

Political Parties Act as Mental Hospitals for the Industrial Movement.



VOL. 1.

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ONE PENNY.

Direct Action. Taming the Ganger.

I should like to touch upon a letter which appeared in a recent number of "Direct Action," written by S. W. Brown, and termed "A Navy's Life."

I have personally struck similar conditions in various parts of Australia, but certainly the gentleman of the miss-fire episode was breaking new ground in the exploitation business.

There are various ways of bringing these scabs to their senses, as I can show by an experience that I had with a boss of the same kidney some time ago on a railway construction job in Victoria.

The rails had been laid on the unfinished formation to carry material trains, etc., whilst along the line at intervals of about ten miles were gangs of twelve men and a ganger who were raising or widening banks, and doing other necessary work. This meant that trolleys had to be done for us by the engine, and also that the travelling foremen not to leave us any wood as we could easily cut it ourselves.

When we were working a distance away from the camp, it was the usual thing for us to knock off an hour early, but one day Mick started to rave and he said that he wanted eight hours' actual work done. But we weren't having any, and put the trolley on the track and got abroad. Mick had to swallow his wrath ultimately, and take his seat but he swore that we would only be paid for seven hours' work. Mick had the best of us for a few so we called a meeting one night, and after a discussion we decided to pack and leave in the morning.

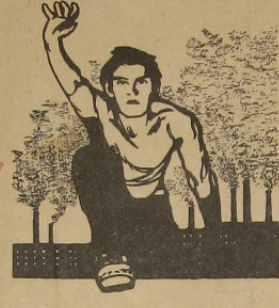
Just as this was decided upon the quietest man spoke up. "We had always called him the Silent Member," Well," say he, "before we abandon the position let us make some effort to turn the tables on Crooked Mick. If we leave now we won't get another job on this line, as we are sure to be blackballed. Therefore, we will drive Crooked Mick off the job or convert him to our way of thinking. Either way will be a victory."

"Leave the matter in my hands for a week or so, and I think that in a week we will be able to effect an alteration." We agreed. The Silent Member also advised that each man should take an equal part in anything that was done or said in the presence of Mick.

Now the tents were pitched within a few yards of the line, this way that each man distinguished himself standing some three chains away from the rails. It was the usual thing for us to put the trolley before Mick's tent.

On the morning following the meeting all hands put the trolley on the line, and Mick, as usual, was right again aboard.

As we moved off some smouldering substance was thrown on the tent. A little breeze was blowing, and before we had travelled a quarter of a mile the tent was in ashes. That night Mick had a shock when he got back to camp, and he said that it must have been caused by a spark from the



The Advancing Proletariat.

South Australia.

Next morning he had a new tent. By, etc., pitched, but a couple of days later the same thing happened, and Mick had the need of a further new tent. I shall never forget the look of astonishment that came over the face of Mick when he saw the second burned tent, and after he had recovered somewhat, he said, "It's strange that my tent should be burned twice while all the others have escaped."

One of us replied that it was just as well that ours hadn't caught, as they would all have got burned. Another of the boys said that it was a good job that our tents hadn't caught, as our reduced wages wouldn't admit us to buy new ones. I said that our wages were very low, but it seemed as if Mick's were lower.

A flash of enlightenment seemed to cross his mind. He cut his wisdom teeth that night, for next day when we were sitting around the camp fire he came up, without loss of time said, "I have decided not to stop that hour after all, so I suppose it will be all right."

We all reckoned that it would be all right, but we had nothing to think him for, seeing that we were entitled to eight hours pay. Mick took these rebukes in silence and then left us.

Well, after that was the best ganger I ever worked under, for afterwards, instead of one hour for travelling, we generally had two. Also we had the water and wood left at the camp. The change in Mick was marvellous, for he dropped his surly ways and became more like a fellow worker than a strove boss.

I expect that our political law and order friends will shriek, "What a devilish doctrine to advocate!" Well, Mick attacked us in our pocket, and we returned blow for blow, and thanks to the Silent Member we landed the heaviest and most effective one. Let S.W.B. and other fellow workers take a hint from this, and commence operations on aggressive and surly strove bosses, and they will get the goods. Then they won't stop fifteen minutes for a miss-fire.

SABOTAGE.

