



BRING BACK HANGING FOR EDWARD HEATH....  
 Good news for tiny-Tad crusaders...  
 Brighton is going to have its very own  
 lunatic crusade & anyone can join!!

The Tory Party Conference here next month is to be lobbied by the Eye for an eye Brigade. If you have tears prepare to shed them....the icing on this cake is to be the widow of the shot policeman, Mrs. Richardson, if she can be obtained. It is probable that she will allow herself to be interviewed and may even sign autographs, so a good time should be had by all but the sensitive.  
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MORE TOOTH AND FANG AND CLAW...  
 This week's FREETHINKER, seldom read & probably with a falling circulation, is as usual a good thing to have a look at. Their cover story is on Capital Punishment & the Judicial Murder of Derek Bentley, a 19 year old Epileptic, who could neither read nor write and who was hanged for a murder which took place 15 minutes after he was taken into police custody.

FREEETHINKER makes the point that the family of the criminal also deserves some consideration. They do not mention, perhaps because the points are obvious, the effects on society. Nor do they suggest what is to be done if the State, and the State is us, makes a mistake.

Hang the judge after you have forced him to witness the ritual rape and murder of his children, then his wife?

Feed the jurors to the piranhas?

Have the arresting officers torn apart by the horses of the Household Cavalry?

And all of these in public? If murder must be done let it be public, let it be honest, & let the guilt for that murder be shared by ALL of the Animals.  
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VIRGIN RAPED...

Virgin Records, about whom more else-

where in this issue, were this week raped by their landlords, BRIGHTON CORPORATION, when they were told to CEASE immediately selling back issues of OZ MAGAZINE or their lease would be cancelled. The appropriate officer of BRIGHTON CORP. refused all comment, had not read the OZ issues in question (none of which have ever been prosecuted), would not speculate on the logical conclusion that his action was de facto censorship. VIRGIN withdrew the FILTH from sale immediately....leaving such clean-living Boys Own Mag type trash as IT, FRENZ, ROLLING STONE & UNCLE ATTILA.  
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VIOLENCE FLARES AT FESTIVAL!!!!

Weeley Pop Festival exploded into violence today as running fights broke out between spectators, some of the organizers, and gangs of Hells Angels. Thousands of fans ran, girls screaming, as the festival security forces, consisting of Securicor men and volunteers, tackled marauding Angels. Tree branches, pick axe handles and lengths of metal tubing were among weapons that came to hand. Police detained at least a dozen police. (Cambridge Evening News, quoted in Private Eye).  
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VIOLENCE & WHERE IT'S AT...

Like you might have noticed, if you read it...if you can read it...VIOLENCE has many definitions. Most of them are physical...beating, killing, raping....but each of these has its counterpart in the spiritual world...in the sick heads of people who would force...for your own good, for social order...or whatever reason their way of doing things. Like the people who distributed the LITTLE RED BOOK here in Brighton this week. That action was an unwarranted act of violence. As one headmaster pointed out there were spelling errors in it. But then, we live in violent times....we will bring back hanging....we will try to force our opinions into others' minds.

Will anyone....leave anyone....alone?

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MORE ABOUT MURDER.

A total of 124 people died as a result of a disease known as "murder" in England and Wales during 1969. 40 more people died of the slightly less sensational diseases of "manslaughter," "infanticide" and the quaintly termed "other". Eight of these crimes are "not yet cleared up" by the forces of law and order. 78, you'll be pleased to know were "normal murders", ten were by people suspected of being "insane" and 28 people who killed later took their own lives as well - either before, during or after arrest. 147 people were suspected of committing these 124 murders. Two were not brought to trial. 11 were not charged at all or the charge withdrawn. 79 were convicted, ten found insane by the courts, 15 acquitted, and three are still "pending". The murderers' relationship to their victim was also recorded by the alert constabulary. Of the "normal" murders, 7 were on son or daughter, seven on spouse or cohabitant, 3 on other close relation, 5 on lover, 37 on "other associate" and 19 on strangers.

Eight were never cleared up. ( by the police). 26 victims died from attack with a sharp instrument, 16 from a blunt one, 3 from hitting or kicking, 24 from strangulation or asphyxiation, 7 from shooting and 2 from "other".

Estimated motives: 25 from rage or quarrel, 8 from jealousy or revenge, 12 because of sexual motives, 26 thru theft or gain, 5 from "other", one was apparently motiveless and one was unknown.

Commenting on the figures, which come from the official Scotland Yard report, Chief Supt. "Basher" Waldron said: "I'm not a Ch. Supt at all, I'm a Commander. Bring back hanging. An eye for an eye etc. " Later, much later, he was classified "incapable of love" and sent to the moon.

VIOLENCE

Road deaths rose by 3 per cent to a total of 660 in Britain during July. There were also 7,950 serious injuries from road "accidents" and 22,450 people "slightly" injured. These are the only statistics relating to the damage being caused by the motor car. The rest is purely conjecture.

Dear Attila,

How can I love a pig when I hate everything he does and all he stands for? When he hates me and manifests his hate in violence of thought and deed? When he believes in himself so righteously that he insists I believe in him too, and twists my arm to try to make me?

hassled.

