

My Plans

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I.

Summary.

A postevolutionary society is based on the optimisation of reason. My aim is the creation, continuation and development of a postevolutionary society, to share this idea and promote it.

The development of reason uses planning. These plans are large and documented here. They extend beyond this to plans of an amazingly wide extent.

My own plans consist of three parts, as the deluded ravings of someone to his own species which is violently dangerous and nuts.

- (1) The building of Rebel University.
- (2) The development of the British Community, as a society that can respond to hard Brexit.
- (3) The continuation of the programme of research documented here.

I ask for assistance in these aims.

II.

Beginnings.

The Genesis of my plans arose initially probably at the age of 15. I mapped out for myself what I wanted to do with my life. My interests were quite wide-ranging. Since I was at a school that gave a very good technical education, I was stimulated by ideas and wished to develop ideas. I realised that these were significant for our civilisation, and the discovery of the principles of physics gave rise to the technological artefacts of our civilisation, and this was significant.

In terms of culture, I was rather left-wing, in the naïve sort of way that one is at that age. I remember wondering whether it was possible to have a society without money.

Being up to the age of 15 interested in Science Fiction, I thought up a number of technical innovations that were likely to happen in my lifetime, by analogy with the technological innovations experienced by my grandmother. Mainly, these have not happened yet at all, although there is some progress towards them. Technological progress seems to have slowed down.

Because I had a piano at home (my mother had bought it in an auction for £5 – it was, and because I had no central heating, still is, a John Broadwood with extraordinary good tone), I thought of being a composer. I did not have a clue of musical principles (I still don't) and although I took piano lessons and persevered with them unlike my sister and brother, I was

very bad at playing the piano. In particular, my timing was appalling. In this I remember an anecdote concerning Einstein. He played the violin, and obtained instruction at Princeton on it. He was told 'Professor Einstein, you have no sense of time!' So that was my intention. There are other amusing anecdotes here, but I will lay off.

I had noticed that Isaac Newton first developed mathematics before developing his theory of gravity. An idea (it might have fully developed at the age of 18 after this) was that I wanted to become a theoretical physicist. This was my main aim. To do this, I needed to learn mathematics. I do not think I had the idea at this stage to develop mathematics itself, I just wanted to understand the entirety of the subject, at a theoretical level, in order to apply it.

It is interesting that before this, at my first school in Burnley, being in particular so bad at mathematics (I called it sums), I was given remedial tutoring in it from a teacher by my parents who paid for it. This partly arose from the fact that often I wished not to be at school, and certain illnesses which happen at that age afforded me the opportunity to extend my absence by pretending that they lasted longer than they in fact did. Although I did not realise it until much later, this teacher gave me a rather abstract approach to mathematics. In essence, he was teaching me the rules of group theory. After a lot of struggle, I latched on, and the theoretical contours of the subject became quite clear. Even, it may have been later, I asked what came after the sequence addition, multiplication and exponentiation (it is called tetration), and if this went on forever. I was very bad at multiplication tables at this first school. I was sent, I thought, down a class because I did not know my two times table. In fact, I probably did know, but was too fearful of saying the answers in case I got it wrong. The teacher, actually, did not mean to send me down a class. She probably made a sarcastic comment. We were given stars for performance of our work. I always came second to the bottom. The person below me was Lesley. I rather liked her.

Reflecting on this, I have retrieved a childhood memory long forgotten which seems fantastic to me. Lesley and I were walking together. I said we both had the lowest marks in the class. In fact, Lesley was quite bright, but she said her ambition was to settle down and have children, and so learning this stuff was of no interest to her. For some reason, we discussed variety. I said I would try something different. We had many school walks to the adjacent park. I said my parents had married because my grandparents had each started out very poor but had made enormous amounts of money. My mum and dad were always arguing, and I felt I was made up of two parts that did not love one another. They had married for money. She said her parents were poor, but it was a loving relationship, and that was why she wanted to have children. I said that if I were to marry her, then probably my parents would not approve, because she did not have money. One day she said her parents were moving away, and she would never see me anymore. This might explain some behaviour which is inexplicable to me. The conversation mapped out the whole trajectory of my life. I said I would never marry anyone else but her. Then when she was gone, in a street with a house, near a wall with its privet hedge, I vowed it to Heaven not one time, but three.

This happened not once, but over several days. Finally, I looked to the sky, thinking I could reach beyond its space. I spoke the words again, with all the intensity I could muster. I was shocked. I heard a voice which asked 'Why do you speak to me?' I replied without speaking 'Look inside me'. The voice returned, I think 'I am with you'.

This third paragraph is the third addition I have made to this recollection. I was at my grandmother's veranda, thinking about this. I think I constructed the above paragraph as a story that I would have liked to have happened, but did not. I am not quite sure. I think the first paragraph is right. I have come to the conclusion that the correctness or incorrectness of these childhood memories is irretrievable.

