

AND NOW: THE EPIC THAT WAS HOURS  
IN THE MAKING - A THROBBING 10 <sup>PAGES</sup> ~~PAGES~~  
OF GASP, PANT, GRAPPLE

# POISON PEN IS BACK! BY PUBLIC DEMAND (HA HA!)

VOL 4 NO. 5 grunged by HASTINGS ANARCHIST GROUP - 3/8/79

## the BIG ONE

VIII GLOSSY  
MORE PACKED  
FIVE PAGES  
SUPER FEATURES  
TWO-TON  
FROGS  
LIMPET

News has just reached this office of Drug Squad activities in and around Hastings. It seems that Messrs Herring and Bacon are active in Rye. Inspector Tarbun is not at home; it is rumoured that he has come to Hastings, lured by the good weather, the excellent food and wine and the challenging prospect of interfering with the town's 'subversive' elements. You know the sort of thing.

The question that is being asked is : Operation Lager, Part 657? Are they still running here and there busting epeople in alleyways, at their flats, in the pubs? Taking photos of 'those involved' from unmarked cars? And if so, why? Is this an attempt to re-establish the Sussex D.S. as a going concern after the flurry of bizarre events of the last year; events which need no mention here, but which embarrassed the brave lads in blue denim and which produced a wave of busts, mostly meaningless and gratuitous.

So take heed. Be careful. The silly season is in again.

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GROVEL...THANKS...WE ALWAYS KNEW YOU CARED...

Thanks to the astonishing reaction to last week's appeal for funds, P.P. is on the streets for another week. In all we collected thirteen pounds, which may not sound much, but is enough to produce this issue and leaves a bit over.

However, encouraging though this response is, it must be said that much of the sum raised came from a few people giving a lot, rather than a lot of people giving a little. It doesn't have to be much, nor need you give every week. Every little bit helps.

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\*Editorial Note: The opinions expressed in Poison Pen are not necessarily those of the  
\*Hastings Anarchist Group or the Poison Pen Collective. We do not censor or alter art-  
\*icles unless they do not make sense or we can't read the writing. All articles are  
\*waitten verbatim. If you would like to contribute please send your articles to:  
\*SOLSTICE 127, Bohemia Road, St Leonards.  
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Page Two.....

Games and Aims.....

A.I.M.S. is an organisation of capitalists and managers set up to propagate the values and ideals of the 'free enterprise system'. In the Guardian of Monday July 30th it was reported that AIMS had presented the Radio 4 Today programme with a wooden microphone; what had displeased them so much was what they called the 'vast preponderance of trade union speakers' who (they say) have no greater knowledge of the wider political issues than the man in the pub'.

I don't mind so much the attack on trade union officials- some of whom are good and some bad- most are fairly intelligent people who can stand up for their members. What I object to is the slur on the intelligence of the ordinary people(me and you and 90o/o of the population who are not managers or politicians or stockbrokers or rich. When they say'...the average man in the pub...' I cant work out wether they mean that women don't go to pubs,or that women are more intelligent than men,or wether they mean 50% of the population isn't worth considering at all. But then I'm so much less intelligent than them.

This just shows the contempt by those who own the means of production for those who actually do the producing. It is true that these people are more than averagly educated, what a pity all their education has not produced a sense of justice. But then the public schools most of them probably went to aren't designed for that are they? They are designed to perpetuate a manifestly unjust system by teaching those who will benefit( the children of those who have already benefitted) how to use that system to their advantage. These 'succesful,intelligent respectable responsible' people think they are so clever because they have got to the top of this society. Their position is maintained at the expense of the exploitation of millions of other people, not only here but also in the poorer countries of the third world.They are on top of a system based on violence, not only of the police and the army but also the less spectacular but no less violence of boring jobs, bad housing, lack of facilities,and lack of a say in how society is run. Anyone with any real intelligence(awareness of what is going on around you) would throw-up if they found themselves sitting on top of that.

Steve.....

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CUT BACK...CUT UP & CUT OUT.

