol.

(A Comic Tragedy, Complete in One Month.)

(By Our Captive War Correspondent.)

(Scene—Governor's Office.)

(Governor, Senior Screws, Student

Discovers Discussing Good and

Welfare of Gaol.)

Senior Screws:

For as a memory fondly lingers—

To torture and torment dumb things

gave no exceeding joy.

Not yet, are those days ended, al-

though for thirty years.

I've been in gaol—a living torture—

of human hopes and fears.

The lark no longer lures, the

'twould is laid to rest;

They send a gaoler's life had lost

its one-time joyous zest.

I see my life, the heartless glie—the

near—the cruel taut.

Will serf man's soul as cold no whip

will harness, good and lent?

Will make the brave man coward, will

render strong men weak.

Make good men bad, and had men

worse, and true men set the weak.

To kill all joy, to murder mirth—to

swell down every aim.

To who could avert a lawyer's life is

empty—empty words while?

Who to me brings back boyhood's days

—of dumb things on the rack.

For, after all, a lay is dumb—he dare

not answer back.

Chorus of Student Screens:

Great Chief, you are a gaoler here

To each lad, your side you've been a

thorn.

Senior Screws:

There never was a spirit that your

Senior couldn't crush—

That he didn't force to cringe, to

wilt, to sag.

Don't I met this I Won't Worry pack?

Don't you worry, boys, I've one for

them—the gas!

Chorus of Assorted Chapslains:

The very thing, of course!

But, dear brother, don't use force.

First Ass. Chap:

Yes, brethren, last Sabbath I had

lost our sleep

To have faith in the dear Holy Ghost.

These words, echoed plainly—they

would my flesh creep.

'Would faith produce both tea and

toast?

Second Ass. Chap:

And was—we were singing that beautiful

hymn—

'How we'd meet in the sweet by-and-

bye.'

This chorus they sang—it resounded

with vim:

'There'll be pie in the skin when you

die.'

Chorus of Ass. Chaps:

We would more this be amended—

That the gag rule be suspended.

In the case of known, demonstrated

lags.

And that men who not respond

To our punk on the Beyond

Should be furnished with the largest

kind of gas.

(Enter Inspector of Prisons.)

Inspector:

I've obeyed your urgent summons—

I am here at your request—

Informs me merrily, what disturbs

you rest?

Governor:

You see, dear sir, how low they are

to trouble you.

'It's all about those damned I Double

W's.'

Inspector:

Are they vicious, are they bad, or

merely lay?

Governor:

They're mad, sir, and they're driving

us all crazy.

Inspector:

State your case and be explicit,

As to detail, I'll not mix it.

Governor:

You know, sir, that singing and

laughter's taboo—

But, they laugh and they sing the

laughing day through.

If we keep them together—all day

all night.

If we were there with others, they all

dehate.

We set them a task—they dig in all

right.

There's nothing to show when we tally

up at night.

We put them in solitude—water and

bread—

They boast to each other how well

they've been fed.

Then, when we have locked them at

night in a cell,

It's a cat-call and whistle, and whistles

on the wall.

We track a loud whistle right into

its lair;

It vanishes—breaks out again over

their shoulders.

Up above, down below, to the left,

To the right—

They keep, sir, my wardens, awake all

the night.

Moreover, in church, they drown

every hymn

With secular words in voice far from

decent.

We don't let them worship; another

fine mess:

Each, acconrdly infidel wants to

confess.

At drill, when they march, they step

with the right—

Salute with the left, in obvious

de-light.

We show them their fault, put them

right, all in vain—

Say they're left-handed—and do it

again.

They always forget both their ranks

and their numbers—

They'd awaken old Job from his calm

and his slumbers.

For my wardens they show not the

slightest respect.

They are making them all scratch

their heads, and rebeck.

In fact, they all lack a due sense of

proportion.

And look on each screw as a sort of

abortion.

I would give a year's pay for a valid

excuse.

To turn these barbarians, one and

all, loose.

Inspector:

Can you tell taught of the doctrine

they teach?

Senior Screws:

Their attitude, if given this Free

Speech?

Inspector:

Ever heard 'em talk of class wars, and

of Irish wars, and of such,

And a French bloke they call Sabber-

trout. The rest is Double Dutch!

G. of Ass. Chaps:

The gospel these randals all seem to

profess.

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