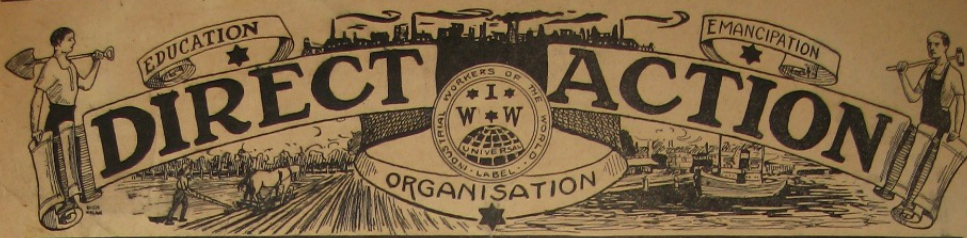


'An Injury to One an INJURY to All.'



VOL 3, NO. 106. Registered at the General Post-office, Sydney, for Transmission by Post as a Newspaper. SYDNEY, J enuary 27, 1917. ONE PENNY.

Release Agitation.

SYDNEY.
Things in Sydney are now well under way in connection with the Defence and Release Committee.
All the available speakers are working overtime, and we cannot supply the requests from the different country districts to send along a speaker, but the campaign is well organised, and we are doing our best.
This week end there are six speakers in the country, and next week more will be out. Motions of protest are rolling in to our office, and financial support is coming along. If the workers will only stick to their promises, the boys inside will soon be breathing a different atmosphere.

BARRIER NOTES.
The New Year started well in Broken Hill by releasing five of the imprisoned agitators. A mass meeting was held in the Central Reserve, where the culprits gave their experiences of jail life.

Before the meeting closed a motion was passed demanding the release of the 12 men in Sydney.

A combined Release Committee has been formed in Broken Hill, and good work is being done.

It is up to the rest of the working class of Australia to be prepared to take a stand with the boys in the Hill, and demand the release of the imprisoned men.

BROKEN HILL.
F. W. McLoughlin, one of the agitators imprisoned in Broken Hill over the conscription struggle, at a reception accorded him on his release that he did not regret his experience in jail. "Experience teaches" was an old saying. Goals were built by the working class for the Capitalist class, to be filled by the working class, of course. When one arrived at the prison, he was dumped inside the gates, and handed over to the prison authorities. That cleared the police, staidst men who did nothing towards the world's production. He was presented with canvas trousers, shirt of a color peculiar to goldbirds, vest and coat to suit, and a straw decker made in gold. The whole turnout, in fact, was the product of prison-labor. It was a cheap way of learning a trade. In this garb one wondered if he was the same man. He was a new rooster, in a new back yard, with nothing to crow about. The Governor put the prisoner through a rigid cross examination. One particular question was the address of the nearest relative, which it was explained very necessary as "you might die on their hands." This was a wise precaution. You were so starved that you could pick up the wrinkles of your empty belly and wipe the tears from your eyes with them. Routine, as explained in an article in "Barrier Daily Truth" a few days ago, was highly touched on. The principle industry was the prison sock. The last man was just what might be expected of capitalism. It was nothing short of a nerve-wrecking machine. The inmates were made physical wrecks, and moral deterioration naturally followed. It was far better to have a man going round at night to see no harm came to them, than be in the trenches waiting for a bayonet. He read an account of British soldiers who were free speech up till 1851. The freedom of press had been non-existent in those days. Did it exist now? We were no further advanced, but were stumbling back. Reaction was everywhere triumphant, and brute force supreme. It must come. Organised Labor was in its trial. There was only one possible hope for Labor in Australia—it lay in solidarity and vigilance.—"B. D. Truth."

SCARBOROUGH.
Things are going along well here. Good contacts this week for Defence Fund, and secretary will forward same shortly. The miners here voted in favour of taking up a collection next day, and good results are expected.

The petition stoning is going along well, and donations are coming in. The prospects look bright.

BENT AXLE.

Defence Agitation.

