

ATLANTA 11



JULY 17-31

It's good to know that all the things said in Attila about Brighton as a community have been your views as well as mine. Tuesday's meeting at Open was the beginning of the realisation of that community. I had hoped to have a small meeting where the people who are doing things locally would have the chance to talk about their work, in order to consolidate present activities and consider new ones. Every one of those 15 or so came along, as well as a large number of interested folk, and at one point John Anderson counted sixty people crammed into the room.

Most of the projects being run in Brighton are not looking for help, and in fact most were using the meeting to see how they could offer services rather than use them. Of course some of the Welfare services need to be expanded many times to make them fully effective - a large number of people can make the Claimant's Union and N.C.C.L. cover both the Head and Straight communities. What's not so easily improved is the Crash Pad situation. I can't believe that there is only one house in this scheme.

The People's Yellow Pages is probably the most important thing going in Brighton at the moment, in my view. The response to this will be the best guide to just how interested people are into helping each other. It will also be the basis of a whole range of new contacts.

I will be duplicating the list of present and possible activities that I had at the meeting as soon as I can confirm the booking of a hall for the next public meeting. This meeting will be the most important event towards getting things going in Brighton, because the people will be put in touch with the projects. This doesn't mean that we, the little élite from the back pages of Attila, are going to tell everybody what they should do. Far from it. What we have is the experience of organizing, a knowledge of Brighton, and a fair idea of what's possible here. We know that there is no money, there are few resources, but a great many people. Any project must be considered with these points in mind. I checked through the BIT magazine to see what was going on in other places, and listed most of these activities as well as a few of my own ideas. But this is not a complete list, for I'm sure that a bit of thinking on your part will yield a host of possibilities, and I'll explain later in this article how they can become reality.

The active people in Brighton are of course unable to put any further schemes into operation, no matter how much they would like to. The time needed to start almost anything means that new projects must be started by people at present unconnected with what is now going on. We can offer help and advice, but sooner or later Alan must return to the restaurant, Bill must keep running the bookshop, and I must get up off my arse and get a newspaper going. If you want to take part in anything, you will have a lot of preliminary organizing to do. There will be no leaders provided - you will have to start from scratch. I know most people would rather help than initiate, and responsibility is a heavy thing. But there's no-one else to do it, and you will have to face the fact that unless someone gets things going, we'll just have a list of beautiful ideas.



Anyway -- the meeting. What I have done is to list the possible projects under about a dozen headings, and I will try and get a contact man for each one. When the meeting starts I will get up and talk too much (I usually do) and then introduce the contacts who may wish to say a bit about the particular area of activities they represent, so that with the list you'll have a fairly clear idea of what's been thought of. Then, just like a Billy Graham meeting, I want you to all get up out of your seats and come and rap to the contacts. This should happen fairly early on in the evening, so if you want to be active in several projects you can get round to all of them without rushing.

But beware! All the contacts have been chosen for their inability to help beyond a very basic level. Don't look to them to organize things for you, for they will deliberately refuse to help. At some point in the discussion some people (AND ONE COULD BE YOU) must assume responsibility for the project from that point on. Between now and the meeting you must consider the possibility of giving up some of your time in order to get things going. There is as much advice as you like available -- but there is still the donkeywork to be done.

I know that there are a lot of people who are interested in the community but are unable through their present commitments to give up any time toward activities. Please come along, for your interest is vital, and we need you like you need us.

When the list comes out, study it carefully. If you have an idea for something that's not mentioned, get in touch with me through Unicorn beforehand, so that the contacts system can be worked out. I know this all sounds very organized, but it's the best way to get things going. If you just want to talk about Brighton as a community generally, come along to Unicorn and we can rap.

But please -- do come to the meeting. And bring as many people as possible, because people are what this is all about.



#### HEXAGRAM 45. Ts'ui/Gathering Together (Massing).

GATHERING TOGETHER. Success.

The king approaches his temple.

It furthers one to see the great man.

This brings success. Perseverance furthers.

To bring great offerings creates good fortune.

It furthers one to undertake something.

(We are all kings, even if we can't always see the temple. We are all great men, and perhaps we shall see our own greatness, instead of keeping it hidden. And surely the greatest offering you can give is yourself.....)

