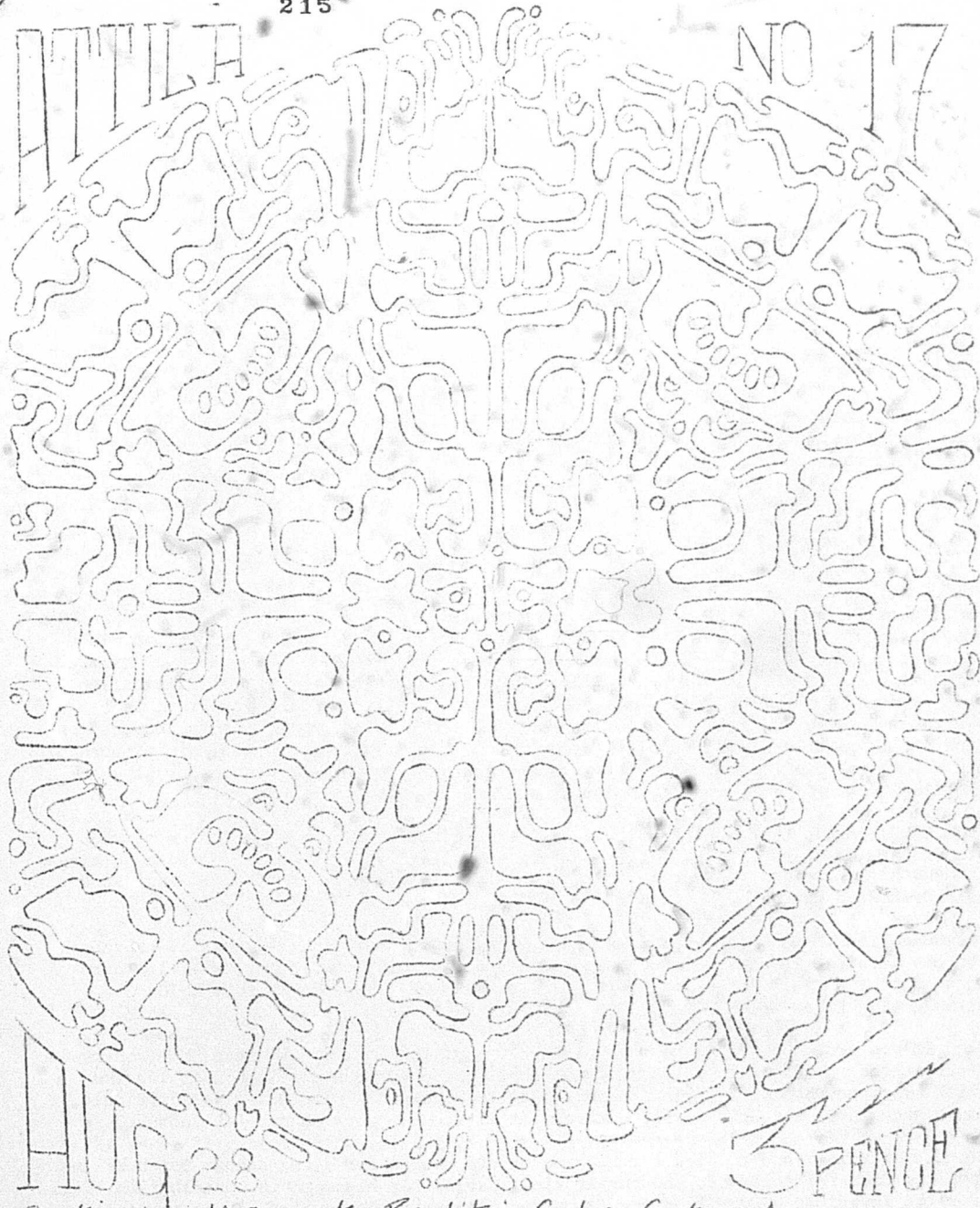


ATTILA

NO 17



AUG 28

3 PENCE

Continuing - 'A Seperate Reality' Carlos Castaneda.

ATTILA,
SATURDAY AUGUST 28,
1971.

DEMOCRACY: "Government by the people; that form of government in which the sovereign power resides in the people and is exercised either directly by them or by officers elected by them. In modern use often denotes a social state in which all have equal rights." Shorter Oxford English Dictionary Vol. 1.

DEMOCRACY: the right to choose between....the right to exercise control over your social destiny....

WHO is your M.P. ??? ..Did YOU elect him....did YOU agree that he should stand for election....Does HE represent YOU....does ANYONE represent YOU....WHO does he represent.....IS it a MAJORITY of the available electorate (taking into account those who voted for someone else and those who didn't vote at all....THEY didn't want him).....have you EVER seen him.....would HE EVER SEE YOU.....

DEMOCRACY: that means that the sovereign power rests with the people. That's you, me and Mary Whitehouse. who do YOU think is being listened to. who do you think is doing the ruling. Are they a Majority.

DEMOCRACY: or anarchy (government of the people, by the people, for the people). which is the dirty word....which thommore obscene....which do YOU prefer.....is anyone taking any notice of what you prefer, want, fool, do, think, and believe in?

DEMOCRACY has NEVER WORKED unless it has been accompanied by the firm belief that it DOES work....and it NEVER HAS.. Any political system (system of government) can only be adjudged a successful system when it promotes the PEACEFUL unity of the people towards a PEACEFUL end. Only because of our acceptance of the " reality " of strife, dissent, violence, crime, war and all the other joys which democratic civilisation has produced is anyone still under the impression that the social structure is a workable one. Once those " offshoots " of life are attributed to anxiety, repression and stress produced by the social system, the democratic process, the perhaps workable on a smaller, more communal level, is seen clearly to be a myth --- as unreal as a meeting between Tim Leary and the Queen Mum.

DEMOCRACY: a lie perpetuated by professional " elected officers " in order to keep their cars clean and shiny, their egos big and glittery.....a choice between nothing and nothing else.....a choice between last week's dinner re-heated and last week's dinner heated up....

DEMOCRACY: who really cares?? Is it really exercised anywhere?????? Has it PROVED, oh people, that it can be a successful basis for a political framework....if there has to be a political framework??? ARE YOU AWARE THAT YOU ARE IN POSSESSION OF A SOVEREIGN POWER WHICH YOU USE DAY AFTER DAY IN DECIDING THE AFFAIRS OF STATE?

And if you are.....try and prove to somebody that the last major decision taken by you/elected representative was a decision reached after consultation with YOU and with everyone who had anything to say about the matter. Or if that's too difficult, move back three spaces and miss a throw. It'll soon be your chance for another.

Thanks on this issue to Rick for running it off, Lorna for doing a huge batch of the typing, Mike for tolerance and inspiration, Carlos for his mammoth contribution, Bill for the invisible HOROSHI on page mmm and all our readers. Next week's issue is on violence. VIOLENCE. An emotive subject. Make sure of your emotive copy NOW!!!!

"The production of what are called PURKINGE'S FIGURES is another example of.... internal disturbances. If a person goes into a darkened room with a lighted candle, and, facing a blank, plain coloured wall, holds the candle to the side of the head, moving it up and down, the appearance of branching lines will be seen on the wall. These are shadows of the blood vessels of the retina." The Household Physician, page 456.

further on in the passage there is talk about "a person learning to judge of the actual existence of an outward object corresponding to to his sensation.... and a similar explanation applies to hallucinations..... and you don't need a candle and a dark room for them.

And more goodies.....

RAVIOLI AND SAUCE

Get some 100% whole wheat flour, add salt and a few roasted sesame seeds. Add water while moving with your hands until you have dough. Knead this a little, it doesn't need as much as for bread, and roll it out pretty thin. Take a bowl or something round about 4' or 5' in diameter and press down hard onto the pastry. Then cut round it with a knife or just lift the bowl and the circle should fall out with a little prodding. Make a lot of these.

Chop some vegetables very finely (dice) and fry them with tamari (soy sauce). Let them cool, take a tablespoon full or less and put it in the middle of a circle. Wet half the perimeter of the circle to help it stick and fold over the other half, then press down along the edge with a fork.

put some of these in some boiling water. They take about 5-10 mins. I never timed it. They are beautiful, just like the real thing.

