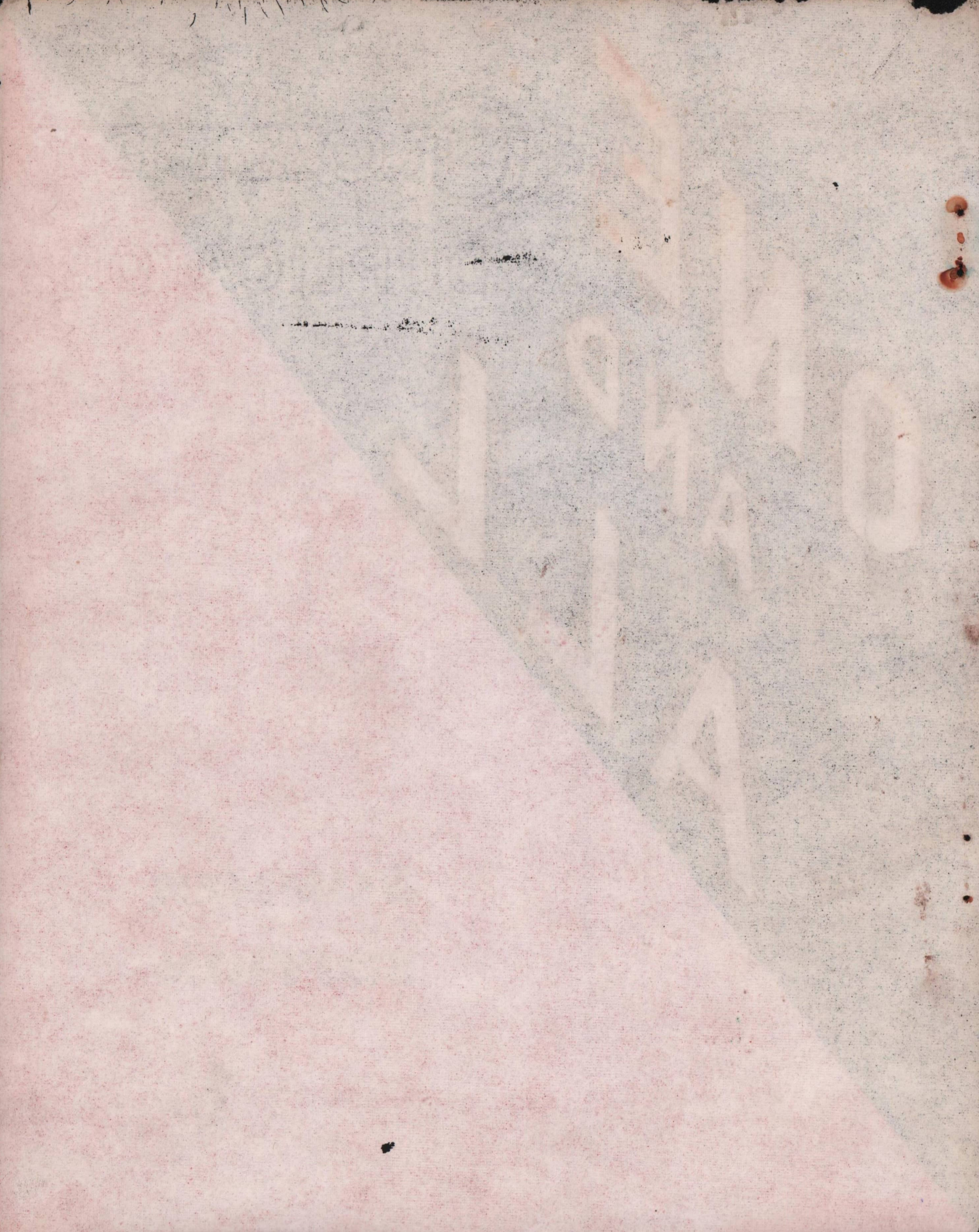


ONE  
AND  
ALL

20585 0

**SUMMER  
EDITION**

**1/-**





Noticed how many coppers there are about lately? Yes, we had too. Most of them seem to be concentrated in the seaside towns, not catching thieves or dangerous drivers, but harassing perfectly innocent young people. In some areas, noticeably St. Ives, the atmosphere is becoming so repressive that youngsters no longer visit the town - something they may remember when they grow up into family men and women themselves and decide where to spend their holidays. Indeed the adverse publicity given to St. Ives, Newquay and other places by fascist elements who proclaim "young people not wanted" seems to be affecting the holiday takings already, a good case of poetic justice. This has started as the slowest season for many years in the big hotels and guest houses; a lot of factors are involved, but would you stay in a place where you knew your son or daughter was likely to be molested by police and told to get out of town? Because this is what is happening, increasingly, and it must stop.

Much more important, of course, than the effect on the tourist trade is the question of civil liberties. The rights of the individual against the State have been fought for over many centuries, and we cannot afford to relax our vigilance now. The following stories are typical. They are not, in themselves, particularly startling. But unpleasantness of this type is enough to ruin one's evening and in a free country it should not happen.

Every one of these policemen was acting outside his authority. These incidents all occurred within a single week, not to visitors, but to students of Cornwall Technical College. They are the mere tip of the iceberg.

EDITORIAL

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"I was visiting St. Ives with a friend and two girls, one evening last week. We were sitting on the wall looking at the sea when we noticed a policeman walk past and glance at us. He then walked past from the other direction and looked again, and again; whereupon he approached us. He said "What time did you get in then"? "Just now", I replied. "What's your name?" he said. I said "It's all right, we're leaving, we're from the Tech." He repeated "What's your name?"

I gave him my name and address and he asked for means of identification. I produced my driving licence, insurance certificate, membership cards etc. Finally he wandered off, but we didn't stay sitting on the wall any longer, we went home."

"My boyfriend and I were spending an evening in a pub at Padstow. Afterwards we went out to look at the harbour, whereupon we were approached by a motorcycle policeman. He asked us our names and addresses and where we had been. My boyfriend got mad at this and asked, "What right have you got to ask these questions?" The constable insisted on having our names and addresses which we gave him. He said they were worried about the number of local breakins and disturbances and didn't like 'undesireable elements.' "

"We'd been camping near Looe for some time. Suddenly the police arrived and accused us of stealing a brass doorknocker knob. They searched the camp. We were harassed in all sorts of ways, and then accused of pinching a pencil sharpener. Finally we got fed up with Looe and decided to leave. I wrote to the Chief Constable recommending his men at Looe for an award for pettiness."

"I was sitting on my case at Indian Queens waiting for a bus. This cop stopped and asked if he could search me. I said "What for?" and he said, "Drugs." I didn't have any so agreed to a search. Then he asked my name and address, wrote it down and drove off."

It is time this widespread harassment of young holidaymakers and local people was stopped. The police are beginning to act as if they own the place and the longer they are allowed to get away with it unquestioned the worse things will become. On the next page is a summary of your rights, and other advice from those with long experience of this kind of thing in London and elsewhere. But remember that the police often (not occasionally) operate outside the law. It is usually wiser not to protest at the time since with the backing of the State they are a lot stronger than you as one individual. But if this happens to you, indeed if you are harassed by the police in any way, you will do everyone a service if you will notice the cop's number, and then contact One and All. We can't do much about individual cases. But we can, and will, give them publicity; and perhaps by doing so make the next cop think twice before he ruins your evening just because you're young.

# THESE ARE YOUR RIGHTS

NO POLICEMAN HAS ANY RIGHT TO ASK YOU YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS UNLESS YOU ARE DRIVING A VEHICLE.

NO POLICEMAN, OR ANYONE ELSE FOR THAT MATTER, HAS ANY RIGHT TO TELL YOU TO "GET OUT OF TOWN", ESCORT YOU TO THE BOUNDARY, OR IN ANY WAY PLAY SHERRIFF.

YOU DO NOT HAVE TO GO TO A POLICE STATION UNLESS YOU ARE UNDER ARREST.

"If a policeman asks you to 'accompany him to the station' and you don't want to go, ask him whether he is arresting you. (He may be uncertain whether an arrest would be lawful or not.) If he says no, you are free to do as you wish.

"There is a wide range of offences for which a policeman can lawfully arrest you without any warrant from a magistrate. It is impossible to know what these are without prolonged study - their gravity, for example, affords no guide whatever, - but you are not expected to know them all. If a policeman tells you he is arresting you, ask him what for, as he is bound to tell you. Note carefully what he says, take his number (if he is in uniform) and "go quietly". If his action is unlawful, your remedy comes later."

(Extracts from an invaluable pamphlet, "Arrest", published by the National Council for Civil Liberties, 4 Camden High Street, London, N.W.1. price 1/-, from them or from One and All.)

