



ATTILA
SATURDAY
5 SEPTEMBER 1971

VIOLENCE...

Last week the DEMOCRACY issue, a one-shot, almost a lost-cause issue. Nobody. Least of all anyone here, knows what Democracy means. It's sure that none of us has ever seen anything remotely like it....perhaps it's some relation to the Unicorn? or Santa Claus? Something that you promise little kids to get them to go to bed? behave? eat their dinner?

And another thing for sure...if there ever were to be a democracy you'd have to have as a vital constituent access by all of the citizens to information, to ALL informatipn. No choice would be possible unless it were so. And democracy, if it exists, would seem to have to be based on free-choice. Which depends on an electorate that knows its ass from a hole in the ground. One quick look at Wislon & the grocer will convince you that NO enlightened electorate in the Tonga Islands could sponsor them for Ratcatcher, muchless P.M.

Which leads, curiously enuf, into this week, and the first of a three-part thingy on VIOLENCE. It's probably the big problem of this Century. To do with 1) Increased education leading to frustration as the gap between what is & what could/should be perceptably widens, 2) Lack of socially approved ways of dealing with anger, aggression, need to get a little physical once in a while, 3) the closing of all the outward frontiers (the west, Australia etc.) leaving only your own family or the nearest window.

Spiral. Like most social spirals it will affect directly very few of the people. Those, however, will be a disproportionate influence on that society because they will be Criminals, Artists, Dropouts, Misfits, General Undesirables with more brains than is good for them. And they won't fit in. Panic on the part of the Ratmasters in Whitehall, Moscow, New York. It doesn't fit in with the Plan...which is either Fascism or Communism...at that point it doesn't really matter...witness the sickening relationship between the U.S./China/ & Russia in which the billions of the earth are carved up to suit the politicians & none of the 'Antagonists' interfeeres with any other on any really important issue...for example Czechoslovakia, for example Hungary, for example Greece or any of the many U.S. financed 'Democratic' revolutions in Central & South America. To Save the World.

Over the next years we're going to have to learn to live with our selves. All of them. Not just the nice-guy-wouldn't-hurt-a-fly obvious ones...but the Hells Angels, the Cops, the Tories (God help me), even our parents/even our children. There isn't room for anything else. America (See Ginsberg's "Howl") & Russia (See Tarsis, Solzhenitsyn, Pasternak) have both taken to locking up their crazies. The great state of California locks up its Blacks. Dissent is barred. Recent years, tho, seem to show a move away from this. It obviously won't work. There aren't enough guards to watch everybody so hardly anyone is prosecuted anymore for dope (check your local paper then count the number of people you know that smoke.) There isn't room enough for all the prisons. There never will be room again. bb.

Dear Attila,

I'm very glad Brighton has it's own paper and take this liberty to express my opinion:

Our new community, the Brighton Tribe, are as beautiful as any other tribe in Britain. And as disorganised.

There will never be a revolution in Britain. For example, the American underground has been planning disruptions at the 1972 elections for several months. At the Top Rank building next month (Oct 11 to 14) there occurs the Grand Tory Pig-In. Despite recent OZ proceedings nothing has been done about it (although there is a rumour in London that the Angry Brigade is going to blow the building off the face of the earth, with Ted and friends inside).

The cause of our situation has been expressed by the I Ching:

We are ruled by inferior people. We must wait.

I believe change will come. But not here, not this planet.

We must wait until the politicians' time is over.

We shall see our star, our planet, burned by the pigs and the fishes.

We will endure pain. BUT

When the politicians have grown young again,.....

When Heath is a child again.....

Wait. Trust. Keep in tune.

Enjoy yourself.

Look after your sisters, brothers, and yourself.

There come a time to gather herbs and feed the animals.

However if we should stay in a state of total inertia, evolution will be much slower. We must still act against our oppressors and show them that they are an obsolete, a dying race. THE CHANCE arises next month at the afore-mentioned Pig-In. Our tribe can prove its very existence by forming a demonstration. If you are into VIOLENCE, I'd rather you spent the three days in the country getting back into tune. Next month we must show the government that they aren't going to mess with OZ or any of us and get away with it, and show the police that we don't need society's favourite weapon.....violence... to communicate our ideas.

I believe any effort made on this unfortunate planet will make us that much better next time round. We must get this done and show that we are a tribe, or else live in total self-delusion for the rest of our lives.

lots of love,

Paul Skinner.

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LOTS AND LOTS OF LUV TO ANNIE...GET WELL SOON COS IT'S YOUR TURN TO COOK.

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HELP!!! Couple with child (aged 9) need somewhere to live. Contact Carl and Ela North, Flat 1c, Vincitore Gallery, Bartholomews, Brighton.

LIVING THEATRE.

On July 1 and 3 fifteen members of the LIVING THEATRE, including Julian Beck and Judith Malina, were arrested in Ouro Preto, Barzil, by the DOPS, the Brazilian political police, and charged with possession and trafficking of marijuana and threatened with the charge of subversion. They have been beaten and forced to sign "confessions". Some of the men have been subjected to torture --electroshock applied to the genitals. Their door had been open to all for weeks before the arrest and among the visitors were secret police. THEY ABSOLUTELY DENY HAVING ANY FORM OF DRUGS.

The Living Theatre has been in Brazil for a year, trying to help raise the cultural and artistic consciousness in this under-developed part of the world. Working with poor people, workers, students and artists, they are, and always have been, dedicated to the non-violent revolution of human consciousness and human fulfilment. Their street theatre has aroused an ecstatic response from ordinary Brazilians and letters of praise from several mayors. Their free life style and their message have, however, like elsewhere, brought down upon them the wrath of the clergy, a fierce right-wing organisation called Tradition, Family, Property (!), and the DOPS. The U.S. govt has washed its hands of the Living Theatre. " This is purely a Brazilian matter ", says the State Department.

