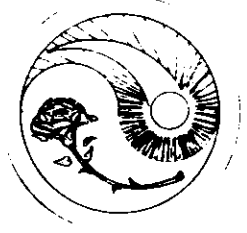


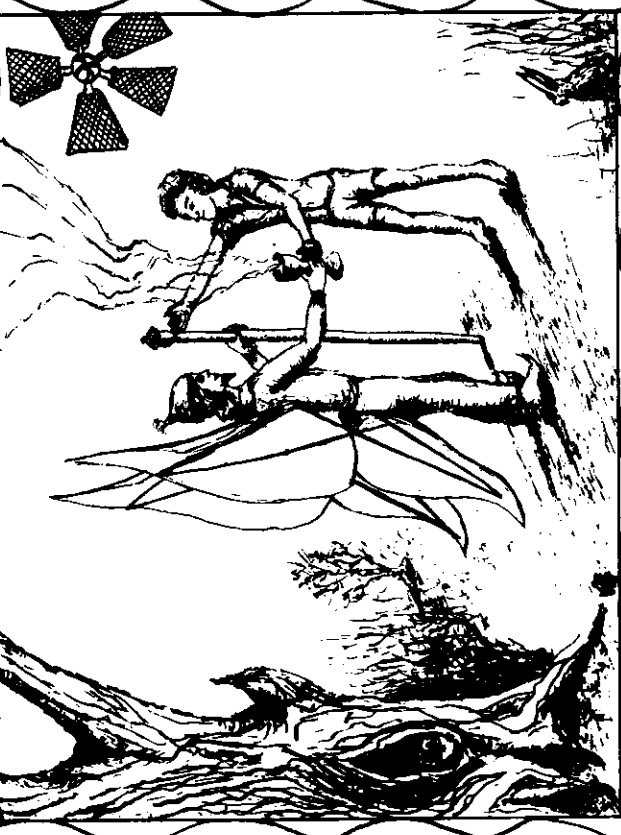
Weed and Wine



CHAMELEON
CLUB

P.O. BOX 174
PERRY, OH 44081

Chameleon Times



CHAMELEON CLUB

Issue 0006



I remember when I was a child, my parents took me to the 1964 World's Fair. It was filled with exhibits and pavilions from all over the world, but the ones that attracted me were the exhibits from the world of the future, or rather, the presentations based on the best projections of the bright tomorrow we were looking towards.

Though the country, and the world, had just been shocked by the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, the visions of "Camelot Americana" were still in our heads. Viet Nam was not yet a major issue in John Q. Public's mind. President Johnson, like Kennedy, supported the space program, the physical fitness program, the civil rights movement, and may other progressive, future-oriented goals. His election slogan was "Peace and Prosperity."

The Fair's major symbol was the Geodesic Dome, a startlingly new architectural concept by R. Buckminster Fuller. Many exhibits from the fair are still in operation, and have been transported to Walt Disney World or Disneyland, like the Monsanto 360° Theater, the Bell Telephone pavilion, and the General Electric Carousel of Progress. This was a circular theater with a hub split into 5 sections, each featuring one act of a theatrical presentation about the progress of electrical/electronic technology and its effects on our standard of living. After each act, the audience's section of the theater rotated to face the next stage; all the "actors" were automatons, robots, recordings, and back-projection effects. All this put to a song I remember clearly, with the refrain:

"There's a great big beautiful tomorrow,
Shining at the end of every day.
There's a great big beautiful tomorrow;
And tomorrow's just a dream away."

Well, the theater is in DisneyWorld now, and the last act, which was the home of the future, hasn't been changed a bit. Though it was built before pocket calculators, integrated circuits, successful Moon landings, orbiting platforms and the space shuttle, solar power, the elimination of polio and other childhood killers, and so many other advances that we've caught up with its future world. There is no new projection, for ours is a time when our leaders are steering us away from rising expectations. And the carousel tune? Today it goes:

"These are the days, these are the best days.
These are the best days of your life."

Perhaps we have to expect that our leaders will always move in the direction which most suits them and will always claim that it is in the public's interest; that the delegation of funds from public welfare programs towards military escalation while giving aid to enormous companies like Chrysler and Lockheed to ensure their solvency at the expense of the taxpayers, that the relaxation of regulations determining the extent to which the public can be endangered and poisoned by industry in order to save the cost of pollution and safety controls, and that the direction of our technology towards utilizing unsafe nuclear energy sources and the maintenance of fossil-fuel monopolies to the blatantly obvious detriment of the public, are unavoidable aspects of our times.

On the other hand, perhaps it is up to us to demand a better, brighter future, to carry on Sir Thomas' task of heating the lamp of Camelot, to insist that utopia is not an idle daydream, but a goal to never strive for, and that even in its quest dwells a life of great worth, beauty, and joy.

IT'S SO NICE ON HESSLER STREET

If ever a group of artists, poets, and musicians have put their love, skills, and energy into creating a special place, a down-home atmosphere of family-friendship in a magickal space where the air is filled with music, its name is Hessler Street.

Back when summer was finest-kind goofing off time, college without the classes, lazy yawning mornings, crazy rocking evenings, hot sticky nights prowling for breezes, Hessler Street was a cool mountain stream of sweet-pickin' guitar music in a hectic city. Somehow between an angry ghetto and an indifferent college, a somewhat Bohemian group of artists-in-residence and natural life-style people, beautiful people, claimed a dead-end corner of old Cleveland as their own, with an ancient wood-block road, and they made it such a together tribal community that they were able to get registered as a historical landmark by the city.

The houses were set close together, the yards tiny, with apartment buildings just past the corner in a cul-de-sac where Hessler St. met Hessler Court at a right angle. All the houses had porches on them, all the apartments balconies, and they were a perpetual stage for the life of Hessler Street in the summer.

