



The Eight Hour Farce

Forty-three years ago the first eight-hour procession marched through the streets of Sydney. Since then Labor has prided itself that it has accomplished something which no other country has achieved. There have been processions galore. Old age has retired, giving its youth-worn hat, giving place to year full of enthusiasm or what it calls the "Labor Movement."

But the question which intrudes itself, when the banquets and applause and the clapping of hands are over: "Has labor moved, and in which direction?" What has been achieved? Where are the trophies of victory? Have the workers reason to be proud of the struggle, and should they or should they not, continue the fight with the same weapons and the same tactics?

These are some of the questions which every intelligent member of the working class should set himself and answer. If the movement is candid with itself, he must admit that, far from any progress being made, the working class of Australia is still in the wheels of Capitalism than in any other period in its history. The trade unions, and what is known as the "Labor movement," have absolutely failed to hold their own against capitalist exploitation. The profits of the capitalist class are greater, and secure from attack than at any period during the past half century, and labor is seen crawling, cowering, bending the knee to Parliaments and Courts, begging for a crust to keep him on the door.

Male and child labor is ever more increase, working practically at terms dictated by the need of seeing the sunlight on Monday to Saturday, sweating and toiling from dawn to dusk trying to keep body and soul together, in more fortunate states even, pitifully endeavouring to make the "respectability" of bourgeois society.

The spectacle of labor, thumping drum and waving its banner, celebrating an eight hour, new mile passing the heliograph, exploitation, where the most of the day and toil at all hours, next 365 days in the year, is certainly part which should be appreciated by our masters.

I see the workers to remain virtually in the same old style of life, hundreds of millions of workers, and of their number adorning the dash seats of Parliament! I see the workers to be allowed to while away their profits, forgetting themselves securely on one side of the social chain, while the workers remain on the other side, who think their labor has created?

Trade Unionism and Parliamentarianism have helped to widen the abyss which separates the two classes of modern society. Instead of making an endeavor to bridge it, these institutions are snapping and snapping for the few scraps of the by-lying to them. A few of the stronger discarded loot, while the great mass of the workers sinks deeper into poverty and starvation.



Good God! Still Eight. After Fifty Years.

MELBOURNE NOTES.

October 1, 1915.

A meeting was held under the auspices of Local 18, I.W.W., at the Guildhall on the evening of the 30th September. The speakers were Fellow-workers Laider and Barker, while E. W. Kelly officiated as chairman.

Owing to the short notice, the audience was not quite so large as it might have been, but nevertheless, what it lacked in numbers it more than made up in enthusiasm.

After the opening remarks of the chairman, E. W. Barker briefly outlined the tremendous advances made by science and capitalism in the past century, and compared it with the stagnation among the working class organizations.

He then described the tenets and principles of the I.W.W., an international revolutionary industrial organization, which aims at instilling the efficiency and power of the capitalist trust into the ranks of the working class.

He touched upon politics, and said that it was a side issue that Parliament was a subordinate capitalist institution, and that it could not be expected to destroy the system that produced and supported it. E. W. Barker wound up his address by urging all in the audience to study the principles and structure which were the basis of a new society to be constructed and developed within the womb of capitalism. (Applause.)

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One Big Union of the working class is the only weapon by which the capitalist class can be driven from its entrenchments. Barge let all militants stiffen their backs for the coming fight. It is going to be tough and fierce, and only the spirit of the I.W.W., combined with sound organization, can carry the working class through.

gone by that the worker had no country to fight for. The moment they turned round, as Tom Barker had done, and urged the capitalists to go to the war, they were placed in goal. They should tell Senator Pearce, Mr. Holman, and their friends that they would be prepared to fight and take lives only in a war in which the working classes were fighting the capitalists. (Applause.)

He then touched upon the making of laws, and showed how laws made in union halls by men in bow-ties could be maintained and upheld, whilst laws made in Parliament, and backed by police, law courts, the army and navy, could not be maintained. He quoted numerous cases to prove his point, after which he dwelt for some time upon "solidarity," which he said was the essential requisite for widespread revolutionary action by the international workers.