UNLESS WE DEMAND THEIR RELEASE THEY WILL ROT INDEFINITELY IN JAIL IN BRAZIL, TO BE BEATEN, TORTURED AND ABUSED.

Write to H.E. Ambassador, Brazilian Embassy, 32, Green Street, W 1.
send donations to L.T. Defence Fund, c/o Shelley, 260, Elgin Ave, W 9.
DEMONSTRATE every Friday at embassy.

Dear Attila,

The Living Theatre came to Brazil because it was asked by Brazilian artists to help in the struggle for liberation in a land in which they described the situation as 'desperate'!

We agreed because we believe that it is time for artists to begin to give the knowledge and power of their craft to the wretched of the earth.

Here in Brazil we have been trying, through the highest expression of our art, to increase conscious awareness of the nature of the universe among the poorest of the poor, among factory workers, miners and their children.

The practice of our art in these forbidden areas has brought down on us the wrath of the forces of repression; and we are now accused of subversion, in addition to possession of and traffic in drugs.

We are not suffering in the sense that 70 millions of people in this country who are daily tortured by hunger are suffering; but we are now prisoners of the opposing camp in the life and death struggle to liberate consciousness on the planet.

We appeal to our friends, our allies, throughout the world, for whatever help they can muster, whatever pressure they can exert, to free us so that we can continue to develop and practice our art in the service of those who are the prisoners of poverty.

The Living Theatre. Bastille Day 1971.

--- statement from Julian Beck and Judith Malina, somehow composed in jail.

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Pad wanted: Contact Charlie at 58, Elm Grove, Brighton, soonest possible.  
WANNA MOVE? Contact George, 68, Compton Road, Brighton.



THE DURRUTI COLUMN RETURNS ..... and about time too

The British Army's soldiers in Northern Ireland are as much victims of the system as the people they are being employed to put down. Most of the soldiers so far killed in the fighting are below the age of 25, and most are from the areas hit hardest by unemployment ..... Scotland, Tyneside, etc. As the dole queues get larger, and as more and more school leavers find they cannot get jobs, so Army recruitment soars. The prospects of employment, plus escape from the slums and boredom perhaps to a sunnier land, coupled with excitement are a lure to many working class lads..... BUT instead of escape from the slums they end up in another one fighting the bosses war.

bogside clydeside tyneside the angry side .....

FREE JAKE AND IAN

there is a demonstration on saturday (today?) in london  
calling for the freeing of all political prisoners.....  
since any man whom the state locks up has committed a crime  
against the state, we must consider anyone in jail to be a  
political prisoner.

wanting so much  
hurts all that touches  
leaves turning brown  
and the wind is getting colder  
the sea is whipping up

a feeling of despair and failure  
frustration creeps  
upon

the fairy lights have gone  
out

and no longer is there a  
warm green feeling of  
sunshine and happiness  
trust and honesty

gives  
and  
laws and policemen  
take away

taking away is  
property is theft.

"we all bring into this  
a sense of  
humorous hate and  
loving laughter

warm brown and white  
black and flaming light  
and hope to see  
more  
of what  
belongs to everybody.

NEWS....NEWS....NEWS....NEWS....NEWS....NEWS....NEWS....NEWS....NEWS....

The doctor was actually advocating a therapy of pleasure, albeit a pleasure provided by the state, a system which in fact could ultimately confine pleasure to the offices of the state in the way that the state had administered the system that deprived pleasures and necessitated pornography, prostitution, and inhibition. What he was in fact advocating was a legalised prostitution and pornography. Orgasm administered by authority. Thus one more blow against individual freedom was now being enacted by the forces of so-called liberalism. Extended in other directions the interference of the state applies to laws governing hygiene...you must have a bath, separate lavatory, kitchen sink, hand wash basin and food cupboard otherwise a house is uninhabitable. How they manage to allow camping I have no idea.

The police are searching for a phantom dokter. He specialises in hard luck stories and removing bra and panties. From Belfast he is reluctant to disclose the effects of phantom gas while intelligence units go down with acute diarrhoea. The latest situation with the phantom dokter is in the hands of an expert team of diplomats. He could attack at any time and is believed to be male or female. Do not let your daughters out tonight, says police chief Dick. Police are also searching for a phantom prick, believed to be five feet tall and made of pink plastic. Police chief Rosa Kratz said today "Be careful..this prick could be dangerous." It was last seen outside the windows of a girls' dormitory in the Dortmund Strasse area of South London. Police are interviewing a man in connection with a huge plastic vulva reported stolen from the Marcel Buchamp exhibition. The two incidents are as yet not connected.

#### PRIMORDIAL REPRODUCTIONS, 1971.

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VOTE WITH YOUR BOOTS....MARCH TO BRIXTON...SATURDAY SEPT. 4 ( or today ).

Meet Clapham Common Tube at twelve noonday.

FREE JAKE AND IAN

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LAND-BASED RADIO.....what the fuck is it?????!!?

You have probably heard at some time or other one or more of the off-shore pirate radio stations like Radio Caroline, London, North Sea, Capitol, at present Radio Veronica, BUT you may not have heard any of the land-based pirate stations..( if you have read off..). There are quite a few operating around London and the INTERNATIONAL FREE RADIO CAMPAIGN is the only organisation which supports them and publishes a survey of them. It also supports off-shore stations. If you want to see free radio ( or even just listen to it ) then you could help by joining. Or if you want some pretty leaflets and copies of what stations are where and when...drop 'em a line. Write to I.F.R.C., Dept SL 1, Box 984, Coldershaw Road, West Ealing, London, W13 9DX, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. And HURRY.

Dear ATTILA,

In reply to 'US and THEM', since when has a bloody gun been the same as a fucking peace sign???? LOVE THE PIGS...and KILL the guns.

YOU and ME.....THEM and THOU....LET'S WORK TOGETHER.

