

193

ATTILA

3p

COMMUNES



Saturday 21 VIII '71

CHICKEN LITTLE, the SKY is falling.

But fortunately it isn't all heavy. This week Tom has opened up his vegetarian restaurant in Trafalgar Street with pretty nice food & a real good atmosphere to go with it.

And Allan at Open has formed a PARANOID LIBERATION FRONT (more next week).

On the other side Scotland Yard Bomb Squad heavies raided everybody in London looking for anything at all (omitting only the Church of England Commissioners....haven't they heard at Scotland Yard of the Church Militant?)


Princess Anne is ^{still} celebrating her 21st birthday party...which is fortunate because August is a slow month for news and there had to be a lot of space-devouring colour pix of her....all of which were shot in the best "Diamond is forever" blurred Disney style.

Felix Dennis' new haircut looks pretty good if you like short back and sides.

The current issue of INK is probably the best they'll ever do. Which argues a lot in favor of more idiot prosecutions & still heavier idiot sentences from idiot judges.

Richard's litho machine is in and beginning to work.

& ATTILA still needs street sellers. If it's ever going to be litho and have pretty pictures more than it does now we've got to sell about 350 more copies than is possible at the moment. & there's nobody here that can...Steve's already working flat out writing the thing, Charlie, John, & Neil put in as much time as they can on doing the pictures...and if it's going to be done right there has to be, somewhere, people who can street-sell a few...delighting the citizens of Churchill Square, the Seafront, or the Lanes. And remember! you even get paid for doing it! (Very little)



...This issue is the second part of the COMMUNES issue. Next week ATTILA takes up DEMOCRACY, the right to choose, & similar exciting topics. Plus graffiti by anybody (you?) & a further extract from Carlos Castaneda & other good things. It's still what you make it, write it, draw it. If you've got ideas drop in and let somebody know about them. Better yet, get them down & we'll print them.

Future issues on VIOLENCE, SEX, DRUGS, SCHOOLKIDS, MONEY, MEDICINE, THE UNIVERSITY, WITCHCRAFT, HOUSING, & EMPLOYMENT. Other issues as they become necessary. ATTILA. %~%~%~%~%~%~%~%~%~%~%~%~%~%~%~%

LETTERS
PAGE.

Dear Attila,

I picked up a copy of your....I suppose you'd call it " magazine "..for the first time this week and it discusted me so much that I had to soil this piece of paper by writing to you. You try to put out such sickly, childish " good vibes ", suggesting Utopian ideals while at the same time publishing this load of ego-perverted crap. It doesn't fool me. If you want to get anything together at all - which you try and kid us you do - why not try doing something worthwhile for people instead of perpetuating such a garbage heap of half-hearted drop-outs under the name of Attila. And as for Buffalo Bill...I want to know what he REALLY has under his counter. I bet you've got good cause to worry and be uptight about the fuzz, especially with all those dumb hippies around. Why the fuck don't you lot stop having a good time for yourselves and do something to help those in need. There are many worthwhile organisations around in Sussex which manage to create some kind of service to others without growing their hair long, making up childish magazines, and stirring up hate for other people under a pretence of love.

Yours etc.
J. Nagmosa.

A SEPARATE REALITY, by Carlos Castaneda....con'd from ATTILA 15.

Don Juan had once told me that a man of knowledge had predilections. I asked him to explain his statement.

" My predilection is to see, " he said.

" What do you mean by that? "

" I like to see, " he said, " because only by seeing can a man of knowledge know."

" What kind of things do you see? "

" Everything. "

" But I also see everything and I'm not a man of knowledge. "

" No. You don't see. "

" I think I do. "

" I tell you, you don't. "

" What makes you say that, don Juan? "

" You only look at the surface of things. "

" Do you mean that every man of knowledge actually sees through everything he looks at? "

" No. That's not what I mean. I said that a man of knowledge has his own predilections; mine is just to see and to know; others do other things. "

" What other things, for example? "

" Take Sacateca, he's a man of knowledge and his predilection is dancing. So he dances and knows. "

" Is the predilection of a man of knowledge something he does in order to know? "

" Yes, that is correct. "

" But how could dancing help Sacateca to know? "

" One can say that Sacateca dances with all he has. "

" Does he dance like I dance? I mean like dancing? "

" Let's say that he dances like I see and not like you may dance. "

" Does he also see that way you see? "

" Yes, but he also dances. "

" How does Sacateca dance? "

" It's hard to explain that. It is a peculiar way of dancing he does when he wants to know. But all I can say about it is that, unless you understand the ways of a man who knows, it is impossible to talk about dancing and seeing."

" Have you ever seen him doing his dancing? "

" Yes. However it is not possible for everyone who looks at his dancing to see that it is his peculiar way of knowing. "

I knew Sacateca, or at least I knew who he was. We had met and once I had bought him a beer. He was very polite and told me I should feel free to stop at his home anytime I wanted to. I toyed for a long time with the idea of visiting him but I did not tell don Juan.

On the afternoon of May 14, 1962, I drove up to Sacateca's house; he had given me directions how to get there and I had no trouble finding it. It was on a corner and had a fence all around it. The gate was closed. I walked around it to see if I could peek inside the house. It appeared to be deserted.

" Don Elias, " I called out loud. The chickens got frightened and scattered about cackling furiously. A small dog came to the fence. I expected it to bark at me; instead, it just sat there looking at me. I called out once again and the chickens had another burst of cackling.