Sauce

Mix a little tahini with water about 1/4 and heat. Mix some miso with a little water until you have a cream. Then stir it into the tahini. Remember miso is very strong. You can use tamari instead. Tahini goes through weird things when you cook it and you should stir it now and again. Let the sauce simmer for a while, it is best when it is quite thin. Then just pour a little on your drained Raviolo, Yum Yum.

A TERRIBLE BACKLASH TO THE COMMUNES ISSUE OF ATTILA....WRIT AND DELIVERED BY A RESIDENT OF OUR FAIR TOWN AND REPRINTED HEREWITH UNCUT AND UNADULTERATED.

I chanced upon your "Communes 2" issue of "Attila" in Tom's great new vegetarian restaurant in Trafalgar Street, and was alternately delighted and revolted by the food and the standard of writing in that order.

The only contribution worth reading was that which had been lifted from the "Communes" issue of September 1970 in which an attempt was made to set out the individual and social processes involved in the setting up of a commune, and

and these processes in relation to the main society.

Any student of sociology learns right at the beginning that society is formed of groups - groups of every size from one to a world, and everyone wants to have a place in at least one group, and to be able to relate to that group, and therefore himself to the whole world group - to achieve this is to obtain a satisfactory social role; to have difficulty in establishing a social identity is to experience distress at first socially, and then personally. (I suggest that anyone disagreeing with this should read D.H. Lawrence's "The Man Who Loved Islands").

Social groups even a hundred years ago were relatively simply structured:

- (i) the close family group - mother, father and children
- (ii) the outer family group - grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins etc.
- (iii) The immediate community - neighbours, close friends, work and business.
- (iv) The outer community - village or nearby streets, friends, vicar etc.
- (v) Place of village in relation to other villages, nearby town, county etc.
- (vi) Vague identification with country in relation to other countries, e.g. patriotism.
- (vii) "Brotherhood of Man", christian nations, lands under the moon, etc.

This sort of order is easily identified in autobiographical reminiscences such as "Cider with Rosie", "Coming up for Air", "Country Childhood", "Sons and Lovers", and meant that as a whole, populations had a very clear idea of who they were, and where they were, not only physically, but socially, (though at the same time it encouraged an insular and complacent attitude to life, generally regarded nostalgically as country, or working class "charm", much cultivated in paternalistic bedrooms and drawing rooms.)

Nowadays, most of this has gone, mass communication, both physically and by various media have broken up the old order until all that is left in the majority of cases is the inner family group on a brand new housing estate; semi-D, T.V., fully automated kitchen, and any other symbol of material prosperity you might imagine. The drivel put out by some of the battery housing estate firms belies the true situation, with the mother going quietly round the bend with Jimmy Young, Terry Wogan and other platitudinous idiots; the kids frustrated and bored in the "don't touch" glossy magazine decor, and the ten by ten privet lined patch outside; the neighbours on nodding terms after three years; and the husband off all day at work, commuting into town with the same grim-faced crowd, slaving to pay for the benefits of the fantastic 1970's prosperity we're all here to enjoy, and too tired and emotionally exhausted at home to enjoy anything but taking some of it out on his wife and the kids who lack the very thing he's had too much of.

Perhaps this is an extreme picture but it is a disturbingly increasing phenomenon of "20th century living", and unless a great deal more thought goes into long term social and environmental planning we're going to be a nation of neurotics at the very best not so very long from now. At present it seems unlikely that any of the institutions that govern our lives will concern themselves over this unless it suddenly resolves itself into a pressing economic problem which leaves it up to individuals to do what they can against the weight of the trend, which is backed by all the forces of a capitalist society.

The object therefore of a community project, or a "Commune", is to

set up an environment and life style which differs in some basic way from that of the surrounding environment and life style, and which reflects the beliefs of the individual members as to their personal and social identity and value.

It is not enough to opt out of the main society if one is immediately going to bring all ones hang-ups into an alternative one - communes aren't escapes, they're usually much more demanding personally and socially, at least in the early stages than drifting along in the main society, and as unfortunately communes tend to attract more escapists than anything else, they inevitably tend to fail because everyone is trying to hang onto everyone else.

A psychologist, Slater, proposed that there are basically three types of people in a working group: a popular person, a task specialist, and a worker; in the successful groups I have come across this pattern is undoubtedly repeated, as also is the estimation of another psychologist that the optimum number for a successful working group is six.

Spontaneous communes are all very well if it is realised that they are necessarily of short duration and are essentially dependent upon the structure of the relationships between the participants, which at the inception is in a state of flux as a result of mutually reinforcing relationships, but which can collapse as soon as the balance is upset by a shift in the relationships. The danger of such unstructured groups is that those who are in most need of help are those who generally receive least - the strong personalities gain from the relationships and generally are the forces behind the setting up and dissolution of the group - but those who have joined because they need the security of a group structure both personally and socially are the first to be cast off, the least accepted into the group, and receive the least reinforcement from the environment and the relationships. The idealism surrounding communes all too often ignores the reality of interrelationships, which in a relatively closed community and structured environment looms over all else as the maker or breaker of the whole scheme - it's easy enough to swallow your ideals, but it's a lot more difficult when half the group are apparently going through a bad patch and you are having to do the bulk of the work with little or no appreciation forthcoming of your efforts.

It may sound rather mercenary, but if a commune is to be made a lasting thing, a strong stable environment in which people can live as they believe and bring up their kids sheltered from some of the more unpleasant aspects of modern society until they are sufficiently self-aware to cope with them, then it must be not only materially but socially stable, which means not turning it into a crash pad for escapees from relationships/society/fuzz or any other temporary agent of distress to the exclusion of the interests of the basic members; it also means that unless there is a really good reason, everyone must pull his or her weight and not opt out every so often on the excuse that they can't cope with outside society, which seems to happen disturbingly often in spontaneous groups, and which generally leads to a pattern in which the girls go out to work basically to support themselves and their kids and the men become real hangers on. It's very easy to drop out as an individual when you feel you've had enough of being paid peanuts to earn another man's mint, but contrary to general belief, it's no good expecting to be able to do this within the security of a group structure - most group structures are so unstable as to be upset completely with the added strain of someone who as an individual may have very valid reasons for opting out, but who in a group, with a group responsibility