A SEPARATE REALITY.....BY CARLOS CASTANEDA ( cont'd from ATTILA 17 ).

May 24, 1968.

I had been pestering don Juan nearly all day to tell me about don Vicente's gift. I had pointed out to him in various ways that he had to consider our differences; I said that what was self-explanatory for him might be totally incomprehensible for me.

"How many plants did he give you?" he finally asked.

I said four, but I actually could not remember. Then don Juan wanted to know exactly what had taken place after I left don Vicente and before I stopped on the side of the road. But I could not remember that either.

"The number of plants is important and so is the order of events," he said. "How can I tell you what his gift was if you don't remember what happened?"

I struggled unsuccessfully to visualize the sequence of events,

"If you could remember everything that happened," he said, "I could at least tell you how you chucked your gift."

Don Juan seemed to be very disturbed. He urged me impatiently to recollect, but my memory was almost a total blank.

"What do you think I did wrong, don Juan?" I said, just to continue the conversation.

"Everything."

"But I followed don Vicente's instructions to the letter."

"So what? Don't you understand that to follow his instructions was meaningless?"

"Why?"

"Because those instructions were designed for someone who could see, not for an idiot who got out with his life just by sheer luck. You went to see don Vicente without preparation. He liked you and gave you a gift. And that gift could easily have cost you your life."

"But why did he give me something so serious? If he's a sorcerer he should've known that I don't know anything."

"No, he couldn't have seen that. You look as though you know, but you don't know much really."

I said I was sincerely convinced that I had never misrepresented myself, at least not deliberately.

"I didn't mean that," he said. "If you were putting on airs Vicente could've seen through you. This is something worse than putting on airs. When I see you, you look to me as if you know a great deal, and yet I myself know that you don't."

"What do I seem to know, don Juan?"

"Secrets of power, of course; a brujo's knowledge. So when Vicente saw you he made you a gift and you acted towards it the way a dog acts towards food when his belly is full. A dog pisses on food when he doesn't want to eat any more, so other dogs won't eat it. You did that on the gift. Now we'll never know what really took place. You have lost a great deal. What a waste!"

He was quiet for some time; then he shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"It's useless to complain," he said, "and yet it's so difficult not to. Gifts of power happen so rarely in one's life; they are unique and precious. Take me, for instance; nobody has ever made me such a gift. There are very few people, to my knowledge, who ever had one. To waste something so unique is a shame."

"I see what you mean, don Juan," I said. "Is there anything I can do now to salvage the gift?"

He laughed and repeated several times, "To salvage the gift."

"That sounds nice," he said. "I like that. Yet there isn't anything one can do to salvage your gift."

May 25, 1968.

Don Juan spent nearly all his time today showing me how to assemble simple trapping devices for small animals. We had been cutting and cleaning branches nearly all morning.

There were many questions in my mind. I tried to talk to him while we worked, but he had made a joke and said that of the two of us only I could move my hands and my mouth at the same time. We finally sat down to rest and I blurted out a question.

"What's it like to see, don Juan?"

"You have to learn to see in order to know that. I can't tell you."

"Is it a secret I shouldn't know?"

"No. It's just that I can't describe it."

"Why?"

"It wouldn't make sense to you."

"Try me, don Juan. Maybe it'll make sense to me."

"No. You must do it yourself. Once you learn, you can see every single thing in the world in a different way."

"Then, don Juan, you don't see the world in the usual way anymore."

"I see both ways. When I want to look at the world I see it the way you do. Then when I want to see it I look at it the way I know and I perceive it in a different way."

"Do things look consistently the same every time you see them?"

"Things don't change. You change your way of looking, that's all."

"I mean, don Juan, that if you see, for instance, the same tree, does it remain the same every time you see it?"

"No. It changes and yet it's the same."

"But if the same tree changes every time you see it, your seeing may be a mere illusion." He laughed and did not answer for some time, but seemed to be thinking. Finally he said,

"Whenever you look at things you don't see them. You just look at them, I suppose, to make sure that something is there. Since you're not concerned with seeing, things look very much the same every time you look at them. When you learn to see, on the other hand, a thing is never the same every time you see it, and yet it is the same. I told you, for instance, that a man is like an egg. Every time I see the same man I see an egg, and yet it is not the same egg."

"But you won't be able to recognize anything, since nothing is the same; so what's the advantage of learning to see?"

"You can tell things apart. You can see them for what they really are."

"Don't I see things as they really are?"

"No. Your eyes have learned only to look. Take, for example, the three people you encountered, the three Mexicans. You have described them in detail, and even told me what clothes they wore. And that only proved to me that you didn't see them at all. If you were capable of seeing you would have known on the spot they were not people."

"They were not people?" What were they?"

"They were not people, that's all."

"But that's impossible. They were just like you and me."

"No, they were not. I'm sure of it."

I asked him if they were ghosts, spirits, or the souls of dead people. His reply was that he did not know what ghosts, spirits, and souls were.

I translated for him the Webster's New World Dictionary definition of the word ghost:

"The supposed disembodied spirit of a dead person, conceived of as appearing to the living as a pale, shadowy apparition." And then the definition of spirit: "A supernatural being, especially one thought of ... as a ghost, or as inhabiting a certain region, being of a certain (good or evil) character."

He said they could perhaps be called spirits, although the definition I had read was not quite adequate to describe them.

"Are they guardians of some sort?" I asked.

"No. They don't guard anything."

"Are they overseers? Are they watching over us?"

"They are forces, neither good nor bad, just forces that a brujo learns to harness."

"Are they the allies, don Juan?"

"Yes, they are the allies of a man of knowledge."



This was the first time in the eight years of our association that don Juan had come close to defining an "ally". I must have asked him to do so dozens of times. He usually disregarded my question saying that I knew what an ally was and that it was stupid of me to voice what I already know. Don Juan's direct statement about the nature of an ally was a novelty and I was compelled to probe him.

