

NOT YET THE

**Sun**

OR THE SCUNTHORPE  
WEEKLY OBSERVER...

NO, IT'S  
YOUR OWN -

UP  
THE  
FRONTISPIECE'S

**POISON PEN**

BRITAIN'S  
NO.1

VOL.4 NO.4 INVOLVING HASTINGS ANARCHIST GROUP 27TH JULY 1979

THERE WILL BE

**NO MORE P.P.'S**

(UNTIL NEXT WEEK)

Poision Pen has been in print every week for the last ten months or so. Costs vary from week to week depending on how many sheets we print. Paper costs about £2.50 per ream (500 sheets) and each stencil used costs 15p. Total cost to produce each weeks issue averages about £10.00. Some half of this sum is collected in donations and and the balance is made up by Hastings Anarchist Group. As we do not charge for the paper we are fairly content about this, though we would of course be happier if P.P. were self supporting.

Why, I here you cry, am I boring you with all this?

The reason is simple, we have hit a financial crisis. Our duplicator which is not in the first flush of youth needs a service and this is going to cost about £26.00. Now if you want to see Poision Pen continue, it's up to you to donate. If you don't we will be off the streets certainly for a couple of months, perhaps permanantly!

Treasure the copy you are now reading.....it may be the last.....

The Vicar.

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EDITORIAL NOTE: The opinions expressed in Poision Pen are not necessarily the opinions of the Hastings Anarchist Group or the Poision Pen collective. We do not censor or alter articles unless they do not make sense or we can't read the writing. All articles printed verbatim. If you would like to contribute please send your articles to Solstice, 127 Bohemia Road, St. Leonards.  
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Yes indeed this might well be the last issue. If so, you won't be able to read of the hundreds of people up and down the country who will, by next week, have committed suicide in the Poison Pen Solidarity Death Pact. Can YOU have that on your conscience. Hell no!..... so here we go with (possibly) the last page two that the strychnine stylus will ever compile, before plunging his venomous quill into his own heart.....sob,sob...sob...

\* \* \* \* \*

#### NUCLEAR WASTE

We hear that the wonderful nuclear powers that be, in whom we all trust (amen) are in the process of scouring the countryside looking for suitable holes in the ground in which they can dump their radioactive excrement and forget about it. They won't be telling anybody exactly where they are looking though. Perhaps they think that people might object. Fucking right they will! The C.E.G.B. and British Nuclear Fuels have been cooking up their recipe for ecological disaster for long enough. Nuclear fuel is unnecessary, expensive and very dangerous. Oppose it now by writing to your useless wanker of an M.P., getting petitions together, joining pressure groups, converting your friends, getting annoyed, picketing power stations, etc. etc. etc. Burying highly radio-active waste in the ground will not make it go away.

.....'t Druid.

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#### PUBLIC TRANSPORT

Once again our bus fares have gone up. Most other types of public transport are even more expensive. Were it not for the increased petrol prices, doubtless more people would be taking to the road in cars. For many years I have thought what a good idea it would be to cut train and bus fares drastically, thereby cutting down the number of private cars on the roads (thus saving the petrol they use). It has always seemed to be totally illogical that when a transport system is not attracting enough passengers and therefore not making enough money, they put up their prices, thereby losing more passengers.

In Sweden recently a new guy took over their loss making airline. He immediately cut air fares by half. The airline is now attracting record numbers of passengers and is making a profit for the first time in years. Following on from this success, the Swedish railways decided to give it a try. Results have yet to be fully assessed, but at the height of the holiday season there are noticeably fewer cars on the roads and vast numbers of people going

on holiday by rail.

When will the idiots who run the transport in this country finally develop a brain between them? Freddie Laker made a small start with air fares. Isn't there anybody else in the country with any initiative. An end to rhetoric.....

.....'t Druid.

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#### THE GURU SPEAKS.....

