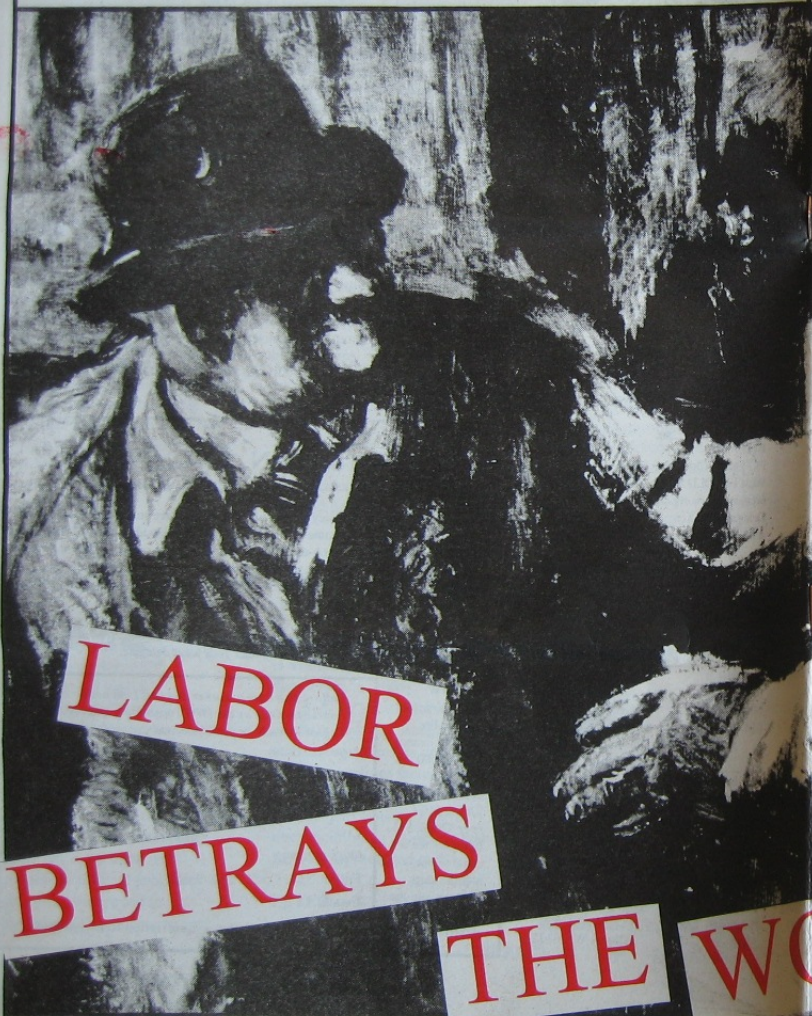


PAPER OF THE INDUSTRIAL
WORKERS OF THE WORLD



LABOR
BETRAYS
THE WORKING CLASS

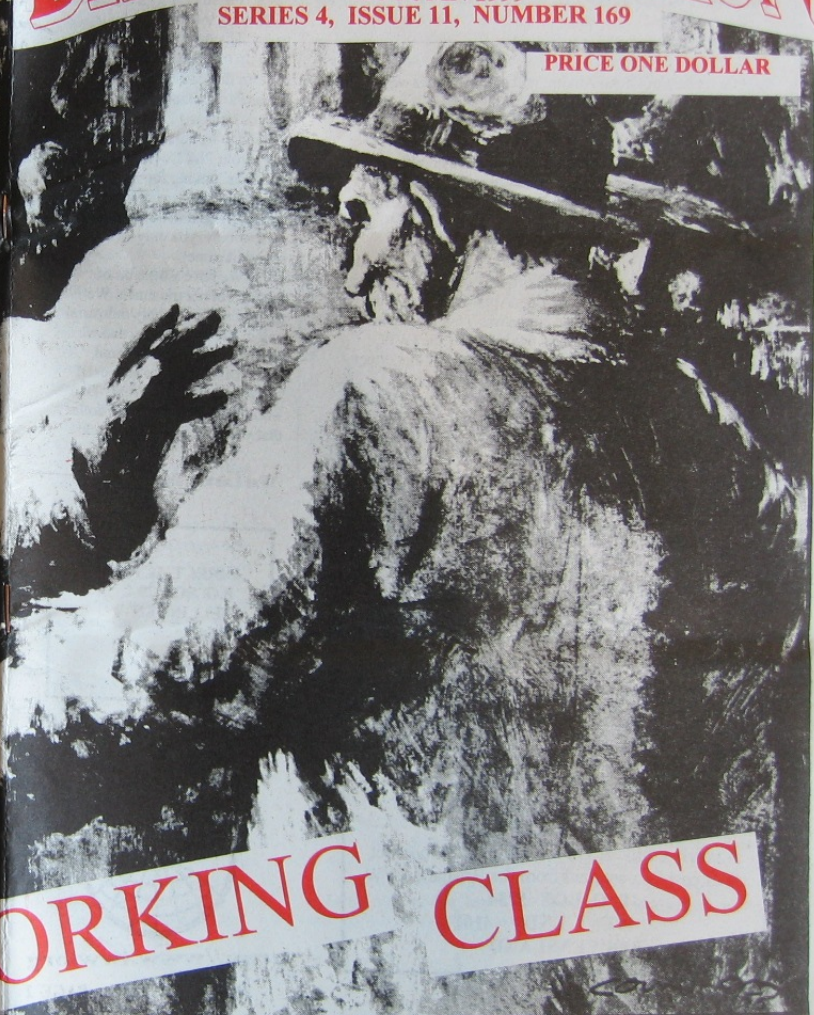
DIRECT



ACTION

AUTUMN 1999
SERIES 4, ISSUE 11, NUMBER 169

PRICE ONE DOLLAR



DIRECT ACTION

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD - AUSTRALIA

AUTUMN 1999
SERIES 4, ISSUE 11, NUMBER 169,

Regular readers of Direct Action will spot straight away that we have done something with our numbering system. The last issue you read was number 10.

We are reclaiming our history!!

We are re-numbering Direct Action so that the numbers of the paper are continuous back to the first edition published by the Industrial Workers of the World in January 1914. This was Series 1 of the paper. If you go to the State Library of NSW you will find 135 editions of this Series running up to August 1917.

We are also claiming the 5 editions of Direct Action printed by an organisation called the Industrial Union Propaganda League. These were printed from December 1921 to April 1922, while the IWW was an illegal organisation. The editor was Tom Glynn, the first editor of Direct Action when it was published by the IWW. We reckon these papers were in reality a continuation of the Direct Action of the IWW.

The second series of Direct Action published by the IWW came out in May 1928 and ran to May 1929. This was after the IWW had again become legal, and there were 16 editions.

The third series came out in November 1930 and ran to only 2 editions.

For those without a calculator handy this comes to 158 issues of the paper that we claim as our heritage. It is a proud history, and many say Direct Action was the best radical paper ever seen in Australia. These wobbles spoke with a clarity and fearlessness few have matched in Australian history. For this we have had three serving editors jailed!

To this history we add our Series 4 of Direct Action. We have printed 11 editions. This makes the Direct Action that you hold in your hands

SERIES 4, ISSUE 11, NUMBER 169

Brisbane IWW are re-publishing the life story of
TOM BARKER
An early editor of **Direct Action**. The booklet
Will cost \$3 post paid from the Brisbane IWW
P. O. BOX 5734
WEST END 4101
QUEENSLAND

EDITORIAL

Welcome to edition number 169!!

This edition sees the IWW reclaiming the history of our paper. Thanks to all who lent a hand on this project.

In this edition we give the Labor Party a kick, and don't they deserve it!! I am very pleased to be able to run a short story from Phil Doyle. Direct Action is looking for short stories and new cartoons to publish. You don't even have to be a wobbly, you only have to sound like one!