林林总总，形形色色，应有尽有，美不胜收。

This is a great sauce for anything. Heat a tablespoon of oil in a frying pan, put in a handful of flour and stir it, breaking up the lumps, all the time it will give off a beautiful smell. When it is uniformly light brown and smelling nice, let it cool. Put it in a heavy saucepan, add about 3 times as much water and mix it in with your hands. Bring to the boil stirring all the time, then turn the flame low and leave, the longer the better, 15 minutes at least. You can put anything in it now, fried vegetables, tahani, tamari, seaweed, salt and let it cook longer.

~~~~~

Mix tahini and water, heat and add apple juice, after a time the custard becomes very light and creamy.

At the beginning you cook from recipes, but sooner or later you'll become aware of exactly what it is you're doing. Using fire to change cereals and vegetables so that they can give their life to us through our stomachs. Cooking is meditation and survival.

Soon we are starting a postal service for people who live in the country. Naturally they have to go to the city to get good food. Also Biting Through No. 3, full of recipes. from LITERINITY.

*[Decorative flourish]*

The children's picnic/party/riot at Tinaland park on Sunday was a success because it WAS a kids' event. Food was devoured at the meeting point outside Kingswood Flats; thereafter the children made it happen themselves without any suggestion of staging or prompting. Many beautifully dressed freaks provided a gentle backdrop --- there was a lack of instruments etc., but no lack of sounds. Thank you kids.

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BED-SITTING ROOM with modern separate kitchen. c.h.w. Unobstructed sea views from a quiet house. Single £5.25 a week; double £6.50 for the same period. Contact Mrs. Parkes, 189, Eastern Road, Kemp Town any weeknd, any day after 3pm or Friday after 4pm.

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All articles, graphics, thoughts and other CREATIVE GOODIES for inclusion in  
ATTILA ( your fun weekly ) should arrive at UNICORN BOOKSHOP by 10pm wednesday.

A SEERATE REALITY, by Carlos Castaneda-....cont'd from ATILA 16.

PART ONE....The Preliminaries of " Seeing ".

April 2, 1968.

Don Juan looked at me for a moment and did not seem at all surprised to see me, even though it had been more than two years since I last visited him. He put his hand on my shoulder and smiled gently and said that I looked different, that I was getting fat and soft.

I had brought him a copy of my book. Without any preliminaries I took it out of my brief case and handed it to him.

" It's a book about you, don Juan, " I said.

He took it and flipped through the pages as if they were a deck of cards. He liked the green colour on the dust jacket and the height of the book. He felt the cover with his palms, turned it around a couple of times, and then handed it back to me. I felt a great surge of pride.

" I want you to keep it, " I said.

He shook his head with a silent laugh.

" I better not, " he said, and then added with a broad smile: "You know what we do with paper in Mexico. "

I laughed. I thought his touch of irony was beautiful.

We were sitting on a bench in the park of a small town in the mountainous area of central Mexico. I had had absolutely no way of letting him know about my intention of paying him a visit, but I was certain I was going to find him, and I did. I waited only a short while in that town before don Juan came down from the mountains and I found him at the market, at the stand of one of his friends. Don Juan told me, matter-of-factly, that I was there just in time to take him back to Sonora, and we sat in the park to wait for a friend of his, a Mazatec Indian with whom he lived.

We waited about three hours. We talked about different unimportant things, and toward the end of the day, right before his friend came, I related to him some events I had witnessed a few days before.

During my trip to see him my car broke down in the outskirts of a city and I had to stay in town for three days while it was being repaired. There was a motel across the street from the auto shop, but the outskirts of towns are always depressing for me, so I took lodgings in a modern eight-story hotel in the center of town.

The bellboy told me that the hotel had a restaurant, and when I came down to eat I found that there were tables out on the sidewalk. It was a rather handsome arrangement set on the street corner under some low brick arches of modern lines. It was cool outside and there were empty tables, yet I preferred to sit in the stuffy indoors. I had noticed upon entering that a group of shoeshine boys were sitting on the curb in front of the restaurant, and I was certain that they would have hounded me had I taken one of the outside tables. From where I was seated I could see the group of boys through the glass window. A couple of young men took a table and the boys flocked around them, asking to shine their shoes. The young men refused and I was amazed to see that the boys did not insist and went back to sit on the curb. After a while three men in business suits got up and left and the boys ran to their table and began eating the leftovers; in a matter of seconds the plates were clean..The same thing happened with leftovers on all the other tables.

I noticed that the children were quite orderly; if they spilled water they sponged it up with their own shoeshine cloths. I also noticed the thoroughness of their scavenging procedures. They even ate the ice cubes left in the glasses of water and the lemon peel from the tea. There was absolutely nothing that

they wasted.

In the course of the time I stayed in the hotel I found out that there was an agreement between the children and the manager of the restaurant; the boys were allowed to hang about the premises to make some money from the customers and were also allowed to eat the leftovers, provided that they did not harass anybody and did not break anything. There were eleven in all, ranging in age from five to twelve; the oldest, however, was kept at a distance from the rest of the group. They deliberately ostracised him, taunting him with a singsong that he already had pubic hair and was too old to be among them.

After three days of watching them go like vultures after the most meagre of leftovers I became truly despondent, and I left that city feeling that there was no hope for those children whose world was already moulded by their day-after-day struggle for crumbs.

"Do you feel sorry for them?" don Juan exclaimed in a questioning tone.

"I certainly do," I said.

"Why?"

"Because I'm concerned with the well-being of my fellow men. Those children and their world is ugly and cheap."

"Wait! Wait! How can you say that their world is ugly and cheap?" don Juan said, mocking my statement. "You think that you're better off, don't you?"

I said I did; and he asked me why; and I told him that in comparison to those children's world mine was infinitely more varied and rich in experiences and in opportunities for personal satisfaction and development. Don Juan's laughter was friendly and genuine. He said that I was not careful with what I was saying, that I had no way of knowing about the richness and the opportunities in the world of those children.

I thought don Juan was being stubborn. I really thought he was taking the opposite view just to annoy me. I sincerely believed that those children did not have the slightest chance for any intellectual growth.

I argued my point for a while longer and then don Juan asked me bluntly, "Didn't you once tell me that in your opinion man's greatest accomplishment was to become a man of knowledge?"

I had said that, and I repeated again that in my opinion to become a man of knowledge was one of the greatest intellectual accomplishments.

"Do you think that your very rich world would ever help you to become a man of knowledge?" don Juan asked with slight sarcasm.

I did not answer and he then worded the same question in a different manner, a thing I always do to him when I think he does not understand.

"In other words," he said, smiling broadly, obviously aware that I was cognizant of his ploy, "can your freedom and opportunities help you to become a man of knowledge?"

"No!" I said emphatically.

"Then how could you feel sorry for those children?" he said seriously. "Any of them could become a man of knowledge. All the men of knowledge I know were kids like those you saw eating leftovers and licking the tables."

Don Juan's argument gave me an uncomfortable sensation. I had not felt sorry for those underprivileged children because they did not have enough to eat, but because in my terms their world had already condemned them to be intellectually inadequate. And yet in don Juan's terms any of them could achieve what I believed to be the epitome of man's intellectual accomplishment, the goal of becoming a man of knowledge. My reason for pitying them was incongruous. Don Juan had nailed me neatly.

"Perhaps you're right," I said. "But how can one avoid the desire, the genuine desire, to help our fellow men?"

"How do you think one can help them?"

"By alleviating their burden. The least one can do for our fellow men is to try to change them. You yourself are involved in doing that. Aren't you?"

"No. I'm not. I don't know what to change or why to change anything in my fellow men."



- "What about me, don Juan? Weren't you teaching me so I could change?"
- "No. I'm not trying to change you. It may happen that one day you may become a man of knowledge -- there's no way to know that -- but that will not change you. Some day perhaps you'll be able to see men in another mode and then you'll realise that there's no way to change anything about them."
- "What's this other mode of seeing men, don Juan?"
- "Men look different when you see. The little smoke will help you to see men as fibres of light."
- "Fibres of light?"
- "Yes. Fibres, like white cobwebs. Very fine threads that circulate from the head to the navel. Thus a man looks like an egg of circulating fibres. And his arms and legs are like luminous bristles, bursting out in all directions."
- "Is that the way everyone looks?"
- "Everyone. Besides, every man is in touch with everything else, not through his hands, though, but through a bunch of long fibres that shoot out from the centre of his abdomen. Those fibres join a man to his surroundings; they keep his balance; they give him stability. So, as you may see some day, a man is a luminous egg, whether he's a beggar or a king and there's no way to change anything; or rather, what could be changed in that luminous egg? What?"