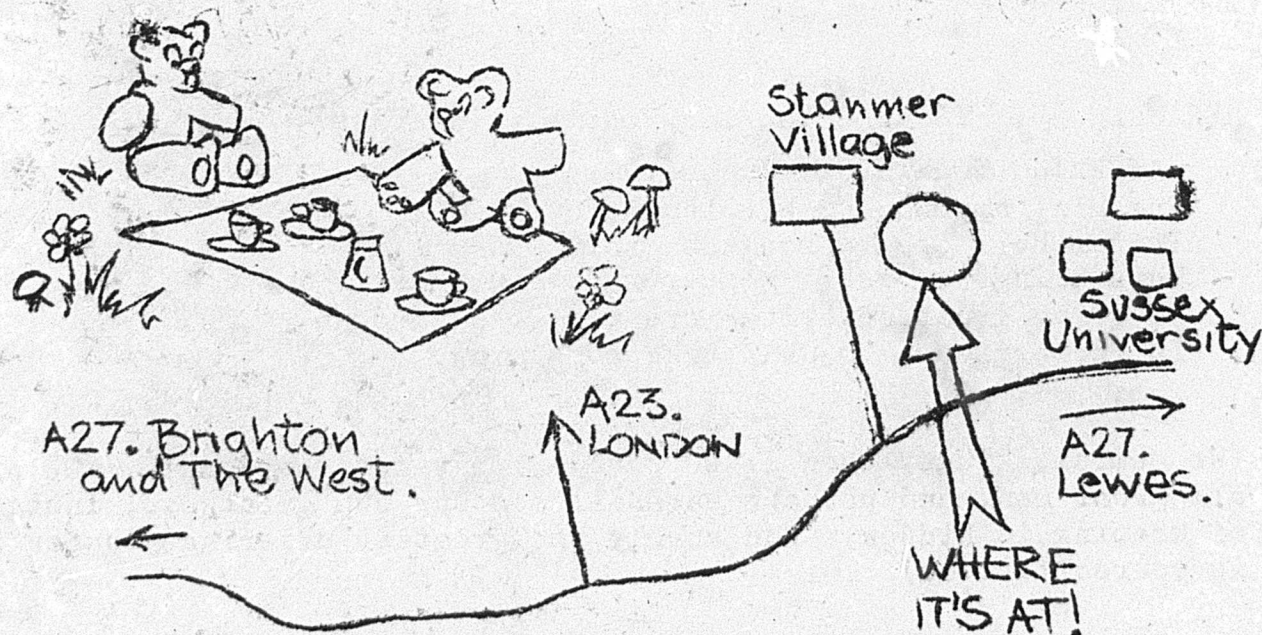
David

# PEOPLE'S PICNIC

Stanmer Park  
Falmer (near Brighton, Sussex.)

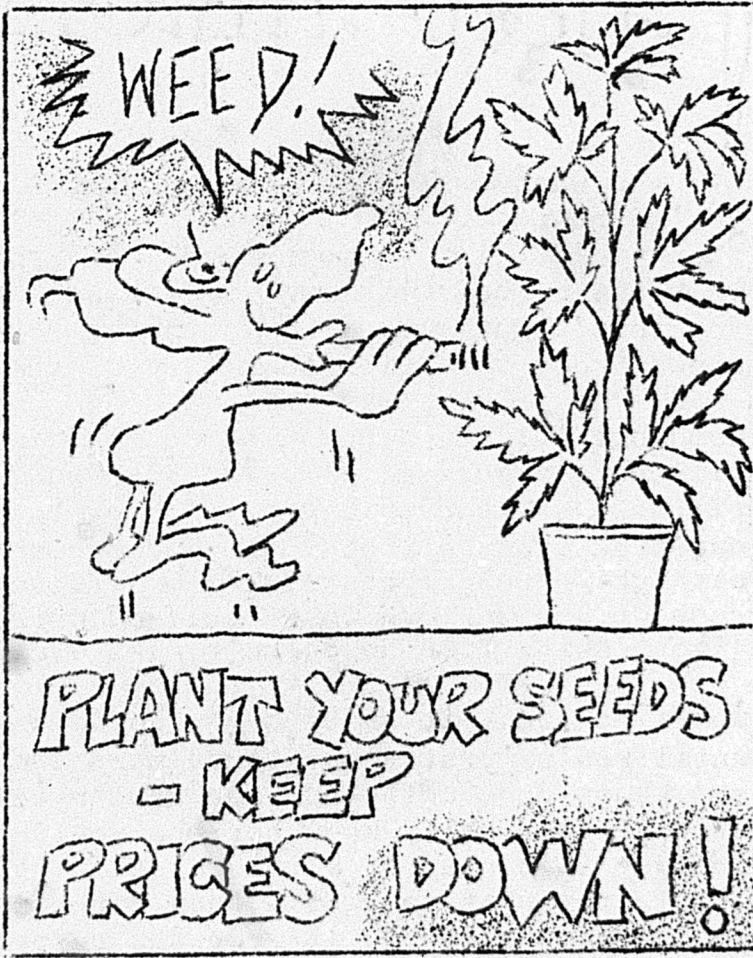
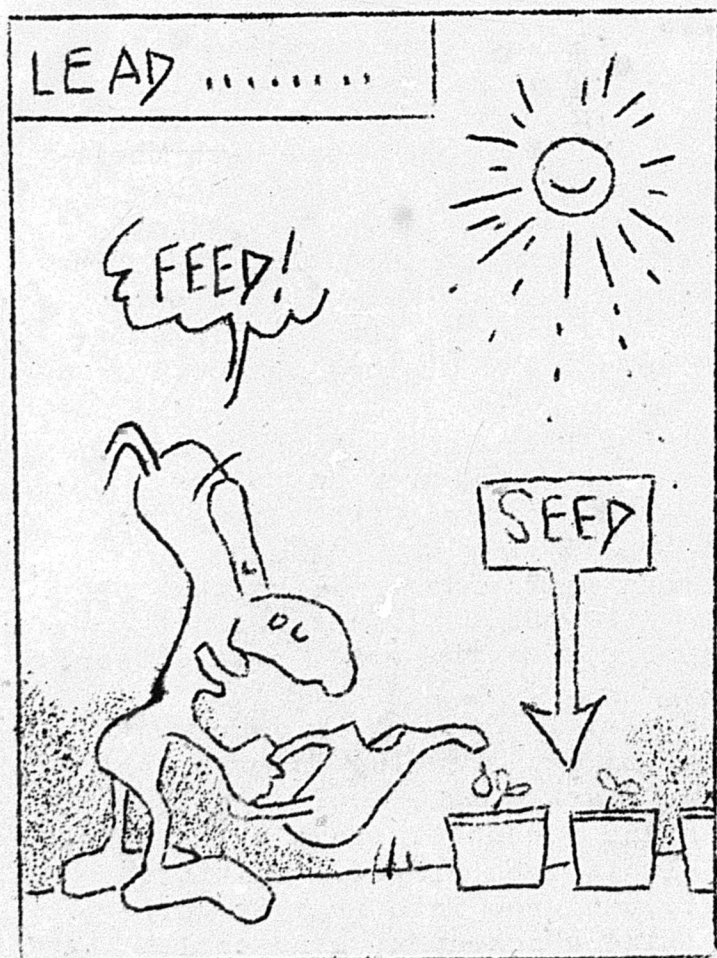
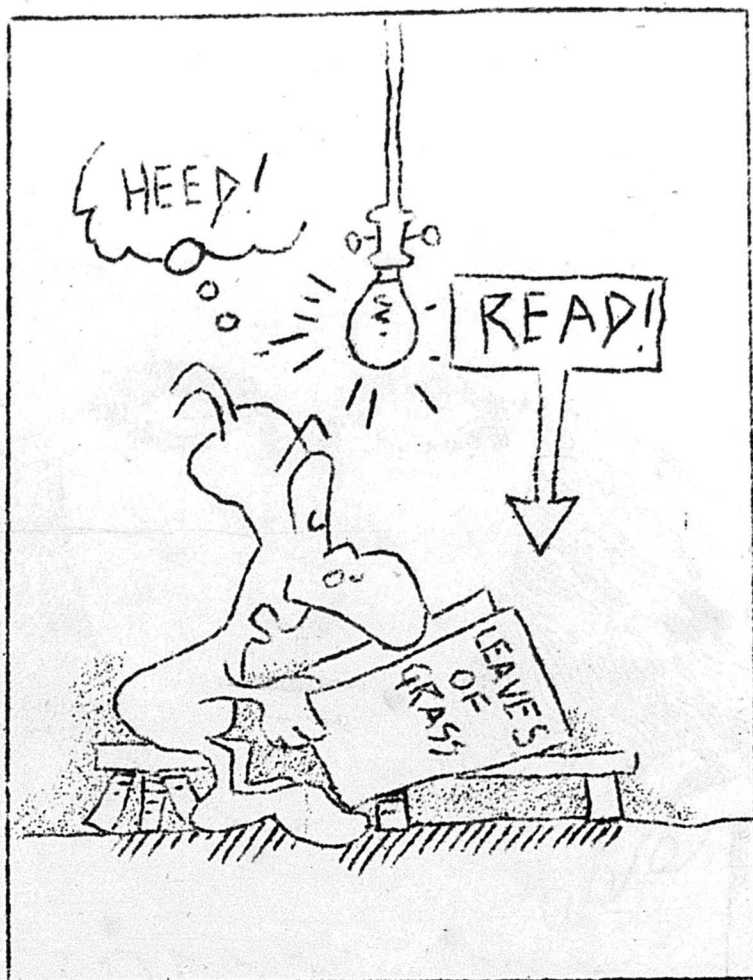
BRING A LITTLE OF ANYTHING  
SHARE A LOT OF HAPPINESS.