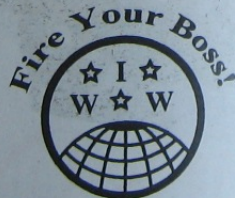
We have a little bit of theory, but not too much. We report the first wobbly industrial win of the modern era, and we have our first sports column.

Direct Action is sport!!

All this for a dollar! That would have to be the best dollar that you have spent this week!

Wal Larkin, Editor

DIRECT ACTION
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BELLINGEN
2454
NSW



<http://www.iww.org>
DIRECT ACTION PAGE 2

LABOR BETRAYS THE WORKING CLASS !!

From the formation of the Labor Party in the 1890's through a century to today, Labor betrays the working-class.

When the Labor Party was formed it's aim was to bring Socialism "In Our Time!" This was the fervent belief of the working people who voted Labor and who worked furiously to get their party into Parliament. Socialism! In their time!

The first betrayals came early, as soon as Labor gained office and power at a state level. The reforms didn't come. Nothing changed. It was business and government as usual on behalf of business and the wealthy. Excuses, fob-off's and betrayal of principle from the elected labor party members of Parliament. You know the story- it's the same as today. Comfortable, sleek parliamentarians in fine suits who are part of the establishment.

Yet still Labor claims to be a party for working people. 'A party for the battlers! Give us your vote!' But when the election is over it's government as usual, and the working people are forgotten.

But don't you forget it.
Labor betrays the working class!

LABOR BETRAYAL IN THE SEAT OF HUGHES

The Federal Election of 1998 saw real farce in the Sydney seat of Hughes. David Hill, right-wing labor's golden boy was put into this seat by head office as the Labor candidate. The branches in

Our cover is a painting by Noel Counihan. It's called 'On Parliament Steps' and shows working men getting the brush-off from their Labor Party member of Parliament. "Leave it with me mate. She'll be right!" He says. And you'll notice his fine suit and warm coat in contrast to the worker's tatty gear.

Noel Counihan was a young man in the hard days of the Depression. Poverty, hunger and anti-eviction fights made him a life-long commie. He was an artist who stayed true to his working-class experience and he painted what he had seen.

In the Depression and right through to now it's the same story. **Labor betrays the working class!**



Hughes are almost all left-wing controlled branches, and they didn't want Hill. But they rolled belly-up and copped it. They worked their bums off to get Hill elected. Posters and leaflets, how to votes, the works, were handed out, and the good lefties manned the polling booths as if they actually believed in their candidate.

Trouble was the Hill was on the nose with the electorate because he was running Sydney Water when bugs were found. And everyone had to boil their drinking water. Hill was seen as being as good as anyone to blame.

Hill went down a screamer come polling day. After he lost the election he took

his wife and went on a nice long holiday to Switzerland. You know, to recover from the strain of it all.....

But Hill didn't say thanks. Not a word, not a card, not a phone call to the loyal party members of the seat of Hughes. Treated them like cold cow-shit. Treated them in fact like the servants of those who are destined to ride the escalator of Labor into a nice snug seat in Parliament.

At least Hill knows what the Labor party is there for. Which is more than you can say for the loyal party mugs of the seat of Hughes.

Don't be mistaken... **Labor betrays the working class.**

FIRST WOBBLY INDUSTRIAL WIN

An Australian IWW member has won the first wobbly industrial victory of the modern era. It's only a small win, but it's a win, at a time when wages and working conditions are being pushed back right across the Australian workforce.

Our member, Mike, is a groundsman in a country hospital. Due to recent health budget cuts hospital management has been looking for savings and so decided Mike could buy his own workboots. Previously boots had been supplied by the hospital as part of health and safety equipment. It is of course typical of management that when savings have to be made it is the safety equipment of the poorest paid worker that gets cut out. Mike talked to his other union, The Hospitality and Miscellaneous Workers Union. But the union was only a little help, and left Mike wondering just what he was paying his union dues for.

The Health and Safety Officer at the hospital was on side and told the hospital to get Mike some new boots, but still Mike was told 'buy your own!'

So Mike took Direct Action. Once his boots were too worn to wear he binned them and donned a pair of cheap colourful running shoes. The Health and Safety Officer said 'Sorry, you can't mow in those.' So Mike didn't.

And the grass grew. And grew. And grew. In three weeks it was knee deep in places with tall seed heads. It was looking a very impressive sight, said Mike. Hospital staff began to

worry about snakes. The nurses were talking of putting on a sausage sizzle to raise the money to buy Mike his boots. Mike was finding support in all sorts of unlikely places.

Finally the light dawned on Hospital Management. It just wasn't worth the trouble. They said OK and gave Mike \$50 to get himself a pair of boots.

Mike readily admits that he could not have done it without the muscle of his other union to back him up if Management got really nasty and sacked him. But the folded arms - that was pure wobbly. Mike says 'It's nice for a while to exercise the folded arms approach to industry and watch everything sink back into chaos. They really don't believe you do anything until you stop. Think what a General Strike could be like!'

A small win. But not so small, really. The other worker at the hospital has been told to get himself some boots at hospital expense. And over the years this will add up to be a fair few pairs of boots for many hospital workers. Boots aren't cheap when you're on the lowest wage.

Right across the Australian workforce conditions and wages are being wound back. Unpaid overtime and doing that little bit extra in your own time is becoming expected. And no one is game to say 'boo.'

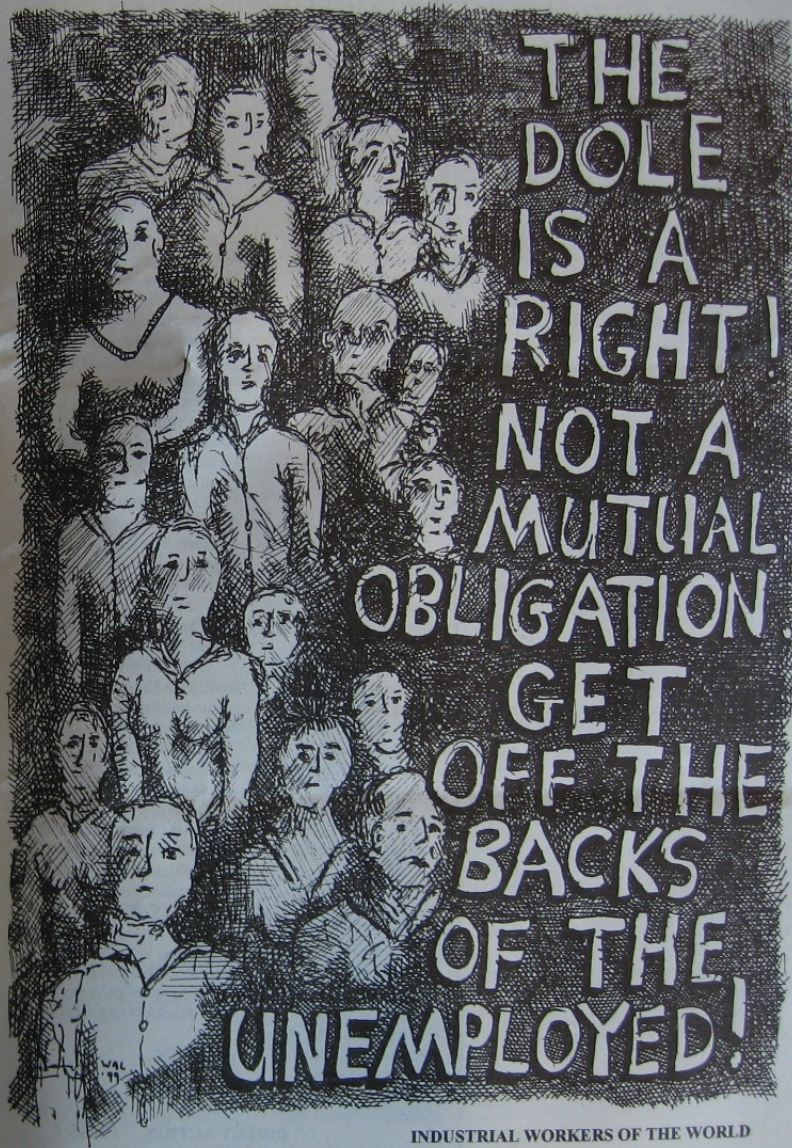
Yet some real wins can be made fairly easily. It's often just a matter of jacking up! Look at your situation, think it through and pick your moment. Then workers of Australia - **fold your arms!!**



' For ours are the hands that govern in factory, mine and mill,

And we need only fold our arms, and the whole wide world stands still !'

