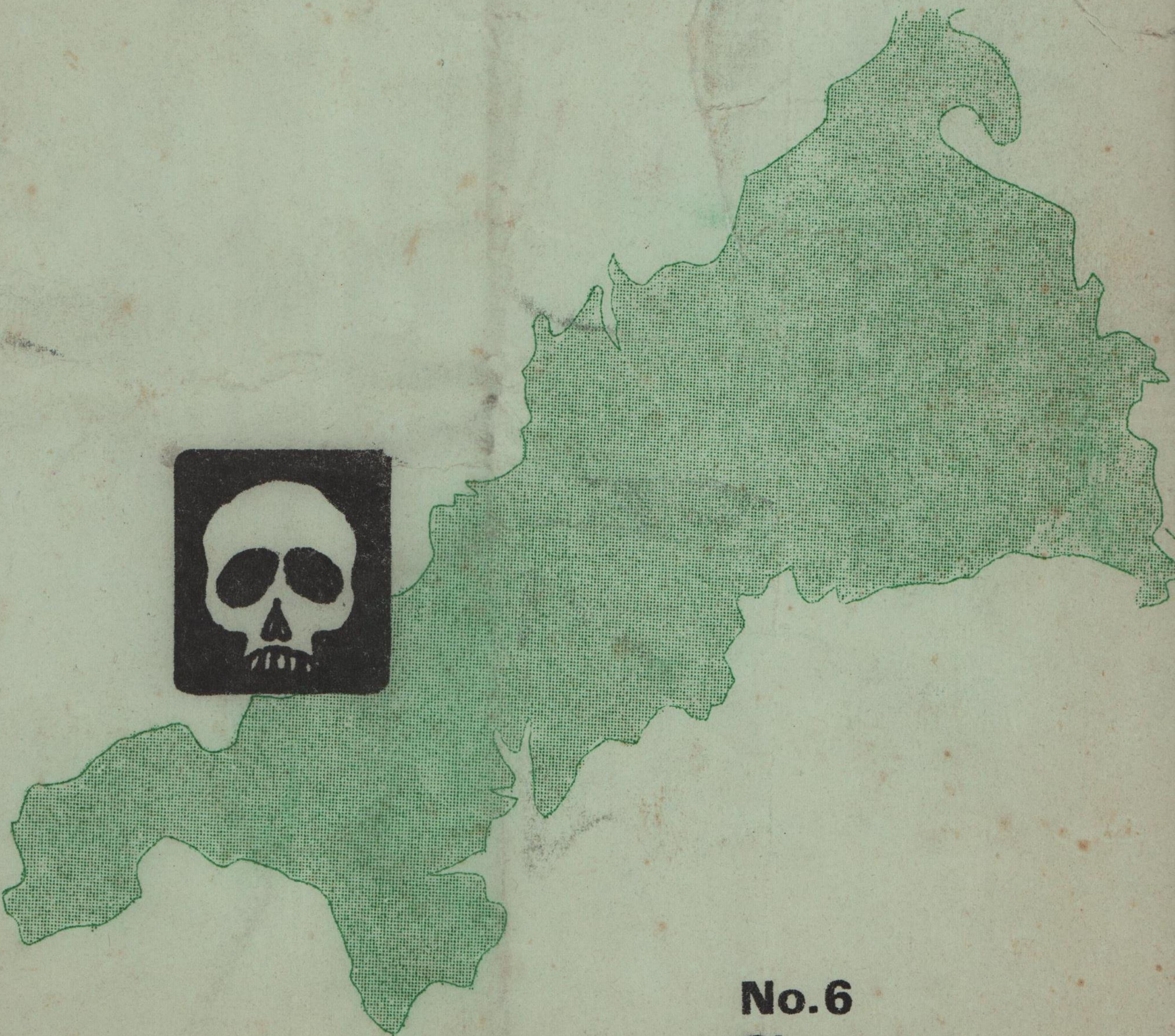


**one and all** 



**No.6**  
**Sixpence**

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**one and all**



"I am a physical force Chartist, and all I say is this, stand fast by your colours! Do not shrink from the Charter.....and if you see any bodies of police coming near to this meeting, marching in to this meeting, stand your ground shoulder to shoulder. Do not run, there is danger for those who run, there is safety for those who keep together....Make up your minds, stand to your guard, there cannot be more heads broken than are broken on those occasions when men run away. All I say is, that Government are desirous of marring the performance of your present great duty. That duty is organisation.... commence at the foundation aright: all the rest will follow of itself."

ERNEST JONES, in his speech at Tower Hamlets, London (May 25th 1848) for which he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

**up with CHAOS**



So; Cornwall's people are to be guinea-pigs for Concorde. No surprise in that, and for what it's worth we add our thunder to the damp squibs of protest voiced in other places. But most of the official murmurs have been parochial and insular. So far as the local M.P.'s and Councilors are concerned, Concorde is okay provided it is tested somewhere else - provided their precious tourist trade is not affected, provided their voters are appeased, in other words.

This is of course nonsense. What is wrong with Concorde is not merely that it will be tested over Cornwall and we happen to live in Cornwall. Concorde is wrong in its whole conception. The idea of spending up to a thousand million pounds of our money in developing a transport vehicle that will carry a few hundred businessmen to their next appointment a

couple of hours faster than the current fastest vehicle, meanwhile causing shock, annoyance and fear to several million ordinary people who cannot afford to travel anywhere except perhaps for one carefully hoarded fortnight each year - this whole conception is totally crazy, and if our so-called civilisation were not totally crazy also it would never have got beyond the insane mind of a harmless mixed-up draughtsman in a drafty attic. As it is however it is this kind of deluded project which pleases Governments and has always pleased Governments right since one of the earliest examples spent the resources of his country on putting up the Pyramids. Cheap and easy travel for everyone is nowhere near so prestigious.

