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ONE PENNY.

ARBITRATION JOKES.

Why Contrast Contracts? Why Agree to Agreements With Which You Can't Agree? Awards that Don't Award!

Why don't you drop your alitches, you slaves of crafts and other "grafs"...

Drop 'em if you wish to survive the big industrial war that is being fought in four continents at least...

Let us see. First of all you go to work, or else you don't. You get a job that you don't like...

Why not get down to bare facts and look them in the face? If you want air instances, or examples, where awards and arbitration courts have demonstrated their futility...

Judge Higgins, of the Federal Arbitration Court, has called for Europe, via America, but he told us before he said...

The engineers, in the coal mines of the Newcastle district, struck the other day. They had a grievance. It was a long-standing one...

Struck again—struck again—come again—done again! Same old story—nothing new!

What this paper would like to know is when are you silly "cratics" going to learn what is good for you? You strike and strike, and strike and strike...

would teach you the lesson the "ONE BIG UNION" is striving to teach—overwhelmingly! Organization: Emancipation must indubitably follow...

It is generally accepted—absorb this, ye "cratics"—that the ignorant and uneducated are the ones who are the most to be feared...

To our mythical devil with assumptions! Let us get back to facts!

Let's have some more of arbitrations and "awards"! In December, 1912, that particular portion of the proletariat—known as the tramway men, in Adelaide, went on strike to better their conditions...

Following morning! What a joke! If you look upon it that way, having won, the men went back to work. Do you silly-for-arbitrationists wish any more of it, or have you had enough?

With "awards" protruding from every pocket, they went on the job again. They naturally went to the tram sheds. A surprise awaited them! It read something like this:

Absolutely equivalent to ordering Hizzoner Judge Higgins to get out. He has, by the way. Still, he may come back. If you working men will stand for a "come-back"...

The notification referred to above was signed by the manager of THE ADELAIDE MUNICIPAL TRAMWAY TRUST, and stated distinctly and definitely that if the employees were not prepared to go back under the TRAMWAY'S OLD CONDITIONS they could go to hell.

Like all of the hide-bound craft unionists, they are on their way there, in an industrial sense. They are protesting, consequently, although in consequence, although they received an award from Hizzoner Higgins eighteen months ago, it has not awarded in any great extent to date...

Premier Watt, of Victoria, was fined two cold the other day. If this is worth those same two minutes, a Labour member should be fined two hundred at least, whatever the offence.

Short Arm Jolts. Pertinent and Impertinent.

The strikes which Russian workers have entered upon as a protest against the suspension of several Socialist members of the Duma for disorderly interruptions, is extending to St. Peters—News Item.

Strange, how the politicians who are so ready to belittle direct action cannot protect themselves without the aid of those "ignorant" workers.

A debate was held at the University the other evening, between Law and Science students. Science affirmed and Law opposed, "That trades unionism is inimical to the welfare both of the workers and the general public." Law won.

When trades unionism is endorsed at a capitalist University it is time that workers began seriously to think. We suggest that the next subject at the University should be, "That Industries are the deadly enemy of hypocritical parasites." We'll affirm.

"During the funeral obsequies of the Duke of Argyll at Westminster Abbey, the anthem, "I heard a voice from Heaven," was impressively sung"—Cable.

Doubtless it was the voice of the evicted tenants of the Argyll estate preparing a reception for the Duke at the top of the Golden Stairs.

"The perfume from the many floral offerings was almost overpowering," adds the cable. Not so much as the nauseous drive of the press over the death of this Prince of Plunder.

Slim dwellers, take heart! The National Council of Women, headed locally by the Lady Strickland and, internationally, by the Countess of Aberdeen, is going to take up the cudgels for you. But we are dubious, after all—Slime and titles are some of the inevitable products of capitalism.

The "Sun," by the way, commenting editorially on this movement, remarks that, "It came as a surprise to this paper to learn, some time ago, that some wretched tenements in a very bad sub-district in Sydney were owned by a clergyman!"

Mr. W. Rasser, secretary of the Separation of Labor, is advocating a new political party. All the political parties, Mr. Sec, that you can beled, will be just that same piffle it always was.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Please notice that this issue of "DIRECT ACTION" has now become a fortnightly. Your yearly subscription, Follow-Worker, will cost you no more on that account.

It is the intention of the Industrial Workers of the World to publish a weekly paper, within the next few weeks, and if you belong to the class-conscious end of this movement, and are really sincere in your desire to make "The One Big Union" a success, your financial aid toward that end will be good of your sincerity.

REMEMBER THAT A MOVEMENT WITHOUT A PRESS IS A MOVEMENT DOOMED TO FAILURE.

STRIKES AND SENTIMENT!

Bakers' Batch of "Daily Bread" Botched. Their "Cake" is Now "Dough"! Why "Public Welfare" in Class Warfare?

The recent strikes of bakers in Sydney affords another illustration of the faculty of Craft Unionism, as inspired by Labour politicians and Arbitration advocates.

With the results of that strike, in so far as the actual working conditions in the bakery trade are involved, we are not here concerned. The rank and file of the bakers are the best judges of what conditions they shall work under. But the tactics adopted, and the attitude taken up by other unions in allied trades is worthy of special notice.