## 2.

My visit to don Juan started a new cycle. I had no trouble falling back again into my old pattern of enjoying his sense of drama and his humour and patience with me. I definitely felt that I had to visit him more often. Not to see don Juan was indeed a great loss for me; besides, I had something of particular interest that I wanted to discuss with him.

After I had finished the book about his teachings I began to re-examine the field notes I had not used. I had discarded a great deal of data because my emphasis had been on the states of non-ordinary reality. Rehashing my old notes I had come to the conclusion that a skillful sorcerer could bring forth the most specialised range of perception in his apprentice by simply "manipulating social cues." My whole argument about the nature of these manipulatory procedures rested on the assumption that a loader was needed to bring forth the necessary range of perception. I took as a specific test case the sorcerers' peyote meetings. I contended that in those meetings sorcerers reached an agreement about the nature of reality without any overt exchange of words or signs, and my conclusion was that a very sophisticated code was employed by the participants to arrive at such an agreement. I had constructed a complex system to explain the code and procedures, so I went back to see don Juan to ask his personal opinion and advice about my work.

May 21, 1968.

Nothing out of the ordinary happened during my trip to see don Juan. The temperature in the desert was over a hundred degrees and was quite uncomfortable. The heat subsided in the late afternoon and by the time I arrived at his house, in the early evening, there was a cool breeze. I was not very tired, so we sat in his room and talked. I felt comfortable and relaxed, and we talked for hours. It was not a conversation that I would have liked to record; I was not really trying to make great sense or trying to draw great meaning; we talked about the weather, the crops, his grandson, the Yaqui Indians, the Mexican government. I told don Juan how much I enjoyed the exquisite sensation of talking in the dark. He said that my statement was consistent with my talkative nature; that it was easy for me to like chatting in the darkness because talking was the only thing I could do at that time, while sitting around. I argued that it was more than the mere act of talking that I enjoyed. I said that I relished the soothing warmth of the darkness around us. He asked me what I did at home when it was dark. I said that invariably I would turn on the lights or I would go out into the lighted streets until it was time to go to sleep.

"Oh," he said incredulously. "I thought you had learned to use the darkness."  
 "What can you use it for?" I asked.  
 He said the darkness -- he called it "the darkness of the day" -- was the best time to "see". He stressed the word "see" with a peculiar inflection. I wanted to know what he meant by that, but he said it was too late to go into it then.

May 22, 1968.

As soon as I woke up in the morning, and without any preliminaries, I told don Juan that I had constructed a system to explain what took place at a peyote meeting, a mitote. I took my notes and read to him what I had done. He listened patiently while I struggled to elucidate my schemata.

I said that I believed a covert loader was necessary in order to cue the participants so they could arrive at any pertinent agreement. I pointed out that people attend a mitote in order to seek the presence of Moscalito and his lessons about the right way to live; and that those persons never exchange a word or a gesture among them, yet they agree about the presence of Moscalito and his specific lesson. At least that was what they purportedly did in the mitotes I had attended: they agreed that Moscalito had appeared to them individually and had given them a lesson. In my personal experience I had found that the form of the individual visit of Moscalito and his consequent lesson were strikingly homogeneous, although varying in content from person to person. I could not explain this homogeneity except as a result of a subtle and complex system of cueing.

It took me close on two hours to read and explain to don Juan the scheme I had constructed. I ended my talk by begging him to tell me in his own words what were the exact procedures for reaching agreement.

When I had finished he frowned. I thought he must have found my explanation challenging; he appeared to be involved in deep deliberation. After a reasonable silence I asked him what he thought about my idea.

My question made him suddenly turn his frown into a smile and then into roaring laughter. I tried to laugh too and asked nervously what was so funny.

"You're dorranged," he exclaimed. "Why should anyone be bothered with cueing at such an important time as a mitote? Do you think one ever fools around with Moscalito?" I thought for a moment that he was being evasive; he was not really answering my question.

"Why should anyone cue?" don Juan asked stubbornly. "You have been in mitotes. You should know that no one told you how to feel, or what to do; no one except Moscalito himself."

I insisted that such an explanation was not possible and begged him again to tell me how the agreement was reached.

"I know why you have come," don Juan said in a mysterious tone. "I can't help you in your endeavour because there is no system of cueing."

"But how can all those persons agree about Moscalito's presence?"

"They agree because they see," don Juan said dramatically, and then added casually,

"Why don't you attend another mitote and see for yourself?"

I felt that was a trap. I did not say anything but put my notes away. He did not insist.

A while later he asked me to drive him to the house of one of his friends. We spent most of the day there. During the course of a conversation his friend John asked me what had become of my interest in peyote. John had provided the peyote buttons for my first experience nearly eight years before. I did not know what to say to him. Don Juan came to my aid and told John I was doing fine.

On our way back to don Juan's house I felt obligated to make a comment about John's question and I said, among other things, that I had no intention of learning any more about peyote, because it required a kind of courage I did not have; and that I had really meant it when I said I had quit.

Don Juan smiled and did not say anything. I kept on talking until we got to his house.

We sat on the clean area in front of the door. It was a warm, clear day, but there was enough of a breeze in the late afternoon to make it pleasant.

"Why do you have to push it so hard?" don Juan said suddenly. "How many years now have you been saying that you don't want to learn any more?"

"Three."

"Why are you so vehement about it?"

"I feel that I'm betraying you, don Juan. I think that's why I'm always talking about it."

"You're not betraying me."

"I have failed you. I have run away. I feel I am defeated."

"You do what you can. Besides, you haven't been defeated yet. What I have to teach you is very hard. I, for instance, found it perhaps even harder than you."

"But you kept at it, don Juan. My case is different. I gave up and I have come to see you not because I want to learn, but only because I wanted to ask you to clarify a point in my work."

Don Juan looked at me for a moment and then he looked away.

"You ought to let the smoke guide you again," he said forcefully.

"No, don Juan, I can't use your smoke any more. I think I have exhausted myself."

"You haven't even begun."

"I am too afraid."

"So you're afraid. There is nothing new about being afraid. Don't think about your fear. Think about the wonders of seeing."

"I sincerely wish I could think about those wonders, but I can't. When I think of your smoke I feel a sort of darkness coming upon me. It is as if there were no more people on the earth, no one to turn to. Your smoke has shown me the ultimate of loneliness, don Juan."

"That's not true. Take me, for example. The smoke is my ally and I don't feel such a loneliness."

"But you're different; you've conquered your fear."

Don Juan patted me gently on the shoulder.

"You're not afraid," he said softly. His voice carried a strange accusation.

"Am I lying about my fear, don Juan?"

"I'm not concerned with lies," he said severely. "I'm concerned with something else. The reason you don't want to learn is not because you're afraid. It's something else."

"I vehemently urged him to tell me what it was. I pleaded with him, but he did not say anything; he just shook his head as if he could not believe I did not know it."

I told him that perhaps it was inertia which kept me from learning. He wanted to know the meaning of the word "inertia". I read to him from my dictionary: "The tendency of matter to remain at rest if at rest, or, if moving, to keep moving in the same direction, unless affected by some outside force."

"Unless affected by some outside force," he repeated. "That's about the best word you've found. I've told you already, only a crackpot would undertake the task of becoming a man of knowledge of his own accord. A sober-headed man has to be tricked into doing it."

"I'm sure there must be scores of people who would gladly undertake the task," I said.

"Yes, but those don't count. They are usually cracked. They are like gourds that look fine from the outside and yet they would leak the minute you put pressure on them, the minute you filled them with water."

"I had to trick you into learning once, the same way my benefactor tricked me. Otherwise you wouldn't have learned as much as you did. Perhaps it's time to trick you again."

The tricking to which he was referring was one of the most crucial points of my apprenticeship. It had taken place years before, yet in my mind it was as vivid as if it had just happened. Through very artful manipulations don Juan had once forced me into a direct and terrifying confrontation with a woman reputed to be a sorceress. The clash resulted in a profound animosity on her part. Don Juan exploited my fear of the woman as

motivation to continue with the apprenticeship, claiming that I had to learn more about sorcery in order to protect myself against her magical onslaughts. The end results of his "tricking" were so convincing that I sincerely felt I had no other recourse than to learn as much as possible if I wanted to stay alive.

"If you're planning to scare me again with that woman I simply won't come back any more," I said.

Don Juan's laughter was very joyous.

"Don't worry," he said reassuringly. "Tricks with fear won't work with you any more. You're no longer afraid. But if it is needed, you can be tricked wherever you are; you don't have to be around here for that."