The world-wide outbreak of spiritually corrupt religious groups is rapidly reaching plague proportions. As predictions of coming eco-disasters, wars, world famines etc. continue to spread through the media, the trend towards grabbing the nearest or most publicised 'spiritual' alternative will undoubtedly follow in its wake. Perhaps the most sinister among these corrupt groups are those which more or less openly practice variations on simple brain washing techniques such as the obnoxious Moonies, the stupid Scientologists (let's face it, you'd have to be pretty stupid to follow the teachings of L. Ron Hubbard, a justifiably obscure writer of pulp science-fiction who decided to found a church with a view to making a lot of money), the Divine Light brain rotters (followers of a podgy young man whose obscenely decadent lifestyle seems somewhat incompatible with his assumed mantle of New Age Messiah). Doubtless all you 'premmies' out there will recognise this description of your very own Guru Maharaj Ji. And then of course T.M. T.M. has a more devious method than the bludgeon techniques employed by the other groups mentioned above. It is the proud boast (among others) that the T.M. movement can lower the crime rate. There is a very good reason for this: the Transcendental Meditation technique depends upon making people conform placidly and quietly to whatever system they happen to be surrounded by. This probably accounts for its popularity among politicians: imagine the benefits to them in being able to exercise power over a docile populace who will not react adversely, no matter what repressive measures and vile injustices are foisted on them.

Another crappy bunch are the Children of God, better known as 'Jesus Freaks'. This lot operate by prowling the streets and pop festivals disguised as harmless loonies. They then pounce on unsuspecting young people (who are often out of their heads at the time on drugs or adolescence) and tell them that they are beautiful. Most of the time, guys do this to chicks and vice versa, the effect is more immediate. They then take them off and programme them to go out and bore the



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pants of the rest of the community and upset their former friends and relatives by constantly quoting from the Bible and endlessly telling all and sundry that 'Jesus loves you'. Roll up, roll up... Jesus on a stick!

These are just a few of the main groups involved in the disgusting task of turning the human race into mindless, grinning robots in the name of religion. There are many others. Christianity tried for centuries and failed when it began to develop a degree of simple humanitarianism earlier in this century, which no longer allowed it to be quite so brutal in its tactics; although some sub-groups still use 'heavy sell' techniques (Jehova's Witnesses for example, or the exclusive bretheren).

In the world at the present time there are thousands of similar, although less widely known cults, sects and pseudo-churches (particularly in America). The countries where they are able to exercise the most influence are those in which technological madness is rife and in which the 'consumer society' is gorging itself to death on an excess of junk food and T.V. sets, while half the world starves, whole animal populations are systematically slaughtered, radio-active waste leaks out of power plants and the air becomes weighted down with chemical pollutants. In such increasing madness, is it any wonder that millions of people are now turning voluntarily to brainwashing as a viable means of escape?

Whatever happens in the world, there will always be a large body of people who may be loosely termed as 'religious.' This is not at all surprising to anyone who has personally encountered a 'religious' experience nor is it necessarily a bad thing, as a number of materialists would probably maintain. The religious drive is a very powerful one. Recently it has been directed into the blind acceptance of dogma on the part of the followers and a desire solely to maintain their own livelihood on behalf of the 'priests' (or whatever other names the self-appointed leaders give themselves.) Blind faith is again, in itself and in certain cases, not a bad thing - but it should be pointed out that it is the faith of the believer that is important - the object of that faith is immaterial, although one would probably be better advised to direct it towards, say, the Buddha rather than Hitler! Faith can be of tremendous psychological benefit (eg faith in life after death can do much to alleviate fear of death and thence to alleviate fear in life) but faith is better if it has some basis of knowledge or

experience. In hierarchical religions this sure foundation should be provided by the 'priesthood', but in these 'enlightened' times how many priests have actually had a 'religious' experience in the true sense, and how many of these might have made a sincere effort to understand it?

Today most of man's religious impulses are directed towards corrupt mercenary or futile ends. This loss of direction has contributed more than many people realise towards the disintegration of values which is leading towards the most massive disaster in human history (whether the disaster will be brought about by the rape and murder of the world's resources or whether it will result from nuclear war is a debatable but ultimately unimportant point).

