

AUGUST TA 1977 3P

ATTILA SATURDAY 14 AUGUST NUMBER 15

COMMUNES...COMMUNITY...COMING TOGETHER...

Or...can a simple country girl etc.? Can she, indeed. What it's all about is how can people live together. How can they eat? How can they love? How can they share with other people, open up to other people, give to other people without feeling that, in some way, the act of giving turns on them and cuts them up?

A lot of it is in another relative word to CCMMUNE which was left out of the list above...COMMUNICATIONS. Which is where ATTILA & CUTTER PRESS both come in here in Brighton. But they aren't really enough. For example, the recent attack of paranoia that fevered several underground traders here in Brighton...me included...end which seems to have all blown over. And a let of which could have been avoided by a little more st aight talking on the part of all concerned. Which could also have been helped had there been some sort of what??? (arbitrator?) (council?) of thing) have a problem which is dividing them, how can they get around it?

Another problem...sc far, more in London than Brighton...but coming: RIP-OFFS. Last weekend, while FRENDZ were at Harmony Farm somebody broke into the office and ripped-off a lot of books they were planning to sell. Now, it's possible that it was the FUZZ, or the NATIONAL FRONT or any of the other bogey-men that hip mothers use to terrify their hip children into line....but it was likelier that it was devoted readers of FRENDZ. Same thing with COMPENDIUM up in London, who are having trouble with ripoffs....not people who go in to get a book to read, but friendly neighborhood customers who go in to the shop and systematically rip off every copy of a book that's on the shelves within a matter of weeks.

Solution: Closed circuit T.V.? HELL'S ANGELS? Uniformed cops? Don't all of these lead to the same situations that we're trying to work a way out of?

Heavy landlords are another cne...what's to be done if your landlord won't let you collect your stuff? Thump him a bit? Take along the heavy squad to terrify him (or his wife) into coming across. Is that our PEACE AND LOVE?

ALL THE CRAP YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT

ATTILA is a product of the people of Brighton. It is collected, read. cut, drawn and typed (on a Danish typewriter or this here Torpedo Bluebird) at UNICORN BOOKSHOP, 50, Gloucester Road, Brighton. There have in the past been a number of lies about our ad rates. We that's us - have decided that they shall be firee - at least until we can be bothered to charge for them.

To put you in the picture - though we DON'T intend to frame you - we have to sell every copy to break even - and that's without paying anyone any wages or expenses. So if you want to perpetuate this sheaf of Brighton bullshit (like we do) then we must make a heavy effort. WE NEED: writers, artists, street-sellers, advertisers and, most of all, readers.

A word more about adverts. Wot is printed above about them is TRUE - but only for classified ads. A full page affair will cost £1. This is intended to be a COMMUNITY mag. Only if the community participates can it be a successful community mag. PARTICIPATE...it's better than just spectating.

MARIAGE COUNSELLING COLUMN.

How many of our youth today give any significant thought to the future effect on one's descendants in their choice of a mate? Practically none because race science is deliberately censored out of the school curriculum. If one wishes strong healthy children with a determined will, courage, intelligence and fortitude, one will seek such tents in a mate. We owe our race the safeguards which forbid us from marrying outside our own kind of folk excerpt from The Thunderbolt, a Georgia, US, mag, reprinted in Britain's Spearhead mag, the National Front toilet paper under the heading " Pick of the Month ".

DOG LIBERATION FRONT

Don't forget our first DEMO this Saturday (Aug 14th) in Churchill Square from about 3 onwards. Bring drums, rattles, horns, and yourselves. Speakers and, if possible, sounds. And bring your dogs. Don't miss this chance to help those canine brothers incapable of helping themselves!!

CRASH-PADS.

We are still compiling a list of crash-pads for friendly visitors to our beautiful town. You have the chance to say yes or no to any potential crasher. Do your bit to help by offering your home as a temporary crash-pad. Details at OPEN/Sect or Unicorn.

RUPERT STANDS PROUD

on Wednesday afternoon.

Headed by a superb standard depicting a "rampant Rupert Bear at fill tilt "the demonstrators, numbering about 500 in all, rounded the corner and found the Ulster building surrounded by about 100 policemen with many more vavalry and foot soldiers in the wings.

Originally the people were urged to gather for the "Combat da Repression of the "growing Government campaign "against people who are considered threats to the capitalist structure of society.

They were urged to remember the Prescott/Purdie case, the busts on Oz, Friends, IT, Little Red Schoolbook, Compendium, Unicorn, Broughton, Styng, Grass Eye, GAP and the Metro Club, and the oppressive Ind. Relations Bill and the Criminal Damages Bill.

They all gathered in Marble Arch at about 4 and listeded to Felix

An army of police ambushed the OZ demo soon after it left Marble Arch

the gathering to decide what to do.

Everyone decided that it was in support of "freedoms of all kinds" which is how an OZ demo ended up marching on Ulster House.

John and Yoko were around, as were people from Release, BIT, Nat. Council for Civil Liberties, Gentle Chost, Gay Liberation and White Panthers.

Everyone had a great time, singing a lot of songs and shouting a lot of slogans and having a couple of sit-downs (outside Ulster House (that place again) and the Ritz.

Dennis said and few words of thanks and then split, leaving the rest of

TUNBRIDGE WELLS CYRENIANS....

This is a registered charity, a group of men and women of all ages and occupations who are working together for the relief of the under-privileged...the homeless, mentally and/or emotionally unstable, and/or "the undesirables of our society ". Initiall going to cater for men only. But they need a thousand quid to cover overheads, but they also need household goods. a telephone, cleaning and decorating material. You can become a Cyrenian for five bob. They're an offshoot of the Simon Community

JAZZJAZZJAZZJAZZJAZZ...... Modern and mainstream jazz with the Tony Roydon Quintet at the KING and QUEEN every Tuesday at 8 till 11. Three bob at the door.

PRINTER'S CENSORSHIP....

The whole of this week's Time Out had to be reprinted cos the printer didn't like a couple of pages in it. After an eight-page summary of the OZ trial the mag had two pages of pics and text about other mags available at almost any street stall under the heading "Meanwhile on sale everyday.... "The reprinted mag leaves the offending pages blank so's nobody will get upset by pics of nudie mags and lust-filled lieterature. So don't bother to buy it, you dropped out wankers. ??