The best folk entertainment in the city practised and performed for whoever passed by. Michael Spiro, Alex Bevan, Laurie Cahan, Tiny Alice Jug Band, Tickle String, Mr. Stress Blues Band, Abbie Linhart, Buzzy Linhart, Madrigal, Escape, Mark Gridley, Norm Tischler, Willis Lyman, so many fine musicians breathing life into the community with benefit concerts and the Hessler Street Fair, sharing with each other. And the center of activity, the hub of Hessler Street was John Bassette's front porch.

John Bassette had a kingly air about him, an atmosphere of magnanimity, wandering down Hessler Street in his purple-hooded robe, and he had a fine poetic story-telling style, and a sweet rich voice with a deep warmth behind it that came through in his singing. Even a simple ditty like "A Happy Song" was a real crowd-pleaser, and love songs like "Wintertime Lady" were high and fine.

Back when he put out his first record and Weed and Wine became a local hit, he had a jazzy, swinging feeling like Taj Mahal sometimes gets, with flute, bass, drums, and harmonica playing along. But as time went on, he went down to just guitar and voice, and a special rapport with his audience that dissolved the stage and made every concert Hessler Street again, jamming and singing along on the front porch, no one here but friends.

One day me and the other hippie-type rejects at our old frat-house were cranking up some home-made ice cream, and I walked over, bare feet on creosote-soaked wood blocks warm-not-hot under the August sun to offer some to John. He knew me from giggling him for the Next Door Coffeehouse in the CWRU Hillel House and from recording him for a show on WRUW radio, and we had recently put on a benefit for the Cleveland Free Clinic.

I came in and he shouted down the stairs for me to come up. I found him on his hands and knees laying out the cover for his first full-length album, "Another Alternative." He asked my opinion, and

full-length album, "Another Alternative." He asked my opinion, and I looked over his shoulder and read this:



...and I don't forget Philippi West Virginia, where only one speaker cabinet arrived, a few people; they sent a map, I arrived on time) and the party after the concert which consisted of me and the only two song writers in town (a duo called 'Wino Beach'). We played until someone remembered a city job that they had to be at the next day. The next day came and I got back on the road.

...and winter in Chicago is a hell of a time to discover that V.W. buses are notoriously cold. Everybody knows that. Why didn't the dealer tell me that at the same time he shaved me that neat little vanity mirror hidden ever so discreetly behind the sun visor on the passenger side? I really can't complain. The bus got me to all these places and more.

...and Saginaw in January.

Surviving the changes. Survival.

Robert Jr. Lockwood is still doin' the blues in town. Ask anybody.

So I knocked on record company doors for a few years. Even got into one or two; but never any thing real. Somehow I figured out that I could do it on my own...with a little help from my friends. So I saved and got it together.

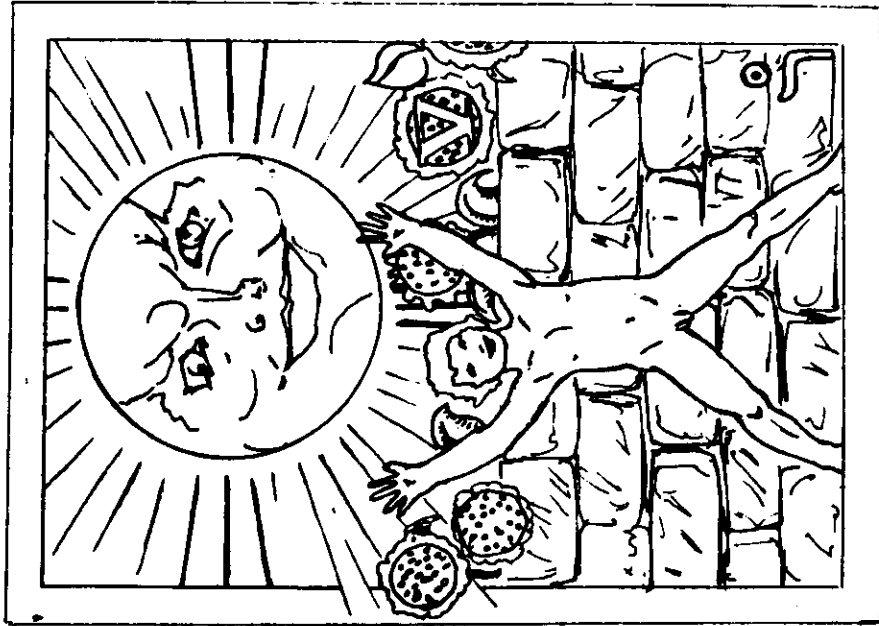
So this one's for me. I hope you like it.

Happy times or hard times, John's still playing sweet music in Cleveland. He's got two mini-albums*, three full-length ones*, and a fourth in the works. He's written a book of poetry called "Losing Face in America," and has just completed acting the part of Herod in a production of Barrabas in Cleveland. He's a one multi-talented man, and we all love him.

Jeff Rosenbaum

*Weed and Wine, The Sleeping Post

*Another Alternative, The Concert Album, John Who?



The Dark Horse Tarot is a deck which draws on the Celtic traditions while preserving the Golden Dawn symbolism and interpretations. In addition to the usual 78 cards, two alternative cards are provided: An Eris trump, and a "Jive" Death trump.

The deck is to be colored and covered by the owner: instructions and a cut-out-paste-together box are provided. Felt tips or watercolor and scissors will complete the deck - plastic will preserve them.

The designers, Chameleons J. Wyndham and D. Stool have expressed on each card a proper emblem of the zodiacal sign, planet, or element associated with it. It is our hope that users will be able to put the deck to good use in both study and divination, and also as an incredibly enjoyable coloring project!