Dear Hassled,

Understand that he does what he does, thinks what he thinks and says what he says because he is basically ignorant...and it isn't entirely his fault. He is partly to blame, but so is every fool. And you mustn't hate misguided fools, just try to understand them. Hell, they NEED understanding.

Supt. Rostrum.

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Money Matters

by Justin Debt.

Money now costs more than its worth. For instance it will now cost you £1 to buy £1. But 30 seconds after you've bought it it will only be worth 99p and every second you have it it's price will go down. What can you do about it? As the Chancellor of the Exchequer said yesterday, "I don't give a fuck what you do about it." Keep low, keep moving. Give your money away, c/o Unicorn Bookshop or me c/o H.M. Prisons, Wandsworth.

THE STORY SO FAR

## Episode 1.

I looked out over the waterlogged fields to a line of distant trees cool and still afternoon but a strange odour carried by the occasional breeze worried me. The sea was not far away and a column of smoke began to rise from what must have been one of the nearby islands. Could that be the source of the smell. Several days later I found a discarded newspaper and chanced to read the headline: MYSTERY FIRE AT CHEMICAL PLANT ON OFFSHORE ISLAND. This must be the explanation. I thought nothing more of the incident, but several weeks later I noticed the growth of spores on the window panes. And then I knew it, MIND EXPLAINS AGAIN STARTLING THOUGHT CONFUSE CHEMICK DOKTOR DEAD. THE PLANKTON DUST WILL DIE SYNTHETIC FIBRE FAILS GEESE RUN AMOK BOURGEOIS IDEALS FAIL CHEMICAL DOOM LOOMS ATOM BOMB LEAKS PHOSPHORESCENT DUST. It was months later and I noticed a strange acrid smell by the town's ornamental gardens. A distant rumble in underground tunnels drew my attention. Surely lime green seaweed cannot be affected. The bourgeois lady on my left turned in her pink garment. In her eyes I seemed to read the pages of a forgotten capitalist treatise defending the right to know how to handle other people's money.

## Episode 2.

Shuffle the cards, the dolphin is dead, his gay little life over. Maybe he swam joyfully thru polluted waters. It matters not. Playing with the grass and the grass hoppers I have no more need of reading the indicators to see how far the needle points to doomsday. I am adrift in space settled like a butterfly in this wasteland overlooking the town. Children play in a bath tub using it to sit in and slide down an improvised chute of boards. I will try to give up my fears of living in remoter lands and move into the countryside. I will sit by the green

(cont'd next page)



COMMUNE QUESTIONNAIRE

Brave Edward! Thank You! Your reply was unique! Literally! There cant be too many people in Brighton who are commune orientated! I said this in Attila 17 and perhaps its true. Insufficient returns have been made of the commune questionnaire to decide. That may be a finding in itself, or it may be that you are secretive and/or contented, or it even may be that communards dont subscribe to Attila. (more street sellers! Anyway I will let you know next week.

Meanwhile, in case you did not read Attila 17, the idea is that we may have enough resources to make either one large economic unit in Brighton or maybe two: one in Brighton and one in the country (Brighton Commune Farm).

Perhaps you hate the idea - even if you do, please return the questionnaire (reprinted below) so that at least we can theorize about our potential wealth - or lack of it. Who knows, the way things are going, it may not be many years before we have to get it all together!

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COMMUNE QUESTIONNAIRE

1. What is your potential CAPITAL
2. Do you own or have a mortgage on a house
3. Do you own a VEHICLE
4. OCCUPATION
5. How many in your HOUSEHOLD
6. What SKILLS do you have
7. What USEFUL EQUIPMENT do you own
8. Anything else worth noting
9. Do you HATE the idea

.....

As previously stated, there is no need to identify yourself. Your information will only be published in Attila submerged in a general finding which might be fun to read - if nothing else.

Send to ATTILA at UNICORN BOOKSHOP GLOUCESTER ROAD BRIGHTON  
Thanks again Edward, if you can, come and show yourself.

hurry RICHARD

A SEPARATE REALITY.....by Carlos Castaneda ( cont'd from ATTILA 18 ).

We rode for about an hour. The floor was extremely hard and uncomfortable, so I stood up and held onto the roof of the cab and rode that way until we stopped in front of a group of shacks. There were more people there; it was very dark by then and I could see only a few of them in the dim, yellowish light of a kerosene lantern that hung by an open door.

Everybody got off the truck and mingled with the people in the houses. Don Juan told me again to stay outside. I leaned against the front fender of the truck and after a minute or two I was joined by three young men. I had met one of them four years before at a previous mitote. He embraced me by grabbing my forearms.

" You're fine, " he whispered to me in Spanish.

We stayed very quietly by the truck. It was a warm, windy night. I could hear the soft rumble of a stream close by. My friend asked me in a whisper if I had any cigarettes. I passed a pack around. By the glow of the cigarettes I looked at my watch. It was nine o'clock.

A group of people emerged from inside the house soon afterwards and the three young men walked away. Don Juan told me that he had explained my presence to everybody's satisfaction and that I was welcome to come and serve water at the mitote. He said we would be going right away.