Sunday 25th July, 1971. 13.00 on.





# GREED TO WEED COMIX



Dear Alice...

I seem to be able to get along with most people fairly well with one minor snag. I can't get a chick for a social thing, with sex involved. Things always seem to go wrong I don't know why. What are your suggestions.... I am quite normal I think with natural desires. Confused.

Dear Confused. As your letter was a short one I've printed all of it. & from the sound of it you have got normal desires. Or maybe, everybody has, it's just that "Normal" takes a lot of forms.

Anyhoo, that particular thing doesn't seem to be your problem. O.K., you're not making out. That is, truly, a shame. But you've got lots of good company. Nobody else is either. Dope's been bad lately, sex has been worse, & the only thing that keeps me going is my firm belief that with things as bad as they are they've got to get better.

More than anything it's just a matter of sitting tight and waiting. The moom-pitchers, with their

"if you want something long enough, & you want something hard enough, you're bound to get it in the end" philosophy, don't help. To look at them you'd think (& most people do) that everybody else was always popping in & out of bed with everybody else & having a grand time. & it's only you that's got some freaky kind of psychic B.O. & where the hell is there a mouthwash that will take care of that kind of five o'clock shadow.

Come off it! Even when you do sit down at the piano to play everyone will have a good giggle. That's what it's about, whenever any of us sit down. Whenever anybody I know looks in the mirror (with a few outstanding exceptions) they wonder why the hell they weren't made straight/popular/beautiful/clever/intelligent/rich/whatever like the rest of the world. Confused, God doesn't hate you....he just doesn't give a shit, like he doesn't give a shit for any of the rest of us either.

So if you want it what're you going to do? Wait. Keep it in your pants until you're pretty sure then make the best of it. Keeping in mind that she knows damn well that she has psychic B.O., that she, too, is a frog, that if you really knew her she wouldn't stand a chance. That's the game, the way it's played, & the way that it's always been played. Waiting. Settle for what you get & then surprise.....you grow into it & it gets good, you wonder how it ever was before. Like chickenpox, stay cool & it gets better. Alice.





# MISPRINT OF THE CENTURY

This award is unquestionably given to Press-Ups, the Edinburgh Underground paper. I didn't see the actual mistake, but the correction reads-

"SORRY! We apologize for the printing error in the article Headlines in Press-Ups 3. It was suggested that 50mgs would be a good starting dose for LSD; this should, of course, read 50 microgrammes."

For those of you not into pharmacology, 50 milligrams is a thousand times 50 micrograms, or roughly 500 trips. Will we soon see the first Scotsman into space?

%%%%%%%%%%%%%%R%%%%%%%%%

VIRGIN ON THE RIDICULOUS (and other lousy puns)

On the corner of Queen's road and North Road (Graveyard of many an enterprise) Virgin Records is opening a store. If their London shop is anything to go by, there will be a minimum of 25p off full-priced albums. The dealers profit on a 2.15 LP is 58p, so Virgin will still make 33p on each disc they sell. Will this shop start a cut-price war in Brighton. Be nice to see W.H. Smith and H.M.V. forced to cut their prices, though it would be sad to see Tiger Moth and Fine have trouble, for both of them have been price cutting in a small way, ever since RPM was abolished. Incidentally, for those who may point fingers at a well-known establishment not a million miles from Gloucester Road, Books and Magazines are the only commodities on which price control is still maintained.