Right at the very onset we had even the bread-carriers discussing the attitude they should adopt in the event of a strike, as if there could be two answers to such a question. Then we were treated to the spectacle of the Newcastle bakers, who not content with remaining at work and thereby helping to defeat the strike had it lasted for any length of time, actually sending a wire at the most crucial moment in the dispute, condemning their fellow workers for taking action to better their conditions. Nearer home, the same remarks apply for the officials of those unions connected with the food supply. The higher lights at the Trades Hall, as well as the Labour politicians and Ministers in Parliament, were all unanimous in joining the capitalist press in a chorus of disapproval at the action of a section of the workers in daring to defy "constituted authority, their elected representatives" etc. and making, some conscious effort of their own to have a word to say on job conditions.

In face of such opposition, even the paltry concession gained, is a tribute to the solidarity of the rank and file of the bakers.

But the most remarkable feature of this strike—if it can be so-called, was the manner in which all concerned were anxious to assure us, at the beginning, that there would be no shortage of bread—strike or no strike. Master Bakers and Unionists, Strikers and Non-strikers, as well as those in charge of the State Bakery, each and all were unanimous in their desire to see the "General Public" supplied, that "General Public" about whose material welfare the capitalist press pretends to be so violently anxious when a strike is in progress. But the great majority, on normal occasions, may be starved, damned or crucified, so far as that same press is concerned, provided they only do so without howling.

Now, it must be plain even to the bedridden brain of a Craft Unionist, that if a tactic is sound for the boss, when a strike is on, it cannot possibly be to the benefit of the strikers also.

If they are straining all efforts to keep the market supplied with a certain commodity when a strike is on, it is not because that commodity is in progress, it is the plain duty of the strikers themselves, to take steps to cut off the supply whether produced under good conditions or bad, by "non" or non-strike, and that too, in the quietest and most direct means possible.

"What!" they shout, "you would cut off the bread supply, and the workers themselves would be the worst sufferers!" Bread is looked upon as a necessity, today, but is not absolutely so. In every street and byway of this city there are plenty of substitutes for bread piled high in the shops, warehouses and storerooms, all produced by the brain and the brain of workers themselves. If they stood quietly by while the master-class appropriated these good things, they most assuredly would deserve to suffer and starve. Of course, I mean that these things should be BOUGHT by the workers. Perhaps! Perhaps not! What I do mean is, that if the workers had been educated in the science of strikeology, further explanation on this point would be superfluous.

Had even the semblance of such tactics been advocated, and the workers employed in the distribution of food supplies made common cause, the master class of Sydney would have something to be proud of! But let us look next time, Brother Bakers! Like most of your brother-crafts, you have yet, apparently, some road to travel before you realize that you are not to have ANY EMPLOYING CLASS AND THE EMPLOYING CLASS HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON, more especially in a strike. The "General Welfare of the Community," about which you trouble your weary souls—being so well coached by the prole scab—has always meant the damnation of you and your class.

Even if there were any truth in it, such a cry, there is no room for sentiment in this struggle. The class struggle is the most hard, cold and pitiless war ever waged in human history.

When opposing armies meet, each other they know the time has come to fight, and each side fights with it, irrespective of sentimental qualms about the sufferings of the slain, or the widows and orphans they may leave behind.

The strike is a battle in class warfare. Sentiment finds no place in its tactics, and it should be waged until victory is achieved, or until defeat is so apparent that even the intellect of a savage can recognize it.

Mr. Worker, go back to work and—prepare to do better next time.

But do not whine to a capitalist judge, or to a labour politician, who will scold you for your unbelief, and do anything for YOU, you failed to do it for yourself. If you do, you have lost your manhood and, like every cringing cur, will get more kicks than morsels!

A study of I.W.W. methods, which include sabotage, is then—as it is always—your only salvation. T.G.

Parliamentarianism—Pure.

You fat-headed toilers did not imagine when you sent your representatives to Parliament, that they should sit on the floor of the House, while your problems were discussed by the pillow of that blanket. Yesterday's "Herald" says so, anyhow, and also tells you, unambiguously, that twelve hours of work is not enough to buy your politicians a "dose." They haven't the wits to rise to a decent "bop" outside, and so it seems your representatives are to be sent to the Federal Parliament, indulged in a recreational flight as to which of YOU are responsible for the pillow of that blanket. We don't you buy them all blankets and pillows, Mr. Political Activist! Let 'em sleep like you are doing!

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

Howed by the weight of centuries, he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face.
And on his back, the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not, and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal law?
Whose waste was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land,
To trace the constellations through the power,
To furl the pastion of Eternity?
Is this the dream, He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of off to its last gift
There is no form more terrible than this—
More tawdry with centre of the World's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the Universe.

What gifts between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of Labour, what to him
Are Plato, and the swain of Pileades?
What are the long reaches of the peaks of song?
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look,
Times tawdry in its that aching story,
Through this dread shape, Humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and dishonoured,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O, masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handwork you give us to God,
This monstrous thing, distorted and soul quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape?
Give back the upward looking and the light,
Rebuild it in the music and the dreams,
Touch it again with immortality,
Make right the immemorial wrongs,
Perfidious wrongs, immeasurable wrongs?
O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with the man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When the whirlwinds of rebellion shake the World?
How will it be with kingdoms, and with kings;
With those who slake him to the thing he is,
When the dumb Terror shall bring to God
After the silence of the centuries?

EDWIN MARKHAM

Direct Action



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THE BALLOT.