MELBOURNE.
At business meeting held Monday, Jan. 8th, credentials from delegates representing the following organisations were sent into: Amalgamated Carpenters' Union, Branch No. 1; Painters and Decorators' Union, Federated Clerks' Union, South Melbourne P.L.C., Socialist Party of Victoria, Militant Propagandists of the Labor Party, Women's Political Association, No-Conscription Fellowship, Women's Social, Political and Industrial Council, Australasian Socialist Party, Women's Anti-Conscription Committee. Other communications re the appointing of delegates from other bodies at early date were also received.
The next business was the election of officers in accordance with a circular sent out to the various units to that effect. Mrs. Bella Lavender, M.A., delegate from the Women's Anti-Conscription Committee, was elected as president. Fellow-Worker Barber, of the I.W.W., elected vice-president; Mr. E. W. Carr (Federated Clerks), elected as minute secretary and treasurer; Geo. H. Hill (I.W.W.), as secretary. An executive committee of three was elected; these were Mr. P. Horne (MH Propagandist), Jones (South Melbourne P.L.C.), and Stephens (Amal. Carpenters).

It was decided to hold open air propaganda meetings in as many places as we could find speakers for. For the present we are intending to confine our work in that direction to Sundays on the Yarra Bank, and Friday evenings. Might say that on Fridays we are holding three different centres, and have prospects of at least six such meetings every Friday evening within the next two weeks.

In addition to these, we are also arranging for meetings in the various town halls in working class suburbs, sending speakers to P.L.C. meetings, and also in front of various trade unions wherever we can contrive to do so.

Every member in the League is a live one, a worker—no dead wood. Just beginning to get things into shape for activity, and believe me we shall have something doing in Melbourne in the way of release agitation in the course of the next few weeks.

Business meetings of the W.D. and R. League in future will be held in the Guild Hall, Swanston-street, on Tuesday evenings, 8 p.m. sharp.

GEO. H. HILL,
Secretary W.D. and R. League.

MOUNT MORGAN.

F. W. Jackson has been busy at the Mount, and last Friday night spoke to a large and attentive audience in the main street. He dealt with "Direct Action versus Legislation," and was well received.

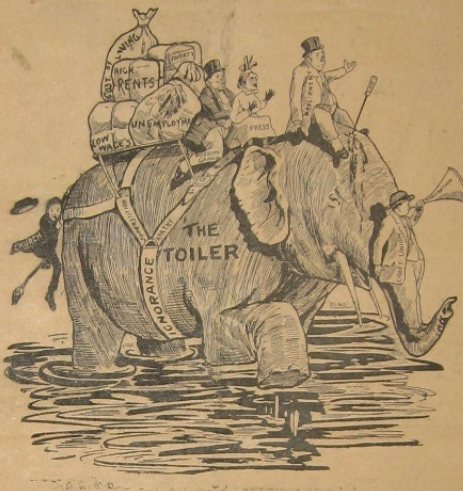
F. W. Jackson has just finished a series of four lectures, and as a result much prejudice and misunderstanding has been lifted. The local rebels are getting together, and will make their presence felt here before long.

Over 200 "Direct Action" were held at the last meeting, and a collection of £15.
The enthusiasm displayed here at all meetings speaks well for the future.

The I.W.W. local has been reorganised, and they are anxiously awaiting the arrival of an I.W.W. organiser.

Mount Morgan is once again on the map and going along, this time we hope to stay.

—W.J.



Remember Long Bay.

THE NAME OF LONG BAY IS DESTINED TO BECOME FAMOUS IN THE ANNALS OF THE WORKING CLASS. NOT BECAUSE IT IS A PLEASURABLE SEA-SIDE RESORT; NOT BECAUSE MANY HAPPY HOURS HAVE BEEN SPENT SURFING IN THE SALT Y SPRAY, BUT BECAUSE IN A STOUT AND SOLID BUILDING, STANDING BACK ON THE MAINLAND, TWELVE MEMBERS OF THE WORKING CLASS ARE NOW LANGUISHING BECAUSE THEY REMAINED LOYAL TO THEIR CLASS.

BEHIND IRON BARS AND IN A ROCK RIBBED FORTRESS, TWELVE GOOD MEN AND TRUE ARE NOW DRAGGING OUT THEIR MISERABLE LIVES.

