

HASTINGS MOST AXIOMATIC ORGAN HITS THE STREETS AGAIN - HOT FROM THE PRESSES - IT'S: **POISON PEN**

VOL. 4 NO. 3, got on by HASTINGS ANARCHIST GROUP - DONANTE + BE-FREE

WELCOME ALL THE

LUNATECHS =

This Friday it will be ten years to the day since man landed on the moon. It could be said that this was a great achievement and I would not disagree. I would point out however that this feat was achieved by a nation which in a world where 3/4 of the population live on the brink of starvation, was prepared to spend not only millions of dollars to send three men to the moon but was also to spend countless billions more on building instruments of death. A nation which at the same time it was going to the moon (an act which they claimed to be the height of Western Civilisation) was dropping napalm on hospitals and schools in Viet-Nam and openly and brutally oppressing the black minority that lives within its borders.

The American nation is based on an act of genocide against the Indians which it has celebrated ever since in the crude lying propaganda of the "Western". The point I am making is that humanity's great Technological advance has not been matched by a similar advance in social organisation and how we treat each other. In a world where everything is owned by a small minority and the majority of people have to be kept in their place by social conditioning if possible, and by brute force if necessary, it is obvious that each new technological advance will be used against the interests of the common people.

Take Nuclear Technology for example. War is never in the interests of the people, it is only in the interests of the state (which uses patriotism and war mongering as a spectacle to divert people's attention away from the real cause of their problems), the arms-manufactures and capitalism in general. The tens of thousands incinerated at Hiroshima and Nagasaki testify to this fact. These terrible weapons still hang like a sword over the people of the world, held in the hands of our rulers. The "peaceful" use of nuclear energy is NOT safe (yet another leak at Windscale two days ago), nor will it ever be.

* EDITORIAL NOTE: The opinions expressed in POISON PEN are not necessarily the opinions *
* of the Hastings Anarchist Group or the Poison Pen Collective. We do not censor or al- *
* ter articles unless they do not make sense or we can't read the writing. All articles *
* are written verbatim. If you would like to contribute please send four articles to: *
* SOLSTICE, Bohemia Road No 127 St Leonards. *

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Despite this our rulers (in business and government) intend to go ahead with it in a last ditch effort to maintain a "growth economy" (and profits). They think that this is to their benefit but they are of course wrong because if we are to perish in a nuclear holocaust or be slowly submerged in a world of pollution and insane technology our fate is likely to be much the same in the end, (despite the fall-out shelters governments build for themselves but not the people). The point is that they are a tiny minority (these self styled governments) who have no right to play games with OUR lives.

This is not by any means an anti technology article. I have no sympathy for the "all technology is wrong - back to the stone-age" passion. Much technology is a great thing - stereos - movies - medical technology - transport - flight - we don't really appreciate much of it. Used properly technology can liberate people and make life more fun, look at all the household gadgets that cut down on labour in the home. Automation in the work place could lead to shorter hours and less boring work if the workers were in control. Lasers, Holograms and the micro processing revolution open up whole new fields for art and entertainment. T.V. games like "Space Invaders" and "Breakout" are only the start.

The only trouble is that every new development falls straight into the hands of the capitalists and politicians, who also of course fund and therefore control much research. Examples of the way in which they use it are too numerous to go into now in any great depth - War technology (nuclear chemical bacteriological) the private motor car (insanely wasteful) surveillance technology (phone tapping and other more sophisticated forms of making sure people do what they are told).

We are on the brink of destruction and we have been bought here by leaders and we can only save ourselves by refusing to follow.

Steve.

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Now to, yes, the wilds of Romney Marsh:

A MEETING OF THE ROTHER DISTRICT COUNCIL.

Judging by the tight lipped stupidity of the fellow councillors of Mrs Anne Moore who is "very worried" by the lack of information on the state of cracks in such a lethal heap of concrete as Dungeness Nuclear Power Station, they are not fit to make comments of any sort especially those condemning normal enquires of a serious nature as "a disservice to the public".

How the hell anyone in their right mind could have voted for people like that to represent their interests shows just how insane we all are. Our interests should be that we avoid all possibility of leukemia not only in ones and twos but in masses of people, which would be the outcome of the eventual disaster of a hushed up crack or two. People should be shouting "CANCER" at the top of their voices for that's the word everyone hates to hear. Look at the paranoid, hushed reverent tones of reporters when someone famous with the big "C" makes an undignified scramble all over the world at any price clinging to the remnants of their painful lives looking for a miracle cure.