"You told me the allies were in the plants," I said, "in the jimson weed and in the mushrooms."

"I've never told you that," he said with great conviction. "You always jump to your own conclusions."

"But I wrote it down in my notes, don Juan."

"You may write whatever you want, but don't tell me I said that."

I reminded him that he had at first told me his benefactor's ally was the jimson weed and his own ally was the little smoke; and that he had later clarified it by saying that the ally was contained in each plant.

"No. That's not correct," he said, frowning. "My ally is the little smoke, but that doesn't mean that my ally is in the smoking mixture, or in the mushrooms, or in my pipe. They all have to be put together to get me to the ally, and that ally I call little smoke for reasons of my own."

Don Juan said that the three people I had seen, whom he called "those who are not people" -- los que no son gente -- were in reality don Vicente's allies.

I reminded him that he had established that the difference between an ally and Mescalito was that an ally could not be seen, while one could easily see Mescalito.

We involved ourselves in a long discussion then. He said that he had established the idea that an ally could not be seen because an ally adopted any form. When I pointed out that he had once also said that Mescalito adopted any form, don Juan dropped the whole conversation, saying that the seeing to which he was referring was not the ordinary "looking at things" and that my confusion stemmed from my insistence on talking.

Hours later don Juan himself started back again on the topic of allies. I had felt he was somehow annoyed by my questions so I had not pressed him any further. He was showing me then how to make a trap for rabbits; I had to hold a long stick and bend it as far as possible so he could tie a string around the ends. The stick was fairly thin but still demanded considerable strength to bend. My head and arms were shivering with exertion and I was nearly exhausted when he finally tied the string. We sat down and he began to talk. He said it was obvious to him that I could not comprehend anything unless I talked about it, and that he did not mind my questions and was going to tell me about allies.

"The ally is not in the smoke," he said, "The smoke takes you to where the ally is, and when you become one with the ally you don't ever have to smoke again. From then on you can summon your ally at will and make him do anything you want."

"The allies are neither good nor evil, but are put to use by the sorcerers for whatever purpose they see fit. I like the little smoke as an ally because it doesn't demand much of me. It's constant and fair."

"How does an ally look to you, don Juan? Those three people I saw, for instance, who looked like ordinary people to me; how would they look to you?"

"They would look like ordinary people."

"Then how can you tell them apart from real people?"

"Real people look like luminous eggs when you see them. Nonpeople always look like people. That's what I meant when I said you could not see an ally. The allies take different forms. They look like dogs, coyotes, birds, even tumbleweeds, or anything else. The only difference is that when you see them they look just like what they're pretending to be. Everything has its own way of being when you see. Just like men look like eggs other things look like something else, but the allies can be seen only in the form they are portraying. That form is good enough to fool the eyes; our eyes, that is. A dog is never fooled, neither is a crow."

" why would they want to fool us? "

" I think we are the clowns. We fool ourselves. The allies just take the outward appearance of whatever is around and then we take them for what they are not. It is not their fault that we have taught our eyes only to look at things. "

" I'm not clear about their function, don Juan. What do allies do in the world? "

" This is like asking me what we men do in the world. I really don't know. We are here that's all. And the allies are here like us; and maybe they have been here before us. "

" What do you mean before us, don Juan? "

" We men have not always been here. "

" Do you mean here in this country or here in the world. "

We involved ourselves in another long argument at this point. Don Juan said that for him there was only one world, the place where he put his feet. I asked him how he knew that we had not always been in the world. "

" Very simple, " he said. " We men know very little about the world. A coyote knows much more than we do. A coyote is hardly ever fooled by the world's appearance. "

" How come we can catch and kill them? " I asked. " If they are not fooled by appearances how come they die so easily? "

Don Juan stared at me until I became embarrassed.

" We may trap or poison or shoot a coyote, " he said. " Any way we do it a coyote is easy prey for us because he is not familiar with man's machinations. If the coyote survived, however, you could rest assured that we'd never catch up with him again. A good hunter knows that and never sets his trap twice on the same spot, because if a coyote dies in a trap, every coyote can see his death, which lingers on, and thus they will avoid the trap or even the general area where it was set. We, on the other hand, never see death, which lingers on the spot where one of our fellow men has died; we may suspect it, but we never see it. "

" Can a coyote see an ally? "

" Certainly. "

" How does an ally look to a coyote? "

" I would have to be a coyote to know that. I can tell you, however, that to a crow it looks like a pointed hat. Round and wide at the bottom, ending in a long point. Some of them shine, but the majority are dull and appear to be very heavy. They resemble a dripping piece of cloth. They are foreboding shapes. "

" How do they look to you when you see them, don Juan? "

" I've told you already; they look like whatever they're pretending to be. They take any shape or size that suits them. They could be shaped like a pebble or a mountain. "

" Do they talk, or laugh, or make any noise? "

" In the company of men they behave like men. In the company of animals they behave like animals. Animals are usually afraid of them; however, if they are accustomed to seeing allies, they leave them alone. We ourselves do something similar. We have scores of allies among us, but we don't bother them. Since our eyes can only look at things, we don't notice them. "

" Do you mean that some of the people I see in the street are not really people? " I asked, truly bewildered by his statement.

" Some of them are not, " he said emphatically.

His statement seemed preposterous to me, yet I could not seriously conceive of don Juan's making such a remark purely for effect. I told him it sounded like a science-fiction tale about beings from another planet. He said he did not care how it sounded, but some people in the street were not people.

" Why must you think that every person in a moving crowd is a human being? " he asked with an air of utmost seriousness.

I really could not explain why, except that I was habituated to believe that as an act of sheer faith on my part.

He went on to say how much he liked to watch busy places with a lot of people, and how he would sometimes see a crowd of men who looked like eggs, and among the mass of egg-like creatures he would spot one who looked just like a person.

