

DIRECT ACTION  
WORKERS  
WAR WORKERS  
FOUR WEEK  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO DO ABOUT IT

# Fanning

# Discontent's

# Flames

# Australian Wobbly Poetry

# Scurrilous Doggerel,

# and Song.

1914 - 2007

\$2

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD  
Sydney Local, No. 2  
330 Castlereagh Street, Sydn

Activities:  
MONDAY. ECONOMIC CLASS  
ALL INVITED  
FRIDAY - OUTDOOR MEETING





# Corrosive Press:

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Fanning Discontent's Flames – Australian Wobbly Poetry, Scurrilous  
Doggerel and Song: 1914 – 2007

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CORROSIVE  
PRESS

“... this I shall do by printing in the infernal method, by  
corrosives, which in Hell are salutary and medicinal,  
melting apparent surfaces away ...” - William Blake 1793

## Bill Magee

Jack O'Neill "Cresset" in *Direct Action* December 25 1915

From early dawn till twilight grey,  
One Bill Magee, a working plug,  
Toiled for his boss, and oft he'd  
say,-

He was that sort of mug,  
"At honest work I feel I'm free"  
Some quaint ideas had Bill Magee.

With barren brain and muscles  
strong,  
By sweat and blood his crust he'd  
earn;  
But why he worked so hard and  
long,  
He never asked or tried to learn;  
"For what the hell," said Bill  
Magee  
"Do I know of philosophy."

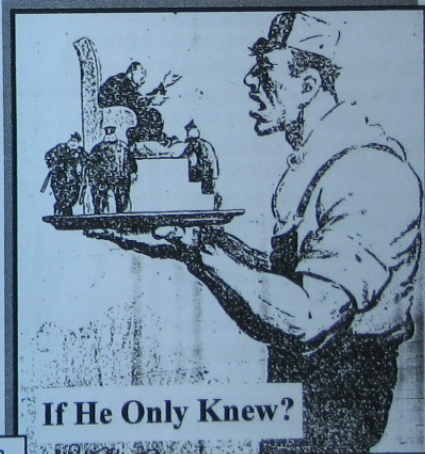
Of joy and gladness, light and love,  
Or music, pictures, books or song,  
These gracious gifts from gods  
above,  
To his dull world did not belong;  
"Such things as these," said Bill  
Magee,  
"Were meant for better folk than  
me."

And when a man whose blood  
was red,  
Belonging to the rebel clan,  
Explained the way the bosses  
bled  
The brainless, honest working-  
man;  
"I leave such things," said Bill

Magee,  
"To blokes with wiser heads than  
me."

He thought that all Magees were  
born  
And placed upon this sinful earth  
To eat the husks and leave the corn  
For people of superior birth.  
"This rebel talks' no good to me,  
"A man must work," said Bill  
Magee.

Yet if a man should buy a gun,  
And blow Magee to smithereens.  
'Twould do no good - he's only one,  
And not the worst, by any means.  
For in this world the Bill Magees  
Swarm thick, like maggots do in  
cheese.



If He Only Knew?



## The Wooden Shoe

Jack O'Neill "Cresset" in *Direct Action* December 1915

In ancient times the beasts were caught  
And penned within a noisome sty,  
And scraps of food their master  
brought  
For fear his useful beasts might die;  
A lash of heavy weight and shape  
Discouraged efforts to escape.

The careless hand that flung the food  
Could wield the lash with deadly skill,  
And often in an angry mood  
A beast or two would sometimes kill,  
But over this no sleep he'd lose,  
More beasts there were than he could  
use.

The beasts at times by methods crude  
Would strive and seek to break away,  
Then would the hand withhold the food  
And bring the dreaded lash to play.  
Submissive then the beasts would stand  
And try to lick the masters hand.

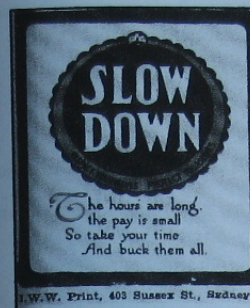
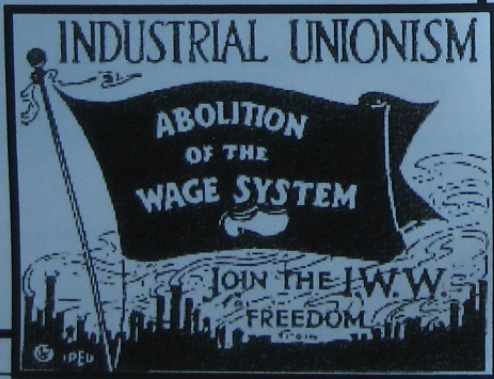
But lately to this noisome sty  
A stranger beast an entrance  
sought,  
With brain alert and shining  
eye,  
A new philosophy he taught;  
The toilworn slaves could  
dimly see  
He had some plan to set them  
free.

The hand that wields the lash  
is strong,

And learn to lick that hand we must,  
Said some who'd lived in sties so long,  
They heard his teachings with distrust.  
These boneheads, one could plainly  
see,  
Rejoiced in their captivity.

But some were slaves of sharper wit  
Though holding views extremely odd,  
For even these, I must admit,  
Looked on their master as a god.  
And they were at a total loss  
If Fate deprived them of their boss.

The stranger taught with patience rare,  
These slaves of somewhat keener brain;  
At some, who'd timidly declare,  
"By peaceful means our ends we'll  
gain,"  
The stranger winked and brought to  
view,  
The "Peaceful Means" - A Wooden  
Shoe.



Jack O'Neill was a journalist and was secretary of the Fremantle Local for some months after its formation and contributed numerous poems and articles for *Direct Action* - the IWW paper. In 1916 he was arrested with a dozen other fellow workers in the IWW and charged with being part of a conspiracy to commit sedition by bringing into conflict the classes of his sovereign lord the king. It was part of the series of show trials and frame-ups that led to the jailing of the twelve in Sydney. The state in Western Australia, in spite of pouring, for the time, dramatic amounts of money and resources into the project, had failed to do its homework and the charges against him had to be dismissed.

## The Politician's Passing

Jack O'Neill "Cresset" - *Direct Action* 22 January 1916

As rosy dawn came peeping through the  
blind  
A politician's soul from earth took wing.  
A most amazing thing it was to find  
That such a tiny, weak and shrivelled  
thing,  
A measly soul - no bigger than a louse -  
Had dwelt in such a goodly seeming  
house.

Then swiftly whizzed the tiny, buzzing  
plague,  
And headed for the Gate where Peter sat:  
Its plans were neither nebulous nor  
vague,  
All Heaven waited - It was sure of that.  
On spheres mundane the life this insect  
led,  
Develops what the vulgar call swelled  
head.

St. Peter dozing at the Pearly Gate  
Aroused himself and yawned with jaded  
eye  
He watched old Sol the Earth illumi-

nate,  
Then stretched himself, as with a weary  
sigh,  
He looked along the straight and narrow  
road,  
And shook himself and murmured, "Well  
I'm blowed."

The Saint was puzzled and a bit annoyed,  
His takings at the gate were falling off;  
The antics of his touts, on Earth em-  
ployed,  
Inclined most folk at Peter's joint to  
scoff.  
While wrapped in thought by sombre  
fancies bred  
A "skeeter" started buzzing round his  
head.

It's shrill insistent hum at length aroused  
The meditating saint - a vicious swot -  
The soul an earthly tenement had housed  
Was flattened to a tiny, shapeless blot.  
And as the morning breeze began to play,  
The measly blot dried up and blew away.



## Oh toil worn slaves of greed and gain

Tom Glynn, Direct Action July 1 1914

Oh toil worn slaves of greed and gain  
Why minister to ease,  
From childhood on to manhood's prime,  
A slothful class to please?

Too long we've bent our backs to toil,  
In thralldom's sweat and pain;  
Join hands forthwith in one great fight  
All obstacles disdain.

We'll tell the foe that "Might is Right"  
And "Right is Might" as well,  
And meet the embattled hosts of Greed  
Who've made our earth a hell.

Their ranks are thin opposed to you,  
'Tis cowardice to say,  
"We've failed before and must again,"  
With such base thought away.

Brave deeds have never yet been done  
By those who look behind  
The voice of fear sounds loud in ears,  
That turn to catch the wind.

The past is gone. The futures yours  
Arise! Be men today;  
The present's need is "Power to Will"  
This can't be bought for pay.

The shades of slaves who died of old,  
Will from their tombs arise,  
And prove with history's dusty page,  
That freedom never dies.

With hunger's spectre gaunt and grim,  
We'll face luxurious Greed,  
No pangs which death brings in his train,  
Compare with hunger's need.