At the conclusion of the address many questions were forthcoming dealing with Barker's conviction, conscription, the I.W.W., "slowing down," unemployment, and politics. All the questions were evidently answered satisfactorily.

For the initial indoor meeting, held by the I.W.W. in Melbourne, the meeting was a decided success, and will have a beneficial effect upon the future membership and propaganda of revolutionary socialism in this city. Good "Direct Action" and literature sales resulted.

Will The I.W.W. Be Suppressed?

KAISERISM IN NEW ZEALAND.

The fact that the employing class of New Zealand found it necessary to exclude, by special proclamation, I.W.W. papers and literature from entering New Zealand is the best tribute to the influence of direct action propaganda.

It is remarkable that although "Direct Action" has been one of the few papers which has looked upon the war as a topic of propaganda as more or less of secondary interest, it has been the first paper, south of the Equator, which has been singled out by the authorities for suppression.

This is explainable only on the assumption that the bosses are more afraid of action on the job than of all revolutionary oratory pertaining to the war.

It remains to be seen whether Mr. Massey and those whose cause he is championing will be content to stop the growth of Industrial Unionist propaganda.

The spirit of working class revolt has been propagated in the face of more difficulties than Mr. Massey in his most tyrannical of moods ever dreamt of, and look bosses of New Zealand are living in a fool's paradise if they think that by a "Special Order-in-Council" or any other kind of gag, they are going to keep the oncoming tide of industrial discontent.

The I.W.W. seeks to give expression to this discontent in a scientific manner, and trace its cause to its foundation. Ever since the ruling class in New Zealand temporarily successful in excluding I.W.W. papers it is merely sowing the seeds of a harvest it must ultimately reap.

Militaristic and despotic Germany, in its time, passed similar laws in an endeavor to suppress the militant enemies of the world class. Kaiserism and militarism in "democratic" New Zealand will assuredly meet with the same success in that direction. Their prototypes in Germany, working class will not fall for the kind of tactics and propaganda which its enemies fear, and recognizing its power in that direction, will refuse to recognize the acts created for the purpose of perpetuating its subjection to the economic wilderness of totalitarianism.

Capitalism in New Zealand, Australia, in Great Britain and throughout the world, except those with its Mantle, War Preparations Act, so forth, is engaging in a rough-and-tumble with the workers for the purpose of getting fingers more freely adjust their throats. The workers use no methods of "fair" except those calculated to their own favor. The war is a whole must realize that only by adopting the "Direct Action" and literature in the struggle, strangulation is the only live.

Why I Visit to Melbourne. Our Standpoint. As the Twig is Bent.

I arrived at Melbourne on Saturday after a tedious journey. In Council I was warmly welcomed by the Antislavery Committee of the Australasian Congress of Trade Unions, held at Trades Hall, to place the facts by case, and my views upon, Industrial Unionism.

I was well received, and after explaining the facts of my case, I spoke briefly upon the need for an international industrial organization, the abolition of arbitration awards and sectional agreements, and the necessity for an unlimited amount of agitation and educational work in the industries.

I was informed by the President that a delegation from the Conference of the I.W.O. was en route to the subject of conscription, had called his attention to my case. Mr. Fisher replied that he would make enquiries into the matter. Sunday turned out to be very wet, and a meeting at the Yarra was quite impossible. However, on Monday evening I had the pleasure of addressing a very large gathering at the Bijou Theatre under the auspices of the Socialist Party of Victoria.

Mrs. Katz, who is well known to your industrialists and rebels, gave a lecture on "The Culture and Child Conscription," but when she heard that I was in Melbourne she very kindly offered me the platform to me, a fact which I appreciated very much.

I was introduced by my old friend, R. S. Ross, editor of the "New Melbourne," and the V.S.P., who said many kind things about me. I received an ovation from the audience, which showed that they regarded my charge and sentence as an outrage. I touched briefly upon the facts of my case, and showed how the prosecution was due to political intrigue and machination.

I referred for some time, to a few incidents in the N.Z. strike of 1913, to the free speech and literature fights in Sydney and Newcastle. I compared the Liberal and Labor Parties, and showed how the working class would tolerate more oppression from their own party than they would from the belated political party of the employers.