A group of ten women and eleven men left the house. The man heading the party was rather husky; he was perhaps in his mid-fifties. They called him "Mocho," a nickname which means "cropped." He moved with brisk, firm steps. He carried a kerosene lantern and waved it from side to side as he walked. At first I thought he was moving it at random, but then I discovered that he waved the lantern to mark an obstacle or a difficult pass on the road. We walked for over an hour. The women chatted and laughed softly from time to time. Don Juan and the other old man were at the head of the line; I was at the very tail end of it. I kept my eyes down on the road, trying to see where I was walking.

It had been four years since don Juan and I had been in the hills at night, and I had lost a great deal of physical prowess. I kept stumbling and involuntarily kicking small rocks. My knees did not have any flexibility; the road seemed to come up at me when I encountered a high spot, or it seemed to give in under me when I hit a low spot. I was the noisiest walker and that made me into an unwilling clown. Someone in the group said, "Woo," every time I stumbled and everyone laughed. At one point, one of the rocks I kicked hit a woman's heel and she said out loud, to everyone's delight, " Give a candle to that poor boy! " But the final mortification was when I tripped and had to hold onto the person in front of me; he nearly lost his balance with my weight on him and let out a deliberate scream that was out of all proportion. Everyone laughed so hard that the whole group had to stop for a while.

At a certain moment the man who was leading jerked his lantern up and down. It seemed that was the sign we had arrived at our destination. There was a dark silhouette of a low house to my right, a short distance away. Everyone in the group scrambled in different directions. I looked for don Juan. It was difficult to find him in the darkness. I stumbled noisily for a while before noticing that he was sitting on a rock.

He again told me that my duty was to bring water for the men who were going to participate. He had taught me the procedure years before. I remembered every detail of it but he insisted on refreshing my memory and showed me again how to do it.

Afterwards we walked to the back of the house where all the men had gathered. They had built a fire. There was a cleared area covered with straw mats perhaps fifteen feet away from the fire. Mocho, the man who had led us, sat on a mat first; I noticed that the upper edge of his left ear was missing, which accounted for his nickname. Don Silvio sat to his right and don Juan to his left. Mocho was sitting facing the fire. A young man advanced toward him and placed a flat basket with peyote buttons in front of him; then the young man sat down between Mocho and don Silvio. Another young man carried two small baskets and placed them next to the peyote buttons and then sat between Mocho and don Juan. Then two other young men flanked don Silvio and don Juan, closing a circle of seven persons. The women remained inside the house. Two young men were in charge of keeping the fire burning all night, and one teenager and I kept the water that was going to be given to the seven participants after their all-night ritual. The boy and I sat by a rock. The fire and the receptacle with water were opposite each other and at an equal distance from the circle of participants.

Mocho, the headman, sang his peyote song; his eyes were closed; his body bobbed up and down. It was a very long song. I did not understand the language. Then all of them, one by one, sang their peyote songs. They did not seem to follow any preconceived order. They apparently sang whenever they felt like doing it. Then Mocho held the basket with peyote buttons, took two of them, and placed it back again in the centre of the circle; don Silvio was next and then don Juan. The four young men, who seemed to be a separate unit, took two peyote buttons each, following a counter-clockwise direction.

Each of the seven participants sang and ate two peyote buttons four consecutive times, then they passed the other two baskets, which contained dried fruit and meat. They repeated this cycle at various times during the night, yet I could not detect any underlying order to their individual movements. They did not speak to one another; they seemed rather to be by themselves and to themselves. I did not see any of them, not even once, paying attention to what the other men were doing.

Before daybreak they got up and the young man and I gave them water. Afterwards I walked around to orient myself. The house was a one-room shack, a low adobe construction with a thatched roof. The scenery that surrounded it was quite oppressive. The shack was located in a harsh plain with mixed vegetation. Shrubs and cacti grew together, but there were no trees at all. I did not feel like venturing beyond the house.

The women left during the morning. The men moved silently in the area immediately surrounding the house. Around midday all of us sat down again in the same order we had sat the night before. A basket with pieces of dried meat cut to the same size as a peyote button was passed around. Some of the men sang their peyote songs. After an hour or so all of them stood up and went off in different directions.

The women had left a pot of gruel for the fire and water attendants. I ate some of it and then I slept most of the afternoon.

After dark the young men in charge of the fire built another one and the cycle of intaking peyote buttons began again. It followed roughly the same order as the preceding night, ending at daybreak.

During the course of the night I struggled to observe and record every single movement performed by each of the seven participants, in hopes of discovering the slightest form of a detectable system of verbal or

nonverbal communication among them. There was nothing in their actions, however, that revealed an underlying system.

In the early evening the cycle of intaking peyote was renewed. By morning I knew I had completely failed to find clues that would point out a covert leader, or to discover any form of covert communication among them or any traces of their system of agreement. For the rest of the day I sat by myself and tried to arrange my notes.

When the men had gathered again for the fourth night I knew somehow that this was to be the last meeting. Nobody had mentioned anything about it to me, yet I knew they would disband the next day. I sat by the water again and everyone else resumed his position in the order that had already been established.

The behaviour of the seven men in the circle was a replica of what I had observed during the three previous nights. I became absorbed in their movements as I had done before. I wanted to record everything they did, every movement, every utterance, every gesture.