## **Sometimes an action can be a poem as well**

"The workers have a club here but it is not run in the interests of the toilers. Paddy and F.W. McGurn invaded the workers' hotel the other night and made things warm for the snobs and lickspittles who are in the habit of attending. After a hot discussion on industrial unionism, Paddy and Mac took direct action and promptly heaved the manager from his position behind the bar. They duly installed themselves behind the pump and commenced to pump the juice that cheers before a thirsty and admiring crowd. This action has been resented by the local craft union and they held a meeting last night to deal with us. We have not heard what they intend to do.

*(letter from Tom McMillon at Corinthian to Fellow Worker Lunn)*

### Crawler's Prayer

Now I get me up to work  
I pray the Lord I may not shirk  
If I should die before the sun  
I pray the Lord my works well done

P.S. O Lord give me my reward in HEAVEN

(I.W.W. sticker c.1916)

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## Hey! Polly

It was first published in IWW, Songs of the Industrial Workers of the World, 3rd Australian edn, Sydney [c.1916]  
Tune 'Yankee Doodle'

The politician prowls around  
For workers' votes entreating  
He claims to know the slickest way  
To give the boss a beating

Chorus  
Polly we can't use you dear  
To lead us into clover  
This fight is ours and as for you  
Clear out or get run over

He claims to be the bosses' foe  
On workers' friendship doting  
He says "Don't fight while on the job  
But do it all by voting"

"Elect me to the office boys  
Let all your rage pass o'er you  
Don't bother with your countless  
wrongs  
I'll do your fighting for you"

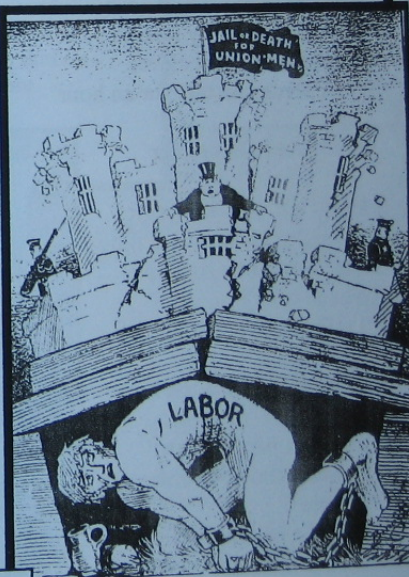
He says that slowing down won't do  
(it isn't to his liking)  
And that without his mighty aid  
There is no use in striking

He says that he can lead us all  
To some fair El Dorado  
But he's of such a yellow hue  
He'd cast a golden shadow!

He begs and coaxes threatens yells  
For shallow glory thirsting  
In fact he's just a bag of wind  
That's swollen up to bursting

The smiling bosses think he'd like  
To boodle from their manger  
And as he never mentions strike  
They know there is no danger

And all the while he spouts and spiels  
He's musing undetected  
On what a lovely snap he'll have  
When once he is elected



When the Sleeper Awakes.

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## Bump me into Parliament

Bill Casey  
Tune 'Yankee Doodle'

Come listen all kind friends of  
mine  
I want to move a motion  
To make an Eldorado here  
I've got a bonza notion

Chorus  
Bump me into parliament  
Bounce me any way at all  
Bang me into parliament  
On next election day

Some very wealthy friends I know  
Declare I am most clever  
While some can talk for an hour  
or so  
Why I can talk for ever

I know the Arbitration Act  
As a sailor knows his riggings  
So if you want a small ad-  
vance  
I'll talk to Justice Higgins

I've read my Bible ten times  
through  
And Jesus justifies me  
The man who does not vote  
for me  
By Christ he crucifies me

Oh yes I am a Labor man  
And believe in revolution  
The quickest way to bring it on  
Is talking constitution

I think the worker and the boss  
Should keep their present stations  
So I will surely pass a bill  
'Industrial Relations'

So bump them into parliament  
Bounce them any way at all  
Bung them into parliament  
Don't let the Court decay

It is ironic that the writer of this the most famous of the Australian Wobbly songs might not have actually ever been a member of the Industrial Workers of the World at any stage in his long and militant career. Still he was certainly close enough in the World War One days that a person not having access to the records might be forgiven the mistake. If not a member of the organisation was certainly a part of the radical proletarian cultural mix that the union created. He was active in the anti-conscription movement and for the imprisoned IWW twelve.

After the war he found his spiritual home in the Socialist Party of Australia and was a prominent activist in the Seaman's Union. He was Brisbane Branch Secretary of the latter when he died in December 1949

## A Yell from Broken Hill

Tom McMillan *Direct Action* 15 January 1915

Workers be up and doing  
Discard your A.M.A\*;  
To hell with its obsolete methods  
Of fighting the boss today.  
With its courts and prejudiced judges  
Can you not see, you ass,  
That they fix your hours and wages  
To please the master class

Have you not heard, you dullard,  
The beat of the Rebel's drum;  
The tramp of the Industrial Workers  
With the cry "We come; We come  
To preach the revolution".  
You crafts, get wise and choose;  
You have a world to win, you shirkers  
And nought, but chains to loose.

\*the Amalgamated Miners' Association



**Tom McMillan** was a miner, originally from Western Australia but active at various times in the Broken Hill and the Boulder Locals of the IWW. He, and his son, took part in a good number of the IWW fights of the WWI period including the Port Pirie free speech fight where he summed up his attitude:

We are hoboos and scamps and tired tramps,  
But we love our Union well;  
Our spirit wont fail, we will die in gaol,  
And smile in the flames of hell.

Tom McMillan *Direct Action*: July 15<sup>th</sup> 1914

Although he does not seem to have died in jail he certainly saw the inside. As well as the free speech fight he was arrested in 1917 both for being involved in the industrial disturbances at Broken Hill and, in the same year was given, with his son, a six months sentence for being a member of an illegal organisation – as the IWW then was.



## Kalgoorlies Line of Lode

Tom McMillon *Direct Action* 15 January 1915

The wealthy class they often say,  
There is work for those who try,  
And repeat the phrase so often,  
Till they believe the ancient lie.  
To all of you who disbelieve  
Their doubts will soon explode  
If they will only take a walk  
Along Kalgoorlie's line of lode.

From north and south they come in  
scores,  
And search through mill and mine.  
It don't require a Sherlock Holmes  
To know that they are on the hunger line.  
And as they beg the right to work,  
The boss looks real annoyed.

He gruffly mutters, "Not today,"  
To the starving unemployed.  
And you who work below the ground,  
Two thousand feet or so,  
When your tired limbs are aching,  
And your strength is getting low,  
Across your brain will flash a picture,  
Of a large and hungry mob,  
Who with eager lynx-eyed movements,  
Are looking for your job.

Then you ply the hammer quicker,  
And you blindly sweat and moan.  
You consign the boss to blazes,  
And curse the hardness of the stone.  
You weakly wish that you were dead,  
You humble servile toad.

You fear the mighty multitude,  
Who tramp Kalgoorie's line of load.  
When you've been toiling all the month,  
And you find you've earned a cut,  
You call the boss some filthy names.  
But, ah! your lips are shut.  
You daren't let him hear you,  
No matter how you feel.  
You know that fellow out of work,  
Is right upon your heal.

Each day your task grows harder,  
Still in your brain will lurk,  
A manly thought, that you'll rebel,  
But you dread the getting-out-of-work.  
Then you crush the rebel spirit,  
You cringe and force a smile,  
And kiss the hands the wield the whips,  
In Kalgoorlie's Golden Mile.

You profitgrinding sweaters,  
You have had us down for years.  
We will exert a heavy penalty,  
For all the blood and tears.  
When the toilers own the earth,  
And rule from sea to sea,  
You will pay out with interest,  
In the days that are to be.

Red commercial war is raging,  
Far across the fleecy foam,  
There is one wants badly waging,  
A damn sight nearer home.  
Workers, kill your silly hatred,  
For the German or the Turk,  
Fight for shorter hours and better wages,  
And the right to live and work.

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## Slaves Ditty

Pete, *Direct Action* January 20th 1917

I am waiting in the breadline singing patri-  
otic songs  
For, in my way, I'm as happy as can be  
Still I know my dear master would rectify  
my wrongs,  
But its hard to bear his generous sympathy

I shake hands with my starvation in a merry  
kind of way,  
And I'm tickled when my stomach does a  
roll;  
I list with rapt attention when the parson has  
his say,  
For he's deeply interested in my soul.

I'm happiest when hunger grips with severe  
intensity,  
For I know that heavens only for the poor,  
Its sublime to see my loved ones writhe in  
painful agony;  
With starvation's spectre knocking at the  
door

My kind and generous landlord, he treats me  
like his own  
And teaches me the wisdom of content  
That with supreme satisfaction I my view  
my cheerless home  
And with joy unbounded always pay the  
rent.