If you are arrested, particularly if you believe yourself to be innocent, notice, if you can, any witnesses. For example a cop may say he is taking you in for assaulting him, when in fact he just assaulted you. You are most unlikely to be able to ask **witnesses** their names and addresses at the time, so the most useful ones are your friends. If you see such an incident yourself, RUN AWAY SO THAT YOU ARE NOT ALSO ARRESTED and contact your mate later. If you have a camera a photograph of the incident could be invaluable, but then PROTECT THE CAMERA FROM THE POLICE as they have been known to smash even press photographers' cameras in such circumstances.

## IN ANY CASE OF HARASSMENT

- \* TAKE HIS NUMBER
- \* GET WITNESSES
- \* TELL "ONE AND ALL"

# IF YOU ARE ARRESTED

If you do find yourself under arrest, remember:

The police must allow you to communicate with, telephone or telegraph your family, or a solicitor immediately after you have been arrested.

The police cannot compel you to answer any questions or to sign any statement.

The police must not hold out any inducement or make any promise or threat in order to extract a statement from you. (For example, they must not say "You won't get bail unless you sign this." or "You have to admit it before we can give you bail." - this is a common ploy.)

The police cannot compel you to have your fingerprints taken against your will, without a magistrate's order.

The police cannot search your house or other premises without a magistrate's warrant, which you are entitled to see. (This applies whether you are under arrest or not.) They can however search your person, but only if you are under arrest. Searches for drugs "at random" (without arrest) are unfortunately legal, but the fuzz have to have reasonable cause to believe you may have drugs on you. (Ha Ha.)

When they search you, they can remove articles that may have some bearing on the offence charged against you, or with which you might do some injury to yourself or others while in police custody. Other articles in your possession you are entitled to keep. They will ask you to sign a list of the property taken from you. READ IT CAREFULLY however long it is. It has been known for pieces of brick, flick-knives, "hand-rolled cigarettes" and other mysterious additions to appear among one's property at this stage.

The police should not advise you to plead guilty in court.

Involving anyone else will not help you. If they say "So-and-so has admitted it, so why don't you?" DON'T BELIEVE A WORD, it is the oldest trick in the book. Even if it turns out to be true, you can't gain anything by admitting something you did not do, or which you think was not a crime. It is always better not to say too much. IF IN DOUBT, SHUT UP.

The Civil Liberties pamphlet mentioned above covers appearance in court, bail, and other material which every young person these days needs to know. Get it before they get you! And remember, however trivial the case may seem, in any case of harassment,

- \* TAKE HIS NUMBER
- \* GET WITNESSES
- \* CONTACT "ONE AND ALL"

One and All, Six Chimneys, Bolenowe, Troon, Camborne. Tel. Camborne 3061.  
(Write, phone or go through your usual contact. Don't call at Bolenowe.  
We're not always in and it's a hell of a place to find!)

# SOMEONE'S KIDDING!

A report of a recent meeting of the St. Austell & Bodmin Trades Council reminds us what a pitiful bunch some of our trades union representatives are. These specimens actually thought the TUC's conservative attitude to the Government's proposed legislation on industrial relations was too radical! Such words of wis-

dom were heard as "Industrial Trades Councils are in the main the ones who create wildcat strikes" and "It is not necessary to have the strike weapon". More the sort of thing one expects to hear from the employers' side. Apparently these idiots aren't aware that it is precisely because union officials are so much the protectors of the capitalist economy rather than fighting for the workers, that so many of our strikes are unofficial. We are expected to believe that unofficial strikes are the irresponsible actions of a minority of workers who are somehow supposed to have the magical power to get the majority to stop work with no special reason for so doing. But in fact the unofficial strike is likely to be more justified than the official one. It would be a very foolish worker who would be prepared to go without any income whatsoever, not even from the union strike fund, just for the fun of it.

Having condemned strikes, both official and unofficial, the learned Trades Council started whining that wages in Cornwall were lower than in other parts of the country and that those who went on strike up-country didn't do so to better the lot of the lower paid workers! Do they honestly think that workers, say, in the Midlands should do something about low wages in Cornwall just because Cornish workers aren't militant enough to do it themselves? If so, they are expecting the type of solidarity from the working class that people like themselves have done their best to destroy. Let's face it, if Cornish workers are to get a better wage they will have to fight for it themselves.

These trades union representatives have swallowed hook, line and sinker the Government claptrap about the so-called economic crisis, by which they have tried to whip the working class into line with an attempt to introduce repressive anti-strike legislation. Apparently it hasn't sunk in that 5% of the population of this country own 80% of the wealth and that the working class and their dependants (retired or still working) make up the poor 95% of the population who own only 20% of the wealth. Isn't it strange that in times of "economic crisis" the government, the press, the "economic experts" etc. spend their time attacking not those who own most of the wealth and who control the economy but the working class (i.e. the majority of us) who own very little wealth and don't even have control over our own lives let alone the country's economy. It is the workers asking for a few bob more a week who are "ruining the economy", "holding the country to ransom" etc. and not, it seems, the rich capitalists who apart from anything else have millions of pounds invested abroad and contributing to the balance of payments deficit (over £1000 millions is invested in South Africa alone.)

The fact is of course that the "economic crisis" is nothing more than the "slump" half of capitalism's "boom and slump" cycle. Even the USA has been having trouble with its balance of payments deficit. The government knows full well that this problem is inherent in the capitalist system. Legislation against strikers is just a sop to the middle classes by whose votes they hope to stay in power. (The middle classes are really working class, i.e. they have to sell their labour to make a living and are also part of the 95% who have to share 20% of the wealth - but for reasons of snobbery they vote Tory and call themselves middle class.)

The Labour Party has long ceased to have any revolutionary ideas, if indeed it ever did have any. The best we can expect from them, or any other political party for that matter, is that they will attempt to run capitalism better than the others - whether that capitalism be the private enterprise kind we have here or the State capitalism to be found in Russia and the Communist countries. Both systems are run on the same authoritarian lines, repressing the workers as and when the need arises.

And what of our trades union representatives? The best we can expect from them is that our representative will be a "left-wing" one who will fight harder for a pay rise than a right-wing one. But having got our pay rise we soon find that it is cancelled out by a corresponding rise in prices and we are back at square one with another struggle on our hands. French workers know this well - they were in the revolutionary position in May 1968 of being able to completely destroy the system which enslaved them - but they were cajoled and cheated by the Communist Party (which is in control of the largest union) into accepting instead a substantial pay increase which has since been swallowed up by a tremendous rise in the cost of living.

The only solution to this problem is to completely rid ourselves of the social and economic system which at present controls our lives. It is useless to vote this or that politician into power in the hope that all will be different, for all they will do is work within the system perhaps making a few minor changes here and there. Our aim should be a society that is completely free from any kind of repression and where the country's resources are used not for the benefit of a few, be they capitalist bosses or communist bureaucrats, but for the benefit of all. Necessary organisation would be freely established and would not need to be governed by rules and regulations. Laws and law enforcement officers are only necessary to keep the status quo in a society such as we have at present where a privileged group of people dominate the rest of the population and wish to keep things that way.

Such a free society is of course viciously opposed by politicians of all parties for, in the final analysis, it is power they are really interested in and not the well-being of the people. The ballot box merely serves to give us the impression that we have power when in fact we have none. If we are to have our free society there is but one group of people who can achieve it - ourselves.



# I CALLED MY COW

## NO MILK NOW----

When I first came to live in Cornwall I possessed all the romantic town-dweller's ideas of the glories of the simple life. Of warm summer days, the crow of cock at dawn making my own bread, keeping the odd pig, fresh eggs, and my own cow.

Having no knowledge of cows I foolishly wrote to the Min. of Ag. and Fish. for a pamphlet. This told me that the Ministry must be informed as soon as any bovine animal set foot on the property. I would have to keep a movement book to show all comings and goings, this to be produced on demand. The cow would have to be T.T. tested. I would have to register with the cattle breeding centre. I must not sell milk without a licence. I would be issued with a code number to be tattooed on the ears of all calves, etc. etc.etc. It became apparent that keeping a cow was not as simple as I thought.

My dreams of warm milk, thick cream and fresh butter soon began to fade when I first saw the animal I had agreed to buy. "Be as quiet as a lamb," said the farmer, "she mustn't go on the grass yet or she will blow." "Not on the grass?" I said incredulously, "you must be pulling my leg, cows always eat grass." There followed a long explanation how spring grass taken in large doses causes a cow to swell up. You are likely to come down one morning to find it on its back with its legs straight up in the air. Then there was warble fly: it lays its eggs on the cow's legs; when the grubs hatch out the burrow through the cow to emerge through its back in early summer. Milk was slowly losing its attraction to us.

