SAT 10.7.71 C.P

DETAIL PAGE % the angry bear COMPETITION SAME PAGE.

The No.10

ATTILA Number 10 SATURDAY 10 JULY 1971

Again, since it seems necessary, a statement of editorial intent....if thereis any editorial intent....to ATTILA.

ATTILA prints all material submitted to it. Without exercising any editorial control whatsoever. It should, ideally, reflect what's going on in the heads of a large group of people who come into, or who do not come into, UNICORN BOOKSHOP. Mainly because there is in Brighton no alternative medium through which these people can work. It is non, or poly, political. Anarchist totally, held together only by the sticky tape and by the chewing gum with which it is printed.

In addition, ATTILA is supposed to give some notice concerning what is going to happen in its cwn area, community activities, concerts, etc. as well as letting everybody within the community know just who is in the community. Like a man, waking, looking at his fingers, at his toes....

There is no commitment implicit in this piece of paper to continue for any time whatever. It's here now because it is here now. It ill go on until nobody writes for it, nobody draws for it, until there is no paper, no machine, until somebody else does another paper, till pigs have wings, till we all get bored.

Not enuf people are drawing & writing for ATTILA yet. Certainly not all of the people who could. So far the artists have been Neil, John & Kevin. The prose bits have been (plus some whose names weren't given) Patrick, Mike, Harry, my Mike, Dave, Rick. Is this really all the people in Erighton who can put pen to paper?

In the real world....Got a note this week from Dave Clark who used to edit GRASS EYE from Manchester. He'll be writing in ATTILA from now on, current affairs etc. Like everybody else. Still, it's nice to have enother voice.

There is % as yet % no advertising as such in ATTILA. It would be one way of making the paper pay its way....which it does not now. Even if every copy were sold every issue would make a loss. And, as the number of pages is increasing with most issues, the loss is likely to get greater. There are only three choices (given that it continue)....l. Raise the price again.

2. Solicit advertising.

3. Get outside contributions.

I'm agin number 3....if only because it smacks (when applied) of some nasty kind of Christian charity....in the worst sense. Also, because it commits, however well-meaning the commitment, the paper to some kind of thing which it has done right in the past and which it must continue to do right in the future. If any of the rest of you have ideas, pass them on.



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ASK ALICE ACID.

Dear Alice, Recently, against my every wish, my brother ravaged me!
Now my mother refuses to speak to me and wants me to leave the house.
What can I do? I don't want to leave my father...and he won't come with me unless my brother comes too. I can tolerate sharing my father with him, but he won't leave mother. I hope you can resolve this.
We all read your column and will follow your advice. ANXIOUS.



Dear Anxious....
You have got a problem. However, if the Quees, and <u>dear</u>
Edward Heath can bear with
their burdens, you can
bear with yours.

If you'll forgive me, it does sound a bit as though you want to have your cake and eat it, too! And we all know what that makes for, Soggy Cake!

Are you sure that you've explored every avenue? For example, perhaps your mother has a need for a new interest in life! Have you tried introducing her to the boy next door? Or, for that matter, have you tried him out on your brother? or your father? The trouble

with all of you may simply be that you're getting stale! All of us get bored from time to time with the same dull routine, but it's up to us to make the best of it and keep a stiff upper lip.

As for your brother....you mustn't hold it against him. He is more to be pitied than to be censured for his behaviour, though I must say that from the parts of your letter which I haven't been able to print, he sounds a bit of a cad! Still, needs must when the Devil Drives! as they say, and he's probably regretting in his heart of hearts having landed you in the shit (as they also say!). So, try to be patient with him. You will be amazed what a little Christian tolerance will do! Next time he tries to Ravish you, just wear a little smile of forgiveness. He may not notice it, but God will. And that's what counts, isn't it?

If smiling doesn't see you through your horrid experience next time try reciting the Rosary. I've, personally, always found the Sorrowful Mysteries to be of particular help in such cases. After all, the thing to remember, is whatever happens to you, you must not enjoy it!

And, above all, sit down with your family and talk the whole thing out! You'll find most of your problems will disappear like lemon drops. And remember, the family that plays together, stays together. Alice Acid. P.S.- How big did you say your brother was?????

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Great Hight PAPER BAY (large or Small) WATER TAP of lex Fill in and send winner will be printed ju next the ATTILA to Unicorn hotel potch

MURDER MOST FOUL

WHO'LL LIGHT HIS FIRE NOW

By now most of you know that Jim Morrison is dead. The obituary below was one written today, by somebody who listened to him...

At the time of writing all details are not fully available, but it seems as if the Rock World has lost yet another colourful character. Jim Morrison, lead singer of the Doors, took his final trip whilst in Paris. He was said to be on vacation, and the reports state that he died last Saturday from natural causes, whatever they are.