He put his arms behind his head and lay down to sleep. I worked on my notes until he woke up a couple of hours later; it was almost dark then. Noticing that I was writing, he sat up straight and, smiling, asked me if I had written myself out of my problem.

### May 23, 1968.

We were talking about Oaxaca. I told don Juan that once I had arrived in the city on a day when the market was open, a day when scores of Indians from all over the area flock to town to sell food and all kinds of trinkets. I mentioned that I was particularly interested in a man who was selling medicinal plants. He carried a wooden kit in which he kept a number of small jars with dry, shredded plants, and he stood in the middle of the street holding one jar, yelling a very peculiar singsong.

"I bring here," he would say, "for fleas, flies, mosquitoes, and lice.

"Also for pigs, horses, goats and cows.

"I have here for all the maladies of man.

"The mumps, the measles, rheumatism, and gout.

"I bring here for the heart, the liver, the stomach, and the loin.

"Come near, ladies and gentlemen.

"I bring here for fleas, flies, mosquitoes, and lice."

I had listened to him for a long time. His format consisted of enumerating a long list of man's diseases for which he claimed to have a cure; the device he used to give rhythm to his singsong was to pause after naming a set of four.

Don Juan said that he also used to sell herbs in the market in Oaxaca when he was young. He said he still remembered his selling pitch and he yelled it for me. He said that he and his friend Vicente used to make concoctions.

"Those concoctions were really good," don Juan said. "My friend Vicente used to make great extracts of plants."

I told don Juan that once during one of my trips to Mexico I had met his friend Vicente. Don Juan seemed to be surprised and wanted to know more about it.

I was driving through Durango at that time and remembered that don Juan had once told me I should pay a visit to his friend, who lived there. I looked for him and found him, and talked to him for a while. Before I left he gave me a sack with some plants and a series of instructions for replanting one of them.

I stopped on my way to the town of Aguas Calientes. I made sure there were no people around. For at least ten minutes I had been watching the road and the surrounding areas. There had not been any houses in sight, not cattle grazing alongside the road. I stopped on the top of a small hill; from there I could see the road ahead and behind me. It was deserted in both directions as far into the distance as I could see. I waited for a few minutes to orient myself and to remember don Vicente's instructions. I took one of the plants, walked into a field of cacti on the east side of the road, and phanted it as don Vicente had instructed me. I had with me a bottle of mineral water with which I intended to sprinkle the plant. I tried to open it by hitting the cap with the small iron bar I had used as a digging stick, but the bottle exploded and a glass sliver nicked my upper lip and made it bleed.

I walked back to my car to get another bottle of mineral water. As I was getting it out of my trunk a man driving a VW station wagon stopped and asked me if I needed help. I said that everything was all right and he drove away. I returned to water the plant and then



I started back toward my car. when I was perhaps a hundred foot away I heard some voices. I hurried down a slope onto the highway and found three Mexicans at the car, two men and one woman. One of the men was sitting on the front bumper. He was perhaps in his late thirties, of medium height, with curly black hair. He was carrying a bundle on his back and was wearing old slacks and a worn out pinkish shirt. His shoes were untied and perhaps too big for his feet; they seemed to be loose and uncomfortable. He was sweating profusely.

The other man was standing about twenty feet away from the car. He was small-boned and shorter than the other man, and his hair was straight and combed backwards. He carried a smaller bundle and was older, perhaps in his late forties. His clothes were in better condition. He had on a dark blue jacket, light blue slacks, and black shoes. He was not perspiring at all and seemed aloof, uninterested.

The woman appeared to be also in her forties. She was fat and had a very dark complexion. She wore black Capris, a white sweater, and black, pointed shoes. She did not carry a bundle, but was holding a portable transistor radio. She seemed to be very tired and her face was covered with beads of perspiration.

When I approached them the younger man and the woman accosted me. They wanted a ride. I told them I did not have any space in my car. I showed them that the back seat was loaded to capacity and there was really no room left. The man suggested that if I drove slowly they could go perched on the back bumper, or lying across the front fender. I thought the idea was preposterous. Yet there was such an urgency in their plea that I felt very sad and ill at ease. I gave them some money for their bus fare.

The younger man took the bills and thanked me, but the older man turned his back disdainfully.

"I want transportation," he said. "I'm not interested in money."

Then he turned to me. "Can't you give us some food or water?" he asked.

I really had nothing to give them. They stood there looking at me for a moment and then they began to walk away.

I got into my car and tried to start the motor. The heat was very intense and the motor seemed to be flooded. The younger man stopped when he heard the starter grinding and came back and stood behind my car ready to push it. I felt a tremendous apprehension. I was actually panting desperately. The motor finally ignited and I zoomed away.

After I had finished relating this, don Juan remained pensive for a long while.

"Why haven't you told me this before?" he said without looking at me.

I did not know what to say. I shrugged my shoulders and told him that I never thought it was important.

"It's damn important," he said. "Vicente is a first-rate sorcerer. He gave you something to plant because he had his reasons; and if you encountered three people who seemed to have popped out of nowhere right after you had planted it, there was a reason for that too; but only a fool like you would disregard the incident and think it wasn't important." He wanted to know exactly what had taken place when I paid don Vicente the visit.

I told him that I was driving across town and passed by the market; I got the idea of looking for don Vicente then. I walked into the market and went to the section for medicinal herbs. There were three stands in a row but they were run by three fat women. I walked to the end of the aisle and found another stand around the corner. There I saw a thin, small-boned, white-haired man. He was at that moment selling a birdcage to a woman. I waited around until he was by himself and then I asked him if he knew don Vicente Modrano. He looked at me without answering.

"What do you want with that Vicente Modrano?" he finally said.

I told him I had come to pay him a visit on behalf of his friend, and gave him don Juan's name. The old man looked at me for an instant and then he said he was Vicente Modrano and was at my service. He asked me to sit down. He seemed to be pleased, very relaxed, and genuinely friendly. I told him about my friendship with don Juan. I felt that there was an immediate bond of sympathy between us. He told me he had known don Juan since they were in their twenties. Don Vicente had only words of praise for don Juan. Toward the end of our conversation he said in a vibrant tone: "Juan is a true man of knowledge. I myself

have dwelled only briefly with plant powers. I was myself always interested with their curative properties; I have even collected botany books, which I sold only recently. " He remained silent for a moment; he rubbed his chin a couple of times. He seemed to be searching for a proper word.

" You may say that I am only a man of lyric knowledge, " he said. " I'm not like Juan, my Indian brother. "

Don Vicente was silent again for another moment. His eyes were glassy and were staring at the floor by my left side.

Then he turned to me and said almost in a whisper, " Oh, how high soars my Indian brother! "

Don Vicente got up. It seemed that our conversation was finished.

If anyone else had made a statement about an Indian brother I would have taken it for a cheap cliché. Don Vicente's tone, however, was so sincere and his eyes were so clear that he enraptured me with the image of his Indian brother soaring so high. And I believed he meant what he had said.

" Lyric knowledge, my eye! " don Juan exclaimed after I had recounted the whole story.

" Vicente is a brujo. why did you go to see him? "

I reminded him that he himself had asked me to visit don Vicente.

" That's absurd! " he exclaimed dramatically. " I said to you, some day, when you know how to see, you should pay a visit to my friend Vicente; that's what I said. Apparently you were not listening. "

I argued that I could find no harm in having met don Vicente, that I was charmed by his manners and his kindness.

Don Juan shook his head from side to side and in a half-kidding tone expressed his bewilderment at what he called my " baffling good luck. " He said that my visiting don Vicente was like walking into a lion's den armed with a twig. Don Juan seemed to be agitated, yet I could not see any reason for his concern. Don Vicente was a beautiful man. He seemed so frail; his strangely haunting eyes made him look almost otherworldly. I asked don Juan how a beautiful person like that could be dangerous.

" You're a damn fool, " he said and looked stern for a moment. " He won't cause you any harm by himself. But knowledge is power, and once a man embarks on the road of knowledge he's no longer liable for what may happen to those who come in contact with him. You should have paid him a visit when you knew enough to defend yourself; not from him, but from the power he has harnessed, which, by the way, is not his or anybody else's. Upon hearing that you were my friend, Vicente assumed that you knew how to protect yourself and then made you a gift. He apparently liked you and must have made you a great gift, and you chucked it. What a pity. "

More of ATTILA's exclusive serialisation of Carlos' adventures in education in next week's issue. Don't miss the next exciting instalment ---- on sale almost nowhere at all except at UNICORN, and other like-minded establishments.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 FLEE the fuzz on my Triton. '69 reg. Lots of Goodies and yours for £130.0.n.o.  