Tarot deck cost is \$5 (includes postage), and is available by mail order from the Chameleon Club.

On Space

Western civilisation has seemingly reached a plateau in the standard of living. We face the juncture developed in Wilson's Schroedinger's Cat series between the "revolution of lowered expectations" and the "revolution of rising expectations." The Reagan program is headed on the former course. We will no longer expect to feed everyone whom we need to feed. We will no longer expect to have a job for everyone who is looking for work. We will no longer expect that through hard work and ambition anyone can improve his or her standard of living. We will rely on the consumption and avarice of the rich to propel our economy.

Each of these problems is incredibly serious; each weighs on every individual; we tend to lose the Kennedy attitude -- looking toward Camelot -- in favor of the Lousewort attitude -- eyes cast down to the ruts and mud on our paths.

The dismemberment of NASA and the civilian space program is perhaps the most critical mistake we can make; not a mistake for our nation, but a mistake for all mankind. We are at the junction where space can become a true new frontier for intelligent life, a commercial and technological boon, a launching pad for cosmic evolution or a dangerous nesting area for destructive "birds" and a place for maintaining obsolete ideas of "property" and "borders" with lasers and atomic weapons.

After travelling billions of miles and many years, we may not even be listening to Voyager when it passes the mysteries of Uranus and Neptune. We will not make our best effort to look at Halley's Comet for at least another 90 years. We have cancelled plans to examine Venus, and postponed for several years a close look at Jupiter. We have turned our civilian space agency into a space trucking firm for our military.

How can we encourage space manufacturing when we seem unwilling to provide a credible system for servicing & payload retrieval? A space station for commercial use when its benefits are tied up in military hardware for the foreseeable future? A space colony when we minimize nonmilitary manned flights?

This is not to say all hope is gone. The space telescope will be lofted, our first clear view of our solar system, and of neighboring stars. Subgroups in NASA and associated space support and lobby groups are proposing a manned mission to Mars by the turn of the century, and some civilian programs for the space station proposed to be lofted in the late 80's. While some Government support is left in our civilian space program, several aerospace companies are still betting that the hardware will still be available for manufacturing projects. Presently, only high profit, low mass fabrication is feasible. An example is the Rockwell project to manufacture Beta cells in orbit; the free energy, free vacuum and zero-gravity make the medium ideal for this factory. Beta cells manufacture insulin; it will be unnecessary to render this critical drug from animal tissues. Boeing corporation is developing a solar power station for orbit based on today's technology. Martin Marietta is developing construction techniques for outer space and the control technology for space platforms. Continuous beam manufacturing is now feasible in outer space.



The current state of affairs may allow some of these projects. But with a steady stream of supply and maintenance flights, a more favorable scenario can be envisioned; let us take a short leap of faith to this point. The future could be like this:

Twenty high value-low mass projects are in orbit. Shuttle flights are no more than three months apart. Enough material has been ferried to space to build the first commercial power network. High energy manufacturing is now possible. With several power networks, home energy systems (passive solar, insulation, etc.) and natural power (wind, water, solar) the burning of fossil fuels for energy becomes relegated to areas with unusual problems.

As larger manufacturing plants in orbit become feasible, it is economical to maintain a crew of technicians and astronauts in orbit, crews rotated every 6 months. The first true space stations!

As this crew becomes larger, more elaborate facilities can be made available. Gerard O'Neill's space habitats will soon be realized. Man is becoming a creature of the cosmos.

Some developments may take us further -- the use of a magnetic "gun" called a mass driver will allow us to mine the surface of the Moon or to move asteroids into Earth orbit where they can be decomposed into manufacturing materials, and even life supporting substances. Space colonies can become self-sufficient.

Such a future can be realized within our own lifetimes.....

The benefits of this reach into space would be directly felt by billions on Earth, as have many developments of the space program, such as heart pacemakers, integrated circuit technology, applied methods of control, cryogenics, high temperature research, advanced materials, and a further knowledge of who we are, where we come from, and where we live. In fact, in a 1976 study, the Chase Econometrics Associates concluded a \$1 billion investment in the space program would be likely to reduce inflation, increase employment and productivity, and over a 10 year span would significantly increase the GNP.

The benefits of space should be seen against the contrasting costs; before the recent budget cuts, NASA was receiving only .8 percent of the federal budget--and a small fraction of that for everything but the Shuttle. The funding has been cut over \$1 billion from the NASA budget request, and has resulted in the cancelling or postponing of many non-military projects.

To receive the benefits of space, to create new, future benefits, support by an organization the size of the Government is necessary -- no private industry can supply the coordination, money, and time needed to guarantee access to space.

On the other hand, cessation of this effort will gear down a number of directly and indirectly involved industries, making a restart slow and expensive.

Keep Mankind in space. Launch letters, convince Congressmen, contact coordinating organizations such as L5. This future is for all of us. Per ardua ad astra!

Space Contacts

Several non-governmental space groups exist. Two of the most prominent are the L5 Society and the Planetary Society.

The Planetary Society was formed by Carl Sagan and Bruce Murray of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory and supporters of one goal of NASA: the collection of data about our universe. The Planetary Society gives both scientific and financial support for SETI, the search for extra-terrestrial intelligence, an interesting project which is currently losing much of its funding, for example. The society also lobbies for (mostly unmanned) space exploration projects, and has given money to analyze data received from space probes.

More in the political arena is the L5 society, founded in 1975 by Carolyn and Keith Henson after a summer seminar by Gerard O'Neill, physicist and early promoter of space habitats. There are numerous local chapters scattered about the country, loosely affiliated with the national headquarters in Tucson, Arizona. L5 chapters have regular meetings and lectures by space-knowledgeable speakers. L5's avowed purposes are to increase public knowledge and understanding of space industrialization, manufacturing, settlement and exploration, and to participate in the legislative process by using a "phone tree" to network among the members when a space-oriented issue comes up in Congress. Members are urged to write their Congressmen and let them know their personal feelings on these issues.