Morrison, better known for his cock-flashing than his singing, has been with the Doors since their inception sometime in the early sixties. After, I think, 7 L.P's Jim was said to have split from the Doors and was going to go it alone. Their last record, said to be their best yet, I haven't yet heard, though I'll try to get a review of it in some upcoming issue.

PANIC SHOCK SEX HORROR AT COLLEGE OF EDUCATION (in other words, just the headline you've all been longing for?)

Last Thursday, a girl's appeal against being thrown out of Pradford College of Education for being found in bed with her boyfriend was tuen turned down by Lord Denning (Master of the Rolls...I think that means rolls in the hay, or maybe Rolls on the rocks...ed. note)

He said (a trifle ambiguously): "No parent would trust their child to her care. It was a fine example to set to others."

What a load of drivelling nonsense! Does he seriously believe that all College of Ed. graduates are "untarnished" enough to marry in white---if indeed they want to marry at all? (After all 2 pounds 25 is enough
to buy another L.P.) He has obviously never heen near a CoE himself,
or he would know that sex is one of the few interesting pursuits available,
considering the standard of many of the lecturers. Quite apart from this,
why should teachers be any different from anyone else? They are the means
of bringing the world to the classroom, where everyone spends at least ten
years of their life---how can they do this if they are expected to be a m
race apart. I was not the only student teacher to LIVE IN SIN (cont.)

(LIVE IN SIN) more!

while at College and nobody has suggested that I or my friends are any the worse at communicating with children for it. We are the first wave of "normal" teachers and, while we may not be making much headway in the Public Schools beloved of Appeal Court Judges, we're slowly catching-on everywhere exse....

OZTENSIBLY, YOUR WORSHIP, IN HYDE PARK....

How did you like it in Hyde Park last Saturday? (or Sunday?) I did, I think. The people were great, the poems, the open air theatre....all were a turn-on. The only thing was, it just couldn't be kept that cool.

We all have our hang-ups, especially where fuzz are concerned. But the remarks made by the announcer every chance he got were enough to make the coolest of the cool up tight and to make the fuzz lose their cool at the least provocation. We know about the pigs, we know about their methods. To talk about them and try to bring them down would have been enough the first ten times.....but to go on and on, especially when the weather was so hot and we were so out of our minds was such a come down.

PEACE?

HOWDY DOODY FOLKS.... (Howdy Doody, folks? No, lookyhere, whoever's writing these headlines is going to have to do better than fifties U.S. television or they'll end up writing for the Evening Disgust. And we all know what that leads to. ed.)

Well, Sunday came and went as any other day. Or did it? We now know (or should have a very good idea) just how lucky we are. We have a relatively nice peaceful town to live in, parks, and a colourful, even if it is the wrong shade, sea to give us a sense of tranquility.

Above all, at least for me, some of the nicest people you could ever wish to meet.

This does not mean that everything is rosy-red, far from it. There is still one hell of a lot that remains to be done. Everybody in this town and elsewhere in the world are brothers and sisters, even the people who make bread out of wholesale murder. After all, without clothes even the Queen is the same as any other chick and the Duke the same as any other guy. They are people. (They are? You could get done for saying that.) Cont.

(FURTHER HOWDY DOODY....)

So do a little to help spread love and peace wherever you go, just smiling can work wonders, eventually. Richard C. has a really great idea in that the community should get together a list of who does what, then if labour is required, it can be kept within the group instead of paying extortionate prices for outside bread-heads. Let's get it together to really start building our own alternative system. Without you the idea will never ever get off the ground.

HEALING, ...

CHEAP FLIGHTS....Over 12 & Under 26. (How bout us over 35's, then? I may not be able to READ OZ, but it does fortify me.)
London to New York/Boston, 79.20 return. Contact Jackie at Brighton 632758. She's full of help & information. Tickets open for a year.
Take any scheduled flight from any airport listed as a monument of great architectural interest or desirability. (That means all of them.)

Anyone want a BSR stereo deck with plinth and perspex cover? Wired to plug and go, ceramic cartridge, sapphire stylus (change it for a diamond) Nothing incredible, but better than a poke in the eye with a blunt stick, n'est-ce pas? (Now, whom there, Mike. We're not in the Common Market yet. Don't you go creaking that hhere foreign frog-talk at ATTILA readers.) Contact Mike Scott at UNICORN BOOKSHOP. Please put in with original wording.

"Now when the moon is full and red, a flying form sails overhead, Still raining curses on the bed of that brazen bitch, Kafoozalem..."

 LIGHTLY TRIPPING JESUS....