THESE FIGHTERS FOR FREEDOM ARE NOW SUFFERING BECAUSE THEY DARED TO SPEAK FOR THEIR CLASS. THEY ARE LIVING IN MISERY AND PAIN BECAUSE THEY WERE LABOR AGITATORS. THEY NOW LIE IN DURANCE VILE BECAUSE THEY HAD THE COURAGE TO OPPOSE THE INDUSTRIAL MAGNATES OF TH IS COUNTRY.

FELLOW-WORKERS! REMEMBER LONG BAY. REMEMBER THE FIGHTING SPIRITS WHO ARE OUT THERE. REMEMBER THE CELLS IN WHICH THEY SLEEP, AND THE DULL YARDS IN WHICH THEY LIVE.

FELLOW-UNIONISTS! REMEMBER THESE MEN WERE YOUR MATES. THEY WORKED WITH YOU ON VARIOUS JOBS. THEY FOUGHT WITH YOU IN MANY FIGHTS AGAINST THE BOSS.

WILL YOU SEE THEM DIE IN A FELON'S PRISON? WILL YOU LISTEN TO THEIR APPEAL IN VAIN?

THEY ARE WAITING FOR THEIR CLASS TO SPEAK; THEY ARE WAITING FOR THEIR MATES TO ACT.

MEMBERS OF THE WORKING CLASS! WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER?

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

For "DIRECT ACTION."
Enclosed please find P.O. for 4/ for which please send "Direct Action" for one year to the following address—

Name

Address

FILL IT IN NOW!

Our Boys in Gaol.

Direct Action



WEEKLY OFFICIAL ORGAN of the INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD.

(Australian Administration) Office: 403 Sussex Street, Sydney, Australia.

Subscriptions: 4/ per year; New Zealand, 6/ per year; Foreign, 8/ per year.

HEADQUARTERS, I.W.W. (Australia): 403 SUSSEX STREET, SYDNEY.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS: 104 W. Washington Street, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

INDUSTRIAL EFFICIENCY.

The question of industrial efficiency is the most important question that confronts the working class today.

On the reply that is given, and this can only be revealed by the activities within the plants of industry, depends the future welfare of that class.

By substituting to the task that will be set, the workers will be signifying their willingness to be themselves, their children, and their children's children, reduced to slavery from the beginning of life to the end.

The question can not be evaded, it must be answered, not by one individual, nor by two, nor yet by a group. It needs the solid voice of the toilers of every country to say: "Damn you and your industrial efficiency scheme. Hard work never created leisure, and low wages never curbed stomachs filled.

What is this industrial efficiency, and what a manifestation of it is to be found where can a manufacturer of it be found? I stand in one of the busy thoroughfares of a city and passing by me, I see an elegantly finished automobile. The car is so beautiful that I would be glad to have succeeded in confining and finish. Its interior is highly upholstered, whilst outside the finish acts as a mirror for every object and with comfort to the occupant. Its design in each of the parts is a representation of the height of fashion, all of them well dressed and apparently sumptuously but avidly turns to the several industrial processes that has brought it to perfection. Not show the car, but the reasons, too, are included in the workshop activities, accountable for their present state of existence.

The material of the construction counts for nothing. The woodwork is just iron and steel wires, the exterior from the ore that was once buried in the earth, covered the back of the horse of once field. All of it, common matter, but out of it the marvellous production of an elegant motor car and four well dressed fops.

Hidden in that common matter is the essence of achievement in every fibre is hidden the vitality of the worker. Men and women have been at their service, the captivities, and I see in the whole as a human energy, the unmitigated, undistinguishable energy of the workers.

Look upon whatever you see from the humble pair of shoes that you (the most modest fashioner) have made, from the dress for the elite of society, from the heavy built shock of the aristocratic dinner, the material counts for nothing, produce the divined energy, of those who produce it. It is that energy, the presence of such things amongst us.

The timber in the motor car might, in some instances, have been used in a table or chair for one who sat in the shade of the sun. The marble would have looked just as well upon the residence of

one of the toilers. The iron and steel would have served a good purpose as palisades or backstays for the houses of the many who need them. The clothing would have just as well served the needs of those who wore it, and the occupants of the car would count no greater crime than you if they turned to it and did their bit to earn it for their keep. The purpose of the foregoing is not to make you believe that automobiles are not wanted, and should not be produced but what one should be conscious of is that the industrial efficiency scheme of the master class determines that the more simple and more unnecessary of material things are superfluous.

