

VIOLENCE

Dear Atilla,

To begin with I feel that it is only fair to tell the readers something of myself, and be as honest as possible so they may perhaps gain some insight into the source of the ideas and thoughts I am about to put before you concerning violence.

I would definitely fall into the hippie category by my mode of dress and life-style generally. I do however maintain fairly full employment though I only do what I enjoy and still dress as I wish, and wear my hair to the length I wish (very important!!)

Enough of this bullshit!! From an early age I was trained by my father in the "noble art of self-defence". My father, who would undoubtedly have been a world class boxer were not his career interrupted by the second world war, (3½ years of which were spent in Japanese prison camps=) He also taught me the rudiments of karate and put me through some commando training. So far as you see, I have a clear understanding of violence, and certainly a fair degree of proficiency at it (I may point out that my father is now a schoolteacher and a very sincere sort of bloke.)

My feeling is that by having learnt all this I am a far more peaceful and passive sort of person than I would otherwise have been, (when you know a blow that brings instantaneous death, it inspires a lot of respect for life generally) and for anyone(?) who feels violent or aggressive urges, I would urge them to learn an art in violence for they all will teach you codes, and for anyone who is now shaking his head, read Timothy Leary's Psychedelic Experience and ponder what the seven wrathful dieties are doing there.

Now having dealt with my personal feelings on the subject, I will attempt to relate them to society as it is at the present time from the two categories of violence (physical and mental) you can sub-divide the physical into country and city violence and mental into straight (not a term I like but one I have in this instance to resort to!) and freak (yes freak.)

I'll begin with city violence this I feel is a direct result of the mental (straight mental) violence so rampant in society at present, the suppression of people into mundane and routine existences builds up hatreds and leaves the victim with a perverted and warped view of life, who can blame him you may theorize for hours, but direct experience is more telling, and when someone is treated as an animal who'se to complain when he bites you.

Pressure

Awakening to this

Awakening this cold dark winters morning that is

Awakening to this the sound of an alarm clock bell

Greeted by another day of futile nightmare, meaningless in content.

Welcomed by this hatred a mocking smile in his eyes, no values in his head.

See yourself here now a victim.

See yourself running blindly up alleyways with formless shadows bursting about you screaming

You running forever running in this blackness never gaining ground - never.

Now come's your moment, clenched teeth, hardened eyes a wild blow.

See several blows connect. a body falls, several booted feet go in again and again. See this hideous art has beautiful expression.

(If you have ever been there then you know, if you have ever suffered "the moment" or seen someone else suffer "the moment" then you ought to know.)

Country violence is however a vastly different proposition even though this

is being "got at" increasingly, it is people, it is honest and far more natural and the best illustration of it that I can find that you the reader can go and observe, (even experience) is in the film Ned Kelly, which some of you may have seen, and the particular sequence is of course when Mick Jagger is involved in a boxing match that quickly becomes a full-scale brawl enjoyed by one and all.

It is shown so well that the natural happiness and exuberance of laying into someone and trading blows without malice spills out into the audience, (though I've not heard of any riots when the film is being shown.)

Now "freak" mental violence, in all the years that I have mixed with and been a hippy, I am afraid to say that I have come across much hypocritical behaviour and when you meet it in "your own camp" it fucking hurts. I could give innumerable examples and cite one or two "well known" hippies and enlightened ones (one of whom is presently running a large commune) however, I will not drag up names and incidents but will caution people to proceed with care.

With a large number of freaks, the love and peace philosophy (which in case you don't think so, I do subscribe to) is borne of a genuine desire to better the lot of mankind and is of higher enlightenment (do that which consists of nothing and order will prevail) (TAO-TE-CHING) I wish I could say that these beautiful people were the majority but they are not.

With many it is a psychological (?) con i.e. my life is governed by a deep philosophy, therefore I am superior to you, and if you should strike me it serves to prove your ignorance and guilt.

Put it to the test, look around until you find one of these types (there are many about) observe when he/she finds a member of the opposite sex they find attractive, see how the "hippy" lifestyle is brought into play to manoeuvre he/she into bed for clearly selfless motives for the expression of - you've got it "Love" and cannot have anything to do with sense gratification, but don't get me wrong, I have dear beloved friends who are genuinely horrified by the idea of physical violence and who oft times and many leap into bed with whoever is available, but the important thing is that they are totally honest about it and therefore enjoy considerable respect from most people, who know them, and if that has left a few casualties remember that if honesty is sometimes difficult, it is also easy and a lot more comfortable.