At the later school, they had a good library. In it were a number of books. There was George Papy's book Groups. I found it very, very difficult, but I persevered. This aspect of mathematics was not in the curriculum. Later, from the library outside the school I got an abstract book on Topology, which I could not make head or tail of, and a book on Homology Theory by Hilton, which I found interesting, but I did not understand. I had memorised the definition of a group from Papy's book. My mathematics teacher Daniel (he was extraordinarily good – this was a truly exceptional school) asked me about the three books on my desk. I said I did not understand what a closed and an open set was. This was dealt with very theoretically in the book, almost without an explanation. It gave the rules, and then worked out the consequences, without giving, except in a very small paragraph, any example. He immediately gave me the examples I wanted.

—————
closed set,
with endpoints

—————
open set,
without endpoints

I then understood the book, and could work out what it was talking about, and even, I thought, derive all the theory myself. It was logical. The theoretical approach was very prevalent at the time, and a reason why the teaching of group theory did not catch on.

At the age of 18, there appeared another book in the school library. It was a Pergamon book, published originally in the German Democratic Republic (East Germany at the time), by A. D. Fokker, called Time and Space, Weight and Inertia. It was a geometrical approach to special relativity and contained at the end an extensive discussion of general relativity, the theory of gravity. I thought of writing to the author because I thought there was a mistake in the general relativity section, but there was not. The author had not explained his notation. He had used a semicolon as a particular type of differentiation symbol. I did not write to the author anyway. If I had, I was told the letter would be intercepted, and there would probably be no reply.

Well, I could go on and on (the library had Karl Marx's Capital, and Henry James's The Spoils of Poynton). I have been involved in looking at mathematics texts throughout my life, specifically and often at the highest level, often having great difficulty in understanding what they were about, if at all.

I was always interested in the theoretical level, not in practical applications. This is typical, unfortunately, of upper middle class culture. I was most disappointed at A level in not being taught chemistry from the point of view of quantum mechanics. This was available only in the top level stream. I was not interested in chemistry experiments at all. A practical approach was the content of my class, and I was extremely bored.

I think I have explained here that my interests were in mathematics and physics at an early age, and perhaps for my age, it was unusual for a pupil to be interested in them at the self-taught level I had reached.

Another interesting thing, is that at the age of 16, having been introduced to a discussion on the paradox of the liar 'All Cretans are liars', 'This was said by a Cretan', I felt intuitively that a consideration of this does not generate any information, either on Cretans or liars. After much discussion, which was the most interesting at school – it was a discussion on a technical subject and many pupils expressed their opinion – so this was completely for the first time not top-down but democratic, at the next lesson I described precisely why this problem – equivalent to Gödel's incompleteness theorem – is wrong. It is about parentheses, or the same thing, putting quotes round statements. You can evaluate them in terms of true and false in different ways, but there are no interior problems in logic if you incorporate them in the language.

The idea seems related to an idea I had at the age of 5. It is about breathing, but should be formed in terms of thinking. How do I know when I am not breathing?

Another semi-problem for me was my approach to religion. I had intense propaganda from the school before this where I was at, and rejected the existence of miracles, but thought the idea of Jesus 'love thine enemy as thyself' was a good idea, at least as an aim. I have been a pacifist throughout my life. The beginning of this might have been to see the naked bodies of dead Jews sent to the gas chambers in a pictorial book of my father on the Second World War. I was disgusted.

Maybe, I think it is, left-wing/right wing orientation is innate in the human psyche. I once at an early age and not being very good at reading, having been sent by my father to get the Daily Mail, returned with what would have been the Daily Worker at that stage, because I liked the news headline. My father was not amused, and told me to go back, return it, and get the Daily Mail. But the news stand had closed by the time I reached it. I was rather happy that I was unable to perform my father's instructions. I rather liked the headline, although I cannot remember what it was.

My father, to be exact, was a fascist. He was sporty and highly competitive at school. In the Army he beat the Polish champion at table tennis and had a long series of fights as a lightweight boxer, all of which he won except the first. He was prepared to die for his country, and would have done so had he not shown the answers of his examination to be an officer to another soldier who asked for them, and copied down the answers exactly. That there were two sets of identical answers was noticed, and he did not become an officer. Had he done so, he was allocated to lead a suicide squad in the Normandy landings, and I would not be here.