The latest assault on the alternative has appeared in the shape of the "Jesus Trip" as anyone who saw last week's "Man Alive" programme will know. As yet restricted to the States, it is no more than an attempt to impose good old-fashioned authoritarian Baptism on the new lost sheep, namely, such as we. Its danger lies in its rigid doctrines, its desire to impose the "Jesus Trip" as the last of all trips. While exploiting "underground" terms and style with considerable skill, its effect is to destroy the most valuable aspect of the alternative....its experimental spontaneity.

It would replace variety with a strict adherence to one book, one code, and one god. The preachers possess that unique ability to love strictly and severely, not because they want to, but because god wants them to. Their love is delivered with an everlasting, fixed, bland smile, behind which one detects a tiger, snarling.

Theirs is the last form of dependance, upon a god who is not the sea, or trees, or mountains, or the divinity in our own minds, but is out there somewhere (or up there somewhere). He is none other that the Old Testament Heavy, Old Nobodaddy, masquerading as a sugar daddy and making a guest appearance in the 1970's. He is a spiritual Big Brother, a divine fuzz who's got his eye on you.

But, folks....Deliverance is yours if you realize your abject sinfulness. Key words like "Jesus" and "love" are used as a magician's spells. Their success depends upon the abdication of individual identity and its replacement by a pathetic "joyful" grovelling before the Loving Warlock. Their joy is cold, their love a duty. The senses are to be kept in a cage, no extra-marital fucking etc. etc.

The trip would lead us back to an updated version of the screwed-up nightmare we've been trying to get out of. If we concede we go back to a spiritual slavery, suitably penitent and wet-eyed.

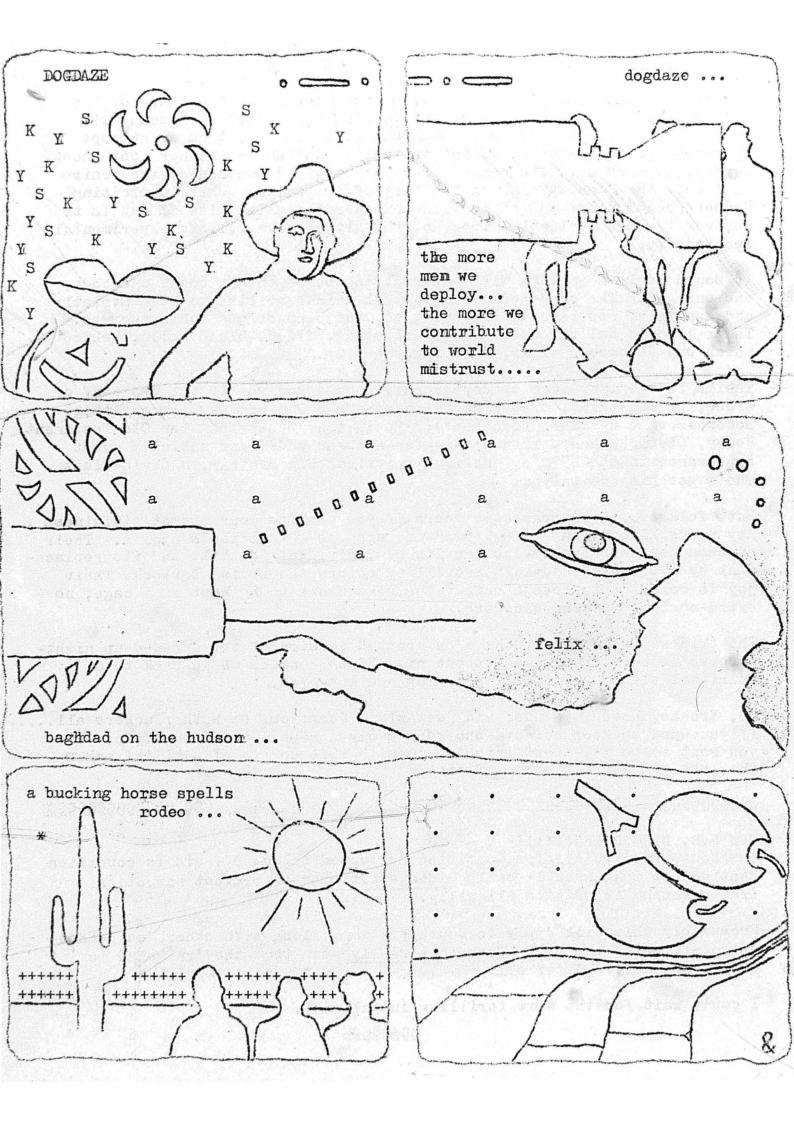
So, Freaks, Heads, Pagans, and just plain Sceptics, so Motherfuckers all.... if you want to keep out of Nobodaddy's cage, beware the Jesus Trip. If you want to go in, then finishing up with this corpse of a bilief makes the last ten years a waste of time.

NEW U.S. DRUG CURBS!!!!!!

The House Foreign Affairs Committee has voted to cut off aid to countries that do not take what it calls "adequate steps" to prevent narcotics from entering the States illegally.