"It's very enjoyable to do that," he said, laughing, "or at least it's enjoyable for me. I like to sit in parks and bus depots and watch. Sometimes I can spot an ally right away; at other times I can see only real people. Once I saw two allies sitting in a bus, side by side. That's the only time in my life I have seen two together."

"Did it have any significance for you to see two of them?"

"Certainly. Anything they do is significant. From their actions a brujo sometimes can draw his power. Even if a brujo does not have an ally of his own, as long as he knows how to see, he can handily power by watching the acts of the allies. My benefactor taught me to do that, and for years before I had my own ally I watched for allies among crowds of people and every time I saw one it taught me something. You found three together. What a magnificent lesson you wasted."

He did not say anything else until we had finished assembling the rabbit trap. Then he turned to me and said suddenly, as if he had just remembered it, that another important thing about the allies was that if one found two of them they were always two of the same kind. The two allies he saw were two men, he said; and since I had seen two men and one woman he concluded that my experience was even more unusual.

I asked if the allies could portray children; if the children could be of the same or of different sex; if the allies portrayed people of different races; if they could portray a family composed of a man, a woman, and a child; and finally I asked him if he had ever seen an ally driving a car or a bus.

Don Juan did not answer at all. He smiled and let me do the talking. When he had heard my last question he burst out laughing and said that I was being careless with my questions, that it would have been more appropriate to ask if he had ever seen an ally driving a motor vehicle.

"You don't want to forget motorcycles do you?" he said with a mischievous glint in his eye.

I thought he was making fun of my questions, but he was funny and light-hearted and I laughed with him.

Then he explained that the allies could not take the lead or act upon anything directly; they could, however, act upon man in an indirect way. Don Juan said that coming in contact with an ally was dangerous because the ally was capable of bringing out the worst in a person. The apprenticeship was long and arduous, he said, because one had to reduce to a minimum all that was unnecessary in one's life, in order to withstand the impact of such an encounter. Don Juan said that his benefactor, when he first came in contact with an ally, was driven to burn himself and was scarred as if a mountain lion had mauled him. In his own case, he said, an ally pushed him into a pile of burning wood, and he burned himself a little on the knee and the shoulder blade, but the scars disappeared in time, when he became one with the ally.

## 3

On June 10, 1968, I started on a long journey with don Juan to participate in a mitote. I had been waiting for this opportunity for months, yet I was not really sure I wanted to go. I thought my hesitation was due to my fear that at a peyote meeting I would have to ingest peyote, and I had no intention whatsoever of doing that. I had repeatedly expressed those feelings to don Juan. He laughed patiently at first, but finally he firmly stated that he did not want to hear one more thing about my fear.

As far as I was concerned, a mitote was ideal ground for me to verify the schemata I had constructed. For one thing I had never completely abandoned the idea that a covert loader was necessary at such a meeting in order to insure agreement among the participants. Somehow I had the feeling that don Juan had discarded my idea for reasons of his own, since he deemed it more efficacious to explain everything that took place at a mitote in terms of seeing. I thought that my interest in finding a suitable explanation in my own terms was not in accordance with what he himself wanted me to do; therefore he had to discard my rationale, as he was accustomed to doing with whatever did not conform to his system.

Right before we started on the journey don Juan eased my apprehension about having to ingest payoto by telling me that I was attending the meeting only to watch. I felt elated. At that time I was almost certain I was going to discover the covert procedure by which the participants arrive at an agreement.

It was late afternoon when we left; the sun was almost on the horizon; I felt it on my neck and wished I had a venetian blind in the rear window of my car. From the top of a hill I could see down into a huge valley; the road was like a black ribbon laid flat over the ground, up and down innumerable hills. I followed it with my eyes for a moment before we began descending; it ran due south until it disappeared over a range of low mountains in the distance.

Don Juan sat quietly, looking straight ahead. We had not said a word for a long time. It was uncomfortably warm inside the car. I had opened all the windows, but that did not help because it was an extremely hot day. I felt very annoyed and restless, I began to complain about the heat.

Don Juan frowned and looked at me quizzically.

"It's hot all over Mexico this time of the year," he said. "There's nothing one can do about it."

I did not look at him, but knew he was gazing at me. The car picked up speed going down the slope. I vaguely saw a highway sign, Vado--dip. When I actually saw the dip I was going quite fast, and although I did slow down, we still felt the impact and bobbed up and down on the seats. I reduced the speed considerably; we were going through an area where livestock grazed freely on the sides of the road, an area where the carcass of a horse or a cow run down by a car was a common sight. At a certain point I had to stop completely to let some horses cross the highway. I was getting more restless and annoyed. I told don Juan that it was the heat; I said that I had always disliked the heat since my childhood, because every summer I used to feel suffocated and I could hardly breathe.

"You're not a child now," he said.

"The heat still suffocates me."

"Well, hunger used to suffocate me when I was a child," he said softly. "To be very hungry was the only thing I knew as a child, and I used to swell up until I could not breathe either. But that was when I was a child. I cannot suffocate now, neither can I swell like a toad when I am hungry."

I didn't know what to say. I felt I was getting myself into an untenable position and soon I would have to defend a point I really didn't care to defend. The heat was not that bad. What disturbed me was the prospect of driving for over a thousand miles to our destination. I felt annoyed at the thought of having to exert myself.

"Let's stop and get something to eat," I said. "Maybe it won't be so hot once the sun goes down."

Don Juan looked at me, smiling, and said there were not any clean towns for a long stretch and that he had understood my policy was not to eat from the stands on the roadside.

"Don't you fear diarrhea any more?" he asked.

I knew he was being sarcastic, yet he kept an inquisitive and at the same time serious look on his face.

"They way you act," he said, "one would think that diarrhea is lurking out there, waiting for you to step out of the car to jump you. You're in a terrible fix; if you escape the heat, diarrhea will eventually get you."