Remember the Conservative government? Of course you do....they're those lovely, furry little creatures who keep popping up on radio and television and telling people how nice they are and how prosperous they are going to be(well, some of them).

I don't know wether any of you P.P. readers consider it worth your while to indulge in gathering news from any sources other than this proud organ which you now hold before you, so here's a few things these jolly little Tories have been up to lately.

Remember how when they first got into POWER they awarded massive pay rises to the army , police and judges? Well this week we've found out how they intend to pay for them(and the increased defence spending allowed for in the budget):They're going to cut back on the health service and education No more subsidised school meals, no more free transport for kids who live more than three miles away from their school. Many old peoples homes are being closed down, with attendant discomfort and upset for the old folk whose homes they are, hospitals may have to close or take in less patients, waiting lists for operations will get even longer for National Health patients. All theses things fit in with the Tory ideology which is: 'If you can't afford it , you can't bloody well have it'. This sort of attitude is pretty widely accepted when it comes to things like cars and colour tellies but up to now it has not been applied to the areas of education and medical treatment. The Tories are out to bring back real poverty and suffering for those already less well off.

Unfortunately,those bastions of socialism, the trade unions are living in a dream world these days too, having divorced themselves from their roots among the people to dally in the degenerate fairy-land of party politics. They fight for minimum wages of £60.00p.w for their members, whilst quoting mythical government figures about 'average' wage earners who get £100.00p.w.I work and my woman is on the dole and our combined income is a little less than £30.00. I know very few people who get over £50.00.p.w., let alone £100.00. Most people I know get about £40.00. before tax. soon they will have to pay to get their children to school (if they live in Camber for example this will cost them £3.50.p.w.). It has already been suggested that parents should contribute to wards state education . Add to this charges for being in hospital , doctors visits, increased prescription charges, higher VAT,

etc...etc...etc...,and you begin to get some idea how much 'better off' you're going to be under the Tories.

And what if you object to all this? For most of you theres nothing you can do, (except wait 4½ years for another General Election which is your feeble shot at being part of the so-called 'democratic process' but there are some who hold positions of power within the Health Service and Education who disagree. What can they do? The events this week in the Southwark area Health Authority answered that one. This area includes three major teaching hospitals handling between them a large number of patients requiring kidney transplants, open heart surgery and fitting of pace-makers. They were expected to initiate cuts to the tune of £2½ million! It was estimated that up to 200 patients would die as a result, so the authority's governors refused to make the cuts. One might have thought that democracy had crept a little further down towards the people, but just in time the Tory government stepped in and sacked the whole lot of them, replacing them with a bunch of lackies who will do as they are told. It remains to see what actions will follow this outrage. Let's hope the unions haven't entirely lost their battle for fighting the good fight.

Is there any ray of sunshine in all this gloom and dispondency? Well yes. Two victims of government cut-backs who will perhaps receive less public sympathy are the VAT man and H.M. Customs. A gent from H.M.'s dearly beloved Customs was on the radio the other day....he said that if the planned cut-backs went ahead it would lead to more illicit drugs entering the country....could it be that Maggie T. and her crew...Willie Whitelaw, Sir Keith, Denis.....could it be that they? In the House of Commons? Skinning up on the back benches? Surely not?....

.....'t Druid.

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EF off you SISSies.

#### AN OBITUARY

HASTINGS-the locality and neighborhood of, on the Thirteenth of July, Nineteen Hundred and Seventy-nine, aged many hundreds of years, widow to much beauty, passed away amidst much sorrow following the influx during the summer months of Swedes, Finns, Krauts, Wops, Dagoes, Eye-ties, Frogs, (Poms), and other undesirable Ethnic groups. Relatives and friends of the town wish to express their deep gratitude and sincere

thanks to the Civic Officers (for their attempts to maintain some kind of peace) and the Youths of the Town (for making them realise that they are not wanted), who with their hard work and perseverance almost managed to stamp out this disease, almost managed to control the spread of Rotting within her dying frame. Special thanks to go to the Old People Of The Town for their general disgust, revulsion and maltreatment. Letters of sympathy and beautiful floral tributes have been gratefully received. It would be greatly appreciated if all would kindly accept this as their personal acknowledgement. Cremation has been suggested. All donations will go to the 'extract the Xeno fund' - R.E. Sident.