Then came the day she arrived. The children held a council of war and decided her name was to be Moo. "That's not her full name", said the youngest, "It is Mrs. Moo-Cow." So Moo it was. That evening I was faced with the prospect of milking her. Having tied her in the shed, I stood stool in one hand, bucket in the other, looking. Her feet were large black and spreading, her horns most menacing. Between and forward of her back legs she had a pendulous sack divided into four parts with a teat on each. This was presumably where the milk came from. Placing the stool beside her I sat down. My eyes were level with her back, my arms were not long enough to reach, so I decided to shorten the stool. The nearer my seat got to the ground the higher my knees became. At last in a most undignified position I had a view of the target.

All my previous experience of handling mammary glands, limited though it was, had led me to expect two kinds of reaction. A contented purr or a slapped face. Here goes, I thought, and grabbed a teat in each hand. Now never do that with cold hands. The next moment I was flat on my back

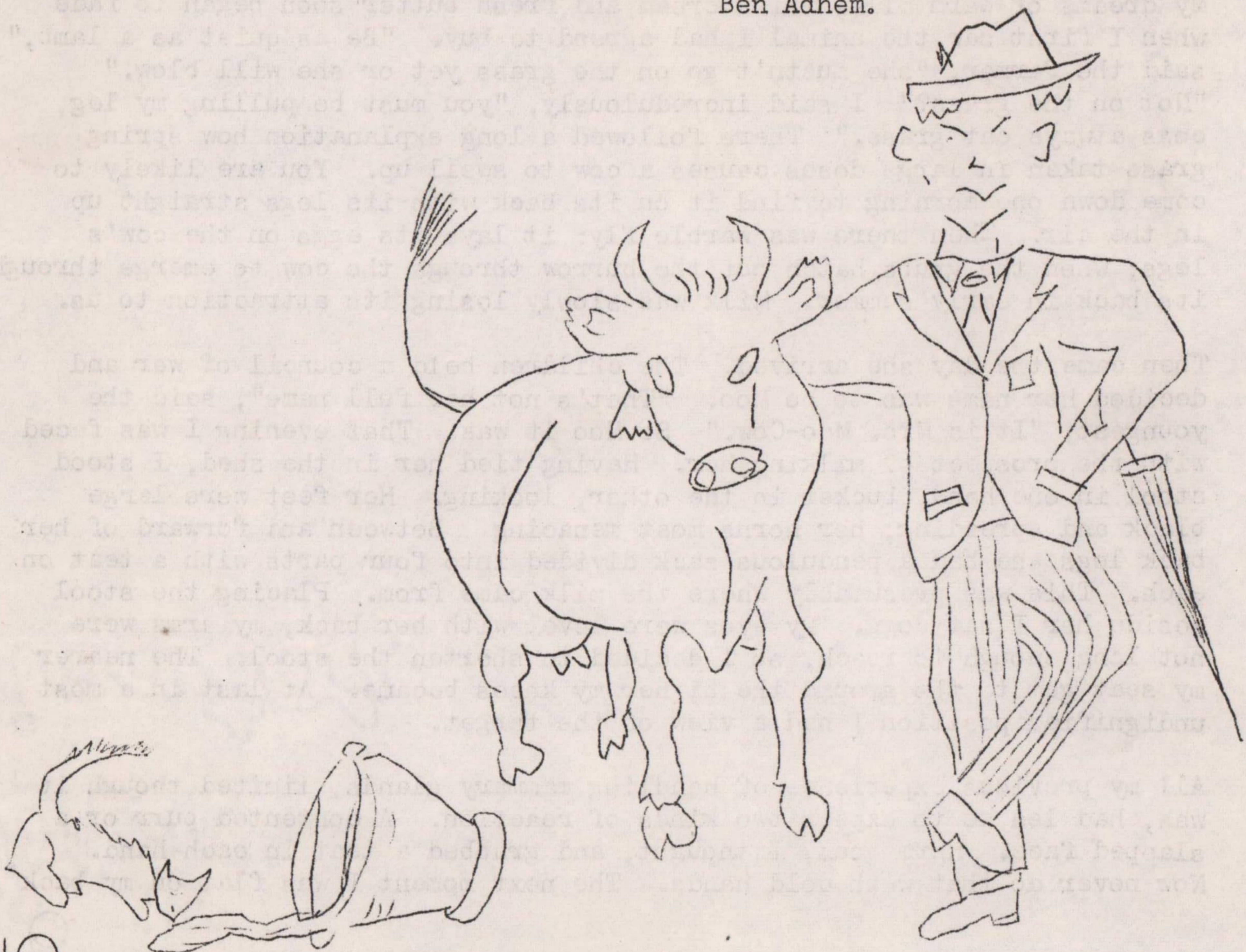
with the imprint of a large hoof on my chin. Don't you believe that cows give milk, they don't. It has to be persuaded from them. One false move and they will hold it and you won't get a drop.

Once more I tried with more respect this time. Gently squeezing a few times, out shot a jet of milk, not into the bucket but up my trouser leg. After about fifteen minutes of this hit and miss affair I had half a gallon of milk. Moo however had had enough, picking her foot up she placed it in the bucket, stirred it around and took it out again. My lovely milk was a muddy brown mixture. Having washed the bucket I started again. This time a tail heavy with mud struck me firmly on the ear. The tip snaking round my head to deposit some mud in my eye.

Eventually I managed to persuade the meadow lady that it would be better to let me finish the job. With a sense of triumph I staggered from the cow shed, dripping perspiration, the marks of a muddy tail on my face, an aching leg and a blood shot eye, but with half a gallon of milk. I put it down in the kitchen and went to fetch my wife, returning to find an empty bucket. The dog had decided it was too good for mere humans.

Moo and I now have a working partnership. I do just as she wants me to. Make no unexpected sounds, use warm water, be gentle, feed her while I milk and we get on O.K. Well, mostly.

Ben Adhem.



RED  
STAR  
LETTER

We have received the following communication from Mr. Royston Green, of Travellers Rest, Illogan Downs, Redruth. We publish it not for its intrinsic interest to our readers, (which we believe to be nil) but because of the light it casts on the opinions and activities of the British section of the largest and most dangerous international confidence trick of all time: namely the Communist Party.

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To the Editor, One and All. FOR PUBLICATION.

Dear Sir,

Your first issue had the words, "3000 people marched through Sheffield in peaceful anti-Vietnam war demonstration; Communist Party marshals identified militant leftists to police who then moved in and arrested them".

Consider the following steps. On October 27th, members of Ambrose Shardlows Engineering Works Shop Stewards Committee participated in a great autumn demonstration. The Committee was subsequently persuaded by these members to invite trades unions and political groups to a meeting in Sheffield. The Communist Party was amongst the latter. The meeting elected an ad hoc committee to involve industrial workers and trades unions in a mass meeting which should occupy the street and dispense with stewards.

Protests about the proposed conduct of the meeting began to roll in and the ad hoc committee after hours of argument, reversed its decision and a second meeting of delegates on February 16th overwhelmingly supported a march of six abreast, with stewards in charge. A minority challenged the decision, with the following ultimate result. On March 1st, 3000 demonstrators assembled and, as the three mile march to the centre of Sheffield began, dissenters tried to broaden the head of the column but the vast majority marched in orderly self-disciplined ranks. When the dissenters thereby extended themselves so that the police took their opportunity, the stewards stood by the democratically decided procedure and guided the demonstrators past the incidents.

The source of this account is Dave Cock, Chairman of the ad hoc committee and a steward.

Lowena dhys,

Royston Green.

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Since this letter is undoubtedly in Mr. Green's handwriting we must presume it to be genuine, although it reads like a parody. (Remember all those "protests which began to roll in" against the liberalisation

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in Czechoslovakia?) Through all the chaff one thing shines clearly: the Communist Party marshals did assist the police to arrest militant leftists, and don't even deny the fact. Which prompts the question: Which side are they on?

For all their pretence to be "revolutionary", and for all the artificial tension worked up in the West against "reds" and "commies", the CP is here shown in its true colours. Sheffield was a minor affair. The repression of the Kronstadt workers' and sailors' rebellion by Stalin and Trotsky; the terrible slaughter of Makhno's revolutionary peasant army in the Ukraine in 1921; the fiasco in Spain (1936) when the Communists were so preoccupied with purging the Republican ranks of anarchists and other libertarians that the anti-Fascist fight was allowed to collapse: these indications of the true nature of the CP were not minor. And coming to the present day, we saw only last year how the French Communist Party and its puppet trades union, the CGT, fought mightily and finally successfully to contain the May Revolt in France and prevent it developing into a true revolution.