F. W. Fagan, the literateur, will be out of hospital shortly, and back at his old job. He has got a number of slaves thinking in the hospital. The I.W.W. man could get in propaganda at a Chamber of Commerce meeting.

judge the local is an assured fact, and the membership will grow, for I know a good few of the militants. As I get in touch with these I will preach the gospel. The boss on my job would chuck a seven if he knew that one of his slaves was rebelling against the order of things. In all probability I'll get fired in the long run for propagating anti-capitalistic theories.

- I believe in the Class War, the Materialistic Conception of History, and the theory of Surplus Value.
- I believe in beating the boss.
- I believe in Sabotage.
- I believe in getting wise at the boss's expense.
- I believe in the "Right to be Lazy," and in Direct Action.
- I believe in "doping the Labor Fakir with his own dope, and the capitalist with his own weapons."

Hallelujah! I'm a bum.

The I.W.W. is the only movement that can bring freedom to the working class, and I will devote the best of my poor abilities to the organisation. I am sick of the palliatives, the meanness of the Labor party, and their parrot cries of reform, "Data reform!" We want rights, not a hotchpotch of "mights."

Every Wednesday night Fellow-worker T. Barker will give a reading from some well-known book. After the reading, the meeting is thrown open for discussion. The book now under discussion is Ragnar Redbeard's "Might is Right." Other works to be discussed at an early date are "Six Centuries of Work and Wages" and "The Militant Proletariat."

Members of the Sydney Local are requested to bring new diaries along to the secretary, so that they can be checked in the ledger. Members are also reminded that it is their duty to be present, if possible, at the business meetings on Thursday evenings.

JOLTS.

A well-known firm of printers in Sydney gave £50 to the Patriotic Fund. They bring new diaries to most of their employees. That is the dope according to Dr. Johnson, "Patriotism is the last resort ofoundrels." Perhaps the patriotic employees will wonder why.

The "Snoose" recently had a photo of little Eddy, the Prince of Wales, dressed in the service dress of the Grenadier Guards, in its column. His legs were thin as beauty, and he has a powerful chin well developed. He is shyly gazing at would have in the slave market, the ground. What a chance he selling his labouring energy. I guess that Brennan would show him if he asked for a job.

It reminds us of the time when a patriotic slipper came out in the Old Dart with a picture of little King George, and under the £2.2-inch dump was the following: "Every inch a king." The unkind world rocked with laughter.

The Sydney Morning Herald has an article in its financial column, stating that unscrupulous German employers are closing their factories at a time when they ought to be kept open. Thank God, granny, our employers are British and they never put off hands. It is grand to be British.

Ben Tillett, an English labor boss, suggested that an army should be formed from all the unemployed dockers, the same to be called the "Citizens' Guard." The boss idea is to make class distinction during such a time when we are all expected to all stand as one, "patriotism" you know. Starvation is the idea is to make class distinction during such a time when we are all expected to all stand as one, "patriotism" you know. Starvation is the idea is to make class distinction during such a time when we are all expected to all stand as one, "patriotism" you know. Starvation is the idea is to make class distinction during such a time when we are all expected to all stand as one, "patriotism" you know.

Ben admitted the danger of allowing capitalists to volunteer in such a way and having a large unemployed army.

The Tramways' Arbitration case is lost against the employees. Oh dear yes; after two and a-half years' begging. And now the T.A. secretary says, "With the greatest impudent plausibility, "We must not be a good Marxist, but we are against those who treated him and within two hours martial law was proclaimed. But evidently traitors to the workers are to be respected by the workers—but when? when will the slaves wake up?"

Capitalist editor—a mental prostitute. Stay away from the "districts."

Propaganda Notes.

F. W. Gawer is in the Forbes district, and jobs are scarce. The I.W.W. are getting in the dope in the cocky country.

There was no meeting on Sunday, the 18th, in the Domain, on account of the wet weather. However, a reading was given in the Hall from the "Martyrdom of Man." Fellow-workers and readers of the paper are invited up to the Hall hall on Sunday afternoons, when readings or discussions will be organised.

Good meetings were held over this weekend at Bahurst-street, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings. Fellow-worker Reeve addressed a large meeting in the Domain on Sunday while at night in the Hall, Mrs. Katz delivered another very interesting address, which was followed very closely by the large audience, and which aroused an animated discussion.