Now at last what we've all been waiting for, a put down of "straight" mental violence of the capitalists, Imperialists (add your own cliches as the need occurs) as I said earlier this I believe to be the cause of what I term "city violence".

Based on deep psychology (forgive us this day our daily trespass?) this is some of the worst depths mankind has sunk to, for a person, (a sacred entity) to be reduced to an incoherent shambles or a mindless zombie for the use of!! but we live in a democracy they say, there may be corruption, but there is a free press, free speech, so witness the pressure with which the presses print a woeful tale of corruption and double dealing, conclusively proving to the masses that any rats in the system will be smoked out.

See how those of influence who practice free speech can receive little publicity can become discredited and even a president (J=F. Kennedy) and can die, no-one is indispensable and of course we were living in a democracy, we would have no government in England anyway, for why? because the majority of votes were polled by an unknown party who persuaded their numbers not to vote at all, these non votes are not to be confused with the "silent majority".

Surely we do dwell in the reaches of Niefhelm, Hades and Hell but the day hastens onward.

(in closing)

Some of us are warriors and we know
But

Be true to yourself

Be forthright and free

Sing for you are

Walk where you will and be

And,

Be silent in truth

Love in full

Express yourself without fear.

Some of us are warriors and we have returned to you for you with you.

Your friend Rick.

p.s. not the printer

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G.L.F. vs THE COUNCIL....

You remember, last week we left our heroine, a ten foot stud from Texas, hanging from a Council decision in last week's issue? You don't? Well, it's all true!

& this week, even more excitement-when Brighton G.L.F. invited the Council Committee along to their meeting to shoot it out. Nobody showed....I'm not surprised! Would you want to get the hell shot out of you by a bunch of homosexuals? Is nothing sacred? So the Committee stayed at home comfortably, warming themselves by the kindly light of the T.V. which is perpetually tuned to Coronation Street.

So the homos fumed (you know how these homos are, the least little thing, like being called mentally sick, & they take it personally. They have NO sense of proportion!) & Anyway, Councillor FitzGerald spent all week at his prayers, interceding for the souls of those poor pederasts who prefer a certain sodomy to an uncertain Russian Roulette with the Rhythm Method. (Oh, he's so good!) So the papers came along to the meeting...nothing like the presence of reporters to get a little declamation going...& a good time was had by some.

But not all.

There were those (I think one) who thought that we should all be GOOD NIGGERS, lie down & show our bellies to God on High who might, out of his infinite bounty, deign to kick us. Oh, once again Master, hurt me for Jesus!

& besides, if Sussex G.L.F. got POLITICAL, if anybody tried to CHANGE anything we would alienate the vast majority of Homos in Brighton. (His implication being that he was talking about the estimated 15,000 CLOSET QUEENS who don't come to G.L.F., won't support G.L.F. & don't want to know.)

HOW DO YOU ALIENATE SOMETHING YOU HAVEN'T GOT, NEVER WILL HAVE, & DON'T (in its present state) WANT?

OH, I TELL YOU, it was sure thrilling you would have really liked it. Anyhoo, Next Week, at the Stanford Arms at 8 p.m. Tuesday, there's to be another meeting with the good councillors (Wanna bet they don't show?) & more fun & games. All interested parties, gay & straight, are invited. & remember, this is NATIONAL BE KIND TO HOMOSEXUALS YEAR..... invite a cocksucker to lunch.

bb.

A SEPARATE REALITY..... by Carlos Castaneda (Cont'd from ATTILA 19).

"How can it change us?" Eligio insisted.

"He teaches us the right way to live," don Juan said. "He helps and protects those who know him. The life you fellows are leading is no life at all. You don't know the happiness that comes from doing things deliberately. You don't have a protector!"

"What do you mean?" Genaro said indignantly. "We certainly have. Our Lord Jesus Christ, and our Mother the Vurgin, and the little Virgin of Guadalupe. Aren't they our protectors?"

"Fine bunch of protectors!" don Juan said mockingly. "Have they taught you a better way to live?"