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Now a reply from P.P.'s General Comment:

Thanks Mr Sident for your stirring (sic) epistle. Yes students can be a nuisance and often are, but several facts must be borne in mind. Firstly, the old adage about not biting the hand that feeds. There are a lot of people in this town who cynically milk the visitors to Hastings of their hard earned cash by selling them mounds of the most unforgivable shit which they, for some reason best known to themselves, choose to buy. These same shopkeepers then slag off the students, who spend a fair amount of money, if they so much as fart within the town limits. If you welcome the cash, you welcome those who spend it. Come one come all Secondly, the great British public is not known for its restrained behaviour abroad. How many times do you read of football fans smashing up foreign cities? Or hordes of drunken wallys rampaging through the Costa Brava?

But your letter wasn't meant to be taken seriously...? And as for your comments about student bashing...if I were to witness this odious practice being put into operation I know whose side I'd be on! Help stamp out thugs!

General C.

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Bring back the Rat...Rodent rule for UK OK?  
SNARES AND LOATHING ...

A snare is a contraption used to catch wild animals. It consists of a wire noose which is put in gaps in hedges and fences or in animal runs. An animal caught by a snare will panic and therefore draw the noose even tighter, and will remain in a terrified state until it is released, or, as often happens, it is eaten or decides to chew its own limb off. Oddly enough the erection of a snare is not an offence

under the law.

Recently a ten month old puppy called Dolf, owned by Mrs Jean McWilliams of Hammerpond Road, Handcross, had the misfortune to have a hind leg caught in a snare for five days. Mrs McWilliams is said to have cried when she saw the luckless animal. "I couldn't believe the state he was in. Wire from the snare had sliced through the flesh and into the bone on his hind-leg. His neck had been rubbed raw by his collar, which had obviously caught on something, and he had lost over a stone in weight. He must have been released by someone, his paw was so swollen that he would never have been able to escape on his own," she said. Dolf had to have his injured leg amputated, but has begun to bark at the dustmen again and is showing all the signs of making a healthy recovery despite his handicap.

Mr Michael Funnell, information officer for the RSPCA describes snares as 'diabolical instruments of torture. They are not selective and will catch anything, including domestic animals and children.' (There have been several cases of small children getting caught in snares). The RSPCA are trying to get snares outlawed. PLEASE give them your support, although with the present hunter-riddled government the law is unlikely to be changed (I hope I'm wrong) but let's give 'em hell anyway.

Rat.

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A hard winter lies ahead...better start buying candles and warm boots...what with everything being 'threatened' by factors beyond the control of the likes of you and me, and certainly the so-called 'government', it seems that all held sacred is slipping from us...Even the Claimants' Union...WHAAAAAT!? No, it can't be!...Oh but it might....

#### Claimants' Union to Fold?

The C.U. is earnestly scartching its head. It is pondering over its whole existence and questioning its ultimately 'reformist' nature. Time and time again we have been made aware at a very practical level of a theoretical truth - that essentially the whole oppressive structure of the S.S. system is geared relentlessly behind the State.

With the advent of the Thatcher regime comes its promise to amend the rules and regulations covering social security payments promising - amongst

else - the restriction of discretionary payments to, quote: 'truly exceptional circumstances'. They hope to establish a new code of practice and to transform secret S.S. internal codes into statutory regulations binding by law. This could then not be challenged by either Appeal Tribunals or Courts of Law. Basically both proposals reduce the ability of claimants to challenge decisions made by supplementary benefit officers. The game is already played by their rules, the Thatcher idea is to skew these rules ever more in favour of the S.S. and to give these rules greater legal force. No longer will we be able to argue about interpretations of the Act or to question the areas of discretion. What then is the point of going on? Very little, we would concede. The Claimants' Union will, in the near future, be wound up. Whilst in the past there have been minor victories and successes the system has merely re-sprung itself awaiting the next clear opportunity to victimise 'scroungers and layabouts'. In some ways we are only making the oppression of the poor easier and smoother to enact by officialdom. It helps ameliorate the gut reaction and claimant hatred of the system. Revolutionaries are not made, enemies of the State are not fostered in these conditions.