An old woman came out of the house. I asked her to call don Elias.

" He's not here, " she said.

" Where can I find him? "

" He's in the fields. "

" Where in the fields? "

" I don't know. Come back in the late afternoon. He'll be here around five. "

" Are you don Elias' wife? "

" Yes, I', his wife, " she said, and smiled.

I tried to ask her about Sacateca but she excused herself and said that she did not speak Spanish very well. I got into my car and drove away. I returned to the house around six o'clock. I drove to the door and yelled Sacateca's name. This time he came out of the house. I turned on my tape recorder, which in its brown leather case looked like a camera hanging from my shoulder. He seemed to recognise me.

" Oh, it's you, " he said, smiling. " How's Juan? "

" He's fine. But how are you, don Elias? "

He did not answer. He seemed to be nervous. Overtly he was very composed, but I felt that he was ill at ease.

" Has Juan sent you here on some sort of errand? "

" No. I came here by myself. "

" What in the world for? "

His question seemed to betray bona fide surprise.

" I just wanted to talk to you, " I said, hoping to sound as casual as possible. " Don Juan has told me marvelous things about you and I got curious and wanted to ask you a few questions. "

Sacateca was standing in front of me. His body was lean and wiry. He was wearing khaki pants and shirt. His eyes were half-closed; he seemed to be sleepy or perhaps drunk. His mouth was open a bit and his lower lip hung. I noticed that he was breathing deeply and seemed to be almost snoring. The thought came to me that Sacateca was undoubtedly plastered out of his mind. But that thought seemed to be very incongruous because only a few minutes before, when he came out of his house, he had been very alert and aware of my presence.

" What do you want to talk about? " he finally said.

His voice was tired; it was as though his words dragged after each other. I felt very uneasy. It was as if his tiredness was contagious and pulling me.

" Nothing in particular, " I answered. " I just came to chat with you in a friendly way. You once asked me to come to your house. "

" Yes, I did, but it's not the same now. "

" Why isn't it the same? "

" Don't you talk with Juan? "

" Yes, I do. "

" Then what do you want with me? "

" I thought maybe I could ask you some questions. "

" Ask Juan. Isn't he teaching you? "

" He is, but just the same I would like to ask you about what he is teaching me, and have your opinion. This way I'll be able to know what to do. "

" Why do you want to do that? Don't you trust Juan? "

" I do. "

" Then why don't you ask him to tell you what you want to know. "

" I do. And he tells me. But if you could also tell me about what don Juan is teaching me, perhaps I will understand it better. "

" Juan can tell you everything. He alone can do that. Don't you understand that? "

" I do, but then I'd like to talk with people like you, don Elias. One does not find a man of knowledge every day. "

" Juan is a man of knowledge. "

" I know that. "

" Then why are you talking to me? "

" I said I came to be friends. "

" No, you didn't. There is something else about you this time. " I wanted to explain myself and all I could do was mumble incoherently. Sacateca did not say anything. He seemed to listen attentively. His eyes were half-closed again but I felt he was peering at me. He nodded almost imperceptibly. Then his lids opened and I saw his eyes. He seemed to be looking past me. He casually tapped the floor with the tip of his right foot, just behind his left heel. His legs were slightly arched; his arms were limp against his sides. Then he lifted his right arm; his hand was open with the palm perpendicular to the ground; his fingers were extended and pointing towards me. He let his hand wobble a couple of times before he brought it to me face level. He held it in that position for an instant and then he said a few words to me. His voice was very clear, yet the words dragged. After a moment he dropped his hand to his side and remained motionless, taking a strange position. He was standing, resting on the ball of his left foot. His right foot was crossed behind the heel of his left foot and he was tapping the floor rhythmically and gently with the tip of his right foot.

I felt an unwarranted apprehension, a form of restlessness. My thoughts seemed to be dissociated. I was thinkinh unrelated nonsensical thoughts that had nothing to do with what was going on. I noticed my discomfort and tried to steer my thoughts back to the situation at hand, but I couldn't in spite of a great struggle. It was if some force was keeping me from concentrating or thinking relevant thoughts. Sacateca had not said a word, and I didn't know what else to say or do. Quite automatically, I turned around and left. Later on I felt compelled to tell don Juan about my encounter with Sacateca. Don Juan roared with laughter.

" What really took place there? " I asked.

" Sacateca danced! " don Juan said. " He saw you, then he danced. "

" What did he do to me? I felt very cold and dizzy. "

" He apparantly didn't like you and stopped you by tossing a word at you. "

" How could he possible do that? " I exclaimed incredulously.

" Very simple; he stopped you with his will. "

" What did you say? "

" He stopped you with his will. "

The explanation did not suffice. His statements sounded like gibberish to me. I tried to probe him further, but he could not explain the event to my satisfaction.

Obviously that event or any event that occurred within this alien system of sensible interpretation could be explained or understood only in terms of the units of meaning proper to that system. This work is, therefore, a reportage and should be read as a reportage. The system I recorded was incomprehensible to me, thus the pretence to anything other than reporting about it would be misleading and impertinent. In this respect I have adopted the phenomenological method and have striven to deal with sorcery solely as phenomena that were presented to me. I, as the perceiver, recorded what I perceived, and at the moment of recording I endeavoured to suspend judgement.

MORE from Carlos' account of his lessons with don Juan will be published in next week's ATTILA. Hurrah!