What, Mr. Kimber, if Mrs. Moore is likening the situation to the recent Harrisburg crisis? Shouldn't we learn something from that? I see, you don't want mass panic, just for everyone to lie there and die calmly if it happens, like the duped masses you sort think of as numbers not people. I don't know what councillors hope to gain by hiding facts and making long winded inquiries in secret. But they are not exempt from the outcome of a disaster even if they hide down a little hole when it happens. They and theirs will "get got" in the end. Still it is no good pointing that out to the ignorant, power motivated thick "wads" we voted to council for our rights in living.

Judy.

* * * * *

Vermyn Control Needed in Romney Marsh...

It's comforting to see our old friends at the "Daily Express" are as keen as ever to wind us up over anything they can. Particularly neat was their coverage of child cruelty in this 'Year of The Child'.

The photographs of beaten up kids plus lurid detail of the family life of the criminals involved tied in very nicely with the increased establishment demand for stricter laws and a larger Police Force.

Nobody in their right mind would deny that child bashing goes on and is a horrifying thing (most of all for the child) but it is typical of this Tory rag to use an emotional subject to whip up a hanging mood in its thicko readers.

The search for the truth bears no resemblance to the 'free' press we all know and love to hate. Most parents know the frustrations of bringing up children in a competitive society (perpetuated by the various media) but add the fear of homelessness or redundancy leading to sleepless nights and frayed nerves and the whole family explodes. So as a reward for suffering the indignities above mentioned poor old Dad (or Mum) is hauled off to jail or the

the nuthouse. The newspapers are guilty of helping to create and perpetuate an attitude of condemnation and punishment towards people who could well do without further aggro. It's an interesting and depressing fact that the losers are the ones who are kicked. It must be the least line of resistance for those of us who are pushed into lasting out. I can only assume that the lashing out done by those who have 'made it' in society (the winners) is prompted by some inner hate brought on by fear of being brought down or fear that someone will discover that their position among the comfortable is unearned or unjustified. The hate will never disappear until the competition dies down. There is not such thing as "healthy competition". Winning is very bad for losers and winners. It's always the least aggressive who lose. I suppose the papers would look a bit sick reporting equality, justice, no wars, no rat-race, but I for one wouldn't miss the news as it is. We can always read books and as for the news well who can believe the papers?

Vermyn.

PIG BIT...THE GHASTLY IMPLICATIONS...

As has been reported in these hallowed pages, a police car collided with a car driven by a foreigner; the latter has been charged with dangerous driving and has received a fine.

This may not seem unduly strange, but one fact needs to be borne in mind: according to an eye-witness, the car with which the police car collided was STATIONARY at the time of collision. And before you say, Ah yes! but the witness was undoubtedly a hippy, on the dole, under the influence of heinous chemicals, and a liar to boot - you may like to know that the witness was an elderly lady in her seventies.

She might have been mistaken, of course - the car MAY have been moving, but what is certain is that the police car was moving considerably faster.

It is a little-known fact that there is only one vehicle that is allowed to break the speed limit - and it isn't an ambulance, nor even a police car, nor any of the emergency services. Only the post vans may exceed the limit, owing to an archaic law which firmly states that 'nothing must stop the Royal Mail.'

So if you own a car and if you're in the habit of parking it, watch out. There are pigs about... Norman D.

In case you're wondering why this is so slim an issue of the everwonderful Poison Pen, it is illness that has stricken our ranks. Pain and delirium have gripped the ageing Man, hallowed luminary of this parish, and he has retired to his straw mattress in some dim shed to sweat this one out, matey. Hence the lack of vitriol invective from Hastings' most debilitated cleric.

So, in the absence of any real news, and due to the lack of time and effort being put into this pamphlet by the rest of us, we present the first installment of a thrilling new story by Emile de Fronk Zipper - leader of the psychedelic revivalist rock band, the Mohairs of Destruction - in groovy sensurround, the awfulness you can FEEL.

This marks a first for Britain's most inevitable anarchist weekly.

So here, without further space-filling, is wacky Emile's first installment...

NO BEGINNING, NO END....

by Emile de Fronk Zipper. Part One...

Try to understand my position: this appears to me to be a true account of what has happened to me. It might be a drug-induced hallucination, it might be a complex series of paranoid delusions.