(((((O))))))

For those of you who were annoyed to find that there were no page numbers in the last Attila, here they are: 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10, 11,12. I have it on good authority that these numbers may be used again in this issue.

# LETTER

Sir - I must protest in the strongest possible language at the lack of British Pornography and the failure of the Conservative Government to encourage this most vital Export Industry. I was dismayed to find that the editor of OZ is in fact a colonial, come to teach us how to do it. The proprietor of the Running Man Press appears to be a Greek; and while our Sovereign's husband comes from this country, I feel a True-Blue Briton could have made the Running Man into a force to be reckoned with in international Pornographic circles. Where is this country's De Sade? Must a German have invented Masochism? Shall we

Yours, etc.,

*[Illegible handwritten text]*

It's nice to see three new people doing articles for this week's Attila. The pages are open - send in your bits and pieces.

Dynamic Brighton Evening Paper the Argus, once again showed that it has its finger on the pulse of young Brighton by its report of the People's Festival at the Dyke last Sunday. According to the Argus, it was a flop. Because no groups played, the people were left in "silence". Drum and guitar playing evidently doesn't count as noise. Evidently everyone sat around looking glum, with nothing to do but smoke joints, enjoy trips, dig the countryside, and do all the other things that make occasions of this kind a flop. Maybe the readers of the Argus are such wild swingers that they'd vote all this as unsuccessful. But one thing they dig is titties, and the Argus, without laying itself open to "Porn" accusations, was able to get a photo of BARE BREASTS! Mammary, mammary, how I love ya, how I love ya.....

DEAD BLOSSOMS. Because all the flowers in the centre of Brighton have been killed by traffic fumes, the parks department is considering ending floral displays in busy traffic areas.

I wonder if they've ever thought of banning cars from where there are flowers? Or is that too obvious?



## HELP ATTACK OUR PATRON SAINT

I had this idea about making a Dragon, like the chinese ones, and I spoke to Kevin, who fancies making the head. If we got thirty people to contribute an old sheet each, and pay a bit towards the cost of the head, and the expence of dying the sheets, it should only cost a few bob each. A thirty man dragon would be about two hundred feet long. Perhaps we could join the Brighton Carnival procession (it's sometime in August). Anyone interested please contact me (Dave) via the Unicorn as soon as possible. One suggestion is that the Dragon should be Day-Glo red with flourescent green scales. It's got to be able to breath smoke and roar, and it appears that the head will need to be on some kind of trolley, with one guy steering and another guy sitting inside operating all the effects. Anyway it should be a real gas to be inside and also to look at, so why not let me know as soon as you can whether you can help?

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All the time it is, I am denying that there is a Bus Trip or anything similar this weekend.. The rumours is untrue, boss. Save your energy for the people's Picnic this coming Sunday, the 25th. A nice scene for as many people as want to come, but some people get hung up when there's no room left on the Bus Trip, and they really wanted to come. It's a hang-up for the people taking part, as well as the ones who find there's no room left, when something like the Bus Trips gets over-subscribed. If you're into gatecrashing, why not go down to the King and Queen and try to get beered up every Saturday night. You know it makes sense. Love and Peace, anyway.

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The critics go by all stuffed with ice

The rok musik critics piss over the body of newly dead Jim Morrison  
SOMEBODY WHO LISTENED TO HIM

wrote this piece in Attila 10(July 10th)

he said-

THE ROK WORLD HAS LOST YET ANOTHER COLOURFUL CHARACTER

he sounded so full of remorse

Hewas pissing over Jim Morrison

This writer didnt know anything. H didnt experience an ything  
when his speakers bellowed THE DOORS

In that steriotic gap between the speakers he saw not a hum an being,  
he saw a ROCK & ROLL SINGER

He knew/ He said

HE WAS'NT GREAT BUT HE WAS GOOD.IT WAS SURE NICE KNOWUNG YOU. He didnt  
know Morrison.

He didnt know anything .

He was callous, this writer,his blood runs cold/cold/supercool  
this writer thought the Doors were a ROCK AND ROLL BAND,and that

JIM MORRISON was not a singer, writer, poet, film-maker or Door but a COCK FLASHER. He said: 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 UP-COMING ISSUE.  
He says he'll try sometime.

YOUR ARTICLE WAS SHIT  
YOU PISSED ALL OVER JIM MORRISON  
WILL YOU EVER KNOW ANYTHING?  
WILL YOU EVER EXPERIENCE ANYTHING?

Paul Skinner

Don't get upset man, there's lots more grains of sand on the beach.

The Snail.

THE DURRUTI COLUMN (Returns!?!)

It appears that Brighton Council intend to clamp down on the pretty extensive flyposting that covers many hoardings and empty shop-windows in the fair city. They hope to get collaboration from the shop-owners in this scheme. Now, some of the flyposting involved is purely commercial.... advertising discotheques and so forth, but a good deal of it is political, put out mainly by the Maoists (two varieties) and the Anarchists.

Are the councillors really worried about ads for SLOOPY'S?

It seems more likely that they hope to stop the spreading of nasty subversive ideas among the toiling peasants and workers of Brighton. They'll have to think again.....

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It's a free country...Free for the bosses, the politicians and the police but not for us. Scapegoats had to be found for the bombings of dignitaries' houses....and when Chief Superintendent Habershon (in charge of the investigations) couldn't find the Angry Brigade, he set up two likely characters. Someone had to be arrested, someone had to be made an example of to show that bombing the bosses must not be indulged in.