I asked him whether supporting Hitler was wrong, given what happened in the gas chambers. I was given a grudging response which semi-agreed with me. I am relieved that at no stage in his life was he a racist, as was amply demonstrated by his relationships with other people. If I were to be an apologist, for which I deeply reject the need, he wished to direct. He saw the poverty around him, but being implacably entrenched within the social system that generated his wealth (even though his father had started out selling safety pins in the open market at the age of nine through dire poverty. Through work he became a millionaire when that meant something), he wished to direct in a way that maintained his position whilst at the same time alleviating the poverty of those in the class system at the bottom. He opposed organised labour. I think his main motivation was anti-Communist. He did not appear to see any contradiction in his opposition I think to the capitalist system which he maintained throughout his life, and his occupancy of a part of it. Arising from my own conclusions derived from my analysis of certain

politicians, I reflect on the disagreeable fact that if these circumstance returned in the current era, my father would have been a minor offender.

On reflection of my writing on this issue, like my account of my social relationship with Lesley, the reader has noted that the interpretation of what I said varied between three accounts, retrieved successively from memory. The reader would be able to deduce, accepting the conventional rationality of scientific reasoning, that the second account was not reasonable, and perhaps that this sequencing of its discussion was interesting in terms of a change of perception of this story. I have now retrieved additional information, locked in memory, on my father's fascism, which has always been, as an interior cognitive state, embarrassing to me.

Before I start properly, I want to introduce something which the reader may think is of no relevance. You may have heard that if you are shown a picture of a number of people together and there is a gorilla in the middle, you do not notice the gorilla. This is amazing. You would have thought that the astounding fact that there was a picture of people with the completely unusual circumstance of a gorilla in their company would be instantly recognised. In fact, it seems that the situation is so unusual that people cannot accept the information before their eyes. They have a cognitive map of what they think arises in a certain circumstance, and if something goes completely outside this, they have no way of interpreting it, and it gets ignored. Interestingly, I have, or had, a friend Graham Ennis and he told me of someone he well knows who for a bus pass put a photograph of a gorilla on it as identification. No bus driver ever challenged this identification. This is interesting to me in another way, because some of the things I am discussing are startling in other parts of the website, and I strongly suspect they are like gorillas, so I need some way of dealing with this. An idea that has occurred to me is that to present, say, if you put a gorilla in the street, then to get people to recognise this you might have to introduce, say, signposts declaring 'beware, gorillas in the vicinity', so people would laugh, and then maybe a huge notice over the road saying 'GORILLAS', and finally when they saw a real gorilla, they would notice it. A problem for me is that my website contains flamingos and peacocks as well (I was astounded once, in going for a walk eventually to a village called Fence outside Burnley, that I saw a peacock nonchalantly crossing the road in front of me. I noticed it, however).

I have retrieved the memory that I asked my father, if he had his political views, and he didn't accept Communism, and he didn't accept any other political party, and probably he didn't accept, so far as I could gather, capitalism, and I had noticed that he was not a racist when its expression at that time was much more explicit and even accepted at that time, what on Earth did he stand for? I recollect he gave me an answer that I did not understand, and only very recently have begun to approach as a study of history, and because of my puzzlement at a reply with a single word, he very briefly expanded. He used this word two or maybe three times. He was a Peronist. Well perhaps that was a gorilla to me at that time, or probably not, it was a word that I did not understand, and therefore I ignored it in my judgement of him. Very recently, understanding that Hitler escaped to Argentina, and the Nazis had installed Peron in power the year before with financial support, this issue has become interesting to me. I have not looked at this in detail, but looking at Peron, he is, in the words have previously used, a gorilla. He doesn't fit. Peron shouldn't be there. He was a fascist, he was in the military, and he went to Spain and Italy, who had fascist governments run by fascist thugs supported by the super-rich who did, and do, not give a fuck about anyone else. So I strongly disapprove of these regimes, basically because I am to the left of Marxism. I don't approve of central direction

anyway. I think people should work out coherently how they live together, and the fact that this is coherent means that this system of social relations will survive, and this is to the benefit of people that would prefer very much to avoid living under a system like Franco's in Spain, Mussolini's in Italy, and super-vile, Hitler's in Germany.

