

ATTILA SATURDAY, 3 JULY 1971.

OF POT & PORN....

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"to speak of pot & porn
"of England's Parliament of Fools
"& how its Clowns are born

"Are they created like sweet Heath "beneath the humble cabbage leaf "without a mind, without a sex "with sense at sea on slippery decks?

"why do they writhe, why do they squirm "when driven to consider sperm "and do they fancy British laws "will banish pot to wild applause?

"The time has come", the Walrus winked "for us to vote our Fools extinct."

bb (with acknowledgments to Lewis Carroll & Ogden Nash).

Lambeth, which was previously famous only as the home of the Lambeth Walk, today (Thursday) made history as the home of England's silliest porn case to date. Richard Handysides, the publisher of the Little Red Schoolbook, was convicted of publishing an "obscene" book for gain and fined 25 pounds on each count with either 100 or 110 pounds costs awarded against him. (Depending on which paper you read it in.)

As far as is known the Little Red Schoolbook contained only about 8 pages which, in any way, referred to sex. The remaining 200 pages were concerned with other ways in which teenagers might be encouraged to think for themselves.

Although the prosecution was cunningly disguised as being against "obscene" books it was clearly political. After all, if everybody in this democracy was to start thinking for himself, we'd have Anarchy. Echoes of Henry Ford, another great democrat.... "You can have any color car that you want...as long as it's black."

In this case, that equals... "You can think, or read, or say whatever you want....as long as I (who the hell is this "I"?) approve. That's what democracy is."

Sounds just like the definition of democracy recently adopted in Czechoslovakia. And in Germany in the thirties....
"I'm sorry to have to tell you this, Chicken Little; but the sky is falling. Again."

2.

THE WIZARD OF WAS ...

In the OZ case this week the usual things happened. Inspector General Knickers of the Flies Squad at the Yard foamed for a fulsome fifteen hours nonstop as he attempted, fruitlessly, to find words to express his disgust at the Schoolkids issue. Not in all his fifty-seven years accepting bribes from the vice dens of Soho had he seen anything to equal it.

Even in Whitehall, normally silent except for the sleeping majority of its official population, things were humming. Sheffield craftsmen, specially flown in, were racing to have the guillotines ready for Neville & his party. The weatherman has promised clear skies for Britain & the event promises to rival Ascot in its brilliance. ODDS

This was written by a body in Brighton, but the spirit is still at Glastonbury.

For 5½ days the outside world seemed as if it belonged to a different century. People actually lived in peace and harmony. Alright, there were still a number of Rip-Off artists; but they did not really mar what must rate as the Festival of Festivals.

For a non-organization thing it was a real success. The toilets, though crude, were effective. The pyramidal stage an absolute brainwave. And last, but not least, the amazing Sid Rawle & his free Diggers' Kitchen.

The music, which was for once only a secondary thing, was truly beautiful. (No itemized list because it is not needed.)

People, may you all gain at least a little of the Glastonbury spirit and find that peace can exist.

The next stop was Reading (Oh, help!) The minute you get there you know exactly what a heavy police state we live in. Searches and total repressions took place from Friday to Sunday. Nothing was really done for the people who mattered (not even adequate crashing space.) Free enterprise was almost non-existent. Food, which unless you ate Macro, was available from only one concession. It was bad and overcharged. (Continued top of page 3.)

(Festivals, cont.)
Music, which here was the prime mover, was terible apart from three or four bands.

The kids here must wake up and realise that they must get up and do things for themselves unless they are content to be used as mindless machines. Get it together.

I know the two reports seem like a contradiction in attitude, but I lived through both. We all know that you can adapt to any situation, but please let peace rule your decisions and find a non-violent way to life.

Richard's Public House will open in about 3 weeks. Among other good things he brought back from the states is Whole Earth Catalog supplement..

I get the impression that people think that to write for a magazine, paper, etc., one should have a command of the language in question. This is a myth as far as I am concerned, it is one of the many hangover ideas from education past & present, which I find hard to accept. Words make sounds, sounds make music, either in private or public reading; these then make images, which was the first intention, and the only was to achieve this is to do it.

Not night or day school, because this can only give one complexes about "should I do this, can I do that, is it wrong or right," thereby making the person too tight. For heaven's sake let go of all concepts of writing, painting, music, etc. Lay out yourselves. Praise and help others in their good times and bad, and write how you like on what you like. For no one has ever pleased everybodyever. No one ever will, so what the hell, iggle, piggle, miggly, my.

P.S. There is a rumour that some people like double images.

Idea. A wooden chair with glass legs.

ASK ALICE ACID.....

In response to great popular demand (mine) a new column will begin in the next issue of Attila. To be called ASK ALICE ACID. Neil's done a real fine logo for the thing...a spitting likeness of the old dear if I do say so, meself. If you got any questions, on anything at all, just drop her a line care of ATTILA, she'll be real glad to help out. (She's a right nosy old bitch. ed.)

4.

THE BAIL SURVEY

As you probably read in the last two issues of Attila, the N.C.C.L has been conducting a bail survey at the Brighton Magistrates Court this week. In view of the fact that it's only just finished, it's a bit too soon to make comments on the actual bail scenes, but there are a few things I noticed about the court itself.