From 'The Portland Revolution' by 'Dublin' Dan McGann.



THE
DOLE
IS A
RIGHT!
NOT A
MUTUAL
OBLIGATION.
GET
OFF THE
BACKS
OF THE
UNEMPLOYED!

MELBOURNE BRANCH ACTIVITIES

MELBOURNE IWW GENERAL MEMBERSHIP BRANCH

For the first time in ages a GMB has been established. To become part of this historic return to revolutionary unionism. Contact the Secretary **PO Box 145, Moreland 3058** <http://www.iww.org.au/melbour> ne email margaret@iww.org.au **ONE BIG UNION** Now available this Australian edition of the excellent pamphlet indicts Capitalism and puts forward a plan to abolish it once and for all. \$1.50 includes post and packaging or free to new members upon joining. Contact your nearest IWW delegate.

ROADMARK

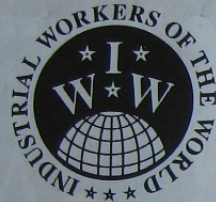
Melbourne Wobs did a meal for workers at Roadmark, where 18 workers occupied a road sign manufacturers, in a strata title industrial estate at Tullamarine.

We also tried to assist them, to little practical effect, as they resolved to accept 50c in the \$ offer from their former boss, Edmond Lee, who departed to New Zealand on a Singapore passport. This was the best deal the Australian Workers Union State Secretary Bill Shorten and their Maurice Blackburn lawyers could achieve. The "action" moved from the workers to the Federal Court and Industrial Relations Commission.

With Xmas holidays approaching, after 3 weeks occupying - yet isolated - the workers just wanted some of their cash and to call it quits. The 12 locked out workers at the Sydney site, members of the

Australian Manufacturing Workers Union, did not even have a place to occupy and were dependent upon the Tullamarine occupiers to get their lost pay etc.

The lesson seems to be: if you have not been paid, and your workplace is being disassembled and moved away, occupy to stop the Boss being able to skip off overseas and beyond accountability.



AUSTRALIAN DYEING COMPANY

Melbourne Wobblies also did evening meal (eg. New Year's Eve: hot chips most popular - with the picketer's kids - and salad and soup) and breakfast as **Food Not Scabs** (with non-wobs.). The 80 locked out Textile Clothing and Footwear Union members at **ADC Australian Dyeing Company** in Clifton Hill and their supporters. The "alliance" used in last year's MUA dispute of the AMWU, CFMEU, ETU/CEPU & MUA as well as nearby Education Union building workers all turned up regularly. Locals formed a Residents Action Group to support the workers and in opposition to the Boss. Night-time halogen lamp lights, closed circuit TV cameras and 24 hour a day Chubb private security

guards turned the ADC into a fort.

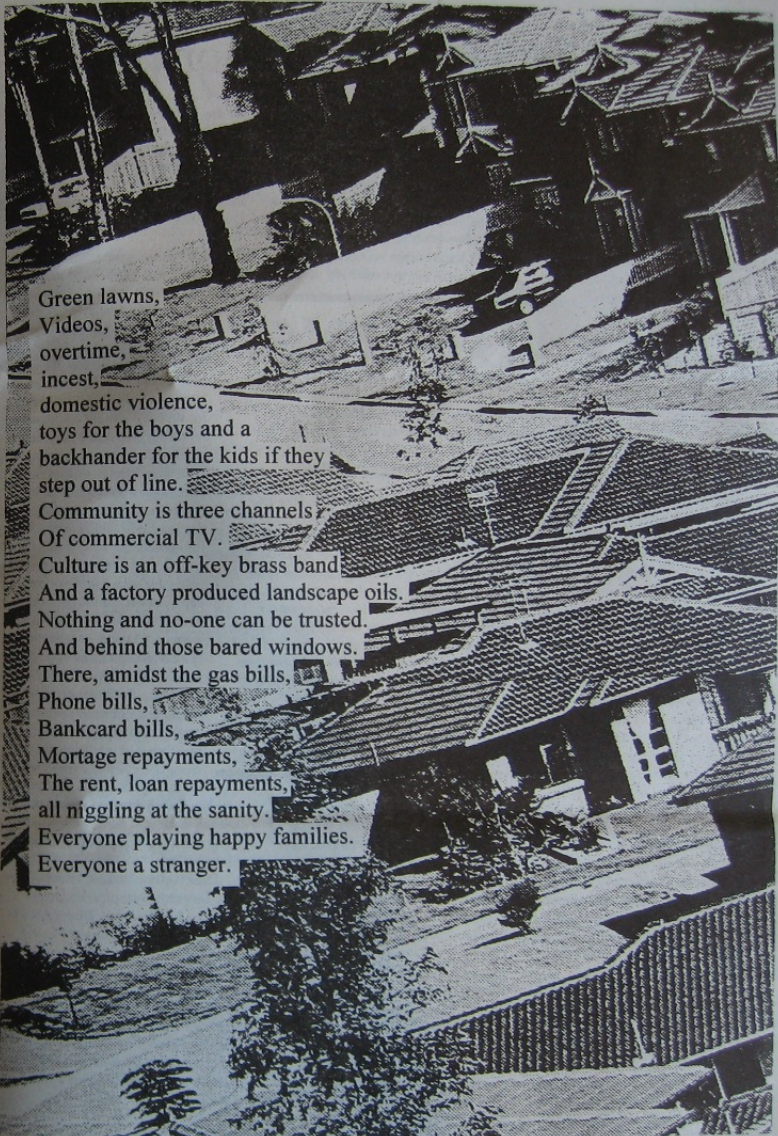
The union-busting boss Ian Fayman, hid behind a "Buy Australian-Buy Your Kids a Job" Aussie Flag. This huge sign is painted on the Freeway side of the ADC building. Nearby residents and shops displayed solidarity signs with the "peaceful Assembly" (aka picket). Scabs were recruited from Melbourne University and the Textile College in Brunswick, students. The TCF appealed to student unions to stop this scab-recruiting using student employment services; and to the new private job agencies to also cease assisting Fayman.

Workers were called at home and offered individual contracts to return to no-union, wage-slavery with toxic chemicals and cotton dust...none took up the offer and after 70 days (the dispute started Dec 1st) won.

The first court case resulted in Fayman's payment of public holidays and sick leave owed to the ADC workers..