Don Juan's tone was so serious that I began to laugh. Then we drove in silence for a long time. When we arrived at a highway stop for trucks called Los Vidrios --Glass-- it was already quite dark.

Don Juan shouted from the car, "What do you have to eat today?"

"Pork meat," a woman shouted back from inside.

"I hope for your sake that the pig was run down on the road today," don Juan said to me, laughing.

We got out of the car. The road was flanked on both sides by ranges of low mountains that seemed to be the solidified lava of some gigantic volcanic eruption. In the darkness the



black, jagged peaks were silhouetted against the sky like huge menacing walls of glass slivers.

While we ate I told don Juan that I could see the reason why the place was called Glass. I said that to me the name was obviously due to the glass-sliver shape of the mountains. Don Juan said in a convincing tone that the place was called Los Vidrios because a truck loaded with glass had overturned on that spot and the glass shreds were left lying around the road for years.

I felt he was being facetious and asked him to tell me if that was the real reason.

"Why don't you ask someone here?" he said.

I asked a man who was sitting at a table next to ours; he said apologetically that he didn't know. I went into the kitchen and asked the women there if they knew, but they all said they didn't; that the place was just called Glass.

"I believe I'm right," don Juan said in a low voice. "Mexicans are not given to noticing things around them. I'm sure they can't see the glass mountains, but they surely can leave a mountain of glass shreds lying around for years."

We both found the image funny and laughed.

When we had finished eating don Juan asked me how I felt. I told him fine, but I really felt somewhat queasy. Don Juan gave me a steadfast look and seemed to detect my feeling of discomfort.

"Once you decided to come to Mexico you should have put all your petty fears away," he said very sternly. "Your decision to come should have vanquished them. You came because you wanted to come. That's the warrior's way. I have told you time and time again, the most effective way to live is as a warrior. Worry and think before you make any decision, but once you make it, be on your way free from worries or thoughts; there will be a million other decisions still awaiting you. That's the warrior's way."

"I believe I do that, don Juan, at least some of the time. It's very hard to keep on reminding myself, though."

"A warrior thinks of his death when things become unclear."

"That's even harder, don Juan. For most people death is very vague and remote. We never think of it."

"Why not?"

"Why should we?"

"Very simple," he said. "Because the idea of death is the only thing that tempers our spirit."

By the time we left Los Vidrios it was so dark that the jagged silhouette of the mountains had merged into the darkness of the sky. We drove in silence for more than an hour. I felt tired. It was as though I didn't want to talk because there was nothing to talk about. The traffic was minimal. Few cars passed by from the opposite direction. It seemed as if we were the only people going south on the highway. I thought that was strange and I kept on looking in the rear-view mirror to see if there were other cars coming from behind, but there were none.

After a while I stopped looking for cars and began to dwell again on the prospect of our trip. Then I noticed that my headlights were extremely bright in contrast with the darkness all around and I looked again in the rear-view mirror. I saw a bright glare at first and then two points of light that seemed to have emerged from the ground. They were the headlights of a car on a hilltop in the distance behind us. They remained visible for a while, then they disappeared into the darkness as if they had been scooped away; after a moment they appeared on another hilltop, and then they disappeared again. I followed their appearances and disappearances in the mirror for a long time. At one point it occurred to me that the car was gaining on us. It was definitely closing in. The lights were bigger and brighter. I deliberately stepped on the gas pedal. I had a sensation of uneasiness. Don Juan seemed to notice my concern, or perhaps he was only noticing that I was speeding up. He looked at me first, then he turned round and looked at the distant headlights. He asked me if there was something wrong with me. I told him that I had not seen any cars behind us for hours and that suddenly I had noticed the lights of a car that seemed to be

gaining on us all the time.

He chuckled and asked me if I really thought it was a car. I told him that it had to be a car and he said that my concern revealed to him that, somehow, I must have felt that whatever was behind us was something more than a mere car. I insisted that I thought it was just another car on the highway, or perhaps a truck.

"What else can it be?" I said loudly.

Don Juan's probing had put me on edge.

He turned and looked straight at me, then he nodded slowly, as if measuring what he was going to say.

"Those are the lights on the head of death," he said softly. "Death puts them on like a hat and then shoots off on a gallop. Those are the lights of death on the gallop gaining on us, getting closer and closer."

A chill ran up my back. After a while I looked in the rear-view mirror again, but the lights were not there any more.

I told don Juan that the car must have stopped or turned off the road. He did not look back; he just stretched his arms and yawned.

"No," he said. "Death never stops. Sometimes it turns off its lights, that's all."

We arrived in northeastern Mexico June 13. Two old Indian women, who looked alike and seemed to be sisters, and four girls were gathered at the door of a small adobe house. There was a hut behind the house and a dilapidated barn that had only part of its roof and one wall left. The women were apparently waiting for us; they must have spotted my car by the dust it raised on the dirt road after I left the paved highway a couple of miles away. The house was in a deep valley, and viewed from the door the highway looked like a long scar high up on the side of the green hills.

Don Juan got out of the car and talked with the old women for a moment. They pointed to some wooden stools in front of the door. Don Juan signaled me to come over and sit down. One of the old women sat with us; the rest went inside the house. Two of the girls remained by the door, examining me with curiosity. I waved at them; they giggled and ran inside. After a few minutes two young men came over and greeted don Juan. They did not speak to me or even look at me. They talked to don Juan briefly; then he got up and all of us, including the women, walked to another house, perhaps half a mile away. We met there with another group of people. Don Juan went inside but told me to stay by the door. I looked in and saw an old Indian man around don Juan's age sitting on a wooden stool.