There seems to be a need for material on communes...therefore I offer my experiences in a real true-life drama. Scene: a large Somerville/Cambridge, Massachusetts ghetto apartment. At any given time there were eight to eleven people, two dogs, a rat, and several cockroaches. Communal living, as we found, was not easy. The personality differences were tremendous.

A small rundown on a few of the people and accompanying problems:

E was the get-things-doner. The original organiser (a Virgo) of rent, bathroom cleanings, picnics, draft counselling etc. A poorboy who had made it rahrah at Harvard and was now rahrah yipidiioh communal living.

D was basically selfish but could logically argue his reasons for doing or not doing anything --- mainly cleaning the kitchen after cooking two roast pigs, three turkeys and four chickens. D liked helping people he felt were worthy of his attentions, and we continually had to make up personal problems so he could comfort us in time of need.

C was pretty introspective and didn't demand much except quiet time to paint.

F was a loner. Never joined with E's organised people things but was extremely funny whenever he emerged from his room. Was dubbed the historian of the group. The observer.

L was a back-sliding social climber. Very much female (would come over before moving in in her nightgown to find someone to take home with her) wanting the perfect lay and husband.

M was sexually frustrated so she publicly stripped a lot. Took a lot of drugs and never said more than " wow ".

K was very intelligent and ethereal. Had made up a language and music to fit her " perfect place ". Had aborted a child by D.

B was a philosophy major. Young. Impressionable, very sweet.

G was from a big money family (has a trust fund for his future presidential campaign). Nothing but the best pot. Hung up on skirts so couldn't pull one. Very witty but on occasion could be highly verbally abusive.

S moved in to try communal living and because she dug E. Brought a dog and rat with her.

E had made it with L and M who both resented S's presence, but S eventually made friends with L and was a perfect enemy for M who finally made it with D who immediately went away for two weeks with B who liked S but felt guilty as she was his cousin. K liked B (after all, she and D had been close) and tried to commit suicide whenever she got his attention. Which threw C and S together for a while until B returned with strong feelings for E who wavered between S and L. G liked M, S, L, and K in turn and would have been a perfect partner for L (S tried to set that up) except L ran off to Jamaica and finally married a doctor there (dreams come true). Which left M out-of-sorts so she returned to California to go into intensive therapy. When K came out of hospital, she and D were happy -- so was C, he could paint.

ANALYSIS OF A COMMUNE.....cont'd

With diminishing numbers people gradually drifted --- the dog first, then F to N.Y.C., E to South Carolina, G to daddy moneybags, S to another communal set-up, C went back to school, and B and D lived happily ever after.

Madame X (S).

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HOROSHIT....CANCER...

CANCER is a PLAGUE sign...(you remember, the signs are divided into groupings of FIRE, WIND, SHIT, & PLAGUE for convenience by astrologers. In former days these divisions were FIRE, AIR, EARTH, & WATER. But, just as these former divisions bore no resemblance at all to the signs which they included, the new system is also nonsensical. That is, none of the new divisions relate in any way to the old divisions and none of the groups relate to the signs which they include or the signs to the groups. Or something.)

CANCER is a PLAGUE sign....(PLAGUE has been defined by some authorities as being only those illnesses of the blood that afflict Mediterranean peoples ((and, in general, people who do not have the advantages of indoor sanitation and fine prime ministers that we enjoy here in the QUEEN'S OWN UNITED KINGDOM!)) Others, myself included, have taken the alternate position that PLAGUE can be anything horrible at all; but it will usually be FOREIGN!!! For example...BERNADETTE DEVLIN is foreign. So is Richard Neville. And, so as well, is Jim Anderson. And ALL OF THEM PLAGUES throughout this fair land.)

CANCER is a PLAGUE sign.....And I PREDICT FOR CANCER PEOPLE in 1971....UNMITIGATED HELL! In 1971 BERNADETTE DEVLIN will become pregnant by a MAN SHE ISN'T EVEN MARRIED TO!!!

I PREDICT that in 1971 RICHARD NEVILLE will SEEK TO CORRUPT public morals with a publication of obscenity NEARLY AS GREAT AS THAT OF HANSARD!!!!

I PREDICT that in 1971 JIM ANDERSON will AID & ABET RICHARD NEVILLE in his wicked, wicked attempt to divert ENGLISH money from the pockets of the righteous PORN BARONS OF SOHO into their grubby, foreign hands.

I PREDICT weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in 1971.

I PREDICT plague for anyone born of CANCER (or, for that matter, SCORPIO, ARIES, PISCES, SAGITTARIUS, CAPRICORN, GEMINI, LIBRA, AQUARIUS, VIRGO, TAURUS, or LEO) in 1971....especially if they are IAN PAISELEY, or Judge ARGYLE, or the QUEEN MUM.

Oh, dearie me, I PREDICT YET ANOTHER OZ. Where, oh where, will it all end.

IT ISN'T FAIR.

GUNGE

ATTILA still - and just as desperately - needs street-sellers. This is the opportunity YOU'VE been waiting for. The chance to earn 33 per cent or MORE on each copy you sell and a money-back guarantee on any you don't (though you will).

ATTILA is produced at UNICORN BOOKSHOP, 50, Gloucester Road, Brighton. Everything in it is non-copyright. Everything in it is the work of people in Brighton. HELP US SELL OURSELVES. NOW!

HABERSHON'S DISEASE.