The sales of literature also were very good, as also were the paper sales. The local is expecting a stock of new propaganda pamphlets in a short while—from the States. Members should apply early.

Future speakers at the Hall lectures are Fellow-workers T. Glyn and E. J. T. The local is also communicating with other speakers that can deliver interesting and educative lectures on the Class War.

A good sign of the times is the fact that quite a number of ladies are beginning to attend the lectures, and we get the hint for what it is worth to the fellow-workers to bring their woman folk with them. The seating accommodation is now much better, and much more comfortable.

The essential requirement of revolutionary movements is a sound understanding of Economics. Every Tuesday night the Sydney Local holds an Economic Class, and all the sitting accommodation is now quickly cordially invited to attend. The Class starts at eight o'clock.

West Australia.

Fellow-worker O'Neill has returned to Adelaide from the Mill-cent Forest district in the south-east of the State.

Owing to him handing out the One Big Union goods, and posting stickers all over the place, the boss tried to silence him by giving him an easy job at plating. Needless to say it did not have the desired effect. Seeing that this did not stop O'Neill's tongue he was given a more constant and arduous job with a shovel.

He acted up the notices on the stickers, which tell the worker "Not to be a Boss's Man"; "Go Slow and Live Longer," etc. The ganger could not stand this, but he wouldn't blow up. O'Neill, so he went to the "head serang," whose name is Kayser, and asked him to compare the way that the I.W.W. was working, with the way that the A.W.U. Mr. Brooks were going.

The "head serang" came to see, and he evidently thought that the power of his eye would have the effect of making the slave work quicker. But, alas! Instead of catching up to the other men he fell further behind. The head serang then done his block, and ordered O'Neill off the job. The slave retorted, and told him to go to Hell. The Kayser then threatened to send for the police, but the agitator consigned to the police to the same resort as the boss.

The police, however, did not execute, and O'Neill to show his contempt, stayed on the job for another two days. One new member was booked up, and the rest of them started on the way to the "Direct Action" view every time. E. J. T.

West Australia.

Having got particulars of the I.W.W. from an anarchist friend of the militants, I got them to join the organisation. I have been fairly successful, and in conjunction with others we will form a local in Fremantle at an early date.

We reckon here don't get a princely salary and my last half case sent towards supplying the local with literature, so I can only offer services which, after all, is what is needed. As for as I can

Direct Action



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Strikes and Political Foolishness.

Mr. Knibbs, the Commonwealth Statistician, points out in the Labor Bulletin for the second quarter of the year that in this period, 85 industrial disputes occurred, involving directly and indirectly a total of 1,293 persons. New and old disputes during the quarter together accounted for an estimated loss of 309,935 working days, representing a loss in wages of £1,567,415. The number of disputes which occurred during the first quarter of the year was 113, the loss of working days amounting to 286,151, and the loss of wages of £1,303,392. Of the new disputes beginning during the second quarter of 1934, 45 per cent. occurred in the mining industry, chiefly in New South Wales.

This is a grand achievement for the benefits of Labor Governments. Take good notice, ye wage slaves, working short time; ye loyal Labor voters, who are unemployed and hungry.

Your "great" politicians were going to show us in a new time, and you deluded yourselves into believing them. You returned them, and they gave you an Arbitration Court.

The Arbitration Court got evidence to see what its cost to keep a worker and his family in a bare state of physical efficiency. Then the Judge, appointed by the great Labor Party, made an award based upon the bare cost of subsistence. You are on the verge of starvation if you are out of a job for a fortnight.

The Arbitration Act was introduced to do away with strikes. Mr. Knibbs shows conclusively that strikes are increasing, and that the issued time and cost to the employers of the Labor Governments, issuing summonses against workers for not coming to work under the conditions laid down by an arbitrator Judge, who after all, is guided by these instructions and not by any principles of justice or equity.

The attention of the Press, of course, is turned to avoid the large amount that the workers have lost in wages. The Press is always concerned about the working

There have been 106 disputes in six months, and if ever there was an indictment against the craft union system, that is one. But the workers have persisted in pinning their faith to the faculty of politicians, and the senility of craft organization.