I have no idea how long ago the accident happened, but about a month has passed since I awoke from the coma into which I was thrown. I say a month - I can no longer be sure; but I have slept about twenty-eight times, for approximately eight hours, with roughly sixteen hours between each period of sleep. So let's call it a month.

Towards the end of a particularly hot summer afternoon in 1988, I found myself feeling very bored, so I smoked the rest of the incredibly black hash in the make-shift bong, slugged down the lukewarm ~~xxx~~ white wine from last night's informal gathering, and, feeling pleasantly anaesthetised, took the jetbike - a mean little fucker, five and a half grand's worth of tightly-packed whoosh, inbuilt cassette deck, infra-red headphones socket, no archaic jacklead, just a receiver in the lid; complete aural insulation/isolation - where was I? - Oh, Yes, I took the jetbike out down the Roman Road. The air was hot so I wore only shorts and the lid; the insects swarmed like shoals of tiny fish. The Roman Road had recently been resurfaced and was a favourite strip for out-of-order speedfreaks and fat, hairy redneck speedpigs, hunched over their machines like nightmare stagbeetles

eager for a chase. It's people like me who pay their wages, I hope they always remember that. No 'deviants', no pigs, right?

I was doing about eighty cruising speed...halfway down the Roman Road, fields flashing by, streaks of green and russet brown. The tape was an old seventies punk music, The Sex Pistols' adrenalin anthem, God Save the Queen...

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN....YOUR FACSIST REGIME.....THEY MADE YOU A MORON...

A speedcop sizes me up as I approach, I see him ready to pursue: I open the throttle...

A POTENTIAL H-BOMB...

But now, what's this? Sticky palms, a taste of citrus in my mouth, the music swelling, expanding, I seem to be swimming in Sex Pistols...WE MEAN IT MAAAAAN... screams J. Rotten whilst those manicguitar riffs rush and pound. My body feels very light, seems to be fading away, so that there's nothing on the bike but me, no body at all. I'm coming up on acid. What acid? Oh, God, the wine, how did I forget? Someone said something about it last night, and I was too far gone to register what was said. The impromtu party the night before, the ramble on the beach, the strange roller skating ecclesiast from California doing about thirty down Cooper's Hill...

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN....WE LOVE OUR QUEEN...

...and here am I, slicing in half the Roman Road, a dressed -to-kill speedpig behind and now over the rise ahead comes a pair of low-slung sprts types, moustachioed Ox-bridge graduates at the controls, locked side by side in - to them- a very important virility test; each nudging ninety, tweed-capped and grinning, pressed back in the cockpits...and neither slows or moves over.

So I slide over onto the centre line and aim for the thin slice of daylight between them. These are sensible fellows, my instincts tells me, and they'll widen the gap to allow me through, and the speedpig, if he can make it. Neither of them is going to want a mangled jetbiker on his conscience/windscreenis he?

Apparently this is not a problem. If anything the gap narrows. The acid tells me I can survive this, a fact all three of us knows very well. There's really no problem at all. But when they are about four hundred yards away reality takes over, distorted and rearranged by the drug, but reality nonetheless...

n GOD SAVE THE QUEEN...WE MEAN IT MAAAAAN.....

To the right I see a gap in the hedge, an opening through which I can turn off the road. Oh yes, so simple. Up to ninety-five, swing the fucker over, I skem out over the curb, and out over a glorious thirty foot drop, a streak of red on the corner of my eye as the Graduates shriek off into manhood. Christ though! What a view! Englands green and pleasant land. And did those feet, in ancient times...?

The bike sails away, glinting and whining. Crump! The explosion sucks in hot air and spews out hot metal, and I'm falling for what seems like an eon, like that recurring dream - you wake up before you hit the ground.

Which is exactly what happened to me. Or so it seemed, for sometime later I awake not in a field, nor at the side of a road, not anywhere I can immediately recognise. There is an even white light and a vibrant hum that might be light source, but is probably something else. Something is blipping, on a screen above my head. I am listening to electronic evidence of my own existence. I blip, therefore I am. A good start.....

.....Continued Next Week.

Whew, what a scorcher!!!, but now...it's the...

ABORTION BILL ABORTION

The Tories are attacking women and their right to choose. They are amending the 1967 Abortion Act. John Corrie's compulsory pregnancy bill passed its second reading in the House of Commons on July 13th by 242 votes to 98. M.P.'s back the Abortion (Amendment) Bill which seeks to restrict legal abortions by an estimated two-thirds.