In conclusion I dealt with industrial unionism, and told the audience that the reduction of the cost of production would result in more consumption to the employing class, than the registering of a million votes. Also that systematic persistent agitation alone would ensure the necessary intelligence in working class circles to develop their power economically in the industries, until they finally master the control of the same.

At the conclusion of the meeting a retiring collection was taken up to help in the defraying of expenses of my defence.

Prior to my address, recitations, songs and musical exercises were rendered by members of the Socialist Sunday School connected with the Victorian Socialist Party. The children enjoyed themselves just as immensely as the audience. They will be big factors in the stirring times to come.

Thanks in general to the V.S.P., and in particular to Bob Ross, who has done all in his power to make my visit a success, and which undoubtedly will have much to do with the successful termination of my case.

On Tuesday I am going to address a meeting of the Trades Council upon my case and upon Industrial Unionism. A successful evening propaganda is assured, as the hospitality of the workers in Geelong is proverbial.

There are splendid possibilities. I am convinced, in Melbourne for propaganda, the Industrial Unionism, Sabotage, and the Restriction of the Output.

Geelong to place the facts of my case before the Trades and Labor Council, which was well received. After placing my case before the members the following resolution was moved by Mr. Gerson, and seconded:

"That this Council deplores the action of the N.S.W. Labor Government in tyrannically gouging Tom Barker for publishing matter rendering the employers of their duty to their country. We ask for his immediate release, and further, we declare for the maintenance of freedom of speech (for discussion), freedom of assemblage (for discussion), and freedom of the press (for discussion), without which progress and liberty cease to exist."

This motion was carried unanimously and amid applause.

On Wednesday evening I addressed a meeting of the Implement Workers Union, where I received a splendid reception. My case was well received, and on leaving after a vote of thanks, the chairman assured me that if I should go to gal that his Union would give the authorities no rest until I was released.

The same evening I addressed the Eight Hours' Committee for ten minutes. I was favorably received, and after leaving the chamber a strong resolution was carried unanimously demanding my release from bail.

On Wednesday, the 11th, the Peace Alliance have also brought the matter by resolution under the notice of the authorities. Many Unions are doing likewise. The Victorian Socialist Party have forwarded 25 sh., partly collected at the Bijou Theatre and partly donated by the Party, to the Defence Fund of the God of Profit—'Freedom.'

To-night I lecture in the Guildhall on 'The New Unionism,' and on Friday I am to speak at the Naval Base, Cleve Point, where there is a good congregation of rebels.

TOM BARKER.

Subscribers: Please Note.

Subscribers should note that we have become a weekly, the yearly subscription to the paper will be four shillings; half-yearly, two shillings.

Those who have already subscribed will be supplied with a weekly copy until their subscription runs out, on the terms now prevailing.

If we are to continue as a weekly, it is imperative that all interested should immediately support the paper by sending their subs. at once, or renewing the old as well as possible.

A little effort will operate in the future those painful appeals for financial help which so often characterize revolutionary organs.

"Direct Action" is one of the very few working class papers that never looked back since its inception.

It depends upon YOU that its reputation in this direction shall not suffer in the future.

Remember, without a press our propaganda is useless.

ACTIVITIES OF LOCAL NO. 6, HALL, LANE ST., BOULDER, W.A.

Wednesday Evenings, in Hall—Class Meeting.
Friday Evening, Boulder Post—Propaganda Meeting.
Saturday Evening, Balgownie—Propaganda Meeting.
Sunday Morning, 10.30 a.m., Hall—Boulder Meeting.
Sunday Afternoon, 2.30 p.m., Hall—Athletic, Keane's Goldfields Hotel, Atholton, Can. at 2.30—Lecture.
Sunday Evening, Boulder—Propaganda Meeting.

Good Library at Hall. All Reds are invited to dig in and make Industrial Unionism the Topic of the Day.
F. H. LUNN.