Food Not Scabs was a practical way for a small number of us with limited resources to aid the struggle. Fresh brewed coffee was free to those locked out and everyone else paid 50 cents which paid for ingredients for pancakes, coffee, milk etc and raised \$200 given to the picketers. **Jack Roberts**, Melbourne Wobbly singer entertained picketers with a selection of songs. A favourite was '**Rack off Fayman!**' "

PETER



Green lawns,
Videos,
overtime,
incest,
domestic violence,
toys for the boys and a
backhander for the kids if they
step out of line.
Community is three channels/
Of commercial TV.
Culture is an off-key brass band
And a factory produced landscape oils.
Nothing and no-one can be trusted.
And behind those bared windows.
There, amidst the gas bills,
Phone bills,
Bankcard bills,
Mortgage repayments,
The rent, loan repayments,
all niggling at the sanity.
Everyone playing happy families.
Everyone a stranger.

What is Direct Action?

THE title of the publication you are now reading is "Direct Action." To a large extent, the name is self-explanatory. For the sake of clarity, however, we will briefly examine what it means in greater detail.

Direct Action, as the name implies, simply refers to the type of behaviour that consists of acting for oneself, and of taking responsibility for one's own fate, rather than simply doing what one is told. As practiced by the IWW, therefore, Direct Action means organising collectively, with collective decision making processes and Direct Democracy. No less importantly, it also means rejecting parliamentarism as a means of improving one's economic and social lot and, instead, organising and acting collectively at the point of production.

So why bother, if that means just making life harder for yourself, as if it wasn't hard enough already? As crazy as those of us in the IWW might (and in many cases, must) seem, we don't do anything without thinking about it pretty carefully and seriously first. We bother to organise with the IWW rather than some other union because we oppose bossdom and wage-slavery, and because we want to abolish both and be free to decide the course of our lives for ourselves. Direct Action, as a method of organising and fighting for our rights, is central to that goal.

The IWW is a revolutionary union. That means that its ultimate purpose is the abolition of capitalism by means of the revolutionary general strike, the collective act of disobedience against the bosses and all other forms of domination and control, and the creation of a classless society, an Industrial, Direct Democracy based on the principle of workers' self-management of production.

The IWW is non-political. That means that it is strongly opposed to the concept of so-called "proletarian dictatorships", "transitory governments" and "workers' states", which it finds just as meaningless as other concepts such as military intelligence, labour politicians

and productive capital. One does not become free by being drilled in the habits of obedience and conformity. With that in mind, the IWW aims to establish a harmony between ends and means, on the basis of the understanding that the means employed in any situation creates the outcome, not the other way around, since human beings are products of their social environment and not its

"Direct Action...implies that the working class subscribes to notions of freedom and autonomy instead of genuflecting before the principle of authority. Now, it is thanks to this authority principle, the pivot of the modern world—parliamentary democracy being its latest incarnation—that the human being, tied down by a thousand ropes, moral as well as material, is bereft of any opportunity to display will and initiative.

"From this negation of Parliamentarism, false and hypocritical, and the ultimate form of the crystallisation of authority, arises the entire syndicalist method. Direct action therefore arises as simply the fleshing out of the principle of freedom, its realisation in the masses; no longer in the form of abstract, vague, nebulous formulae, but rather as clear-cut, practical notions inspiring the pugnacity that the times require: it is the destruction of the spirit of submissiveness and resignation that degrades individuals and turns them into willing slaves—and a blossoming of the spirit of revolt, the factor fertilising human societies."

from *Direct Action* by Emile Pouget, on the world wide web at: www.xchange.anarki.net/~huelga/101/da.htm

master. Translated into practical terms, this simply means that those who attain political power will be corrupted by it, and will never part with it willingly. One may refer to the history of Bolshevik Russia for practical examples. Politics is not the solution to the problem of wage-slavery.

The tactic with the most chances of success is the revolutionary general strike, wherein the bosses are locked out and production is reorganised, so that the workers decide collectively what and how to produce things, and so that products are produced for need instead of profit.

This cannot happen with a snap of the fingers. Moral, intellectual and practical preparation are needed first.

Revolutionary workers have to train for

the day that they take control of their work, and in that, their identity and their lives. They must do so in precisely the same way that they might train for a football or cricket match. They must undertake revolutionary gymnastics. Therein lies the necessity of Direct Action.

Direct Action at the point of production, in the present and for immediate demands such as improved wages and working conditions, is the revolutionary equivalent of ten laps of the field and 100 push ups. The strike, the go-slow, the work-to-rule, amongst others tactics, allow individual workers to think for themselves, rely on their own initiative, confer and plan strategies collectively and cooperatively with their fellows, and above all else, to act for themselves. In doing so, they become skilled in the fine art of taking responsibility for oneself, acting on one's own behalf and thinking in terms of collective action and workers solidarity, rather than rugged individualism and head-kicking. In such a totalitarian and disempowering system as capitalism—one that relies on servility and mindless obedience for its existence—individual self-empowerment is a clearly revolutionary act.

Strengthened intellectually and morally by partial expropriations of the bosses' stolen wealth, the organised workers may perhaps one day venture forth, rather than striking for a few extra crusts, strike for the whole entire bakery...

Direct Action and the brand of revolutionary unionism practiced by the IWW go hand in hand. Direct Action, like collective decision-making and direct democracy, is central to the revolutionary identity of the IWW. Without it, the IWW might as well be an adjunct of the ALP and we might as well pack our bags and go home. Used correctly, it has the potential for effective action in the present and gives us some reason to believe in the possibility of a better future.

Ben x342073

PRINCIPLES

By
Phil Doyle

The car slewed to the shoulder of the road and the raised muffled voices can be heard over the idling engine and the thundering rain. One word becomes distinguishable over the others.

'Out!'

An indistinctive but obviously remonstrating response does not placate the original demand and it is repeated.

'OUT!'

The passenger door opens a crack. The back door opens. The passenger door opens a bit wider.

'Get out!' The passenger demands, twisted in the front seat so they face whoever it is in the back seat, an insistent arm pointing into the gloom. Whoever it is in the back seat must've said something because they got a reply from both the driver and passenger in unison.

'Out!' They chorused. A short solid looking guy fumbled out into the sloppy shoulder of the road, struggling with the fraying duffle bag.

'You're a fucking dickhead'. Adds the passenger as a last word.

'cunts!' says the short solid looking guy and slams the door.

'You fucking cunts!' He yells after the car as the wheels spin, then grip, and the car shoots off up the road, and then he is despondent.

'Fuck!' He says to no one. Then he is angry.

'Fuck! He says again.

It is wet. Malcolm Sean Mollo, the short solid looking guy, pulls his tattered leather jacket over his head. He feels the rain running out over his close cropped hair, behind his ears and down his grimy neck. He peers off into the failing day. The highway is a strip of asphalt running downhill to a sweeping left hand curve. Dark sodden trees run right up to the narrow shoulder. Behind Malcolm, as he faces the empty road, is a bush covered ridge that rises into the low grey sky. A tiny river is making it's way enthusiastically down the ditch between the shoulder and the trees. White guard posts run down the hill either side of the road at intervals of twenty meters or so. There is the freshly



blurred and lined mud of the wheeltracks of Malcolms lift. The asphalt becomes a shiny silver ribbon beneath the headlights of a car that rounds the curve at the bottom of the hill and begins climbing towards Malcolm, going the other way.

It isn't that late yet but the low grey cloud, reinforced by the darker cloud further down the valley, has turned the afternoon into a dark wet blanket where the world drinks thirstily on what the skies might provide.

'It's fucking pissing down.' Thought Malcolm.

Headlights broke the crest. He was only twenty or so meters from the top of the climb. By the time the driver registered Malcolm in the gloom he was past him.

'Was that someone on the road back there Mildred?' Mildred stirs from her dozing. She'd

been thinking of Rose's wedding and that young chap with the amazing teeth.

'I'm sorry dear, I missed that.'

'Never mind dear, it was probably just a hitchhiker I suppose. Who'd be out in this weather god only knows.'