The best news of the month for all of us comes from Buckinghamshire, where an intrepid pioneer has started CHAOS - Close Heathrow Airport On Sundays. They are going to block the roads round London Airport every Sunday until night flights of noisy planes are stopped. They say "It's time people stopped being subordinated to machines." Up with CHAOS!

**Mildenhall**



Does a shudder go up your spine at the mere mention of Mildenhall? It should. Mildenhall is the American air base in East Anglia where a plane nearly crashed recently, with a dangerous cargo that could have been nerve gas. Next time the plane may indeed crash, releasing into the air the odourless, invisible, deadly gas against which there is no defence available to the civilian population.

Downwind from Mildenhall are three schools full of children. When the plane nearly crashed, the only precautions the authorities could suggest were that the kids be kept in school and blankets placed along the bottom of the doors.

On the North Cornish coast is Nancekuke, where the Government makes the deadly nerve gas (and who knows what else?) under conditions of utmost secrecy. We're pleased to welcome the formation of Close Nancekuke Now, a new group dedicated to getting this horrible factory closed down; it is about time the Cornish woke up and got rid of this particularly nasty place that the English have foisted on them.

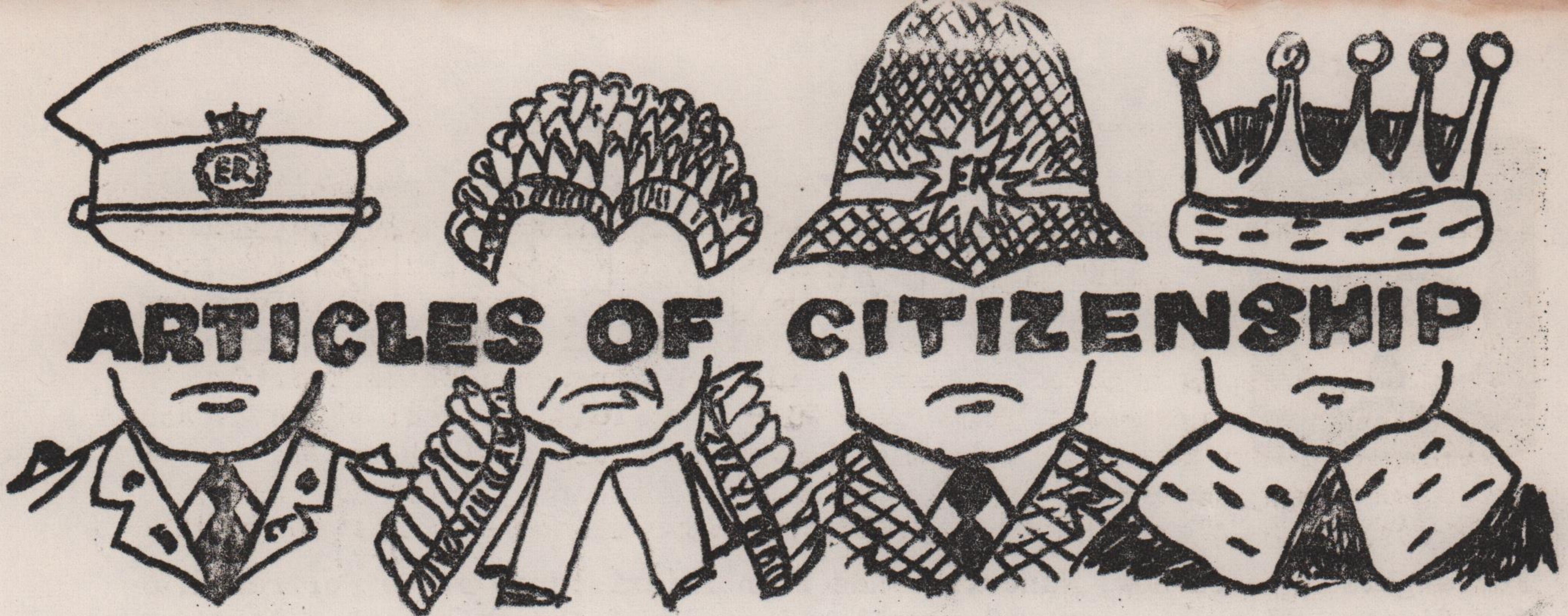
Or one black day the authorities will be on the phone to the schools of Camborne and Redruth, suggesting that they keep the children in and place blankets under the doors.....

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THE TRUTH

IS ALWAYS

SUBVERSIVE



ARTICLE 1. The individual (hereinafter referred to as "the citizen") is required to delegate his personal responsibility, at both national and local levels, to a person presented for this purpose by the existing power structures.

ARTICLE 2. The aforementioned delegation of responsibility is to take the form of a periodic visit to a designated place ("Polling Station") and the casting of a piece of paper ("Ballot" or "Vote") therein: the whole procedure to be surrounded by an air of reverence and mystery and further obscured by the repetition of traditional platitudes. (See Note i)).

ARTICLE 3. Article 2 (above) is deemed to be a voluntary action; any citizen is at liberty to register his disapproval of the procedure by exercising his right to refrain from voting: such an attitude to be known as "Apathy" or "Political Immaturity". He may also offer himself for "Election" at the discretion of the controllers of the power machinery and the mass media of communication.

ARTICLE 4. To enable citizens not covered by Article 3 (above) to identify with the procedure as outlined, the power groups shall be divided into two bodies known as "Her Majesty's Government" and "Her Majesty's Opposition" which titles may be periodically alternated.

ARTICLE 5. The citizen is required to extol the virtues of the above system of control (Hereinafter known as "Parliamentary Democracy") at every possible opportunity and is, moreover, expected to kill and/or die on behalf of said system at such times as his "representatives" may decide.