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\*\*\*\*\*

## The Brighton Combination Moves On

Since chief cops said "we want the scum out of this town" and made the Combination close its West Street place down a year ago, we have been touring the land with three shows, playing in a wide variety of places: colleges, community centres, studio theatres, youth clubs, adventure playgrounds, streets, and to a wide variety of audiences.

We are now moving to London, to make a permanent home for the Combination at the Albany Centre, a community centre in Deptford, East End. Deptford is large, with the usual fuckups of a depressed urban area: racial tension, massive unemployment, bleak estates, and no leisure facilities: no cinema at all, few coffee bars or discotheques, old pubs and corner cafes being pulled down, let alone live plays. Yet despite (no because of) all this, there is a genuine sense of community. When people are up against the wall they really do need each other (they also clobber each other, but that's what the culture teaches at any level of society).

It is to the advantage of an exploitative, repressive and fragmenting culture-economy to promote the alienation of the repressed from each other and themselves. In an area such as Deptford it is to the advantage of the status quo to make sure that there are no places where the people of the area can meet. Keep them glued to the box, they won't begin to relate to each other, and perhaps want to change a little thing or three. Bust them for being in the street, where there's nothing for them to do anyway, and who cares if it's the only place to escape from a boxhouse too small for a too large too hungry too noisy family.

The Combination will set up basically a radical arts-in-community project: not an attempt to provide a little haven of culture which will help people to forget their situation more, but a community orientated project which will bring the community together.

By helping to integrate the Albany Centre into the daily lives and consciousness of the community, the people will not only be able to have somewhere to meet with each other at communal events, but will come into contact with the work of the Albany: Home of the East London Squatters, the East End Claimants Union, of Tenants Associations, Housing Associations, youth workers, playgroups etc. The

Albany is a radical organisation in that it does not see its role as social-theapy-unit (solve their problems for them so that they never see the roots), but as a catalyst in the community for community action, based on raised consciousness.

The Combination will initiate in the Albany a workshop, well equipped and always accessible, where a wide variety of work will take place, and where people from the community will hopefully explore their own creative potential. A coffee-bar is planned, an eventually a cinema and a discotheque. The core of our own work will be live performance, as it was in Brighton. As we realised in Brighton, and was confirmed for us on tour, the context of the live show is as important as the content. The place defines the audience totally. The well-heeled and the turned on intellectuals will visit the Gardener Centre, but not the kids from the

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(cont) from the town. The social institutionalisation of Theatre, and its appropriation of the concept of live drama by the bourgeois life-style has alienated the majority of the population from a medium of vast potential.

A Radical theatre (radical in the widest sense), in a context of community, rid of dead traditions and protocol, can help to take the vital steps towards articulating needs, fantasies, desires and above all experiences. To work within the community is vital, to be part of it. In Liverpool we realised that 50% of the effect we had on the kids was ourselves as a group, working and living together, having a ball but with no money and no desire to be a telly star. That's the beauty of live performance, its one step in a continuing relationship with constant feedback. We learn as much as they do. Again, from within the community, to know it.

Live performance is our medium because we believe a live, two-way communication is essential to a process where people start questioning.

We will do things of our own - a spectacle-pantomime at Xmas, a music hall (weekly, eventually), shows on specific issues, a Housing Play, maybe, plus work with local children from classes and workshops to their own shows. Also next summer a playscheme in the streets, parks, concrete deserts of Deptford. A demystified theatre which can draw on the common imaginative response of its community, act as a catalyst to awareness and action.

That's how we project into the future. We are full of hope but we know we could fail. But we are still optimistic. We wanted to let our friends in Brighton know where we are going and why. We feel we owe a lot to the people here, we learned a lot, still are come to that.

Looking at the scene in Brighton, slightly outside it now, we are made happy to see what is developing here now, a new development. Which way will it lead? It could be good. We still feel involved, and want personally to retain a feedback with a something which is taking the same path as ourselves but by a slightly different route (we'll all meet at the roots). In the last year this has sometimes been difficult. Due to many things, past hassles at West Street, our own arrogance maybe, your involvement with your here-and-now in Brighton.

But there can be no 'either/or' way to get to our common goal. That may be disputed by the 'if you don't get back to the land and your arschmuck' people and the 'grab this pamphlet grab this gun cos I say so' boys in their respective polar regions, but we can be work and learn together, learn from each others different experiences.

The criteria for any action must be inner motivation, one's own satisfaction and spiritual wholeness. We all find our own ways to that. Action can and should be in many and various ways levels and places. We dig what we do, the people who make up the combination, its necessary to us, we believe in it. But we don't want to turn our backs on the experiences and actions of others. We can learn.



(cont) On a practical level, the Deptford project should enable people from Brighton who want to do work with us, to do so. If someone wanted to come up and teach people to make tiles, say, we have a kiln, we could set up a project for a few days. Next summer we will need help to run a summer long carnival-playscheme-spectalar. We'll have dances and will need groups.

We're keeping on a room at 9 Clifton Road, so we will be in Brighton after we have moved. Our address in London is:

The Combination  
The Albany  
Creek Road  
London SE8 (OI 692/2779).

By the autumn, we will be glad to see anyone from Brighton who could come and be involved in anything for short or longer periods. No bread, but time, space, equipment, people.

I feel that sometimes we haven't tried to communicate enough of what we are trying to do, to people here. It happened at West Street I know. I hope this short article will help. We can learn.

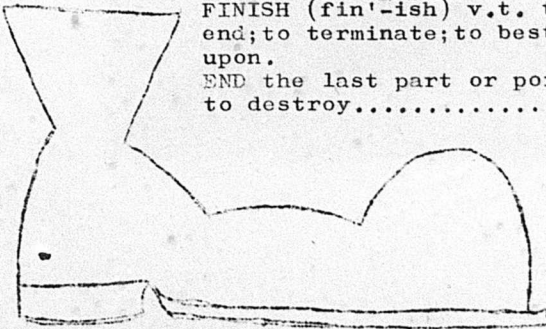
From: John John John  
Noel Jenny  
Katya Christina  
Marcel Jim  
Carolyn Brenda

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#### A BALLAD OF THE WESTMINSTER ENGLISH DICTIONARY

DEMOCRACY (de-mok'-ra-si) n. government for the people, as the supreme power, by the peoples representatives; the people regarded as the rulers.  
GOVERNMENT exercise of authority; system of polity in a state; territory over which rule is exercised; administrative body; the executive power; the ministry.  
AUTHORITY legal power; influence of character, of office or station; official opinion, furnishing or precedent.  
POWER ability to act; might; energy; authority.  
ACT to perform especially on the stage.  
PERFORM to bring to completion; to fulfill; to represent on the stage.  
COMPLETE. To finish  
FINISH (fin'-ish) v.t. to bring to an end; to put to an end; to terminate; to bestow the utmost possible labour upon.  
END the last part or point; termination; close of life; to destroy.....(?)

Richard



COMMUNES continued (?)

There can't be too many people in Brighton who are commune-orientated (!) Enough for one commune in Brighton? enough for two ? (one in Brighton complimenting one in the country) Many people at first thought may be against it. As has been said we have got to get together to make the most of our resources; maybe ultimately even to continue. What are our resources? lets find out. You may be wealthier than you imagine. Fill in the questionnaire below, no name or address is necessary which, makes your information safe, as it will only be published (in Attila) submerged in a general summary. It will show what our assets are, it may leave us still feeling separated or it may inspire us to get it together.

.....  
COMMUNE QUESTIONNAIRE

1. What is your+ potential capital?
  2. Do you own or have a mortgage on a house?
  3. Do you own a vehicle?
  4. What is your occupation?
  5. What other skills do you have?
  6. List all useful equipment that you own?
  7. Anything else worth noting?
- + you and or your household.

Get the questionnaire to: Richard at Attila, Unicorn Bookshop

IF YOU THINK SOMETHING'S WRONG  
THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG !

---

(This was written before No. 16 Attila was out, Paul and Jackie's article of that issue addressed itself to some of the same issues as this - (something in the air!))

"Who can deny, who can deny,  
It's not just a change in style.  
One step's done and another's begun  
and I wonder how many miles?"

New Speedway boogie  
The Greatful Dead

Last summer (not long ago) there was an event held in Brighton called 'The South Sea Bubble'. Recaps are a drag - so with some brevity and that good old benefit of hindsight let's just remember what happened (or rather, didn't happen) when the bubble burst.

The enormous amount of energy (that took months to produce a 3 day - albeit explosive - event) had - when the festival was over - simply - nowhere else to go - a long flat summer.

Decay and rebirth: in that flatness an analysis was made of its implications - by most of the good people who now include their heads and activities in what the 'Gutter Press' has christened the 'Brighton Tribe' - And out of that came the small and vital (sometimes great) notion that we gotta W.O.R.K. and B.U.I.L.D. the structure of our own society (the way/place we want to live in) - one that can be inhabited for 12 months of the year.