The " Angry Brigade " Supt. Habershon busted Agitprop on Monday morning with an explosives warrant! They didn't find any explosives, but they decided to take away posters, stickers and leaflets about Ian Purdie and Jake Prescott, who were arrested by

Haberscone in connection with the Carr bombing. Habershon said he was busting the place for " conspiracy to pervert the course of justice ". Eight police were involved in the raid. " They weren't very friendly, " said someone from Agitprop, " but they didn't leave the place in as much of a mess as they could (have)."

The Notting Hill Community Workshop were also busted at the same time - " and while we're at it, lads.. " - under a similar warrant and for the same " reason ". We couldn't get hold of them, though we tried.

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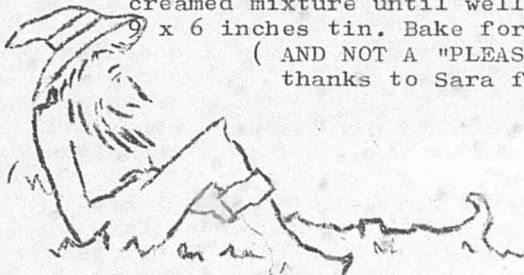
WOMEN WANT WIMPYS.....shock report!

The Putney High Street Wimpy Bar, scene of many a sensation, was invaded by Women's Lib very early on Tuesday morning. The ladies demanded service, though it is common knowledge that Wimpy let not a lady soil her mouth after about eleven o'clock. Police were eventually summoned and they were told to go away. Which they eventually did.

shitcantfindanyinterestingsymbolstcmakethesefuckingmarginswithanymore!

ARE YOU SUFFERING FROM THE HASH HUNGRIES TOO? READ ON !

Suffer no longer. Here's a RECIPE! Flapjacks. What you need is 4oz of butter or margarine, one oz of suger, 5oz of golden syrup, a teeny pinch of salt and 8oz of wrolled oats. Now cream the butter and sugar until both light and fluffy, sit in the syrup (that's what it says.....no wait...STIR in syrup) salt and oats into the creamed mixture until well blended. Spread evenly in creased 9 x 6 inches tin. Bake for 30 minutes regulation 4 (375).
(AND NOT A "PLEASE" COULD BE HEARD)
thanks to Sara for the directions.



SNAKE LIBERATION FRONT...CONT'D.

spread over the whole world, so nobody can say all snakes are harmful. You would be horrified at the price of bread if there were no snakes to eat the rats and mice that would otherwise be eating all the wheat. In India at one time they imported thousands of mongese to kill all the cobras in one district; six months later, due to famine, that killed many people, they found it necessary to kill all the mongese and to import thousands of cobras. So don't play around with nature - she knows what she's doing. Everything's here for a perpoise.

So next time you see a snake while you're walking through the woods or even looking through plate glass at the zoo, don't shudder..... cos they're nice; don't say " nasty "cos they're not; don't say slimey.....cos they're not; don't say evil.....cos they're not; don't be nasty.....cos they're not.

If you can learn to love snakes you can even learn to love people.

Sameer.....Newhaven.

~~~~~

LOVE TO MARIA AND NASSO AND GOOD LUCK  
IN LONDON

=====

AUGUST, 1971.

I will not dwell too long on this diposition. Only to say they are hitting us hard now. Every kind of trick is being pulled out and although they are making themselves look ridiculous no one as yet is in a position to stop them. I will make them look even more foolish if I can, but what good is it. Belfast is a dead city. No one wants to be there just now. Most cities are dying. There was an earthquake and tidal wave hitting pacific islands. Only to say they are injured. An agony of pain hit the planet and I knew some kindness even yet. My teeth are all on edge.

2,000 miles away and the terrain is cracking. No hope in that direction..only deserted hill villages and surging water. Black the sky for the last three days. The plants are all rotting the stench is terrible. Nothing will ever grow. You lie down on the mattress, overlooking the half-submerged factories and the lines of old I know by the magic touch I held. So few survivors...The open tower hanging down beside the Eagle annual.



It is your job to perform in the interplanetary Olympiad on Mars, 1993. I threw the letter out of the attic window. It fluttered down onto the soaking luminous ground. In the distance a muffled roar and then the



flash as another gas tank exploded. Sound travels faster than light out here. Everything is reversed. The telephone went dead, my last link with the subconscious mind of my former wife cut off. You lay with trousers at your ankles and I peeled them off to give you freedom of movement.

Out of the sky burst an orange glow. Some crazy astronaut still trying to make it to another galaxy. Oh God why? I kept on repeating, hammering jewelry to putrescent dust.

The television is working, she screamed. Look. I tripped over the mattress and caught a glimpse of the grey white image light of death t.v. They are all zombies, robots, living dead. Look! row after row of blocks of flats, they are conveniently packaged. A car slurped forward into the grey belching mud, its wings painted with flowers. A relic of the burnt out generation.

But it's working. Look! See the tanks in Tokyo, Stockton, Bueno Air, Georgetown, Tashkent. Look again! the news of Italian strikes, earthquakes. It's O.K., man, we're back to the 70s. Look! Oh look! the prime minister at 10 Downing Street, the White House, The Kremlin. Tears streamed down her face bringing eye liner with them.

I stood up and shattered the set against the wall. Get up you punk! There's nothing there, nothing. You're hallucinating. Come on, let's get out of here. I packed the tent in minutes as I can now and we waded on in the dim luminous night. She muttered to herself, I saw them, the soldiers in Vietnam, the gas of Londonderry, the plague, the Pakistan, the Biafra. I saw them, I tell you. They were on the screen.

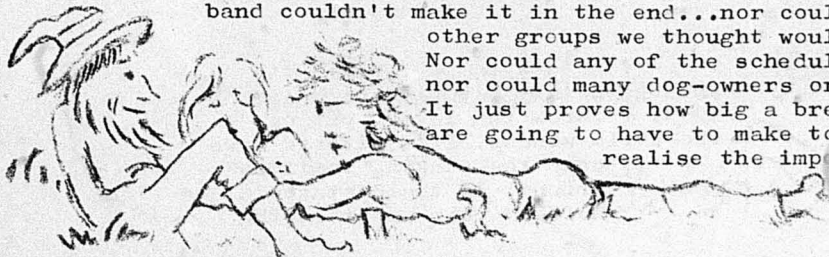
~~~A Last Chance Publication,  
VAM Reproductions of Illustrated Time.

~~~~~  
PAD WANTED for David and Michele, cat, and baby( in January ) as soon as possible ( we're being turned out in 7 weeks ). Contact us at  
69, Elm Grove, Brighton.  
~~~~~