Some people are kicking up a noise because the wife of a returned soldier, who applied for assistance to the Lord Mayor's Patriotic Fund, was told to sell her piano. Surely it is time these people recognised that this Fund was subscribed for the noble and patriotic purpose of financing the Gas Company and providing fat billets for those 'administering' it.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp," is the advice of a Westralian Labor Minister to the Perth unemployed. The Government had for some time been providing 'free meals' (shallow soup and stale bread) presumably through the 'honorable Minister' told them to 'shelter their swags' and get to 'hold out of it.' The workers were to be treated in a gentlemanly manner until they get wise to the game, and cease to provide free meals and free everything else for the 'honorable gentlemen' and other parasites.

The Kaiser is reputed to be the largest shareholder in Krupp's, and it is said much of his enormous war profits has been sent to America for investment in American military factories, so that he is now drawing large dividends from the supply of armaments to the Allied Powers. He is also said to hold shares in companies registered at Somerset House. These facts need not surprise the friends of German workers, who have all long declared that the capitalists who rule us know no country save one capable of exploitation, and acknowledge no God but the God of Profit—"Freedom."

A remarkably successful strike was pulled off in July last in Eynon, New Jersey, U.S.A., by 500 employees of the Standard Oil Co.

Despite the tactics of John D. Rockefeller, who made an endeavor to crush the strike by armed force, the strikers refused to be intimidated, and paid some of the armed Rockefeller thugs back in their own coin. One eye-witness reports an incident in the "New Weekly" as follows—"I have never seen anything like it—the sheer grit of these men. Twice, practically unarmed, they charged the tea-rot stockade from behind, the guards were picking them off with Winchester. About a hundred cavalry drills at Madison Square Garden. Each other up, while the women and children cheered them. It was like one of those cavalry drills at Madison Square Garden. Only the difference was that a quarter of them were shot down before they reached the ground on the other side. If the guards had shot they'd have got all of them. Even the kids are in the strike. They gathered stones and threw them at the men. A bunch of little chaps from ten to fifteen years old sneaked up to the fence and lighted a fire to burn it. Some of the women made a hole for their fathers and big brothers to go through. I saw one youngster catch a loose police horse, swing on its back and ride up to the stockade, swinging his cap and yelling while the men charged."

It appears that something like civil war raged in Boston for days.

Notwithstanding the superiority of Westchester to Boston, the club, solidarity won out and the strike ended with practically all the terms of the strikers being granted.

Many arrests were made, including Frank Tannebaum, an organizer of the I.W.O.

NOTE

Make the job list, if you don't want to join the unemployed.

The moral precepts instilled in the early training have less than a dozen days of our childhood are, perhaps, the longest-lived, and with the truths, or otherwise, learnt at a mother's knee, exerted an immense influence on our mental outlook in after life. Does anyone ever take the trouble to analyse the legendary tales which have played such an important part in regulating the conduct, and shaping the ideas, during the years in which we are supposed to be taught the best way to ensure a favorable answer to the supplicatory appeal in the Lord's Prayer regarding our daily bread?

Most of us can remember fables extolling the industry and thrift of ants and bees. These insects were held up as examples to be followed when we tackled the task of wresting our daily crust from a society which keeps an unbecomingly tight grip on the throat of the poor bag. Some fortunate ones among us were happy in the possession of an elder brother, or perhaps, an uncle, who reverently sheltered the halo with which we had invested the insects referred to by pointing out that the industrious and thrifty bee is regularly robbed of the fruits of its industry by the voracious ones that pretend to protect it—its owner. Also, that the rewards of the ant's industry, although numerous, are unimportant such as tar, boiling water, hot ashes, poison, and other hints that its industrious habits have made it the bane of the German workers, earth, bacteria, perhaps, body lice and politicians. Some unfortunate ones, who lacked the kindly mentorship of a fraternal or avuncular benefactor, are to be found today. Our Yankee fellow-workers call them "shebads."