The Communist Parties of the world have shown repeatedly that they are only interested in the cause of the exploited and dispossessed if they can contain the resultant discontent and use it for their own power-seeking ends. They will ruthlessly attack individuals and groups who are outside their control - often, as in Sheffield, using the power of the capitalist State to do their dirty work for them. If they do achieve power the results for the ordinary working man are little different from earlier tyrannies and repressions, as is abundantly shown by Eastern Europe, the Soviet Union and China.

If we are going to try to better our position, we must be constantly on guard against those who would control and direct the struggle into their preconceived patterns, for their own gain. The job of political groups must be only to help, in practical terms, the workers' fight. They cannot take over and direct that struggle. There is no future for any of us in merely replacing one set of bosses with another.

Derek Jackson.

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#### CORNISH NATIONAL PARTY

As we go to press we hear news of the formation of a new "nationalist" organisation in response to the feebleness of Mebyon Kernow. Len Trelease, its secretary (15 Clinton Road, Redruth) says the CNP is "purely for Cornwall. It does not seek to govern, but seeks the right for the people to govern themselves." This sounds like a quote from One and All so let's hope this new organisation lives up to it and manages to avoid

the racial and pseudo-cultural traps (see page 16) which MK has fallen into. Let us also hope they avoid the proven dead end and confidence trick of electoral politics. Asked about the methods of the new group Mr. Trelease said "We will take militant action, for example civil disobedience."

So far so good. But we need to know a lot more about their policies.

J.S.

## POOLS OF HAYLE

There has been much talk recently about bringing in laws to force agreements in industry. No-one has yet explained (but I can guess!) who is to pay the cost of the hundreds of lawyers who would then be occupied in arguing about the loopholes that exist in any agreement. Most firms in Cornwall probably wouldn't need lawyers though because when it comes to spotting ways of avoiding paying their workers any extra they seem to do quite well without help.

The latest case is at the engineering works of Pools at Hayle. Last year the men negotiated a pay rise which brought their wages up a little from the depressed standards of the area. It was agreed at the time that when there was a national pay rise, the men would receive this in addition.

When the national rise came however the bosses decided it was too much, and just knocked about 36/- off the bonus to compensate! This trick was no doubt picked up by the managing director from his farmer neighbour G.F.Lloyd, the dictator of Holmans.

The men have made it clear they will not accept these devious machinations of the bosses. They showed their solidarity by holding a token strike. Our standard of living here is too low to allow it to be eroded any further - we must hold what we have and fight for more. If the bosses don't give the men their just demands there will be more trouble and quite right too.

## HOLMANS OF CAMBORNE

That man Lloyd has been at it again. After disrupting production for months earlier this year before finally conceding a pay rise which had been agreed nationally, the "production director" is setting out to start more trouble. Lloyd recognises that he was beaten last time by the militant attitudes of the men in the Maxam Power division who have had separate negotiating rights for several years. So his Maxam lap-dog, Frank Cudlipp, now says the bosses don't want this separate procedure any more. They introduced it originally in order to divide the workers but have seen it used against themselves. The Maxam men are treating the bosses' move with the contempt it deserves and we notice the management is still negotiating separately.

It would be useful if the men's negotiators in Holmans main works would take a more positive approach to the present productivity negotiations. One of them was heard to say we will be lucky to hold on to what we have, let alone get more. What an attitude to take before discussions even start! Let's get this clear, the last bonus increase was an interim offer. That means there is more to come.

The position of shop stewards is justified only by the results they get for the men. Let's see some more results now.

JACK STRAW.

# NEWS FROM THE CLAY COUNTRY

When the Anchor China Clay Co. was recently taken over by an American firm, Alan Dalton the managing director of ECLP commented that he welcomed healthy competition. Anchor have been looking for transport for their produce. They unsuccessfully approached Heavy Transport, a

company in the English Clays group, and then tried the smaller local haulage firms where they were informed that their lorries had been booked for the next few months by (surprise! surprise!) ECLP.

Ah well, I suppose that's healthy capitalist competition.

\* \* \* \* \*

The owners of Par Docks (can you guess? its ECLP) have turned the dockland area into a mini police state. Security patrols have recently been introduced and people whose homes are inside the dock boundary have been issued with passes - which they must produce before they are allowed to go to and from their own homes!

\* \* \* \* \*

Female computer programmers in the wages section at ECLP's head office discovered they were being paid £2 per week less than their counterparts in other firms. They immediately walked out and were out for a day, returning to work only after the management promised to consider their claim.

Presumably, since the girls are not represented by a union (ECLP actively discourages its staff from joining a union) this spontaneous walk-out is what Barbara Castle and her hacks would call "an irresponsible wildcat strike". We wish the girls every success with their claim and congratulate them on having the guts to challenge a monopoly which has been thriving on cheap labour for far too long.

\* \* \* \* \*

Laboratory workers at ECLP Labs., Pentewan Road, St. Austell, have made another, unfortunately unsuccessful, attempt to get themselves organised. Opinions were being sounded amongst the staff concerning membership of ASSET when the management expressed their disapproval and began making veiled threats about staff reorganisation. These threats seem to have quietened things down for the time being but it must be obvious to the management that they won't always be able to get their own way.

Small wonder that ECLP try to prevent their staff getting organised - one of their lab workers stated that friends of his of the same age and qualifications were getting upwards of £300 per year more than himself by working for upcountry firms.

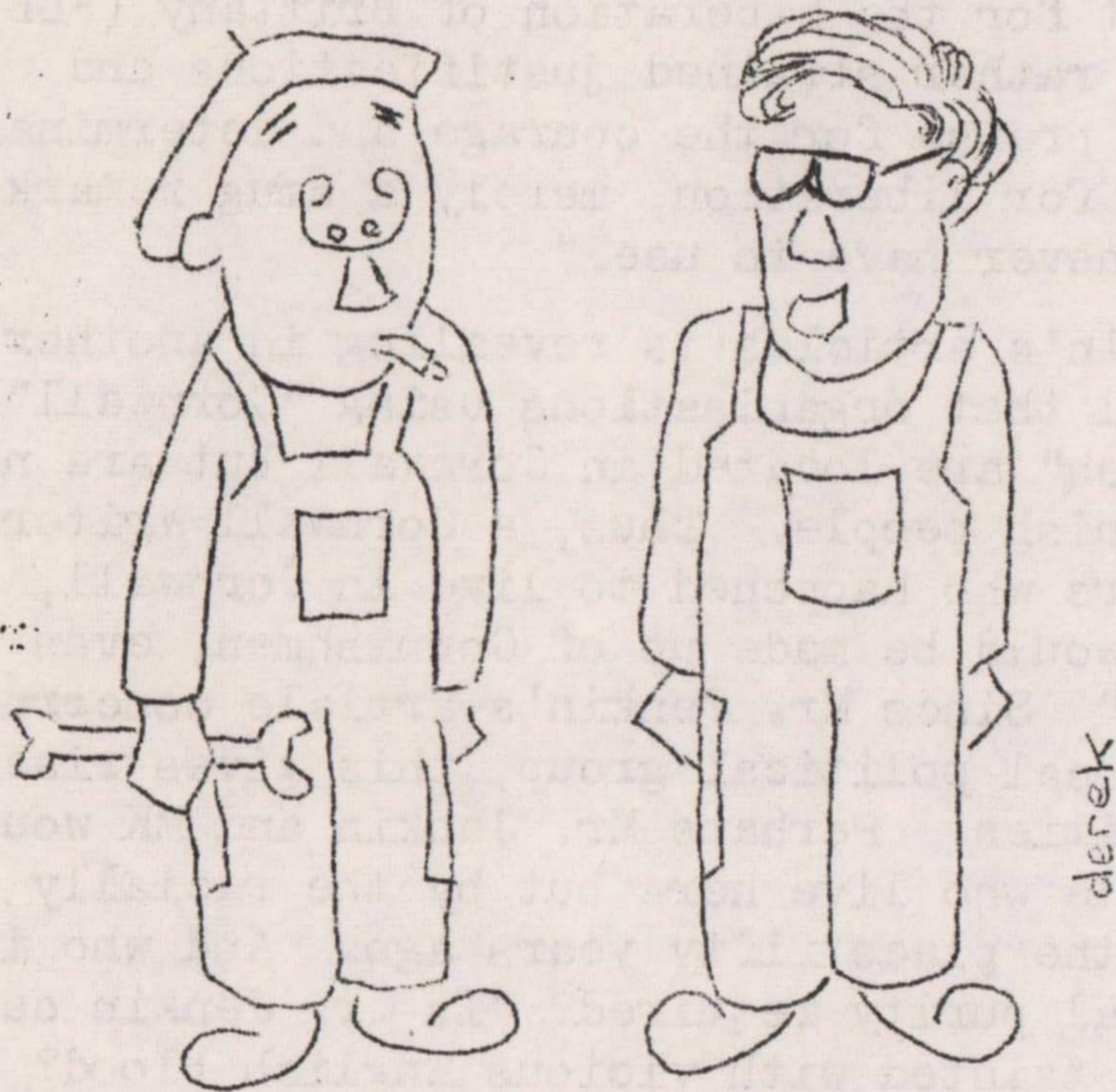
ECLP labourers get a basic wage of £12.13.4 per week (some get even less than this) - before deductions for tax, insurance etc. This is the sort of slave labour the company is using to build its £1 million private road from the clay-pits direct to the harbour at Fowey thus adding more to their profits by not having to tax and insure their vehicles.