Its Possibilities & Otherwise

It has been frequently asserted by revolutionists that the ballot as a weapon towards working-class emancipation is at best but a procrustean of civil war, a weapon which is really but a boomerang of the most up-to-date invention.

How clearly this assertion is borne out by facts, recent industrial and political history illustrates.

When the Governor-General of South Africa in the so-called riots of July last, called upon the military, without consulting Parliament, to assert by force the supremacy of colonial capitalism on the Rand, and the right of the capitalist class to exploit unscrupulously and without interference, he was giving only a blood and material significance to the oft-expressed opinion of revolutionists that the ballot is the greatest fraud ever perpetrated upon a long-suffering and over-patient working class.

Thus we find, at the time of the recent revolt in South Africa, one of the capitalist organs declaring that the deposition of a few of the prominent, but justifiable from the point of view, "of the commercial and business interests of the community."

It is not surprising, therefore, that the "Sydney Morning Herald" should come forward and inform us, as prophecies of the recent political situation in things in the world to say "THE POWER OF A GOVERNOR BEGINS."

One of the powers to select the man who is to be treated with the Friendship. Though constitutionally a government is supposed to be held in the hands of its ministers, regard to the appointment of a new premier, and may even look for a dual government in Parliament, if he is not a certain condition from the fact of one, determining issue of the "Herald" shall the Revolutionists.

please digest—"Another absolute decision that remains with a Governor is that relating to the dissolution of Parliament."

"We can dissolve Parliament when he likes."

This is fairly candid. In the past quarter of a century we have been fairly deluged with appeals to "strike at the ballot box" and put an end to exploitation, but now we are unceremoniously informed that should there be any desire on the part of our elected savours to carry out our protest, the Governor may suspend Premiers, Parliaments, Politicians and their perks, and rule as his masters—the Capitalist Class—may direct.

Such a position, as we have already pointed out, could only have one result—civil war. Now, the workers are neither armed nor organized for civil war; neither are they ready for any other kind of struggle for the matter. So when industrial Unionists point out to them the absolute necessity of perfect industrial organization, as the only method by which armed and organized capitalism can be met and defeated, it is rather peculiar to hear the Parliamentary Labourites and Socialists vying with each other, and incidentally, with the capitalist press, in denouncing the "direct actionist" "promoters of violence. Physical forceists, etc., etc."

It is not often that the capitalist press makes a slip of this kind in giving the workers' eyes to the face of our so-called democracy. Its function, generally, is to lull the workers into the belief that everything they desire can be accomplished by parliamentary and constitutional methods.

This was to be expected, as a matter of course; but the tragedy of the working class movement has been, and is, that hundreds of thousands of workers are still living in that Pook's Paradise, not because of the capitalist press, but because of similar insidious teaching on the part of those whom the workers themselves have raised to positions of privilege and of others aspiring to such positions.

Everything, however, points to the fact that the workers are slowly awakening from this hypnotic sleep. Capitalism, itself, is becoming an outcast, through press, parliament and spook, that no longer can there be doubt with regard to its real intentions.

Direct Actionists have never had any illusions as to what their intentions are. To dominate, to exploit and hold in subjection, by fair means or foul, whether legal or illegal, that great mass of humanity who have for ages been coming to minister to their well-being and comfort.

The I.W.W. is the only organization, to-day, that is sounding the clarion of revolt. In spite of abuse, misrepresentation and persecution, its propaganda is making tremendous headway.

It steadfastly refuses to be side-tracked by the catch-words and phrases of politicians, rulers and lawyers. It is revolutionary, yet evolutionary; materialistic in its aims, yet ideal in the only one worth fighting for! The World for the Workers and economic Freedom for all!

Mission of Churches.

The Same Yesterday, Today and Forever.

The Rev. Terras, new Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of New South Wales, in his address to his congregation, on being appointed to his new job, in reassuring those persons that there was going to be no alteration in the nature of his Church to the working-class, so far as he was concerned.

The subject, indeed, has been the principal item of business lately, when two or three are gathered to pray, "to teach them the higher ideals of service" to be faithful in their duties, and generally to behave as engaged, loving, Christian slaves ought to be.

After getting off his chest the stereotyped line about the "Dignity and Nobility" of Labour, this member of the work-shy brotherhood, informed us that "The Mission of the Church is to teach servants not to be over-anxious about material things, but of service" to be faithful in their duties, and generally to behave as engaged, loving, Christian slaves ought to be.

Further on, the reverend Dioko remarks that "While those who were called employers might give a certain portion of THEIR wealth to those who were instrumental in the production of it, the real wages of the workers would yet be paid by God!"

One can quite understand why the gentleman opened his address by gravely informing his audience that "There was nothing more useful in the world than salt and light."

Statements of this kind require a good proportion of the former commodity, before the average twentieth century slave can swallow them. As for ourselves, we would not be averse to the "light" on whom God is going to open up and discharge some of those back debts, owing by most of the bald-headed gentry in the Rev. Terras's congregation.

On the whole we are rather inclined to think that on this question of wages (as in other matters) God helps those who help themselves.

Yes, we are afraid the mission of the Church is pretty well what it was in the beginning, and may still be: To induce the workers to accept a blank cheque on eternity.

THEY'LL GET PIE IN THE SKY WHEN THEY DIE. T. GYLYN.

THE PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

The article below was written by a boy of fifteen years, without assistance. The youthful author has also attended the I.W.W. meetings and has sent a few weeks and seemingly absorbed some of its propaganda.—E.D.