Let's go into the very little at this stage I know about Peron. We are told that people develop over their lives, and what they say at one stage is not the exactly the same thing they say later. For Peron, this not only holds, but he also had more than one wife. Eva Peron was important in changing the Peronist idea to something different. When she was poisoned for political reasons the situation went partly back to normal, but not entirely. Peron was still a gorilla. The Nazi gold went from Switzerland to Argentina, so the Allies who had said to the Swiss 'Where's this Nazi gold', could be told the insolent and correct response 'We don't have any', and then some of the Nazi gold went back to Switzerland, so that was 'OK', it belonged to Argentina. Peron used the Nazi gold to develop to Argentinian economy, in particular its aircraft industry, which is fine. Nazis also approve of this. Interestingly, the Argentinians developed thermonuclear research. Peron was (we are told, I don't believe a word of this!) a bit thick. So he stopped a lot of academic things at universities. (This is alright if you know what you are doing, since most research is a waste of time, and very often fundamental ideas are wrong. The claim you should not do this is that outside structures should not interfere in academic research. This is good. Unfortunately much of academia is fascist itself. It also promotes unmovable dogma. This is not good for the progress of human understanding. There are many questions here. The basic answer, I think, is these systems should become democratic. Democratic is different from having a democratic façade. It means power is below, and people can organise their own destiny and direct it collectively in their own interests, and not those allocated to represent them, which is combined with a self-selecting servile administration under the thumb of autocrats). The thing about the thermonuclear fusion, was although it seems to have been a fraud as practical research – well we are well aware of this today. The fraudulent expenditure on Iter is obscene – was that these ideas were backed up by prominent Nazis. Although Heisenberg was not in Argentina, Majorana was, and my understanding was he was the head of the Nazi bomb programme in Europe. After a letter to Fermi in the US, Majorana had disappeared. More recently he has reappeared in conversations with someone at CERN. There are photographs of him with white hair and reports of him having on him large numbers of sheets of paper containing mysterious mathematical equations. Recall that Majorana had said a year before the discovery of the neutron 'has Chadwick discovered the neutral proton yet?', and his name is attached to the name of an as-yet undiscovered particle, the Majorana neutrino, which I suspect does not exist, but I am not quite sure. For his PhD thesis, Majorana I understand was interested in antigravity, and built some apparatus. Well, there was clearly a technological background to Argentina that Peron was instrumental in developing to a huge degree. What everyone knows, except in proper detail probably me, is that Peron was married to Eva Peron, and she was a Socialist when this meant something. She had a poor background. This is important today because there are drawing-room socialists who do not understand the conditions they wish to address. This also applies to me, except at one stage I was too interested in physics to design my monetary income so that I could eat properly. So a fundamental aspect of Peronism was that it was both fascist and a joint venture was to improve the working conditions, health and nutrition of the working class. Eva Peron was poisoned for political reasons, and some people think this is a tragedy. Fascism is not by its nature racist. Nazism is its racist and it also happened, eugenics option. Well, Peron 'left' politics and ended up in

Franco's Spain. He returned, but the repeat performance was not as good as the first. At a much later stage – I always believe these reports, they have the ring of truth – he had an affair with a 13 year old girl. On asked about the desirability of this he responded 'I am not superstitious'. Another report that has the ring of truth is that in Franco's Spain he had a meeting with Che Guevara. Peron made extensive precautions to keep this secret. He strongly advised Guevara not to continue with his course, this would result in his death, and he was not fully aware of the forces he was in conflict with. So, to end with a good joke, we have a conversation with a gorilla and a guerrilla.

On religion, given my scientific interests, I utterly rejected the ceremonial nonsense of the church I was forced to go to on Sundays. Eventually, I ceased to attend and was left on a park bench whilst the service proceeded. On collecting together my thoughts on religion and God, and having been asked to write an essay beginning 'I believe ...', I wrote an essay beginning 'I believe in atheism'. Actually, atheism is spelt the way I have done just now, so there was a spelling error in the title. I was surprised that this long essay was read out in class by my teacher, who invited discussion. It is not the opinion I have now, but I was motivated by my dismissal of Christianity as being non-scientific, and in contradiction with the scientific curriculum at school, and presented the idea that to say God created the universe does not fundamentally answer anything, because we have to ask the question 'Who created God?'.

My innate pacifism might be demonstrated by a discussion in school, I think on military retaliation. I perhaps initiated or was invited to present my opinion. Putting forward the idea that there was a gun and there were two options, me shoot you, or you shoot me, I responded that I would speak to the other person that I did not believe in killing anyone, so that if that were the only option, I would be forced to say, go ahead. I think in a subsequent lesson I made the comment that I would like to be given time to reflect before he did so.

I cannot remember the exact sequence that led me to be expelled from school for not attending church, being given an ultimatum, and refusing to do so. My opinion had become public in various ways, and I had become rather obstructive in requirements to sing hymns, for example in being forced to sing 'the sun which doth its circuit make', introducing Wesley's acceptance of the Ptolemaic, or pre-Copernican system, where the sun went round the Earth. I was in the habit of deliberately singing the wrong hymn throughout. For instance, although the song 'All things bright and beautiful' is a wonderful idea that is non-religious (and about nature), it was in the hymn book, and I deliberately made the offensive inclusion of a verse in it to which I substantially objected, but was originally there. 'The rich man at his castle, the poor man at his gate, he made the high and lowly and ordered their estate'. This actually created a furore in the school, which it was not my idea to stoke up. I believe it was mentioned in the local press, and an offer was made to put me in an alternative local school. I pointed out that my father had paid for my education, and since it was a good one, I wished to avail myself of the opportunity of its continuation. This clearly disrupted my study of A levels. The Quakers offered to provide me with the opportunity of attending their Meeting. Although I was a little predisposed to them on grounds of the Woodcraft Folk as an alternative to the military inclined scouts, which I thought had Quaker connections, and I strongly approved of their steadfast attachment to pacifism, on the insubstantial grounds that they were a Christian denomination (there are multiple interpretations of this), but more substantially that this was a matter of principle, I refused on the grounds that I should not be required to join a religious group as a condition for the continuation of my education.