Is there not sufficient proof in knowing that the total labour energy is embodied in the making of the things required by the mass of the people both in quality and in numbers?

Take the labour that is expended in the mines in the extraction of the earth's minerals. Instead of having this revealed to us in the requirements of those who toil in the mines, by way of wholesome food for their consumption, in good homes to live in, in the absence of dirt, and for their comfort and in the other details that go to make life appreciable it is found that the mass of that energy or the results of it becomes crystallised in the hands of those who have the hands of the workers they never again return, but the fruits of their labour are enjoyed by others.

Industrial efficiency as enunciated by the employing class means the amount of blood and vitality that are proportioned in the bodies of the working class and the birds of carrion on the field of battle its purpose is to extract every grain and drop of it for its own restricted benefit.

A little child born in the working class environment is to the employers of labour nothing more than a vessel that holds the olive of life for them. That vessel is filled and allowed to develop in the growth they begin to draw from its energy that it contains, and the instances are many that long before maturity they have squandered it day with little thought as to one has in the sucking of an orange.

A society debauch, a woman dressed in the height of fashion, a king's banquet, a politician's hypocrisy, a labour leader's treachery, a millionaire's brutality, a paragon's shell ravines, a priest's denigration of souls, the vagaries of a society for art are accounted for by nothing other than misdirected vitality of the labour energy of the workers and their employers.

This industrial efficiency places the workers in the mental aspect of the electrical set as so much material for its consumption. Just as the wool from the back of the sheep is converted into wearing apparel so is a substance extracted from the workers embodied in all the articles of use, and just as it is necessary to feed the sheep to acquire the wool, so too are you fed to render service to those who have the privilege to appropriate your labour power.

You workers are calculated. You represent so many society functions, so many swell equippages, so many pleasure yachts, and so many joy rides.

You are the mine-owners' leisure time and his wife's fashionable escorts. His mansion, his garden, his people, day is you transformed. You are force, energy that excites the palatial homes of the rich requirements.

You are the politicians' seat, and the judge's pulpit, the judge's salary, and all for a thousand years, and still they pay for more, and still more, and still they pay for more. A graveyard where you lie beneath the soil each the remains of the other pumped up to life, suspended in a keystone to with the air extracted from it.

Industrial efficiency points the way to the controlling of the most power of the workers by the workers. All production will then revert back to the workers and the strongest of those who produce it will be the business man's profit.

The brains of the master class are busied with their industrial machinery, and the toilers work on in contentment.

E. MOYLE.

Applications are called for. Applications must have been a member since at least six months, and have 1916, 1917.

All further particulars from F. BROWN, Manager "D.A."

Whoever you are, whatever you are, and wherever you are, you should soon be to the working class, you should soon be the thought of being an idle spectator of the tragedy now being enacted in an alleged civilised Australia.

FIFTEEN YEARS! Think of it, and ask yourself "What for!"

Men arrested, regardless of whether evidence could be produced against them, charged with crimes in many instances only because they happened to be on the I.W.W. premises when the raid was made!

Are these men, who are largely responsible for the unmistakable hostility now displayed against the further advancement of the Australian working class to be gagged for fifteen years? Remember, the light is still on, their presence in our ranks is of primary importance, we want them, we must have men, who can look into the eyes of death if necessary, without flinching. They did not fear to shoulder their share of the burden. Imprisonment for life failed to find the "yellow streak" in them! Are you then prepared to see men like those spend their lives in living graves?

Tell us, how will you feel when you look into the dim, veiled faces and questioning eyes of the survivors of the ordeal fifteen years hence?

What will you tell the kiddies when

they ask you what you did to SAVE their fathers from a living death?

Does it mean that you are afraid to identify yourself with the demand for their release or that you are saving your conscience for the war loth, that boys "the sack" got you bluffed?

You, who still believe in treating the "best of power" reasonably and constitutionally and coaxing him to better your conditions; see what sweet reasonlessness is done for the workers, and the fearful England and Europe, and then turn to Ireland and Australia, two countries that put up a fight, and then day if you can that a proud, defiant working class is better than an evolutionary step at a time, meek and lowly, enslaved mankind.