I laugh at haunting terrors, and seek solace  
in prayer;  
I'm as merry as a victim on the rack.  
A comfortable living's a delusion and a  
snare;  
I'm so happy and so glad I've got the sack

## Then and Now

Pete, *Direct Action* January 6th  
1917

When unemployed in thousands –  
roam the streets in misery,  
And we've a breadline stretching  
from the railroad to the quay,  
When you see the haggard faces with  
their looks of dull despair,  
And above the cry of anguish, dark  
forebodings in the air,  
Then maybe you'll get wise;  
Perhaps you'll organise  
When you hear your children plead-  
ing for the food the boss denies.

When you see horror spreading and  
the wolf snarls at the door,  
You learn with grim reality the suf-  
ferings of the poor;  
You will know the kind of poverty  
that burns into the soul,  
And the sting of pious charity – the  
pauper's meagre dole;  
Then maybe you'll despise  
The parsons sniffing lies,  
You'll forget the politician, and as  
workers organise



Unemployed.

If They Would Only Organise.

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## The Ballad of Maitland Gaol

(A Comic Tragedy Complete in One Month)

By Our Captive War Correspondent, *Direct Action*, April 1st 1915

(Scene – Governor's Office.)

(Governor, Senior Screw, Student Screws, and Assorted Chaplains Discovered Discussing Good and Welfare in Gaol)

Senior Screw: - Far back as memory fondly lingers even as a boy –  
To torture and torment dumb things gave me exceeding joy;  
To starve the kitten, beat the dog, pinch infants so they wail,  
Was my delight. The neighbours said I'd end my days in gaol.  
Not yet are those days ended, although for thirty years,  
I've been in gaol – a living scourge – of human hopes and fears  
The lash no longer lashes, true, the "cat" is laid to rest;  
"t'would seem a gaoler's life had lost its one time joyous zest.  
I say not so. The heartless jibe – the sneer – the cruel taunt –  
Will sear man's soul as could a whip – will harrier, goad and haunt;  
Will make the brave man coward, will render strong men weak,  
Make good men bad, and bad men worse, and some men act the sneak.  
To kill all joy, to murder mirth – to scowl down every smile –  
Who could assert a warder's life is empty – not worth while?  
To me it brings back boyhood's days

of dumb things on the rack.  
For after all a lag is dumb – he dare not answer back.

Chorus of student screws: - Great Chief you are a gaoler born –  
In each man's side you've been a thorn.

Senior Screw: - There never was such spirit that your Senior couldn't crush –  
That he didn't force to cringe, to wilt, to sag,  
Until I met this I Won't Worry push  
Don't you worry, boys, I've one for them – the gag!

Chorus of Assorted Chaplains:- The very thing, of course!  
But, dear brother, don't use force.

First Assistant Chaplain: - Yes, brethren, last Sabbath I had told our lost sheep  
To have faith in the dear Holy Ghost.  
These words echoed plainly – they made my flesh creep:  
"Would faith produce both tea and toast?"

Second Assistant Chaplain:- And we – we were singing that beautiful hymn –  
"How we meet in the sweet by-and-by"  
This chorus they sang – it resounded with vim –

"There'll be pie in the sky when you die."

Chorus of Assistant Chaplains:- We would this be amended –  
That gag rule be suspended  
In the case of known, domesticated lags.  
And that men who won't respond  
To our junk on the Beyond  
Should be furnished with the largest kind of gags.

Enter Inspector of Prisons

Inspector:- I've obeyed your urgent summons I am here at your request –

Inform me quickly: what disturbs your rest?

Governor:- You know, dear sir, how loath we are to trouble you –  
It's all about those darned I Double W.

Inspector:- Are they vicious, are they bad, or merely lazy?

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 miss it.

Governor:- You know, sir, that singing and laughter's taboo –  
Well they laugh and they sing the live-long day through.  
If we keep them together – an all day debate,  
If we mix them with others they all agi-

tate.  
We set them a task – they dig in all right.  
There's nothing to show when we tally at night.  
We put them in solitude – water and bread –  
They boast to each other how well they've been fed.  
Then, when we lock them at night in a cell,  
Its cat-call and whistle and yell;  
We track a loud whistle right into its lair;  
It vanishes – breaks out over there.  
Up above, down below, to the left, to the right –  
They keep sir, my warders, awake all the night.  
Moreover, in church, they drown every hymn  
With secular words in voices far from dim.  
We don't let them worship; another fine mess:  
Each scoundrelly infidel wants to confess.  
At drill when they march, they step with the right –  
Salute with the left, in obvious delight;  
We show them their fault, put them right, all in vain –  
Say their left handed and do it again.  
They always forget both their ranks and their numbers –  
They'd waken old Job from his calm and his slumbers.  
For my best warders they show not the slightest respect;  
They are making them all scratch their heads and reflect.  
In fact they 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, on and all, loose.

Inspector:- Can you tell ought of the doctrine they teach?

Their attitude if given this Free Speech?

Chief Screw: - I've heard 'em talk of class wars and of bush wars, and of such,

And a French bloke they call Sabbertarge. The rest is Double Dutch!

Chorus of Assistant Chaplains: The gospel these vandals all seem to profess

Is a crude and ridiculous creed

They would take all the good things we loafers possess

And give them to toilers in need.

Senior Screw:- If I might I'd like to mention,

And bring to your attention, A warder who's intelligent and travelled.

He should know these I Won't Workers As a push of noisy shirkers -

He's the bloke sir, if you'd like this skein unravelled.

Inspector:- A gaoler who has travelled - why the very man we seek:

You say, too, he's intelligent: this man must be unique!

(Enter Gaoler Stone-Age.)

Senior Screw: - Advance, Warder Stone-Age - salute!

The other hand, you great, big, soft gaolot!

Inspector:- Your chief, sir, tells me that you've seen some travel

We've a mystery here we'd like you to unravel:

What is it that these bad Free Speechers teach

Explain their gospel to us - what they preach?

Screw Stone-Age:- I has seen a lot of travel, that I has -

In Noo South, likewise in Vic., likewise in Tas..

But I never seen 'em in a church to preach,

An' I never listened when they made a speech;

'Cause I couldn't understand 'em, if I did, As my learnin' was neglected as a kid.

Inspector:- Cease, oh cease, this blatant chatter,

I would fain clear up this matter.

Senior Screw:- We've a man we confined in solitude -

He tells me so many truths that he's quite rude.

Inspector:- So long as he seems amiable I deem him indispensable.

(Enter IWW Gaolbird)

Inspector: - I have tried to get the latest information

Regarding you and your great aggregation

I will find out why you fight

If I listen here all night.

IWW: - There is nothing at all in our gospel of mystery,

To the mind of the worker, be it conscious or critical,

But all the great thinkers and teachers of history

Could not make it stick in the mind parasitical.

The parasite thrives on his filchings from workers -

Gives nothing to life but his carcass at birth,

Industrial workers, the world o'er cry "Shirkers!"

"Surrender your spoils! OR get off the earth!"

"Surrender! Slick palterers of mercy and meekness."

"Pitiful props of a system so frail!"

"Produce! You armed thugs, of its foulness and weakness" -

"Hounding your betters - its victims - in gaol."

Is it wonder you hate us, you parasite plunderers;

Proclaiming your thefts, by word and by pen?

But why should you gaol us, you ignorant blunderers -

Arresting the truth by the gaoling of men.

(To the senior Warder of the Gaol):- Get off the earth! You flatulent bubble you -

Bestialised Bludger for Capital's Hell! The World for the Workers! The I double W -

And Freedom of Speech that our truths we may tell!

(Collapse of Senior Warder.)

To Inspector of Prisons: - A smoke, sir, I am grateful, a match may I trouble you?

Come on: you poor screws. Take me home to my cell.

(Exit IWW)

Senior Screw: - I'll nag him and I'll rag him, and I'll scrag him, and I'll gag him,

I'll - I'll - I'll -

Inspector: - I learn that you have kept him on water and on bread; That you've shut off his lights - confiscated his bed.

That you've gone far, too far, there's no reason to doubt -

Senior Screw: - If I can't cow the brute, I'll damn soon throw him out.

Chorus of Assorted Chaplains: - We beseech thee, O Lord, that thou let these men go -

That fill with pure gladness our temple of woe.


From our poor, stricken sinners we have long banished mirth;

These men would remind them of pleasures on earth.

Grant them Free Speech, Dear Lord, and Thou wilt,

That all these real convicts forget not their guilt!

General Chorus: Amen! !