No - we believe the Claimants' Union should go but not too quietly.

The Claimants Union has only just received a reply from S.S. head quarters in London regarding a complaint made by us over two months ago. Our beloved unemployment review officer was centrally involved. The Union had hoped our letter making many general points about the plight of the local unemployed, would bring a more sympathetic attitude towards claimants in this area. The effort was a complete waste of time.

We quote in full the last paragraph of a letter received from their London head office:

You will see that in both cases the submissions to work were made by the Job-centre, and not the DHSS local office; and the subsequent reductions of benefit were imposed only after information had been received from the proper adjudicating authority in the matter - the Unemployed B Benefit Office. I must therefore completely reject your allegations of "violent excesses", "inexcusable excesses of power" "damaging over-zealousness" and "heartless and irresponsible behaviour" on the part of Mr. Collins and Mr. Venn. I would further add that I have been personally acquainted with both these officers over sev-

-eral years, and what you say about them and their attitudes to unemployed claimants - for which they have considerable understanding and sympathy - is totally untrue and quite unacceptable. I find it regrettable in the extreme that you have chosen to embellish your letters with such inflammatory expressions which can only do harm in the long run- although I have complete confidence that in no way would either Mr. Collins or Mr. Venn allow your remarks to influence their future efforts to promote the well-being of the unemployed in Hastings

Yours sincerely,

R. Moore.

This is the Unions reply in full:

Dear Mr. Moore,

Your belated reply has just been received after a time lapse of almost eight weeks. We dread to imagine the hardship and deprivation to claimants subsisting below the basic scale rates if all investigations spread over such a length of time.

Having waited two months we expected your long overdue reply to be informative; instead your platitudes merely echoed the official line reiterated at local level.

We were moreover delighted to hear that you were personally acquainted with the two officers concerned; a position that obviously allows you the greatest degree of objectivity in following up complaints.

Your last paragraph makes no impression on the Union, since one of our members witnesses at first hand the local DHSS dealings with both claimants. The paragraph, together with this reply, will be published in the local community press, we are sure that all claimants who have had contact with local unemployment review officers will rest easier knowing that reduction of benefit, suspension of benefit and threats of prosecution were in reality "efforts to promote their well-being".

Yours sincerely,

Hastings

Claimants Union.

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#### CONCERNING THE PERSONAL COMFORTS OF OUR MAN IN THE EAST:

Well, well well - wouldn't La Thatcher be annoyed if she knew about the vast wastage of public money going on in far regions of the earth under the name The British Diplomatic Service (or does she?) Surely she would be so outraged she would but back on this shameful spendthrift (or would she?) Well, what am I rambling about you may ask eagerly? How about a little migratory bird who happened to notice and whisper in my ear that the money that isn't to be had

for the schools, isn't to be available to old people, can't be scraped together to save hospitals, and so on, - ad infinitum - is being spent on...wait for it...a new swimming pool in an Embassy in Wellington, New Zealand. New servants quarters are to be added to another in Singapore, landscaping the garden at another U.K. stronghold in the Far East; burglar proofing a ministers' house in yet another (poor sod might lose some of his pennies)...pretty new front doors for various others...a new rest room for chauffeurs at yet another... the building of a veranda and sun patio at another...Oh, and vast increases in security precautions all over the rest of the world...I could go on for pages and name exact locations, but I think it will only serve to bore you.

So What About It, Maggie?

Going to cut back on these necessities for our much needed P.R. boys abroad and put the money back where its needed in Britain? I doubt it.

Morgan Be Fey

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HAG. Benefit / Erratum... We must apologise for the misleading description of the length of the forthcoming struggle by the The Good Missionaries on Unnormality Records. It is Not 18 minutes on each side, but 8. Sorry, grovel, etc., A quick bit about the gig, whilst I'm here...7th September, Carlisle Hotel, Good Missionaries, Piranhas, Emile de Fronk Zipper and The Mohairs of Destruction, HAG disco...tickets on sale now, £1 each, from Solstice and Unnormality. The occasion is also P.P.s first birthday...Need we say more?