Note i) Approved platitudes are:

- (a) "Freedom and Democracy"
- (b) "British Way of Life"
- (c) "Balance of Payments"
- (d) "Queen and Country"
- (e) "Mother of Parliaments"

Note ii) To be muttered three times a day before meals or constantly on receipt of the four-minute warning:

"I believe in Law and Order, Productivity, English China Clays, Participation, the Great Deterrent, Patriotism, Capital Punishment, Short Hair and Born Leaders."

Mark Sherwood.



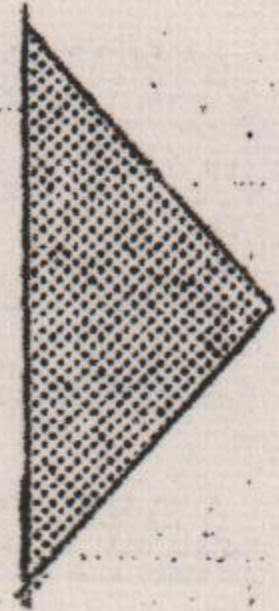
# NANCEKUKUKE

For eighteen years now, Nancekuke has been in existence above Portreath. For fifteen of those years, Cornwall had at least the excuse that it did not know. Now even that excuse is gone. We all know about Nancekuke: that it makes nerve gas, that men have died and been made seriously ill there, that the Government has continually lied about it, that it employs over 200 people (some, to our shame, Cornish). Nancekuke is the State's guiltiest secret, and because it is in Cornwall it is primarily our job to expose it and remove it.

CLOSE NANCEKUKUKE NOW is a new action group of people who live near the factory and intend to do just that - expose it and remove it.

One of the things the group is doing is to tell holidaymakers, who are brought to our lovely land by glossy advertising, the real truth behind the happy facade. We are not saying "Don't come!" What we do say is that people who are thinking of bringing their children here should be warned about Nancekuke. The risk of accident, although small, cannot be ruled out. No safety precautions can be 100% infallible: as was shown at Aberfan and with the Torrey Canyon. The results of an accident at Nancekuke would be so appalling that the risk is one we cannot afford to take.

"CLOSE NANCEKUKUKE NOW" GAVE OUT THIS LEAFLET RECENTLY AT A TOURIST EXHIBITION IN NOTTINGHAM AND AT A "COME TO CORNWALL" EXHIBITION ON WATERLOO STATION, LONDON. WE SHALL KEEP UP THIS CAMPAIGN THROUGH THE SUMMER.



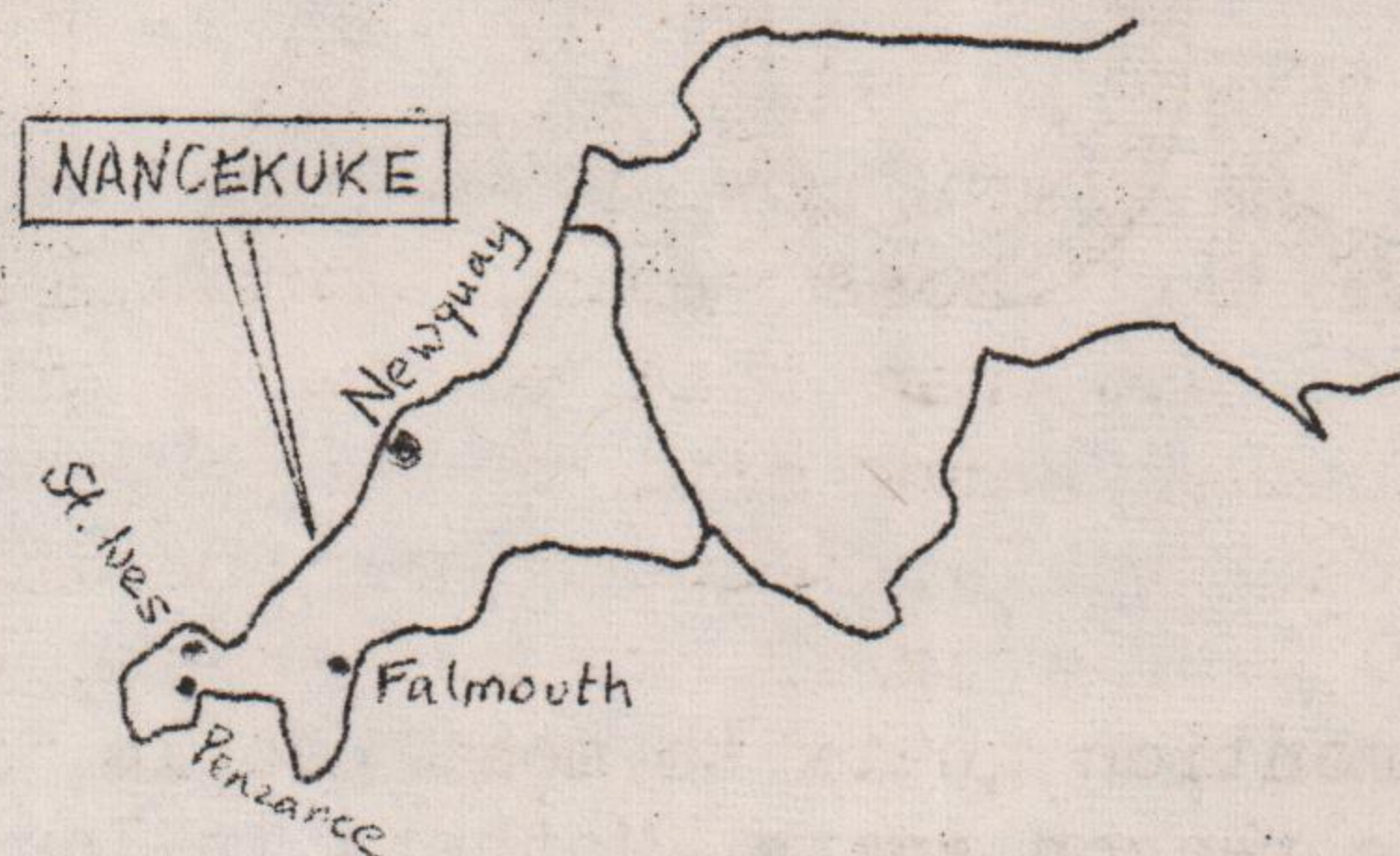
We are publishing an authoritative pamphlet giving all the known facts about Nancekuke. The whole issue is still shrouded in too much secrecy, doubletalk and deliberate suppression of information - the latter typified by the attitude of Mr. Williamson of the Cornwall Holidays and Tourist Association. When he heard that C.N.N. is giving the facts about Nancekuke to intending holidaymakers, his reaction was not to agree with us that this dangerous and disgraceful place should be removed. Oh no. He threatened to take legal action to prevent us telling people about it!