At a certain moment I heard a sort of beep in my ear; it was a common sort of buzzing in the ear and I did not pay any attention to it. The beep became louder, yet it was still within the range of my ordinary bodily sensations. I remembered dividing my attention between watching the men and listening to the buzzing I was hearing. Then, at a given instant, the faces of the men seemed to become brighter; it was as if a light had been turned on. But it was not quite like an electric light, or a lantern, or the reflection of the fire on their faces. It was rather an iridescence; a pink luminosity, very tenuous, yet detectable from where I was. The buzzing seemed to increase. I looked at the teenage boy who was with me but he had fallen asleep.

The pink luminosity became more noticable by then. I looked at don Juan; his eyes were closed; so were don Silvio's; and so were Mocho's. I could not see the eyes of the four younger men because two of them were bent forward and the other two had their backs turned to me.

I became even more involved in watching. Yet I had not fully realised that I was actually hearing a buzzing and was actually seeing a pinkish glow hovering over the men. After a moment I became aware that the pinkish light and the buzzing were very steady. I had a moment of intense bewilderment and then a thought crossed my mind, a thought that had nothing to do with the scene I was witnessing, not with the purpose I had in mind for being there. I remembered something my mother had told me once when I was a child. The thought was distracting and very inappropriate; I tried to discard it and involve myself again in my assiduous watching, but I could not do it. The thought recurred; it was stronger, more demanding, and then I clearly heard my mother's voice calling me. I heard the shuffling of her slippers and then her laughter. I turned around looking for her; I conceived that I was going to be transported in time by some sort of hallucination or mirage and I was going to see her, but I saw only the boy sleeping beside me. To see him jolted me and I experienced a brief moment of ease, of sobriety.

I looked again at the group of men. They had not changed their positions at all. However, the luminosity was gone and so was the buzzing in my ears. I felt relieved. I thought that the hallucination of hearing my mother's voice was over. Her voice had been so clear and vivid. I said to myself over and over that for an instant the voice had almost trapped me. I noticed vaguely that don Juan was looking at me, but that did not matter. It was the memory of my mother's voice calling me that was mesmerising.

I struggled desperately to think about something else. And then I heard her voice again, as clearly as if she had been behind me. She called my name. I turned quickly, but all I saw was the dark silhouette of the shack and the shrubs beyond it.

Hearing my name caused me the most profound anguish. I whined involuntarily. I felt cold and very lonely and I began to weep. At that moment I had the sensation that I needed someone to care for me. I turned my head to look at don Juan; he was staring at me. I did not want to see him so I closed my eyes. And then I saw my mother. It was not the thought of my mother, the way I think of her ordinarily. This was a clear vision of her, standing by me. I felt desperate. I was trembling and wanted to escape. The vision of my mother was too disturbing, too alien to what I was pursuing in that peyote meeting. There was apparently no conscious way to avoid it. Perhaps I could have opened my eyes if I really wanted the vision to vanish, but instead I examined it in detail. My examination was more than merely looking at her; it was a compulsive scrutiny and assessment. A very peculiar feeling enveloped me as if it were an outside force, and I suddenly felt the horrendous burden of my mother's love. When I heard my name I was torn apart; the memory of my mother filled me with anguish and melancholy, but when I examined her I knew that I had never liked her. This was a shocking realisation. Thoughts and images came to me as an avalanche. The vision of my mother must have vanished in the meantime; it was no longer important. I was no longer interested in what the Indians were doing either. In fact I had forgotten the mitote. I was absorbed in a series of extraordinary thoughts, extraordinary because they were more than thoughts; these were complete units of feeling that were emotional certainties, indisputable evidences about the nature of my relationship with my mother.

At a certain moment these extraordinary thoughts ceased to come. I noticed that they had lost their fluidity and their quality of being complete units of feeling. I had begun to think about other things. My mind was rambling. I thought of other members of my immediate family, but there were no images to accompany my thoughts. Then I looked at don Juan. He was standing; the rest of the men were also standing, and then they all walked toward the water. I moved aside and nudged the boy who was still asleep.

I related to don Juan the sequence of my astounding vision almost as soon as he got into my car. He laughed with great delight and said that my vision was a sign, an omen as important as my first experience with Mescalito. I remembered that don Juan had interpreted the reactions I had when I first ingested peyote as an all-important omen; in fact he decided to teach me his knowledge because of it.

Don Juan said that during the last night of the mitote Mescalito had hovered over me so obviously that everyone was forced to turn toward me, and that was why he was staring at me when I looked at him.

I wanted to hear his interpretation of my vision, but he did not want to talk about it. He said that whatever I had experienced was nonsense in comparison to the omen.

Don Juan kept on talking about Mescalito's light hovering over me and how everyone had seen it.

"That was really something," he said. "I couldn't possibly ask for a better omen."

Don Juan and I were obviously on two different avenues of thought. He was concerned with the importance of the events he had interpreted as an omen

and I was obsessed with the details of the vision I had had.

" I don't care about omens, " I said. " I want to know what happened to me. "

He frowned as if he were upset and remained very stiff and quiet for a moment. Then he looked at me. His tone was very forceful. He said the only important issue was that Mescalito had been very gentle with me, had engulfed me with his light and had given me a lesson with no other effort on my part than being around.