A local chapter is trying to form in Cleveland. Contact the national organization for more details or networking.

Any person who has an interest in space will probably wish to contact one of these organizations for more information. Their addresses are:

Planetary Society PO Box 3599 Pasadena, California 91103
L5 1060 E. Elm Tucson, Arizona 85719

Space Processing

Examples of the materials to be produced are:

- **Interferon**—The substance is considered important for providing the body with immunity from viral infections. Interferon also is receiving development emphasis as a treatment for cancer. Earth-based processing can provide only low yield and low purity, while space-based processing has the promise of high yield and high purity. The annual patient load that could benefit is 20 million persons.
- **Epidermal growth factor products**—

Such products would be important in treating burn patients and in the healing of wounds. Only research quantities of low purity are possible with Earth-based processing. In zero-g that could be reversed. The annual patient load is estimated at 11 million.

- **Antitrypsin products**—This material can limit the progress of emphysema and enhance cancer chemotherapy. Only research quantities of low purity are available by processing in Earth's gravity. A 500,000 annual patient load could be treated.
- **Antihemophilic products**—The products from zero-g processing could eliminate immunological reactions for hemophilia, a blood disorder. Such products are now available with a low purity and loss of beneficial byproducts. Annual patient load that could be benefited is estimated at 15,000.

These are some of the higher-priority candidates in the McDonnell Douglas/Orrin program. There are 30-40 other potential medical products under study, according to James T. Ross, chief McDonnell program engineer for the Electrophoresis Operations in Space project.

Some tentative topics for workshops/classes include Hypnosis, Divination, Herbiology, Trance Working, Kirilian Photography, New Age Games, Medical Botany, the Space Program/SETI, Longevity Research, Shamanism, Dream Interpretation, Holistic Medicine and Massage, and Metaprogramming. We expect many of the same speakers who attended last year: Jim Alan and Selena Fox of Circle, Dr. Ray Buckland of the School of Seax-Wica, Bill Eichman of the School of Changes, Dr. Bryan Grotte of the Foundation for Research in Medical Botany among others, and some new faces including Gwydion of Forever Forests. As before, we welcome workshop proposals from other groups or individuals who wish to participate. Musical performers include Jim Alan and Selena Fox, Jeff Wyndham, Victoria Ganger, Gwydion, Cindy MacKay, and very special guest John Bassette.

We recommend bringing a grill or Hibachi, plenty of trash bags, water containers, and all the comforts. There is water, outhouses and portapans, some showers, and some electrical hook-ups. Bring comfortable hiking shoes; you'll want to climb to the waterfalls and other scenic spots. There is a small store for ice, snacks, drinks, and some convenience items.

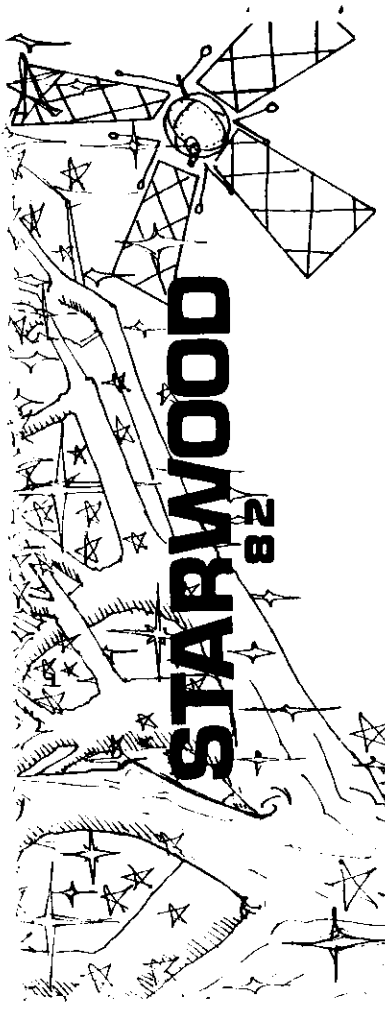
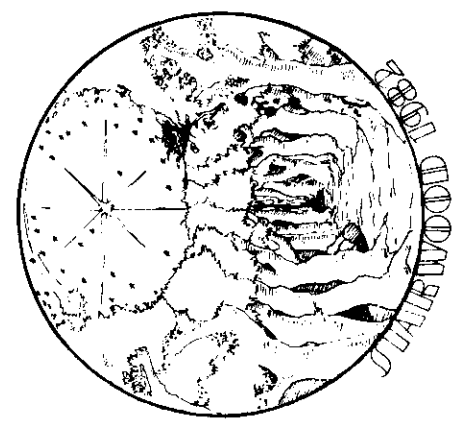
We welcome craft, literature, or any other kind of booth, with no charge. Booths set up strictly for personal profit will be asked to donate a portion of their own choosing to the festival.

To get to the site, you must get on Ohio I-77, heading to Exit 65 (from Akron and Cleveland this is 77S, from Columbus or Pittsburgh this is 77N). Head East on State Route 36 to Gnadenhuetten. From the town square follow County Road 10 (and the Devil's Den signs) to the little town of Gilmore. Turn left onto County Road 14 and go about two miles and turn right onto County Road 13, which will bring you right to the welcome arch of Devil's Den Park. For registration, questions, workshops, and other necessary and semi-necessary correspondence, write to: Chameleon Club, P.O. Box 174, Perry, Ohio 44081.

Per Ardua ad Astra!