Everyone in Cornwall has a duty to join CLOSE NANCEKUKUKE NOW in our campaign against the factory. We cannot say, as the Germans said about Dachau and Auschwitz: "We did not know." We know only too well - and now we must fight.

# ARE YOU THINKING OF COMING TO CORNWALL?

You'll get some glossy brochures about Cornwall at this exhibition. You'll think about coming here to escape the dirt and filth of the big city in our clean air and pure sea water.....but do you know what you are coming to?

There is something in Cornwall that the glossy brochures don't mention. On the North coast, between St. Ives and Newquay, is a Government factory hidden behind a high fence, police dogs, electronic alarms and men with guns. This is Nancekuke.



Nancekuke is a nerve gas factory. Here Government scientists make large quantities of nerve gas, the odourless, invisible weapon that is so powerful that one drop on your skin can kill you.

Nancekuke is dangerous. If there were a serious accident at the factory and nerve gas were released, the result would be horrifying. 6,000 sheep were recently killed in an accident with nerve gas in an uninhabited area of Utah, U.S.A. Cornwall is not an uninhabited area. Accidents have already happened at Nancekuke. At least one worker at the factory has died and ten or twelve others have contracted incurable nervous diseases. After Aberfan, the Ronan Point flats and the Torrey Canyon we cannot say "an accident is impossible".

We need flats to live in, oil for fuel, coal to burn. But we don't need nerve gas. Nancekuke is not worth the risk!

## POLLUTION

Even without a serious accident Nancekuke could be polluting the sea and air of Cornwall. Millions of gallons of water are pumped from the plant every year. In America, at their nerve gas factory in Denver, Colorado, there have been serious problems with highly contaminated wastes. Can we believe the same problems have not arisen at Nancekuke? Solid and gaseous waste goes up the chimney into the Cornish air. We know that the death rate from nervous diseases in the surrounding district is higher than the national average. We know that men have been made ill and died from working at Nancekuke - yet the Government still says the place is quite safe both to its employees and to the surrounding area.

The Government has told so many lies about Nancekuke we can no longer believe anything they say. If you are thinking of a holiday in Cornwall, you must ask yourself: is it worth the risk?

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"We want to keep a goat, but...." "All this moor and scrub. Why don't we get a goat....?" "We've got this place for our commune, see, a big house and land, oh, twenty acres I think. Pretty rough. Oh no, not cows. Goats....." "WE WANT AN ARTICLE IN 'ONE AND ALL' ABOUT KEEPING

# GOATS!



If you mention goats to most people, a grin spreads across their face. For some reason goats, Mothers in law, and sausages are instantly regarded as being funny. After some years experience of keeping them, I can assure you they are not funny.

"Wouldn't it be nice to have a goat on the place", said my wife, "think of the fresh milk, and it would be such a nice pet for the children." I smiled meekly, and agreed, as long ago I had learned that it is best not to protest too much but to give in and save my strength for the battle ahead.

Now if you think a goat is a goat, you are in, as I was, for a surprise. There are Saanen's, Alpines, Neubians and Tollenburgs, with in between numerous crosses and hybrids of all shapes and sizes. Our purchase turned out to be a white Saanen nanny. A dear thing but quite independent. She looked on us humans as a necessary evil which she would dearly love to do without. The good lady with whom we had just completed the deal began to give us a few hints on how to look after it.

"You must get a nice long chain, not too heavy, to tether her by, but don't leave her out if it rains for goats are not waterproof you know." "Her feet will need cutting quite regularly or she will go lame." "Watch out for mastitis (lumps in the udder) and for goodness sake don't let her eat rhododendrons for it will kill her." I began to have visions of a life spent in service of goats.

She soon settled in at home with us, and as the news spread around the district, people would stop me in the road and say "You keep goats don't you? We have one that wants a good home, would you take it?" In no time at all we acquired five female goats of various colours and shapes. One had the most impressive pair of horns that ever graced an animal's head. The first morning she was let out she emerged with such speed that I had to jump to clear those enormous horns, narrowly escaping the most efficient and permanent form of birth control.

When the spring came each goat gave birth, mostly to twins. We now had ten mischeivous, cuddly, uncontrollable kids turning the farm into a desert. The last straw was to find, on returning home one day, that they had decided the house was really a mountain, and they were scampering over the roof which they had reached via the water butt and lean-to garage. It is a little disconcerting to say the least to find a goat standing on the chimney like the stag at bay. We solved the problem by buying a deep freeze; friends having lunch with us said they had never had such nice lamb, and we never did enlighten them.