A religious impulse cannot, by definition, be channelled into a non-religious pursuit. Those who wish to stifle the religious impulse altogether would be as guilty of mind-rape as those who are currently perverting it for their own ends. The only viable solution is, therefore, the creation of a truly humanitarian religion, whose priesthood perform a truly spiritual function, providing support to the community at large. This religion should not exclude anyone wishing to be a part of it and its 'priests' should cater for all according to their needs. It should be firmly based on the empirical knowledge of its priesthood and not on the blind faith of its worshippers. If this were to come about, the religious impulse of mankind could be directed towards the preservation of the earth's resources and the abolition of all instruments of large-scale destruction, from the hand-gun to the nuclear bomb. If such a religion could be established, an earthly paradise could be brought a step nearer for us all.

#### The Druid.

Whew! A real marathon effort from the Druilling Drood. How can anyone follow such an opus...? Whilst on the subject of religion better call in the Vicar, who can always be relied upon to get the ducks dancing, as we say in the business (or so I'm told). So without further ado, and I mean FURTHER, here is the Reverend Michael O'Heavens, with what might well be his final article for this, the last issue (maybe) of Poison Pen)...take it (right) away, Doc...

MAGGIE CUTS LOOSE...

The Tory press is greeting the proposed



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spending cuts with gleeful anticipation. Who do they suppose will win from all this needless anguish? Good old free enterprise? Crap. Do they think the workers are going to allow this cynnical exercise in the creation of an even larger jobless total so that a power elite can grow progressively richer?

Let us look for a moment at some of the effects these cuts will bring:-

Council house rents up by at least £2.

School meals up by 30p

Education cuts will mean the loss of up to 50,000 teaching jobs.

Civil service expect to lose between thirty and forty thousand jobs.

Etc etc etc etc

There is no point in caryying on with the list it goes on too long.

The Labour party have made their ritual - though muted - cries of horror; they are quite happy to play the five-year game and wait it out. So if anyone is to do anything it must be the unions and this must mean by the workers themselves and not to be left to their bureaucratic bosses who are amongst those who do quite well by the tax cuts.

When the Nazis came to power they called themselves National Socialists. In this country they are called Tories. The system always works in the same way, amidst the calls for patriotism one section of the population is made vastly wealthier and more powerful at the expense of the other.

The Thatcher who regrettably was educated above her intelligence is dangerous. Unlike most politicians she believes all the old rubbish about 'putting the Great back into Britain' and with the help of a tame press and an acquiescent party she may succeed in her unholy aims.

The Vicar.

We're not going out without a final shout ,

so says the Strychnine Stylus as he pens his final Will and Testament and orders a taxi to the scrapheap...Perhaps the answer lies in not asking questions? What-ever happens, Steve will always be found in the company of loons and alcoholics, plotting the End of Civilisation as We (once) Knew It...So bend an ear for his final tirade of invective...

DOUBLE STANDARDS.

It has been reported this week that the Prime Minister has sent a letter of support to a leading Czech dissident condemning

police harrassment of Opponents of the soviet system. In particular the letter expressed support for 10 people connected with the Charter 77 group who have been arrested and are awaiting trial on various charges of 'subversion' and suchlike rubbish.

She is less vocal when it comes to expressing concern for the human rights of people in Chile and Brazil, S. Africa and other right-wing countries.

She is also less inclined to lend her support to the various Libertarians and anarchists who are being harrassed and jailed in Czechoslovakia - like the 'Plastic People of the Universe' rock group and artists and poets connected with it.

Anyway, who can take this sanctimonious crap seriously when it comes from the head of a country which has its own dissidents - like Ronan Bennet (see PP 2 weeks ago) , like the hundreds of people incarcerated up and down the country whose only crime is that they happen to like smoking dope. Until recently the British govrenment had thousands of people locked up without trial in Northern Ireland where even official reports have had to admit that the beating-up of prisoners is common practice.

East or West, state opression wears the same ugly face.

It all seems particularly ironic when one considers that one of these detained in Czechoslovakia, Jiri Dienstbier, is a Trotskyist. Someone of not dissimilar views was recently clubbed to death in a London street. How about a message of support for Blair Peach, Maggie T.? Double standards abound amongst politicians of all parties because in the end it isn't brutality and opression they are opposed to but simply that it is 'the other side' which is committing them.