C.C. Rosencomet

C.C. Rosencomet



Above us ride the Heavens, realm of the Divine:
The soaring skies, the blazing Sun, the silvery Moon,
the distant, sparkling stars---

Below us stands the Earth, realm of the Divine:
The timeless mountains, the unfathomable oceans,
the windswept plains, the fiery caverns below---

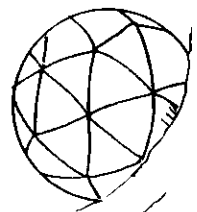
And where they meet, a special, magickal place...

STARWOOD

A year ago the children of Heaven and Earth met for a joyous celebration, a festival of wonder. We attended classes, shared ideas, played music, and danced the circle 'round. We tasted and exchanged dreams of golden pasts and shining futures, and played in the warm summer sun of a wonderful Now. As the wheel has turned full-circle, let us gather once again where Heaven and Earth are one.

On the weekend of July 23-25 the Chameleon Club will hold the 1982 Starwood Festival. The location is Devil's Den Park, a 280-acre campground run by Whispering Winds Nudist Camp. The site features a swimming lake, a stocked fishing lake, caverns, waterfalls, some trailer hookups and showers, hiking trails, a suana, and over 200 acres of wilderness area. There is complete privacy as we have reserved the entire place, though some camp members and residents will be present (clothing is optional). The program will include classes on a variety of magickal and New Age subjects, a musical concert, a bonfire, films, games, and more...

The registration fee for the three-day gathering will be \$20/participant over the age of twelve. Children and pets are welcome, but must be monitored. Pre-registrations, while not mandatory, are appreciated.



CHAMELEON CLUB

STARHENCE

by Jeff Rosenbaum

5/23/98

NASA Orbital Structure "Freehold"
03:15 Gr. Time

Dearest Lady,

I know I haven't written to you much, and nothing at all about what I'm going to tell you now, but all the letters you've gotten from me were transcribed by Ma Bell's lineprinters from radio transmitters open to any receiver tuned in, and subject to NASA Security scrutiny. This letter's being hand-delivered by the pilot (I told you about Jeff Harris, remember?) to the nearest mail-drop. When it gets to you, I'll still be in de-contamination at Kennedy Spaceport, with at least three weeks of work and de-briefing to go. That's why I want you to go to Star's End, the commune we've been talking about moving to, by yourself - let me see you running to meet me when I come home. That's been my dream every night for over a week-- firm ground under my feet, the smell of the open fields, and you running to meet me.

Gods, how I've missed you! I miss sitting on the floor before our fireplace, my back against your knees, your cool hands at my neck, sharing visions scryed in glowing ember caves. I miss frosty November mornings, walking through the forest, my cloak wrapped around us both, brandishing icicles like crystalline daggers, sharing kisses under ice-sheathed branches, wreathed in white wisps of our mixed breathes. I miss our arms around each other in the warm summer sunshine, making love under fleecy blue skies, through the sunset, into the warmth of an August night, with gently twinkling stars and the rising distant moon to light our journey home. I only wish I were there right now, to offer you more than these inadequate words.

I can't describe how it feels to be coming home to Earth, Mother Earth. I never expected this, a longing so strong it cuts through the wonder of being out here, in space, the stars like dust around me. It's breathtakingly beautiful out here, the unfiltered constellations wheeling across the sphere of the sky above, below, all around. And always the cool blue-green majesty of the Earth, riding the endless night, white clouds like dolphins leaping across her oceans. And her silver-white sister, Luna, twice the size of her as seen from Earth and far, far brighter. I could stay here forever and never cease to wonder, never tire of searching the heavens for new discoveries, basking in this glory. Yet knowing that my time is ended, now, knowing that its mere hours from my reunion with blue skies, fresh air, running open water, and fields and woods and living things everywhere brings six months of homesickness on in one great rush.

I haven't had time to be homesick before (though I had time to miss you, always). Between my official research, my maintenance jobs, and my, er, extra-curricular activities I've been running myself ragged finishing projects up before departure. I've even neglected the centrifuge exercises, something I promised myself I wouldn't do and will no doubt pay for in soreness and back-aches my first few weeks on Earth. At least Kennedy's Decontam has floatation beds.

I told you I was doing crystal research for half-a-dozen companies, mostly exotic metals which are difficult to crystallize under standard Earth conditions of gravity and such. Research up here in L-5 orbital space is comprised mostly of three fields: studying Earth from space, studying space from space, and studying Earth stuff under space conditions. My work falls under the third category: taking advantage of the special conditions of vacuum, zero-grav, extremes of cold and light, etc., to learn more about the natural laws originally observed on Earth and how to utilize the differences in conditions between here and there.

In zero-grav very large unbroken crystals can be grown easily, giving us a better glimpse of the nature and properties of these materials' structures. One can crystallize a solution of three different metals and separate the individual crystals later, like metal snowflakes, by color or shape. Some such perfect crystals have electronic and cybernetic applications, some medicines may be more easily isolated and purified. (You should have seen the beautiful, perfect cocaine flakes we crystallized up here, the size of your hand!)

One of my experiments was with an irridium-nickel alloy which was developed as a special selective insulation substance for very delicate instruments in space research. Instead, it turned out to be transparent to almost all radiation except some of the oddball far-end-of-the-spectrum energies, like cosmic rays. Those were reflected like a mirror. The stuff was useless except as a curiosity, I thought, until I showed some to Jeff. More on that later.

You know, the Space Program has become a multi-million dollar industry now, far from the pre-shuttle days when it was more like shooting money into space with a cannon. Once the terrific waste was eliminated, the trips and payloads scheduled, and the patents released to private concerns we had more junk up here than Mars flies in a Klein bottle, from Landsats, Agristars, and Comsat satellites for Ma Bell to labs and orbital "stationary" structures like Freehold. (I'm going from a space station named for a space station in a story by one of my two favorite sci-fi authors to a settlement named for a settlement in a story by the other one. How about that?)