It was not quite dark. A group of young Indian men and women were standing quietly around an old truck parked in front of the house. I talked to them in Spanish but they deliberately avoided answering me; the women giggled every time I said something and the men smiled politely and turned their eyes away. It was as if they did not understand me, yet I was sure all of them spoke Spanish because I had heard them talking among themselves. After a while don Juan and the other old man came out and got into a truck and sat next to the driver. That appeared to be a signal for everyone to climb onto the flatbed of the truck. There were no side railings, and when the truck began to move we all hung onto a long rope that was tied to some hooks on the chassis.

The truck moved slowly on the dirt road. At one point, on a very steep slope, it stopped and everybody jumped down and walked behind it; then two young men hopped onto the flatbed again and sat on the edge without using the rope. The women laughed and encouraged them to maintain their precarious position. Don Juan and the old man, who was referred to as don Silvio, walked together and did not seem to be concerned with the young men's histrionics. When the road leveled off everybody got on the truck again.

MORE ON CARLOS' ADVENTURES, INCLUDING THE RE-UNION WITH THE PEYOTE MEETING, WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S ATILLA. read about the astonishing omen which Carlos encounters. Don't you DARE miss it.

ATTILA on V I O L E N C E..... or how to get rid of your neighbour...

Take one dogmatic person; make him convinced that what he thinks is right IS right and that goes for vice too.  
Give him the opportunity to impose his ideas/ideals on anyone else.  
Sit and watch. Should take about five minutes to bring to the boil. May blow up if care isn't taken with the temperature. If this should happen YOU may be blown up as well..... but that's what comes of bad experiments.

### TRASHING

Q: " Do you know what you want? "

A: " No, I know whose blood I want. It's not like I'm out to get just anybody. I mean, I'm not a pathological murderer or anything. I just know what I'm after. "

Q: " I still don't understand how trashing is going to bring the revolution any closer. Look at the targets. "

J: " Well, Paul's bookshop shouldn't have gotten hit. He's a small business man. There were a few others.. a tyre store and some others. But the stores that got hit..they know why. "

B: " Kroger's should have been burned to the ground. "

J: " Sure. But Paul couldn't figure out why ( he was hit ). It was really sad. "

C: " You know, they can put up their fucking cement walls, but it's only one step from a brick to dynamite. That's what trashing does: it raises the consciousness. The stores around here better get hip to the fact that if they collaborate with the police they are going to be destroyed. This is the way people feel in the community. This is the sense I got out of it. "

Q: " Do you think guns will be used? "

C: " I can promise it. It's something that's going to happen. "

well trashing hasn't happened in lil ole England..yet, but lots of other violent things have. Lots of people seem to be trying to replace an unworkable establishment by using that establishment's own answer to all its problems --- force. It's much easier....and probably much quicker to hit someone who disagrees with you over the head than try to patiently reason with him....even if it means he might bolt you while you're reasoning. Violence is really the obvious result of a species inability to tolerate. We, as members of the " super-intellectual " human species like to raise ourselves to an elevated position in the science of zoology...above all the other species. Our constant inability to live beside each other in peace is our own biggest indictment. The trashers claim to be aiming for a new social order....one based on love rather than fear. Well so are we all, Mr. Trasher, sir. And if I can be allowed to put my point of view....I don't think you're doing that particular ideal too much good.

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VIOLENCE....VIOLENCE....VIOLENCE....VIOLENCE.

Word has it that the long awaited UNICORN BOOKSHOP poster sale may take place this coming Sunday ( twomorrow ). All sorts of amazing wall posters MAY BE FOR SALE and even if they're not there's lots of lovely books waiting to fill your head with garbage.

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This week's issue is, as you may have noticed, a very violent issue. This is because we all have a lot of excess adrenalin to get rid of and it comes out really well on those stencils. It's going so well that we've decided next week's issue will also be on VIOLENCE and possibly ( probably ) the week after next's as well. Anyone wishing to use this public adrenalin-riding service is invited, nay urged to get their adrenalin on paper and get it to the bookshop as soon as the remaining store of energy will allow.

WEELEY...WEELEY...WEELEY...Well how do you spell a raspberry? Blah Blah Blah Blah Blah Blah Bla' Blah Blah.

But...good to see the Brighton tribe holding its own ( dirty old americanz ) Infinity and the ever so slightly frazzled Public House battling on against a p.a. system with laryngitis and a strong downwind from the bogs for 200 thousand, to provide a little piece of home..... oh and the salvation army were lovely.

And from the murky depths of mumble Chris's mind sprang.... THE UNTOGETHER CLUB....for all us muddled nerds who just can't get anything together---your trubbled days are over, this club is just for YOU. Further details from..... . What! Where'd I put that address anyway?

but the universal symbol of a true member, to see and recognise wherever you go, is a badly rolled joint. Carry one with you at all times.

We also announced the grand opening of MUMBLE CHRIS'S BADGE BOUTIQUE as a subsidiary of the far flung empire of that famous emporium of words, shit, words, shit and more words, the Public Mouse at the Public House ( Subsection d: 18 (A) Armbadges ).

love from Bic,  
Secretary of the Untogether Club,  
Ex Billy Butlin Bunny Girl.  
( come along and see MY little red blazer ).

~~~~~

VIOLENCE.....(until you're sick)

The definition of violence is clear: " the exertion of physical force so as to injure or abuse. " But lots of Americans use the word in other ways and with other meanings. A survey taken by the University of

Michigan asked 1,374 black and white men (but no women??) whether certain actions were violent in themselves or caused violence or what. The results are interesting: More than half (57%) decided that shooting looters was not at all violent. Nearly a third thought beating up students equally non-violent. By contrast 22% thought passive sit-ins were acts of violence along with such things as draft card burning (58%) and looting (85%!!!!).

Amazingly only 65% were much worried about the growth of violence. Asked about its source, 68% mentioned civil disorder and protest; only 27% mentioned crime, and to most of the people interviewed violence actually meant acts against PROPERTY....NOT people.

A very large number actually thought that violence ---however defined--- may be NECESSARY or...EVEN USEFUL. As a footnote to this depressing survey the university said that the most highly educated men were the strongest opponents of violence either for the purpose of law enforcement or for social change. Whatever that means!!!!....