"That's because people don't listen to them" Genaro protested, "and they only pay attention to the devil".

"If they were real protectors they would force you to listen", don Juan said.

"If Mescalito becomes your protector you will have to listen whether you like it or not, because you can see him and you must take heed of what he says. He will make you approach him with respect. Not the way you fellows are accustomed to approach your protectors."

"What do you mean, Juan?" Esquere asked.

"What I mean is that for you to come to your protectors means that one of you has to play a fiddle and a dancer has to put on his mask and leggings and rattles and dance, while the rest of you drink. You Benigno, you were a dancer once, tell us about it".

"I gave it up after three years," Benigno said. "It's hard work."

"Ask Lucio", Esquere said satirically. "He gave it up in one week!"

Everybody laughed except don Juan. Lucio smiled, seemingly embarrassed, and gulped down two huge swallows of bacanora.

"It is not hard, it is stupid", don Juan said. "Ask Valencio, the dancer, if he enjoys dancing. He does not! He got accustomed to it, that's all. I've seen him dance for years, and every time I have, I've seen the same movements badly executed. He takes no pride in his art except when he talks about it. He has no love for it, therefore year after year he repeats the same motions. What was bad about his dancing at the beginning has become fixed. He cannot see it any longer."

"He was taught to dance that way," Eligio said. "I was also a dancer in the town of Torim. I know you must dance the way they teach you."

"Valencio is not the best dancer anyway" Esquere said. There are others. How about Sacateca?"

"Sacetaca is a man of knowledge, he is not in the same class with you fellows", don Juan said sternly. "He dances because that's the bent of his nature. All I wanted to say was that you, who are not dancers, do not enjoy it. Perhaps if the dances are well performed some of you will get pleasure. Not many of you know that much about dancing, though, therefore you are left with a very lousy piece of joy. This is why you fellows are all drunkards. Look at my grandson here!"

"Cut it out, Grandpa!" Lucio protested.

"He's not lazy or stupid" don Juan went on, "but what else does he do besides drink?"

"He buys leather jackets!" Genaro remarked, and the whole audience roared. Lucio gulped down more bacanora.

"And how is peyote going to change that?" Eligio asked.

" If Lucio would seek the protector," don Juan said, "his life would be changed. I don't know exactly how, but I am sure it would be different."

" He would stop drinking, is that what you mean?" Eligio insisted.

" Perhaps he would. He needs something else beside tequila to make his life satisfying. And that something, whatever it may be, might be provided by the protector."

" Then peyote must taste very good" Eligio said.

" I didn't say that" don Juan said.

" How in the hell are you going to enjoy it if it doesn't taste good?" Eligio said.

" It makes one enjoy life better" don Juan said.

" But if it doesn't taste good, how could it make us enjoy our lives better?" Eligio persisted. "It doesn't make sense".

" Of course it makes sense" Genaro said with conviction. "Peyote makes you crazy and naturally you think you're having a great time with your life, no matter what you do".

They all laughed again.

" It does make sense," don Juan proceeded, undisturbed, "if you think how little we know and how much more there is to see. Booze is what makes people crazy. It blurs the images. Mescalito, on the other hand, sharpens everything. It makes you see so very well. So very well!"

Lucio and Benigno looked at each other and smiled as though they had already heard the story before. Genaro and Esquere grew more impatient and began to talk at the same time. Victor laughed above all the other voices. The only one interested seemed to be Eligio.

" How can peyote do all that?" he asked.

" In the first place," don Juan explained, "you must want to become acquainted with him, and I think this is by far the most important thing. Then you must be offered to him, and you must meet with him many times before you can say you know him."

" And what happens then?" Eligio asked.

Genaro interrupted, "You crap on the roof with your ass on the ground". The audience roared.

" What happens next is entirely up to you," don Juan went on without losing his self-control. "You must come to him without fear and, little by little, he will teach you how to live a better life".

There was a long pause. The men seemed to be tired. The bottle was empty. Lucio, with obvious reluctance, opened another.

" Is peyote Carlos' protector too?" Eligio asked in a joking tone.

" I wouldn't know that" don Juan said. "He has taken in three times, so ask him to tell you about it".

They all turned to me curiously and Eligio asked "Did you really take it?"

" Yes I did."

It seemed don Juan had won a round with his audience. They were either interested in hearing about my experience or too polite to laugh in my face.