Thanks and Mentions...

Thanks very much to all of you who write and encourage us. Especially the "Hitler was right movement" for their drawings of Mr. Poison Pen; Hull Libertarian Collective for their inquiry about forming a claimant's Union; Pete Carder for his advice about marsupial-wrapping, with particular reference to the Wombat, which creature regular readers have often wrapped in P.P. Keep it coming, please...

YOU CAN DO IT TOO.....

...and whilst on the subject, mention must be made of the dire shortage of WRITTEN feedback that we receive. Anyone can write for P.P. it is not the exclusive domain of the collective. Many weeks we are scarcely able to fill this rag with the poop it contains. We NEED many more contributions. Too often we hear "But I can't..." or "I keep meaning to, but..." If you have anything to say please say it. Help stamp out  
(Turn to page eight...)

Page Six...Fronk Zipper, Part Three...

Being the third part of Emile de Fronk Zipper's autobiography...Last week our Hero has regained consciousness after smashing up his bike...but where? ...now read on...

I am aware that Robinson is hovering a little way off. I begin to think of the robot as a servant. "Well, Robinson, this is very pleasant."

"Yes." He does not call me Sir. "The finest Jamaican herb, grown in specially prepared soil, cured naturally and preserved in the cool and dark. A good blow, I think you'll agree."

While he talks he plods off to a corner of this large 'room' and returns with a small gadget resembling a videotape remote control unit.

Robinson leaves the room without a word. A door hisses open and swallows him.

I turn the gadget over in my hands; I press the button marked play. Silence... then an image appears on the wall opposite. A female face, young, very sensual, with knowing eyes...a hint of sarcastic cruelty.

"Welcome aboard the Hunter S. Thompson, a United Starquest Vessel - "

United Starquest! A Fascist ship, hated and feared throughout the Universe!

" - The Hunter is powered by experimental twin-mode quantum drive, capable of travel within prescribed dimensions. You are cruising at six degrees below the speed of light. Your crewpersons on this voyage are Mr and Mrs Robinson, built and programmed at the Durham Mechanical Man Co-operative in Nottingham, England, EurAsia, on Earth."

"On July 24th 1988 at 15.32 hours you left the anarchist ghetto area of Hastings and, acting against police federation directives, you travelled towards London on a stolen vehicle, a Hudson and Davis jetcycle. You were under the influence of dangerous drugs. You were flagged down by and picked up a teenage hitchhiker. You had sexual intercourse with her on the cycle. In this position you travelled over a thirty foot drop, landing a hundred and thirty yards from the exploded wreckage, crushing and killing the girl on impact. You received no injury from the fall. When approached by a police officer you said 'Fuck off, pig, I'm busy.' When instructed to cease your necrophiliac relations you became aggressive and had to be restrained..."

WHAAAAAAT?

"Some hours later, due to injuries received whilst resisting interrogation, you lapsed into a coma, from which you have only just recovered. During this time you have been tried in absentia by an impartial jury. They returned to the presiding Magistrates of the New Executive of EurAsia a verdict of guilty on the multiple charge of : unlawful intercourse with and manslaughter of a minor whilst riding a stolen vehicle under the influence of controlled drugs..."

The last word is emitted as a gasp. Although I can only see her face it is obvious that someone is fucking her while she speaks. Her eyes flicker; her throat tightens. Is this how the magistrates of the New Executive get their rocks off? Quite imaginative for Fascists...

"On September 15th, 1988 a ruling was passed committing you to-unnnnnhlyhh - deep space as part of an experimental mission - to test the quantum drive. You are also charged with the task of removing the final remnants of the psychedelic culture of the Sixties to a place where it can no longer harm the development of the human race. Your stubborn insistence to resist the directives of the New Executive Council and your involvement with the subversive rock group The Hohairs of Destruction has led to your banishment from Earth..."

Her face is creased with gasps...