Curtain



## The Cow's Lament

J. Candish, *Direct Action*. June 23rd 1917

My dear Mrs Cow, being worried by  
**Sectional Unions,**  
and other cares, dropped me during the  
small hours of the night in a paddock,  
which had been fenced by  
**Australian Workers' Association.**  
After being allowed to run with my ma  
for a few days, I was taken from her by a  
member of the

**Farmers Union**  
and weaned by a member of the  
**Dairyman's Union.**

I met my first gentleman cow under the  
auspices of the

**Drovers Union.**  
When calving, I was attended to by the  
**Veterinary Workers' Union**  
And was afterwards milked by one of the  
**Dairymen's Union.**

Then I was fed with food milled by the  
**Millers' Union,**  
The water used for drinking and stan-  
dardising my milk was laid on by mem-  
bers of the

**Plumber's Union,**  
And my shed was built by the  
**Carpenters' Union.**  
The utensils used for milking me were  
made by the

**Tinsmiths' Union**  
and the cart used for delivering my milk  
made by  
**Blacksmiths' and Wheelwrights' Un-  
ion**

My milk was delivered by one of the  
members of the  
**Dairymen's Union**  
Sold as a drink by the

**Waitresses' Union.**  
And also as a condensed product by the  
**Shop Assistants' Union,**

It was sterilised by the  
**Factory Employees Union,**  
And kept up to standard by the  
**Health Inspectors' Union.**

The products of my milk (butter and  
cheese) were made by  
**Factory Employees' Union,**  
And delivered to customers by the  
**Drivers' Union.**

The whole was controlled by the  
**Federated Employees' Union.**  
My butter and cheese were taken across  
to other lands by the

**Transport Workers' Union**  
**Engine Drivers' Union,**  
**Officers Union and Railwaymen's' Un-  
ion.**

The communications regarding me were  
sent by  
**Post and Telegraph Officials' Union**  
and shipped across the seas by the

**Masters' Union**  
**Marine Engineers' Union,**  
**Seamen's Firemen's' Union**  
**Lumpers, A.W.U., Carters, Customs,**  
**Civil Service and the Tally Clerks Un-  
ions**

and they were controlled by the  
**Shipping Ring.**

When leaving the dairy business to the  
stock market I was sold by the  
**Auctioneers' Union**  
and my notice of sale was attended to by  
the

**Typographical Union.**

I was driven from one business to the next by  
members of the

**Drovers' Union,**  
And, while fattening, the  
**A.W.U.**

looked after me. When leaving the fat stock  
business on my final journey I was killed by a  
member of the

**Slaughtermen's' Union.**  
My carcase was sold by the  
**Butchers' Union,**  
and cooked meats were sold by the  
**Small Goods Union.**

My skin was dressed by the  
**Tanners' Union,**  
and made into leather for boots by the  
**Boot Operators' Union:**  
Also for harness and belts by the  
**Saddlers' Union.**

My horns, bones and blood were taken by the  
**Chemical Workers' Union,**  
And the accounts of the lot were taken and  
kept by members of the  
**Clerks' Union.**

I, too, was milked  
and killed by

**Sectional Unionism.**

So here's to the

**One Big Union,**

For my posterity and  
the coming genera-  
tion of workers.

Yours

Mrs. Cow

## To Arms!

Capitalists. Parsons. Politicians.  
Landlords. Newspaper Editors and  
Other Stay-At-Home Patriots.

**your country needs**  
**YOU**  
**in the trenches!!**

### WORKERS

Follow your Masters



When the Worker Awakes.



## The Human Slave

W. H. Levy, *Direct Action* December  
16th 1916

The sparrow flits from bough to bough,  
The cur that roves the streets is  
free;  
The only slave is mighty Man,  
In a world of liberty.

The babbling brook, the sunshine,  
The trees the grass, the glinting sea;  
All things enjoy, but as for Man  
They might as well not be.

The beast that prowls the jungle,  
The fish that swim the sea,  
Enjoy their little span of life,  
Because they're free, they're free.

They're free, ah, God, the meaner things,  
Do they creep or crawl or climb;  
'Twas for man to forge  
the chains,  
With his towering  
mind sublime.

Oh, the clinging chain  
and the prison wall  
Are the work of human  
minds;  
'Tis the will of God that  
Earth is free,  
'Tis the will of Man  
that binds.

The fool has fancied  
himself the lord  
Of all inhabited Earth,  
While his grinding toil

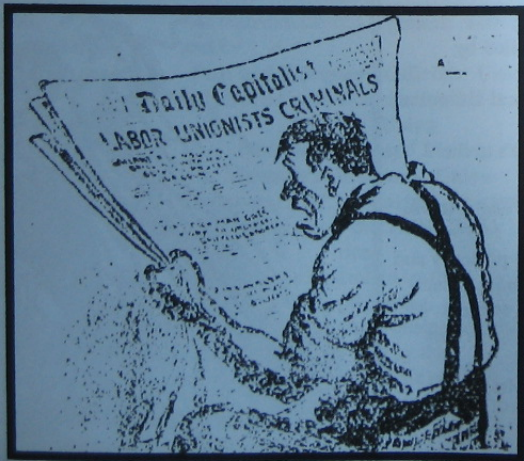
for the prime of day,  
Despoils his life of mirth.

The birds are singing, the fishes flash,  
The household cat's at play;  
But Man is sweating between four walls,  
Deprived of the joys of Day.

How long, O Slaves, will ye suffer this?  
How long will ye still slaves be?  
When the master minds of the martyred  
past  
Deliver ye Freedom's key.

O! The locksmith's work was truly done,  
And your chains are riveted well;  
But the might of a thinking working class  
Could shatter the bonds of Hell.

With a soul of the things of Freedom,  
Usurped by the lordly few,  
You can open the doors of your natal  
gaol,  
And fashion the world anew.



## Even as You and I

Bert Leach, *Direct Action* 19 May 1917  
(apologies to Kipling)

A fool there was and he cast his vote  
(Even as you and I),  
For ragged pants and tattered coat,  
And some grub on which he didn't dote,  
He voted Labor, you'll note,  
(Even as you and I).

Oh, the work we do for the favoured  
few,  
And the miserable wage we get.  
We crack the nuts and they take the  
meat,  
They hand us chaff and they take the  
wheat,  
And to make our bondage more  
complete,  
We vote for this system yet.

A fool there was and he goods  
had none,  
(Even as you and I).  
He worked like hell from sun to  
sun,  
He got no cash so he worked for  
fun,  
And he voted just as his dad had  
done  
(Even as you and I).

Oh, he worked like fun from sun  
to sun, And he plotted and  
schemed and planned,  
But he just could not make both  
ends meet,  
If his head kept warm then he  
froze his feet,  
And his kids hadn't half enough to

eat,  
But he couldn't understand.  
The fool was stripped to his foolish  
hide,

(Even as you and I).  
They couldn't use that though they  
may have tried,  
And the poor old fool was kicked aside;  
And his legs lived on, though his head  
had died,  
(Even as you and I).

It isn't the shame and it isn't the blame  
That stings like a white hot brand,  
It's the cussed foolishness of a jay,  
Who'll work ten hours for two hours'  
pay,  
And vote for the thing on election day,  
And will not understand.









## Mary, pity women!

Harold Mercer *Direct Action* October 21 1916

To the women of Australia is a question put today  
(Oh, Mary, pity women!)  
And they must send the men they love to battlefields away,  
(Oh, Mary, pity women!)

To yeild their lives a sacrifice to bayonet and to gun,  
For but one simple reason; Hughes declares it must be done!  
And what, besides such reason is the loss of any son!  
(Oh, Mary, pity women!)

There's a bitter warfare coming when conscription has its sway,  
(Oh, Mary, pity women!)

All the ideals Labor fought for must assuredly delay;  
(Oh, Mary, pity women!)

For the money Lord's dominion will certainly increase,  
Backed by martial regulation that their grip will not release,  
While the Fat Man, smiling blandly, will declare that this is peace.  
(Oh, Mary, pity women!)

There are women who have given: there are those who have to give  
(Oh, Mary, pity women!)

Toil in jobs by men forsaken for the mere brave right to live  
(Oh, Mary, pity women!)

On the fraction of the wages that the men they lost had earned.  
Will the woman find employment – into weary wage slaves turned -  
While the man who seeks good wages – though a soldier will be spurned  
(Oh, Mary, pity women!)

For the little, lovely babies, there go dangers we must shun  
(Oh, Mary, pity women!)

There are dangers more repulsive than the far-off Prussian gun  
(Oh, Mary, pity women!)

Let us firmly hold our freedom, and refuse to let it go;  
For an enemy is rampant who would lay our fair land low  
And if we fail to answer the conscription question "NO"  
(Oh, Mary, pity women!)

## The Stalwarts in Gaol

(Tune: The Red Flag)  
C.D. *Direct Action* 28 October 1916

The master class have gaoled our  
Men,  
For Treason, whether right or wrong,  
A sacrifice they make  
again,  
Its up to you to mark  
this song

Chorus:  
Then raise the cry  
throughout the  
land,  
And give our boys a  
helping hand,  
They've stood by us in  
every fight  
We'll stand by them  
with all our  
might.