A SEPERATE REAEITY, by CARLOS CASTANEDA... cont'd from ATTILA IA.

Don Juan and I became friends, and for a year I paid him innumerable visits. I found his manner very reassuring and his sense of humour superh; but above all I felt there was a silent consistency about his acts, a consistency which was thoroughly baffling to me. I felt a strange delight in his presence and at the same time I experienced a strange discomfort. His mere company forced me to make a tremendous reevaluation of my models of behaviour. I had been reared, perhaps like everyone else, to have a readiness to accept man as an essentially weak and fallible creature. What impressed me about Don Juan was the fact that he did not make a point of being weak and helpless, and just being around him insured an unfavourable comparison between his way of behaving and mine. Perhaps one of the most impressive statements he made to me at that time was concerned with our inherent difference. Prior to one of my visits I had been feeling quite unhappy about the total course of my life and about a number of pressing personal conflicts that I had. When I arrived at his house I felt moody and nervous.

We were talking about my interest in knowledge; but, as usual, we were on two different tracks. I was referring to academic knowledge that transcends experience, while he was talking about direct knowledge of the world.

" Do you know anything about the world around you? " he asked,

" I know all kinds of things, " I said.

"I mean do you ever feel the world around you?"
"I feel as much of the world around me as I can."

"That's not enough. You must feel everything, otherwise the world loses its sense. "

I voiced the classical argument that I did not have to taste the soup in order to know the recipe, nor did I have to get an electric shock in order to know about electricity.

"You make it sound stupid, "he said. "The way I see it, you want to cling to your arguments, despite the fact that they bring nothing to you; you want to remain the same even at the cost of your well-being."

" I don't know what you're talking about. "

" I am talking about the fact that you're not complete. You have now peace." That statement annoyed me. I felt offended. I thought he was certainly not qualified to pass judgement on my acts or my personality.

"You're plagued with problems, "he said. "Why?"

" I am only a man, don Juan, " I said peevishly.

I made that statement in the same vein my father used to make it. Whenever he said he was only a man he implicitly meant he was weak and helpless and his statement, like mine, was filled with an ultimate sense of despair.

Don Juan stared at me as he had done the first day we met.

"You think about yourself too much, "he said and smiled." And that gives you a strange fatugue that makes you shut off the world around you and cling to your arguments. Therefore, all you have is problems. I'm only a man too, but I don't mean that the vay you do."

" How do you mean it? "

" I've vanquished my problems. Too bad my life is so short that I can't grab onto all the things I would like to. But that is not an issue; it's only a

pity. "

I liked the tone of his statement. There was no despair or self-pity in it. In 1961, a year after our first meeting, don Juan disclosed to me that he had a secret knowledge of medicinal plants. He told me wax he was a "brujo." The Spanish word "brujo" can be rendered in English as sorcerer, medicine man, curer. From that point on the relation between us changed; I ENGRECHMENT

DEFERRED REAT, TOV------ 1. A

became his apprentice and for the next four years he endeavoured to teach me the mysteries of sorcery. I have written about that apprenticeship in "The Teachings of Do Juan: A Yaqui Way of Knowledge".

Our conversations were conducted inx Spanish, and thanks to don Juan's superb command of that language I obtained detailed explanations of the intricate meanings of his system of beliefs. I have reffered to that complex and well-systematised body of knowledge as sorcery and I have referred to him as a sorcerer because those were categories which he himself used to in informal conversation. In the context of more serious elucidations, however, he would use terms like "knowledge" to categorise sorcery and "man of

knowledge " or " one who knows " to cetegorise a sorcerer.

In order to teach and corroborate his knowledge don Juan used three well-known psychotropic plants: peyote, Lophophora williamasii; jimson weed, Datura inoxia; and a species of muchroom which belongs to the genus Psylocebe. Through the seperate ingestion of each of these hallucinogens he produced in me, as his apprentice, some peculiar states of distorted perception, or altered consciousness, which I have called "states of non-ordinary reality." I have used the word "reality because it was a major premise in don Juan's system of beliefs that the states of consciousness produced by the ingestion of any of these three plants were not hallucinations, but concrete, though unordinary, aspects of the reality of everyday life. Don Juan behaved towards these states of nonordinary reality not "as if "they were real but "as "real.

To classify these plants as hallucinogens and the states they produced as nonordinary reality is, of course, my own device. Don Juan understood and explained the plants as being vehicles that would conduct or lead a an to certain impersonal forces or "powers" and tge states they produced as being the "meetings" that a sorcerer had to have with tjose "powers" in order to gain control over them.

He called peyote "Mescalito" and he explained it as being a benevolent teacher and protector of men. Mescalito taught the "right way to live". Peyote was usually ingested as gatherings of sorcereres called "mitotes" where the participants would gather specifically to seek a lesson on the right

way to live.

Do Juan considered the jimson weed and the mushrooms to be powers of a different sort. He called them "allies" and said that they were capable of being manipulated; & a sorcerer, in fact, drew his strength from manipulating an ally. Of the two, don Juan preferred the mushroom. He maintained that the power contained in the mushroom was his personal ally and he called it "amoke "or "little smoke".

Don Juan's procedure to utilise the mushrooms was to let them dry into a fine powder inside a small gourd. He kept the gourd sealed for a year and then mixed the fine powder with five other plants and produced a mixture for

smoking in a pipe.