But it's not all glorious discovery; most of it is just basic hard work and drudgery (albeit against some spectacular scenery). Half of my on-duty time is put to adjusting, servicing, and re-aligning the angles and orbits of all the stuff local to Freehold. One of the ways they cut costs on payloads to space was eliminating many automatic equipment units in favor of hand adjustment and maintenance by L-5 personnel. (We still use the L-5 label, though we're not really at LaGrange point five. Some structures are, though, mostly unmanned stuff.)

I push off towards, say, a Russian-built radio telescope, packed in a puffed-up pressure suit and trailing a metal-mesh connecting line. I've got both arms supported in the frames of the controls of my Manned Maneuvering Unit, a white fiberglass boxish structure on my back that looks like a cross between a backpack and a small refrigerator. A far cry from the old CO2 guns, this unit is controlled by computer and stabilized by internal gyroscope, with large gas-tanks and enough structural strength and thrust for a man to break a small satellite out of orbit and re-adjust to a new orbit all by himself.

I kill my acceleration with a couple of forward blasts to a spot a bit to the side of the satellite. Fine maneuvers bring me to the hub of the telescope, and the MMU matches orbit orientation automatically by electric-eye and computer-controlled gyroscope. The stars are wheeling below my feet, and the inky shadows of the dark side of the satellite are tempered by the blue-grey radiance of Earthshine from "above" me.

The scope is just fine, though I change the camera's film and dust-baffles (no filters with no atmosphere to pump) and check this and that for micro-meteorite damage. The real work is patching and re-aligning the satellite's solar collectors-- about 60 square feet of woven plastic fabric impregnated with silicone fibers, stretched across an aluminum strut framework. Periodically we roll the plastic up to ship Earthside, torn and covered with "space-dust" for analysis, to clean and re-cycle, and roll out a new layer. This is a real bitch with the two-mile-long microwave-transmission solar power satellites for the Earth power stations. But much more often the high winds breaking off the very last layer of the Earth's atmosphere in heavy weather and the ionic winds from the sun catch and slightly twist these fragile expanses of foil and cellophane. When that occurs one of us has to re-align them with

the MMUs or with portable gas jets and gyros and, occasionally (with the two-mile-long jobs), using tiny JATO (Jet Assist Take-Off) units jury-rigged as mini-retros. (some of the boys in Freehold came up with that one.)

But while out there Jeff and I have been putting sections of Mithral (that's what we've named our irridium-nickel alloy) on the backs of certain satellites, with their backside painted to look like the rest of their surface.

You see, though the space industry is booming, us techs are only up here for six months at a time every two years at best, pending rotation schedules and projects requiring particular personnel and/or talents. So while we're here, we're cramming personal research into all of our spare time, and a lot of that is really moonlighting doing unauthorized work for Earthside concerns. I've been doing research on near-seemless welding techniques for Rockwell Industries, silver plating and photographic research on glass and grown crystal lenses for Corning and Eastman Kodak, and even helping with the cocaine crystallization I mentioned earlier, both for "nameless parties" back home and for a company that intends to seal individual quarter-gram perfect crystals in glass and lucite for fancy high-priced paperweights (and a little for us as well. HO HO--Space Snow!)

Jeff has been doing clandestine research for a private para-psychology institute. It seems that besides being a pilot and a chemist he's also a bonefide Shaman and psychic with a degree in Magick from Berkeley U. (We're all multi-talented up here, and we wear many hats--more cost-cutting.) He's been sending and receiving telepathic messages (no shit!) and studying the effects of space conditions on his abilities. Any telekinetic effect at all can be tested more easily in an environment where you can isolate a very low mass object (say, a snowflake) in vacuum and zero-grav. Any push will move it and no other influences are present to affect it.

He's gotten me deeply into mysticism, or at least the angle of it which touches on the wonder of space. I've always liked the image of Nuit, the Egyptian goddess of the Universe, and dubbed her Our Lady of Space. There is a certain energy about the symbols of the Egyptians

that seemed to speak to me of an esoteric understanding of real-world energies; cosmic, bio-electric, bio-magnetic, I don't know, but something that connects the Earth with the Heavens, the soul with the stars. I never felt quite the same way about the magicks of witchcraft and voodoo; they seemed more fairy-tale and fantasy compared to the science fiction outlook I had learned to relate to. But Jeff showed me the underlying similarities and themes, from the metaphysical and philosophical messages to the manipulation of exotic energies: telepathy, psychokinesis, prana, kundalini, orgones, elemental forces, and the creations fashioned to transmit and store these energies, from tiny talismen to the pyramids, Stonehenge, and natural power places. They were all designed or chosen with the basic belief in mind that the energies of life and spirit were real and could be directed, shaped, collected, used, and even internalized.

Anyway, I showed him Mithral, and he scoped it out psychically, and his eyebrows shot up clear to his scalp! He said it was the first time he'd ever encountered anything opaque to his "sight"! It not only blocked his energy flow, but he couldn't feel the usual influence of the moon and the stars through it. Polished, we discovered, it could even be used to focus and concentrate these energies which, we now theorize, must be very similar to those oddball cosmic radiations I mentioned before.

Since then we've been busy putting up our own "stellar collectors/reflectors", disguised on the backs of space structures from every space-age nation, aiming these forces in a tight beam to a chosen spot Earthside. And Jeff's been communicating with his telepathic friends (on the non-buggable astral circuit) in the woods of Star's End, the commune where we'll meet, my love. They're building a new henge, a magickal circle of stone, a focus of stellar and psychic energies, a Starhenge.