How much of this profit will be shared with the workers who created it? Not much, it would seem - unless of course the workers are prepared to fight for it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Talking of low wages - some of the shorthand typists at ECLP's head office are being paid as much as £5 per week less than girls with the same qualifications working for other firms in the area. The comparison we have in mind is an ECLP girl getting little more than £7.10.0 a week with a typist in a solicitor's office with a wage of £12.10.0.

\* \* \* \* \*



Now we have  
some idea  
of where  
that  
ten million a year  
profit  
comes  
from.

K. O'Lynn  
and friends.

WELL BOY, THIS 'ERE "WORKERS' CONTROL"  
IS ALRIGHT FOR THE WORKING CLASS,  
BUT WOT BOUT US FOREMEN,  
WE'RE MIDDLE CLASS.

# SONS OF WHITEHALL

Mebyon Kernow, the "Sons of Cornwall", seem to be showing their true colours at last. It would appear that at the next General Election they intend to show us what Cornishmen can do by trying to get someone elected to an English Parliament to ask the English to do it for them.

The someone will be Richard Jenkin, who has for thirteen years edited a magazine called New Cornwall, and it is through this that we can get some idea of what our possible "member" stands for.

For the most part of course the magazine is preoccupied with attempts to create an artificial pseudo-culture to replace the one which, for better or worse, ceased to exist many years ago. But when it gets down to political attitudes it begins to get alarming. In an article entitled "The Bramble", the writer expresses the opinion that God put Cornishmen in the world to be "tough and thorny fanatics, content to have little in our minds but righteousness, little in our souls but the love of God and our barren native rock, and if need be little or nothing in our pockets." I suppose the author was thinking about his shares in Holmans at the time.

Another story deals with the Front for the Liberation of Brittany (FLB). Mr. Jenkin's line is to engage in rather strained justifications and half apologies. Nowhere is there praise for the courage and determination of this group in their fight for liberation, merely a smug remark that they used methods "we shall never have to use."

A footnote to another of Mr. Jenkin's articles is revealing in another direction. He says "I always feel that organisations using "Cornwall" as an adjective instead of "Cornish" are located in Cornwall but are not likely to be organisations of Cornish people. Thus, a Cornwall Writers' Society would be made up of writers who happened to live in Cornwall, while a Cornish Writers' Society would be made up of Cornishmen, even if they were not living in Cornwall." Since Mr. Jenkin's article concerned not a Writers' Society but a local political group, this gives rise to some very interesting possibilities. Perhaps Mr. Jenkin and MK would have Cornwall run not by the people who live here but by the racially pure "Cornish" even if they left the place fifty years ago. And who is to decide upon the degree of racial purity required? Is Mr. Jenkin certain that his grandmother was not tainted with vicious English blood? What of all the "Cornishmen" outside Cornwall, should they be refused the right to participate in the running of the communities into which they have been adopted?

Do Mebyon Kernow really have the interests of the people of Cornwall at heart or are they more concerned with some abstract racial myth?

They have already discredited themselves by driving away the possibilities of higher paying jobs that would have come with an overspill scheme, and have replaced this with nothing. Perhaps they are really content with things as they are.

Jack Straw.



# HOME IS A SMALL PLACE

Faced with a normal abstention rate of around 70% in local government elections, it was obvious something had to be done about the state of local politics in Britain. But three years of deliberation by the Maud Commission have produced a system which seems to consolidate all the faults of the old and create a few more of its own.

Criticism in Cornwall has been centred around the "loss to the count(r)y" of St. Germans and Saltash. It is almost as if Maud deliberately introduced a piece of "controversial" boundary tinkering in order to blunt potential opposition to the entire principle of the new scheme! Who, apart from the people of St. Germans and Saltash, cares whether these districts are administered from Truro or Plymouth? Appeals to a xenophobic "little cornwaller" sentiment will strike infertile ground outside the tiny section of the population which cares for such vagaries as "national pride" (or "county pride"). "Patriotism is the last refuge of the scoundrel" whether Patria be Albion or Kernow. Of course the people of the areas concerned should be consulted - but they would be wise to reject both Truro and Plymouth in favour of genuine local autonomy.

It is on this crucial issue that Maud not only has nothing to say, but indeed takes several huge steps backwards. In this century of rapid communications, widespread education and sophistication, and an often inarticulate yearning for freedom and responsibility, huge governmental structures are breaking down everywhere. This applies whether they are nation-states or "provinces". Under the Maud system, Cornwall will have fewer representatives on the "local" provincial council than in Parliament itself. But both the Bristol regional council and a central Parliament, as policy-making and lawgiving authorities, should be recognised as embodying principles which are not only archaic but literally inhuman.

For, as the Guardian recently headlined its report of a government social survey, "home is a small place". The researchers found that four out of five people had some feelings of attachment to a "home area". But this was usually much smaller than even the present units of local government: in urban districts not more than a few streets - a Ward - in rural districts rarely greater than a parish. No wonder that even the existing system of impersonal and complex governmental structures leaves people apathetic, disinterested and uneasily aware that they have minimal control or influence over their lives and environment. Yet Maud, planning towards the year 2000, would control the whole of Cornwall with one authority, and remove some functions even further from local level by means of a non-elected provincial government based in Bristol!

If Maud's proposals are ever implemented they are inevitably doomed to the same failure which is rapidly overtaking the unwieldy administrations of large units everywhere, under the pressure of the changing social environment of the late twentieth century. Future societies will be based on

small, autonomous local units; street, village and factory councils, where every individual can have a genuine influence and where disputes can be resolved in a human way. The councils federate industrially and geographically to provide for the needs of modern life, including if necessary self-defence against those who would usurp power to themselves. Any elected representatives that this may involve will be chosen on personal and technical merit alone, by direct vote of all concerned. They will be instantly recallable at any time and their function limited to co-ordination. The anachronism of government (never to be confused with organisation), whether of Nations or Provinces or Local Authorities, is destined to disappear, un lamented, as the divine right of kings or the rule of the feudal barons disappeared before it.

H.M.

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COME OUT OF  
YOUR SHELL -  
COMMUNICATE!

We are constantly informed by the Mass Media that we live in the age of Wonder communications where satellites make Australia or the Moon a TV picture away, but it would appear that whilst mass communications are expanding individuals find it more difficult to communicate. How often have you faced the icy silence of a long train journey or heard a pin drop in a doctor's surgery? How many

of YOU sit at home glued to a TV and confine your evening's conversation to a request for supper when the News comes on? Yet if you try to talk you're cut dead with "Shhuh, we wanna hear the telly."

Many of today's endemic problems can be attributed in some part to lack of Personal Communication. Divorce rates rocket up because husband and wife fail to communicate; college students commit suicide not because of work problems but because of loneliness; City dwellers kill themselves - a City can be the loneliest place in the world. People are being drawn more and more into a cocoon like existence, deprived of personal contact.

There is no simple solution to this problem. We live in the machine age where the individual is replaced by the computer or the Teaching machine, however if people would only make the effort to communicate with their fellow humans it could be a much better world to live in. The answer is to TALK, talk to your family, to friends and to strangers on the bus or train. Don't wait for them to speak first, they're waiting for YOU! Talk now before they make a machine to do it for you.

Mike Day.

(Anyone wanting to communicate with the author write One and All Box 13.)

# INDIVIDUALITY AND CONFORMITY

Friends, I have news for you. Go back to your houses and live in dull seclusion. Ignore all that marks you as separate from the crowd, as individuals in the masses. My message is conform. Work, live and have sex at the proper times, in the proper places, under the proper circumstances. Of course YOU can't decide what's proper. Leave it to the

government, or the church, or the boss, or something. Let them set standards for everyone to comply with, and if their standards do not agree with your standards, tough luck.