In order to become a man of knowledge one had to " meet " with the ally as many times as possible; one had to become familiar with it. This premise implied, of course, that one had to smoke the hallucinogenic mixture quite often. The process of " smoking " consisted of ingesting the fine mushroom powder, which did not incinerate, and inhaling the smoke of the other five plants that made up the mixture. Don Juan explained the profound effects that the mushrooms had on one's perceptual capacities as the " ally removing one's body. "

Don Juan's method of teaching required an extraordinary effect on the part of the apprentice. In fact the degree of participation and involvement needed was so strengous that by the end of 1965 I had to withdraw from the

SEPERATE REALITY=====cont, d

apprenticeship. I can say now, with the perspective of the five years that have elapsed, that at that time don Juan's teachings had begun to pose a serious threat to my " idec of the world. " I had begun to lose the certainty, which all of us have, that the reality of everyday life is something we can take for

At the time of my withdrawal I was convinced that my decision was final; I did not want to see don Juan ever again. However, in April of 1968 an early copy of book was made available to me and I felt compelled to show it to him. I paid him a visit. Our link of teacher-apprentice was mysteriously re-established, and I can say that on that occasion I began a second cycle of apprenticeship, very different from the first. My fear was not as acute as it had been in the past. The total mood of don Juan's teachings was more relaxed. He laughed and also made me laugh a great deal. There seemed to be a deliberate intent on his part to minimise seriousness in general. He clowned during the truly crucial moments of this second cycle, and thus helped me to overcome experiences which could easily have become obsessive. His premise was that a light and amenable disposition was needed in order to withstand the impact and the strangeness of the knowledge he was teaching me.

" The reason you got scared and quit is because you felt too damn important, " he said, explaining my previous withdrawal. " Feeling important makes one heavy, clumsy, and vain. To be a man of knowledge one needs to be light and fluid. " Don Juan's particular interest in his second cycle of apprenticeship was to teach me to " see ". Apparantly in his system of knowledge there was the possibility of making a semantic difference between " seeing " and " looking " as two distinct manners of perceiving. " Looking " referred to the ordinary way in which we are accustomed to perceive the world, while " seeing " entailed a very complex process by virtue of which a man of knowledge allegedly perceives

the " essence " of the things of the world.

In order to present the intricacies of this learning process in a readable form I have condensed long passages of questions and answers, and thus I have edited my original field notes. It is my belief, however, that at this point my presentation cannot possibly detract from the meaning of don Juan's teachings. The editing was aimed at making my field notes flow, as conversation flows, so they would have the impact I desired; that is to say, I wanted by means of a reportage to communicate to the reader the drama and directness of the field situation. Each section I have set as a chapter was a session with don Juan. As a rule he always concluded each of our sessions on an abrupt note; thus the dramatic tone of the ending of each chapter is not a literary device of my own, it was a device proper of don Juan's oral tradition. It seemed to be a mnemonic device that helped me to retain the dramatic quality and importance of the lessons.

Certain explanations are needed, however, to make my reportage cogent, since its clarity depends on the elucidation of a number of key concepts or key units that I want to emphasize. This choice of emphasis is congruous with my interest in social schence. It is perfectly possible that another person withm a different set of goals and expectations would single out concepts entirely different from those I have chosen myself.

During the second cycle of apprenticeship don Juan made a point of assuring me that the use of the smoking mixture was the indispensable prerequisite to " seeing. " Therefore I had to use it as often as possible.

" Only the smoke can give you the necessary speed to catch a glimpse of that fleeting world, " he said.

With the aid of the psychotropic mixture, he produced in me a series of states of nonordinary reality. The main feature of such states, in relation to what

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SEPERATE REALITY =====cont'd.....

don Juan seemed to be doing, was a condition of "inapplicability." What I perceived in those states of altered consciousness was incomprehensible and impossible to interpret by means of our everyday mode of understanding the world. In other words, the condition of inapplicability entailed the cessation of the pertinence of my world view.

Don Juan used this condition of inapplicability of the states of nonordinary reality in order to introduce a series of pre-conceived, new units of meaning. Units of meaning were all the single elements pertinent to the knowledge don Juan was striving to teach me. I have called them units of meaning because they were the basic conglomerate of sensory data and their interpretations on which more complex meaning was constructed. One example of such a unit is the way in which the psysiological effect of the psychotropic mixture was understood. It produced a numbness and loss of motor control that was interpreted in don Juan's system as an act performed by the smoke, which in this case was the ally, in order

" to remove the body of the practitioner."

Units of meaning were grouped together in a specific way and each block thus created formed what I have called a "sensible interpretation." Obviously there has to be an endless number of possible sensible interpretations that are pertinent to sorcery that a sorcerer must learn to make. In our day-to-day life we are confronted with an endless number of sensible interpretations pertinent to it. A simple example could be the no longer deliberate interpretation, which we make a scores of times every day, of the structure we call "room". It is obvious that we have learned to interpret the structure we call room in terms of room; thus room is a sensible interpretation because it requires at that time we make it we are cognizant, in one way or another, of all the elements that enter into its composition. A system of sensible interpretation is, in other words, the process by virtue of which a practitioner is cognizant of all the units meaning necessary to make assumptions, deductions, predictions, etc., about all the situations pertinent to his activity.

By "practitioner "I mean a participant who has an adequate knowledge of all, or nearly all, or nearly all, the units of meaning involved in his particular system of sensible interpretation. Don Juan was a practitioner; that is, he was

a sorcerer whok knew all the steps of his sorcery.

As a practitioner he attempted to make his system of sensible interpretation accessible to me. Such an accessibility, in this case, was equivalent to a process of resocialisation in which new ways of interpreting perceptual data were learned.

I was the "stranger", the one who lacked the capacity to make intelligent and congruous interpretations of the units of meaning proper to sorcery. Don Juan's task, as a practitioner making his system accessible to me, was to disarrange a particular certainty which I share with everyone else, the certainty that our "commonsense" views of the world are final. Through the use of psychotropic plants, and through well-directed contacts between the alien system and myself, he succeeded in pointing out to me that my view of the world cannot be final because it is only an interpretation.

For the American Indian, perhaps for thousands of years, the vague phenomenon we call sorcery has been a serious, bona fide practice, comparable to that of our science. Our difficulty in understanding it stems, no doubt, from the alien units

of meaning with which it deals.

More from Carlos' account of his own personal mind-fuck will appear in next week's ATTILA and in succeeding week's until its completion. In other words we are SERIALISING it for you cos it costs too much for anyone to buy.

WHY COMMUNES? Harry Fineberg attempts to answer this question.