Jake Prescott and Ian Purdie were both Anarchists; they both expressed support for violent retaliation against the State. They were hardened "Revolutionaries".

But so far in court no conclusive evidence has been brought against them; and the only thing reasonably solid that the police have on Prescott is the testimony of Mr "A", who together with Mr. "B" shared a cell with Jake in Brixton. Mr. "B" has disappeared; and Mr. "A" has a remarkably accurate account for three months after the event.

The police are really sweating to get a conviction, but meanwhile five bombings have taken place in this country, for which the Angry Brigade claimed responsibility. However, this has never been known to stop the authorities.

(more)



# THE DURRUTI COLUMN!!!! (cont.)

Look back in history....the judicial murder of the 5 Chicago Anarchists in 1887 (later pardoned)....and the judicial murder of Sacco & Vanzetti in 1927 after a conviction gained on flimsy evidence. The law is made to keep us down, and its guardians can bend it any way they want to.

We can help Jake and Ian by writing articles on the trial for as many publications as we can, holding meetings to draw attention to their plight, by flyposting etc. and by sending P.O.'s and cheques to the Ian and Jake Defence Fund, 11a Berwick Street, London, W.1.

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At last the Brighton Underground seems to be pulling itself together and pooling its resources. This is a political act.

Politics means the Parliamentary farce and the syphilis of political parties, but it also means the way in which one leads one's everyday life such as by helping each other in a spirit of mutual aid because there is strength in numbers and because seeds are being sown for the future. The recent Underground meeting shows that things can be conducted in a cooperative way rather than in viscious competition. Which is politics.

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Well, that's it for this week. Remember.....Bogside to Clydeside---

Support the Angry Side!

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## GO IN AND OUT THE DEMONS.....

First the bad news.....The Edgar Broughton Free Concert has run into hassles with the local councils of several towns including Brighton. He has been told that the proposed site (Preston Park) is now unavailable. As far as is known there is no good reason for this.

Now the good news.....A concert will be held, all things willing, somewhere in Brighton on Tuesday, be it only from the back of a lorry or whatever. Broughton seems determined to get it on. The latest gnus is that everybody should meet at Churchill Square (probably 6: , but check at Unicorn or wherever). Just in case of yet another communications foul-up keep your eyes and ears open as it may just happen anywhere.

If the Council seem so determined to stop us having concerts of any description why can't we get something together to hassle all the conferences that this town accomodates so willingly. If anyone has any ideas how about getting something going.

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Now comes an awkward piece to write. I realise that this will get up the noses of quite a few people but what follows is strictly my own opinion of a new record.

HOTEL ROOM/CALL ME A LIAR, HAR 5040, Edgar Broughton Band.

This is really amazing. After hearing some of their previous efforts and seeing them live several times and getting nowt but a very poor facsimile of Captain Beefheart they have produced a single that sounds really quite nice.

HOTEL ROOM sounds quite eerie in a nice way. The acoustic drumming keeps it moving along, the vocals (is it really Edgar) are haunting. As for the lyrics, you will no doubt find your own meanings.

CALL ME A LIAR (flip side) Not me, you fool, that's the title. A good solid stomping sound for all dancing freaks which might even work elsewhere. More of the sound you get to expect from Broughton.....heavy with traces of Evil. (Evil? Evil? Where? ed.)

Total reaction, a good single from a not too appreciated band. Hope it sells well if it means that free concerts can continue.

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If there is anyone going to Lincoln festival of Contemporary and Traditional Folk Music who can give 3 people a lift could you please leave a message at Unicorn. Alternatively...if there are enough of us who want to go, perhaps we could sort it out to hire a mini-bus. Buffy Sainte Marie, Tom Paxton, the Byrds and Sandy Denny are appearing. Full lists are scattered around town.....Unicorn etc.

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Lastly, a small note from the Dyke Festival. Sunday afternoon went really well. As for the Evening Anus reports (or Evening Disgust, my copies all seem to blur around the masthead. ed.) what on earth went wrong with my eyes?

I saw at least 300 people really enjoying themselves and making their own music. Contrary to official reports people did not need the amplification to enjoy a really beautiful day. At least seven hours occupied with drumming and general rhythmic togetherness. Love to all. Rick.

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LETTERS FOR LAGS/PEN-PALS FOR PRISONERS/CORRESPONDENCE FOR CONS.....

We seem to be getting a lot of letters recently from guys inside who have nobody visiting them/no letters/no nothin & who wld like to keep some kind of touch going with the outside (?) world. If you're into writing letters here's what you should do. Send in your name & address to ATTILA & we'll publish a bunch of them in some upcoming issue. According to the regulations of H.M.Prisons, the prisoner has to make the first move. So they'll have to write you.

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FRUIT LIBERATION MOVEMENT.....

The following communique has been received from FRUIT LIBERATION MOVEMENT headquarters (a Secret location appropriated from the Ministry of Defence.) "Now that fruit's in season it'd be a good idea to liberate any that's growing in empty house gardens and to give it away to people outside supermarkets. Chances are it won't have been sprayed or chemically fertilized so it should remind people what fruit really tastes like."

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SMALLS IN ATTILA.....In future issues (from 12 onwards) people wanting to get in touch (on any level) will be free as will offers of housing &/or Jobs. Anything for sale or trade will be 15 n.p. for up to 36 words.



VEAL, VEAL, VILEST VEAL.....

Next week there's a Dairy Food Festival being held in "Space-Age Domes" on the Western Lawns in Hove & starring a herd of calves & a complete farm dairy. (If there shouldn't be enough shit there, you can always go down to the ocean and gather a little of the sewerage outflow's bounty. ed.) Why not go along and ask which brand of oestrogens (female hormones) & antibiotics these animals are shot with. Also ask about the conditions of the cows (for living ((that's how it's described))) . You could additionally enquire whether the calves are being specially reared to be made into veal. Ever wonder why veal is white?