" Didn't it hurt your mouth?" Lucio asked.

" It did. It also tasted terrible".

" Why did you take it, then?" Benigno asked.

I began to explain to them in elaborate terms that for a Western man don Juan's knowledge about peyote was one of the most fascinating things one could find. I said that everything he had said about it was true and that each one of us

could verify that truth for ourselves.

I noticed that all of them were smiling as if they were concealing their contempt. I grew very embarrassed. I was aware of my awkwardness in conveying what I really had in mind. I talked for a while longer, but I had lost the impetus and only repeated what don Juan had already said.

Don Juan came to my aid and asked in a reassuring tone, "You were not looking for a protector when you first came to Mescalito, were you?"

I told them that I did not know that Mescalito could be a protector, and that I was moved only by my curiosity and a great desire to know him.

Don Juan reaffirmed that my intentions had been faultless and said that because of it Mescalito had had a beneficial effect on me.

"But it made you puke and piss all over the place, didn't it?" Genaro insisted.

I told him that it had in fact affected me in such a manner. They all laughed with restraint. I felt that they had become even more contemptuous of me. They didn't seem to be interested, except for Eligio, who was gazing at me.

"What did you see?" he asked.

Don Juan urged me to recount for them all or nearly all the salient details of my experiences, so I described the sequence and the form of what I had perceived. When I finished talking Lucio made a comment.

"If peyote is that weird, I'm glad I've never taken it."

"It is just like I said", Genaro said to Bajea. "That thing makes you insane".

"But Carlos is not insane now. How do you account for that?" don Juan asked Genaro.

"How do we know he isn't?" Genaro retorted.

They all broke out laughing, including don Juan.

"Were you afraid?" Benigno asked.

"I certainly was".

"Why did you do it, then?" Eligio asked.

"He said he wanted to know" Lucio answered for me. "I think Carlos is getting to be like my grandpa. Both have been saying they want to know, but nobody knows what in the hell they want to know."

"It is impossible to explain that knowing" don Juan said to Eligio, "because it is different for every man. The only thing which is common to all of us is that Mescalito reveals his secrets privately to each man. Being aware of how Genaro feels, I don't recommend that he meet Mescalito. Yet in spite of my words or his feelings, Mescalito could have a totally beneficial effect on him. But only he could find out, and that is the knowing I have been talking about."

Don Juan got up. "It's time to go home," he said. "Lucio is drunk, and Victor is asleep."

Two days later, on September 6, Lucio, Benigno and Eligio came over to the house where I was staying to go hunting with me. They remained silent for a while as I kept on writing my notes. Then Benigno laughed politely as a warning that he was going to say something important.

After a preliminary embarrassing silence he laughed again and said "Lucio here says that he would take peyote".

"Would you really?" I asked.

"Yes, I wouldn't mind it."

Benigno's laughter came in spurts.

"Lucio says he will eat peyote if you buy him a motor-cycle."

Lucio and Benigno looked at each other and broke out laughing.

"How much is a motorcycle in the United States?" Lucio asked.

"You could probably get one for a hundred dollars," I said.

"That isn't very much there, is it? You could easily get it for him, couldn't you?" Benigno asked.

"Well, let me ask your grandpa first," I said to Lucio.

"No, no," he protested. "Don't mention it to him. He'll spoil everything. He's a weirdo. And besides, he's too old and feeble-minded, and he doesn't know what he's doing."

"He was a real sorcerer once" Benigno added. "I mean a real one. My folks say he was the best. But he took to peyote and became a nobody. Now he's too old".

"And he goes over and over the same crappy stories about peyote" Lucio said.

"That peyote is pure crap", Benigno said. "You know, we tried it once.

Lucio got a whole sack of it from his grandpa. One night as we were going to town we chewed it. Son of a bitch! It cut my mouth to shreds. It tasted like hell!"

"Did you swallow it?" I asked.

"We spit it out" Lucio said, "and threw the whole damn sack away".

They both thought the incident was very funny. Eligio, in the meantime, had not said a word. He was withdrawn, as usual. He did not even laugh.

"Would you like to try it, Eligio?" I asked.

"No, Not me. Not even for a motorcycle."

Lucio and Benigno found the statement utterly funny and roared again.