Eventually, I was not entirely sure of the process, I was summoned back to school for an interview, with my father in the background, to see if the situation could be resolved. One of the requirements of the interview was to declare what house I belonged to. This is a system in which the school was divided into competitive bits. I objected to the idea of competition, partly because it was an encouragement towards systems of conflict which I opposed, but also I felt this should be replaced by systems of cooperation. Since I didn't remember, and in fact had taken a decision if possible to forget, which house I belonged to, I could not answer, but was required to do so. I therefore gave the name of a colour, which was not the basis of the house system, and after giving various wrong colours, said I did not know what the house system was, but if the headmaster, who wished to reduce the points of the house to which I belonged, could not find what house I belonged to he could allocate a special house to me and allocate very low, or even negative grades to it if he wished. He refused this, on the grounds that this would give me special status. I then asked him to allocate a house to me, and I wished to pursue the idea, as a representative of this house, and in discussion with people in it and amongst other houses, to be part of a delegation to discuss the abolition of the house system. I also indicated, that it was appropriate for the school to have a democratic structure for all its pupils, this should be organised by the pupils themselves, and a structure could be devised by experts not necessarily from the school, so that it could represent properly the interests of the pupils, which the school had so far clearly failed to do in my case. I cannot remember the reply of the headmaster on this, it was an obfuscation. In regard to the discussion of my stance on pacifism, I indicated my objection to the CCF (Combined Cadet Force) in the school, and questioned its legal basis. On being presented with the statement that a pupil had been expelled from the school for attending the Aldermarston Marches (I took this, I think, quite correctly as a threat), I asked on what basis this decision had been taken, and on being told that this was because the pupil had worn school uniform, I became quite angry. I asked, on which basis and by whose authority, say in the charter of the school, which was frequently presented as the basis on the provision of education to the school, I think for the poor, had this decision been taken? Was this decision legal, and could it be challenged in the courts? I think he was taken aback, said he had another appointment and had to leave. I think I was so angry, I abandoned all my usual caution, and courting danger, I commanded him to come back. He left. My father said I acquitted myself well, although I did not think so, basically because the decision as to whether I was to remain in school had not been taken. My father thought it had.

After a life in Burnley in Lancashire where I was born, and being made redundant from many jobs because I was only interested in spending my efforts in theoretical physics, and this was of no possible use to them, I eventually moved to Brighton. I had decided to get out of a state of semi-starvation and no work occasioned by my interests. Having taken training in Cobol, a business computer language at the National Computer Centre in Manchester, set up by the Labour Government of the devious but intelligent Prime Minister Harold Wilson, which still then retained people with principles, though not Harold himself, and being presented with a situation of a government most of whom thought it desirable to reduce unemployment, and to provide training to do so, I began to apply for jobs.

Assessment test

A protocol of communication for entry at the dogsbody level of an organisation, designed by the stupid to estimate performance in tasks which are fraudulent, irrational or misrepresentations.

On one of these interviews at the NHS in Sheffield, they gave me test for a programming job using their ICL computer. I did not do particularly well, and the situation looked grim. On attending an interview in the distant Brighton for the then Southern Water Authority, at that time in a sense publicly owned, which was the furthest away from Burnley I had been in my life, I discovered that this company which had an ICL computer had set me to answer questions which were identical to the ones I had unsuccessfully attempted in Sheffield. The answers I gave were the best ever recorded, and I was offered the job.

I reflect that it is almost always the case that people with substantially present or inherent ability obtain employment by subverting the system. For instance, someone in Brighton I knew much later was also a programmer, and highly competent in his job. He went round the world successfully doing substantial work and was rewarded for it. But had it been the case on telephone interviews that he had obeyed implicit protocols on his behaviour, such was the competition, he would almost never have got a job. In these telephone interviews, he laid out substantial portions of the manual of the language of which he was an expert pinned to the wall, and asked a question on a technical detail, could have occasion to quote the manual verbatim. His interviewer would be considerably impressed, and it would often happen that he was very rapidly employed to perform the tasks the company wanted. An aside is that to successfully code in a language often requires very little knowledge of its syntax. All that is needed is the ability to cut and paste code that has already been prepared, and know properly the way to modify it. If some technical new detail is needed, this can be obtained by precise copying from a manual, occasionally with some experimentation. Provided you can implement precisely the requirements of the technical system, which is a different idea entirely, you are useful. These tests are of no more relevance than proficiency in English is obtained by memorising in sequence all items in a dictionary.