"So fuck off to another Universe, you deranged, demented, cankerous, washed out, phased out, wasted piece of shit..."

She screams and begins to cry. The videofilm freezes with this image of her.

The door hisses open and Mrs Robinson enters with tea and cakes.

\*

Mrs Robinson resembles her 'husband' in almost every respect but has been made to seem female; she wears a ridiculous wig and fluffy slippers. She pours tea and we chat aimlessly until Mr Robinson returns and informs me that I may see the rest of the ship.

So we set off and tour the huge starquest vessel. It is mostly a mass of corridors, all evenly lit. There are several rooms containing the 'last remnants' of the heinous rock culture, typified by the psychedelic explosion of the sixties, that the

Page seven...Zipper unzipped...

New Executive has sent me into space to 'remove' - rooms full of LP records, videodiscs, comix, papers; all that one might expect. I cannot take all this in at first. There is so large a volume of material that I shall need a long time to sort it all out. Two things I find are of immediate interest, however. A clutch of albums by the band Emile de Fronk Zipper and the Mohairs of Destruction, with my photo on the sleeves. And a human hair, about fifteen inches long, and brown. I find it between the pages of an underground newspaper.

Looking at the Mohairs records brings home to me the extent of my memory loss. Though I can clearly remember the party, the jetbike and the roadchase, I can recall nothing of screwing a girl on a jetbike, nor any involvement with The Mohairs of Destruction. I have no idea what it all means.

Robinson obviously wants to get on. We leave the complex of storerooms and make for the garden; a large building made of some advanced plexiglass compound, thick with exotic foliage. Artificial sunlight and a synthetic sky keeps the plants happy. Some I recognise, some are new to me. On the way out I nearly trip over a thick bush of cannabis.

"We will now visit the Robinson Rooms," announces my robot guardian. He clumps off at a steady pace and eventually we enter that room so beloved of pulp SF writers, the Nerve Centre of the Ship. Here the silent machines co-ordinate information and energy, keep a watchful eye on space and, if necessary, defend the ship. And it is all controlled by one or both of the mechanical men - mobile central computers, administering from without and within, each another component in the ship's circuitry. Never underestimate a mechanical man, no matter how clumsy he may seem; you can anticipate a man's thoughts by watching his face - not so with a robot. The Robinsons have been carefully programmed to suggest human-ness, but they are mechanical men through and through. And built at the Durham Co-operative, which means that they are designed and built by other robots, and only the final plans are submitted for approval to human scientists.

Robinson fiddles and pokes and the machinery ticks and hums. There are no visual readouts of any kind, though there are blank videoscreens. Robots need no VDU; the screens are presumably for my benefit, should I ever become inquisitive about the space around us.

We leave the Robinson Rooms, the tour concluded. "This is your ship," Robinson tells me gravely. "You may come and go as you please."

So I return to the storerooms, grab a stack of albums and videodiscs, some playback gear, a pile of comix; I conduct a search for drugs in my room and discover a neat cabinet loaded with exotic stimulants. I put on 'Music for Adverts' by the Mohairs of Destruction. It seems both strange and familiar.

Later I return to the garden and after an extensive search I find what I'm looking for. A human hair, caught in the thorny branches of a flowering shrub. From Mrs Robinsons absurd wig? I think not.

Out in the numbered corridor I encounter Robinson, scurrying with remarkable speed through the maze of passages. He is silent as he goes. We pass down a shallow ramp and stop. A door faces us. Robinson moves warily back and forth, from side to side.

"Stand back, please. Take heed."

I shrink back slightly. The robot faces the door. Nothing happens. He appears simply to wait. There is then a muffled retort and the door whips back, revealing a strange scene.

A biped humanoid alien with a horse's head is pressed back against the bulwark of some vault. In a vicious neckhold, and with a laserblade shimmering at her throat, he holds a young girl. She has long brown hair.

The alien's lips curl back. "I am KHlox, Assassin Knight of the White King of Suranya. Remain calm, or I will kill your friend."