Throughout our "school-days" these two tiny "bees" extolling the beauties of industry, thrift, obedience and all the meaner virtues, were impressed upon our assimilative and retentive mind. The wasp and the bee, the ant and the grasshopper, and the idle boy who, tempted by the beauty of the day, resolved to "play the wag" of things, and his vain meets successively a horse, a dog and a man, and retreats each in turn to forsake his usual avocations for that day and night playmate, and partner in sin. "It is such a beautiful day," pleads the idle boy-lbreaker, "and it is a pity to be shut up in a school to play the wag." The young villain beneeds each and severally steadily rebuke the infantile pleasure-seeker, and point out the instant advantage of the day's work. Why should he be idle? The youthful truant is so abashed and humbled by their reproofs that he renents his field design, and hurriedly retraces his steps towards the school-house, grimly resolved to do his share in the great day's harvest. "I have a good bone-head—I mean a useful member of society. The dog degenerates, at those downy days of inactivity, and all the all-gone incentives to industry, neglected to point out to the young rebel that each of these three castaways of His own, whose work was working for an idle Master, and received in return for his labor but a bare living. "I have a good bone-head," says the boy, "and I have a spare brain prompt him to point out that, had the trinity of wasp, bee and ant, continued toiling, for an idle master, up to the present day, the necessity for the continuation of 'war' and for the abominable holiday-making, would have been quite as insistent as it was on that bygone sunny morn."

Let us follow the idle boy a little as follows. Passing over his later school days, during which his plastic mind is still more misshapen opinions superimposed upon his history, and the orthodox moral, social and political superstitions are forcibly instilled into him, we arrive at the critical period when he takes his place in the ranks of the workers. He has

no positive intellectual trend, and his early training has left him as barren of all knowledge of economics, sociology, biology, and all that goes to make up the philosophy of life, as a Labor politician. What mental bias he has is all in favor of the cultivation of the ignoble virtues—thrift, obedience, and industry, above all, industry. But now, freed from the brain-cripping trammels of his school-days, he is his own master so far as his section of reading matter is concerned. "What are these?" The choice of the master minds of the Past. By no means. Our "hair of all the ages" is a well-kept philosophy in a triflingly working lad, and good literature is beyond his reach. Besides, it might put bad ideas into his head, and arouse the Divine spirit of discontent. The Public Library is not for him or his class and, moreover, situated in the city. Go into any suburban reading room, and you will find that the workers live mostly in the suburbs—and note the "s" whose well-thumbed leaves are a tired worker's constant companion. What are they? Let's hazard a guess. Kant, Spencer, Nietzsche, or Swedenborg? Nay, the librarian tells us they are not in stock, ah, well, perhaps philosophy is a trifling ditty for youthful minds, and maybe the younger generation prefers the Ancient Classics—Homer, Virgil, Pliny or Lucretius. The attendant has heard of these, but has never seen them. Well, well, possibly the alert young intellects of the present day disdain these frivolous ancient and seek a more improving mental fare. Let's try again. Darwin, Huxley, Wallace, James Mcgran. The attendant is evidently not in the impression that we are a trifle cracked, reaches down one of the much-used books and we open it—"Get-rich-quick—Wallingford." An attractive ditty. The last glimpse of the pages shows plenty of dialogue. We make a further attempt. "The Adventures of Captain Kettle" and "Sherlock Holmes." "Both widely read books, sir," the attendant assures us.

An examination of these popular works and of others of the same type, leaves one in a disappointed mood. The attendant's assistance— "The Adventures of Captain Kettle" and "Sherlock Holmes." "Both widely read books, sir," the attendant assures us.

Success is the end and aim of life. Fellow-creatures are either obstacles to progress or a possible road to advancement. Study them closely, and be prepared to profit by their weaknesses and mistakes. Favor on the rich and powerful and trample on the poor and helpless. The workers are clay-brained, degenerates of filthy habits, and do not concern themselves with the possibilities of good-looking female relations, make every possible use of them. Sex is a powerful weapon, and, if used properly, is a powerful ally. There is only one life worth living, and that is the life the ruling class live. Then you can get into this class, and you will get into this class. And this sort of stuff, written entirely from a ruling-class viewpoint is scarcely worth the name of "Truly," as the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined."

FLANER.

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GELONG, V.
(Special to "Direct Action.")
On Tuesday I went down to