Union after union going on strike, with an unscrupulous employing class opposing their front, and all the Labor Party's institutions and courts ranged against them, is it to be wondered that the workers of Australia are going from bad to worse?

There are the Maitland miners fighting the most hopeless fight ever won, while the Government is using the law on the strikers, while all the other miners are working hard to have the Maitland, the ordinary cover the orders which ordinarily cover the Press sheds crocodile trails about the wages that have been lost by the workers.

The wages have not been lost, they have only been diverted into the pockets of other "union" miners, while the miners of Maitland are broke. Craft unionism, brother, fine thing ain't it? And our democratic Labor Government doing the bludging for the mine-owners.

The bosses are not worrying, there are plenty of slaves offering, and good slaves, too. The organised state of the miners in New South Wales is emphasised by the small pitflooding strikes that are taking place, and the men are getting deceived and disheartened.

It has always been the case where so-called working-class parties have obtained political power, the unions have turned on the politicians to stop the fighting, they have lost their self reliance, and by the time they have discovered the futility of the ballot, they find that their unions have become helpless and spineless, that are to all intents and purposes are only dues-paying organisations, keeping a few useless officials in trading and looting.

Labor Governments, Arbitration Courts, Loss of Wages, Garnishee, in-pit disputes, and craft union scabbery can't settle the question. The principles of the One Big Union is the only way to advance the interests of the workers. It believes in ONE dispute, and that, a fundamental one.

That dispute lies always, however well veiled it may be, between the producers of all wealth, and the employing class who own and control that wealth.

The basis of all laws lies in the workshop, the mines and the factories, in any place where labor is sweated. As long as the employing class is the boss in the job, then he is the boss in the law courts. The Government, whatever the label may be.

The workers have lost something greater a thousand fold than a few measly thousand pounds, they have become enslaved, they have lost their manhood. They have relied upon broken reeds, instead of relying upon themselves. The bosses are now doing the boss work, they are prevailing common action, as Mr. Knibbs proves conclusively. One union at a time, every range up to be slaughtered, whining about their little disputes, howling for "public sympathy" etc.

The I.W.W. has the message for the working-class. Get it in to your head, Mr. Block, it is **One Dispute, one Enemy, one Union.**

Do you get me? Well get busy for the One Big Union, and the message far and wide. No sectional disputes, no more so-called benevolent legislation that erases the worker's loss of wages. No, let us make the tears change to the shields of terror and fear.

Let us be self reliant, strong and self binders, and tie the useless Government officials to the official heap. Get together, see how you can study the One Big Union.

And when you understand it you will be able to realise why the politicians fear this great movement, and why the Trades Hall officials in Australia, and the pseudo-revolu-

tionists of New Zealand use every method, fair and otherwise, to discredit the apostles of scientific and up-to-date organization. Become a propagandist and help to hew the path for the greatest movement of the centuries.

TOM BARKER.

WHY CAPITALISTS HATE THE I.W.W.

Writer in Newspaper Finds Anarchism and Socialism Harmless in Comparison.

The following letter in a New York newspaper is interesting. It explains, in its analysis of the various social movements, the reason for capitalist hatred against the I.W.W.; the latter bodes ill to capitalism:

I.W.W.—INTENTIONS. How the Movement Differs from Socialism, Anarchism, Trade Unionism.

To the Editor of the Evening Sun—Sir: I note in your news columns that occasionally when referring to the recent bomb episode and to the Larrystown nuisances, the agitators are called interchangeably either anarchists or members of the I.W.W.

It is important that in the consideration of grave attacks upon our institutions the public be not misled into regarding as synonymous the names of these classes or types of organized discontent, differing widely in their methods and purposes.

The avowed purpose of the revolutionary anarchistic movement is the destruction of all government and the removal of all restraint upon individual action. Their philosophy—to say the least—is strongly individualistic in its nature.

The members of the I.W.W. on the other hand are collectivists, and as a body do not countenance sporadic attempts at violent action, whatever some of their members may do. The propaganda of this organization is based upon European syndicalism or industrial unionism, i.e., the unionizing of workmen, both skilled and unskilled, by industries, as opposed to the organization of workers into craft unions, of which the American Federation of Labor is the best type in this country.