~~~~~

POME. Chris Voisey.

The truth  
Doesn't

Always show

When  
The model

Stands naked;

But even  
If

It did

How  
Would the artist

Paint it?????

~~~~~

ATTILA, contrary to public rumours, is NOT produced by Fine Fare Ltd. It IS published at UNICORN BOOSHOP, in salubrious Gloucester Road.

SUSSEX GAY LIBERATION FRONT.

The Sussex Gay Liberation Front has been active in Brighton for ten months. Through the dedicated efforts of two students a nucleus of people has created a committee and a constitution.

The aims of the S.G.L.F. are to promote an understanding of homosexuality and to fight discrimination against homosexuals. We believe that thoughtful people is neither a disease or a social evil and that discrimination against homosexuals in employment or accommodation is contrary to all concepts of human right.

The S.G.L.F. looks forward to a society whose attitude to other human beings is based on an enlightened understanding of human behaviour and sexuality.

Many honest and sincere people in position of civic and national responsibility believe that they have a duty to "stamp it out". All that happens is that homosexuality is driven underground. Thus many human beings are forced into a Ghetto existence and a resentful withdrawn attitude towards society. Their "crime"? A sexual orientation which nothing can be done to alter.

To achieve equality the S.G.L.F. offers a working alternative -- a club for homosexual men and women where, apart from social events, a counselling service, education group, theatre group and action group will meet. The club also feels it is vital for non-homosexuals to join with its members.

CRASH PAD SERVICE (continued).....

Phone David at 502167 for temporary
accomodation for the temporary
homeless or far from home.

BLUE MURDER

About 15,810 people (nobody actually counted accurately) were murdered in U.S. (Western civilisation's most advanced exponent) last year, an average of over 40 a day.

J. Edgar Hoover, chief cop and under-the-carpet sweeper, whined that because more than $\frac{1}{4}$ of these /murders are a result of feuds between relatives and families, his shining knights were no longer able stop the rise in slaughter.

The police were powerless to prevent feuds between relatives, Mrs. Hoover rationalised.

" It follows, therefore, that criminal homicide (killing) is to a major extent a national social problem (Right!) BEYOND POLICE PREVENTION. "

He added: " But we still hope to be able to protect you from pornography!

Guns are still the most popular murder weapons (also the easiest) and 65% of 15,810 people died like that.

The figures can be taken as falsely descriptive of the true situation as they do not take into account those people shot for what the state would call "justifiable homicide."

Only about £34 million quid was lost as a result of 348,300 robberies, and there were 37,270 rapes - well over twice the number 11 years ago.

GEORGE JACKSON

" We have a fact and we should keep that fact always in mind. A boy of 18 went to jail for stealing £30 and remained there until he died. -- James Baldwin speaking of the murder of Jackson.

THIS WEEK'S FUNERAL.

A coffin carrying Romford's last breathe of fresh air was borne thru the town centre last Saturday in a Dwarf demonstration. Leaflets which they handed out to laughing onlookers screamed, among other things: " 5 years ago the people in Japan laughed at conservationists who said that we would be wearing gas masks if measures were not taken immediately to check pollution. Now, in 1971, this has become true. When traffic is heavy, policemen in Japan wear gas masks..... "

~~~~~  
 Neil and Georgie, Anne and Eddie  
 and two kids are looking for pads.  
Please bring help to UNICORN.  
 ~~~~~

DON'T LOOK NOW, WE'RE ON T.V.

There's now two different pictures at least being relayed thru London's perfumed airs to Spew Knotland Yard...one of Grosvenor Square (but that's been there for a while now) and one of Trafalgar Square.

The last one was put up only recently for the same reason as t'other --" to facilitate the movement of traffic and pedestrians particularly during meetings. "

During the recent Bangla Desh and Irish Civil Rights meetings it panned across the square as the marchers filed in and then zoomed up on the plinth, having a good look at every speaker.

~~~~~

HOW TO BE STOPPED

There's nothing like being hassled by the law when you've done nothing to bring on the mental ab-jabs....a violent electric shock for the restfull mind.  
 And whether you've a bank clerk, a skinhead, a Hell's Angel or just a harmless long-hair it's the

same degree of shock and the same angry indignation if you're being hassled unjustly. If you've NEVER done anything wrong it's likely to make you think about it. After all you're gonna get hassled whichever way you look at it.

About a week ago some guy up at Black Rock had some money pinched. He told police it was the Mad Dogs, Brighton's own bunch of denimed Hells Angels. It wasn't them cos they were nowhere near the place at the time. Each member has been stopped and questioned --many being taken to the fuzz box for the job, and each has made statements, where required, providing alibis.

But the police are CLEVER, you see. They don't believe them.

And so they've been hassling them ever since, stopping Wank, one of the members three times at least, and the others as frequently.

When they're not actually being stopped the Dogs have been able to notice those round little pandas trucking slowly along the road after them---at a discreet distance, of course.

Now either the Mad Dogs ripped off that guy at Black Rock and the police are hopelessly inefficient at proving that " fact ", or they didn't do it, in which case the police are just being vindictive. But it can't be the latter cos, as we all know, our British bobby is good and just and wouldn't stoop so low.

So, as a citizen who helps to pay for protection from the police force, I demand that they either broaden the area of their investigation, or, if they already know the robber(s) arrest him/them immediately. We intend to make a case history, if possible, of everyone who is unjustly stopped, searched/hassled by police. If it happens to you, come in and talk to us about it. Or contact Open/SECT who run advisory services for hassled heads. This also goes for bank clerks if they should be hassled. After all, they can't be WORSE than anyone else.