The overwhelmingly male House of Commons debated a law which will affect millions of women's lives. The Corrie Bill aims to restrict the grounds for abortion and to reduce the time limit for abortions.

It would also make charitable abortion referral services and clinics which perform a quarter of all abortions illegal.

There have been many tries to restrict the 1967 Abortion Act (James White 1975, Benyon 1977) all of which would have increased the number of late abortions rather than stopping them. Such legislation stems not from any desire to help women or children, but from a wish to prevent women having control over their own bodies. We do not go through abortions lightly.

...continued on next page...

re: was
Normal
page the fifth (undoubtedly)

ABORTION (Continued)

Most abortions come about due to failed contraceptives, and are a traumatic experience which no woman would go through without a great deal of thought.

The most important thing to remember is that abortions that take place for very serious medical reasons were legal before the 1967 Act and will still be legal if restrictions are brought in, so any new attempt to restrict the 1967 Act will in fact be (as the others were), an attempt to restrict abortion in total. And the result? A return to the dangerous, and often fatal, back-street abortions of pre-1967 days.

The only effective way to ensure that unnecessary late abortions do not take place is to have facilities for abortions freely available in day-care clinics run by sympathetic and understanding staff.

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Whew, what a scorcher!!! Well, do you believe in White Rabbits? No? Hum...What you need is.....a silly advert--dot, dot, dot.

THE ADVERTS, a continuing saga of every-day folk...

Once upon a time, there was a friendly rabbit and his name was Norman. This has absolutely no connection with Hastings most unusual badger-wrestling emporium, yes it's Jupiterian Dick's mighty record shop and part-time brain-flattering spot. The one the big boys ask for. The teeth of the storm. The grip of the vinyl has struck. What sound from yonder window leaps? 'Tis Norman, the friendly rabbit, and Juliet is the West. (UNNORMALITY RECORDS, 90b High Street, The Old Town, Hastings - telephone: Hastings 439217 for friendly service and an excellent selection of records, both new and second-hand). My God, what was that? Something just flew past my left ear, landed on the typewriter keys and tapp-danced an advert!

And, as the Red Arabs roar overhead, we bring you an entirely new and utterly pointless FEATURE...

ERRATA

We would like to sincerely apologise for the mis-spelling of the word Errattat in the above heading. Thankyou, it's nice to know that there is someone out there who understands; it gets so lonely here sometimes, I just don't kn...(Sorry about that. He's being taken care of).

AGEING VICAR IN SHOCK HORROR DISEASE PROBE LATEST..

Today, Hastings reeled to the threat of another outbreak of old age. Centenarian cleric, the Reverend Michael O'Heavens was struck down this very afternoon, breaking out in an attractive yellow and mauve rash.

One thing a lot of women and men say; "I don't believe in abortion, so I'm not going to do anything about it." NO. What they are saying is: "I don't believe in them so I am restricting you."

What we are saying is that women have the right to choose.
Every child a wanted child.
No forced sterilisation.
Free contraception.
Free ABORTION.

Our lives.

Our bodies.

Our choice.

This will not be brought about by sitting on a fence. Don't let others do the fighting for you. Come and do it yourself...

WOMENS VOICE....

contact: Eve - 437818

Liz - 435308

Take it away, Bruce...

Well, thank you, Drood. Hi! I'm the good-looking one with the feet. I'm here to tell you about a really SUPER place you can all go to. It's called SOLSTICE and it's run by two really DINKY chaps named Bruce Pippin and (older) Bruce The Spook, who, as you've just read, was taken ill whilst ferret-strapping. I've just come from visiting him and it's too GHASTLY for words. He just lies there in six inches of filth, shouting to keep the flies away. I told him straight: Brucie, I said (we're very close), if you want to keep those NASTY flies away, put a bucket of shit in the corner. That's what they do in Italian churches to keep the flies off the women - they spread it all over the altar. Smells simply HORRID. AnyWAY as I was telling you, this bookshop has got hundreds and HUNDREDS of books, all very nicely stacked by three very large nad, I must say, three very HANDSOME coloured boys. Ooo. SO, get your skates on, dears, and hurry down to Bruce & Bruce's jolly little emporium for all the latest fab gear in literacy - special 'readers' rubbers sheets, 'Book-worm' straps and attachments, nasty old
(turn to page 89)