Malcolm watched the Jag flying past his futile thumb and career down the hill. He looked scrawny in the rain. He was short, but he was also stocky, and the rain ran down his exposed tattooed forearms. It was wet, but it was 'nt that cold. Although it'd cool down tonight. He kicked the duffel bag furiously.

Another car on the hill. Again the sweep of light, zoom and it was gone. Malcolm could see that this was hopeless. He picked up the wounded duffel bag and trudded through the gravelly mud down hill. A car swung up the hill at him heading in the other direction, a truck behind it, grinding down a gear as it hits the incline. Malcolm fixed on a point where the incline began that looked slightly better than useless. For the traffic heading downhill in his direction it would be just where the hill bottomed out. A car mounted the crest behind him and Malcolm swung around to face the headlights of the grey shape as it flew down the hill, his arm outstretched. Zoom. It didn't stop. Malcolm felt a great sense of bitterness as the taillights floated off around the bend.

He was struck by the amount of litter on the side of the road.

'Place is full of pigs.' He thought. He was sure he was right. Those guys had no right to dump him in the middle of nowhere. Then it occurred to him that actually they did have the right, it was their car and he was just a hitchhiker. It made him angrier.

A truck mounted the crest that was fast dissolving into the rain and dusk. Malcolm turned again to the hill, this time facing the growling semi as it broached the crest and began to accelerate into the decline. Malcolm continued to trudge

backwards, facing the truck with his arm outstretched and thumb extended as it accelerated past him. The blast as it passed showered him in spray and wet.

Macka spat as he turned to continue the trudge downhill.

The darkness was closing in fast on the heels of the muddy grey dusk. He heard the distant rumble of thunder in the pause of the dripping dark silence and began to tremble in a mixture of cold, anger, fear and humiliated resentment.

Those bastards had been wrong. He knew that. What the fuck would they know about shit. A small car heading in the other direction rounded the bend and began to climb the hill. It's headlight fell on Malcolm. It reached him and passed the solitary man. Malcolm dropped the duffel bag against the guide pole when he reached the bottom of the decline and took the jacket from his head and shook it out. He dried his hands as best he could on the inside of the drizzle soaked flannelette shirt and fished out the meagre supply of tobacco from the one jacket pocket that didn't have too big a hole. He placed the jacket back on his head, which made him look like some kind of hard-core nun, and concentrated his grizzled gaze on the makings of the cigarette.

A car mounted on the hill and Malcolm was at once pleased; to see the distance he had put between the crest and his current position. This would give the drivers more time to notice him by the side of the road, even if what little shoulder there was, was pretty soft and narrow; and he was also deflated; that the one pleasure he could endure at this time was to have a cigarette, and now this activity had been disrupted by the potential lift now hurtling downhill at him. Malcolm tried to balance the cigarette makings in his right hand, while extending his thumb raised left fist to the road. In the hurried excitement the makings dropped from his right hand as the car whished

past and the tobacco was lost in the mud.

'Shit!' Said Malcolm to nobody.

He began again with the cigarette and had just got it alight when headlights mounted the crest. As it descended Malcolm began flailing away with his left thumb, to no avail. The car slid past. Immediately another came into view. When that one slid past Malcolm gave it the finger, oblivious to his own invisibility.



It was a bad spot. There is no two ways about it. It is a narrow stretch of the highway and it doesn't really open until the other side of Bulahdelah. He had been hoping to get to Newcastle tonight. The darkness was closing in quick and the dusk faded with his chances of reaching that objective. He heard the thunder again.

A convoy of four vehicles, two cars and two trucks swung into view heading in the other direction and began the climb the climb. Malcolm endured the blank stares of the ascending drivers.

Malcolm had spoken his mind in that last car. The country was full of too many slopeheads. Fucking gooks, he had said to the guys. The two surfie looking dudes who had picked him up outside that coon camp at the turn off to Old Bar, outside Taree. What the fuck was their problem? Didn't they have eyes in their head.

They had passed a staggering Mazda with a young Asian couple in the front seats.

'Fucking Slopeheads!' Said Mal from his crushed up position in the back seat of the surfies small sedan.

'What's that?' Said the passenger.

'Those fucking gooks pissing along in that shitbox back there'

'Give it a fucking rest mate.' Said the driver, hunched over the wheel peering into the drizzle that was becoming steady rain.

'What's the fucking matter with ya? Those fuckers are fucking up this place!'

'Look mate, I don't like racism, and I'll tell ya, I don't like racists, all right?' Said the driver, looking at him warningly from the rear vision mirror.

'I'm not racist.' Protested Malcolm. The two guys in the front seat snorted.

'Sure mate.' Said the passenger. 'That's what they all say isn't it?'

Malcolm had sworn and this had been followed by fifteen minutes of uncomfortable silence in the four door sedan. The driver was driving too fast for the conditions but Malcolm didn't care.

'I reckon you either love this country, or you fuck off. And I'm fucked how you can love gooks and love this country.'



'Look mate!' Said the driver. 'I'll throw you out if you don't can that bullshit!'

'What's the matter? Don't you love this country?'

'For fucks sake!'

'They're stopping us from exercising our constitution rights.' Said Malcolm.

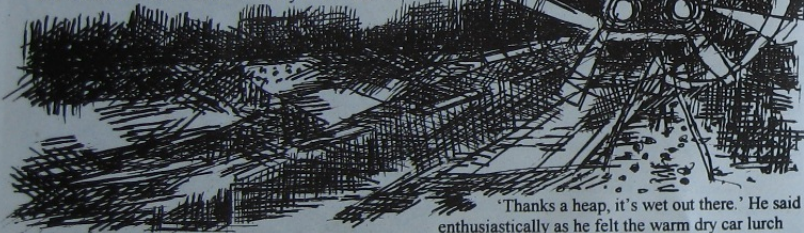
'What?' Said the passenger, swivelling around to get a good look at Mal.
'Our constitution rights. Like our right to bear arms. The fucking Jews and their Asian mates they...'

'Our right to bear what!?!'
'Our right to bear arms. It's in the constitution, but the jews and their...'
'That's the fucking American constitution you too!' Exclaimed the passenger.
'I don't fucking believe this.' Said the driver to the highway in front of him.

'No it's not it's the Aussie constitution. Our right to bear arms. And I'll tell you another thing. Where do you think all the smack comes from, eh?' The driver and the passenger exchanged looks, the driver shook his head and concentrated on the road again. 'It's those fucking gooks.'

'Ah for fucks sake!' Said the driver, they were mounting a crest, he violently swung the vehicle onto the narrow shoulder, spun to face Mal, his face fuming. He pointed at the door.

'Out! Now!'
'Jesus, you don't love Aussie do you?'
And now the rain was tumbling down about Malcolm as he stood forlornly on the side of



the Pacific Highway, somewhere between Taree and Bulahdelah, trying to get to Newcastle.

'Fucking gook lovers.' He muttered. The cars flew past. It was dark now. No one was stopping. He wondered how people could be so stupid. Ryan was right, the jews and slopeheads had this country screwed. People were so fucking dumb they could't even see it. No worry a change was coming soon, and he Malcolm Sean Molloy, would be ready for it. More than ready for it. He welcomed it. And the rain began to teem down and the darkness was all around. There was only the sound of the rain and the feeling of wetness. He pushed stones around in the mush.

Cars flew past, showering him in spray off the road. He was soaked. He started feeling hungry. His cigarette papers were wet. No one was stopping. It was hard to tell time. He had been there for a while.

Finally over the hill came a small sluggish car. Mal began gesticulating wildly. At that speed they should at least be able to see him. As the car passed it slowed and spluttered over onto the shoulder as best it could. Mal grabbed his muddy drenched duffle bag and squelched off quickly towards the car, his spirits soaring.