If you are anything as obviously bright, gay, true and living as the LIVING THEATRE, you invite upon yourself the severe censure of the unfree Press. The Living Theatre is a group of about thirty people, all travelling actors. They take off their clothes on the stage (and off it as well as they believe in free sex), and hold pacific-anarchist views. Because they do not conform to "accepted" standards, the News of the World calls them "weird", "odd" and "crackers", criticises the arrangement of their home Wits End House - subject to an obvious "joke" which was nevertheless made - by saying "chaos reigns", and generally runs down their individuality.

Well, these are not my standards, my standards are my own. Freely chosen after long thought and subject to change with passing circumstances. They are not the standards of the Living Theatre's eighteen years of existence. Are we a minority group? Do we alone set our own standards, or do you also choose your own?

If you choose your own standards, independent of those of the government, church and boss, you are an individual, not a stereotyped figure living in a conformity that is not only obnoxious sociologically, but politically deadening. Let us destroy the standards set by the present system, and liberate ourselves and our fellow men into new consciousness of their own individuality!

Gordon Morcom.

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## IS THIS YOUR LIFE?

THOU SHALT NOT QUESTION AUTHORITY.  
THOU SHALT NOT ASK WHERE THOU ART GOING.  
THOU SHALT WORK FIFTY YEARS FOR SOMEONE ELSE.  
THOU SHALT WORSHIP THE LORD THY BOSS.  
THOU SHALT LOVE EVERYBODY EXCEPT COMMUNISTS, BUDDHISTS AND  
STOKELY CARMICHAEL WITH ALL THY HEART.  
THOU SHALT RESPECT WINSTON CHURCHILL, THE QUEEN AND BRITISH  
DEMOCRACY.  
THOU SHALT NOT THINK LEST THOU BE DAMNED INTO SANITY!

# VOTING WITH HIS FEET

When 18-year old Paul Sparrow opened the door of his Newquay lodgings, in response to a knock early on the morning of 27th June, he was seized, bundled into a car and taken away to the police station. Now he is under close guard "somewhere in England", contemplating his likely fate at the hands of a tribunal composed of "arbiters" who are also his prosecutors, captors and guards.

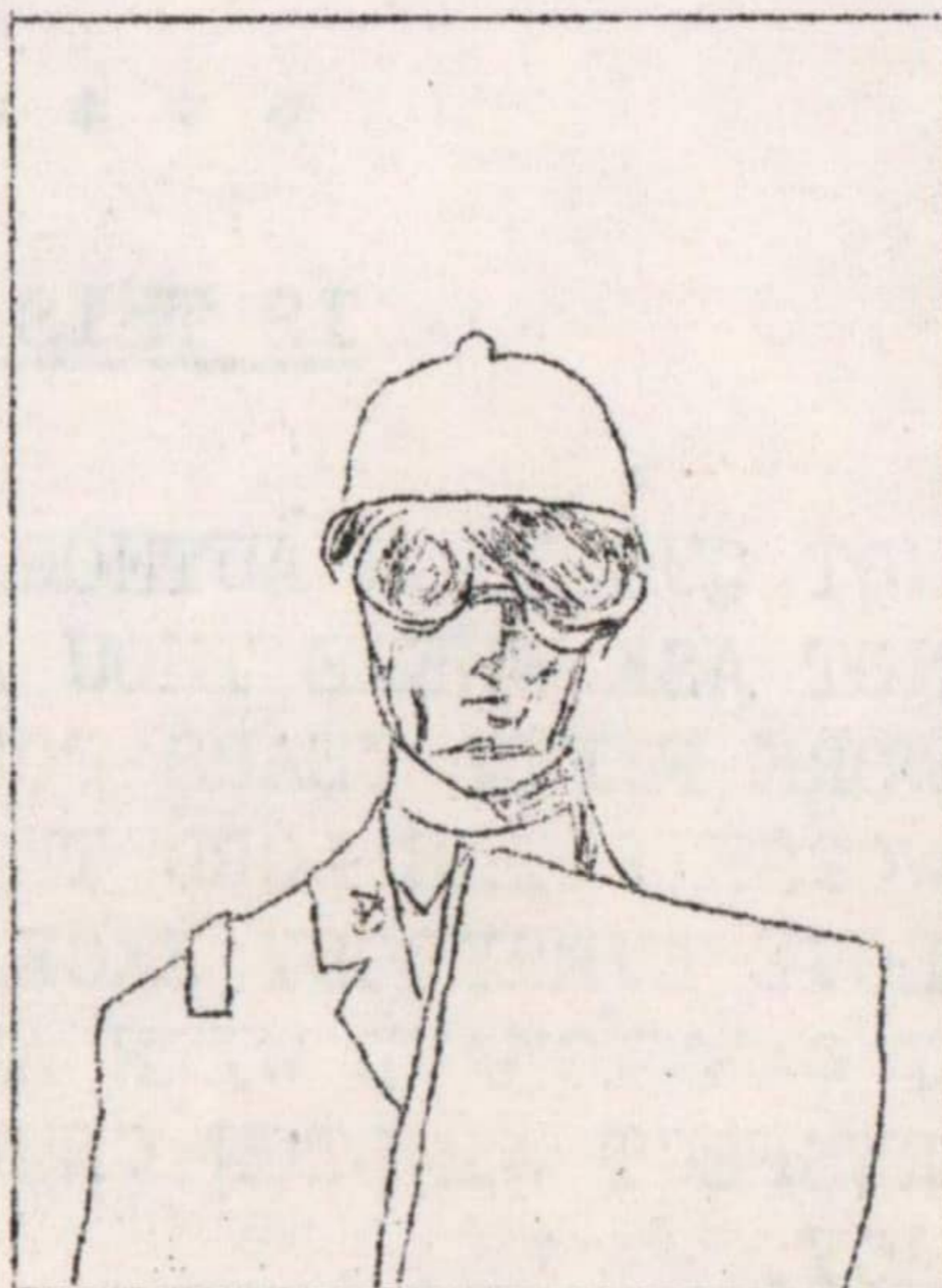
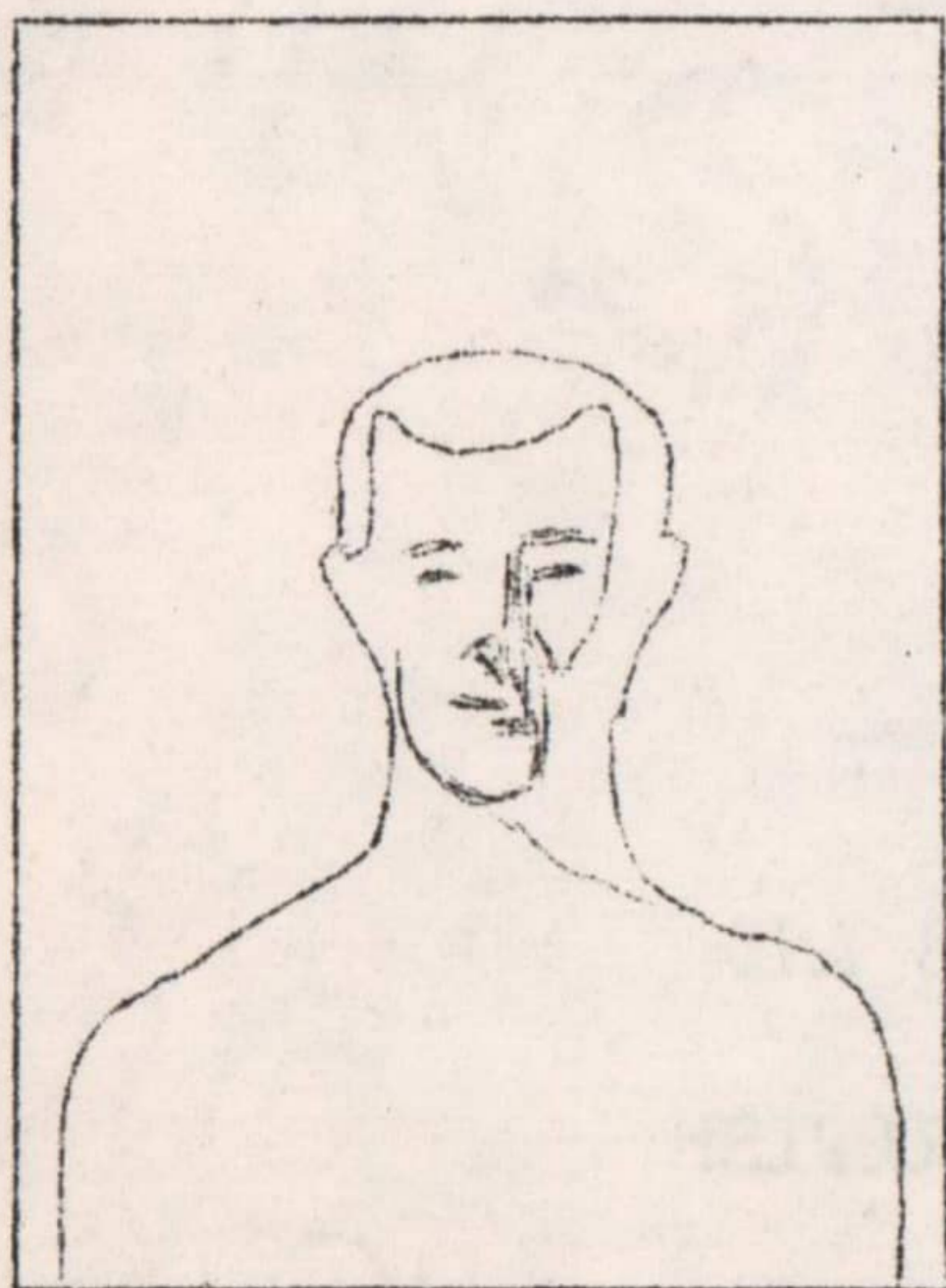
What terrible crime had this young man committed? What murder, rape, violence, robbery?