The problem of unemployment is more acute, as worker after worker is fast becoming one of the greatest in Capitalistic Society. In Australia to-day, this problem is growing more and being displaced, and forced to suffer all the horrors of unemployment, starvation, and its consequent degradation and misery.

The article in this country every year, of thousands of emigrants, of thought by the average wage-slave, to be the cause of unemployment, but they forget that this curse is worldwide, and that these workers have themselves been forced to leave the land of their birth by the unemployment existing there. Unemployment is found to-day in every part of the world where capitalists exploit workers.

The real cause of unemployment is that the workers have not reduced the hours of labour in proportion to the productivity of the machine.

In other words, the worker of to-day, with the modern scientific machinery at his command, can produce far more of the commodities which are essential for the use of the society than could the worker of any ten, twenty, or a hundred years ago. Consequently, a smaller number of workers are required, and more unemployed.

The effect of unemployment on the conditions of the wage-slave, is to increase the competition for jobs, and, in consequence, lower the wages and makes the position of the worker more acute, as worker after worker is forced to take a job at any price, and the fear of the sack causes the "idiot" to work at the utmost limits of endurance. It makes "success" of the employed and scabs of the unemployed.

The only solution of this huge problem is that proposed by industrial Unions, namely, to organize all wage-workers in such a way they will be enabled to shorten their hours, slow down the output of the mines, factories, and workshops, by systematic sabotage, and so provide more work for the jobless, which will automatically raise the wages and better the conditions of all workers, and the day comes when we will abolish unemployment, not only among the workers, among the capitalist class as well.

F. J. CALLAGHAN.

The Slaves of Australia Need a WEEKLY PAPER Of Their Own.

FELLOW WORKERS! If you work you can make a Weekly of

Direct Action.

The Preamble of the I.W.W.

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

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

We find that the 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 workers in the same industry, thereby helping to defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

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

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

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism; struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of a new society within the shell of the old.

Knowing, therefore, that such an organization is absolutely necessary for our emancipation, we unite under the following constitution:

HOW TO JOIN.

Any wage worker wishing to join the Industrial Workers of the World can obtain information by applying to the nearest local I.W.W. secretary, member, or by making application through the post to any secretary listed in the paper.

Do you agree to abide by the constitution? Will you diligently study its principles and make yourself acquainted with its purposes?

Name _____
Occupation _____
Industry _____
Street Address _____
City _____
State _____

The above applicant, having subscribed to the principles of the pre his desire to become a member, the affirmative to the questions, expressed and is therefore recommended for membership.

To Local Union No. _____
By _____
Initiation _____

Cut this out, fill in the form, post to Sec. Treas. with Initiation Fee.

REVOLUTION AND THE I. W. W.

(From THE FORUM)

(Continued from last week.)

The cold-bloodedness of the industrial state extends through its impersonality. It is precisely this impersonality which makes an industrial revolution so much more difficult than a political one. It is a mechanism we have to deal with—a colossal machine of investment, exploitation, and profit gathering, that takes no heed of man. The industrial state is utterly indifferent to the virtue of its female, or the domestic status of its male wage slaves. It is a fratricidal affair—this Fourth Estate. It is a property controlling mechanism which measures the value by its labour power, and is after profits, marriage and divorce, then are not the "problems" of revolution. The frequency with which they are discussed in contemporary literature is no index of revolutionary growth. The revolution is not a political matter in the slightest degree related to the university of exploitation. To state that marriage would be affected by proletarian control of industry would be to consider that revolution is guided by the popularity of the Ibsen-Shaw-Strindberg school is equally fallacious.

And yet, with exasperating persistency the philologist continues to confuse revolution with such "problems". The revolution is not a "problem"; the revolution is a life to be lived; it is a mode of self-expression. In creating a proletarian structure to combat and conquer the industrial state, in the daily battles of the war we have declared upon the private ownership of the machine process, we are living the revolution into being.

Those to whom the revolution is a rallying ground for every passing whim, who mistake the increase of tolerance in morals and the growth of numerous cultural innovations for a real advance. A false and malicious optimism is thus engendered.

MORE DIRECT ACTION.

In "God's Own" New Zealand, the other day, in a camp called Takapanu, there were a big bunch of Williams Ferguson Messers' Territorials, who were ordered several extra days in camp without sundonals, or clean socks therefor.

The lads weren't at all delighted at serving Benedictine Bill, and George Wetton for six per diem, so they developed syndicalist tactics very suddenly.

They got an idea that a lively time would bring results, and so it did.

They kicked up a Donnybrook in the lines, and tried to chew a piece out of the ear of the guard. Then they turned the attention to the classic establishment where the Hay has persons—the officers were gulping down decayed dog, and alcoholic poison. The Percy's (have) half) hash chamber, promptly placed hors combat, and things generally hummed.

Some of the Kurnels, who have graduated from the Blood and Fire Brigade, put in some good work praying for quietness.

For two hours, there was a general strike, which however, terminated, with the Camp Commandant swore with his Z's making (pronounced to rhyme), that the bunch could not lolly pop, clean sock, and God know what not.

And says our dearly loved Press that, these territorialized white Ass, these territorialized white language, and no doubt some of them said "scab", which is unorthodox in the eyes of Barrow. Alas, brethren, that the women, the Devil is tempting again.

These territorialized rendered a new and short arm job to the military police.