'You fucking beauty.' He thought. He could see the two shapes in the front seat so as he reached the small sedan he opened the back door, pushed himself in after his duffle bag and squelched across the seat as he pulled the door shut.

'Thanks a heap, it's wet out there.' He said enthusiastically as he felt the warm dry car lurch and move off forward. He looked up at his host. A smiling Asian face beamed back at him from the passenger seat.

'Hello.' Said the passenger. Mal scanned across and saw the driver.
'Christ.' He said and watched the forest sliding past.

'It's a wet night, were going to Newcastle, is that any help?' Asked the driver.

'Yes.' Said Mal softly. 'Yes that will be fine.'

The End.
Copyright, 1998. Phil Doyle

AN APPEAL TO REFORMERS AND REVOLUTIONARIES

It is a very low time for those in Australia who seek a fundamental change in our society. Everywhere socialism, the unions and the left generally are in retreat. Inequalities of wealth and power widen. The environment is being sacrificed for short term considerations of profit and weapons of mass destruction continue to spread.

At this time the Industrial Workers of the World are trying again to become a force in working class politics. Because the IWW fought and lost in Australia and America during the early decades of the century lots of people consider it a Quixotic venture to try again.

There are many who at differing stages in their lives have been attracted to the message of a revolutionary change and have given to it their time and their hopes. As the wave of reaction continues many of these are now left isolated, disillusioned or disappointed. These people the IWW asks to consider our programme.

There can only be two methods of changing a social structure. The first of these is through reforms. That is to try and win positions within the old society, such as parliamentary office or local government and implement our own policy. The fate of the Labor Party, which for many decades tried to convince working people that it wanted to bring about socialism in this fashion, should by now dispel any belief that this can ever be a realistic option. Power can indeed be gained and many small (though admittedly important) changes made. Beyond this it is impossible to

go. Behind the legislature of parliaments lies the real makers of laws and policy- the entrenched and unavoidable power of property. One does not change structures by taking part in the process but rather becomes changed by it.

For this and other reasons many have been drawn to movements seeking revolutionary transformation. The self-seeking and hypocrisy we encounter in our lives makes the smashing of old institutions an attractive position emotionally. But history has furnished us with a large number of examples where those coming to power within the structural void so created have become worse than mirror images of the regimes they deposed. France progressed through Robespierre to Napoleon. Russia went from Lenin and Trotsky liquidating the power of workers soviets to Joseph Stalin. Mao Tse Tung. Pol Pot. And so on. And these are just the successful ones. For every one of these there are many crushed in counter-revolution.

The pattern is clear. Always in this process it is the working person who bears the cost for social experimentation, brutality and egoism.

The IWW programme is different. It is simple. We recognise that as long as the world is divided into economic classes a protracted struggle must go on between these classes. As long as where we work is not democratically controlled all other forms of democratic institution remain shams and insults. By trying to build combative organisation at

grass roots level - and even by spreading ideas of it's possibility- we strive to create the institutions of the new world as we go. For us a revolution is not the handing of a blank cheque to some group to save us. It is the assumption of economic decision making by working people in structured groupings. Groupings that have already won legitimacy in their eyes by being practically tested by the ordinary people controlling them from the bottom up.

Reformers will argue that without their participation in the process of state uranium will be torn from the earth, our tall forests will be laid flat, single parents would be reduced to beggary and all the rest. Exactly this, however, has been the story of the last several decades. It has happened not because there have not been caring and well intentioned people in politics but because they have proven powerless without a rank and file movement of sufficient determination. Given such a movement our rulers will throw down any number of reforms to keep the pack from it's heels. Without the concentration thus given to their minds they will give nothing of importance. Such it has always been.

Please don't make a quick decision. We are quite happy to leave religious conversions to sky pilots. Think about it though. Get more information. Maybe drop us a line and get someone to come and have a chat and then see if it doesn't make sense...

MIKE

Of Loggers and Greenies

IN the last issue of *Direct Action* one wobbly made the argument that the best way to save the environment would be for greenies to abandon blockading and instead concentrate on winning over workers connected to the logging industry. Whilst this sound fine in theory, the fact is that the situation of Australia's forests and forestry industry is a complex one and one that requires different strategies for different situations. In this article I will look at some practical examples of where greens have and haven't made links to workers and argue that like with most situations, a multi-headed strategy is probably the best.

Australia's forests are in trouble and as a result so is the industry that lives off them. Recent years have seen a combination of technological change, overseas imports and declining yields (largely through over logging) lead to a downturn in industry profits. In turn the industry has come down on both workers and begun hitting the forests harder. Due to cosy deals with politicians the logging magnates in Victoria are only paying between 9 cents and \$1.50 per cubic metre of timber. The state government's own reports state that they should be paying at minimum \$10 per cubic metre and that the price breaks are allowing them to undercut and destroy recycling and plantation alternatives. In WA the government's own reports have indicated that they need to cut logging by at minimum 100 000 cubic metres per year if they are to be able to continue logging in the next millennium. The picture is largely the same across Australia where ever increasing clearfelling is destroying the forests and where decreasing profits and the weakness of logging unions (largely the CFMEU) are destroying wages and conditions.



So how do we get out of this situation and other such situations where workers are trapped in anti-social industries. Do we organise to get better wages and conditions for the nuclear power workers, the uranium miners, the security guards, the police, the debt collectors, the munitions workers, the military, etc in the hope that they will also force their industry to clean up its act or abolish it themselves? Or do we recognise that many of these workers live in subcultures where they believe that their industry is in itself good and instead act directly as workers and in the community to abolish and change the industries from the outside? I think that we need to do both and that which form activism we prioritise will vary depending on the area, the nature of the industry and the existing attitudes of the workers themselves. The following practical examples should illustrate this argument.

I myself lived in Perth for many years and was a member of the groups called Campaign For Native Forests (CSNF) and the Perth Rainforest Action Group (PRAG). We put a lot of effort into formulating practical economic alternatives to mass logging and getting them out to workers and others living in logging communities. The Green Party for all its faults did the same and succeeded in addressing a number of factories and chip mills over their workable alternatives. We

held a few small protests in the city, but no blockades of logging. We went out on day trips and met up with people from the department handling logging as well as some workers and locals and discussed our ideas and listened to theirs. We made efforts to avoid their stereotypes of ourselves and remain polite even when abused. We supported small har-

vesters who were developing more efficient ways of logging and harvesting timber. When logging workers in WA during the late 1980s suffered major redundancies and wage cuts we offered our help to the union and the few contacts we had at the grassroots. The majority of the green movement was not involved in such projects at this time as they preferred to try and cut cushy deals with the government. At the same time though these groups did little to antagonise workers and failed to stop any logging anyway.

In all these instances we received nothing but hostility from both the union and workers. One old timer came out and had a go at the other workers telling them that they were cutting their own throats, but even he was ignored. Had we even gotten a small inkling that someone beyond him was listening then we would have continued. Instead anyone who looked like a green had to be extremely careful around logging towns as attacks on people were not unknown. Shortly after the redundancies the union organised for Graeme Campbell to come down from Kalgoorlie and lead an anti-green march through Manjimup (main logging and chipping town). Whilst some workers were coerced into going the majority appeared to attend quite willingly and to prefer attacking the green movement over their own bosses. I should also mention that this time the green

movement had no success in getting the government to lower the level of logging due to the state government's "resource security" deals. In fact we were on the back foot with the industry cutting into forest reserves and the fringes of National Parks.