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DOOMWATCH....

The flowers in the centre of Brighton are dying because of exhaust fumes pollution as reported above. Russian ecologists believe that plants and trees are an effective early-warning system for impending dangers to animals and human beings.

Not so Dr. William Parker, Medical Officer of (Un-)Health for Brighton who breezily joked: "I don't think fumes affect people. I work in the Old Steine and my petals haven't fallen off yet!" (Sic...or sick....spell it how you like, ed.) In Parker's opinion the pigeon shit outside the Theatre Royal is one of Brighton's pollution problems.

The National Society for Clean Air has its head office at 134-137 North Street above a bank. Maybe we can encourage them to do something in BRIGHTON.

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Brighton Power Station (the one by Portslade that belches out shit 24 hours a day) is open to the public on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, & Thursdays from 2:30 to 4:00 p-m- from July 20th until September. Go along and ~~hassle the guide into telling you exactly what the fumes consist of.~~ Suggest that they filter them. (Have you ever walked within 2 miles of the place in the evening?) Generally you could suss the place out from the inside in case a little sabotage is necessary.

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PINK PEACE....

New poetry mag wants poems, essays, short stories, articles. Send to John Rice "bag end", 1 Darby Road, Folkestone or to Clinton Voist, 10, Wellington Terrace, Sandgate.

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DRAGON....

Help me to make the DRAGON Shop your shop.

Funds low  
but spirits high  
keep it going  
come & buy...

Soaps, incense holders, incense from Nepal, India & China. Flutes, Posters & other goodies. 111, Gloucester Road (At the bottom end.) DRAGON's a pretty nice place.....

0 0 0

FOOD.....

"Food is the chief of all things, the universal medicine. They who think of food as spirit shall never lack. From food all beings are born and grow, all beings feed upon it, it feeds upon all beings...." Upanishads, VII, 2.

Why are the Indians eating white rice and starving?

Natural food is concentrated rain/earth/sunshine/air. It gives life and we form ourselves day by day as we eat, from what we eat. Wherever food has ceased to be a simple necessity and has become a luxury it has been refined and processed...becoming less than it originally was.

In the case of white bread it was to demonstrate social superiority. The whiter ones bread the higher ones status. Even God was passing down divine and sustaining bread of the purest white. (Lives of the Saints.)

With towns food became an industry. People bought, not grew, their food. And when they got more money to spend more food became available...imports and the creations of the food factory.

The food we see in supermarkets is Aesthetically revolting, over a period of time POISONOUS, and minimally nourishing. You need a real lot to get fed. How much white bread, even with added vitamins, makes a meal? Six slices a day?

Instead of buying fresh peas we get them in tins, chemically grown, bleached of all their colour and reduced to a uniform green. We are beguiled by the idea of all the freedom that will be ours when we no longer have to prepare or even cook our foods. All that time to..... The manufacturers are really kind. We get strawberries in winter to titillate us, instant potato to liberate us, and the whole lot to rob us. The result is that we have to eat great quantities to get adequate nutrition. How many children are overweight? How many of us spend 2, 3, 4 times as much on convenience (plastic food & packaging) as we need?

Overall we face the slow deterioration of our vitality, health, & consciousness through eating crummy processed, chemicultivated foods. How long can unnatural farming methods produce the great yields that make overproduction the greatest economic problem in European Agriculture?

As the man said---

The facts themselves are enough to ~~xp~~ produce nausea. Only one point needs emphasis. Chemicals are injected into foods in order to produce more foods faster in order to sell inferior products at a better price in order to stretch the quality of food at low cost to the producer  
IN ORDER TO MAKE MORE MONEY.

A return to natural foods that we grow and respect with love is progress=evolution. It is also survival and it is also revolutionary. Some "Health Foods" con us too---promoting the idea that real food is an expensive and middle class thing. But there's people like Harmony Foods,

(cont.)



(FOOD, cont.)

the bio-dynamic people in East Grinstead, and most organic vegetable growers who are really fantastic. Anyway Health food shops will be replaced by the OPEN SECTs and ourselves, and perhaps soon by food co-ops etc. We can show that eating a simple diet of grains, beans, vegetables and so on is much cheaper than a traditional diet of meat, sweets, milk etc.

We are what we eat and what we eat reflects what we are. We can be the consumers and the products of their robot food scene, or we can eat the human beings. Our lifestyle, the way we do the most simple things, eating & loving, is the most creative thing we have to offer.

(Peter, infinity foods)

FOOD IN FUTURE ISSUES...

Future issues of ATTILA will contain recipes for making stuff easily around the house that won't kill you. Infinity will be doing a lot of them, but if you've got some that you'd like to pass along, send them in.

STEALING & SUCH.....

Found in the Anchorage, Alaska Daily Times: "To the low-down airborne, pot-pinching thief who found my lovely garden of pot across the inlet.... Stealing is stealing and your Karma will get you....."

DEAR ATTILA...

On Saturday afternoon the weather was beautiful....I had just smoked some good grass and I was really enjoying being alive when I saw a group of pseudo HELLS ANGELS pushing, swearing and generally getting everyone uptight, including some heads.. It really is fucking bad when members of the same alternative society as freaks and sutchlike go out of their way to aggravate straight society and undo all the good work that some heads do by being quiet and not bothering people. I wish that they would get things together and pull the same direction. Rupert Bear, Hove.

KID IN A KAGE....

Today is Sunday and the whole cpuntry rocks in furor at the disclosure that a 7 year old kid was incarcerated in an animal cage for killing in rather an imaginative fashion the school's pets. Without need of market research it is reasonable to ~~xx~~ suppose that the great enlightened British Public is split into two factions....the advocates of reciprocal brutality and the liberals...i.e., those who would advocate icecream to placate the fever in the recalcitrant infant's head.