They're beautiful, joyful people, full of wonder and discovery, and I know you'll want to be there as much as I, where the timeless research goes ever on.

Ad Astra, Simon

A missile for all seasons.



Neither snow nor rain, no, nor leaves, nor gloom of night stays cruise missiles from the swift completion of their appointed rounds.

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MCDONNELL DOUGLAS**



Festivals & Gatherings

It's summer again, rains and sunshine as always. Time to get outdoors and party! Festivals and gatherings celebrating the season are rampant; a few summer picks:
day tripping:

The Coventry Street Fair is back again, as always; Cleveland Heights' biggest public party has always been worth a visit. As for Coventry Road itself, to me the storefronts to concrete sidewalk to asphalt street views, a strip from Mayfield Road residences to Euclid Heights Boulevard residences capsulizes the Cleveland statement--which can be found so compactly only here or in comic books. Cleveland-area's best musical entertainment will usually play here. July 10- 3 to 8 PM; July 11, Noon-7 PM.
out in the country:

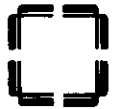
The Starwood Festival, a New Age gathering in East-Central Ohio has returned this year, with topics ranging from herbs to space colonies. See elsewhere in the magazine for details. July 23-25.

There are two Pan-Pagan festivals in the area this year. Both Nature Religions (that "Old Time Religion") conclaves will be held in Michigan. The Midwest Pagan Council's version will be held August 5-8. Pagans of all Traditions are invited to share in this celebration of unity, near Niles, MI. For more information, please write the Festival Registration Committee, c/o Janel & Richard Clarke, 1519 Kenilworth, Calumet City, ILL 60409.

The Covenant of the Goddess/Council of the Sacred Earth Pan Pagan will be held September 9-12 at Circle Pines Center, MI, near Kalamazoo. The program includes rituals, musical and dramatic performances, and the annual Pan Pagan Follies, a collection of you-do-it-yourself 5 minute skits. For more information, please contact TPW, PO Box 60151, Chicago, ILL 60600.

The Society of Creative Anachronism War is back, bigger and better than ever (as always). Relive the Middle Ages in Western Pennsylvania this summer. The East Kingdom versus the Middle Kingdom in Arts, Crafts, Music, and, of course, chivalrous "armed" contests. Participants assume the persona of someone who MIGHT have lived in the Middle Ages, from King Harold to Queen Isabela.

Qualified Knights battle with rattan swords, maces, or other rattan weapons to determine one phase of the battle; there are archery contests, and vying in the crafts and composition of original Medieval music. The Kings hold court after, and there is MUCH merriment. The loser gets Pittsburgh. August 20-22; contact your local SCA representative, or write through Chameleon Club for more information.



ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA, 1984
really get a burn out from
there!

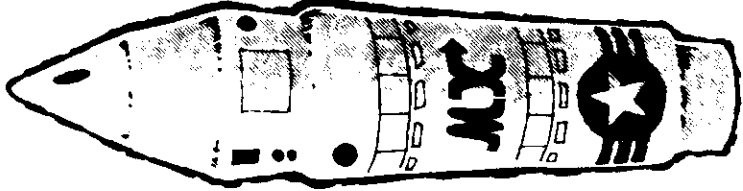
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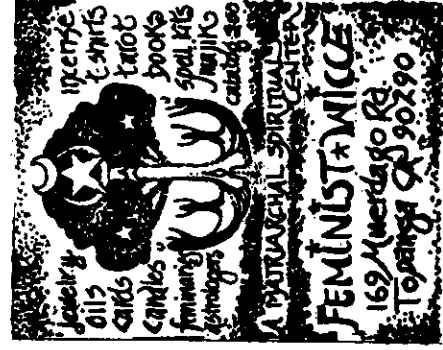


STEIN '82. NEA
ROCKY MTN. NEWS

high tide rock bottom

unicorns & dragons
semiprecious stones--
both loose
and in jewelry
natural objects
esoteric symbol jewelry
crystal balls amethyst
agate slabs

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Comix Issue

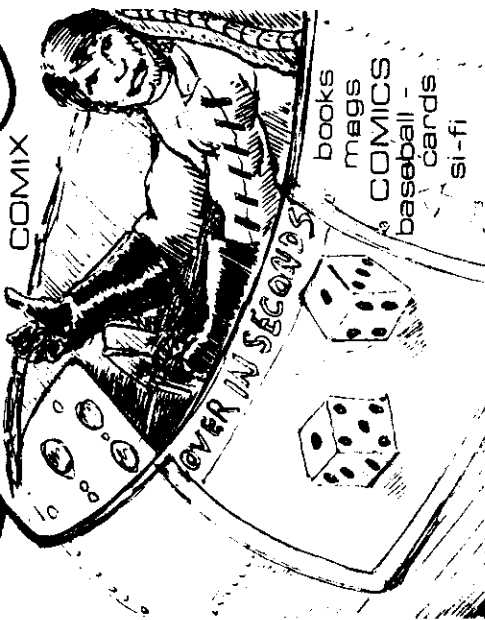
Comics are that synthetic form of expression somewhere between visual poems and graffiti; though considered limited by most readers of the Sunday funnies variety, comics can be light, philosophical, informative, persuasive, religious, erotic, violent, beautiful, or irreverent.

Changeling Times' next issue, #00008, will devote its pages to America's printed alternative to TV. Included will be old favorites and some new art from cartoonists such as Leonard Rifus (Educomix), Michael Gilbert, and Gilbert Shelton, as well as pieces of varied content from other artists.

Issue #00008 will be published August 23rd, and will be available free at various locations in the Cleveland area. However, to ensure receiving your copy, subscriptions are available at \$1 per copy (BE SURE TO SPECIFY ISSUE #00008!), or \$4 per year. Send to Changeling Times, PO Box 174, Perry, Ohio 44081.

