

ATILA 15

COMMUNES

AUGUST 14 1971 3p

ATTILA

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 free - 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.

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MARRIAGE 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 traits 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 ".

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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!!

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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.....

An army of police ambushed the OZ demo soon after it left Marble Arch on Wednesday afternoon.

Headed by a superb standard depicting a " rampant Rupert Bear at full tilt " the demonstrators, numbering about 500 in all, rounded the corner and found the Ulster building surrounded by about 100 policemen with ~~many~~ more cavalry 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 listened to Felix Dennis' said and few words of thanks and then split, leaving the rest of 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 Ghost, 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.

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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

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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.

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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.

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A SEPERATE REALITY, by CARLOS CASTANEDA... cont'd from ATTILA 14.

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 superb; 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 fatigue 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 way 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 ~~xxx~~ 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 ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

SEPERATE TREATY-----

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 in 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 referred 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 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 categorise a sorcerer.

In order to teach and corroborate his knowledge don Juan used three well-known psychotropic plants: peyote, *Lophophora williamsii*; jimson weed, *Datura innoxia*; and a species of mushroom which belongs to the genus *Psilocybe*. Through the separate 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 man to certain impersonal forces or "powers" and the states they produced as being the "meetings" that a sorcerer had to have with those "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 sorcerers 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 "smoke" 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 strenuous that by the end of 1965 I had to withdraw from the

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 "idea 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 granted.

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 minimize seriousness in general. He clowning 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". Apparently 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 science. It is perfectly possible that another person with 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

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 physiological 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 snake, 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 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 finality that an accomodation 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 tolerance 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 in terms of redistribution of wealth but concerned with what living should be about) the kindly old uncle becomes a savage defender of what he considers right and proper. He isn't evil or wicked; he's as much a victim of these 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 tolerance to life-styles they find confusing and impossible to understand. When someone tells them their way of life is worthless they are not likely to congratulate us.

What has all this to do with communes? The type of challenge we offer ( and every experiment in, living is a 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. That's the one game they understand and the one one above all others they are equipped to win. Blowing up the odd police computer simply gives them the excuse to lash out, providing us with a few martyrs over whose fate we gnash our teeth, don sackcloth and ashes and write furious rhetorical articles threatenng Armageddon 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 martyrs and martyrs are always heroes. The society we are challenging, in the words of William Morris " will not suffer itself to be dismembered....rather than lose anything which it considers of " importance " it will pull the roof of the world down upon its head. " That is truer today as it was in 1886.

If violence is useless, if expecting a re-definition of society's limits to politely absorb 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, frozen-balled, pocket Lenins replacing the poor old bastards we are trying to get rid of. Demonstrations ( which may serve the purpose of displaying revolutionary Virtue and Righteous 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 independence from their rules, I don't suggest that there would be no interference from the mental corpses who superintend our lives. Even so we should AIM at a condition where we are independant of THEIR economic pressures and productive system, THEIR political system, THEIR god-forsaken institutions, Now is this isn't going to happen overnight - 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 more country communes there were, the better, because city communes 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. Incidentally the more localised economic operation are the better. If we only have







FOREVER ATTILA ( cont'd )..

EMERGE anew???==== far fucking OUT!!!!!! Sykes and me dig all this publicity and fame, it's like Sunday Night at the London PALADIUM all over again - look at the stars, man, look at the stars. Wait a minute ( ) o.k so let's get today's show on the ROAD and coax a few cock-teasers out of the bag...Right on% It's the show on the road ( no it's not it's the STAR-SPANGLED BANNER ), it's the UNION-JACK. it's the Lincoln Festival of traditional and contemporary fuck...me and my friend SYKES was there and KOEEEEEE what a gAAAAz, crashed out as Buffy hit the high notes - her voice soft round the edges like hash cake, far away farawayawaraf;; showed bare flesh to the MULTITUDES and werebood - taunted man - told to "SIT DOWN" - told to "SHUT UP" + what kind of freackes were at that thing. Saw Rick, what a GROOVE.

Incidentally I'm still coming down and like Jammy 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 McScalIn 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<sup>s</sup> u<sup>t</sup> trouble, wait a minute ( ) o.k - its the day after = i feel<sup>j</sup> muuch better. peace and love brothers and sisters,let8s gett it together .me and my friend SYKES went into Brighton Wankers Bookshop the other day and sussed out their RED SHIT + these political arseholes 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 muuch! 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 then but not for ever. Has Handy  
 Just 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 symptom 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



OPEN AIR

# CHILDRENS PARTY

NEEDED -

BUNS - CAKES  
FRUIT - JELLIES  
SANDWICHES  
COMICS - BALLOONS

KINGSWOOD FLATS  
Next door to Police station  
Sunday - 3pm. 22 August

On the 22nd of August 1944

The last bomb dropped by the Germans landed on  
The town of Exeter. The explosion caused the premature birth

of ANNY - THE HAPPY ANNIVERSARIST  
COME TO THE PARTY



L I V E A N D L E T L O V E ? ..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.

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ALL KINDS OF BULLSHIT:

Street-sellers on the increase (though more needed). Attila 14 almost
a SELL-OUT. Even more outside contributors in this issue. Are the
people of Brighton at last making ATILIA their own alternative mag?
Are YOU making ATILIA 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 UNHAPPY ABOUT THE TYPING MISTAKES

When the Spanish conquerors invaded Mexico and Central America they were amazed at the good health of the people there, and at the superiority of Mayan and Aztec medicine. They learned that they could not use native herbal medicine and used it - with little effect - deciding, therefore, that it was useless. A Dr. 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 him, but that he was unable to see because of his Western orientation to "symptomatic" medicine - the treatment of symptoms of illness after they appear.

According to Aztec and Mayan belief each creature was made of one principal food which determined its superiority or inferiority. Man 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 meat from herbivorous animals. Children were fed solely on corn up till the age of 10 to make them strong and immune to disease. Indian Herbalists still advise their patients first and foremost to "return to the ears of Mother Corn" and many believe that herbs are of little use if cereals are not the principal food.

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

Western medicine is possibly the lowest form of medicine, being almost 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 doing 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 acupuncture 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 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, deadeners 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 harmful, 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 yourself as it is fairly common in woods gardens etc. In its second year it has burrs 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 sautéed 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 re-energiser.

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 symptomatic treatments:

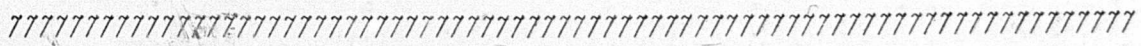
Syo-ban. Fill a tea cup one tenth with tamari soy sauce. Add hot green tea. Good for fatigue, injuries and relief of heart trouble.

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 fro 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 forgotten 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.

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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 Gazette 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.RANGER, M.PRINCE, 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.

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

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STOPRESSTOPRESSTOPRESS. BROUGHTON TRIAL...DEFENCE VICTORY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

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, acquitted 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 ( £1 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.

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#### 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 Gazette 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 ~~punish~~ ( 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 Gazette, 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. Col 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.