If after this tale of woe you feel you would like to keep a goat, may I suggest you contact the local Dairy Goat Association (Cornwall Secretary: Mrs. I.D. Venables, Higher New Moor, Lanjeth, St. Austell) who will put you on the right road completely free of charge. ∞

Ben Adhem

## PARABLE

For years we had kept white goats in a large paddock surrounded by a six foot fence. Secure in this enclosure they lived happily, free to run around and with ample grazing. At one end of the paddock was a well built shed with plenty of fresh bedding where they slept at night or sheltered in bad weather, in fact their home was the envy of our goatkeeping friends.

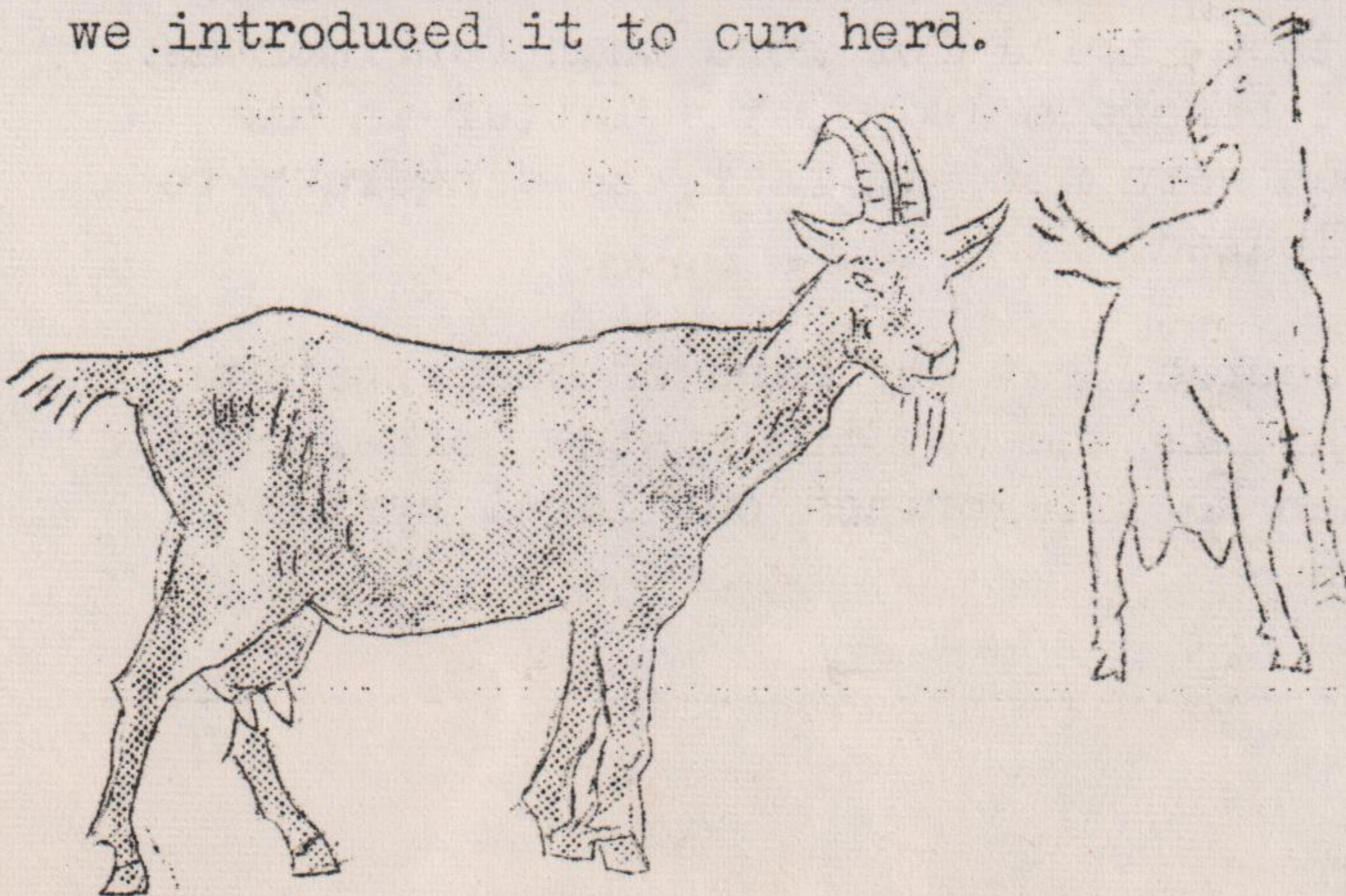
While travelling abroad one summer, we saw how badly goats were kept and treated and decided we would import one of these underfed creatures to share the comforts of our holding. In due course after much form filling, examinations and questions, the goat was allowed to arrive at our home and we introduced it to our herd.

At first it was viewed with superior condescension, then complete indifference, and gradually as the days went by we noticed it was not allowed to share the warm shed with the others but had to shelter under a hedge from the rain. Whenever possible it was made by the others to graze in a different part of the field and they acted as though it had some dread disease.

Eventually, the poor creature, although living in plenty, was sadder and more lonely than it had been before we befriended it. This worried us so much we asked the advice of our vet. He looked over the gate at our herd of well fed white goats and said pointing to the solitary little black goat. "There's your answer, his coat is of a different colour!"

This is of course a parable and goats do not behave like this, only people. ∞

B.A.





# DAVE

Dave Griffiths, the young man from Newquay who was arrested in a London house which squatters had claimed on behalf of a homeless family, was finally released from prison after three months in custody without trial, two days before Christmas. Four of his

comrades spent more than four months in prison awaiting trial. They were all finally brought to court at the Old Bailey in February.