"Nevertheless", Eligio continued. "I must admit that don Juan baffles me".

"My grandfather is too old to know anything" Lucio said with great conviction.

"Yeah, he's too old," Benigno echoed.

I thought the opinion the two young men had of don Juan was childish and unfounded. I felt it was my duty to defend his character and I told them that in my judgment don Juan was then, as he had been in the past, a great sorcerer, perhaps even the greatest of all. I said I felt there was something about him, something truly extraordinary. I urged them to remember that he was over seventy years old and yet he was more energetic and stronger than all of us put together. I challenged the young men to prove it to themselves by trying to sneak up on don Juan.

"You just can't sneak up on my grandpa" Lucio said proudly, "He's a brujo".

I reminded them that they had said he was too old and feeble-minded, and that a feeble-minded person does not know what goes on around him. I said that I had marveled at don Juan's alertness time and time again.

"No one can sneak up on a brujo, even if he's old", Benigno said with authority. "They can gang up on him when he's asleep though. That's what happened to a man named Cevicas. People got tired of his evil sorcery and killed him."

I asked them to give me all the details of that event, but they said it had taken place before their time, or when they were still very young. Eligio added that people secretly believed that Cevicas had been only a fool, and that no one could harm a real sorcerer. I tried to question them further on their opinions about sorcerers. They did not seem to have much interest in the subject, besides, they were eager to start out and shoot the .22 rifle I had brought.

We were silent for a while as we walked towards the thick chaparral,

then Eligio, who was at the head of the line, turned around and said to me, "Perhaps we're the crazy ones, Perhaps don Juan is right. Look at the way we live".

Lucio and Benigno protested. I tried to mediate. I agreed with Eligio and told them that I myself had felt that the way I lived was somehow wrong. Benigno said that I had no business complaining about my life, that I had money and I had a car. I retorted that I could easily say that they themselves were better off because each owned a piece of land. They responded in unison that the owner of their land was the federal bank. I told them that I did not own my car either, that a bank in California owned it, and that my life was only different but not better than theirs. By that time we were already in the dense shrubs.

We did not find any deer or wild boars, but we got three jack rabbits. On our return we stopped at Lucio's house and he announced that his wife was going to make rabbit stew. Benigno went to the store to buy a bottle of tequila and get us some sodas. When he came back don Juan was with him. "Did you find my grandpa at the store buying beer?" Lucio asked laughing. "I haven't been invited to this reunion" don Juan said. "I've just dropped by to ask Carlos if he's leaving for Hermosillo".

I told him I was planning to leave the next day, and while we talked Benigno distributed the bottles. Eligio gave his to don Juan, and since among the Yaquis it is deadly impolite to refuse, even as a courtesy, don Juan took it quietly. I gave mine to Eligio, and he was obliged to take it. So Benigno in turn gave me his bottle. But Lucio, who had obviously visualised the entire scheme of Yaqui good manners, had already finished drinking his soda. He turned to Benigno, who had a pathetic look on his face, and said, laughing, "They've screwed you out of your bottle".

Don Juan said he never drank soda and placed his bottle in Benigno's hands. We sat under the ramada in silence,

Eligio seemed to be nervous. He fidgeted with the brim of his hat. "I've been thinking about what you said the other night," he said to don Juan. "How can peyote change our life? How?"

Don Juan did not answer. He stared fixedly at Eligio for a moment and then began to sing in Yaqui. It was not a song proper, but a short recitation. We remained quiet for a long time. Then I asked don Juan to translate the Yaqui words for me.

"That was only for Yaquis", he said matter-of-factly.

I felt dejected. I was sure he had said something of great importance. "Eligio is an Indian" don Juan finally said to me. "and as an Indian Eligio has nothing. We Indians have nothing. All you see around here belongs to the Yoris. The Yaquis have only their wrath and what the land offers to them freely."

Nobody uttered a sound for quite some time, then don Juan stood up and said goodbye and walked away. We looked at him until he had disappeared behind a bend of the road. All of us seemed to be nervous. Lucio told us in a disoriented manner that his grandfather had not stayed because he hated rabbit stew. Eligio seemed to be immersed in thoughts. Benigno turned to me and said loudly, "I think the Lord is going to punish you and don Juan for what you're doing."

Lucio began to laugh and Benigno joined him.