Fellow slaves line up  
today  
The war is on in fierce  
array,

The weapon you must use to fight,  
Is "One Big Union" "might is right"

The Industrial workers have one aim,  
We ask you all to play the game  
To overthrow the system vile  
Will take some time, but its worth  
the while



## Their Liberty

Ethel Cuthberton

*Direct Action* 23 December 1916

Oh who can idly stand  
While human hearts demand  
Their liberty

Humanity our only  
plea;  
Justice our only  
cry.  
We'll strive until  
we die  
For their liberty

Their liberty to  
stand  
With all men hand  
in hand  
As man to man

'Tis but their right  
we claim  
Down with these  
laws of shame  
Let this be our only  
aim –  
Their Liberty

Our brothers must be free  
From jails and tyranny  
Ere peace abounds.

Help us their cause defend!  
Oh, who will lend a hand  
And unto these extend  
Their liberty



## HELP THE JAILED

(TUNE: Wrap Me Up In My Stock Whip and Blanket)

source: SONGS OF THE I.L.P (Adelaide) c. 1917

At this hour when the plutes are dictators,  
Controlling Industrial life,  
To jail go the best agitators,  
Leaving helpless their children-wife.

The tyrants who jailed the brave bat-  
tlers  
For the cause that is your's and mine

Chorus:  
So make it a 'ding-dong' collection,  
We'll send a fat cheque by next  
mail,  
To help their helpless depend-  
ents,  
And comrades who languish in  
jail.

To speak out your mind is con-  
spiring.  
These plutes you must never  
defy,  
If they haven't a law, that will  
jail you,  
A bribe may be paid for a lie.

Then come, let us solemnly  
pledge, boys,  
Agitation we never shall cease,  
Until the whole twelve uncondi-  
tioned,  
Our masters in terror release.

Unrelenting we'll keep agit-  
ing,  
Till the cold dismal cells shall  
confine

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## SPECIAL MAY DAY ISSUE



"An Injury to One an Injury to All"



## For their Class

W. H. Levey, *direct Action* 23rd De-  
cember 1916

All hail, our martyred heroes,  
Ye men of lion heart;  
Ye pay the price of playing  
Emancipators part

Ye follow Progress's thorny track,  
The well-worn martyrs trail -  
The curb of Truth, Sincerity,  
Was ever yet The Gaol.  
What is your crime, what have ye done,

To merit murderer's fate?  
"Why ask?" we say, "it is enough,  
We merit Masters' hate."

As tyrants base did ye essay,  
To aggravate men's sorrow?  
Or was it this, ye showed the way  
For better things tomorrow.

No selfish end inspired your deed,  
No motive base your aim;  
O freedom, while you fret in chains,  
Comes night akin to shame.

Twelve working men in fetters,  
For Working-Class ideal!  
Ah. Everyone with workers heart,  
Humiliation feels.

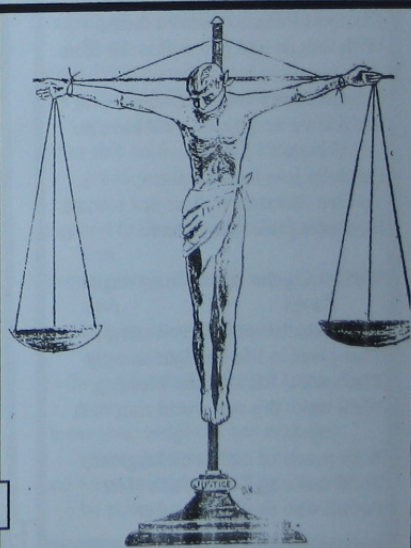
Yet chains can be High Honour's  
badge,  
And prison walls a palace;  
When brimming o're with sacrifice,  
A pannikin a chalice.

O History shall less harshly judge,  
Less harshly, aye, more true,  
And garlanding her heroes,  
Delight to honour you.

As bursting beams of a clouded sun,  
Athwart a troubled sea,  
Give their eerie warning,  
Of the tempest soon to be.

The gleam of your golden sacrifice,  
Through Iniquity's shadowing gloom,  
O'er Labor's restless ocean,  
Is herald of Capital's doom.  
When the storm arisen from words ye  
spake,

With the might of a tempest's waves,  
Will wreck our masters of tyrant make,  
On the rocks of the wrongs of slaves



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## The One Big Union

By Monty Miller *INDUSTRIAL  
SOLIDARITY* 1920 May No 3

Oh, come and join our valiant band,  
To form the One Big Union;  
With labour's sons and daughters  
stand,  
In one wide world communion.  
We want the men who know their  
right,  
And nothing else are seeking,  
Who stand for freedom of the mind,  
With liberty of speaking.  
Who battle for their fellowmen  
Both in and out of season,  
Who ever with their tongue and pen  
Give words of clearer reason.

We'll have no parasites on earth,  
Our world can do without them;  
With tongue and pen will make them  
men,  
Or else completely rout them.  
We'll have no priests, we'll have no  
kings,  
Let them join in as brothers;  
To earn themselves their just reward  
By sharing toil with others.

We'll strike the fetters from wage  
slaves  
Their creative powers releasing,  
That gives to life the light and joy  
That makes life's richest blessing.  
We'll wake this sad world ring with  
joy,  
With pearls of children's laughter,  
We'll make an Eden of this Hell  
For all who shall come after

## The Call of Freedom

(Anon modified by Monty Miller, Di-  
rect Action April 1 1916)

Will you cling to a conscience based on  
creed  
When this earth is a Hell, infested with  
greed,  
Where each man's a Barrabas, searching  
for pelf,  
A foe to each neighbour, a friend only to  
self,  
If thou wouldst be honest, righteous and  
pure;  
The fiats gone out that thou shalt be  
poor.

No Hell for the rich in this world or the  
next;  
The poor are subject to every text,  
Preached at from pulpit, oppressed by  
the State  
And the starving admonished to labour  
and wait.  
Aye! Wait, every worker with patience  
endure,  
And thou shalt be always, as now, ever  
poor.

'Tis written the meek shall inherit the  
earth.  
But, who are the meek? Not the lowly of  
birth  
Who barter the wealth of their sinews for  
bread,  
Are housed in garrots and cellars and  
scantily fed.  
Hating Kingcraft and Mammon and titles  
that lure, And yet remain honest,  
and therefore are poor.

The rich are obsequious, sycophants  
all  
Too spineless to climb and who cring-  
ingly crawl  
To the niches of fortune, surrounding  
a drone  
Ensconced by the minions, and shined  
on throne  
Where each worshipper kneels, ere he  
dare venture to speak,  
These inherit the world, for these are  
the meek.

Let labor be scornful, sullen and  
proud,  
For where are the broad acres of one  
of our crowd?  
All landless you trespass from cradle  
to grave,  
There to give back to nature the clay  
that she gave;  
To be owned in your death by the lords  
of the soil,  
Who owned you through life by the  
bondage of toil.

You are robbed and exploited, you are  
hired for gold  
You are borrowed and lent, you are bar-  
tered and sold;  
What you would win highly, you would  
holily win,  
And to wrest back what's stolen you  
dread as a sin.  
Do the years of oppression, to serfdom  
inure,  
That you yet remain slaves, even though  
you are poor

Be not pygmies of fortune, but giants of  
fate;

## EUREKA, 1854

TO

## I. W. W., 1917!

Sixty-Three Years Fighting  
for YOU!

IN THE CAREER OF

## MONTY MILLER

86 Years old  
and still  
Fighting for  
**INDUSTRIAL  
FREEDOM!**



One Big Union  
PIONEER  
The Grand Old Man  
of the Labour  
Movement

THE GRAND OLD MAN OF LABOR, FIGHTING OUT IN HIS FIGHT  
W.A. TO OUR AUSTRALIA, ADVOCATING THE ONE BIG  
UNION WAS ARRESTED AND PUT INTO JAIL DURING THE  
LAST GREAT STRIKE, AND WAS COMPELLED TO RETURN  
TO W.A. UNDAUNTED IN HIS BATTLE.  
**WILL SPEAK IN MELBOURNE SHORTLY!**  
WATCH FOR DATES!

Despise all preferment conferred by the  
State,  
When IWWs loud to you call,  
The priest cultured consciences, based  
on a creed  
When this earth is a Hell infested with  
greed

Respond to the rallying call from the  
van,  
Be ought but a slave, be nought but a  
man,  
And smiting, through fraud, in the day  
of your wrath,  
To the rights of all men, go! Open the  
path.  
Throw your weight in our scale to  
make victory sure,  
And when no man is rich, no man can  
be poor.



# Lesbia Harford

## The Invisible People

When I go into town at half-past seven,  
Great crowds of people stream across the ways,  
Hurrying although it's only half-past seven;  
They are the invisible people of the days.

When you go into town about eleven  
The hurrying morning crowds are hid from view,  
Shut in the silent building at eleven  
They toil to make life meaningless for you.