I was a bit reluctant to write anything on communes simply because not having lived in one I could only offer a hatful of generalisations based on theoretical surmise. The OZ verdict has just loomed before me, however, and so I felt it necessary to say something on future developments, however much the possibility that more words may be a waste of time and paper. The trial has shown with an air of finaloty that an accommodation with old ex-Conservative parliamentary candidtes in 18th century fancy dress masquerading as the guardians of something called " justice " is simply not going to happen. Their telerance only goes so far as to allow debate and action (both largely futile) within the limits suitable for their 19th century values. When these values are challenged (not just interms of redistribution of wealth but concerned with what living should be about) the kindly old uncle becomes a satage defender of what he considers right and proper. He isn't evil or wicked; he's as much a victim of those values as OZ has become. The trouble is he doesn't know it and it's no use expecting men who should have died about 1850 to be converted, even as far as telerance to life-styles they find confusing and impossible to understand. When someone tells them their way of life is worthless they are not likelyk to congratulate us. What has all this to do with corrunes? The type of challenge we offer (and every experiment in, living is challenge, whether intended or not) ought to be carefully considered. It's no use trying to build a new society through a violent head-on clash with the old. Thta's the one game they understand and the one ame above all others they are equiped to win. Blowing up the odd police computer simply gives them the excuse to lash cut, providing us with a few martyrs over whose fate we gnash our teeth, den sackeloth and ashes and write furious rhetorical articles threatening Armaggedon by means of a revolutionary army that doesn't exist outside the wish fulfillment of some brothers and sisters. And when it comes to it they will chew us up and make more nartyrs and martyrs are always Lecors. The society we are challenging, in the words of William Morris will not suffer itself to be dismonbored rather the 1 lode anything which it considers of " importance " it will pull the roof of the world down upon its head. " That is trues today as it was in 1886. If violence is useless, if expecting a re-definition of society's limits to politely absemb the underground as a harmless curiosity is both undesirable and, after this trial, impossible, then what are we left with. We don't want a clique of hard-faced, fremen-balled pocket Lenins replacing the poor old bastards we are tryong to get rid of. Demonstrations (which may serve the purpose of displaying revolutionary Virtue and Rightsous Anger), carnivals and festival are incapable of creating a sustained everyday alternative. These have their place but I believe that only by building up our own social organisation and economy within the shell of the old system can we hope for any measure of independance from their rules, I don't suggest that there would been no interference from the mental corpses who superintend our lives. Even so we should AIM at a condition where we are independent of THEIR economic pressures and productive system, THEIR political system, THEIR god-forsaker institutions, Now is this isn't going to happen overnight 4 not is one simple act going to bring it about. The ideal situation would be the existence of as many communes in both town and country forming a seperate community. Where food could be grown, any surplus could be exchanged for goods or services only available in towns. Obviously the nore country communes there were, the better, because city commones are bound to be more dependant on the old society. A number of vehicles would be necessary to bring goods for barter to agreed points of exchange (although we might use more primitive forms of transport providing the distances were not too great. Incidently the more localised ecchomic operation are the better. If we only have

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WHY COMMUNEScont'd from previous pageeeeeec999!!

I5 miles to travel to a barter point then speed is no problem, our time being our own - even if we do hold up the traffic.). Equally necessary (and already present) are craft communes in town or country producing clothes and other minimum necessities. With a voluntary federation based on this type of pattern we would eventually be able to IGNORE their laws rather than put our heads on the chopping block by breaking them. (the laws). The experiment is a gradual one and would have to go through certain stages. Firstly, and most obviously, people are needed. Then buildings. At this stage our dependance on the system would be at its greatest. While we have now money (or very m little) to play with, ideas such as renting cottages from the National Trust, or registering charities or holding sales of goods or services are possibilities. More important is the need to attract straight people with money. Whatever other steps we take the experiment must be motivated with a desire for a general social movement - not just a group of frggmented communities not caring a fuck what goes on outside the front door. We ought to be out to provide an alternative for hundreds, then thousands, and eventually millions of bored and frustrated people and above all for the kids whose lives are about to

be wasted in producing useless rubbish until their services are dispensed with, he body-broken and mind-dead. Communes, once we established, could begin to adopt kids instead of producing more of their own; providing them with free holidays etc. We could begin to take in the old who are dying half-way up some block of flats. If communes are not going to work as if they were the outposts of tomorrow but simply an opportunity to hide away for their members, then as far as I am concerned they aren't worth the effort. Equally if the revolution is not going to bring about a voluntary federation of communes, but is still converned

with replacing one lot of poor bastards with another lot, whom will graciously kick my head in, lie to me, and shove me into prison, all for the common good, of course - in sh rt replacing Edward Sheath with people equally removed from animate life - then the revolution can go to hell. The new society ought to be about life, not power. The two fio not go together.

I haven't dealt with the types of communes here because of lack of first-hand knowledge. The form will only emerge through trial and error and no doubt there will, be plenty of error. On these, and related questions, we need the opinions

of those with some communal experience.

Meanwhile, as things are beginning to move here in Brighton, could we have some discussions on

I/ Publicising the idea, and gaining converts it possible. (see ATTILA I5-ed).

2/ Problems of finding an economic basis as regards buildings, food and clothes which would form the necessary minimum at the meetings due to take place.

WILLEY SCORE?

Watch it, brothers; it's all around you, seeping the strength of your rationality like a blood-sucker (mmmmmmmmm, nive). It's that draeded drug again. Hasheeeesg. Mr. Rim Peeter Willey (probably never) saw it all with his own eyes in Afghanistan. While staying at one of the country's plushest hotels he writ a loud report for the Anti-Slavery Society about the many hippies - some of them, would you believe it, ENGLISH! - who were "gradually disintegrating, physically, norally and spiritually in the sun-drenched squares that reek of death and decay (steady on!) or in sordid lodging houses, (what about the Afghans?) and who

WILLEY SCORE (cont'd)

prostitute themselves - hang about, it gets worse & OR THEIR GIRL-FRIENDS for (now we have it) MONEY MONEY MONEY MONEY" (gimme gimme gimme).

"Such is the effect of hashish", he intoned. Such also, Mr. Willy, is the effect of your very own set of values, and your very own social order.

The Afghanistan Embassy in London burst into a fit of stoned laughter when they read the report and described it as " (ferking) silly "and" so inaccurate, you see, that it is not even worth the considering of ".