It quickly became apparent that the evidence for the prosecution was not going to stand up. Everyone concerned with the case knew this would happen; the charges of conspiracy, in particular, were ridiculous. So almost before the trial started the police had to drop the most serious charges. Dave and the others were finally persuaded to plead guilty to a charge of resisting a sherriff, their lawyers having obtained a virtual guarantee from the Judge and prosecution that no prison sentence would be handed down. They were finally sentenced to six months imprisonment suspended for eighteen months, and released.

There has been a certain amount of publicity recently on the matter of "deals" in court between defence, prosecution and Judge, by which an accused person pleads guilty on condition he does not receive a heavy sentence. Those of us who have some experience of court procedure are very well aware that such goings on are not exceptional: they comprise the majority of verdicts obtained in our courts today, particularly in crowded urban areas. Many probably innocent people are persuaded to plead guilty; the pressures are difficult to withstand. (The police, prosecution, and defence lawyers all urge compliance.) This may lead to more efficient administration of the legal system, but it is not justice.

Dave spent three months in prison before his trial, having been consistently refused bail as an act of political spite on the part of the police, who maintained that as an anarchist he was too dangerous to be at large. The police obviously knew perfectly well that they were unlikely to get a conviction and prison sentence particularly since Dave was a first offender. Hence they had to have their pound of flesh before the trial. Dave's comrades were in prison without trial for more than four months. But when they were finally brought before a Judge, the latter in his wisdom decided that these young men were not, in fact, so dangerous to society that they could not be released.

Dave and his comrades do not, of course, get any kind of compensation for their lost months of life. That is the way the system works. Peter Kropotkin was right, long ago, when he categorised our legal system: ORGANISED VENGEANCE CALLED JUSTICE.~

# ST. IVES!

Nobody is quite sure what the "St. Ives Thing" is, and nobody knows quite what the outcome of it all will be. Roughly speaking, it is going to be a festival, but no ordinary festival! Fifteen hundred pounds has been given by the Arts Council, to use as we wish (within the bounds of decency, preferably) and Nicki Tester at Zennor has been put in charge of the running of the thing.

So far, things are moving pretty well. Several good, progressive groups have been booked, exhibitions of art, sculpture etc. arranged, poetry readings, plays and happenings sorted out, and there will be an open market where you can get vast and wonderful assortments of stuff not usually found in the shops.

What is going to happen is roughly this:- for three days, the 19th to 21st of March, St Ives is going to be completely taken over and turned inside out, upside down and back to front. The streets will be transformed with weird and wonderful decorations, and there will be SOMETHING happening ALL THE TIME all over the town for those three days. All kinds of amazing people will be doing all kinds of amazing things, and you can do your thing too. It is hoped that the result will be a concoction of all the arts, crafts, emotions, thoughts and happenings of the people involved, and we want YOU to come down and join in.

If you have anything to say or do, or if you just want to freak out and have a good time, COME TO THE ST. IVES FESTIVAL. Tickets, which cover all the events for the three days, cost 10/-, which is the cheapest three days entertainment you'll find anywhere! You can get tickets from:- Nicki Tester, Tregarthen, Zennor, St. Ives, and you can also get details from Nicki about how to get to St. Ives, what to do when you get there, etc.

If the response to the festival is good, it is hoped, with more money from the Arts Council, to start an arts lab in St. Ives, and liven this part of the world up a little. This is one of the few GOOD uses that government money is being put to, and it's up to us to get as much of it as we can!

To be a success, this thing needs your support; this you can best give by coming to the festival and seeing what sort of scene we can make in the South West. BE WARNED! we DON'T know exactly WHAT or WHO is going to happen....what we do know is that it'll be the best thing happening in the South West this year....so come along and join in the fun.

Tamsin Wilton.

HOLMAN BROS.

J. Heathcoat Ltd.

Mace, Rainbow & Stone

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# LIFE ON THE SHOP FLOOR

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J.F. Pool & Son.

RANK BUSH MURPHY

The following are three commentaries on their work made by industrial workers. The first is by a man who has worked at Fords, Dagenham, for 27 years:

"The working man in particular is full of emotions, of either likes or dislikes, all the feelings that are inside him when he works in a factory. He is out of contact with other men. Other men can see the sky, they are in the world. In press operating you have no time to do anything bar to shunt metal and metal doesn't talk to you, does it?...They come to me, 18 years of age, I tell them: you should be out enjoying life. This pays you £20 a week but while you are here and your mates are out there you can't use the £20. In a factory a man has to pick up a sheet of steel and put it in a press and then do it again and keep on doing it. The foreman is there to see that he does it - he can't not do it. All the while they are in the factory they are not free....I don't feel any loyalty to Fords, but I get satisfaction from them, I can put my hand in my pocket....Oh yes, I would use violence to overthrow the State. I don't approve of the structure of our society. The Labour Party have done more against the working man than the Conservatives would ever dare to do. If there were a revolution against the State I would take up a machine-gun. I would be happy to do so." ('Evening Standard', March 28, 1969, p.14.)

These words should set us all thinking - particularly if we don't work in a factory and have no idea of what factory life is like. How come that this veteran worker, who claims reasonable satisfaction with his wages, is nevertheless willing to overthrow the State, by violence if needs be? What is the motive of such willingness?

The second report comes from a worker at Vauxhalls:

"My job is a typical example of how the meaning of work is completely destroyed. I don't ever see the finished product which I help to produce. I do nothing which is creative in any way. Certainly the type of work surroundings give little opportunity to be particularly creative. Most important of all, I have no say in the general conduct of production, what should be made, what quantity, and what use it should be put....Ask anyone in my factory whether they really think this is the best method and whether they like doing it, the same bloody thing thirty-five times an hour, eight hours a day, five days

a week, fifty weeks of the year. They'll soon vehemently give you their answer.....If most people, in industry and outside of it, experience the fact that they have little control in decision-making, they do not all experience the reality of having the tempo and quantity of work forced on them with little prospect of altering it except by direct action." ('Solidarity', vol.V, No.7, p.9)

In this passage this worker is expressing a profound dissatisfaction with the quality of life. We doubt his fundamental criticism about these matters would lessen if his pay was increased by 5% per annum.