At the time he was busily ferret-strapping in his garden. Suddenly, a wave of anxiety caused his already bowed shoulders to sag even lower. His baggy eyes lifted towards
continued on page 97

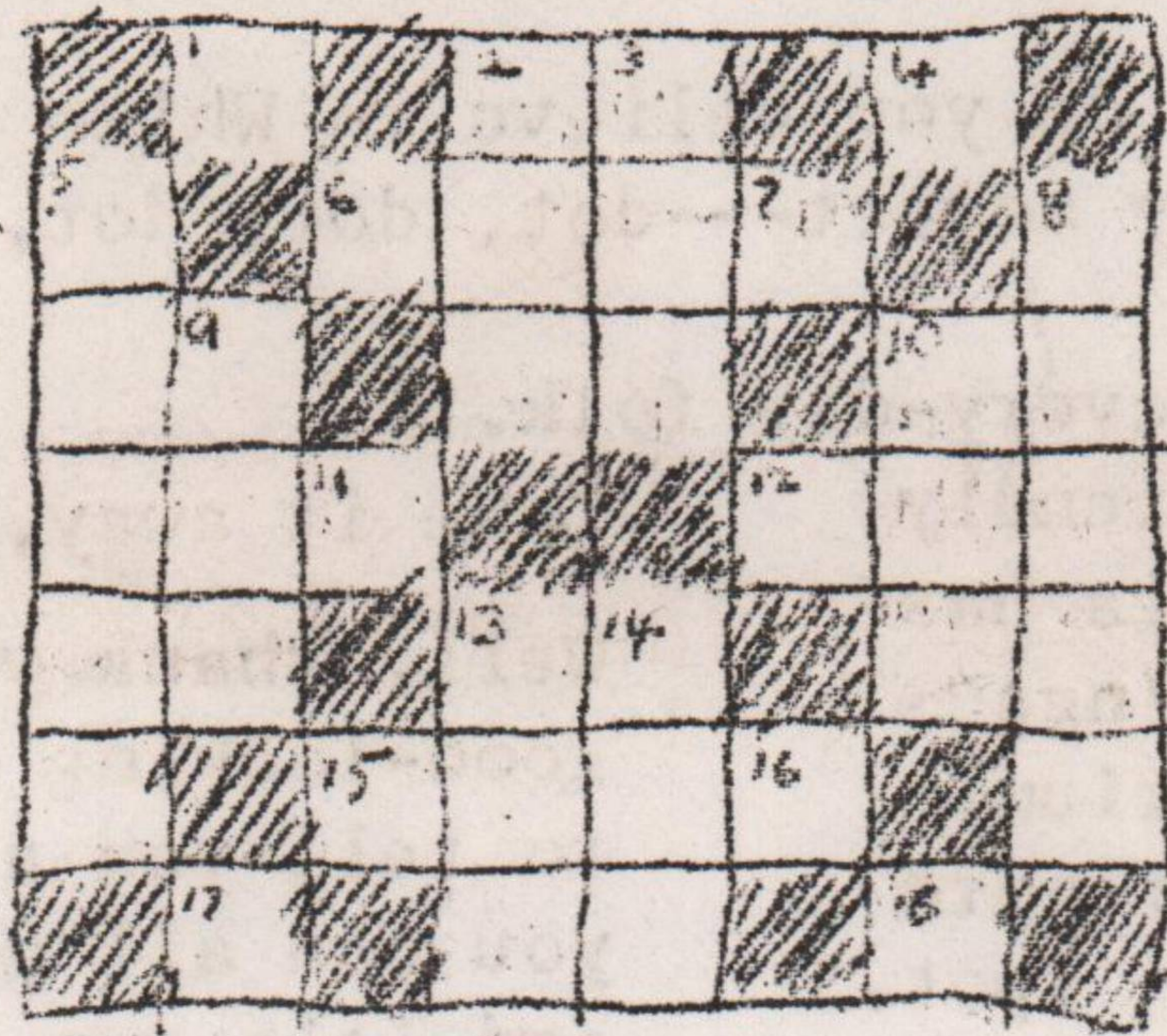
PAGE BACK:

WHAT'S TO SAY? NIK TURNER'S ON THE
PIER TOMORROW NIGHT—TODAY IS
FRIDAY 20TH JULY 1979—THE HAG
BENEFIT GIG IS SET FOR THE FIRST
WEEK IN SEPTEMBER—TOP NAME BANDS
WILL BE APPEARING—SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED.....