Dealer McBlack described Mr. Prick as "a silly motherfucker".

Next week Mr. Villey is going to tell us about sex, and how it destroys sperm.

PIG STIES....

Yuk and ugh. There is a disgusting, smelly, dirty, pukey green Morris Minot 1000 coating around our streets. Licence number TPN 253H badly needs a wash. It smells.

communique from THE ANGRY BRIGADE.

INDIVIDUAL hand-drawn sweat shirts (singlets) for sale. Both sexes - small and medium sizes. %1.75. COMPLETELY WASHABLE. Every one different. Visually dynamic colours. Contact Gloria and Tim, 7, College Road, Kemptown.

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A HOME OF YOUR OWN in a friendly three-storey Hove flat. Own room for one or two (preferably two). Communal use of lounge, kitchen, bathroom, food etc. All mod cons (but no actual ones). Cheap, but non-nasty. Potential tenants must be able to integrate happily with present residents. Contact Steve at Unicorn.

BEAUTIFUL CANDLES - all shapes and sizes, all colours. Long-lasting and lovingly made. Contact Mike, 179, Church Road, Hove.

(!)

THE HAPPINESS CLUB=

The Happiness Club is about happiness, unity, love, understanding, and all the parallel beauties. Membership is open to anyone. There are no concrete rules or regulations - all we ask is that members should be prepared to totally commit themselves in the struggle for world peace and unity. Totally committed to live for others and not solely for themselves.

The Happiness Club had (and still has - typist) an emblem - the sign of the perennial flower - to wear always, together with a happy smile and kind words. We have to show people that it is only love that can save us. A humble beautiful love that will unite all men.

The Happiness Club wears its badge of love and tolerance in order to show people the way - to show our brothers that there is a Utopia and a life worth living.

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HAPPINESS CLUB (cont'd in different type-face).

The Happiness club is a dream that IUST survive and come true if we are to be really happy in our survival. Sure, it may seem a laughable fantasy, but the answer is with us all. The revolution won't be achieved by us all just with the Happiness Club. But it mustn't be rejected because of that. For it should and will be a very valuable part of the move. It will parallel with all the incidental movements that will form the nucleus of a revolutionary party, totally committed to the freedom and happiness of a one-class world.

Further info from:

91, Holmes Avenue Hove, Sussex. BN3 7LE.

58, Brittany Road, Hove, Sussex. BN3 4PB.

TWO PEOPLE (COUPLE) would like accommodation on a Permanent or a temporary basis. Both lumpen-graduates, Pierce is working in construction and Caroline is still thinking. Fremises with area suitable as workshop would be perfect, furnished or unfurnished and in any state of repair. Contact Flat 3, 83, Montpelier Road, B'ton in the evenings after 7.

CHRIS NEEDS storage space for a lot of jumble. Contact at OPEN/Sect, Sept. 25.

THE PLANET EARTH COMMUNE - a few words on living:

When men are prepared to co-operate in equality the material outcome of this cooperation is a kind of commune or communal system.

Communes can vary in size, nature, and scope, and can range from a temporary camp site to a city such as Barcelona in 1936 or China to collectivise the means of production. The essential qualities of communal life in the economic sense are the complete sharing of the tasks and wealth according to the ability and need.

Many writers have contributed to the theory and practice of communism. Undoubtedly Marx is at present the best knownthough in his time he was criticised by other socialists and groups - mainly the anarchists - who could not accept his insistence on the need for an authoritarian centralised power structure.

Their criticiam has proved revalent as one Marxist party after another has led the working classes to near forms of slavery.

letters to Attila (the hun-gry) FOREVER ATTILA,

Mee-dah + too freackingg muuch () again me and my friend SYKES have appeared naked into print again WOW! are we a tradition??? will we

FOREVER ATTILA (contid) ..

Incidentally I'm still coming down and like Jimmy said - THERE AIN'T NO LIGHT NOWHERE - wait a minute () o,k .

me and my friend SYKES was at "LOVE STORY" and TYPEE its mind-fuck time again only this time, time, time, time STP & SYKES MeScAlIn made up for all the shit on the screen and the skinheads weeping. Fuck thats a sad film, she going out and the end and he not saying SORRY what a COP Out, never having to SAY your sorry. Now this is ut trouble. wait a minute ()o,k - its the day after = i feel muuch peace and love brothers and sisters, let8s gett it better. together .me and my friend SYKES went into Brighton Wankers Bookshop the other day and sussed out their RED SHIT + these political arsemples get up my prick = why cant everybody jussit down and read quietly to themselves cos its a long way to the end of the rainbow and what cunt WANTS a pot og fold + Yes' So lay off politics my children and hapenis be with you always.

One last thing::: is it not very cruel and piggy to talk bad about fellow human-beings just because they won't play your game + is it not bad to say KILL + is it not bad to call friends who are just as frightened and lonely as you me and my friend SYKES - "social butterflies + and is it not bad to offer alternatives to a man on his knees at the end of the ally + and exactly how far is DesoLatIon Row from GLoucester RoAd + is this what I learn from looking, this is what the ACID says!

Yesterday me and my friend SYKES were punched in the stomach by five skinheads + we went to a policeman and he laughed + we went to a hairy and he ran away + we went to the old lady downstairs who lives with her cats and she said lie down while i make you some tea. This LIVING is nice.

From where i sit i can sea the see +

Mee-dah and too freacking muuuch! Pass around that Durban Poison, friend. Pudding is in hospital......

mind how you hoe

And i the he ad.

Dear Attila friends and all,

i say love to you but when i look around that's not all there is and lonely and fear isnt all either. And a BUTTERFLY's a beautiful living thing, and if weive got the choice of how to dig it i say yes and not needle-prod. Digging and kneading can

Dear Attila (cont'd)

be very close & we can count bread out them, but not for ever. Has Handy hust said, Wot a cop-out not to say your sorry(?).

What arewe going to do about OZZ and those WOndZworth Scissor freaks. Look what happened to Samson and he was screwing delila at the time. What a come-down, so we say here and now that we will steal all the famous Cruickshank's of the regents PAV..... (another scoop for Attila), and we won't put them in locker 73 brighton station. O.K.? HOW did those cunts find out anyway?