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The I.W.W. has a much more effective and dangerous programme, namely, they propose by obtaining control of the machinery of production and the means of distribution, through industrial unions, eventually to take possession of them and when sufficiently organized bring about an economic revolution. Their organizers are everywhere discontent exists, organizing workmen along these lines, fomenting class consciousness, organizing strikes and doing more harm to our industrial processes than the present Socialist party or the hell-bent individualism of anarchism. Since could do if their numbers were tripled. And this movement is only six years old and numbers but a few thousand active workers at the present time in this country. The gradual breaking down of craft unionism due to improved methods of machinery, which are slowly but surely throwing large numbers of skilled workmen into the ranks of the unskilled adds continually to the strength of the Industrial Workers and tends consistently to the disintegration of the present conservative craft unions.

Anarchism, because of its individualistic tendency does not create class-consciousness, but I.W.W. is slowly creating a solidarity among the under dogs of society which bodes ill for the future of the republic. The political Socialist party to-day, against which a movement has been organized, has not the attention it is receiving; its members when elevated to office usually become conservatives, or reformers of a weak type. Compared with the I.W.W. it is comparatively innocuous.

E. D. CONDIT

Fairfax, N.J., July 9th.

THE INTERNATIONALE.

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!
Arise, ye wretches of the earth,
For justice thunders condemnation,
A better world's in birth.
No more tradition's chains shall bind us,
Arise, ye slaves; no more in thrall,
The earth shall rise on new foundations,
We have been taught, we shall be all.

'Tis the final conflict,
Let each stand in his place,
The Industrial Union
Shall be the human race.
We want no condescending saviours,
To rule as from a judgement hall;
We workers ask not for their favours;
Let us consult for all.
To make the thief disgorge his booty
To free the spirit from its cell,
We must ourselves decide our duty,
We must decide and do it well.

The law oppresses us and tricks us,
Wage systems drain our blood;
The rich are free from obligations,
The laws the poor delude.
Too long we've languished in subjection,
Equality has other laws;
"No rights," says she, "without their duties,
No claims on equals without cause.

Behold them seated in their glory
The kings of mine and mill and soil!
What have you read in all their story,
But how they plundered toil?
Fruits of the workers' toil are buried
In the strong coffers of a few;
In working for their flesh have fattened!
The men will only ask their due.
Tollers from shops and fields united,
The union we of all who work;
The earth belongs to us, the workers
No room here have for the idle.
How many on our flesh have fattened!
But if the noisome birds of prey
Shall vanish from the sky some morning,
The blessed sunlight still will stay.

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

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with Capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalism, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

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. If there is no branch of the I.W.W. in your district you may become a member 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 preamble and having answered in the affirmative to the questions, expressed his desire to become a member of the Industrial Workers of the World, and is therefore recommended for membership.

To Local Union No. _____
Initiation _____
By _____
Cut this out, fill in, Post to Sec. Treas., with Initiation Fee.

"German Atrocities" and Others.

Much is being heard of German atrocities at the seat of war. Rape, murder, and torture are the order of the day in Belgium if the cables are to be believed. Details are divulged by the jingo press, and echo upon with each other in expressing horror and indignation at the sorts of aimless, barbarous, and pouring forth their maliciousness on the perpetrators.

The charges against the Germans may or may not be true; but even if true, they pale into insignificance in comparison with some of the crimes of Germany's enemies in the not very remote past.

The natives of the Belgian Congo, for instance, could tell some queer stories of the "chivalrous and humane" behaviour of the Belgian officials and soldiers. The same papers that are now shedding peevish tears over the woes of Belgium were but a few years ago comparatively silent when some details of the inhuman and fendish treatment of the late King Leopold's slaves in Central Africa.

Forced labor was but the least of the "civilizing influences" which the minions of this blood-thirsty parasite brought to the unfortunate natives in the territory which they controlled.

Neither sex nor age were respected in their greedy desire to get the largest amount of profits out of their victims in the quickest possible time. Eyewitnesses have testified over and over again to the brutal tortures inflicted on men and women, young and old, who were supposed to meet with the displeasure of officials. In the Congo gold's millions, or more, by the way, his family quarrelled before his enormous carcass was cold, his wounds were not healed, and were stained with the blood of hundreds of unfortunate slaves, about whose woe and suffering the press of the capitalistic world was silent, even Christian missionaries joining in the conspiracy, until the cries of the tortured souls in the Congo could no longer be hushed.