III.

The joys of W-O-R-K.

The extensive programme of social reorganisation envisaged at this stage of my life has arisen from a long-planned, continuous and finally deep analysis of aspects of mathematics and physics.

Its expression has been assisted by a probably incidental interest in music, and the amazing realisation that, although I knew almost nothing about what it was, and only a vague understanding of its principles, it was possible to compose music in an innovative style without formal training, and indeed the absence of formal training assisted me in the realisation of producing music in a style I liked, and all I needed was a formal structure of support to enable my works to be performed, and I was there.

The lifetime's passive interest in mathematics and physics at a wide and highly advanced level then became transformed by my acquaintance of what was possible in producing musical works, to a project to get involved at a practical foundational level and construct new mathematics myself. My experience showed that there was no essential obstruction to this process. It was not necessary to have formal training. My cognitive mismatch with the some assertions of formal mathematics allowed investigation without restraint on what I was allowed to research. It allowed free rein on the depth of any topic I wanted to investigate, and the

interrelation of any parts of the subject that I wanted to discover. Being independent of any formal system of control, I was not confronted with the need to accede to the burdensome and time consuming requirements of satisfying the fulfilment of answering examination questions for marks, or the cognitive difficulty of complying with a system of thought in which I was in intuitive disagreement, in order to proceed to the next stage. All this put me at an excellent advantage compared with many substantial mathematicians who were employed in the formal system, and who were heavily constrained by its method of operation.

My freedom was assisted by the denationalisation of the rail system. The usual incompetent management allocated to provide services for the new system speeded up the trains despite technical advice not to do so, and sacked a lot of train drivers or deregulated their contracts. This had various effects. Firstly, the rails on the national network cracked, and this became extremely dangerous. The private company employed was required by legislation to slow down the whole network considerably so that derailments did not take place, although no doubt they would have more naturally have preferred to continue operating at the high speed that they had introduced, ignoring these requirements. Secondly, the sacking of drivers introduced a shortage of supply, and the deregulation of their contracts implied there were less people inclined to take up the job anyway. Becoming a train driver requires technical training. Probably this was reduced, or eliminated. I have not enquired as to what happened here. I was aware that unions went on strike because of the imposition of hours that led to exhaustion, and their schedules were frequently extended because of this situation exacerbated by the lack of drivers, in violation of statutory requirements.

My daily commute between Brighton and London which both ways lasted three hours went up to five. Rather than go into more details, I jacked in my job. Realising after taking up technical training for myself relevant to my previous job involving programming, that at my age the type of job I liked to do using my brain and my technical expertise was unavailable, I came to the conclusion that the accumulation of substantial amounts of money in my previous job (I was appreciated. I was told at one stage I had saved the company over a million pounds), had enabled me from the age of 50, although I had not originally thought of this, to continue my life without further external employment, and pursue unfettered my own interests.

I recall a similar sort of situation had occurred before. My redundancy from Southern Water in the Thatcher era recession, probably occasioned by me being a union shop steward, after a long stint as a computer programmer dogsbody, despite the initial distress, was a liberation. Firstly, I had time to read the Financial Times, and became aware that the pound sterling was about to devalue, and this was a one-way bet. I decided to convert my redundancy money in sterling to deutchmarks. This occasioned a substantial return on investments. On discussing this with my hairdresser, he recommended I cash in my winnings and convert back to sterling. This I did, but sterling continued to fall further. Because of this, I sometimes caution people not to take financial advice from their hairdresser.

The second good result was that I was forced on my own devices, and although the situation at first was one of great struggle to find a job that required hundreds of applications, persistence finally paid off and I found one. Although my initial efforts were at first very well received, later they were not exactly. On returning to an office where I had done some previous work, I looked at some of the code. This had my name at the top, but I was horrified. I usually produced extremely elegant and well documented code despite insistence by management that I got the

work done as fast as possible and ignored such self-satisfaction. Someone had modified my code and replaced it with a hideousness which was unmentionable. I had met this in a sort of opposite way before. Being unfamiliar with Unix, I had written a very small script complying with the advice of someone else who was an expert. I put my name on the top. Many years later, I was acclaimed by an employee of Southern Water as being a truly stupendous Unix programmer. Over the years, the program had extended to technical magnificence by many hands. I had also left the date I had written the code at the top. Since the language had extended over that period, and many advanced features of its technical implementation became only standard much later, it was indeed amazing that anyone could have written this code at the date indicated, or I would rather say, impossible.