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WILL PHOTOGRAPH ANYTHING OR ANYONE ANYWHERE. Contact John, 682544.  
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DOGS IN COMMUNES.....J.R. Crowley writes.

A pity about the poor turn out for the first Dog Liberation Front demonstration on Saturday in Churchill Square. The Edgar Broughton band couldn't make it in the end...nor could any of the other groups we thought would be appearing. Nor could any of the scheduled speakers.... nor could many dog-owners or their pets. It just proves how big a break-through we are going to have to make to get people to realise the importance of this movement.  
~~~~~  
But never mind. We



all learn from our mistakes, and we'll do better next time.

Reading last week's issue on communes it occurred to me that there are several advantages for dogs, as well as for people, who live in such set-ups.

I'm not personally aware of what a commune means, or what makes it different from any other place, or how and why it's different. My contact with other people who live near me - apart from my wife, Lilly, and Ben, our labrador - is largely limited to my frequent "natters" over the garden fence to Mr. Jenkins, our neighbour, who has just bought a new electric lawn-mower. But I suppose that a dog living in a house full of people would be better off than one living (and "owned") by just a couple like us.

The dog is likely to find himself less neurotic, less "owned", less treated as something on a totally different level of existence.

Anyway that's what I think about communes related to our own particular movement. By the way, I'll try and answer all the letters that have been sent to me at ATTILA from readers interested in the issue of dog liberation. But in case it takes a little while for the replies to be written and reach you, I would like to thank you all very very much.

NOT AN ESCAPE BUT A CONFRONTATION...a view of communal life.

In an amplifier negative feedback is applied to improve the stability and the quality. This is done by taking a sample of the output and applying it in opposition at the input. It is very effective and its only disadvantages are that it lowers the gain slightly and necessitates a feedback loop.

This may be used in analogy when considering the function of a commune in society. Its aim is the betterment of society, the isolation from society is very relative and more geographical and cultural than economic.

When an individual becomes disenchanted with society he tends to become a floater, society waste, as he no longer contributes: he drops out. This dropping out allows a period of quiet, a first taste of freedom - freedom from the duties imposed from without. Duties from parents, teachers, employers and society-in-the-mass. This kind of freedom is enjoyed for a while until further disenchantment occurs, a limited freedom, and realisation of this brings about the discontent.

To enter into society once again in such a sensitive state would be self-ruinous and self-effacing. To do this is accepting defeat and once again



This advertisement paid
for by the Brighton and
Hove massed gland.

REALISM OR IDEALISM ?

" The truth is what is, not what should be. What should be is a dirty lie. " - Lenny Bruce.

In the past it has been commonplace for rebels to " drop out " from society or for discontented liberals to tut-tut at the " injustice " or " unreasonableness " of society, and for both to thus consider themselves as revolutionaries or radicals. It is time once and for all to demonstrate the complete ineffectiveness or these idealistic standpoints and to contrast them with that of the realistic revolutionary.

Maybe there was once a time when a rebel might with an easy conscience sail off to a distant leand, " somewhere where we can laugh again ", and to escape a repressive political system. Today this course of action is no solution. The rebel is quite likely to find his paradise irreparably polluted and rendered uninhabitable by capitalist profiteers.