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More of Emile's strange confessions next week. Meanwhile, if you still lack a tape of Music for Adverts by the Mohairs of Destruction, send £1.50 to Unnormality, 90b High Street, Hastings. Proceeds from each sale will go towards the H.F.P. Benefit Fund.

...Apathy!

P.S. Congratulations to Hank Leafe, who has been borrowed from the Mohairs to gig with The Good Missionaries.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### TO BE GOVERNED

To be governed  
Is to be watched over, inspected,  
Spied upon, directed,  
Legislated at, regulated,  
Docketed, indoctrinated,  
Preached at, controlled, assessed,  
Weighed, censored, ordered about,  
By men who have neither the right,  
Nor the knowledge, nor the virtue.

To be governed  
Means at each operation,  
At each transaction, at each movement, noted  
Registered, controlled, taxed, stamped,  
Measured, valued, assessed, patented,  
Licensed, authorised, endorsed, admonished,  
Hampered, reformed, rebuked, arrested.

It is To Be,  
On the pretext of the general interest  
Taxed, drilled, held to ransom,  
Exploited, monopolised, extorted,  
Squeezed, hoaxed, robbed;  
Then, at the least resistance,  
At the first word of complaint,  
To be repressed, fined, abused,  
Annoyed, followed, bullied,  
Beaten, disarmed, garrotted,  
Imprisoned, Machine-gunned, judged,  
Condemned, deported, flayed,  
Sold, betrayed and finally mocked,  
Ridiculed, insulted, dishonoured.

Such is Government,  
Such is Justice,  
Such is morality.

Pierre-Joseph Proudhon.

A CASUAL ACQUAINTANCE MEETS HIS FATE IN A  
SUBWAY ON HIS WAY FROM A BAR.

Sandstorm blows no pleasure,  
attacked in full view of the wreck  
That sits like a dead man  
on the shore, nearby the wind  
sucks at the teeth that have long since  
gone - the way of his mind.

Hope gives a start,  
making sure that he doesn't  
lose the game again.

Watchful eyes stand about

laughing at his misery  
as he wanders past the wreck.

Pictures of past fun flit by

DON'T LET THE GREMLIN RULE YOUR  
LIFE

Fighting waves on the beach,  
stranded with nowhere to go.  
Don't let the gremlin rule your life.

Take yourself away,  
"we hear the demon speak  
he wants to control the world.  
Don't let the gremlin rule your life.  
The hours sway rhythmically  
around the middle of the town.  
The gremlin will not rule your life.

The Caveman.

\* \* \* \* \*

True love can exist only among equals.  
True, real love, the expression of a  
mutual and equally felt need, can exist  
only among equals. The love of the  
superior for the inferior is oppression,  
effacement, contempt, egotism, pride and vanity  
Triumphant in a feeling of grandeur  
based on the humiliation of the other party.

And the love of the inferior for the  
superior is humiliation, the fears and hopes  
of a slave who expects from his master  
either happiness or misfortune.

Michael Bakunin.

\* \* \* \* \*

As I sat with the Duchess at tea,  
She said, "Do you fart when you pee?"  
I said, "No, not a bit,  
D'you belch when you shit?"  
And felt this was one up for me.

R. Stornaway.

\* \* \* \* \*

on their way to the grave,  
where he will soon  
join them near the wreck  
beside the schizophrenic sea.

The Caveman.

## CONTACTS

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127 Bohemia Road, St Leonards or  
Unnormality Records, 90b High Street,  
Hastings.  
Hastings Claimants' Union...429537 (after-  
noons).  
Association of Single Parents...127  
Bohemia Road, St Leonards.  
Cinema Users' Association...127 Bohemia  
Road, St Leonards.  
CHE...phone Roger on 435931.  
Gay Pub...York Bars, Town Centre (above  
the Crypt.)  
Shelter...5 London Road, St Leonards.  
Want to score, but don't know where...?  
Then phone Pete on 425000 for a discreet  
chat.  
Genito Urinary Clinic (Pox Office) -  
Ore Clinic, Old London Road...OR, if  
you want it, wring Pete on 425000...  
Emile de Fronk Zipper and the Mohairs  
of Destruction Official Fanclub...Write  
to Sue Bletchworth, 1 St Matthew's Road,  
St Leonards.  
  