Another example of double standards is the revolting spectacle of so-called 'left wing' Labour MP's trying not to be too rude about Vietnam (ex-darling of the left) which is behaving in a manner exactly similar to Hitler's Germany. We send our support to all those anywhere in the world who struggle against the State and for freedom.

Steve.

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Kenneth Warren was one of those who voted in the house of commons debate, for the return of state murder by hanging.

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The Animal Liberation Front continue their daring campaign of direct action against the exploitation of animals. In March they liberated eleven beagle pups from a farm in Herefordshire which breeds animals for use in cruel experiments. On May 18th another Unit freed a hundred chickens from a factory farm in Wiltshire.

Both the pups and the chickens are now safe and well and living in good homes.

A.F.L. needs money to carry out these operations they also need offers of homes for the animals they rescue.

They can be contacted at;

A.L.F.

Box 190, Peace News

8 Elm Avenue

Nottingham.

If you are opposed to fox hunting and other cruel "sports" why not get in contact with the Hunt Saboteurs Association. The National Group can be contacted at

P.O. Box 19, Tonbridge, Kent,

To contact the local group Phone Bexhill 210601

It is hoped that various members of the Anarchist Group will be supporting this worthy activity in future.

Steve.

If nothing else works, if we can get no money any other way, we will resort to the H.F.P. Benefit...Let the fun begin...

Hastings Free Press needs money. To this end the H.F.P. Benefit activities are well under way. Cash is needed to buy a more sophisticated duplicating machine.

This will enable us to print cartoons, pictures, etc., It means that Poison Pen will look better, contain even more entertaining bits and pieces than before (Wow) We will also be able to set up a print shop where we will be able to print alternative literature - stories, poems, etc., and posters leaflets etc, all at competitive prices.

In order to raise money several things are happening: The Good Missionary's (formerly ATV) and The Piranhas are playing a benefit gig at the Carlisle on September 7th. This also happens to be the day of Poison Pen's first Birthday. A fun time is guaranteed for all. Tickets are £1 each from Solstice or Unnormality. Also Unnormality Records will release a single by the Good Missionaries. It lasts for roughly 18 minutes each side, comes with a special issue of Poison Pen written specifically for the single and will cost about 90p. Every penny well spent! Also Available: a tape of jam sessions by the Hast-

ings Anarchist Group and the psychedelic revivalist rock group Emile de Frank Zipper and the Mohairs of Destruction. This features one local musician and several musically inept loons shouting, reciting poetry blowing down pipes, tapping blocks and chime bars, playing melodicas and having a good time. A tape of these events costs £1.50 from Unnormality, 90b High Street, Hastings. The perfect anecdote for those suffering from an EXCESS of conventional music. Whilst on the subject, The Mohairs of Destruction would like to hear from a bass guitarist and or drummer who would like to join a non-profit making non-gigging musical collective, for occasional jams and private-issue recordings. Must have no musical preconceptions, must have own gear, strong sense of lunacy and hardy alcohol consumption. Phone 439217 or come to Unnormality Records, 90b High Street, Hastings. Norman D. Ferries....

Saturday Night (Last) at the Pier...

The billing read 'Nik "Hawkwind" Turner and S.F.W.'. In fact they'd decided to call themselves 'Inner City Section) or something similar. The gig was given virtually no advertising for some obscure reason best known to the promoters who must be mental. The fact that hardly anybody knew about it, plus the added distraction of the bloody Hastings Carnivore probably accounted for the fact that on ly about 75 people turned up to witness one of the best gigs I've seen on the Pier for years.