The last report is from the volume 'Work: Twenty personal accounts', (Penguin, 1968):

"I work in a factory. For eight hours, five days a week, I am the exception to the rule that life can't exist in a vacuum. Work to me is a void, and I begrudge every precious minute of my time that it takes....Time is what the factory worker sells: not labour, not skill, but time, dreary time. Desolate factory time that passes so slowly compared with the fleeting seconds of the weekend. Monday morning starts with a sigh, and the rest of the working week is spent longing for Friday night. Everyone seems to be wishing his life away. And away it goes - sold to the man in the bowler hat... Factories may differ, but those working in them are all suffering from the same industrial malaise. We are all second fiddles to machines."

## THE NEW SLAVERY

We are accustomed to think of exploitation in financial terms. Indeed, here in Cornwall particularly this is still very relevant. But the workers quoted above are earning good money. This - the quality of life - is what is at the back of the recurrent labour troubles in the car industry. The men know in their hearts that money is not the real problem, but money is the only thing their whole political/social training will let them demand. Happiness? Satisfaction? Try asking the boss for them!

This situation is not inevitable. Factories are man-made. The whole system which binds you to slavery for the most productive fifty years of your life is man-made. Anything that is made by man can be changed by men.

When we workers get together to demand more money, a greater share of the profits cake, this is good. But such struggles are only half the story. We must dare to organise for more: must dare, as producers, to demand not part of the cake, but the whole cake. We must demand control of how production is organised, and dare to make life human again; smash for ever the sheer horror of work in factories and mines. We must break down the modern slavery, and replace it with a new way that allows for living as well as producing; that will allow us to be human all the time and not just at weekends and holidays.

Derek Jackson.

# INDUSTRY:

## HOLMANS MEN LEAD AGAIN

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"Jack Straw"

Good news from Holmans, again taking the lead in the South-West against low wages. The shop stewards have put in a claim for a basic minimum (for skilled men, others pro rata) of £21 a week. This is still £4 less than the average for engineers throughout the country, but compares favourably with the current basic at Holmans of £16-5s. for a skilled man for a 40 hour week. One of the most iniquitous features of most factory wage systems, with their complex bonus procedures, is the way the men are made to pay for the inefficiency of management. So often an inefficient management causes hold-ups in the supply of raw materials, or an old and worn-out machine breaks down; the men pay for this by losing their precious production bonus which at present makes their pay up to something like a living wage.

Last year's victorious work-to-rule at Holmans was fought on the issue of bonus payments. It is good to see that the unions are now getting down to tackling the far more relevant and important issue of basic pay.

One lesson that ought to have been learned by now is that factory meetings of the men should be held in works time in the canteen or similar convenient place within the factory. Unfortunately the Holmans unions still insist on calling meetings in the evenings. This means that only the most active and most interested of the men will attend; whereas all the men should be involved in decisions which affect their livelihood.

Because when someone has himself been involved in a decision (particularly if it is to strike or work-to-rule) he will maintain solidarity with much greater effect than if he feels, however mistakenly, that the decision has been somehow forced on him.

Holmans management of course realise the implications of the men meeting together in factory time to discuss their work, and don't like it one bit. Average gain workers (those who, by the nature of their work, cannot be included in production bonus schemes and who are consequently paid the "average gain bonus" earned by other men) at present in dispute with management have held two meetings in the canteen in works time. Management put up a notice stating they should clock out and hold their meetings elsewhere. This would have amounted to a lock-out, for they would then be excluded from the factory until the next shift.

Manager Cudlip has been asking: "Who the hell is running this factory?" We can all tell him that! If the workers stopped working he could sit in his office and twiddle his thumbs until kingdom come. But if he didn't turn up one day, we'd make out alright. He's a parasite who sits on our backs, and don't let us let him forget it.

## TOOLS & DIES

News of action too from PRECISION TOOLS AND DIES, a small engineering factory in the lee of Maxam Power.

The bosses here are even less necessary than manager Cudlip - and prove it by remaining in Holland most of the time and coming over once a month to see the men! Now they're trying to introduce a really crafty scheme. Under this the bonus payments will be abolished, and the men's basic rate made dependent on production for the previous six months. If they make the target for six months then they get a rise. Fair enough, you might say. BUT.... Who controls the target? THE BOSS. Who controls the speed of the line? THE BOSS. Who controls input of materials? THE BOSS. So the boss

can get 5½ months above-target work out of the men, then surprise! surprise! something goes wrong, they fail to make target for one week, and under this scheme they have to go back to the beginning and start the six months all over again.

Presumably this kind of con trick would be acceptable to Barbara Castle with her fetish of "productivity schemes." Fortunately it won't wash with the men of Tools and Dies who are telling their absentee landlords what they can do with their targets. ☺



IS THIS THE WAY OUR ECONOMY COULD EVOLVE IN THE FUTURE?

AN INTERESTING PROPOSAL OUTLINED BY "UTOPIAN" --

## THE ENTITLEMENT STATE

A recent comment with respect to a report on pollution made the point that the Labour Government has compromised socialist values by adopting capitalist ones. Obviously so long as capitalist values are heeded by Government at all, any ideals, or ideas to further them, for people or country will be hopelessly compromised. The capitalistic - or more correctly in this latter third of the twentieth century - the profit motive must therefore be removed from any need for consideration. Here is the means by which it may be done. It is called, for short, "The Entitlement State."