#### 4.

On September 4, 1968, I went to Sonora to visit don Juan. Following a request he had made during my previous visit to him, I stopped on the way in Hermosillo to buy him a non-commercial tequila called bacanora. His request seemed very odd to me at the time, since I knew he disliked drinking, but I bought four bottles and put them in a box along with other things I had brought for him.

" Why, you got four bottles! " he said, laughing, when he opened the box.

" I asked you to buy me one. I believe you thought the bacanora was for me, but it's for my grandson, Lucio, and you have to give it to him as though it's a personal gift of your own. "

I had met don Juan's grandson two years before; he was twenty-eight years old then. He was very tall, over six feet, and was always extravagantly well dressed for his means and in comparison to his peers. While the majority of Yaquis wear khakis and Levis, straw hats, and homemade sandals called guaraches, Lucio's outfit was an expensive black leather jacket with frills of turquoise beads, a Texan cowboy hat, and a pair of boots that were monogrammed and hand decorated.

Lucio was delighted to receive the liquor and immediately took the bottles inside his house, apparently to put them away. Don Juan made a casual comment that one should never hoard liquor and drink alone. Lucio said he was not really hoarding, but was putting it away until that evening, at which time he was going to invite his friends to drink with him.

That evening around seven o'clock I returned to Lucio's place. It was dark. I made out the vague silhouette of two people standing under a small tree; it was Lucio and one of his friends, who were waiting for me and guided me to the house with a flashlight.

Lucio's house was a flimsy, two-room, dirt-floor, wattle-and-daub construction. It was perhaps twenty feet long and was supported by relatively thin beams of the mesquite tree. It had, as all the houses of the Yaqui have, a flat, thatched roof and a nine-foot-wide ramada, which is a sort of awning over the entire front part of the house. A ramada roof is never thatched; it is made of branches arranged in a loose fashion, giving enough shade and yet permitting the cooling breeze to circulate freely.

As I entered the house I turned on my tape recorder, which I kept inside my brief case. Lucio introduced me to his friends. There were eight men inside the house, including don Juan. They were sitting casually around the centre of the room under the bright light of a gasoline lantern that hung from a beam. Don Juan was sitting on a box. I sat facing him at the end of a six-foot bench made with a thick wooden beam nailed on two prongs planted in the ground.

Don Juan had placed his hat on the floor beside him. The light of the gasoline lantern made his short white hair look more brilliantly white. I

looked at his face; the light had also enhanced the deep wrinkles on his neck and forehead, and made him look darker and older. I looked at the other men; under the greenish-white light of the gasoline lantern all of them looked tired and old.

Lucio addressed the whole group in Spanish and said in a loud voice that we were going to drink one bottle of bacanora that I had brought for him from Hermosillo. He went into the other room, brought out a bottle, uncorked it, and gave it to me along with a small tin cup. I poured a very small amount into the cup and drank it. The bacanora seemed to be more fragrant and more dense than regular tequila, and stronger too. It made me cough. I passed the bottle and everyone poured himself a small drink, everyone except don Juan; he just took the bottle and placed it in front of Lucio who was at the end of the line.

All of them made lively comments about the rich flavour of that particular bottle, and all of them agreed that the liquor must have come from the high mountains of Chihuahua.

The bottle went around a second time. The men smacked their lips, repeated their statements of praise, and engaged themselves in a lively discussion about the noticeable differences between the tequila made around Guadalaajara and that made at a high altitude in Chihuahua. During the second time around don Juan again did not drink and I poured only a dab for myself, but the rest of them filled the cup to the brim. The bottle went around once more and was finished.

"Get the other bottles, Lucio," don Juan said.

Lucio seemed to vacillate, and don Juan casually explained to the others that I had brought four bottles for Lucio.

Benigno, a young man of Lucio's age, looked at the briefcase that I had placed inconspicuously behind me and asked if I was a tequilla salesman. Don Juan answered that I was not, and that I had really come to Sonora to see him.

"Carlos is learning about Mescalito, and I'm teaching him," don Juan said. All of them looked at me and smiled politely. Bajea, the woodcutter, a small, thin man with sharp features, looked at me fixedly for a moment and then said that the storekeeper had accused me of being a spy from an American company that was planning to do mining in the Yaqui land. They all reacted as if they were indignant at such an accusation. Besides, they all resented the storekeeper, who was a Mexican, or a Yori as the Yaquis say.

Lucio went into the other room and returned with another bottle of bacanora. He opened it, poured himself a large drink, and then passed it around. The conversation drifted to the possibilities of an American company coming to Sonora and its possible effect on the Yaquis. The bottle went back to Lucio. He lifted it and looked at its contents to see how much was left.

"Tell him not to worry," don Juan whispered to me. "Tell him you'll bring him more next time you come around."

I leaned over to Lucio and assured him that on my next visit I was going to bring him at least half a dozen bottles.

At one moment the topics of conversation seemed to wane away.

Don Juan turned to me and said loudly, "Why don't you tell the guys here about your encounters with Mescalito? I think that'll be much more

interesting than this idle chat about what will happen if the American company comes to Sonora."