The only crime from a working class standpoint that the thirty agitators now doing time are guilty of is that they have persistently, regardless of consequences, sounded the alarm. In seasons and out they have shouted from the housetops, Slow Down, Reduce the Output, Strike or Bleed, Organise.

These men can yet be snatched from the jaws of hell, if the working class of Australia WIT it.

Don't forget that the WILL of an organised, determined working class can gain the calculations of the most despotic learned judge that ever sat in a court of law.

ERASMUS.

HOW THE BOSS FIGHTS.

If slander, abuse and lies would kill anything, the I.W.W. would be dead and buried long ago. If it were possible to slay a man by the words of a preacher, the I.W.W. would now be an organisation no more.

Ever since the advent of the I.W.W. in Australia, early union officials, politicians and the middle-class, in general, have been anxious to hurl mudbolts at the head of that fighting organisation.

In the eyes of all the upholders of the capitalist system, the I.W.W. has always been an anathema. The series of the capitalist press have always been ready to defame, vilify, and curse the I.W.W.

But despite the ravings of the master-class, the dismal wailings of their vernal press, and the snufflings of politicians, hatred, and his followers, with every day, the I.W.W. has stood and still stands out bold and defiant as the rock.

During the conscription campaign in Australia, the Prime Minister, Mr. W. M. Hughes, and his followers, used every tactic possible in an attempt to poison the minds and instil hatred in the breasts of the people of Australia against the I.W.W.

There was no incentive too strong, no venom too poisonous, no language too severe, to pour upon the heads of the I.W.W. agitators. They were charged with every crime in the calendar, and spoils of men who are outside the pale of civilisation.

Surely the master class are hard put to it for arguments. Any school boy can insult and denigrate, any small child can be truthful and honest, and that our enemies have known that, and that our enemies are unscrupulous in their tactics, and believe in "any tactic that may win" when fighting the working class.

Various hints and spittal anger of the master-class have given vent to in trying to stop the industrial propaganda.

UNION INTELLIGENCE.

At the present moment the electrical trade is shatter that it has been for a long time. A few months back the employers had to hunt up labor for their newly two hundred numbers of new electric trades are hunting for jobs.

One would be hunting for jobs, secretary would be to explain the misunderstanding of the cause of the trouble during the militant movement. For the master class have been advocating the working class have been advocating the working class, in order to make

granda and silence the voice of the labor agitator.

Although the putrid penny prints of phytocracy gloated over the cruel sentences passed upon twelve members of the organizing class in Sydney and the conscriptionists rubbed their hands with glee, the breaking of industrial unionism has not ceased one bit.

The persistent and consistent agitation of the One Big Union has got the bosses goat, and they are now yelling their hardest for our suppression.

All the channels of vituperation have been opened, and through them are rushing all the mud and filth, slime and slander, in the way of arguments which only yellow journals could be guilty of. Everything possible is being done in order to try and raise hatred and contempt towards the I.W.W.

After all the machinations of the master-class, they have not yet succeeded in bringing to light any proof that the crime is anything criminal in its principles or tactics.

After all the oceans of ink which has been spilt by the scribbles of capitalist denunciation of the I.W.W., one looks in vain for any evidence to support their words got off by the mouthpieces of capitalism one still waits and listens for any proof of their arguments.

The I.W.W. has issued a challenge to all its enemies to come along and prove that it is a criminal organisation, but our only reply is a tower of organisation, but the I.W.W. challenges any member of the press, or any press, or any platform, any time and any place, and prove that the I.W.W. has ever advocated or practiced criminality, but we wait in vain for an answer.

The condemnation of the master class sense of arguments against us should be one incentive to fight on.

We have full confidence in our fight for freedom, and will continue on until the world is free.

-N.R.

room for more men, but every move in that direction has been opposed by the union officials.

The unions have plainly been degenerating into something approaching conscriptionist organizations.

One man, looking for a master readily, trades union, and was informed that he was acquiring a boss was very slight. Upon intended to do the secretary and the union received the rather surprising answer, "We will have to help you for the best of your boys."