In this case a worker based strategy obviously wasn't getting anywhere—company and union propaganda combined with existing prejudices meant the workers were not in anyway disposed to working with greens to improve their situation and that of the forests. Blockades and direct action are almost always employed as a last result and WA has been no exception. Only in the last year with blockades attended by sports stars such as Mick Malthouse, Luke Longley and Craig Turley has the government been forced to look more closely at the industry and commission independent reports (which incidentally have damned them). Given the power of the industry significant change is still unlikely, but the rate of logging is currently being slowed through direct action and the general public is being won over. A worker based strategy and no blockades for twenty years won none of this. A number of forests saved in Northern NSW and Queensland (including Terania Creek, parts of the Daintree and Chaelundi) also bear witness to the effectiveness of blockade style direct action whilst less successful blockades have helped cut down the rate of illegal logging and prevent loggers moving into other areas.

This is not to say that attempts to win over workers are wasted. At the same time as CSNF was failing to convince loggers to change their industry from within Perth RAG was successfully holding up rainforest imports with the help of wharfies and internal contacts among the harbour workers and bureaucracy. Politically the wharfies were always going to be more likely to support us due to their traditional role in the union movement and were clearly unhappy about being employed in such anti-ecological activities. We had an agreement that where possible they would help tip us off if rainforest imports were coming

in and also for as long as we were on the docks they would halt working. They occasionally also applied blackbans. Melbourne RAG had similar agreements as well and a number of stunning successes that saw timber held up in port for days on end. As a result of our support from workers we were more easily able to impede the unloading of timber from forests that had been levelled in Indonesia and Malaysia. Whilst many of our blockades were short in duration they also

The situation of Australia's forests and forestry industry is a complex one and . . . requires different strategies for different situations.

got good media coverage which aided in our attempts to get consumers to boycott rainforest timber. The timber still came in, but we did a cut a large chunk out of the importers profits and convince some building workers and craftsmen to change the timber they were using.

Another practical example of loggers and greens working together has been in Daylesford where excellent links have been made between the Wombat Forest Society and local workers. Loggers in that area have realised that their industry has very few years of life left unless they get plantations up and running and reduce clearfelling. They have attended protests and meetings and kicked out union officials who have attempted to sabotage such solidarity. Unfortunately none of this has actually slowed the rate of logging, but it does bode well for the future.

Other examples of greens attempting and occasionally successfully building links can be easily found. For example Friends of the Earth (Victoria) and the Gippsland Forest campaigns made valiant, but doomed

attempts to link up with workers. One resident greenie in Gippsland wrote apolitical nature columns in the local paper for a number of years in the hope of interesting people in their environment and got nothing but abuse. Its safe to say that whilst many greens fit the mould of the hippy idiot or careerist stereotype a significant minority are interested in organising with workers (indeed anyone) to fix up the mess.

In closing I'll cite one more example that shows clearly why we can't apply any one blanket solution to dealing with these problems. In the Otways region of Victoria local industry is not under threat from job cut backs in the logging industry, but by logging itself. The overwhelming majority of workers in the region are linked to the tourist industry. Most of the logging work is done by Gippsland contractors employing a minimum of local labour before sending the timber out of the region to be processed. Overcutting and clearfelling is threatening the expansion of tourism whilst providing little revenue for the local community.

Despite years of discussion and debate with the loggers and the contractors no headway was being made. So in 1996 a popular blockade was begun in combination with an organised local and national boycott of companies using woodchips from the area. This has seen some success with at least one company, Kleenex, switching over to plantation sources. In return the CFMEU has not sought to negotiate with greenies (despite overtures made to them), but has organised loggers to counter blockade greens. This action has done nothing, but further turn locals against the union and loggers and allow the greens a victory of sorts as none of the loggers are working whilst they are sitting on the blockade. Surely in a case like this industrial support from local non logging workers combined with direct action from greenies has proved the correct course.

For practicality and the intelligent use of tactics.

Yours, Member X.

It is becoming ever apparent that present processes of political decision making are not meeting the needs of most of the population. Many issues aren't properly addressed, for example acknowledging Wik, funding cutbacks to child care, labour disputes such as the waterside workers issue, tertiary fees, uranium mining and the export of wood chips are matters most of us have opinions on. Political decisions however, are often railroaded over the top of us whether we like it. Which political party holds power is for many people becoming increasingly meaningless and irrelevant.

How can a better democracy be achieved to give us a greater say in matters affecting our lives and the environment around us? Our rulers say we live in a democracy, yet we have only minimal say in what goes on. A government is elected every three years and we have little control in between, over what it does. More importantly, many significant decisions are made by unelected people. How accountable are the heads of big corporations? The minority who run the economy, most of the political agenda and whose production methods are polluting the waters, air and soil at an unprecedented pace. Workable democracy must be accessible and participatory. Until we have political and economic direct democracy we do not have true democracy.

The recent success of the One Nation Party is a clear

indication that a lot of people are not happy with how things are. The pot needed a stir and Pauline Hanson's criticisms are easy to make yet she's not offering true solutions. Talking about going back to the nostalgia of decades past ignores a lot in the present. Such ultra right, anti ethnic, extreme nationalist views are about two goose steps to the left of full blown facism. It's been on the rise in Europe the past decade and this is how it's manifested here. Playing upon sentiment and the fear within the community is not offering to change the political institutions that prevent the will of the majority being heard. One Nation in reality can offer only authoritarianism and repression, less democracy not more.

Voting for the Labor Party or any of the other mainstream parties is hardly creating a solution either, it just gives them a chance to misrepresent us for another 3 years and nothing really changes. Not that there aren't some people in politics with integrity, the individuals are not so much the problem as how the decisions are made. The agendas of political parties seeking to hold power for powers sake, set priorities at odds with representative politics. Democracy does not mean the rule of political parties it means the rule of the people. Greater democracy requires less representation and more participation. Fraser, Hawke, Keating, Howard they come and go, while for the true power brokers, the media moguls and

multinationals, it's business as usual.

Information and communication technologies make participatory democracy easily accessible to us all. All of us ought to be able to have a say, understanding too that greater democracy does not mean every time getting one's own way. Yet, what else can give us better control over our lives and the direction our society takes? A political agenda can be accessed on a computer at home, in the public library or why not in the TAB if need be.

Direct Democracy is a great leap forward from outdated political institutions, philosophies and processes that give us very little real say. History's lessons have shown that democracy only comes from people demanding it. Our present political philosophies and institutions and representative decision making evolved 2 to 3 centuries ago when the English, French and American revolutions overthrew aristocratic political rule and feudal mercantile economics, replacing them with liberal political processes and a capitalist economy. The results have been major social changes, parliaments, industrialisation literacy and the rise of corporate power and global, ecological devastation. Representative political rule is nice in theory, yet it's not working properly and it's absurd to assume it to be the highest form of politics that could ever be evolved in human society.

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Team sport at it's very best becomes a classic example of cooperative endeavour. That is, solidarity. But consumerism has even turned sport into something that is just another corporate commodity.

In the early eighties we saw the demise of the South Melbourne Football Club and the Newtown Rugby League Club. More recently we have seen the abandonment of the Fitzroy Football Club. Some of these defunct Australian Football clubs were reinvented as interstate entities. This masked the poverty of tradition that exists with club sides that were imposed upon communities from outside.

Now there is pressure within the National Rugby League to extinguish six sides from the National competition. Clubs with a rich and strong tradition like Souths and Wests will be sacrificed at the expense of clubs that have been constructed as a marketing exercise imposed, once again, onto communities by outside interests.

These clubs that have fallen by the wayside in this brave new corporate football world were, by and large, struggling clubs at the time they were axed. But even in this role they played an important function. That of the underdog.

The role of the underdog becomes a very powerful symbol, which is why so many sections of this society are prepared to accord respect and admiration for the underdog.

The underdog shows us people working together to overcome seemingly insurmountable obstacles; It shows us the importance of keeping a sense of hope; It shows us the value of loyalty and solidarity in a crisis; And it also illustrates the nature of life - which is as full of disappointment as it is of reward.