This is where I get stuck for words, shit, mud whatever it is my feet won't move. Sorry about Andy's weight(!) about the mesc. and m.c.escher untrueinformation. He really does go off his head sometimes and that's why.

Peace and Hope,

this Sykes.

Dear Old-Fashioned Romanticist,

Just one more attempt to get through in case your piece Get it on, Ladies (last Attila) was meant seriously. You can screw whoever you like, but not as many as you like...this is the logic of prejudice. If you really regard the liberated (or on the way) ladies you know as simply sex machines because they "get through a lot of cats in quite a short space of time", this is more an indication of your own prejudices and personal hang-ups than their approach to an attempt at a sexual breakthrough. Of course getting through a lot of cats in a short time may be a mistake for some individuals (and one that men, in particular, have been programmed into making), and of course it does not in itself mean liberation. But it may be one step in that direction for some individuals. And it's not something that you're really in a position to decide for any other individual, let alone a group of individuals.

Secondly... of course it's important to even up pay and conditions. This issue is possibly the most obvious and easily comprehensible without involving any real breakthrough or awareness of basic attitudes now prevailing between the sexes. But it's only one sympton of an attitude that pervades ALL LEVELS of life in this society, particularly the sexual. And women's liberation is a struggle that - if it's to be effective at all - must take place ON ALL LEVELS. It is through her own experience that every woman is - as a person - constantly under the attack of warping and destructive influences, and it is basically in her own experience that she has to fight them.

Far be it from me to put down any individual of either sex who has a free and genuine choice (as far as this is humanly possible) to fulfil themselves by getting married and having a houseful of kids. I'm not denying that this might be somebody's trip. But do you believe that women are given anything even approximating to a free choice? When

Dear OFR (cont'd)

they're programmed from birth to believe that this is the only way they'll ever be really fulfilled. In other words, the potentiality for happiness and fulfilment IN ANY OTHER WAY is effectively stifled in the majority of cases. Of course if artificial wants are created people are going to want to satisfy them. You might just as well say that because most people in this society are happy IN THEIR OWN TERMS slaving their lives away to get a bigger T.V. set or promotion, we have no right to criticise or "say that it's wrong". And the only "romantic section" that anybody is trying to destroy is that based not on real truth and beauty as it can exist in human relationships, but on the myths and the institutionalised lies convenient for our society.

So finally, all old; fashioned romanticists everywhere, get it together and at last realise that women's liberation is men's liberation and an essential element in any true PEOPLE'S LIBERATION. Stop falling back on the old sad arguments to rationalise your own conditioned reflexes; stop relegating the whole relationship of man to women to an issue of pay and conditions; in other words stop fighting and start helping - yourself.

love, and I hope you make it,

Sarah.

marginmargi

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

You probably know by now that the Old Bailey trial of our brothers Ian Purdie and Jake Prescott starts on Sept. 7.

We are sending along metarial prepared by the Defence Group which we hope you can distribute, and we want you to know about the activities planned for the weekend before the trial.

1. BENEFIT. Friday, Sept. 3, Imperial College, South Kensington.
2. MARCH ON BRIXTON PRISON. Assemble 12 noon Clapham Common tube, Sat, Sept. 4.

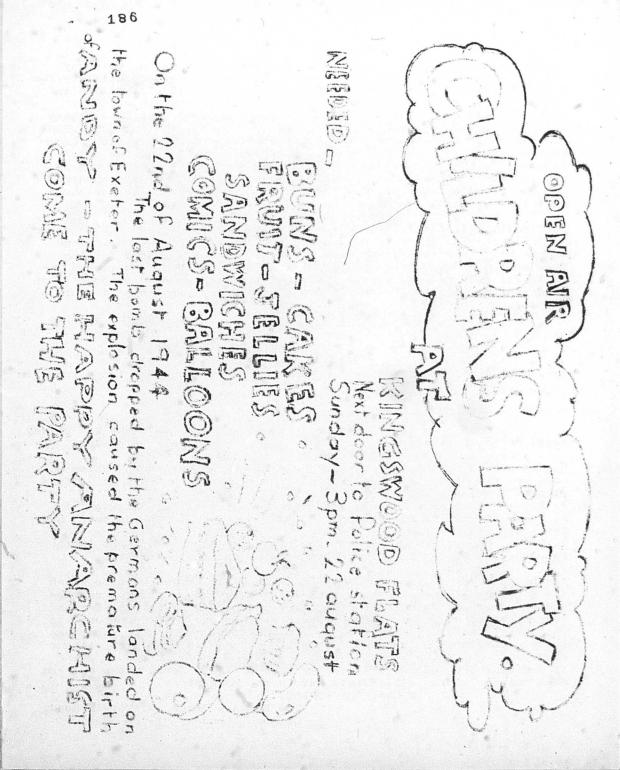
3. Borum, Sunday Sept. 5 on how to defend ourselves and fight in the future, with discussion of support actions during the trial.

In the past few months the State has made a serious attempt to smash the fight back - people organising in the factories, the communities and the schools. There is barely a shred of evidence against Ian and Jake except that like millions of others they are totally opposed to the social system of this country. If the State manages to put these two brothers away no one who thinks the "wrong" way can live without fear.

If you want any help we can send members of the defence group out and also further copies of leaflets, stcikers and posters.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE.

The Defence Group, 6, Mayola Road, Clapham, London. 01-986 3075.



LIVE AND LET LOVE? .. a summary of a successful commune.

What is really important in this living environment Is love of one person for another:
Care for each other
Interest in the activities of each other
To communicate with each other
To listen to each other
To learn by example rather than imposition
To share

If this was not present we would be unhappy In the finest country house With it we could be happy in the poorest slum It is not the building, but us, that matters.

2, Thornhill Road, London.

Comments about the above commune from some of its members:

ERICA With the variety of personalities within
I get the feeling that from an otherwise
grey outside world I'm living in a
colour filled kaleidoscope.
Why, we're the first kids on our block to have one.
If these walls could talk, they'd sing.