## Day's End

Little girls -  
You are gay,  
Little factory girls  
At the end of the day.

There you stand  
Huddled close  
On the back of a tram,  
Having taken your dose.

And you go  
Through the grey  
And the gold of the streets  
At the close of the day.

Blind as moles:  
You are crude,  
You are sweet, - little  
girls,  
And amazingly rude.

But so fine  
To be gay,  
Gentle people are dull  
At the end of the day.

## Periodicity

My friend declares  
Being a woman and virgin she  
Takes small account of periodicity

But I whose life  
Is monthly broken in twain  
Must seek some sort of meaning in my pain.

Women, I say,  
Are beautiful in change,  
Remote, immortal, like the moon they range;

Or call my pain  
A skirmish in the whole  
Tremendous conflict between body and soul.

Meaning must lie  
Some beauty surely dwell  
In the fierce depths and uttermost pits of hell.

Yet still I seek  
Month after month in vain  
Meaning and beauty in recurrent pain.



*Well should I put Lesbia Harford in here or should I not? Damned if I know. It is not of a piece with the other work from this period. Yet could I leave out the one Wobbly likely to be found in official anthologies? The IWW never published her work in her lifetime but then she did not submit it either. It was not what was being looked for and that is a bit of a shame. For she wrote about love and sexuality and loss as well as class. Much of her work was love poems but the major injustices of class society, never pointed out or underlined, always whisper in the background. As they always did, and do, for working people – admit it or not.*

*Lesbia quite properly felt that "poetry and fiction should not be consciously propagandised" and here am I slotting her between works that are nothing else but conscious propaganda. Her style was hardly that of the bush/worker ballad or of the satirical/comic type the Wobbs made such a run with. Yet her poems often reflect the real women and girls she worked with. Their oppression and resilience are there, like the sky, a part of the scenery. She appeared finally in a Direct Action, edited by Wal., in Winter 2002.*

*Fellow Worker Harford had a legal training but her horror at being part of the parasite class caused her to work and organise for many years in the clothing industry – an oft-times brutally exploitative industry then and becoming so again now with our new industrial relations laws. Born with a serious heart condition that prevented her blood oxygenating, she also threw herself into the fight against conscription and spoke against it night after night until "her exhausted heart and throat landed her in hospital". Some may have disparaged because she joined our class and union by choice rather than necessity. In this they were doing her and themselves an injustice. F.W. Lesbia held nothing back. She was a true rebel.*

*She died in 1927, aged just thirty-six*

*Interested fellow workers with a computer can download her poems from: <http://purl.library.usyd.edu.au/setis/id/v00033>*

Into old rhyme  
The new words come but shyly.  
Here's a brave man  
Who sings of commerce dryly.

Swift-gliding cars  
Through town and country winging,  
Like cigarettes  
Are deemed unfit for singing.

Into old rhyme  
New words come tripping slowly  
Hail to the time  
When they possess it wholly!



## Song of the Wheat

### Lumpers

*Industrial Solidarity, November 1919*

Lump, lump, lump,  
All day in the burning heat,  
For two bob an hour  
To lump bags of wheat  
We sell labour-power  
Humping weevils and wheat

Stitch, stich, stich,  
All day with an aching back,  
But when we get wise,  
We'll all unionise  
And give the boss the 'sack'.

## Happy Days

(When Jesus Washed My Sins Away)  
*Industrial Solidarity July 1919*

Happy day! Happy day!  
When first we joined the AMA  
They put us in the s-b-way  
And cats have kittens every day  
Happy days! Happy days!

When first I joined the AWU  
They organised a job for two  
And you 'rep' me and I'll 'rep' you  
Happy me, Happy you.

Happy day, liberty!  
When first I joined the ALP  
They let me vote for an M.P.  
Who promised he would set us free  
Happy days, pure and free  
When first I joined the ALP.



Fellow Workers!  
**This Key Can Unlock  
The Gates.**  
**ARE YOU READY?**

Dick Butler is, of course, a Politician  
Of an ineffective, well paid, well fed  
group

"The men want work," says the Eco-  
nomic Physician,  
But Dick knows better, and he gives  
them soup.

*Direct Action 25 August 1927*

## The Big Shed By The Sea

"Nuff Said" *Direct Action* May 29 1938

Week in week out, I sat about in the big shed by the sea,  
Looking for a master, who never looks for me;  
I think of wife and kids at home, who need the dollars bad  
But work and me are at enmity, tho' I'm a willing lad.

My cobber, Joe, who's not too slow, says, "Jack, twixt you  
and me,  
In stead of wasting time and tears in the big shed by the  
sea  
Betake yourself to the Empire Bar where the Wharf Bulls  
fraternise,  
And buy the bosses pots of beer and big cigars likewise.

So to the Empire Bar I went, and there saw Foreman Jim  
Surrounded by the ringers crowd, who were buying beer  
for him,  
I butted in with might and main through the crowd to  
where he stood;  
I spent ten shillings in a trice, but I made my marble good.

I shouted once, I shouted twice, I shouted long and loud  
For Foreman Jim had hollow legs, and isn't one bit proud;  
Monopoles and Havanas, I stuck them in his gob,  
Just because he promised me the first twelve-hour job.

Now I'm getting whip's of work, and can hold up my  
head,  
For every time I poke my nose into that pick-up shed  
The boss roars out my name so loud he shakes the rafter  
beam;  
My wife and kids are getting fat, instead of being lean.

So all you gentle wharfies, be guided now by me,  
Instead of wasting time and tears in the big shed by the  
sea,  
Betake yourselves with burnished books into the first hotel  
And shout for all the bosses there, let the union go to hell

## Workers' Nursery Rhymes

"Way Kup"  
*Direct Action*  
September 8th 1928

Little Jack Hornet,  
stands on the  
corner  
There is no work to-  
day,  
They placed a ma-  
chine, where he  
had been  
And he was driven  
away

Four and twenty  
blackbirds,  
Fowl, and goose, and  
duck  
Who is going to eat  
them?  
Not the workers luck.

They can be found  
each evening,  
Like fowls in a coop,  
Satisfying their hun-  
ger,  
With Salvation Army  
Soup.



Rhymes for the Times

## OLD KING CAP AND HIS USELESS CREW

(Tune: "The Girl I left Behind Me")  
"Jack Australia" *Direct Action*, August  
25 1927

Old King Cap and his useless crew  
Grew troubled 'mid the nations;  
Their world-wide State in danger was,  
They feared for the foundations

They propped it up, but a rebel said:  
"No sand, cement or suction  
Will save the tottering show, its doomed  
To out and out destruction.

Old King Cap and his useless crew  
Have paltry rags called papers;  
They feed the people on fairy tales  
And hide the old King's capers.

But there's a paper that deals in facts,  
And fears no foe or faction,  
A paper that fights for workers rights,  
And the paper is *Direct Action*.

Old King Cap and his useless crew,  
They bossed the world for ages.  
The workers first were slaves unpaid,  
And then were slaves for wages.

But rebels shouted: "Wake up! Wake up!  
Your slavery only crazes!"  
And the workers rose in their might and  
knocked  
King Cap and his crew to blazes.

Old King Cap and his useless crew,  
They got their best enjoyment  
When crowds of hungry workers felt  
The pinch of unemployment.

The State was ruined, but the crew  
Grew bloated as they bled it,  
And they worked the oracle by the trick  
They called "Restricting Credit."

Old King Cap had a world-wide State  
And thought it was splendid,  
His crew grew richer, and he more great  
The further it extended;

They gambled with the workers' food;  
They juggled the money market;  
And they played the game till the work-  
ers roused,  
Made up their minds to nark it



(The Commonwealth Government is raising a further £10,000,000 for the War Effort. The proceeds will have to be used for the purpose of paying the war debt. . . . especially so as much has been borrowed. . . . the rate of interest being far higher than in normal times.)

FAY (collaborated with "particulars"): "LONG LIVE THE WAR! HURRAH, HURRAH!  
FILL 'EM UP AGAIN!"

## Gladiators

words and music by **Andy Irvine**  
From CD *Way Out Yonder*, 2001

I'll tell you all a story that perhaps you do not know  
It all happened in Australia quite some time ago  
I'll tell you of Tom Barker from Westmoreland he came  
From an early age he knew that he was born to Fan the Flames  
Many in their youth and prime they left their own backyard  
Back before the First World War when times were tough and hard  
By boat and train and road they came tired legs and blistered feet  
And they wound up here in Sydney on Castlereagh Street.

Chorus  
Gladiators of the Working Class, heroes of mine  
Who travelled down this dark road long before my time  
Your actions and the words you spoke are shining in my mind  
As I'm blowing down this old dusty road.