An adequate analysis of modern society reveals that enormously expanded technology has rendered our social existence truly international. Internal political struggles have immediate international repercussions. Similarly the evils of capitalist society have become macabre global nightmare. Nobody can escape the perils of systematic ecological destruction or of nuclear warfare. Whether you are living on a tiny tropical island or in the heart of New York will make no difference whatsoever should nuclear warfare break out. You will be annihilated by fall-out perhaps five minutes later on your desert island (just long enough to say your prayers) but there is no possible escape from the destruction of the whole planet.

America alone has manufactured enough nerve gas to destroy the entire world's population 14 times over (just to make sure?) and the surplus gas is dumped in canisters which will decompose long before the gas ceases to be lethal; and serious accidents have occurred at the U.S. nuclear establishment Holy Loch, Scotland where something like 750 nuclear warheads are kept - each one 50 times the size of the bomb dropped on Hiroshima. The destruction of our environment proceeds relatively unchecked, posing an ever-greater threat to our existence as a species.

America's pollution expert, Dr. Paul Ehrlich has publicly forecast that even if all forms of environmental pollution ceased tomorrow (which possibility, of course, the pressure of desperate international companies would never allow to materialise) the human race would only then have a two to three per cent chance of surviving to the end of the century!

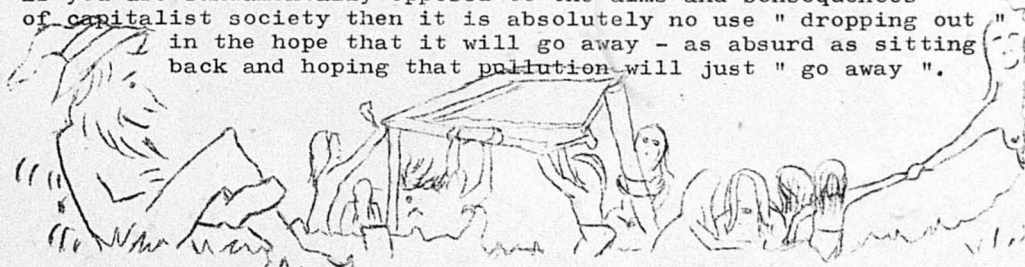


I use these examples to illustrate the futility of any attempted escape from these problems which immediately endanger every one of us on the planet; they must be faced realistically. Now.

In fact pollution is a particularly good example of the need for social control and planning over essentially social productive processes and the disastrous consequences of allowing the control and direction of production to be retained by private owners and speculators. For the private owner is out for the quick profit for himself and is not compelled to consider the possible long-term social consequences of his actions. Hence he may make cars with cheap exhaust systems in order to keep prices low, unconcerned by the damage he may thus indirectly be causing to the air which we all breathe; or he may manufacture cars with built-in obsolescence to ensure a continuing turnover in both sale and profits. Whereas social control over the car industry would produce longer-lasting cars built to serve rather than to exploit people. It is private ownership which enables the mass of the people to be exploited rather than served by production. This international capitalist exploitation is directly to blame for a large proportion of ecological pollution, and thus the only chance of successfully halting the destruction of our environment lies in overthrowing capitalism. And if Dr. Ehrlich's prediction is correct then the need for an international socialist revolution is even more immediate.

Similarly, on a more localised level, it is equally myopic to "drop out" - to find a hole in the ground and to hope to remain there, quietly grooving, undisturbed by the rest of society. The recent increase in drug arrests and the police harassment of the alternative publications (witness the OZ, Little Red Schoolbook and IT trials, and the pending trials of Friends, Unicorn bookshop and Compendium bookshop) should hopefully serve as a warning to the underground that the 1967 scene is dead. Passivewithdrawal from a repressive society is no solution. Not even freaks can escape capitalism's clutches. Many, thru being busted for dope, have realised that they can no longer exist in a political vacuum, that they cannot completely escape from society, that they are still subjected to its repressions and that if they want to transform that society they should not run away from it, but confront it and actively participate in its overthrow.

If you are fundamentally opposed to the aims and consequences of capitalist society then it is absolutely no use "dropping out" in the hope that it will go away - as absurd as sitting back and hoping that pollution will just "go away".



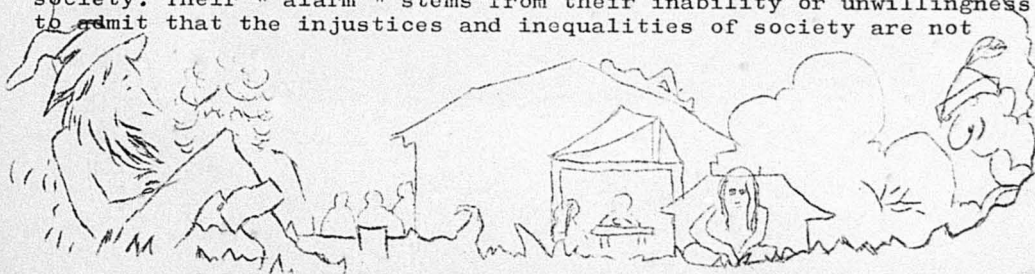
REALISM OR IDEALISM.....cont'd

The pollution of our environment has to be stopped: our society has to be transformed. Both can only be effected by revolution. Neither is it any defence to claim to be " non-political ". For to acknowledge the repression and complete inhumanity of society and yet to refuse to participate in its overthrow is in itself a political decision: a political decision to hypocritically acquiesce in that same status quo which you have derided and rejected.