SEAN

An entrance hall to hollow mountains. we keep all its doors open.

JOFF A place where each day is an adventure
a cross roads of different paths
leading to the same goal.
People who know they want to learn
people who listen
people who look
rich people.

ALL KINDS OF BULLSHIT:

Street-sellers on the increase (though more needed). Attila 14 almost a SELL-OUT. Even more outside contributers in this issue. Are the people of Brighton at last making ATTILA their own alternative mag? Are YOU making ATTILA your own alternative mag? If not why not? If not say so.

RUBBISH:

Even if you don't like what you read you can use it for bog-paper, lighting fires, making paper darts or stuffing teddy bears. Either or any way, it's well worth the 3p. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN! Our address is 50, Gloucester Road, beneath the sign of the UNICORN.

TRY NOT TO BE UNHARRY ABOUT THE TYPING MISTAKES

TAKE A MESSAGE TO DELIA (whorever you are).

Thanks for your letter. Your suggestion to have a social column giving details of coming events in Brighton is really groovy. Everybody here's on your side. But we haven't got anyone to do it - ring up all those people you mentioned, and get the whole thing together. How about doing it for us?

Lots of luv, ATTILA.

THIS WEEK'S GOODY

Take five loaves and three fishes. Pray over them fervently for about three minutes. If that doesn't work pray over five tomatoes and some hash. If that doesn't work sit by the seaside.

Luv and ++++++
Sister Sara and Sister Maria,

COMMUNE MOVEMENT

Now the summer is actually upon us lots of curious people are wishing to visit or join communes. Sadly, in Britain, there are not very many intentional communes who are wide open to visitors. This is mainly because once a place gets known they are likely to get swamped with people - both the genuine seeker and the insensitive crasher. Most communes are struggling financially and physically and cannot spare a great deal of time and cash on visitors. Please have a heart for those trying to live another way, and write to a place first. If you write or phone to a secretary of the Commune Movement with a view to visiting or joining please give as much info about yourself and what you have to offer a commune as possible. This really does help facilitate a fairly even distribution of visitors amongst a few communes.

COMMUNE MOVEMENT: c/o Sarah Eno, 12, Mill Road, Cambridge. (0223-64845).

SOLIDARITY UNTIL AFRICAN LIBERATION. (or WITH African Liberation.)

This week's ATTILA is a communes issue. Next week's ATTILA will also be a communes issue, cos there's still so much to write about the subject. Don't be disappointed. Make sure of your copy NOW.

Then the Spanish conquerors invaded lexico no Central acrica they were amazed at the good health of the peo le there, and at the superiority of Mayan and Aztec medicine. They learned what they could of native herbal medicine and used it - with little effect - deciding, therefore, that it was useless. Alr. Matlock, an American, recently became interested in Aztec medicine but it took his 20 years to discover its secret... a secret that no one had hidden from his, but that he was unable to see because of his mestern orientation to "symptomatic" medicine - the treatment of symptoms of illness after they appear.

According to Aztec and Layan belief each creat re was made of one principal food which deter ined its superiority or inferiority. I an was made of corn. The first "men of corn "were like gods. They knew men could survive on other foods, but to be healthy sensitive and divine they had to eat a diet that was principally corn (by 60 to 100%) plus vegetables, fruit, beans, honey and some neat from hereiverous animals. Children were fed solely on corn up till the age of 10 to make them strong and immune to desease. Indian herbalists still advise their patients first and foremost to "return to the arms of loter Corn" and many believe that herbs are of little use if cereals are not the principal food.

The reason why it took this guy Natlock so long to discover t is secret was that everyone assumed he knew it - that it was instinctive moveledge for all men. They could not believe that he didn't realise it.

totally symptomatic. On the emergence of sickness the symptoms are eliminated as quickly as possible by any means. This ignores the reason for the illness (fate? accident? chance). The drugs used weaken the system by do not what a healthy organism will do for itself, may have serious side effects, and suppress the illness. Thus a cold, which may be a simple process of the elimination of poisons - a sign - is suppressed and may later appear in another form as a serious illness. Most other forms of medicine, however primitive, are superior. Herbal medicine and acapuncture help the body cure itself and will strengthen the organism. Yoga, meditation and macrobiotics are all forms of medicine that seek to cure sickness (not only physical). That is, present past and future illnesses.

Western medicine examined closely is appalling. We believe in it faithfully (the current scientific dogma that is the "truth" of this year or decade) and hand over responsibility for our own health and m condition. It makes us weaklings, spiritually and physically, and is part of a process of degeneration. Thus we are prescribed antibiotics for a sore throat, deadmers for a headache, speed if you're fat, bored or depressed, tranquillisers for worry and THE pill to make lovers happier (if you really think the pill is harmless talk to some girl who's taken it for a couple of years and then stopped).

It seems a good idea to get together some alternative medicine. Not even to discuss how a macrobiotic diet or yoga can slowly bring about a state of health, but to find at least some good symptomatic treatments that are cont'd

not narmiul, but work in conjunction with us, and experiment with them.

Herbs to eat and drink and some remedies.

Burdock root: You can dig this root up youself as it is fairly common in woods gardens etc. In its second year it has burns that stick to animals and you. You can use the root from the first year plant, when it is big and juicy. It is very hard to dig up. When fresh is can be cut into small pieces (as if sharpening a pencil) and sauteed as a vegetable. When dried - you can get it at a herbalist's shop or Infinity - it is boiled up to make a tea. It is very yang and excellent for all skin complaints and rheumatism. Also useful as a sexual energiser or reenergiser.

Mint is good for acidity.

Mugwort gets rid of worms and accelerates menstruation - as a tea. It is also supposed to get rid of fleas though I'm not sure it works.

Thyme is good for colds and asthma and indigestion.

Sage for indigestion

Rosemary for the liver and circulation.

Dandelion has many uses. Gypsies use dandelion tea made from the flowers and leaves as a spring tonic and blood cleanser. The leaves can be used in small amounts in salads or sautéed with other vegetables. You can make coffee by digging up the roots, washing them, chopping them up and dry roasting them in a frying pan and adding chicory root. Grind them in a coffee grinder. Dandelion is best used in spring (unless dried) as it is less bitter.