Oh, comrades, what is the world coming to! Alas! Alas! Why did the young fellows join a political party, get their party into power, and then get a change of direction in November. Perhaps the cables are misleading, when they say that the Government has given in, and given the boys what they want.

That says, Macdonald Territorial, you know the pages of Direct Action, who shows a Wooden Shovel.

Many rebellious spirits are drawn into this philanthropist's madroom and lose sight of the fact that exploitation is the fundamental social affliction. They become disappointed, or blind to the fact that revolution is the abolition by the proletariat of ruling class power for exploitation, and thereby the social control of one economic group by another.

The muckraking crusade is another case of deplorable optimism. Brightened by the power of the industrial state which has risen before their very eyes, the political state and that portion of the ruling class—the petty bourgeoisie—whose interests can still be best served by it, and who also are still obsessed by the fictional discipline of competition, which is so ably kept alive by the forms and traditions of politics, hastened to give battle to the new power.

A flood of muckraking literature has deluged the country. Vilification of individuals—the new industrial statesmen—continuous attacks upon trusts, Mormonism, the banking, insurance and credit systems, made "copy" for editors, and brought a good livelihood the crack journalists who probed it. That mysterious fourth-dimensional race "The Public" is appealed to from every angle. "Reform" and "progressive" politics, along with many other clap-trap "remedies" for ills, threatened, become the vogue. The "Spirit of the times" bristles into sublime aggression. What are you going to do about it? becomes the slogan.

It is to be observed, however, amidst this periferid journalism, that amidst this galaxy of salvational schemes, that one thing has been severely ignored—industrial exploitation.

This dead weight which shackles the working class in an industrial slavery is not probed by the pseudo-radicals. No hints to be had from them of the source of ruling class power or of the fundaments of revolution; no casting about for proletarian directions for explanations or release.

The environment is different you see; The environment has told some truths to me.

I will cite a case in point, Among leaders you annot.

When I was a railway plug, they said: 'Work for a mug'

To: Why for bobs, when working alone.

Will give up coin in chunks and gobs, if you can keep them in their jobs.

I listened to suggestions that were silly, Till now of Railways I'm your Minister.

So to Parliament I'm sent; Quite a new environment;

Now need to toil, for Mr. Hoyle, No need to one's hands and soul.

One's pulchritude by work is worn, When the wire guys are all stricking.

To me it seems the Cabinet Is the softest snap that I've had yet.

If again I'm a working stiff— Please realize that "I"—

Would leave that patriotic stuff, Of saving Japs, and such-like guff.

To slaves who never had enough Intelligence to call my bluff.

If again I'm a working plug— Please write me down a mug.

(Enter Secretary Kavanagh.) Grand Chorus of Railway and Tramway Heres, Craft Intellectuals and other Subversive Working Plugs Led by the Secretary—

Praise Hoyle from whom all blessings flow; Praise him you scabs who're now below;

Praise him whenever "Walks the line"; Praise him when eating "Tea and Toast."

Orchestral Selection—"Gor-ave our Oily Hoyle" (Curtain.)

from the tyrannies of ruling class property control. And yet we find those who mistake the pale echoes of reform for the scorching thunders of revolution. It is not understood that the most dominant factor of life—exploitation—is utterly ignored by those country self-styled "liberals"—these philistines—who all recognized it. It is not perceived that the ponderous machinery of investment, exploitation, and profit-gathering functions—quite as smoothly as ever? Fle upon us for a race of believers!

Muckraking is no criterion of revolutionary strength. It is not even a social reflex from proletarian aggression. Its inspiration lies in another quarter. Pressure on the political state and those it represents came from the industrial State—from above, not below. Proletarian aggression from below has scarce begun as yet. We are still in that stage where, as one Western agitator put it, "We care more for a pamphlet than a loaf." We should make sure of the source of muckraking before we obsess ourselves with the idea that revolutionary accomplishment is measured by the world's spoils of muckraking Don Quixotes.

In any analysis of contemporary politics and their relationship to the very tangible process of exploitation, it is necessary that at least two things be thoroughly understood: What constitutes power-social control? What is its basic mode of expression? What is it? How does it work?

It is scarcely necessary to mention that Marx has ably illustrated the historic function of property in class relations. Even if he had not we have a million examples of it in our working lives. Contemporary power is first and foremost has always been: control over the workers' economic and social existence exercised by the ruling class through their possession of property. Property, profits, power are concomitant.

This power is no longer the exclusive possession of the army of law-

vers, politicians, and bureaucrats which calls itself the political State. It has rapidly passing into the hands of the new—the industrial State, whose expression of it is direct, tangible, automatic.

There are, in short, but two dominant factors to contemporary life: the office end of business, and the shop end of industry. To be sure the mental end of discipline of political tradition still remains with the workers, but the new discipline, inaugurated by the machine process is fast becoming sufficient for the needs of the industrial State. It is because there is a new discipline—the discipline of the shop, which affects the workers more intimately and more disastrously than any of the numerous disciplines imposed by over-lordship throughout the ages—that it is necessary to concentrate our militancy in the place where the discipline is exacted. This place is in the industries—on the job.

The Industrial State has so nearly succeeded in imposing its new discipline that it no longer depends on the old disciplinary adjuncts of the political State; the law, Church, political equality, etc. Nor does the industrial State live in the antique notions of "Love," "truth," "Justice," "mercy," "loyalty," "co-operation." In the very terms of shop life it has at its command a regimen of discipline more insidious, more dominant, more deadly than any political State ever possessed. Some of these are time clocks, piece-work, "speeding up" long hours, industrial specialization, monotonous automatic functions, "scientific management," "psychotechnics," and the violation of the worker in such fashion that he becomes disoriented to the rest of life outside the shop.