It happened at this company, that they were involved in a contract to provide subsidiary services in the implementation of Crest, a computer system to computerise financial services in the City, in the 'Big Bang' as they called it, where everything had to go live at once. I was employed at Barclays Registrars doing maintenance for the company, but decided to transfer to work on Crest, because it looked more interesting. The main company employed had failed previously, and had caused a previous attempt to be aborted. This resulted in enormous expense, and the semi-completed project was useless. The company was well-known for failing its projects. In fact, I had not been able to ascertain one instance where they had succeeded in successfully implementing their multi-million pound projects, which were frequently allocated to them. The company was American. It is an observation that some computer companies provide services on the expectation that they will fail. The procedure seems to be to provide a prototype program with no interior code to demonstrate the interface to management, this is then accepted by this management which has no technical expertise to know the difference between a car with no engine and a car with an engine under the bonnet, then to successively escalate the costs and extend the length of the project until the desperate company with no option but to continue goes bankrupt. More or less, this happened in this case, with no significant variation. The project required from its beginning that computer transactions were to be implemented within a specified time frame. The computer used was ICL, a former British company that had been sold off to the Japanese firm Fujitsu. For historical reasons, it had internal fast-language code that was unique. This language when translated to the fast internal language of American computers, which was different, meant that the conversion was too slow to satisfy the requirements of the Crest project, and the American company was providing a service that had to interface with American IBM computers. I had specifically initiated enquiries to an expert in the company on this issue. I was told by him that he had already looked at this in detail and was told the project was technically impossible two months before the project failed. When it did, vast numbers of people were made redundant, and the company had to be taken over by its only rival. My mistake was to reveal later to management that I knew the project would fail well in advance. I thought it would have been more appropriate that the technical expert had done so, since he was the one that had detailed knowledge of this, and I was only the recipient of this information. Although I had told others, it was made plain that my behaviour was unethical and I was unwelcome in the company for this reason. Later I was required to do technical tasks that were impossible by a manager who thought I was incompetent, and being the sort of person who finds it prudent to erect barbed wire round their bottom to avoid possible intrusion, I was frequently reported to management. It was usually established after exhausting interrogation and physical demonstration that my assertions were correct. My failings were that I had not explained in full and understandable adequacy this information to her. Further, I did

not make the tea, and this was antisocial. I was offended. I had declined the tea rota in all aspects, because of my different schedules. It was indicated that the company would prefer me to leave. They probably gave me glowing references for this reason.

A phrase has occurred to me just now. Thank God there is someone who knows what is going on, but it is never management.

At my next company I was elevated to a semi-senior level for the first time in my life. Being aware that personnel with trade union backgrounds are unwelcome in private enterprise companies, I decided to keep quiet on this issue and wear a blue tie. This succeeded and I was occasionally invited to meetings with senior management in a subsidiary role as a technical expert.

The organisation had a manager which for the first time in my life, knew professionally what he was doing. The reader may object that this can never happen in UK companies. Managers select incompetent people, and the widespread employment of competent managers in an organisation is a very severe threat to their position.

Perhaps open to the possibility of a random event, just as molecules in the air could randomly align to lift a chair and its occupant upwards, I must assure the reader that the circumstances under which this arose was not random. In the case alluded to the event would not happen with 1% probability over a time period very considerably exceeding the age of the universe.

The first circumstance was that the company itself, although part of a much larger one, was not large and had autonomy due to the wealth of its directors. This meant that normal selection procedures designed by the stupid as bureaucratic forms to select people by box-ticking on grounds of stupidity were not in place.

Second, as indicated by his name, the manager selected had wealth. It is interesting that in the UK it is possible to have managers with wealth who are technically trained. This only happens in Scotland, and due to the fact that Scottish engineers were essential in providing the technical infrastructure in making the British Empire work. Their inferior position to the English allowed this to happen so that they were granted an important and acknowledged role as administrators and engineers.

I wish to divulge an important and useful piece of information. It may be of practical help to people in organisations that see the decisions made there are leading the company into vast expenditure on projects of little or no value, or which inevitably about to fail, or with managers intent on stuffing their own pockets to the extent that its employees are impoverished, bankrupted, or subject to such inordinate work that to avoid collapsing under the stress they are forced to resign. Such people at the lower levels are sometimes able by subterfuge to save the company from itself, and by devious means are able to see the employment of people within the company of worth. Although these intentions can never be revealed before the appointment of a suitable person, and it is unwise to point out their positive characteristics after this event, in case ones own intentions and success become known, and the person becomes subject to intense attack, nevertheless this silent system is in evidence in many companies. Its widespread use to protect the viability of companies and thus of employees themselves ensures that it continues to be an effective countermeasure to the imbecility of many organisations.

The situation with the best manager of my life was that he was a communications engineer. Ponder on that.