Macrobiotic sympomatic treatments:

Syo-ban. Fill a tea cup one tenth with tamari soy sauce. Add hot green tea. Good for fatigue, injuries and relief of heart trouble.

Aduki juice for kidney trouble. Boil one tespoonful (sorry tablespoonful) of aduki beans in two quarts of water. Boil down to one quart and add a pinch of salt.

Ginger Compress for pains, infections etc. Put one tsp of ground gnger in just boiled water, dip a cloth in it, and cover painful part as hot as poss. Cover compress with towel to prevent cooling. Change compress 3 or 4 times in 15 minutes.

Soya bean plaster. Soak one cup of soya beans in five cups of water for 24 hours. Add 10% wholewheat flour. Apply on fevered or inflamed area. Gomasio (see last week's ATTILA for recipe). Clears up headaches, heartburn or seasickness.

Ume-syo-kuzu: Dissolve some kuzu arrowroot in water and heat in a pan, stirring till it becomes thick and clear. Add some Umeboshi pickled plums and cook for 20 minutes. Add tamari to taste. This is fantastic for colds and stomach upsets. Umeboshi plum on its own - a pinch - is useful for indigestion and other stomach troubles as well as being far out in food.

MONEY MATTERS: From past experiences both here and in the U.S. underground enterprises fail not from legal but from economic oppression. In this war the battle of OZ must count as the establishment's biggest success. They have drained £75,000 from our economy and closed two of the most widely read magazines --- at what loss? Well, a bit of publicity that will soon be forgotton and a few letters to the more liberal papers. That £75,000 was most irresponsibly spent. It should have started many more mags,

better than lost causes. We have to think of ourselves as an economic whole in order to plan the expenditure of our pennies to have the best effect.

brian smart.

There now follows a short extract from the Evening Anus, Brighton's sparkling evening paper. It is entitled

OZ: THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

We, as members of the Evening Argus (sic) and Brighton and Hove Gazett'e production staffs, would like to voice our opinion that the sentences on the editorial members of OZ were far too lenient, and it is a pity their hair was not cut much shorter.

We also feel that it is about time that some of these student protesters started to repay the money that we taxpayers have forked out to get them to this sick standard of education.

J.HOBDEN, J.HALIDAY, S.LONG, F.MATTHEWSON, A.DREW, A.BROWN, D.SOUTH, H.HARRIS, R.BEAN (yes BEAN), R.RANGEP, M.PPINCE, G.CHAMBERS, F.GANDER, R.CHAPMAN, A.SMITH, A.MANVILLE, D.RICHARDS, P.FRANCIS, H.ELLIS, G.MERRITT, R.WORRALL, J.EDWARDS, R.PACKHAM, L.MARKS, D.MARTIN.

Well......WHAT can we add to that....except to say we'll send THEM a bunch of flowers sometime.

WELCOME BACK JACKIE AND PAUL.....LOVE.

The Broughton trial, the end result of Brighton's first attempt at free music, began at the magistrates' court in Edward Street on Friday in front of a public gallery filled with heads. And they witnessed a notable victory for the defence as the first rounds were fired.

The driver of the Broughton bandwagon, Keith Landells, and the chick who was sitting next to him in the lorry, Julie Boyson, were the first to appear, charged with obstructing the police in the execution of their duty. They were defended by Michael Hastilow.

Insp. "Get off my patch "Roberts and P.C. Colin Raynes, the only two prosecution witnesses, managed to contradict most of the fundamental points of the other's evidence - thanks to clever cross-examination by our friend Hastilow. After a number of legal faux pas in which Raynes described a breach of the peace as "anything contrary to normal routine "- later qualified to "normal discipline or normal state of mind "- the mags, headed by a man who looked so ill and untogether that there was very real concern for his ability to last out the case, acquited Julie. Lack of space here means that we'll have to continue next week. The actual hearing has been adjourned to Sept. 28. BE THERE.

There is a potential project materialising in London, Kenya and Australia, to rip off the almost extinct animal species in Africa and transport them - with various other African animals - to Australia, a country as fascist as the South African regime.

Obviously this project involves a tremendous amount of money (\mathfrak{L}^1_4 million) and would re-direct tourism - which most African countries rely on. Australia would become a country zoo with ripped-off African animals. It is also apparant that those involved have a commercial enterprise in mind.

The points raised in this project are that the African population is increasing rapidly and they would have to resort to slaying the animals in order to survive. They also raised the issue of the lack of education of the African people in safeguarding the game reserves i.e. poaching and neglect. Finally they draw the conclusion that there is going to be violent revolution in Africa - and also have supposedly received reports of tourists feeling uptight in unstable African states.

If the interested movement were so concerned with conservation (as they make out) of wild life on the planet and especially in Africa, why don't they invest their capital, energy and co-ordination with the African people, to whom the animals belong?

nasso and maria.

PUZZLE OF THE WEEK

WHO IS L. St.J. Buckfield (Lt-Col. ret'd), of Cheshunt, Bucks? Who cares and why does it matter? Well this certain gentleman wrote a letter to the Brighton and Hove Gazzette complaining that on a recent visit to Hove he had seen "two lewd youngsters" in an uncompromising position on the beach. He aired every bigoted view going and a few more - capital punki (sorry, punishment), National Service, internment for anyone with long hair ("a dose of their own Red medicine"), a ban on pop music, a campaign to get us back into the churches, deportation for ALL foreigners "who are doing our society no good "("students, jazz musicians and ((yes I am not afraid to say it)) disgruntled coloured folk who don't appreciate what we British have done for them"). He thinks everyone should follow the example set by the royal family "who go about their task without complaint."

Anyway you'll have to have seen the letter (it was in the HERALD - not the Gazzette, by the way) to appreciate it. We checked on the army list going back to the war - no Lt. Col Buckfield. We checked the telephone directory - no Lt. Wol Buckfield. We checked the local post office - and guess what? No Lt. Col Buckfield.

Anyway the letter was a beautiful written forgery, whatever else. Written either by a very stoned freak, a shit-scared old man/woman or someone on the editorail staff of the paper. Either way YA BOO SUCKS to the Herald.