GROUPIES WANTED FOR PSYCHEDELIC REVIVAL  
ROCK BAND. No previous necessary.  
Phone Big Dick on 4239217.

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## PERSONALS...

Amputee landlord of Lord Nelson,  
The Bourne, Hastings, requires well-  
groomed parrot to perch on shoulder.  
If possible, trained to shout "Time!  
We've had your money so fuck off out!"  
Ring Tony...

\*\*\*\*\*

GIG DRAWS NEAR...as mentioned elsewhere  
the Poison Pen Benefit Gig draws near.  
Tickets are ONE POUND sterling. Bands  
include E de F. Zipper and the Mohairs,  
The Piranhas and the Good Missionaries.  
Full surgical support will be given.  
So don't delay buy one toady today AT  
SOLSTICE or UNNORMALITY. OK?

Just a quick few lines to say that we've  
nearly reached the bottom of our first  
page nine ever, we've never had one before  
you see so it's QUITE EXCITING!...titter...

Still, we're not quite there so I'll go  
on a bit about all the wonderful things  
anarchists do to help people. Well for a start

## THE ADVERTS...

### The Adverts Go To Africa.

Last week Bruce Advert left his strange  
bookshop in Bohemia Road and got a bus  
to the Old Town. He fell asleep and  
arrived instead in sleazy downtown  
Mozambique, in the old part of Africa.  
Now read on...

"Soon I fell asleep again, almost  
immediately in fact. When I woke up I  
was at the bus depot in Ore so I had  
a fair walk back to the pub. Had a  
few drinks and went home."

More next week, when Bruce Advert has  
a filling...of a different kind...

\*\*\*\*\*

There used to be a shop in the High street  
where you could go and buy the odd record  
or two, but now you can't get in the place  
for bloody Emile de Fronk Zipper groupies.  
We all know Emile is a great musician but  
I do get pissed off with people going on  
and on about how amazing he is. So stay away  
from Unnormality records if it's sound you  
want. But if you are just another 'Emile  
for God freak have fun. Bloody Emile I  
reckon he's just a second rate Elton Joan.

\*\*\*\*\*

Solstice Bookshop is wonderful and super  
and is run by wonderful people (one of  
whom has touched Emile de Fronk Zipper)  
So for books and general naughtyness it's  
Hi Ho for Solstice.

\*\*\*\*\*

Our grateful thanks for Chris's excellent  
typing-mucho appreciated.

A quick record review...this wee s quick  
record I CAN'T CONTROL MYSELF by the Teen-  
beats.

Not quick enough in fact...a rather too  
sluggish version which needs cranking up  
...about another 6 notches. Good flip  
though - more vigorous, good hooks and  
more positive approach.

Good to see the first single from a  
Hastings band, though, and the best of  
luck in the future etc etc...grovel...

Incidentally, great (though hidden  
in the mix) backing vocals from the  
Mohairs, which is, come to think of it,  
a good name for a mod band...hmmmm...

THE MOST OUTRAGEOUS EVENT OF THE YEAR

THE POISON PEN COLLECTIVE

IN ASSOCIATION WITH  
UNNORMALITY RECORDS & AND &  
HASTINGS ANARCHIST GROUP  
PRESENT  
THE AMAZING...

POISON PEN BENEFIT GIG

(AND FIRST BIRTHDAY BINGE)

FEATURING:-

THE  
GOOD  
MISSIONARIES  
EX-  
ALTERNATIVE  
T.V.

THE  
PR  
HANS  
ALL THE WAY FROM  
SUNNY  
BRISTOL  
SUNNY

WITH

EMILE DE FRONK ZIPPER + THE MOHAIRS  
OF DESTRUCTION + DISCO + FULL  
SURGICAL SUPPORT

FRI. SEPT. 7<sup>th</sup> = 7.30 TILL?

AT

THE CARLISLE

AT YORK  
BUILDINGS

TICKETS £1.00 FROM SOLSTICE. —  
— UNNORMALITY