The industrial State is rapidly perfecting its own private military—purely an extra-legally disciplining device, and a matter about which the political State has done much wrangling. But police discipline, per se, is an ancient institution of the ruling class.

(To be Continued.)

with that gun. Something was making its way through the grass. It was meat, or it would be on four legs. And four legs it had. We could hear them going plunk, plunk, plunk through the dense, damp growth. It struck a tree, and went up like a wild cat; a big fat, juicy legume. Our gun-man drew a bead on the reptile, but our dinner ended the issue. The rest of us chased the "gnana round that tree until our marksmen pined it fairly amidships. The boss was enjoying turkey, goose etc., etc. we knew that well enough. But we had the big lizard and was made a big stew. I can taste it yet. Yes, we had meat.

N.R.

- LOCAL NOTICE.**
- Monday Night—Economic Class.
 - Tuesday Night—Speakers and Reading Class.
 - Wednesday Night—Lecture in Hall.
 - Thursday Night—Business Meeting.
 - Friday Night—Bathurst Street Meeting.
 - Saturday Night—Bathurst Street Meeting and Parramatta Meeting.
 - Sunday Afternoon—Meeting in Domain.
 - Sunday Night—Lecture in Hall.
 - Monthly Issue of Direct Action.
 - Up-to-date Library and Reading Room.

Stock Literature

We have the following literature in stock—

One Big Union, An Outline of a Possible Industrial Organisation of the Working Class, with chart. By E. A. Trautman. Price 6d.

The Rights to be Lazy, Not the right to work, but more of the things that work creates with leisure to enjoy them, that is what intelligent wage workers demand. By Paul Lafargue. Price 6d.

On the Firing Line, Report of the Seventh Annual Convention, on the McNamara Case, Etor and Giovanni Cases, The Lawrence Strike, And what is the I.W.W. Price 3d.

The I.W.W.'s History, Structure, and Methods by Vicent St. John. Price 3d.

The Revolutionary I.W.W. By C. H. Perry. Price 3d.

Eleven Blind Leaders, or Practical Socialism and Revolutionary Tactics. By B. H. Williams. Price 3d.

Direct Action versus Legislation. By J. B. Smith. Price 2d.

Industrial Unionism, Aim, Form and Tactics of a Workers' Union of I.W.W. Lines. By T. H. Price 2d.

Wage, Labour and Capital, by Karl Marx. Price 1d.

Industrial Union Methods. By W. E. Trautman. Price 1d.

How Capitalism has Hypnotised Society. Price 3d. Published by Sydney Local No. 2.

Industrial Unionism, The Road to Freedom. By Joseph J. Etor. Price 3d.

Why Strikes Are Lost. How to Win. By W. E. Trautman. Price 3d.

Economic Discontent, and its Remedy. By Father T. J. Hagerty, A.M.S.T.B. Price 3d.

Song Books, To Fan the Flames of Discontent. Published by the I.W.W. Price 6d.

Members in all parts are invited to send in short, concise articles and reports. Don't traverse the commonplaces keep them inside 500 words if possible.

The continued existence of the Wage System is a standing reflection on the working Class. Get wise, and Organise for your own emancipation.

"Has Anybody here 'seen' Kelly?"

No Class War for Catholics.

"I say that it is entirely against Catholic principles for men to speak of war between class and class until one class is extinguished." Thus Archbishop Kelly informed his audience yesterday when opening the new premises of the Catholic Club. "Class must help class," he insisted, "and if one class does evil to another, that class must overcome evil by good. A man has no right to say to another: 'Utre me work.' Pray to God for work, and He will send you work, but you must make your work profitable to your employer. A man who would not give a fair day's wages for a fair day's work will stand in lawful judgment before God, and I say that a man who will not give a fair day's work for a fair day's wages will also stand before God in judgment."—Sydney Herald.

What about the employer who strikes, or otherwise confounds, anything between four-fifths and seven-eighths of the wealth produced by the working class? What if the miserly employer shall stand before God, in judgment, will the grating capitalist have a rest on the steps of the Great White Throne, or will he sit on it? Bish!

WORK AND WAGES.

It is not an uncommon sight to see members of the working class standing perplexed and baffled when asked that pertinent question: "Is a rise in wages beneficial to the working class?"

Many maintain that it is a grave matter of time to fight for a rise in wages, because every time it is followed by an advance in prices, the workers being no better off in the end. This argument will come only from those not conversant with the present industrial system.

To the student of Political Economy, this question is easily answered: Yes, undoubtedly, and undeniably. A rise in wages is always beneficial to the workers, and it behooves them to continually fight for more wages until the wages system shall be overthrown.

The dogma that a rise in wages is no good to the working class has been fostered upon suffering humanity by lying politicians and illiberal leaders with one object in view: To keep the lotting masses from arising and seriously affecting the profits of the ruling-classes.

The wages we find themselves demanding now and then, however, demand higher wages in an effort to keep pace with the ever-soaring prices of commodities.

It is useless to blame the Labor party, the Liberal party, or the Socialist party for the existence of these prices.

No statement or ruler in the universe can defy its workings of its self-existent economic system.