Speaking in general terms, we do not buy our water. We pay for it by means of a tax which is called a water rate. We do not notice this payment, yet we all make it. Again speaking generally, there are very many other things we all get, but which, although we all get them, we do nevertheless pay separately for. There is no reason why we should. For practical purposes, all of us get milk: why do we pay for it separately? It is a pure hang-over from an earlier economy - the economy of shortage and of consequent profit. There is no shortage of milk now, but the profit from it is even greater (though curiously enough, the man who produces the milk has seen no increase in his profit but in fact a decrease in real money terms.)

## MILK AND WATER

There is a strong analogy between milk and water. Water is "produced" by the work of a lot of men, even if that work is often of a "maintenance" character. There is no reason at all why milk should not be made available to us all in any quantity we wish and free of any direct charge. Instead, we would pay a "milk rate" - it is better to call it a rate than a tax - on a capitation basis. The present gross value of all milk and milk products output could be met by an extra 6d. in the pound income-tax. But the actual addition would be far far less, because with all the middle-men rake-offs eliminated, the cost to the individual would be correspondingly less: moreover, the farmer's subsidy is already taken care of by this and/or other taxation, reducing the additional amount yet further and as there is no question at this stage of depriving the producer of his earnings (not his profits) it would be possible to pay the basic producer more and still keep the over-all charge well within its present limits.

Two points must be noted: firstly, that there would be no question of depriving anyone of better quality milk when and where available - one would merely pay the difference between the prices of basic milk and of quality milk. The majority of people take basic milk in any case. The

other is that it will be absolutely vital not to let bureaucracy take over from middlemen: the scheme has to be organised on a minimum-paper-cum-man-hour basis. It is not worked out here.

## PERSONAL CHOICE

Milk is taken as an example of what is intended: perhaps the best because probably the one which could be most easily applied. There are many other commodities to which the same principle could be applied - housing, clothing, communication are three obvious ones. Some may add transport, but there are complications in any simple consideration of transport - public or private, push-bicycle or motor-bicycle etc. - which defer such consideration to a later stage. The other matters are relatively easily dealt with: each one would result in less coming out of our pockets in direct payment, while more would come out of our pockets in tax payments. Income tax has been instanced as one such method: there are others but it is possible that income-tax is the best for this purpose, since as each commodity came off the market, in money terms, and became added to the paid-by-tax sector of the economy, so would the disposable income of each person gradually become less. He would not be less well-off, in conventional money terms, as he would be getting necessary goods by other means at a cheaper rate. He would no longer be paying directly for universal essentials: and as each item was added to the list, he would be more and more concerned with inessentials, matters, indeed, of personal choice. The point in time has been reached and passed when, in advanced western economies, it ceased to be true that one earned bread by the sweat of one's brow. So long, then, as personal private incomes continue, it is right that they should be more and more confined to expenditure on things not universally essential. If a person chooses to dispose of his money on what others might think inessential, those others would recall that each of them does the same thing, or would want to, in different ways and degrees.

A brief example of this is television. Just over 30 years ago, it was a rich man's toy and certainly not thought of as in the slightest degree essential. In a generation the picture has changed: there are indeed many who do not have or want TV but they are in a small minority. In the Entitlement State, at some time in the early 1950's, the Bureau of Entitlements would have put it on to the free issue, and the cost on to the tax. Once a commodity becomes an entitlement, it would not be possible to opt out of it, though just as one would be able to buy quality milk, so one would be able to sell one's entitlement. (A would-be four-car family would easily acquire the extra vehicles it needed.)

This is no more than an introduction to the Entitlement State. It will at once be seen that with its arrival the disappearance would commence of the four-thousand-year-old capitalist economy of shortage.



# letters



Dear Sir,

As a member, student, pupil or what have you of St. Austell Grammar School I read the article "The Amazing Grammar School Trick" by Tony Rigby with interest - or should I say I commenced reading the article with interest since I finished reading it with derision. I do not object to his views - the point of your magazine is to reinforce freedom of speech and ideas, but I can only assume, since he is not a member of the 6th form, that he assimilated his ideas on the 6th form council in much the same way as a plant assimilates proteins - from free air, as the 6th form council operates only for the 6th form and not for the entire school. May I suggest that he learns his facts before he criticise with such authority.

I hasten to add I am not a member of the 6th form council - a mere 6th former.

Yours faithfully,  
P. White.

6th Form Centre,  
St. Austell G.S.

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THAT'S ENOUGH!

Since 1945 an enormous proportion of Britain's Gross National Product has been spent on the production of weapons of defence, and in latter years on Nuclear bombs and delivery systems.

Few people argue with the concept of defence for despite the fact that relations with the U.S.S.R. have

improved of late, the diabolical invasion of Czechoslovakia proves that there is still a need for the Western democracies to have at hand an alert defence system. Within N.A.T.O. we have this system which controls enough nuclear power not only to eradicate Russia and China from the face of the Earth, but literally to erase Civilisation itself. Therefore the question must arise, are we justified in continuing to spend more money on new weapons when we already possess more than enough?

N.A.T.O. possesses weapons of a "second strike" capacity. This means that even if the whole of our nations were wiped out by surprise attack, the "second strike" weapons buried deep in silos throughout the U.S.A. and in the Polaris submarines of both the U.S. and Britain would ensure the complete destruction of the attacker. New delivery systems and larger bombs only have a marginal effect in that the delivery time may be cut by seconds or a larger area would be wiped out by the first blast rather than by radioactive fallout. Thus I would contend that in view of the enormous needs for money in the social fields the expenditure of vast sums of money on such projects is an utter waste. It is time for the people of Britain (and the U.S.A., France, etc.etc.) to tell its rulers "That's enough" - we have all the defence we need, now give us what we need more; homes, schools, hospitals and a life of Peace."

Mike Day.

Redruth.

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one and all

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Subscriptions 10/- for 12 issues; a  
few shillings extra would help a lot.