As an ex-animal mutilator and one who has had more than a passing interest in Otto Meuhl's work allow me to make a suggestion that he should be apprenticed to Otto Meuhl along with 100's of kids who do similar things everyday. Alternatively he could be taken into care by the Unicorn Bookshop to be enlightened into humamitarianism (Heaven forbid, ed.).

cont.

As a third alternative.....a little thought should be given as to why he did it (hopefully, someone might realise that this ~~xx~~ is another product of our Society).

Hic with a Stick.

VIDEOGRAM

frame-freeze:

documentary:

retrieval:

synthesizing the  
captured 71

thirst: an appeal for coins/ frequencies/ & eloquent shimmering  
orbs of universal wired disasters of decentralization &  
fragmenting consciousness



videogram:

while accomodated aboard the telecine revolving/ capstan drive/ track global  
motherShip flirting via kosmic virginity

videogram ..... enter womb - a land/ v i d e o sphereShip + my cabled  
sub/=/scription for yr desperate nostalgia

videogram ..... ( fade - out                      zambezi v o o d o o )

[illegible]

PEACE & LOVE.....

Peace and love make me sick - i went to the park to get a bit of political action - what did i see but a mob of people sitting around / jumping about occasionally / kept under surveillance and control by gangsters hired by the rulers of the land - jesus it was the alternative henley regatta - you know smoke some dope - show a bit of class- why were all those cops there - there were hundreds of them - do we need them - they should have been thrown out of the park immediately and kept out - why do you want to love men who put people in prison - eugh they werent even men they were police men - agh what do i know of love and peace - i was born in this land and norished with its lies - ~~i learned all the empty phrases i was taught - i dont believe words not one~~ - anyone who believes what people say must be stupid

look if you want to make an alternative society i'll just tell you nothing  
can be built with words- love is just a word for the action of energy  
confronted by good - hate - the opposite reaction - only energy exists -  
~~they used to call it god - i have no interest in societies at all -~~

society means control which means repression of energy which means death -  
i want to be consumed by energy thank you

meanwhile back at the park - apathy shakes hands with death - the machine grinds on consuming its human meal - plainclothes lurk behind the amplifiers/ paying off the speakers

the best people i met were some arab businessmen sitting on the grass a shining white robe of ghost saharas (did you go and speak to any of your brothers from across the sea - i just saw a lot of separate groups talking among themselves) we greeted them and they said come - drawing us to their hearts in a gesture - travellers are welcome in the desert of eroded faces - they didn't know what was going on - neither did i oh no my shame - there were some japanese guys filming for nippon tv - why were they filming this - well ~~our~~ culture is so far ahead of their's - they want to show what advanced british youth are up to - there they were - the whole film crew under 25 from the land of zen masters and students riots wanting to

(cont.)

(PEACE & LOVE cont.)

catch up with this hype

so fuck you go tell your african brothers about love and peace -- go scream it in the slums - drag it through the dole queues - whisper it in chains in the prison cell - scrape it from the tarmac of broken high speed bodies - look for it in the coal-face in the world's deep wounds - let it pour from your veins - there were no saints in the park. Stewart.

(ed. note. This paper is becoming in this issue a sort of Encyclopædia, so Stuart's other piece will go in next issue.)

WHERE GOES THE UNDERGROUND NEXT? (or whither, or whyfor, or other groovy things.)

This may seem a silly question, and indeed, the answer that it goes nowhere but stays where it is will be a fairly common one. But just think --- do we really want to be on the bottom of Society forever? With everyone on top doing their best to crush us? Perhaps not. Are we really selfish enough to drop away (if we can) and leave the other poor ignorant sods to their mildewy fate? I hope not.

But if we have to do something, what will it be? This is the most difficult problem to arise since Socialism became associated with Russia rather than William Morris; the Underground and the Orthodox Left have a deep mutual suspicion that can probably never be healed and which alienates anyone who (like me) cannot identify at once with either. (This although I think that it is obvious that salvation and progress for each can only come through association with the other.

What is needed, I conclude, is a combination of the virtues of both..... the socialist philosophy of living & for other people as well as yourself and the life and colour and spontaneity of the Underground.

There is, as I see it, only one answer which combines the two --- the Commune. This is a practical solution and one which provides "propaganda by the deed" --- if it works, others will try it. All we've got to do it make it work. I hope to discuss the question of how to do this in future editions of ATTILA. Mike Scott.

(ed. note....Short, for chrissake, for my sake, articles on communes wanted desperately for future issues. Tho not into this thing myself it seems like one of the better possibles going.)

THE next shift takes over on the longest issue of Attila ever. 3.15 on Saturday afternoon, Procul Harum's Broken Barricades on the turntable, & off we go.

## SCIENCE AND PEOPLE

Once upon a time there was this guy who was good at sums and that, and of course because he was good at sums they made him do Science at school. In fact he did pretty well, and under the fairy story spell of how Scientists learn wonderful things about the fascinating World of Nature, he went up to University. Well, he was a bit pissed off to find how difficult it is to maintain a faith in the Beauty of Nature as a Science undergrad, but he's getting over that now, and he's pretty well happy to



get a job working in the Man's garbage factories. If he can get one - the scrap heap of redundant PHD's gets higher evryday. Now this guy is going to get nowhere until he realizes that playing the system is what's getting him nowhere. He's still not going to get anywhere until he realizes that Anywhere won't exist until he builds it himself- that the Man is trying to foreclose his options and that he'll have to fight like shit if he wants to get out. So this guy needs help. OK, don't all shout at once- we all need help. But the only way to help yourself is to help your brother; that way we manage the impossible - lifting yourself up by your own bootstraps.