Tom Glynn and Peter Larkin they came from Erin's Shore  
There was Jack Hamilton and J.B. King, Charlie Reeve and many more  
And Donald Grant I see him still in the Sydney Domain  
Where Sunday after Sunday thousands thrilled as he proclaimed  
"O the men who made this Empire they made it for the few  
"Who feast upon the profits of the labours that we do  
"And now they want the working man to fight for them as well  
"Let those who own this Empire go and fight for it themselves"

Prime Minister Billy Hughes that "Little Digger" sod  
He was elected by the workers and he thought that he was God  
Says he for the mines in Broken Hill and the Queensland shearing sheds  
We'll introduce Conscription and get rid of all these Reds  
O Billy was astonished when the Referendum failed  
He rounded up the Wobblies and he filled up all his jails  
With all the wealth and all his might he made a pretty show  
But he couldn't get away with it when the People voted NO.

A cartoon in the Wobbly paper it had it cut and dried  
It showed the rich man raking in the loot and the soldier crucified  
And the editor he was thrown in jail and the working folks agreed  
That they'd kick up bloody murder till they saw Tom Barker freed.



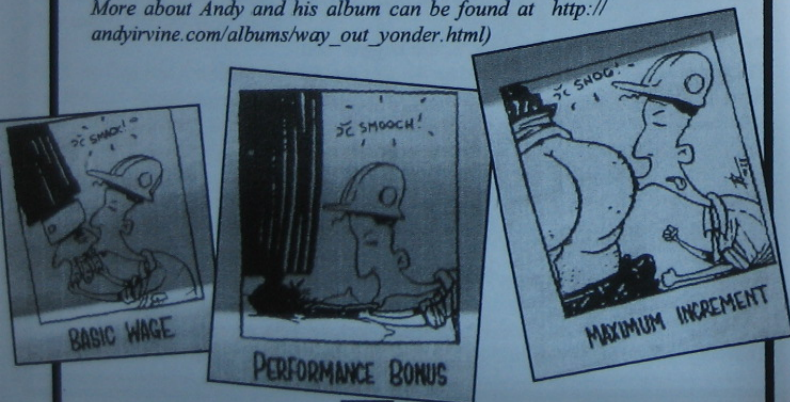
And the Sydney Twelve stood trial when some buildings were burned down  
 And the evidence it was stitched up by Detectives for the Crown  
 And the brainless brutal jury found them guilty with a leer  
 And the Judge says I'll be lenient and give you ten to fifteen years.  
 Tom Barker was deported to Chile was sent away  
 Where he promptly organised the docks in Valparaiso Bay  
 And he wound up in London where the people made him Mayor  
 And upon St Pancras Town Hall he raised the Red Flag there.  
 He sneaked back into Sydney in the year of '32  
 And he watched the Anzac Day parade and his prophecies come true  
 For these Heroes in their shabby clothes who fought the Hun and Turk  
 Had come home to find that all they'd won was a lifetime of no work.

Chorus

Gladiators of the Working Class, Heroes of mine  
 If we only had Tom Barker here in all his youth and prime  
 His actions and the words he spoke are shining in my mind  
 As I'm blowing down this old dusty road.

I stood at the foot of your grave Tom Glynn here in Botany Bay  
 In the shadow of Long Bay jail where they locked you all away  
 And I made a vow to your memory as I stood on your burial ground  
 That I'd write this song and I'd sing it in your native Galway town.

*(Andy Irvine sings this ballad on his solo CD "Way Out Yonder". With his permission it was reprinted in Direct Action and the members bulletin Australasian Phoenix... More about Andy and his album can be found at [http://andyirvine.com/albums/way\\_out\\_yonder.html](http://andyirvine.com/albums/way_out_yonder.html))*



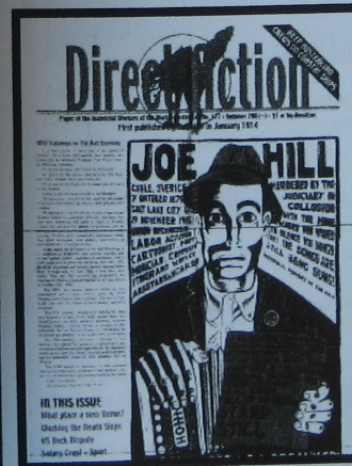
## Stand As One

Adam Lincoln and Karl Learmont – Direct Action, Summer 2002-03

Verse 1 – From all walks of life  
 And all across the land  
 One big union  
 Stands hand in hand  
 The only war we'll fight  
 Is the fight we need at home  
 Against the corporate raiders  
 And the bosses on their thrones

Chorus – Here we come  
 We stand as one  
 In unity we're standing strong  
 Here we come  
 We stand as one  
 Corporate powers come undone  
 Stand strong

Verse 2 – When we unite



We can push aside  
 The sell-out politicians  
 Who say they're on our side  
 Another corporate failure  
 Mass sackings have begun  
 The more they throw at us  
 The stronger we become

Chorus

Verse 3 – The only war we'll ever fight  
 Is the one we need at home  
 Against corporate raiders  
 And the bosses on their thrones  
 Another corporate failure  
 Mass sackings have begun  
 The more they throw at us  
 The stronger we become



### ... and to these here dear departed

Phil Doyle 1998 in *Direct Action* Summer 2002-03

Who are those that we've forgotten  
through omission or denial  
who built what stands with hands that are no more  
and who walked the hungry mile  
no generation but the first and last  
could do so well for itself  
than to ignore what has come before and what will come again  
and no stories of their own to tell  
Your mother's grandmother – where was she?  
who has prospered by your families hands?  
and who and what have you to show from your own actions  
for those that bore you to where you now stand  
ignorance is no excuse in court of law  
and in the eyes of those forgotten  
for will not the life that you now live be as empty  
if you too are cast aside and downtrodden  
so live your dreams until you wake up  
and then find a place to hide  
for it may ensue that the shit you hang onto  
may be no substitute for your pride  
and you'll be told where you should go to  
and how much you'll have to pay  
and like a child you'll do as they tell you  
for you have forgotten why it is this way  
if anything speaks with authority  
it's your grave and that alone  
for until you find someone who would share it with you  
this life is yours and your ancestors alone  
so who built the house you live in  
and the things that you own  
was it you, or your useless money, that can't bring back  
these departed friends we know  
This is for those we have forgotten  
and for all we'll never know  
because in the end there's fuck all that's important  
about these lives into which we go.

### Inclined to Rebellion

Steven Katsineris – *Direct Action* – Summer 2001

With manipulated consent rife many remain silent, cower and crawl,  
and don't dare disturb the system's power at all.  
For malcontents have no place in the human race,  
and if you don't fit the mould, you will soon be out in the cold..  
Yet despite the propaganda and penalties for heresy,  
some speak out that the new world order  
is built on fear and fallacy.  
And against this manufactured mainstream, imposed on peoples lives,  
some continue to struggle for a new view of worth.  
Unrepentant and rebellious,  
some of us still query, resist and persist  
lest we all fall prey to the prevailing greed and the grey.  
For there are other kind, open, just  
alternative ways to live and give  
that keep the spirit alive outside the human hive.

### Disconsolate

Steven Katsineris – *Direct Action* – Summer 2001

Ascending the skyscrapers  
In the top end of town,  
To offices where each day  
The monopoly deeds are done.  
Where dwells the state's power  
To plan, punish, pollute and perse-  
cute,  
Making misery global.

The standards are set,  
Power, order and work are god.  
So leave your conscience at the door,  
It won't be needed any more,  
Just to do your job,  
For there's work to be done.

Here the compliant take their orders,  
Push the buttons,  
make the calls,  
Process the papers, and do the deals,  
The instruments of capital.  
In this new world,





## Heart Of the Beast

Richard Hill

*Direct Action Winter 2002*

Hey, have you seen the new machine  
They're putting on the line?  
They say it killed a hundred jobs;  
I heard it just took mine, friend  
I heard it just took mine.

My parents bought a little house,  
They bought a little car.  
And lately I've been wondering  
If I can get that far, friend  
If I can get that far.

The bosses say we're all a team.  
We've heard it all before.  
We find out what their teamwork means  
When we're goin' out the door, friend,  
When we're going out the door.

The corporation is a beast  
Without a trace of heart.  
The only ethics it might know  
Come from the profit chart, friend  
Come from the profit chart.

## Sprouting

Steven Katsineris, *Direct Action Summer 2002 - 2003*

I want to sow seeds in the fertile minds  
of the young  
And see wisdom grow.  
To plant flowers in parched desert hearts  
And watch love grow anew.  
Drench the fires of hatred and intolerance  
In a downpour so huge, not a spark remains.

## Something for the Pain

Richard Hill

*Direct Action Winter 2002*

To the corporation I'll be true.  
What other is there to be faithful to?  
'Cause it pays me once a week  
All the riches I could seek  
Yes, There's just enough to buy the Friday brew!