In the hands of trusts, in the hands of trusts, under protection of the law, under conservative, liberal or from every corner of the globe; from all sorts, colors, and creeds of words—comes the one and the same cry: "What can be done to prevent the high cost of living?"

Because prices of certain articles are high it does not necessarily mean that those particular articles have increased in value.

Not in the true sense of all commodities to-day to decrease in value, when the value of a commodity is value, when the amount of necessary social labor embodied in its production. It should be plain to all that in this machine age, the same amount of labor is not spent in producing

Justice Higgins Not Sick!

JUST TIRED, THAT'S ALL.

Mr. Justice Higgins, president of the Federal Arbitration Court, has gone to Yurroo, via America, for an extended holiday. "Long may it extend," is the wish of the workers of Australia.

On the eve of his departure, a week or so ago, Higgins' Higgins quite modestly admitted to several other fellow-Higginners, in the parlous of the High Court, Melbourne, that he had done a great and benedict work for the people of Australia.

"I am not sick," quoth Higgins to his fellow arbitration-lecturers, during their mutual admiration talk-test, prior to his return to a world-wide junkie; so great that I am compelled to refer to "Just Deceit" censors the workers unanimously.

His Arbitration Washup did not intimate to his kind, during their mutual back-scratching gathering, that while "Just Deceit" censors the workers, it is his pitiful labor, was most distinctly.

Sick of his piling awards and footling arbitration courts; Sick of the travesty of justice to the capitalist and pack-meatly institutions, and sick unto death of arbitration and its deviousness altogether.

"If the Government should in September, I mean to take another term of seven years," said Higgins, in a conclusion, "unless one of my colleagues desires the thankless office, I shall not return."

Sup. thing, yer honor? Why not more trips to Europe and America in order to imbibe the diplomacies of Arbitration, at first hand, from the capitalists of those various enlightened countries?

commodities as formerly. Their value must, therefore, necessarily decrease—the universal medium of exchange—High prices simply means that gold has decreased in value at a more rapid rate than other commodities. Gold has been adopted as the universal medium of exchange, merely because of its peculiar inappreciability. It wears well and is easily recognized; it is almost impossible to counterfeit, and can be carried in a very small compass.

Gold is a commodity, as are labor-power, mules, coal, sheep, hams, boots, automobiles, or socks.

All commodities have decreased in value owing to inventions and new labor-saving appliances. Gold—the universal medium of exchange—has decreased in value even more rapidly, until the sovereign to-day does not approach in its purchasing power—the sovereign of years gone by.

The commodity gold—according to experts—costs about half as much as it did a few years ago, by reason of the rapid economical processes of treatment. It will be plain, then, to all that the sovereign has lost to some fifty per cent. of its previous purchasing power.

Having learned, then, that our wages will buy merely a sufficient quantity of what they purchased, about justice, is there not sufficient justification for making a bold bid for more than what they had for the lot that has been stolen.

The wages of the working class, in the aggregate, are determined by the necessities of life; the necessity of reproducing its labor-energy from day to day.

Why, then, fellow-workers, make some of these so-called luxuries necessary? The necessities of life were luxuries yesterday.

FELLOW-WORKERS! JOIN THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD! LEARN HOW TO CONQUER LUXURIES INTO NECESSITIES.

NORMAN RANCIE

Agitation on the Job.

I.W.W. Doings' in Sydney.

Several shops have been visited during the week by the local organizers and propaganda talks delivered to the slaves during the noon hour. More assistance is needed in this work.

A reasonably fair amount of literature has been disposed of—the workers seem very anxious to absorb anything pertaining to the New Unionism. All the meetings have been well attended, and many really intelligent questions were asked.

Arrangements are being made in order that the different workers at the various shops may have opportunities to hold evening meetings in the I.W.W. Hall, 229 Castlereagh-street, in order to hold evening meetings regarding Labor's most up-to-date weapon against Capitalism. It is confidently expected that several new locals will shortly be started in and around Sydney, in the different industries.

Fellow-worker King, recently appointed general organizer for Australia, left last week for Newcastle, in order to install the gospel of the New Unionism into the Newcastle streets. He is optimistically believed that a local of the I.W.W. will be established in the Coal District very shortly.

If any class-conscious worker, in any industry, will write the secretary, Treasurer 229 Castlereagh-street, intimating that meetings can be well arranged, a speaker will be dispatched to talk at any such meetings.

Lectures are held at the I.W.W. Hall every Sunday night. All are welcome. These lectures are free.

MORE JOLTS.

Slaves, you will notice, those of you who read what the "Herald" Angel sings, for several days in succession the star leader writes—or leader-faker—has spent much valuable ink and time shedding "light" on the bakers' strike. "Give us this day our daily bread," cries the capitalist. "Duly Bread," and then, oh, workers, you will shut off capitalism!

In a column editorial, the "Herald" of all good things for the masters, had quite some pungent remarks to make about the bakers' strike. Among them was the following gem: "The men cannot have their cake and eat it, too." The working jolt doesn't eat cake. Can't afford it! What the capitalist organ meant, presumably, was that, under present conditions, "The men cannot have bread, and eat it, too."

While referring to cake, it might be timely to remind the "Herald" and its like-bound supporters, that some days before that sweet martyr, Marie Antoinette, was guillotined, the starving cry: "We will eat our cake!"

Said the "martyred quaker," "If they have no bread, let them eat cake."