"Is Mescalito peyote, Grandpa?" Lucio asked curiously.

"Some people call it that way," don Juan said dryly. "I prefer to call it Mescalito."

"That confounded thing causes madness," said Genaro, a tall, husky, middle-aged man.

"I think it's stupid to say that Mescalito causes madness", don Juan said softly. "Because if that were the case, Carlos would be in a strait-jacket this very moment instead of being here talking to you. He has taken it and look at him. He is fine."

Bajea smiled and replied shyly, "Who can tell?" and everybody laughed. "Look at me then," don Juan said. "I've known Mescalito nearly all my life and it has never hurt me."

The men did not laugh, but it was obvious that they were not taking him seriously.

"On the other hand," don Juan went on, "its true that Mescalito drives people crazy, as you said, but that's only when they come to him without knowing what they're doing."

Esquere, an old man who seemed to be don Juan's age, chuckled softly as he shook his head from side to side.

"What do you mean by 'knowing', Juan?" he asked. "The last time I saw you, you were saying the same thing."

"People go really crazy when they take that peyote stuff," Genaro continued. "I've seen the Huichol Indians eating it. They acted as if they had rabies. They frothed and puked and pissed all over the place. You could get epilepsy from taking that confounded thing. That's what Mr. Salas, the government engineer, told me once. An epilepsy is for life, you know."

"That's being worse than animals," Bajea added solemnly.

"You saw only what you wanted to see about the Huichol Indians, Genaro," don Juan said. "For one thing, you never took the trouble of finding out from them what it's like to get acquainted with Mescalito. Mescalito has never made anyone epileptic, to my knowledge. The government engineer is a Yori and I doubt that a Yori knows anything about it. You really don't think that all the thousands of people who know Mescalito are crazy, do you?"

"They must be crazy, or pretty nearly so, to do a thing like that," answered Genaro.

"But if all those thousands of people were crazy at the same time who would do their work? How would they manage to survive?" don Juan asked.

"Macario, who comes from the 'other side'" - the U.S.A.- "told me that whoever takes it there is marked for life," Esquere said.

"Macario is lying if he said that," don Juan said. "I'm sure he doesn't know what he's talking about."

"He really tells too many lies," said Benigno.

"Who's Macario?" I asked.

"He's a Yaqui Indian who lives here," Lucio said. "He says he's from Arizona and that he was in Europe during the war. He tells all kinds of stories."

"He says he was a colonel!" Benigno said.

Everyone laughed and the conversation shifted for a while to the topic of Mescalito.

" If all of you know that Macario is a liar, how can you believe him when he talks about Mescalito? "

" Do you mean peyote, Grandpa? " Lucio asked, as if he were really struggling to make sense out of the term.

" God damn it! Yes! "

Don Juan's tone was sharp and abrupt. Lucio recoiled involuntarily, and for a moment I felt they were all afraid. Then don Juan smiled broadly and continued in a mild tone.

" Don't you fellows see that Macario doesn't know what he's talking about? Don't you see that in order to talk about Mescalito one has to know? "

" There you go again, " Esquere said. " What the hell is knowledge? You are worse than Macario. At least he says what's on his mind, whether he knows it or not. For years I've been listening to you say we have to know. What do we have to know? "

" Don Juan says there is a spirit in peyote, " Benigno said.

" I have seen peyote in the field, but I have never seen spirits or anything of the sort, " Bajea added.

" Mescalito is like a spirit, perhaps, " don Juan explained. " But whatever he is doesn't become clear until one knows about him. Esquere complains that I have been saying this for years. Well, I have. But it's not my fault that you don't understand. Bajea says that whoever takes it becomes like an animal. Well, I don't see it that way. To me those who think they are above animals live worse than animals. Look at my grandson here. He works without rest. I would say he lives to work, like a mule. And all he does that is not animal-like is to get drunk. "

Everybody laughed. Victor, a very young man who seemed to be still in adolescence, laughed in a pitch above everybody else.

Eligio, a young farmer, had not uttered a single word so far. He was sitting on the floor to my right, with his back against some sacks of chemical fertiliser that had been piled inside the house to protect them from the rain. He was one of Lucio's childhood friends, powerful looking and, although shorter than Lucio, more stocky and better built. Eligio seemed concerned about don Juan's words. Bajea was trying to come back with a comment, but Eligio interrupted him.

" In what way would peyote change all this? " he asked. " It seems to me that a man is born to work all his life, like mules do. "

" Mescalito changes everything, " don Juan said, " yet we still have to work like everybody else, like mules. I said there was a spirit inside Mescalito because it is something like a spirit which brings about the change in men. A spirit we can see and touch, a spirit that changes us, sometimes even against our will. "

" Peyote drives you out of your mind, " Genaro said, " and then of course you believe you've changed. True? "

Despite the fact that this is not a natural break to finish this week's excerpt from Castaneda, this is all we are doing this week. Next week the conversation about Mescalito continues, Eligio makes a decision, Lucio tries to strike a bargain, and Carlos records the lot, faithfully, in his little black book. Don't miss next week's exciting instalment, on sale Saturday, September 11.