Firstly, I have alot less worries about ever having to appear as a defendant. If you spend any length of time in the courts, you begin to realise that the magistrates are not really worthy of the titles "Your Worships" - they are just people. If it is neccesary to have courts at all, then they should not be arranged in such a way as to overawe anyone brought before them. When the majority of people see the members of the bench, they correctly identify them as "them", and accept the proceedings as inevitable. If no-one mentions bail, then you dare not ask, for fear of bringing the wrath of "the nobs" down on your head. The same goes for legal aid. How many people plead guilty because they give up the idea of a fair trial, we shall never know. I'm not saying they'll get a fair trial, but court officials rarely help the defendant to get his rights - do they really think that the majority of people are quite happy to be remanded in custody, and be unrepresented in serious cases?

Also, two examples of "justice" that I witnessed. A man was asking that he should not be deprived of his driving licence, although he pleaded guilty to speeding, and this was his third speeding offence in three years. Under the totting-up procedure, the magistrates should ban him for not less than a year, unless this would cause undue hardship. The solicitor pointed out that the man was a self-employed transport contractor, with his own van, which he was paying for on H.P. If he was banned, he would lose the van and therefore have to do a labouring job, for he had no trade. The magistrates considered the case, and then announced that the man would be banned. However, because there was obviously hardship involved, the ban would only be for three months.

Another case was regarding a man who came down on a coach trip and ended up in Chatfields, where he said he drank about eight whiskies. When he came out, a fight had started, and he got out of the way pretty quickly, because he did not want to get involved. But when he had got away from the immediate vicinity, he encountered a man running toward the fight with a beerglass in his hand, obviously intending to use it on someone. So he twisted the glass out of the man's hand, and continued to walk away from the fight. Hardly had he gone any distance when a policeman stopped him and asked him where the glass came from. He told the policeman the circumstances (and the police in court agreed that this story was almost certainly true). But then the policeman said "What were you going to do with the glass?" He replied "I don't know - I probably would have thrown it in the sea or something". The police solicitor successfully argued that he intended to permanantly deprive the pub of the glass, and this was therefore theft. The "correct course" would have been to return the glass to the pub by walking back through the fight (and possibly be done for an offensive weapon). He eventually got an absolute discharge, which means guilty to the letter of the law, but not guilty of the spirit.

HYDE PARK SUNDAY

If anyone wanted proof that we're being got at, the result of the Little Red Schoolbook Trial will be ample proof. The magistrate said the book falls under the obscene publications Act, and if this is so, then most daily newspapers are also obscene. But why don't they get busted? Well, that's good ole "Justice" for you. The Whitehouses of the world are going to censor what we read in the name of "Freedom". Perhaps it won't be long before words like justice and freedom are only used with inverted commas round them, to indicate how ideals are perverted by those in power. If you read what the papers said about the Schoolbook, what kind of book would you take it to be? Most Attila readers have seen the book - is it hard-core pornography, as the police described it? Does it rank with such titles as "Lesbian Spankers", "Whiplash Manor", and other such goodies? But most people will think it's some kind of smut, not for their kids to see. Twelve-year-olds will continue to have babies, fifteen-year-olds will be worried as to whether they're wanking "excessively", and parents will tell their children "dirty" and "naughty", Again, I tell you. I only hope I'm preaching to the converted. Anyone not at Hyde Park on Sunday will be presumed to agree with all this. Not by me. By the Media, by the Government. By the people who are trying to shut up OZ, shut up Friends, shut up IT, so that we have no voice. They will jail people for many years for dope because the debate is presumed to be over, and the majority agree with the law. Did the Majority know the facts about dope - come to that, did they even know the bill was being debated? Did their papers give them the facts, did their T.V. networks let both sides give their views? Well, you tell me. Better still, YOU tell them. This Sunday, Hyde Park, p.m., behind speaker's corner. See

XOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOWOWMOMGODDOGACTUALYI MRATHERSPACEDPAYATTENTIONNN!!

LAST WORDS ON GLASTONBURY ...

you there.

At Glastonbury & ever since something's been niggling away at the corners of me mind about the whole thing. As R.'s note earlier in this issue says....it was beautiful. But it raises questions at the same time.

Can a society be worked out on a longer-term basis than five days which will permit the entire spectrum...Hells Angels to flower freaks to exist in the same place, breathing the same air, without ripping each other off.? At Glastonbury, at least, the experiment was not a total success. Entire tents were ripped off...sleeping bags, radios, passports etc. Leaving some people in real shit. O.K., Mick Farren argued (in the gentlest tones I've ever heard him use) for the abolition of all private property. But I noticed that he, too, possessed some.

There was a lot at Glastonbury that was FREE....kites, food, grass, some freak in a TREE-HOUSE acting out everybody's Swiss Family Robinson dreams, kids, dope, whatever. But there was a lot that was not....the PEOPLE ripping themselves off, the Angels doing their thing by riding bikes'all over the place (fuck the kids playing), somebody's car that ran over a pup in front of our tent, people that lined the bank of one stream with their shit ignoring the toilets. How long, Camelot?

BLICK FLAME.

OPEN SECT, 7, Victoria Road. Tel 27878. Vegetarian restaurant. Good value for Veg. meals. (Couldn't somebody get it togother to do cheap food for us meateaters??) Also run local RELEASE-type service for drugs busts. & the BRIGHTON & HOVE CLAIMANTS' UNION meets there on Mondars.

RELEASE legal a vice. Will hold your hand if your busted. know a lot of good lawyers. Good people. TEL: 01-729-7753 & 01-727-7753. EMERGENCIES.....01-603-8654.

SCHOOLS PROGRESSIVE UNION. Students, teachers & hopefully parents together trying to make it a little better inside the old red brices. Tel. 48649, evenings only.

Cheap place to get nice candles, some prints, clothes, furniture (small) & a lot of nice people.