Arrived at about 8'0'clock - not much happening so I went to the bar - a guy there said that when he bought his ticket at the box office about ten minutes earlier they'd only sold 28! At about 9.15 the warm-up band came on - the Purple Hipsters from Canterbury. I thought they were pretty boring but others found them entertaining. The evenings main attraction came on at about 10.30 The lights dimmed and a subtle Floydian sound began to emanate from backstage somewhere as a group of five figures in glittering black plastic sacks and dark shades moved menacingly out of the shadows. The next 1½ hours were a real mind-blast as Nik Turner looked like a sort of freaked out Lou Reed as he screamed and leered his way through the vocals inbetween ripping up a storm on his sax. The rest of the band played, postured and sang with equal conviction and a good time was had by all, despite the abysmal turn-out. What a bugger that such a good band should turn in such an amazing set while most of Hastings flopped about in its usual blinkered apathy and missed.



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it. Ah well, at least I had the privilege of being there. I doubt if they'll be too keen on coming again!

The Druid.

Tales of woe abound...meanwhile, in a shack somewhere on the Yorkshire moors a wild-eyed freak named Emile de Fronk Zipper sits and recounts the miserable details of his strange life... The second installment of Zipper's autobiography, NO BEGINNING, NO END. The story so far...Our Hero has taken too much acid and crashed his bike. He wakes up in a strange place. Where is he?...Now read on...

I cannot move, held down by some force field, the opposite perhaps of pneumatic cushions. How many nights had I lain there, suspended on air, cans blaring out 70's heavy metal, far and away on whatever chemical stimulant, flinging myself down corridors of colour and speed. And the meter runs out, panic as you know you're going to hit the ground, like the recurring dream, except that you wake up AND hit the floor.

But the meter doesn't run out here. I try turning my head. I can see a wall, colourfully decorated with the gauche imagery of Sixties psychedelia. The Track Records Backtrack sleeve, The Fugs, Filmore posters, Grateful Dead, Rick Griffin...Che Guevara (of course) - the cliches of a generation.

I am beginning to get the impression this has all been contrived for my benefit, as if to make me feel at home, which I don't - I would never be so obvious as to announce my influences and attitudes in this way. But I am intrigued, which is a healthy sign.

"Good evening."

A voice! I strain my neck trying to see who's there. What I see convinces me that I have never left the house, that this is all part of the trip, the acid in the wine, which I can still clearly remember...Still I'm quite comfortable where I am (lying in bed, spaced out on the air cushions?) and what I see I can just about handle.

I'm at home really. Who is that? "Lenny, what are you doing? Whose boots are they?"

"My name is Robinson."

"I don't know anybody called Robinson."

"No. We have never met."

I am bewildered. There is something wrong here. Mr Robinson is made entirely of metal and only resembles a human being in that he is taller than he is wide, and wears a pair of British Service Boots over square feet. For God's sake, what IS going on?

"Robinson, one thing has to be said : there is a difference between us that cannot go unmentioned; for otherwise there will be an atmosphere."

At the end of his 'arms' Robinson has very articulate 'fingers' which are rolling a fat joint. As he pokes grass back in at both ends, he says : "Yes, the difference is this : you are anthropoid, covered in flesh and hair. Yet you can articulate yourself and maybe even co-ordinate movement. Remarkable."

This affects me. The robot can speak with the clarity of diction of an actor in a twopenny hologram machine. Twopence to see 3D images of John Gielgud, and hear him speak.

Robinson hands me the joint. I tell him I want to sit up, and the force field releases me. Just like that, it seems, a circuit open somewhere inside that slab of purist technology wearing boots. I fumble for matches. Robinson has one, already lit. The joint glows and I taste the cool sweet aroma of really fine grass. I lean forward slightly on the couch. If I'm really tripping the grass won't have any effect. One way to sort out what's what around here...

In order not to miss the third anus-clenching installment of Emile de Fronk Zipper's exciting epic, don't forget to contribute to next week, if there IS a next week... Got a bit of room left to say don't forget to go to UNNORMAILTY for Records and stains, and to SOLSTICE for books and unpleasant odours. Otherwise that wraps it up, really, in this, the FINAL issue of Poison Pen. God knows what you'll do next week. Does anyone really care...?...sob...?

EDITOR'S NOTE: We regret the inclusion of the references to poverty and foreclosure in this week's issue. It was basically a series of foolish lies to make you feel sorry for us and to encourage you to give us money. Otherwise you'll end up like all your kind in a shallow coffin with nails in the lid. OK?