A subservient counter—"Direct Action" is not really interested in his name—suggested during that same morning trip in French history, that if the people couldn't get bread they should eat grass. When his head was crushed, Mr. Leader Writer in the "Herald," some days afterwards, it was on the business end of a pile and his mouth was filled with grass of the most delicious emerald hue.

It is time rapidly approaching, fellow-working men, when our "Herald" will write on labor subjects intelligently, also conscientiously.

Tea and toast for Workers; Porterhouse for Shirkers; Fat the boss to work!

An Open Letter to the Wharfies.

Fellow Workers!

Wake! Wake! Are you going to be chloroformed all your lives? Are you everlastingly going to be floundered by political tricksters of the kind of "Thicker Thicker" Attorney General, yes! For the capitalist class. Shun him as you would any other skunk! Are you going to allow him and the class be legislated for to drag you deeper into the mire?

The time is ripe now for you to organize along the right lines—Industrial Unionism. Get into line with the men of YOUR class throughout Australia and the world, and the time is yours. Arbitration and arbitration awards have accomplished nothing for YOU. They never can and never will; never were so intended.

Instances of arbitration and its absurdities could be given in volumes, and the editor of "Direct Action" says that his paper cannot afford the space.

Might it right and ever will be. Let that sentiment, fellow slaves. Let us quote the words of Covington Hall:

Might was, it is—'er will be. The one and only right. And so, Oh! hosts of toil awake! 'Oh' working men unite! 'Oh' workers for might is right—'Tis Freedom's only way. 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World.

And the Gospel of to-day.

F.A.R.

ONLY ONE SLOGAN!

The slogan of the One Big Union is sounding the death knell of capitalism. Slowly, but surely, the message of Industrial Unionism is reaching the ears of the down-trodden, oppressed mass of workers, all over the world.

Everywhere, ramblings of discontent can be heard from the slaves who are compelled to live a life of emproy, and sordidness, amid hellish conditions in factories and mines for no other purpose than to build up profits for their exploiters.

It is amazing the amount of apathy and tolerance the average wage-slave has for his own interests since he does not rise and rebel against the inhuman exploitation of which he is a victim.

When we realize, that everything that is beneficial to mankind, is the result of his sweat, in the field sulking, sulking atmosphere of the factory and mine, and when we consider for a moment, our position as slaves of a dominating class, it seems strange by hand over to that parasitical class, all they produce, for the mere privilege of existing.

Everything, and denied us, mentally and physically, and used and appropriated by that useless class—the Capitalist. All the Arts, sciences, and literature, in fact, everything that goes to the betterment of a few Human Race, is used exclusively by them, and is denied us.

The workers living in houses, back alleys, and tenements, and half-naked, are forced—if they may exist—to sell their human matters.

How long is this to continue, fellow workers?

How long are we to be stand miserably, and see our brothers and sisters senselessly murdered, in the capitalist sweatshops of the world. Just so long as we allow it, an open squabble may get on. Let us stand up and do it! Remove the every day. Join the I.W.W., the class-conscious organization, whose ultimate goal is the abolition of the wage system.

Drefful Bad Form Doncher-know!

Major Melbourne has been expelled from the Melbourne Naval and Military Club (has) for blaspheming Lord Rabbitts, who is financed by the National Service League.

The worthy Majah (has) states that Rabbitts is prejudiced, bigoted, and suffering from senility. Truth sometimes comes out in queer places. Anyway! Majah, Rabbitts, with all his senility got the kudos out of the Saffran War, while the blanky fool who did the spade work are nibbling daily rods in Rosensteins', Africa, Senility! Why, by death Majah the whole service reeks with it and the sooner another war comes along and kills the type off, the better it will be for everyone.

Never be contented—contentment breeds servility. When seeking redress, use every conceivable tactic—meet the boss at his own game—be scientific!

Read the literature, study it well and then you must become an agitator, when you fully realize your position in society.

The battle has to be fought, and it behoves everyone of us to be ready, and to become educated and organized, we are paving the way for our final emancipation.

W. M.

IMPORTANT.

Fellow workers and locals are invited to send in reports of activities, news items, and short snappy articles. Above all, don't send long, wind articles about nothing. In particular, all the writers are bound to be disappointed. Anything of a personal nature will not be entertained, although criticism is always welcomed. The first idea of the organization is to propagate the tactics and structure of the I.W.W., and, therefore, necessarily this paper will express those ideas primarily.

Should any subscribers fail to receive acknowledgment of their subscriptions the receipt of "DIRECT ACTION" will be equivalent to such.

Should any subscriber not receive his paper—he should immediately notify the Editor, 229 Castlereagh-street.

On the expiration of subscriptions the number of the last issue due subscribers will appear on the wrapper of the paper.

Hitherto, "DIRECT ACTION" has been published on the last day of the month. Henceforth, until such time as the paper becomes a fortnightly or a weekly, it will be dated the first of the current month. Subscribers please note that this change does not denote the loss of a number; merely the change of the date from the last day of April to the first day of May.

LIST OF LOCALS.

- Adelaide Local: T. H. T. Kelly, Sec. Local, Trs.
- Adelaide Local No. 2: C. Reeve, Sec. Local, Treasurer.
- Broken Hill Local No. 3: A. O. Malley, Secretary and Treasurer.
- Port Pirie Local No. 4: R. G. Ellis, Sec. Local, Secretary and Treasurer.

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