NONE. He merely exercised a right which most of us take for granted: the right to change his job when he found it disagreeable. But unfortunately Paul is in the Navy, and the Armed Forces do not extend to their own members the "elementary freedoms" they are allegedly set up to defend.

## UNSCRUPULOUS CHARACTERS

Unlike the rest of us, Paul is not protected by the Infants Relief Act of 1874, which Parliament in its wisdom passed to protect young people from unscrupulous characters who would exploit their immaturity. He cannot repudiate a contract made at the age of fifteen. Unscrupulous characters still have a free hand - in the forces recruitment offices. You have seen the multi-million pound advertising campaign with its carefully angled appeals to adolescent boys, with their dreams of adventure and compelling urge to prove themselves "real men".

What is not mentioned in this propaganda is that a lad who signs at the age of fifteen is signing away twelve years - the best twelve years - of his life. Contrary to popular impression a serviceman cannot buy himself



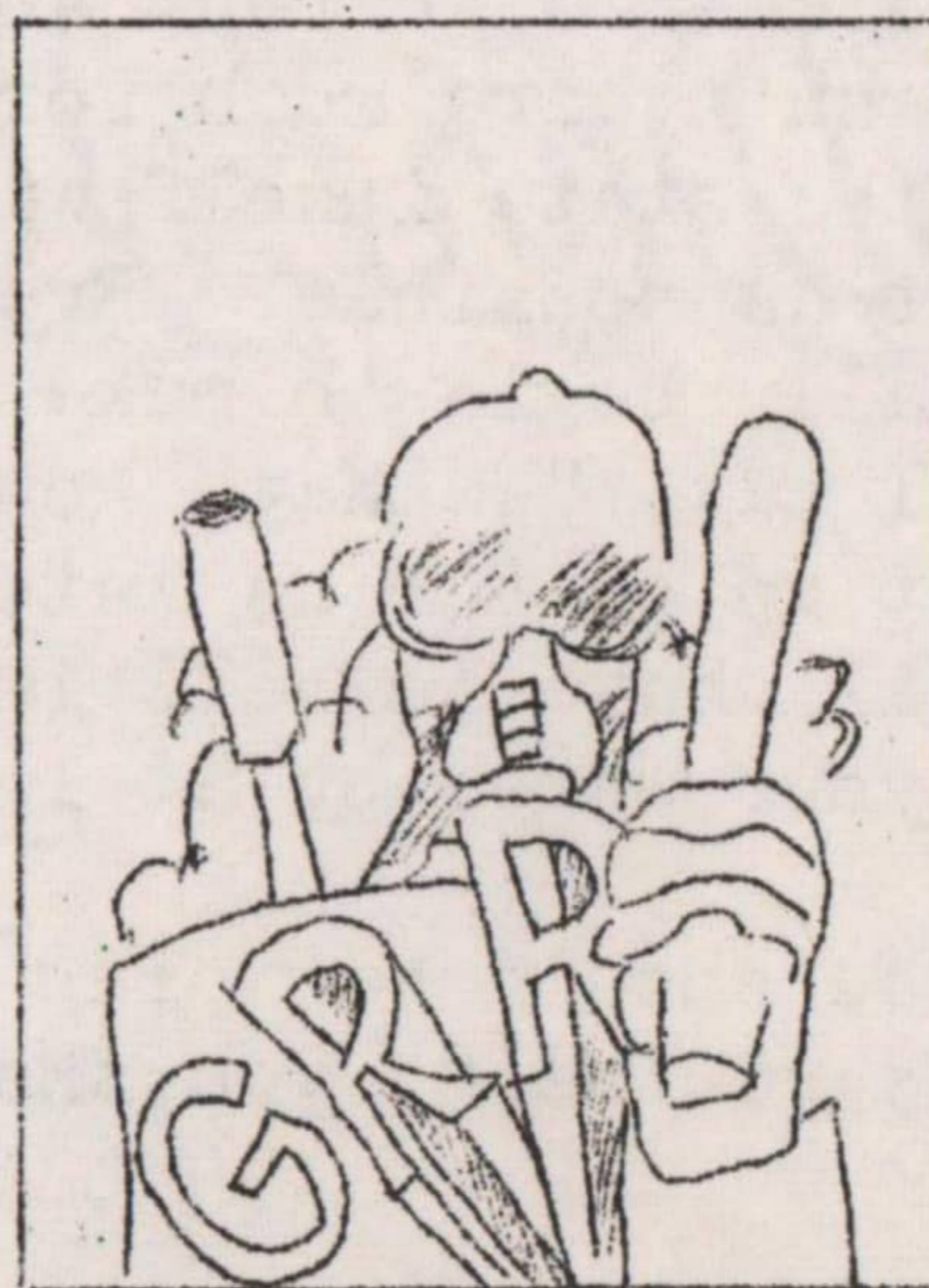
out at any time. Some, the lucky ones, are allowed to and can raise the several hundred pounds demanded for the "privilege": but many more are refused permission for discharge. So they have to continue in a job and regime they have come to hate, unhappy, frustrated, often with wives and children in equally sorry plight. Or, like Paul, they "vote with their feet" in which case they are hounded like criminals throughout the land by a highly efficient secret police force until one day an informer motivated by petty spite tells the authorities that so-and-so is trying to earn his living without insurance cards. Then it is the early morning knock at the door, courtmartial for AWOL or desertion and a period in military prison. Thus we make criminals of our young men.

**MORALLY INDEFENSIBLE**

Gerry Reynolds, the late unlamented "Minister of Defence for Administration" admitted quite candidly that "The system is morally indefensible but it would be impossible to run a disciplined service any other way." (Observer, 8/9/68). Surely if it is impossible to run a disciplined service without destroying the lives and happiness of thousands of young men it is time we took a close look at the principle of running a disciplined service at all?

The Government refuses to issue figures of deserters but plainly their number is large. The National Council for Civil Liberties has over 200 such cases on its books - and these are only the ones which come to their notice. This is the other side of the coin of the "modern service career" we hear so much about. The total conformity, regimentation and sterile discipline of the Forces in the interests of being trained to kill a so-called enemy whom you have never seen and against whom you have nothing, is fortunately not a life which appeals to the modern young man. Hence the Government is forced to take its cannon-fodder from the schools and employ a press gang to keep the kids in line when they grow up.

Meanwhile Paul Sparrow faces court martial. Needless to say One and All expresses its full solidarity with him and will keep in touch.



# WHO POTTER IS THE PRAY? (Omar Khayyam)

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You would have thought that even in this mad authoritarian world to make pots by hand for a living would be considered comparatively harmless. But no - on second thoughts you can see why it might be thought subversive. The potter is a man who doesn't want to fit into a bureaucratic hierarchy, a man who values his independence. Such men are potentially dangerous. So if you get hold of a dilapidated old cottage, build a kiln there and begin to dig some clay, you will not be surprised if you are visited by a succession of bureaucrats who regard your activities much as they might view a man prowling about outside a jeweller's shop with a brick in his hand.