And then - so... since the time and place of that none too profound but important point that we made to/for ourselves - we've got a LIST (that's new) on the back of mags (that are now) of places and people and energy that we have got on - in a year.

And coming together - as an expression of (and an experiment with) the beginnings we all felt, the freewheelers (not so tied to the counter/stove/printing press) got into some things maybe called bus-trips - giving us some territory (however weird it was wired) to explore our own and each others' viewpoint of reality - and 'tho the fuel is an unstable one, we didn't blow it and grew together - into our shops and families - into gatherings - Glastonbury, and finding that (wow!) lots of (more of!) us were on that ride too) giving us our people's picnics, and (and).... well you know what else - you were there.

So to here (and now) and MAYBE it's just that it's rained a lot in August, and its a Leo time thing (often can't settle in the places they can point to - and then good old Virgo's coming up can get as back to EARTH and cool us out) OR is it that we (like everyone else?) DO need a good holiday (and - worse but still maybe - some of you - only seemed to want what we now have - and will over be disappointed with a destination you thought you ought to buy a ticket for).

So, whatever - IT is now being heard around (so far only) behind hands - to heads that only nod a "Yeah, well perhaps so" agreement that - Things ain't quite or.... well right here and there, that in fact somethings wrong. And, now that, in its own sweet way makes... some-thing wrong.

When truckin', the good old Greatful Dead (who leave more signposts for us than anyone) mention:

"Somotimes the lights all shinin' on me,  
other times I can barely see,  
Lately it occurs to me  
what a long strange trip its been"

And (please remember and, don't forget) STILL IS: But what did we ever think this NEW way of ours was? So sure we'll fuck-up somotimes and make mistakes (tho' none so grave as expecting others not to make them) and who else is there to do what we have got to do - and (really) don't forget - we are the best community we've got - because we're the only one!

The course was set, by the first steps we took in this last (and amazing) year, to build - on LOVE and TRUST and HONESTY - A society of free people - that may with all sorts of luck, replace the structure around us - that is falling apart, at its guilt and violence eroded seams.

So could we ever think this was EASY. Have we not merely begun - a first step taken in perhaps a journey we will never complete (so right on Paul and Jackio - it's PATIENCE)

And each stage reached in the evolution of our growth becomes again itself the jump-off point for the next. And it's at this crucial point (when we pause for that rest we do need - recharge those batteries) that we're looking around us - at each other (doing the same thing?) and find the time for finding faults.

And that's not what time it is. But let's not deny it, and sweep it under some or other carpet of our minds (to re-emerge, uglier and grown at a later date). Could be that so and so is copping out - maybe he is on a bumner at the moment - perhaps someone should have a word with him regarding his social B.O. All these things, they're okay, BUT, only when they're out there in the open (and when in the open, how many of these things, released from the hothouse of rumour, will wilt and die.)

So why not another community meeting, and by all means, as before, let's say how far we've got - but this time (keeping in mind how far to go) let's air our problems - (with each other, if they're about each other) and even - let's (if need be) - agree to disagree - this (after all) is not the army! Surely we hope we are strong enough to take it (for no-one else will.).

When that's out of the way, maybe maybe get down to next things (how for just one instance, we got through the winter intact with the poorest (and grooviest) underground around.)

A clue maybe, remember when it was "when's the next bus" and "Been to Open yet" and "Really, a weekly paper?" and "Public House will open soon as Richard gets back" etc... THAT'S when we were MOVING, underway, and no time for complaints - so let's talk about the next things next.

In a year then - a lot's been did (and not too much hid). We're surely able to dig it- and remember we're into something new, where each step has to be invented or discovered before it's even attempted by US, imperfect products of the society we came from - and let's agree - sure as shit can't go back to! So let's be patient if some of us invent the wrong methods or try out a blind alloy; and let's (with something that we might call humility) talk to each other



Because, to lift another signpost from the song quoted at the beginning of this (whatever your name is):

TO The Tribe  
with love  
a head loader.

A Last Chance Publication.

Because, to lift another signpost from the song quoted at the beginning of this (whatever your name is):

TO The Tribe  
with love  
a head loader.

A Last Chance Publication.

# THE VENERABLE WEED.

Those of you who further the cause of private enterprise in your windowboxes may be fascinated to learn that hemp has been grown locally for centuries. Brighton fishermen needed the weed to make rope, and thus wees, from. An entire area of the town was devoted to the cultivation of the plant, being known as the Hemsharos or hamsharos ( Homp-sharo ). This area was sited where Ship Street is now, and it seems that the growth was extant up until the eighteenth century.

Wood cultivation was not limited to the seaside, though, for many rural communities grow hemp to make twine for clothing. This ancient practice was curtailed with the arrival of the technological plague, but the weed being a resilient plant, it seems not unlikely that many specimens still roam the countryside. Thus in the country one may be amply rewarded for keeping one's eyes open.

P.S. If you should come across some rural weed remember to follow the teachings of Don Juan and pick only those plants which the god of the marijuana, Smokey the Dope, places in your path. Otherwise MISFORTUNE will result.

ReSoArCh by Paul Skinner.

## THE DURRUTI COLUMN RETURNS.....

This week two police chiefs, in an interview in 'The Times' voiced the opinion that criminals should be treated the way they used to be ---o.g. flogging, breaking stones, sewing mailbags. This is only the start of what is likely to happen over the next year --- a demand by the police and all reactionaries for an increase in police powers. Every day we are getting nearer the police state. The system is tottering and must shore itself up with new laws and restrictions.

Crime itself is merely one of the festering scabs on the body of capitalism --- which itself gave birth to crime by creating property, property laws and the slum conditions which drive people to robbery and other crime.

We are not at all surprised that there are criminals in this society --- for many people there is little alternative. To us private property is the real theft. If property was shared by all people would not need to steal. The authorities express sickening hypocrisy when they stand out strongly for hard measures against criminals --- they created all the violence, all the squalour, They are the real criminals.

The Roberts Riot Principle --- those who listened carefully at the E. Broughton Trial ( Part 1 ) will have heard Cyril Roberts' useful obstruction theory. The band was causing an obstruction in Brighton before it arrived in the town because news of its impending arrival caused the crowds to gather. Michael Hastilow put him a hypothetical case. If a crowd gathered to see H. Wilson arrive at a party conference and blocked the road, surely Harold would not be causing an obstruction -- the crowd would. After swift policemanly consideration - 'No', opined Cyril, Harold would be causing the obstruction. Now as you know, in September Ted and his boys will be appearing at the Top Rank. Crowds are sure to gather. But what will Cyril be doing.... what will YOU be doing....? Nothing ---- because as a security arrangement only robot torios will appear in Brighton, together with robot policemen. It is widely believed that Robocrowd will supply 'people' to cheer outside the hall to give it all the appearance of a live event. Nobody will be arrested.

US AND THEM...or....beyond the UNIVERSAL LOVE....

Kill t h e pigs

Split.

Whenever there is discussion about any social or 'moral' question, one tends to assume that those who are doing what one does not want them to do form an almost basically different species...E.G., when there is an uproar in the papers about shopkeepers profiteering from S.E.T. reductions or the decimal changeover, there is a spate of letters suggesting measures to be taken against them, as though shopkeepers were all greedy in a way totally alien to the rest of mankind. Communists talk about THE BOSS-ES (capital 'B'), and many others about THE PIGS, in the same way.

As long as we think in these terms of US and THEM, there must necessarily be conflict & violence. 'US' and 'THEM' thinking creates Rules. If I have a particular idea about the way something should be, I am opposed to anyone who doesn't want it that way, and I invent rules against anything that threatens my idea. Let's be quite clear about what we mean by a rule. The rules of 'Society' are codified in laws & enforcement is by the whole apparatus of the legal system. The rules of the revolutionary may not be written down, but they exist in his indictment of behaviour that is not as he thinks it ought to be. On an individual level, if someone does something I don't like & I say he should not have done it, or I generalise it and say that nobody should do it, I have created a rule. I have perhaps seen the possible result of someone's action, but I have not UNDERSTOOD why they did it, and probably don't understand my own actions either. Nothing happens for no

reason; the rulemaker is not interested in the reason, his primary aim is to SUPPRESS. (How often do you say, when criticizing somebody: "I just can't understand people like that"?...)

Criticism of somebody else and an act of parliament are two forms of the same thing. I think we lose sight of this because we tend to think that Society and the people in it are two separate entities. Some writers have even said that Man is basically good, it is only 'Society' that makes him evil. This is nonsense. Society is only the end-product of our everyday behaviour to one another. This is easier to understand in miniature.