So we go out every week to celebrate  
That we've made it to another payroll date.

And its there for all to see,  
Working in the factory  
Is the reason that we all inebriate!

But there is another lifestyle we could choose.

And I'm hopin' that you'll help me spread the news.

So just try this on for size,  
See, we've gotta organise -  
And then we're gonna drive the boss to booze.

Feed the hunger that breeds injustice and  
Starve the injustice that breeds hunger.  
I want to heal the wounds of life's thousand painful cuts.

Make only weapons that kill pain and suffering.

Declare war on war.  
Throttle patriotic lies and romantic war.  
Freeze greed and warm the poor  
Free minds imprisoned by ideology, conditioning and fear.

Plant real smart bombs in minds and  
Watch them sprout

## We have got to ...

"The Walrus", *Direct Action Summer 2001*

We have got to hunt the bourgeois in all of us

We have to stamp it out  
We have to start to think of others  
Because that's what it is all about.

Our world is going down the tubes  
Of this there is no doubt  
We have to hunt the bourgeois around us  
And kick the bastards out!

## I remember the hunger

Phil Doyle, *Direct Action Summer 2001*

I remember sitting outside the plaza,  
The shopping centre.  
Meeting a lack.  
Waiting for people to make junk of junk food.  
Throw it away.

I was hungry.  
Mum in the gutter in tears years ago  
Because we were hungry and cryin'  
"We're hungry mum."

Wailed my older brother Sean.  
"We're hungry."

I couldn't speak  
But I remember the hunger



## Unemployment isn't working

Jon Tomlinson, *Dissenterlink #3*

- date not given -

Melbourne IWW unemployed group.

The unemployed are verboten.  
You'll find the system rotten  
with ill-gotten gains besotten.  
Sing our song

If you think the system's working  
and the unemployed are shirking  
you've been jerkin on your gerkin  
Far too long.

## Dissenterlink

Linking The Unwaged.

Last year I got some seasonal work picking grapes. At the end of the day the boss asked us all for not working hard enough... he paid us \$8.58 for

I didn't bother putting it on

Hardly There

Under the government's mutual obligation program is an outrageous and systematic abuse of the rights of tens of thousands of the most vulnerable.





**Old English Proverbs,  
Songs & Wise Sayings i**

Anon, *Australasian Phoenix* April 2006

When Parson and Polli speak only true,  
And means 'ust what they say;  
When Squire and Master they be gen-  
erous,  
And 'elp Old Jack with hay;  
When there be comfort in the work-  
house  
And labouring gets extra pay;  
Then kill your pigs and eat them quick,  
Afore they do fly away!

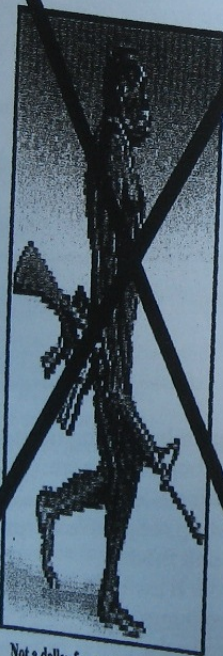
Old English Proverbs, Songs & Wise  
Sayings ii

**Song of the lonesome  
nightsoil carter**

Anon, Sussex c.1700 as recorded in  
*Australasian Phoenix* May 2006  
(The tune is long forgotten but proba-  
bly sounded quite similar to the theme  
of "Rush")

In waste barrel or in Parliament  
In piss pot or in shop  
It is a general observation  
The biggest turds rise to the top  
The biggest turds rise to the top, my  
lads,  
The biggest turds rise to the top,  
It's a general observation  
(In affairs of men most true)  
The biggest turds rise to the top.  
The biggest turds rise to the top, my lads  
... et cetera

No Militarism !  
War is Hell !



Not a dollar from our wages  
Not an hour of our time  
Not a drop of our blood  
Not a son or a daughter from our class  
Nothing  
willingly we will give for your idiot wars!

**ONCE AN AUSSIE BAGMAN**

Jo Mountwinter, *Australasian Phoenix* 2006  
New words for "Waltzing Matilda"

Once an Aussie bagman  
Travelled to the Middle East  
Under the name of the A.W.B.  
And he sang as he put the money in  
their moneybags  
"I don't remember a thing" carolled  
he.

"I don't remember, I don't remem-  
ber -  
Is it November or January?"  
And he laughed as he signed the  
Deal with Saddam's company,  
"I don't remember a thing" chortled  
he.

Up came his bossman, calling from  
the limousine,  
Up came his cronies, one, two, three -  
"Now that you've been over there  
Filling up their moneybags,  
"You'll need to cook up a story", said  
he.

"I don't remember, I don't remember,  
I don't remember a thing" replied he,  
And he called to his friends - who  
Promptly looked the other way -  
"I don't remember a thing" said he.

Up jumped the bagman, and  
Cried to his superiors,  
"You'll never take me alone" said he,  
"I refuse to be the boss's sacrificial  
lamb -  
You're coming with me as well"  
shouted he.

"We don't remember, we don't re-  
member -  
We don't remember a thing" sang the  
three -  
We have never known you,  
Never seen you any time -  
We're all the victims of senility."

(Softly)  
"We can't remember, we can't re-  
member,  
We can't remember" they cried tear-  
fully,  
And their echoes are heard as we walk  
the House's corridors,  
"We don't remember the word  
'honesty'"

The keen eyed might have noticed that in  
the *Australasian Phoenix* this ditty was  
attributed to V. Wilkins. Any future histo-  
rians might get a bit confused that Violet  
still contributes to the movement but the  
depression years Wobblies were a tough  
breed unstoppable even by death. Making  
things even more complex Violet had, in  
fact, just passed along Jo Mountwinter's  
take on the Iraq Wheat scandal.

Here members of the Australian ruling  
class channelled money to Saddam  
Hussein's arms program while their fel-  
lows were sending Australian soldiers to  
confront those same arms. And, yeah, a  
profit was recorded on all transactions -  
except those of the soldier, taxpayer and  
the worker - who creates the wealth  
for all these adventures most high.



## YES BOSSES LOVE ME

(Tune: "Yes Jesus loves me")  
Mike Ballard, Australasian Phoenix, February 2007

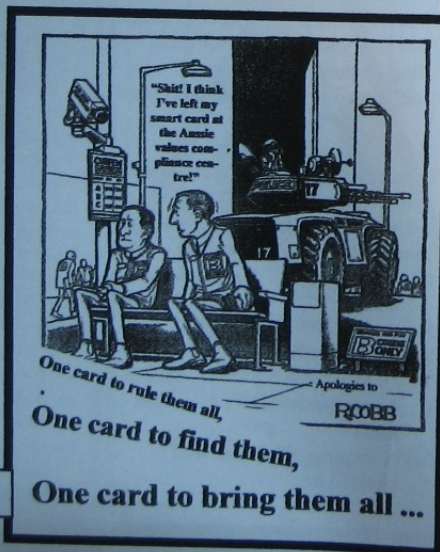
Bosses love me  
this I know  
for the pollies  
tell me so  
I am weak  
but they are strong  
So I'm glad to sing  
their song  
Yes bosses love me  
Yes bosses love me  
Yes bosses love me  
for the pollies  
tell me so

Bosses love me  
this I know  
for the TV  
tells me so  
I'm so small  
and they're so tall  
and their shit  
don't stink  
at all  
Yes bosses love me  
Yes bosses love me  
Yes bosses love me  
For the TV told me so

Bosses love me  
this I know  
cause they gave me work  
to do  
I sell them my skills and time  
They enjoy their life so fine

Yes bosses love me  
Yes bosses love me  
Yes bosses love me  
'Cause the System  
tells me so

Bosses love me  
this I know  
I will never  
organise  
Wobblies they're for other  
guys  
I will never be  
that wise  
Yes bosses love me  
Yes bosses love me  
Yes bosses love me



## REFUSE THE ROLE

Mike Ballard - Australasian  
Phoenix, February 2007

What if you were given  
power over others  
Would you get your kicks  
at their expense  
or would you  
refuse the role  
refuse the role  
You have the will  
and there's a way  
Refuse the role  
refuse the role  
What if you were treated  
to abuse and active scorn  
Would you get your satisfaction  
blowing master's horn  
loyal to humiliation  
like a Pavlov's dog  
or would you  
refuse the role  
refuse the role  
The roles we are  
assigned to play  
just keep us  
in our  
slave-like ways  
refuse the roles  
refuse the roles  
Live free  
Live wild  
Associate as equal mates  
in one big union free  
and don't let bosses  
put you down  
refuse to roll  
refuse their roles

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# Preamble to the constitution of the Industrial Workers of the World

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 the 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 means of production, abolish the wage system, and live in harmony with the Earth.

We find that the centring 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 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 wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organised, not only for everyday 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.