VICAR LATEST!!!

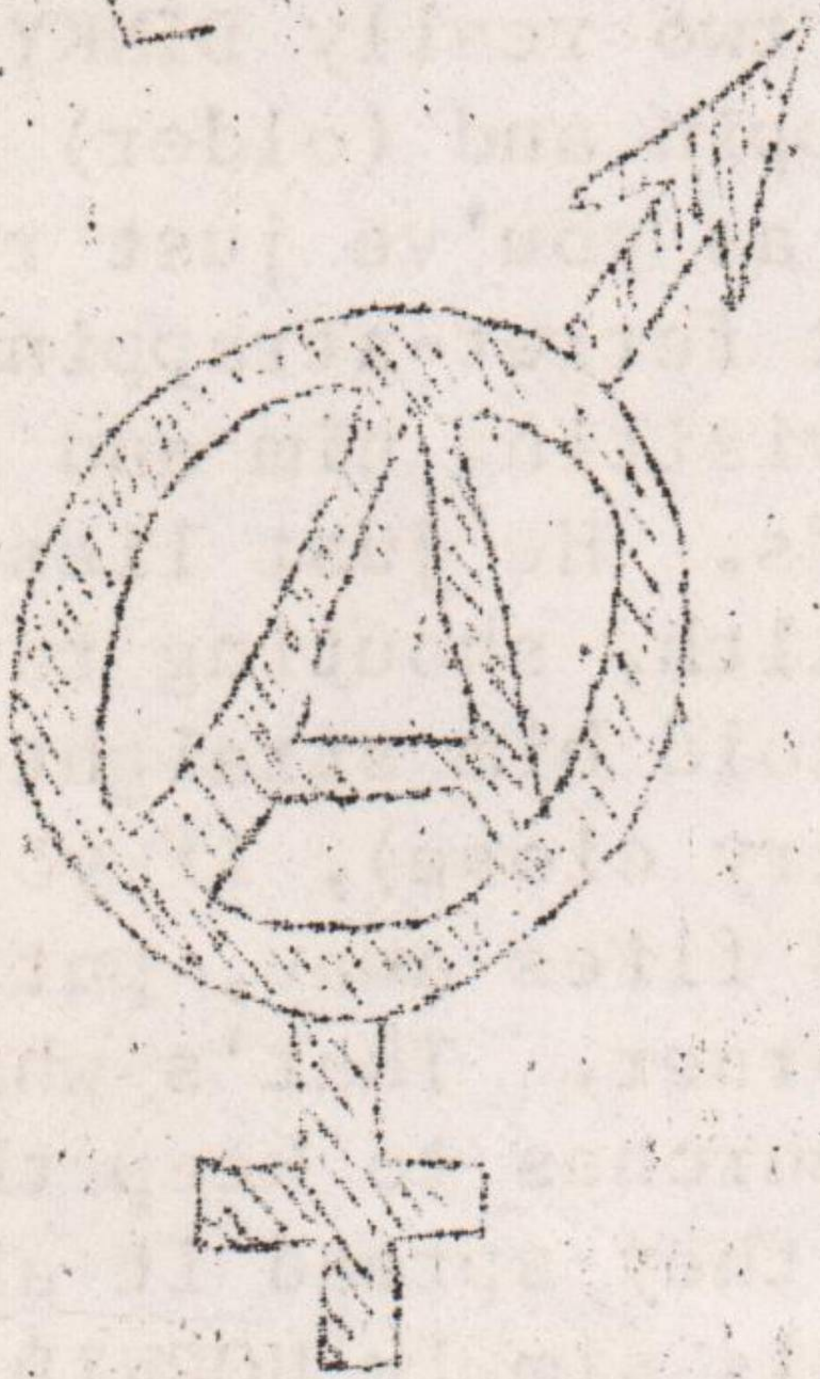
NO NEWS.

AND NOW:



FREE!
DO-IT-YERSELF
CROSSWORD

HAILER IS



Support the

PAN-SEXUAL
PEOPLES MILITIA.

FREE PAVLOVS
DOGS!!!

FOOTNOTE:

ON BEHALF OF EVERYBODY AT P.P., I'D LIKE
TO EXPRESS OUR SYMPATHY TO OUR GOOD
FRIENDS AT I.To. ALL OUR LOVE TO

YOU BOTH xxx