"You're clowning, Benigno", Eligio said somberly. "What you've just said isn't worth a damn."

September 15, 1968.

It was nine o'clock Saturday night. Don Juan sat in front of Eligio in the center of the ramada of Lucio's house. Don Juan placed his sack of peyote buttons between them and sang while rocking his body slightly back and forth. Lucio, Benigno, and I sat five or six feet behind Eligio with our backs against the wall. It was quite dark at first. We had been sitting inside the house under the gasoline lantern waiting for Don Juan. He had called us out to the ramada when he arrived and had told us where to sit. After a while my eyes became accustomed to the dark. I could see everyone clearly. I noticed that Eligio seemed to be terrified. His entire body shook, his teeth chattered uncontrollably. He was convulsed with spasmodic jerks of his head and back.

Don Juan spoke to him, telling him not to be afraid, and to trust the protector, and to think of nothing else. He casually took a peyote button, offered it to Eligio, and ordered him to chew it very slowly. Eligio whined like a puppy and recoiled. His breathing was very rapid, it sounded like the whizzing of bellows. He took off his hat and wiped his forehead. He covered his face with his hands. I thought he was crying. It was a very long tense moment before he regained some control over himself. He sat up straight and, still covering his face with one hand, took the peyote button and began chewing it.

I felt a tremendous apprehension. I had not realized until then that I was perhaps as scared as Eligio. My mouth had a dryness similar to that produced by peyote. Eligio chewed the button for a long time. My tension increased. I began to whine involuntarily as my respiration became more accelerated.

Don Juan began to chant louder, then he offered another button to Eligio and after Eligio had finished it he offered him dry fruit and told him to chew it very slowly.

Eligio got up repeatedly and went to the bushes. At one point he asked for water. Don Juan told him not to drink it but only swish it in his mouth.

Eligio chewed two more buttons and don Juan gave him dry meat.

By the time he had chewed his tenth button I was nearly sick with anxiety.

Suddenly Eligio slumped forward and his forehead hit the ground. He rolled on his left side and jerked convulsively. I looked at my watch. It was twenty after eleven. Eligio tossed, wobbled, and moaned for over an hour while he lay on the floor.

Don Juan maintained the same position in front of him. His peyote songs were almost a murmur. Benigno, who was sitting to my right, looked inattentive, Lucio, next to him, had slumped on his side and was snoring.

Eligio's body crumpled into a contorted position. He lay on his right side with his front toward me and his hands between his legs. His body gave a powerful jump and he turned on his back with his legs slightly curved. His left hand waved out and up with an extremely free and elegant motion. His right hand repeated the same pattern and then both arms alternated in a wavering, slow, movement, resembling that of a harpist. The movement became more vigorous by degrees. His arms had a perceptible vibration and went up and down like pistons. At the same time his hands rotated onward at the wrist and his fingers quivered. It was a beautiful

harmonious, hypnotic sight. I thought his rhythm and muscular control were beyond comparison.

Eligio then rose slowly, as if he were stretching against an enveloping force. His body shivered. He squatted and then pushed himself up to an erect position. His arms, trunk, and head trembled as if an intermittent electric current were going through them. It was as though a force outside his control was setting him or driving him up.

Don Juan's chanting became very loud. Lucio and Benigno woke up and looked at the scene uninterestedly for a while and then went back to sleep.

Eligio seemed to be moving up and up. He was apparently climbing. He cupped his hands and seemed to grab onto objects beyond my vision. He pushed himself up and paused to catch his breath.

I wanted to see his eyes and moved closer to him, but don Juan gave me a fierce look and I recoiled to my place.

Then Eligio jumped. It was a final formidable leap. He had apparently reached his goal. He puffed and sobbed with the exertion. He seemed to be holding onto a ledge. But something was overtaking him. He shrieked desperately. His grip faltered and he began to fall. His body arched backward and was convulsed from head to toe with the most beautiful, coordinated ripple. The ripple went through him perhaps a hundred times before his body collapsed like a lifeless burlap sack.

After a while he extended his arms in front of him as though he was protecting his face. His legs stretched out backward as he lay on his chest, they were arched a few inches above the ground, giving his body the very appearance of sliding or flying at an incredible speed. His head was arched as far back as possible, his arms locked over his eyes, shielding them. I could feel the wind hissing around him. I gasped and gave a loud involuntary shriek. Lucio and Benigno woke and looked at Eligio curiously. "If you promise to buy me a motorcycle I will chew it now" Lucio said loudly.