Presumably this will apply to South Vietnam, along with other South-East Asian allies of the U.S. Does this <u>really</u> mean that they're going to cancel the war.? After all?

I can't wait for the next thrilling installment.



A second
7 3
PUBLICATIONS FROM SMOOTHIE
DIRECTORY OF ALTERNATIVE MEDIA PERIODICALS, Edition 14Op.
EDITION 2, Ready in October.
DATRPoetry, articles & local events.
Number 1, Jan. 71
William 2, leady in August, Contillations wanted
BACKWARDS, poems by K=J=FLINT2Op.
THE LEAD SINGER by Robert CONRAD20p.
other booklets in preparation. SMOOTHIE PUBLICATIONS, 67 Vere Road. \$
SMALL ADS IN FUTURE ISSUES
The small ads in this issue take up about a page, which is about 6 times
what they've taken in any issue to date. One of two things is going to
have to happeneither small ads start paying something toward the
mag or the paper goes up to 3 n.p. As the ads can be said to be a
community service (especially if they're local) what do you all think? \$
ADOLPH HITLER, MY PART IN HIS DOWNFALLSpike Milligan 1.50 at Unicorn.
ADOM II IIII III III DOWNIADDOWN AND INC IIIIII GAII 1.70 at the total
For those who, like me, were brought up on the Goon Show, have read
Puckoon, and seen the Bedsitting Room this is a book to buy forthwith,
if not sooner (or, indeed, fifthwith. ed.) Don't wait for the paperback,
it may never come. ,
The book is the first of the three Milligan war memoirs, and takes him
into the Army in Hastings, into detention at Preston Barracks (where's
the lue plaque?) and, finally, into a football stadium in Algeria in 1943. The whole thing is profusely illustrated in black and white
technicolour and contains the highest proportion of abysmal jokes per
square yard since Mein Kampf (A. Hitler, Turnham Green & Peckham, 49.364)
In order to ensure wide circulation, I will also say that this is
THE MOST DISGUSTING PIECE OF HARD-CORE PORNOGRAPHY I HAVE EVER READ,
excluding the Bible. That should get Chary Righthouse goingmike.
\$

GLAD TIDINGS FROM DOWN GLASTONBURY WAY....

Clippings in here this week from local papers commenting on the Glastonbury Fayre...the usual small-town xenophobia. So I won't waste space quoting. But one point, if any new society is to come along and make things better then some way for people of differing beliefs to be together in the same place for a period of time without cutting each other's throats will have to be found. (See article on New York's Murders above.) The Glastonbury Fayre was described by one woman as, "An invasion of dirty tramps taking possession of our lovely village." She could have been quoting from Havelock the Dane and her description could have been of those uncouth Normans....

COMMUNITY === COMMUNITY === OM-MUNITY === COMMUNITY === COMMUNITY === Dragon ... Bottom end of Gloucester Road, Clara's gaff. Nice place for incense, bits and pieces, skins, whatever. She's having a hard time getting it together to break out of the usual Brighton Olde Antique rut....a little help could do her all good..... WRAGGLE TAGGLE, 27 GEORGE STREET. Sell the things you make. OPEN SECT, 7 MINEY VICTORIA ROAD, Vegetarian Restaurant with a 24 hour phone if you get in trouble. Claimants Union. 27878. INFINITY FOODS in CHURCH STREET..... Complete range of macrobiqtic food stuffs to give you the energy to read this shit. Drop in on them, they're getting used to disaster. TOM'S PLACE ... Bottom of TRAFALGAR STREET Veg. Restaurant, opening soon. Probably won't be called Tom's Place; but you'll know it by the loving food. RELEASE..... Emergency phone only 01-603-8654. Other numbers check at UNICORN or back issues of ATTILA. N.C.C.L....37 PARK CRESCENT...Legal Advice....... UNITED ANARCHISTS (United? Anarchists?) 26 CLIFTON ROAD, Flat 3. SCHOOLS PROGRESSIVE UNION, Tel. 48649, evenings only. Trying to make it better for the kids. PUBLIC HOUSE LITTLE PRESTON STREET open soon, books etc FREE STREETS CAMPAIGN.....Trying to make it better for all of us...681133. UNICORN, 50, GLOÙCESTER ROAD? BRIGHTON, BN1 4AQ.....books....ATTILA.... trying....most of the time.....tel 0273-682307...... SUBSCRIBE, you fools..... Subscriptions to ATTILA are at an all-time low price!!!! Only 2.60 for a year's supply. Of course, there may be only one more issue, in which case you'll have paid out a lot. But think of how good you'll feel! Most of that is post. So, think of how good the postmaster general will feel!

FOOTNOTE TO JIM

And that, folks, is ALL this time, from ATTILA, the HUNgry.