Consider a microcosm: a dozen people, formerly unknown to one another, stranded on an island, who have to learn to live together. Conflict grows up amongst them because their wishes contradict each other. And as soon as problems arise, they each have different ideas about how to solve them, which increases the conflict. (You don't have to go and live on a desert island to find this out.) So, either they try to agree on rules of behaviour, or they each try to suppress those of their desires which any of the others might disagree with, or the strongest of them rules. These amount to the same thing. A rule is not necessarily written on a piece of paper or even spoken: a weapon can be a rule, even a peace sign....anything which says, "you must not do that, you must do THIS."

(Cont. next page.)



## (US &amp; THEM)

In the microcosm it is very easy to see that the twelve people and their society are not different things. Their 'society' is just their reaction to one another & what it leads to. In the macrocosm, here/today, it is more difficult because we do not see the process which leads directly from one to the other. When millions of people are involved, rather than a dozen, the machinery of rules becomes much more complex, and we lose sight of its origins and even of the fact that it all started somewhere & somehow. We accept governments as given, like a child does its parents: some conform, some rebel, but mostly we see only the image, not the thing. It is this image of authority which is the main stumbling-block. Governments do not fall from out of the sky, they are an extension of a way of thinking. OTHERWISE they would never have come into existence.

I once went into a labour exchange looking for a job, and was given a job in the exchange itself, working behind the counter...(they happened to be short-staffed at the time and weren't too particular). To me it was just a job, but to the people who came into the exchange I was the GOVERNMENT. Perhaps I thought that the REAL GOVERNMENT was somewhere or something else, higher up. But this 'higher up' does not exist, it is an image. However 'high' or 'low' you go, you have only particular people doing particular things for particular reasons... (that they may or may not be aware of). And they have their images of you, too. When you rebel against authority, you are accepting it just as much as someone who conforms to it. To see abstractions like society and government without the image is to see the whole thing in a completely different light.

(continued top of next page.)

If Social Organisation is the result of a way of thinking, will your thinking and mine lead to a better result? We have our own rules, in various guises, called by different names. Every time you say 'ought' or 'ought not' you have a new system in embryo....and the same problems of violence and oppression. (Suppression.)

The problem is not which system of rules to adopt. Perhaps some give better results than others (although we'll never be in agreement as to which)...but none will solve the problem. The goal-seeking/ US & THEM/ rules way of thinking IS the problem, and there is no easy way out.

Anything which depends on rules is doomed to failure, because you only need a rule when it is going to be broken. I don't need a rule to tell me to eat when I'm hungry. If there exists a rule to tell me not to kill it is because there exists also the possibility that I might kill. I am no longer refraining from doing something because I have no desire to do it, I am suppressing something.

Have you ever held a gun in your hands? It gives a tremendous feeling of power (regardless of whose side this power may be on). But you see the horror and the suffering that this feeling could lead to, and so you renounce violence. But it is still a situation of conflict: the feeling the gun gave you has not disappeared, you have merely imposed a stronger (you hope) feeling on top of it. It sleeps, but there will always be something that can awaken it. Do not say that you are beyond all this, that you are a pacifist, or whatever it may be, there is violence in you. It's

(US & THEM concluded)

not something that disappears if you spend enough time thinking peaceful thoughts. You can put the lid on the dustbin but the same rubbish is still inside. Suppose that you could get everybody to conform to an idea of peace, something will always prise the lid off the dustbin. Can you build a new world on a conformity of suppression?

We are all prisoners of our conditioning: the man in the semi-detached house, the alternative society, the capitalist pigs, the bloke who rapes a child...we do something for a reason, which most of the time we are not even aware of. And everybody who doesn't like it shouts 'OUGHT NOT'. & they shout NOT because they are very interested in why it happened but only in trying to pretend that it didn't. We don't really want to see that because it would make things too difficult, it would mean that there is no easy solution, no slogan to be shouted. We are all basically the same, the details differ, but the substance does not. But we won't admit that, because it creates too many problems, it doesn't produce the result we want. And so we perpetuate this incredible fiction of WE (who know, who are where it's at) and THEY (who have to be suppressed or brought round to our way of thinking.)

But if you really want to solve a problem, you have to be prepared to consider all the facets of the problem, everything which might be relevant; above all you must see the WHOLE problem, not just a bit of it. And none of us has done that. If the problem were as simple as it is sometimes pretended to be it wouldn't have been going on for thousands of years.

We have all seen part of the problem, we know there IS a problem, but part will not give you an answer.

And as we come bounding out of our bathtubs shouting "Eureka" with our partial solutions, it matters little whether we're holding machine-guns or flowers, because we haven't really seen what it's all about. And we know that. We know that something's wrong, and we pretend that we know the solution, but we don't. Why not admit it?

The revolutionary dreams that one day the people will rise and overthrow their exploiters....but it won't happen, because there is no 'people' to rise: we are all exploiters and exploited, according to context, even according to how you look at it. The world is not magically divided into goodies and baddies. 'Us and Them' is not a physical fact, but simply a false way of thinking, and we are all caught up in it. The first step is to realize that you are as much a part of the problem as those you criticize, that there is only one meaningful revolution, and that it cannot take place on a battlefield, by a change in the social structure, nor by founding a commune: it can only take place in your own head. If you really, honestly, want to change the world, if you are not just playing a game that you enjoy, start with yourself.

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POEM

i looked at her breasts,
"my god," i said,
"i could get money back on those."
sorry, bub," she said,
"no deposit, no return."
"shit," said i,
"you're an ecological disaster."
j. pennington.

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OBSCENITY. MORE ON TODAY'S MOST IRRELEVANT SUBJECT.

Francis Packomin, Earl of Longford, split to Denmark this week with other noted members of his porn team in order to see for himself what he claims will corrupt and debauch (lively word) anyone who sees it. Or thinks it presumably. Meanwhile two Soho booksellers who specialise in porn have lost their paranoia (created by the OZ trial) and are now being just as open about their sale of goodies as before (and business has boomed with all the publicity). Mrs. Mary Whitehouse trundled off to Rome and marched through customs with the filthy Schoolkids OZ and LRSB under her arm (just near the left tit). She was not arrested, despite openly admitting that she was trafficking obscene goods. The Pope said "who the hell are you, lady" when she saw him, but didn't get to see the gifts she had brought.

Meanwhile the death toll of civilians in Northern Ireland has risen to 29 in the last few weeks since internment was introduced (as they say). And so far no one has set up a commission to investigate the pornography of violence....nobody has travelled to see the Pope with pictures of all those dead people.....and gleeful army commanders in Ulster together with their Scotland Yard fellow law-bringers urge more violence, more bloodshed, more retribution. Perhaps it would be better if more people started fucking rather than fighting. It's more fun, a lot more together, and is a far better basis on which to build happiness, love, generosity, compassion and all the other attributes which are so obviously missing from the social order upheld and perpetuated by Lord Longford, Mrs. W. El Pope and sundry other nonentities. But that's another issue altogether.

This particular issue of ATTILA, as you won't have seen from the cover, is about DEMOCRACY...what it is, what it means, where it is and whether it is. Also for your entertainment we have eight pages of Carlos' adventures with don Juan, more on communes, lots of contributions from outside this little bookshop (which is good and creative...the contributions AND the bookshop...) and lots of other lip-licking wonders. ATTILA, for those who still don't know, is a product of the UNICORN bookshop, which is a subsidiary of CONSOLIDATED FUCK-UP. All adverts are free 'cept for full page display affairs which will cost 100p or one old English pound. Anyone can write for it as long as it's good and honest and not too long (cos everyone's trying to get in on the act and we haven't that much space). Next week's issue will be on violence, so all kinds of goodies on that subject to the bookshop post haste.

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TO SARA AND JAAK.....PEACE AND LOVE TO YOU BOTH AND BEST WISHES TO THE U.S.A.  
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Just in case you can't read the ad for a free cooker elsewhere in this sheaf of paper here it is again....

FREE 4 burner radiation gassss cooker (defective oven door handle)...see Theatre Bookshop who can arrange FREE DELIVERY if it is so necessary.....  
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THIS SPACE IS ONCE MORE DEVOTED TO ALL POTENTIAL STREET SELLERS EVERYWHERE.....

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to sell this weekly magazine to the people of Brighton. Think of the joy you will bring to the hearts of shoppers in the Lanes and Churchill Square...to seaside wanderers....to bored and restless cinema queues....and to yourself as you see such tiny amounts of money filtering through to your hungry pockets. Need we say more.....