As for England the hypocrisy of the platonic protests, the revolting concentration camps, and the South African war, with their thousands of women and children victims, shall for ever remain an historical tribute to the "humanitarian" manner in which Great Britain carries on warfare. The wholesale burning of farmhouses throughout the length and breadth of South Africa, without even the excuse of "military necessity," was far more fendish and vindictive than anything which the Germans have yet been guilty of.

And again during 1906 in Natal, in what was called the Zulu Rebellion, the kind of "civilization" which follows in the wake of the track of the British goid was once more made evident.

A handful of natives refused to pay an unjust tax imposed upon them by the Natal Government. Some police were despatched to collect the tax, by force if necessary, and trouble naturally resulted, in which the police were the worst. This, then, was the opportunity for teaching the Zulu the real meaning of Christian teaching, which follows in the wake of the British "civilization" from all parts of South Africa were poured into Zululand. The "rebels" were led by a Zulu chief named Dabane, and who were armed with nothing more formidable than sticks and assegais (native spears) were eventually rounded up, and one, following the "glorious" Union Jack was once again dyed with the blood of several thousand defenceless natives. The Zulu were a savage, consequently could not be treated as in "civilized" warfare, hence the wholesale murder of PRISONERS. Not a native was spared, and not a word of protest was raised by the "civilized press" in South Africa, though fully aware of the facts.

As a crowning achievement to this act of British valour, the head of the unfortunate chief, Bambata, was placed in a glass case, and sent to Zululand as a warning to "rebels."

and incidentally to bear witness to the "civilizing influence" of the British flag.

Then need one refer to Russia, which we see hailed by the press as the standard-bearer of freedom to oppressed nationalities! It is enough to raise a smile even in a Siberian hell.

Then there is the press in Paris, the same press and the same class that egged on the soldierly to unspeakable deeds of infamy and massacre in the days of May and June, 1871; the same press and the same class that were responsible for the murder of 30,000 men, women and children after the fall of the Commune, are now whining to the world at large because a cathedral at Rheims with which a prostitute, Joan of Arc by name, had some casual connection, has been destroyed by some sacrilegious Germans. To do justice to this "brutality," however, we may add that Joan became such a celebrity through her profession, she has since been canonized by the Roman Catholic Church.

And now, my patriotic, starving, wage-slave, where do you stand in the matter? That there are war-horror perpetrated on both sides in this war is undoubted; but will you ever understand that you and your kind are destined to be the victims irrespective of nationality.

The cause of this war and its bloody results is not German militarism, British Imperialism, or Russian despotism, but Modern Capitalism. This is the might Moloch at whose shrine must be laid the crime of war. All other so-called causes are themselves but the effect of the capitalist system. If you want to avenge atrocious crimes against your class and against the bourgeoisie, you must go to Belgium. Capitalism is your enemy. Existence right here. Begin at home. — If it is not your turn to starve or beg to-day, where is your guarantee for the morrow?

Your place is in the rebel army of your class. Join the I.L.W.U. Be brave in YOUR OWN struggle, and Capitalism is at your mercy.

T. G. LYNN.

The Day We Celebrate.

The slaves of Adulphus have once again demonstrated their weakness and lack of knowledge at "what ought-to-be" by marching through the capital, beneath the smiles of the capitalists, who were cheered on various business house balconies. Some amusement was provided for the orthodox ideas. The builders' labourers displayed a bannerette worded, "We are the pioneers of the 40 hours per week, we lead, others follow."

As laughable and all as this is, it is a complete outline by one of our bannerette which was a close order and belonged to the same society, it was worded thus: "We are unemployed; when we work, we work 40 hours." This, of course, is quite typical of all "craft-unions," but on this special occasion one could not help feeling a laugh at the serious manner in which the slaves regarded the above quotation, erroneous absolutely, in the first instance and sadly true in the second.

Then again the formidable (I) A.W.U. marched behind a banner crying along "No Surrender." For hypothesis. Seeing that it is only a few weeks ago since this same "political" class abandoned their rural workers' job, and that they also surrendered to the State award, and ignored the Federal award, and labourers by working in the stead of 11s. and 48 hours instead of 10s. and 48 strikes one as being extremely hot.