I looked at don Juan. He made an imperative gesture with his head.

"Son of a bitch!" Lucio mumbled, and went back to sleep.

Eligio stood up and began walking. He took a couple of steps toward me and stopped. I could see him smiling with a beatific expression. He tried to whistle. There was no clear sound yet it had harmony. It was a tune. It had only a couple of bars, which he repeated over and over. After a while the whistling was distinctly audible, and then it became a sharp melody. Eligio mumbled unintelligible words. The words seemed to be the lyrics to the tune. He repeated it for hours. A very simple song, repetitious, monotonous, and yet strangely beautiful.

Eligio seemed to be looking at something while he sang. At one moment he got very close to me. I saw his eyes in the semidarkness. They were glassy, transfixed. He smiled and giggled. He walked and sat down and walked again, groaning and sighing.

Suddenly something seemed to have pushed him from behind. His body arched in the middle as though moved by a direct force. At one instant Eligio was balanced on the tips of his toes, making nearly a complete circle, his hands touching the ground. He dropped to the ground again, softly, on his back and extended his whole length, acquiring a strange rigidity.

He whimpered and groaned for a while, then began to snore. Don Juan covered him with some burlap sacks. It was 5.35 a.m.

Lucio and Benigno had fallen asleep shoulder to shoulder with their backs against the wall. Don Juan and I sat quietly for a very long time. He seemed to be tired. I broke the silence and asked him about Eligio. He told me that Eligio's encounter with Mescalito had been exceptionally successful, Mescalito had taught him a song the first time they met and that was indeed extraordinary.

I asked him why he had not let Lucio take some for a motorcycle. He said that Mescalito would have killed Lucio if he had approached him under such conditions. Don Juan admitted that he had prepared everything carefully to convince his grandson, he told me that he had counted on my friendship with Lucio as the central part of his strategy. He said that Lucio had always been his great concern, and that at one time they had lived together and were very close, but Lucio became gravely ill when he was seven and don Juan's son, a devout Catholic, made a vow to the Virgin of Guadalupe that Lucio would join a sacred dancing society if his life were spared. Lucio recovered and was forced to carry out the promise. He lasted one week as an apprentice, and then made up his mind to break the vow. He thought he would have to die as a result of it, braced himself, and for a whole day he waited for death to come. Everybody made fun of the boy and the incident was never forgotten.

Don Juan did not speak for a long time. He seemed to have become engulfed by thoughts.

"My setup for was Lucio" he said, "and I found Eligio instead. I knew it was useless, but when we like someone we should properly insist, as though it were possible to remake men. Lucio had courage when he was a little boy and then he lost it along the way".

"Can you bewitch him, don Juan?"

"Bewitch him? For what?"

"So he will change and regain his courage".

"You don't bewitch for courage. Courage is something personal. Bewitching is for rendering people harmless or sick or dumb. You don't bewitch to make warriors. To be a warrior you have to be crystal clear, like Eligio. There you have a man of courage!"

Eligio snored peacefully under the burlap sacks. It was already daylight. The sky was impeccably blue. There were no clouds in sight.

"I would give anything in this world" I said, "to know about Eligio's journey. Would you mind if I asked him to tell me?"

"You should not under any circumstances ask him to do that!"

"Why not? I tell you all about my experiences".

"That's different. It is not your inclination to keep things to yourself. Eligio is an Indian. His journey is all he has. I wish it had been Lucio."

"Isn't there anything you can do, don Juan?"

"No, Unfortunately there is no way to make bones for a jellyfish. It was only my folly."

The sun came out. Its light blurred my tired eyes.

"You've told me time and time again, Don Juan, that a sorcerer cannot have follies. I've never thought you could have any."

Don Juan looked at me piercingly. He got up, glanced at Eligio and then at Lucio. He tucked his hat on his head, patting it on its top. "It's possible to insist, to properly insist, even though we know that what we're doing is useless" he said, smiling. "But we must know first that our acts are useless and yet we must proceed as if we didn't know it. That's a sorcerer's controlled folly".

(CONT. NEXT WEEK.)