The problem at hand, then, is how we can help this guy help us. There exists (rather, subsists) in Brighton an SSSRS - Sussex Society for Social Responsibility in Science, no less! In spite of its grand name and national affiliations in two years of existence it's done fuck all. It never will if we can't find channels to connect it with what's happening in the community in Brighton, with people's politics and your needs and mine. We live in the Man's world which, like it or not, is a scientific one. So it seems that to counter it, to enlarge its loopholes, to establish an alternative, to exploit its contradictions and obliterate it we need access to sources of "counter-science".

This is the crunch. It needs suggestions from you as to what sort of "counter-science" you could use. Possible things are:

- Sources of research findings on drugs...  
Information on ecological things,...  
Information on technology, like how is your food produced....  
Pros & cons of transportation systems....

What can the Man do with Computers & how can we fix them.... Anything technical that you want to know there must be somebody in Brighton can tell you about it. Seek them out...if you want to be self-centred just think that the more people who become personally involved, however slightly, in the Underground counter-culture or whatever, the more chance we have of surviving.

Perhaps there's a use for an advice service like Claimants' Union or the legal advice thing at Open.

Perhaps this whole thing can be brought into the People's Yellow Pages. If you've any ideas on this thing...or you need any help, you can contact SSSRS through Mike Hales, 4a Dorset Gardens. (688825) Apart from people, there's a sort of library too, with things on science & politics, pollution/environment, anti-science literature etc.

If you have got a project, there's sure to be technical aspects to it. SSSRS may be able to sort it out for you.

[illegible]

NEW DEADLINE FOR ATTILA MATERIAL.....

WEDNESDAY by 10 p.m. Also, typists who can touch-type on electric are needed at Unicorn to help turn this mess out. As you by now know it's getting a bit much. Articles/artwork still solicited, but please try to send in typed stuff, it's a lot easier to read than trying to sort some guy's head out from his writing.

MIND WANK.

Glastonbury was, rip-offs aside, a real good thing. Not a pop festival but lots of ideas for something else. People doing their own thing. Note the operative doing. It's like the difference between wanking and fucking, the sensation is roughly the same...but in fucking there is at least contact, however imperfect, with someone else. Reading was about as good a festival as you have any right to expect, that is if your idea of heaven expects Pop Festivals. Harold Pndleton & the Marquis Organisation gave the people just what they paid for...lots of mud, some indifferent music, & shitty food provided by the Red Umbrella Salmonella Service of Pig Styne on the Shitte & Points downwind.

That's what a Pop Festival is, friends. That's what it always has been. Harold Pendleton is no rip-off artist. He's a fairly straight guy who wants to make a little money doing what he likes, which is presenting music. And, if you're into having music presented at you, if you're into having your mind ever so gently wanked in the Reading mud then such scenes are just for you. Tailor (Should I say Taylor, James Taylor) made for you.

On the other hand (where she had warts) there's the possibilities of Glastonbury. What if a bunch of people decided that they were tired of all the bullshit.? What if they decided to publish their own paper? What if they decided to write and distribute their own poems (never mind what George MacBeth grooves on this week)? What if they decided to open up their own Anarchist Bookshop? Or middle-class-liberal-drop out fink Unicorn Bookshop? or Pied-Piper to the Underground Arts Lab cum you name it Public House? Or a drugs advice service.?

What would happen if there were more People's Festivals on the downs with no amplified music? What if there were market days where people brought gear that they'd made or published or written or sung themselves and traded it, no money, barter?

Tell me true.....would you really rather that Mick Jagger/Paul McCartney/  
Ringo Starr/Richard Farina/Ken Kesey/Michael Caine/Marilyn Monroe/  
Jayne Mansfield/Germaine Greer/Richard Neville/Mick Farren/all the rest  
of them lived your lives for you? Doing the things you haven't the balls  
to do for yourselves? Would you like to lie back, watching it all unfold  
on the giant 71 inching technicolor stereo screen, nothing to do but  
let it tickle you, stroke your clit, harden your nipples with only  
the dust of desire, tighten your scrotum until you feel it coming,  
coming, coming 78 stopped down to 45 stopped down to 33 stopped down  
to 16....talking book.....cry, what shall i cry, all flesh is grass,  
& its beauty is as of the lilies of the field

if you want it that way.....

attila.

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mostly for the postage, are 2.60 per year until we raise our prices again.  
Love you all, some of the time. Love some of you all the time. Getting  
it together.





# ...DANCIN' IN THE STREETZ!

ATTILA EXTRA ATTILA EXTRA ATTILA EXTRA ATTILA EXTRA ATTILA EXTRA

BROUGHTON IN BRIGHTON.....

The Edgar Broughton Concert, cancelled by our masters because they decided that they didn't wish to listen to Edgar Broughton, has been, by POWER OF THE PEOPLE, reconstituted.

IT WILL BE HELD TODAY, TUESDAY, AT 6 P.M. AT CHURCHILL SQUARE and will be a special commemorative concert to the memory of a great man. (At this point you fill in the blank

\_\_\_\_\_, inserting the name of the great man whose memory the concert is in aid of as far as you personally are concerned.)

On Sunday Broughton and his band were busted in Redcar for obstructing the Sunday afternoon with their music. Now out on bail they're coming down to Brighton. Maybeythis is the way that all music ought to be.....maybe it's about time that there was a music liberation front to get music out of the concert-coffins and into the Streets.....god knows, it'd sure beat the hell out of Brighton Corporation buses, no?

6 p.m.....CHURCHILL SQUARE.....EDGAR BROUGHTON.....YOU.....ME.....

===== & ALL THE DEMONS.

ATTILA THE HUN.