It is vital to realise that our society can easily accomodate tribes of hippies. They are regarded with contempt by a society that knows that as long as hippies remain politically naive they will never constitute a threat to the political status quo, and will, in fact, continue to be an easy target as one of society's scapegoats. As such the " filthy layabouts " can be hounded and repressed with a severity which society would not dare to condone in the case of a more overtly political group (except in the case of Northern Ireland, of course, which is another " war for freedom and democracy " or legalized fascism).

In this respect dope is now playing an ambiguous political role. It is often dope which introduces people to alternative lifestyles and which at first causes them to feel alienated from the framework of society, thus precipitating their rejection of the social structure. However it is also at present playing a more sinister role in that many of these same people become solely interested in dope to the exclusion of the more urgent political struggles. That is not to say that dope is counter-revolutionary. It is no more counter-revolutionary than sex, both being admirable pleasure-giving activities; but when it becomes an end in itself and renders a huge source of potential revolutionaries politically incapable and inactive, then it seems to have become disproportionately important to many people and to be hindering as well as helping our revolutionary struggle. Neither can we afford to chance the outcome of waiting for " an entire generation's consciousness to be altered " by acid. For as Dr. Ehrlich has shown we may well have very little time left in which to avert the death of our species.

If the majority of the underground are idealists, idely waiting for capitalism to go away, then much the same can be said of liberals. However radical they may claim to be, liberals always manage to be " dismayed " or " disturbed " by developments within capitalist society. Their " alarm " stems from their inability or unwillingness to admit that the injustices and inequalities of society are not



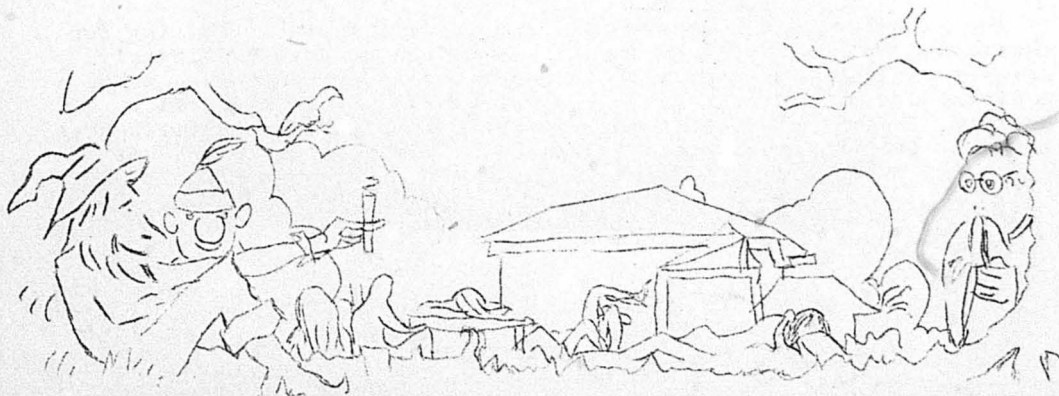
isolated and remediable but integrated into the total capitalist system whose very nature ensures the existence of these inequalities. It is idealistic, if not self-contradictory, to ever adequately "reform" capitalism, as its contradictions and inequalities are fundamental to its very essence. You CANNOT reform capitalism - you must abolish it by revolution.

Only Revolutionaries Are Realistic.

The hippies and the liberal, one advocating "dropping out", the other reform, are both essentially idealistic as their proposed "alternatives" are unrealisable or self-contradictory and thus mystificatory in the light of a realistic attempt to transform society. Workers, blacks, the unemployed, students, old people, gay people, hippies, prisoners etc should also participate in local community projects, helping people to organise themselves in Claimant Unions, school unions, squatting groups, gay lib etc. Finally they should also help people to recognize their struggles as part of a general revolutionary struggle to abolish oppression throughout the world.

Many hippies and anarchists still cling to the vision of a pre-industrial rural society - farming and fucking; they must realise that this is merely a vision, unrealistic and worthless if taken as anything more than just a pleasant daydream. The reality is 1971 - post industrialisation, technology mushrooming, bureaucracy and the service economy obscuring old class definitions - a capitalist system which has almost torn itself in half to conceal its inherent contradictions (while creating more nevertheless), surviving for immeasurably longer than anyone had foreseen. As it creaks and moans in the first stage of its death agony, it is more than ever necessary to tap every source of revolutionary potential, to finally dispel all naive political illusions - in short to bring people to reject idealistic "solutions" and to adopt instead realistic revolutionary activities.

D.M. JONES.



Jackie and Paul....cont'd.

growing at the VERY SPEED of THought even unto this this this?