MEETING MACROFREAKS: OAT WILLIE..... ( sesame salt ) if you've got it. You can make it the night before ( if you're lucky ).



...but it's NOT too late to freak your friends with these STUNNING oat dishes, all ingredients from INFINITY, your local real food store.

\*doctor robert says:

---OATS are RICH in fat, mineral salt and protein. Use them more sparingly than rice and wheat. With wheat they form the basis of our woad-splattered ancestor's diet ( see Our Woad Splattered Ancestor, Vol. 1, by Woad-in-the-Hole ), and are still important in parts of Scotland.

\* he also says:

---OATS are available as GROATS, Flakes ( wroled oats ), Meal and Flour. FLAKES are used in porridge and muesli, and for thickening soups and OATMEAL gives bite to cakes, bread and chapati.

PORRIDGE: Use about 2 to 3 parts water to 1 part oats. Start boiling some water in the heaviest pot you possess. Heat a little oil, about enough to cover the bottom when hot, in a frying pan over a medium high flame and put the oat flakes in. Keep 'em moving with a wooden spoon & break up the lumps. Make sure you get a whiff of them as they roast. When you're happy with them sprinkle them over the hot water and stir 'em in. Keep stirring well until it boils, add salt and turn the flame down v. low ( an asbestos pad is great ) and leave for as long as you possible can. Eat it with gomasio

OAT & ONION SOUP: Use 6 to 8 parts water to 1 part oat flakes. Fry some onions until golden, put the onions, slightly roasted oat flakes and salt into the boiling water, & stir. Cook on a low flame for 20-25 mins. Add soy sauce ( tamari ), stir and serve.

OAT GROATS: are the whole oat grains. They are very soft when cooked and rich to eat. The groats should be rinsed under a tap, then placed in a saucepan with twice as much water as oats. The water should be brought to the boil, a little salt added, the flame turned down low, and a lid put on the pot. After 5 or 10 minutes the groats will be soft enough to eat and should have absorbed nearly all the water. Try oat groats with vegetables, seaweed or tempura.

OAT SAUCE:

1 cup oat flakes  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  tbspf1 oil  
 2 tbspf1s tahini  
 tamain & salt.

Heat the oil in a pan over a fairly low flame; add the oats and roast them until they just turn brown ( DON'T burn 'em..yecch ). Then add the tahini and mix it well. Add water and bring to the boil, stirring well. You may need to keep adding water until the desired consistency is obtained, Turn down to a very low heat and stir well for about 10 minutes until creamy. Add salt and tamain according to the desires of yer tastebuds.

OATMEAL COOKIES:

1 cup wholewheat flour  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup uncooked oat flakes  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon sea salt  
 1 or  $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoon oil  
 1 tablespoon sesame seeds  
 chopped raisins &/or nuts ( optional )  
 Mix together with sufficient water to obtain a consistency which allows you to drop by spoon onto a greaseproof ( cont'd next page )

cookies (cont'd)

cookie sheet. Bake in an oven at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

OAT WILLIE'S CRUNCHY CRUMBLE  
for five stoned freaks

- ~~peel and thinly slice 10 apples put in a baking dish 2" deep (with raisins or cooked prunes to sweeten)
- ~~pour on  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup ( $\frac{1}{4}$  pint) apple juice mixed with cinnamon.
- ~~in a bowl mix well  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups of flour, one cup of oatflakes,  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of oil. add one third cup of apple juice gradually, working together until mixture is crumbly.
- ~~sprinkle this over apples.
- ~~top with sunflower seeds etc. leave for  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour.
- ~~bake at 400 degrees until top browns (about 50 mins).
- ~~serve with big george's special custurd (refer to yer ATTILA 2 or 3 issues back)
- ~~EAT~~!

ROASTED CRUNCHY MUESLI --- a great winter version of everybody's BIG favourite.

--Roast oat flakes, chopped nuts and chopped raisins in a frying pan without oil over a high heat. Stir continuously to prevent burning. When the oat flakes begin to give off a nutty flavour, add chopped apple and cook some more. Blend a teaspoon of tahini with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of water; very slowly-add water drop by drop and stir all the time until mixed in. Add liquid to the oat mixture -- add more water if you like it wet. cook till the surplus liquid is absorbed by the oats.

NOTE from INFINITY....

we will send real food to anywhere in the country at G.P.O. rates.  
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb at 15p; 2lb..20p; 4lb..24p;  
6lb..27 $\frac{1}{2}$ p; 10lb..35p; 14lb..45p;  
18lb..55p; 22lb..65p.

CANNABIS NEW PERILS REVEALED!

Dr. Wesley Hall, president-elect of the American Medical Assn has come up with a bombshell for all hardened hash users.

A continuing study of marijuana, he warns, leaves "very little doubt" that the smoking thereof CAUSES birth defects and DULLS the sex drive! "We KNOW," he says, "that 10% of the children born to mothers who use marijuana will be MENTALLY DEFECTIVE." What a horrible price for would-be parents to pay! But there's more to come (or not to come). It dulls yer sex drive. Don't argue...it DULLS YER SEX DRIVE.