But, of course, these things are only "family arguments" among the crafties, and will always remain so long as the crafties remain. It was surprising, however, how many

slaves among the onlookers who could see the real fallacy of this sham of unionism, which on such days as this develops into nothing more than a mere free advertisement for the bosses' enterprise.

I am satisfied that the need of Industrial Unionism is becoming apparent to many outside of the I.L.W.U. This is very pleasing to note, and reflects well upon the propagandists of the I.L.W.U. for their hard battling. In the very near future we can be demonstrating in some way of a far more importance and of a more serious character than that of all laughing with the boss. To hell with craft unions, give us Industrial Unionism.

E. L. ROVALS.

Redbeardisms.

This age of ours wants men above all things—"men of spirit"—men ever ready to look into the eyes of death, without winking. "Behold! Bead up in this war, my fellow!" "The man who made justice was a liar."

The principles that govern a "hold-up" are the self-same principles that govern government. No government on earth rests on the consent of the governed.

Verily! Verily! A new nobility shall be born to thee, O America! A breed of terrible commanders of grim destruction! A nobility unpurchasable with the minted tokens of money-changers—a nobility of valor, of power and of might—nobility of honourable, clear-sighted, clear-skinned, unquerable!

When not thwarted by artificial contrivances, whatever argument wholesale avengers, is the further man gets away from nature, the farther he departs from light. "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest of soul."

Even as I write (1890-1896) — with wrecked, cold, and outraged around me, cold and chill — outraged nature is preparing her whirlbriars to whet the avengers' blades.

This is a vast power, mighty, with a strident mania in the middle waving a burning torch from Asia is walked the odorous stench of rampant capitalism, day and hour, "civilization" may be started from its hypnotic trance, to gaze upon the mightiest drama that the world has ever known. The "tempest thins out its barrier of lightning," and great nations groan, and reel, and surge, and rock, beneath the thunderous tread of rampant big business, drilling, or for the savage shock. Military arsenals are preparing in every day, and floating defiantly on sea's seas are the steel-clad frigates of naval might. Foolish and blind (or mad) are they who think the struggle for existence ended. It is only begun. This planet is in its infancy, not in its decrepitude. — The "end of all things" is afar off. The Kingdom of heaven is not a hand.

THE MACHINE GUN.

I speak with the voice of men and devils. My messengers sped their unerring lightning to countless hearts. One could not help feeling a laugh at the serious manner in which the slaves regarded the above quotation, erroneous absolutely, in the first instance and sadly true in the second.

My victories lie in a horizon of homes. Hell inspired me, and I created me, women and children prey for me. Each day of battle I die a host of bodies, with the Death as the foe.

With my blackened wand I touch the breast of man, and forthwith the springs lie incarnading river of death.

I turn but an inch, and the lives of maidens are blasted, mothers and sisters mourn, and a hundred babies are fatherless.

Science, Christianity and Civilization stand sponsors for me.

M. W. T. Smith is at present at Melbourne, Gippsland. There are no jobs, and that part of the world.

The Song Book.

The Song Book is on the Press now. It contains 32 songs & choruses. The price will be 10c, or 2s. per dozen. Further information for larger quantities, sent on application to secret.

All the best songs and tunes have been added, and it contains have a number of airs as the first edit. Every I.L.W.U. man on the night to have at least a dozen him. They make rebels, for the big, and blue, the tri for the One Big Union. Lets from you, we rebel clan.

Local Activities.

Every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, at Oddfellows' Hall, Mooltas, of Flinders-street. All national classes are held each night Wednesday, and all workers invited to attend. The fee for membership is 2/6, Dues 1/6r month.

Persons interested in having their copy sent attend our open-airings, which are held opposite Co-ops, Victoria Square every Saturday night.

For further information desired will be furnished on request by H. T. KELLY, Secy., 13 Wilcox-street, Adelaide. Up-to-date Library and Reading-Room.

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This is to notify the members that A. O'Malley is no longer as Secretary of Local No. 3. All communications should be addressed as above to E. J. Kely.

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- New Australian Song Book: second edition; 3s. paper 3d.
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