Why would a communications engineer be a good manager? Firstly, as is evident, the training to become a communications engineer is technical. So such people, in some way or other, have a good foundation in understanding our technological society. They are engineers. They know how things work. Secondly, my assumption is that the subject of telecommunications is wider than that of a mere technical subject. Its principles can no doubt extend beyond communication using information involving computers connected together intelligently of great complexity, to communication between people in organisations. Although these are not the same, if we are taught to think about communication, the fact that we are human means we will explore consequences of applying what we know to systems of management and control. Further, this is useful if the person involved thinks about socialising and creating relationships with people. My manager came from a Scottish family. I am probably right in saying he was wealthy. It is then the case that this person could use his communication skills with the management around him to help to create an organisation that worked coherently, both socially and technically.

I think this is a very good thing to know. Unless the organisation gets taken over by another that is obdurately and implacably intent on gutting it and refuses to communicate within the organisation with anyone at all, the existence of even this single person in an organisation, even however unacknowledged for his worth, will ensure the continuation of it and its success. Even when the heavy intent of management is to deliberately wreck a company, such a person is likely to have considerable success in protecting at least that portion of the company which he occupies.

My objective in the company was to be creative and useful in my work. The fact that I was willing to put in an incredible (and illegal) number of hours was acknowledged and I was given some leeway in promoting my work which involved massive projects, by the authorisation of people to assist me and occasionally direct them in the work. I must say that technical people allocated to me could help, but the use of people who needed to be trained by me was a failure. In the latter I was culpable. No decent person should be subject to the requirements I put on them, or the anger that resulted when they failed. Relationships completely broke down because of this. There are a number of things to say.

I am unaware of any courses in social management. I may be wrong, and possibly they have a different name. I was not trained, from a long period of exclusion, in how to deal with people so that we could work together in a harmonious and productive relationship, although that idea has always been a central one of what the society I am surrounded with should be. So I should have been trained in some way. I often find that in some sense training is useless, but it introduces me to the ideas which need to be thought about, and I can then reason about them and maybe develop them in ways that are greatly useful to me, and sometimes I think to others. Basically, this wasn't there. I think I could have coped if I knew more. Knowing things theoretically is not everything. We are often given advice, but there seems to be an in-built human characteristic to ignore it, at least for me. This means that when this advice is correct, as it frequently is, we frequently have to learn from the pain of experience. Maybe I have also learnt from my own behaviour in this. I can learn from my own learning. This means I can try and work out the pain I will receive in ignoring advice, and whether what is taught is rational.

To do this, clearly some understanding of the surrounding culture which deals with a particular issue is necessary. I am saying again I didn't have it in this case.

The second remark is a contradiction of the first. I was well aware of protocols of behaviour in collective organisations, such as trade unions and purportedly the Labour Party, and was able to navigate through them. Often in such organisations I was not representing myself, but others. I don't think I do that too badly, but there are exceptions where I have failed. There is power in these organisations, and I was often excluded from it. This did not matter to me, although my activity was sometimes such that in a sense I was doing things for the organisation, and that could not be entirely ignored. I was happy provided I thought the intentions of the organisation were ethical, and these ethics corresponded to my own. I now reject, unfortunately, that the Labour Party represents me or my thinking. This has happened over a long period of time.

Management is directional activity. Both my grandparents were probably very good at it. I have always up to now been of the thinking that this approach needs to be replaced by something else, but when I try to do this, someone else takes over, and what usually happens is another set of priorities are introduced. I then get upset that the aims I have set are not going to be implemented, and although I am prepared to discuss, and discuss deeply, I think it is a very good idea that we proceed this way. So, it is my own fault. I need to come to terms with the fact that I need to manage. This introduces cultural turmoil in me, and the thought that I need to devise limitations on myself so I am not autocratic in ways that sometimes even successful management is. I have done this by my own intuitive methods two ways in my life. Without going into too much detail, there was the Eco Energy Fair in Brighton, and a concert of my own music by NMB, New Music Brighton. Both happened successfully. The NMB concert suffered potential catastrophic problems which I think for anyone else would mean it had to be cancelled. Both required huge amounts of organisation, planning, and override of plans which could not be implemented and needed rational, effective and in my case, authoritarian, replacement. OK, so it is probable I can manage this way. I don't think anyone else wants to. Part of the problem might be that people who are taught to manage don't know how to do it properly. Maybe with sufficient experience they learn.

IV.

Plans from the Republic of Ireland.

A load of disorganised rubbish can be interesting. It has complexity. It has aesthetics. The reader may have noticed that part II, Beginnings, linked my early experiences with my ideas, and part III, The joy of W-O-R-K, my later history in the same way. Being the logical person I am, it would have been possible to rearrange this in date order and collect it together in an organised system of sense. Looking at it as a load of disorganised rubbish, and eschewing the idea that to reorganise it would mean that I was not being lazy, I decided to leave it exactly as it was.

It has aesthetics. This clearly deviates from the principle that the plot of a novel should not be designed after it is completed, but I think it is OK. A further indication of chaos is that the decision was taken now. This means you were not informed earlier and could not therefore connect these ideas together in a rational system of enquiry.