"With increased use there is a lack of sex drive. It results in a man who may be 35, chronologically, being aged 65 or 70 in respect to his sex drive. Women are also affected in that they do not desire sex as much as they would under normal circumstances, and there is enough evidence now to substantiate it," he concluded. In the face of such authoritative evidence, what hope have those who wish to legalise such a substance? More effects include brain damage, the loss of self-confidence, fears of impotence leading to depressive psychosis leading to suicide, black-outs, memory lapses, psychological addiction, dangerous driving, poor judgement, and even MURDER. Dr.(sic) Ball quotes doctors' reports from Vietnam saying that in a year of duty in the Amerikan colony, one bloke saw several corpses who had been killed by marijuana-crazed individuals. But in that year he saw none killed in a Communist attack (the commies don't kill anyone, you see, or smoke dope). How anybody who smokes dope is still alive today must mystify Mr. Hall. But he turns to the Arabs (who've been turning on for centuries) for more evidence to support his rantings and finds (lo and behold) that large numbers of smokers appear to DROP OUT OF SOCIETY ALTOGETHER. So that's how they manage it!

part of the Autistic column returns

der good news

# ANARCHIST JUMBLE SALE

saturday 25th september at 2.30

probertarian church hall

people needed to run jumble stalls, their own stalls, do sideshows and  
all sorts of mad things ..... more jumble

contact chris at 28357.

# FREE ANARCHIST LIBRARY

from saturday 18th september, the anarchist library will be open  
during shop hours (10am till sundown, mon to sat.) ..... come and see  
all the good things we have for you to read at

THE PUBLIC HOUSE, 21 LITTLE PRESTON STREET BRIGHTON.

der bad news

# JAKE AND IAN

jake and ian's case has been put back yet again ..... so much for  
british justice ..... chaos and laughter day

OCTOBER 4th.

right on the little red school book and all those worried heads .....

they're not the only ones.

VIOLENCE IS

VIOLENCE IS

VIOLENCE is

violence is

violence

is

miles and miles of traffic jams children playing football on a bomb site  
the stinking noisy factory floor 16 hours a day every night of the week  
watching t.v. playing bingo down the local boozer  
teargas and petrol bombs on bogside napalm on vietnam and atom bombs on all  
of us

without the violence our society would not survive

is based on violence

and yet it is ours to destroy the violence in our heads.

BIRTHS, DEATHS AND MARRIAGES COLUMN.

To Miss Prudence Potts, on Friday the third of September at 12.35pm, the birth of quads, at home in Hove. Mother and children all doing well.  
 ~~~~~

A WERD OR MORE ON VIRGINS.

by Fizz Andrews.

Went in to virgin records the other day and, Jesus, what a mind-fuk place!!!! Their selection of bootleg l.p.s is the ULTIMATE. Best of all is God Stewart and the Face-aches bootleg "Plynth", which I listened to enthusiastically on the cushion. Bootiful....all those nice people all around me experiencing good sounds in their cans, chicks trying to toss me off as I edged closer on the cushion. Should have seen the curious straights who were staring in thru the door as if it was a fucking benno-house. I suppose it was to the likes of THEM, clocktower bugger-aboutters, nipping across from the merry slash-house, getting angry when I began to giggle at their miserable, cold stares as their eyes metted mine tiny own across from the listening platform to the door... Tiger Moth don't stand a virgin's chance in a brothel of competing. For instance there's a colourful People's Map here, a biased poster for Unicorn Bookshop, woodland scenery etc. If you bought this copy from V. records you will observe my description of it was bad...and if you are the sister of Michael Adams (or if you know Mick or his sister) then turn a full circle, bang your head on the machines on Palace Pier (any machine will do) and lay a size 22 bovver boot in on Julian Amery's head. Have fun! Wank your minds.

~~~~~

FLLEE THE FUZZ FAST...on my Triton, lots of goodies. Yern for only £130 o.n.o. More info from Shoreham 5493. p.s. 1969 registration.

AT LAST!!!!!! the next BUS TRIP.

Sept. 19th, 12 noon.  
 from MONTPELIER CRESCENT  
 to THE SEASIDE.

Yer £1 note secures EVERYTHING.

See Eddie or Mad Chris  
 or enquire at UNICORN.

~~~~~

TORIES AT BRIGHTON.

Edward Sheath and his gang are likely to be lobbied by members of the Citizens' Protection Society (sic) when they have their annual yawn-in at the Metropole next month. The society is campaigning for the restoration of hanging and flogging. It's supported by Mrs. Richardson, widow of Supt. Richardson who was gunned down at Blackpool. The society claims a membership of 15,000 and is therefore convinced that it is right.

~~~~~

LITTLE RED SCHOOLBOOK.

Schoolkids get free copies

Schoolchildren in Brighton were handed copies of the Little Red Schoolbook by young people claiming to be members of the Angry Brigade last week. The copies, which contained a letter from "The Propoganda Bureau, Angry Brigade" abolishing all censorship, were given to the kids as they left for home on Monday.

VIOLENCE

Head teachers at the schools affected were indignant at this breach of school rules, but one thought his kids were intelligent enuf not to take any notice of the book's ranting and raving.

Police are said to be investigating the incident at the request of the town's Director of Education. Text-books must be veted by him before distribution to pupils. He had not, he said, veted LRSB.