A far more mature and realistic world view than the impossible rhetoric of unlimited and constant success that is foisted upon modern society.

These underdog clubs acted as powerful metaphors for the modern world for tens of thousands of Australians. Clubs like Brisbane or Carlton could

win any number of flags, but a win in the home and away rounds could be celebrated with as much relish by Fitzroy or Newtown supporters.

Organised sport stemmed from communities developing institutions that used sporting endeavour to represent communities. These communities were geographically based in Rugby League, Rugby Union and Australian Rules, and traditionally ethnically based in soccer. The passionate tribalism that characterises club support in this country developed from this base in the community.

Corporate sport revolves around the idea that the game is owned. It ends up being owned, at the competition level, at the team level and at the media level. In the last twenty years major sports in this country have borrowed from the United States and English Soccer in terms of merchandising, club organisation, marketing and promotion.

Recently we have seen individual teams in various codes being owned, not by the communities they represent, but by individuals. And increasingly they are run as companies - with the idea of making a profit.

The corporate world relates closely to sport through the powerful metaphor of competition. The problematic nature of unfettered competition is that it produces only one winner and a multitude of losers - hardly conducive to either a

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democratic outcome, nor is it consistent with the greatest good for the greatest number.

While losing on a sporting field is one thing, losing economically does horrible things to people - physically, mentally and emotionally. It is a form of violence as sure as if someone had come along with a baseball bat and beat the living bejesus out of a person.

Corporate Australia and it's economic evangelists mine heavily the metaphor of sport. Using such language as the level playing field, playing by the rules, obeying the Umpire, etc.

This is a great device to mask the fact that the relationship between corporate community and the living community is a lop sided one - with a lot more power residing in the Boardrooms of this country than the lounge rooms of suburbia.

Sport, and contact sport in particular, is organised conflict. Conflict can be dramatic and entertaining, especially when it involves specific mental and physical skills.

Sport has played out dramatic conflicts of society and class (How great it was to see Manly beaten by Western Suburbs in the eighties, or Melbourne beaten anytime!) This is when sport has acted as a great symbol of community solidarity.

Now corporate Australia seeks to tap into that solidarity when it is successful so that it can use the one thing that capital has used through the ages to diffuse potentially subversive ways of thinking - it turns it into a commodity. It's done it with environmentalism, with feminism, and now it is doing it with one of the last great bastions of community and public solidarity, popular

sport.

This also destroys the co-operative role of sport, as the goal becomes less the fate of the team and it's players and more related to the financial performance of the club and it's financial backers.

The disgusting thing about this is that corporate Australia has done jack shit to support the passionate sense of community that underlies sport, and in other areas it has actively opposed it. And now, because sport has grown and thrived through the sacrifice of thousands of passionate individuals, it seeks to step in and take the public for a ride by flogging fourteen or sixteen different flavours of the same product.

Corporate sport has less to do with team solidarity and more to do with turning conflict and violence into a commodity.

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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 centering 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.

DON'T MOAN, ORGANISE!

Direct Democracy! All policy decisions of the IWW are made by referendum, not by a few big knobs in some smoky back room. Worldwide, the IWW has just one moderately-paid officer—the General Secretary-Treasurer. The 7-member General Executive Board is elected annually by the membership of the IWW. All officers are mandated and recallable. General Membership and Job Branches are autonomous; they decide bargaining and strategy for themselves.

To Join: Cut out or photocopy and complete the form below. Send it to: IWW, PO Box 152, Birdwood SA 5234, or contact your local delegate.

The IWW:
An Affordable Union!
For monthly income up to \$1000, \$5 dues pcm / between \$1000 - \$2000, \$10 / over \$2000, \$15.
Initiation fee is equal to one month's dues.
You can join the IWW for as little as \$10...

I affirm that I am a worker and that I am not an employer
 I agree to abide by the IWW constitution and regulations
 I agree to study its principles and acquaint myself with its purposes

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Membership includes a subscription to *Direct Action*

DIRECT DEMOCRACY continued

Democracy needs to be more participatory and less representative, not just in parliament but also in bureaucracies and unions. How many of us presently participate in the running of our society? Governments and corporations need to be more directly accountable so that the will of the majority is not just being heard but acted upon. By upholding political processes we give away our power to participate. Continuing to vote

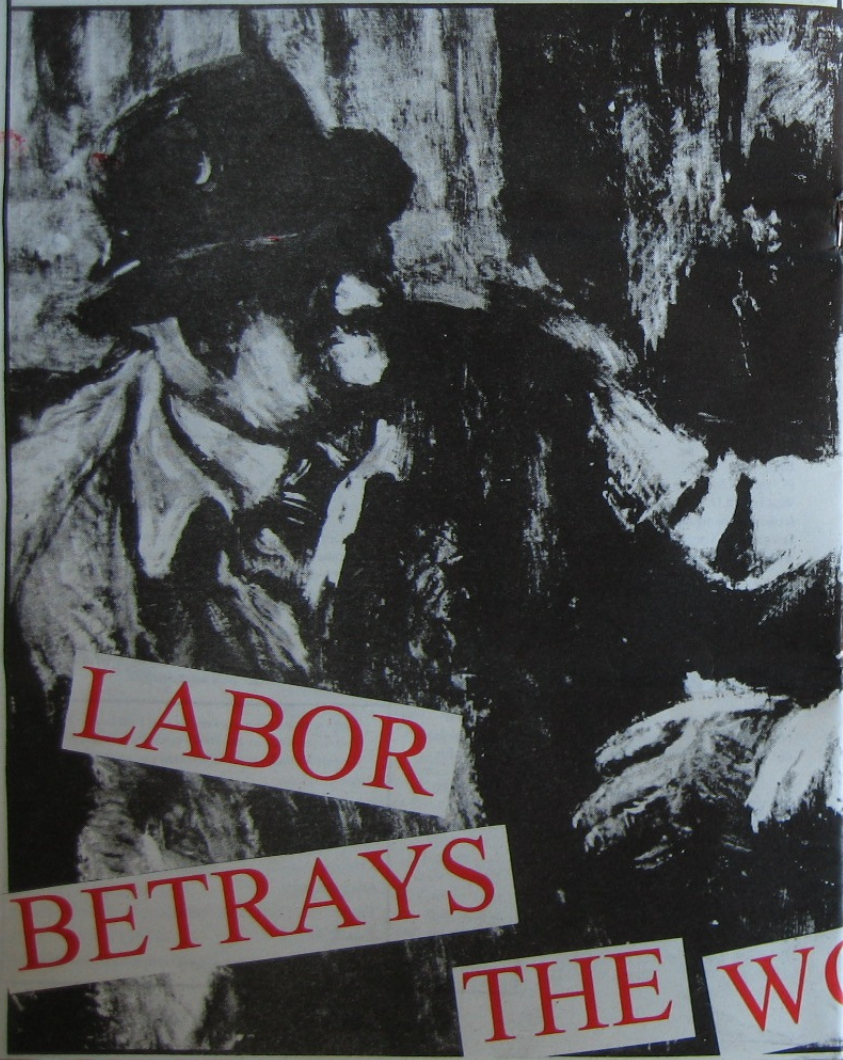
for mainstream political parties will change little. The technology is available to make participatory democracy a reality.

Solving social problems involves making mistakes, achieving successes and above all learning from them. How better can relevance and meaning become part of our social decision making processes than for us to be included in it.

PETER

STRIKE
ON
fast
workers
die
young
THE
slow
down
and
live
JOB

**PAPER OF THE INDUSTRIAL
WORKERS OF THE WORLD**



**LABOR
BETRAYS
THE WO**