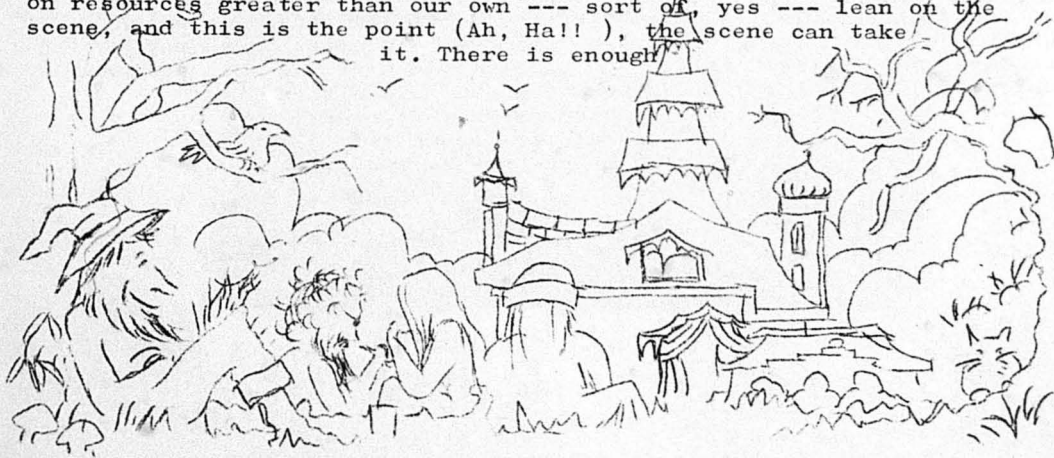
And is this not community consciousness of a very good kind ?

Yes, there is far to go

But instantly here we are

All roads lead three ways --- here there and everyone.

But be that as it may, there is only one way to go and that is to grow. Before we can go into communes we must grow into each other, and for that there can be no hurry +---- just the time it takes. What we have in Brighton (and there are good signs too from otherwise) we have because it had to be this way. It was the next step --- inevitable. Within this broadness, tho, we have every kind of scene developing, root situations:-- a few small communes (living and working) and a few more work communes (both these mostly centred on the head shops and services already mentioned); then there are groups living more or less together in large houses or flats in varying states of change; there are couples in their own places, some with kids; there are chicks with kids, chicks with guys, guys with guys, chicks with chicks and some on their own (we hope not very). All these are where they are for the same inevitable reasons but as these comprise the essence and totality of the larger community it is here that development is most important. The isolated nuclear family, bits of big brother, is where we're mostly from and oh, we do not dig those at all. So there are no guidelines, no well trod paveways for any of us. All we would say is this. Inter-personal relationships, individual with individual, is where the most important, most difficult work has to be done on all these planes in slowly widening circles. It's all new, all amazine, all experiment. Some experiments fail but this must not make us despondant about the whole thing or make us jump to new experiments/ideas without understanding our new reasons or old motives. We've got this far and it's good. Now we must understand each other at root level to do further fruitfully, and because it's hard to do we often need to draw on resources greater than our own --- sort of, yes --- lean on the scene, and this is the point (Ah, Ha!!), the scene can take it. There is enough.



love to go around. The more we need the more we uncover the more there is, a simple escalation of the premise that if i love you and you love me we both share twice times love. And it is happening. We feel that everybody has got together in Brighton a strong enough Macrocosmic community thing (which we can all see and be) to nourish and support the microcosm, our communal units and, ultimately US. But remember, it's happening without because it's happening within too. So be gentle and generous, trust each other and be patient. We can get it on. Who knows how fast it grows.

With LOVE Paul + Jackie.

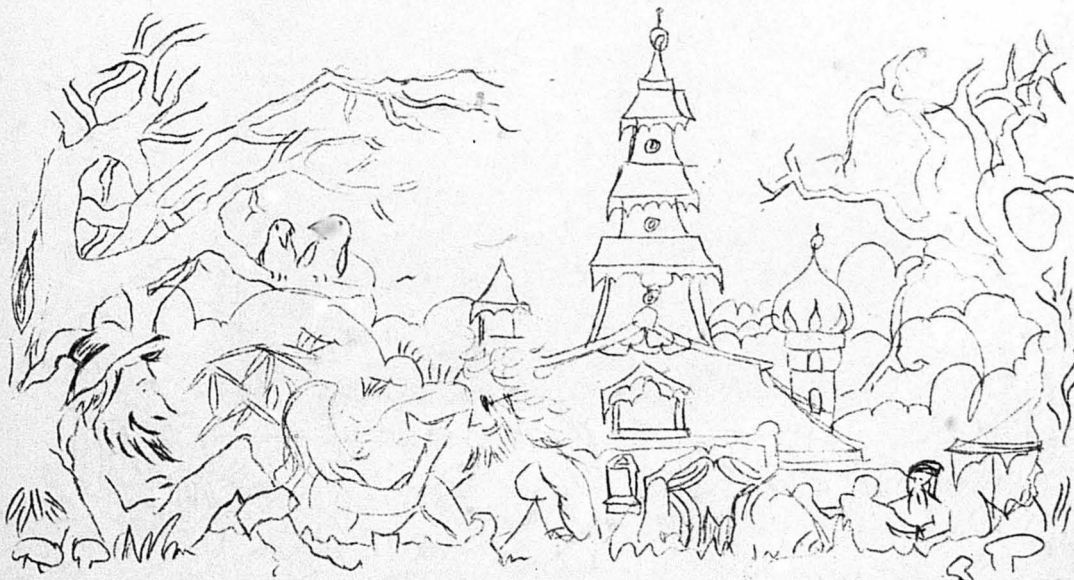
AGITPROP - more on Monday's bust.

An injunction to secure the return of all the Jake Prescott and Ian Purdie Defence Group literature seized by police in Monday's raid on Agitprop was filed in the High Court on Thursday.

The injunction is likely to be heard by the court next Friday.

CRASH PAD!!!!!!!!!!!!

Anyone wanting a temporary crash pad is invited to stay with Colin and Katheryn Stanton at their home, No. 17 Cholomley Gardens, Alfred Road, N.W.6. Please RING FIRST - 01 435-7369.



ATTILA ON COMMUNES....

& this week crowds of people took over the derelict Victoria Dwellings in Clerkenwell Road, London and started the London Streets Commune for everyone who sleeps in the parks, at stations or in shower-proof doorways.

They've barricaded the windows and the doorways and already resisted one abortive attempt to get rid of them by chopsticks wielded by the polis.

Lack of water is the main problem and the building is a fire risk but they're there and so far they've stayed.

Kazzzongg

COOKERS...

Anyone wanting electric cookers which PROBABLY WORK ask at the Church Army Hostel (just off St. James' Street past Rock Gardens). If u can take them out of the shed then they're yours. Give a few bob to the old bloke in the hostel, whether he asks for it or not (he probably won't).

Thanks to Charlie for the bulk of the pics, John for the cover, Annie for the letters page, Rick for running it all off, Mike for clearing his desk, Bill for Horoshit and others, Sara for the potatoe omelette and the weather man for the nice sun we had in mid week.

