



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."

4.

THE BAIL SURVEY

As you probably read in the last two issues of Attila, the N.C.C.I. 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 a lot 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 necessary 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 permanently 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 you there.

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LAST WORDS ON GLASTONBURY...

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?