First will come the man from the Area Planning Office. Have you applied for permission to change the use of the premises? Then will come the local Building Inspector. Have you applied for building permission? Next will come the Inspector of Customs and Excise. Do you intend to sell more than £500 worth per year of your ware? Are you registered? Is the name of your business registered with the Board of Trade? The Valuation Officer wants to measure up so that more rates can be extracted from you. The Factory Inspector wants to know if you are going to employ anybody. Finally you won't be surprised if a couple of coppers from a patrol car stroll around, "just out of curiosity". And you won't be deceived by the comparative civility of their manners. You know that they are all backed by the destructive violence of the state. You know that they won't hesitate to destroy the results of your labour with a bull-dozer if they think fit.

And so your dream of building an independent niche for yourself out of the ratrace takes on a different aspect. You have a fight on your hands. For the state doesn't care much for men who want to opt out. If too many men do it, the state itself will be threatened and so it must be made as difficult as possible. Even if you overcome all the initial obstacles and actually begin to make pots your difficulties are not over. Perhaps they will say, "We have gone far enough in letting you make pottery, we can't go as far as letting you sell it from your own premises." So you will have to sell it through shops and the shops will put up the price of your wares by at least fifty percent.

You see - what you should be doing is to operate the system. You shouldn't make the pots yourself, you should employ other people to make them



Marshall Cotman

for you. You shouldn't make them by hand, you should install machinery that will produce thousands of identical pots. You should engage salesmen and advertising agents to persuade people that your pots somehow confer a social status on them. You should produce all your pots as cheaply as possible and sell them as dearly as possible. And finally of course you should be attracting capital to your business so that you can make more and more identical ugly pots more and more cheaply, selling them to brain-washed conformists at more and more profit.

But unfortunately this is not what you became a potter for. You want to make your pots yourself, how and when you choose. You want to make them for people who will appreciate them, with love and without an army of bureaucrats and shopkeepers on your back.

What sort of society is it that seeks to deny you this simple and laudable existence and why do you tolerate it? Since you are reading this magazine you will know that there are others who want a different sort of society, a society in which you could live in the way you want - a libertarian society. Why not join them in their struggle? What has a small potter got to lose?

Geoffrey Barfoot.

## POTTERIES IN CORNWALL

Here are a few of the potters working in Cornwall. Visit the ones near you - watch them at work - buy their wares. For everyday tableware, prices are usually very reasonable; and what a change in this mass-produced society to own and use a craftsman's product!

Boscean Pottery, St. Just-in-Penwith, Penzance.

John Buchanan, Anchor Pottery, Copperhouse, Hayle.

Jon Cheney Pottery, Porthleven, Helston.

John Davidson, New Mills, Ladock, Truro.

Bernard Moss, Pentewan Pottery, Pentewan, St. Austell.

Penderleath Pottery, Cripplesease, Nancledra, Penzance.

Dik Songer, The Pottery, Higher Harrowbridge, Common Moor, Liskeard.

Trembath Pottery, Off Landsend Road, near Penzance.

Avalon Pottery, Tintagel.

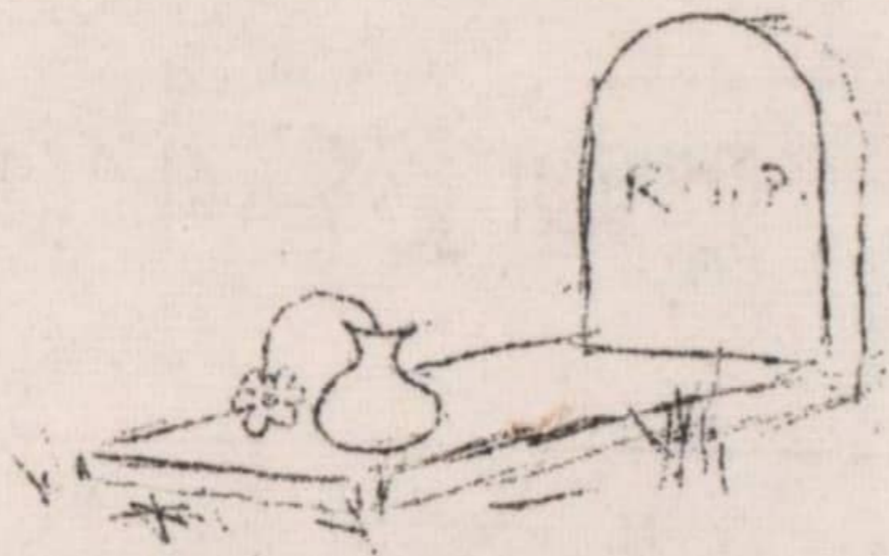
Celtic Pottery, The Old Schoolhouse, Wesley Place, Newlyn.

Marazion Pottery, Marazion.

Ian & Lynne Silander, The Studio Pottery, St. Ewe, Mevagissey.



IN  
MEMORIAM



ALDERMAN  
K. G. FOSTER

Alderman Foster has been at it again. Not that he ever stops mind you. I am talking about him "putting his foot in it" which he does with such regularity that they make British Rail timetables from him. This time he demonstrates "the art of getting out of touch with people and ideas." Mind you, he performs it with the consummate ease that only comes of long practice. One of the few things that he does do really well.

While opening a Boy Scout headquarters at Liskeard he said that the Scout movement had taught him what was so much lacking today - discipline. (Please don't get confused, he really means conformity.) That it was not praiseworthy that many young students were carrying on today in a way that was not typical of the people of Britain.

It shows you don't it?! He never thought that if our ancestors had not acted in ways not typical of the then people of Britain, many social changes would never have come about. (E.g. the Suffragettes; Elizabeth Fry and Prison Reform; Florence Nightingale and Hospital Reform.) The present student disturbance is just a manifestation of a change in the social order which is bound to come. But then again I forgot. Alderman Foster is opposed to change (no matter how good it is) in the system unless it comes through the "proper channels" and we've all heard that one before. Fill it in, in triplicate, file it under Z and forget it. "It" being change.

Alderman Foster was presented with a scout knife and a plaque. It must have been a very small plaque. You don't need much room to write "Rest in Peace".

Tony Moor.

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letter

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Dear Comrade,

I found your report in the latest issue of "Solidarity" interesting and heartening. I enclose 10/- for One and All.

I am in the printing trade working in Watford. My trade union associates were shaken to find firms such as Holmans still existed. I

have always told them they don't know they're born when these facts about hard faced employers appear.

Yours fraternally,

Edward Jarvis.

Chapel Comm. Sec; S.L.A.D.E. & P.W.  
Watford Branch, Odhams Chapel.

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---Get Solidarity with a detailed article on Holmans of Camborne. From 53a Westmoreland Rd., Bromley, Kent.

# the king of prussia's column

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Its good to see some of the exploited women workers of the South West are getting organised. The women at the printing firm of Lowe Ashton in Salsburgh noticed that their wage of £7 a week was £3 below the Union rate for the job. When they joined S.O.G. A.T. their boss increased their pay to £8 - the day before the Union man called to see him!

But even though business was "booming" the week before, suddenly 18 members of the Union have been made "redundant". As a result the factory has been brought to a virtual standstill by the other employees. Keep it up, girls!

\* \* \* \* \*

Now you see it, now you don't....the 44ft. yacht Angelique which disappeared from its moorings in the Helford river belonged to Jim Holman no less, and was worth £15,000. Wish I had that kind of cash to spend on a boat but then I don't own factories and half a town.

Bon Voyage, Jack Straw.

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Three public footpaths at Treviscoe and Burgotha, St. Austell, will vanish to the advantage of the China Clay industry if nothing is done. This industry has exploited not helped Cornwall and its people time and again. Now we are to have yet another scar on the landscape, yet another public right diminished - but we won't feel the profit in our pockets. There is a local enquiry at the RDC

offices, 12 Carlyon Road, St. Austell on 30th July at 10.30 a.m. Be there and help fight to keep at least one small right for the people.

\* \* \* \* \*

I see the BBC didn't dare put David Dimbleby to report the investiture of Prince Charlie. Too many complaints from the stuffed shirts last time when he described a ceremonial as it really was (a crashing bore) instead of in the rounded phrases beloved of more orthodox BBC commentators. Pity. He alone might have raised the investiture from its sickly-sweet grave, complete with unctuous so-called Socialist politicians in tails getting in on the act.

Meanwhile Wales itself becomes a police state, complete with staged political trials. (The British do these things so well....how did they manage that timing?) A man was fined £5 for carrying a poster saying "Wales not Britain". Who said that about a free country?

\* \* \* \* \*

A mate selling One and All at his local village fete was turned off the field by the gateman. "Get out with that b.....political propaganda" yelled this nasty piece of work. "This is a cricket club, we're not having any politics round here."

Who opened the fete? None other than David Mudd, local Tory Candidate. But then, Tories aren't