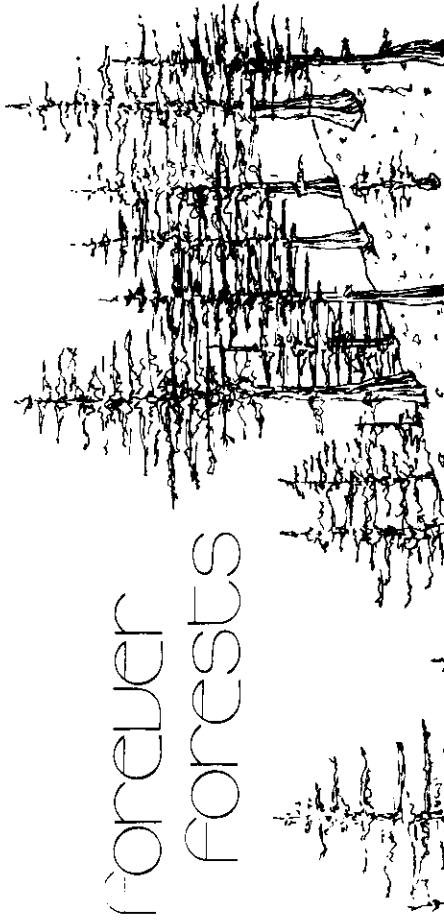
Any artists, illustrators, or cartoonists who are interested in contributing to this issue, please let the Editor know as soon as possible. Materials deadline is July 31.

KOVACS



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SOME NOTES ON SCRYING

by Pam Penchoen

The following is an excerpt from Flying Solo, the personal Book of Shadows of Pam Penchoen, a Chameleon and earth magician.

Most directions for scrying into a goblet of water suggest that the scryer should gaze continuously, scanning the top of the water until it "clouds over" and images appear. I have not once in 10 years been successful using this method, and if you've been having the same problem, try my way. I can't guarantee success either, but alternative methods of scrying are always useful to have around when the traditional approaches fail.

Instead of trying to be relaxed yet alert, searching for the cloud -- break all the rules. Let yourself stare into space (the water) without moving your eyes. You'll go into a trance state that you'll remember from childhood, when you first got fascinated with water droplets after a rain. Use lots of incense. Inhale deeply and go dizzy on the stuff. Between the trance state and the incense, there's a magic door. The keyhole is little sparkles in the scrying liquid. Stare good and hard and dizzily at one of the little pins of light or shadow in the water. Don't try to search the glass at all. Eventually the blob of light you're staring at will become the keyhole in the doorway to visions. If one droplet or blob or sparkle does not work, go to another. Don't spend more than three minutes on any one blob. Easiest way to mark time is to take a quiet, soothing record with many cuts (which usually last from three to five minutes each) and switch droplets after a song is through. I like the Dire Straits first album for scrying. It's hypnotic, undemanding and played softly in the background, it's a good cue.

Fuss a lot with the candle. You'll need just one, but experiment with different heights and distances from the glass. Different shadow/light forms will kick off different images. A tall candle placed two feet from the glass gives overhead diffuse light; a short candle placed nearby can give very direct, sharp contrasts in the water. Fiddle around and find out what works best for you.

Scry on a solid color. Place a cloth (large) under the glass and spread it out. I once had the misfortune to scry on top of a paisley print rug, and had headaches for days! The color itself does not matter. Black is traditional, but any color which pleases your taste will work best. Scrying is a transfer of consciousness. Make it easy on yourself.

I'm usually half-stripped for scrying; nude from the waist up with my hair tied back out of my face. It's important to have nothing distracting the eyes. Loose clothes and complete comfort are also mandatory. Scrying is physical; the slightest little discomfort ruins concentration. I place the scrying glass on the table and put my arms around it forming a triangle with the glass in the middle. With my forehead bent over the water glass, my third eye (pineal gland) forms the peak power point of a pyramid. I consecrate oil and draw an opening earth pentagram on my forehead, which I revoke at the end of the session. I use plain water in a clear glass, consecrated, and with consecrated salt tossed in. You don't have to go this far if you don't want to-I just find the pyramid a convenient psychic "hook".

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COMPLETION
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If you receive visions, record them via quick notes after each three minute session. You can write up complete notes later. You'll be surprised at how much you remember. If no visions arrive, give it up - but be sure to cleanse yourself or shut down your power drive or your chakras. Just because you've received no visions doesn't mean that scrying power wasn't around, activated and being used. Never scry more than 15 minutes at first, working up to a half hour gradually. I take an entire bath afterwards, to make sure no extraneous power is clinging to me or slopping over into the room from the scrying cup. Household plumbing is fine for disposing of the scrying liquid - or you could pour it into the ground.

As to scrying in sacred space, I do not. This is because I like to change music and scry in a comfortable position sitting at my dining room table. Bending over a low altar would never work for me - my back would break! I also need room to move around and dance if I need it; blood and oxygen to the brain aid visions. If your occult soul recoils at this, by all means create sacred space and scry in it. Scrying is an intensely personal and subjective skill, and cannot be developed by attempting to follow strict rules from a book.

On the visions themselves...well, what can I say? They are your higher mind at work. It helps to ask a question of the liquid (just as you'd ask a question of the Tarot) prior to starting. This gives your sub-and super-consciousness a subject to scry on. Don't be terrified if you get an answer and don't be downhearted if you get nothing but lights, squiggles and flashes.

My thanks on these notes go to Mike Ingalls, a classical cellist, physicist, magician and Chameleon; he gave me some clues on consciousness transfer...and to Carlos Casteneda, who taught me it was fun to travel on bubbles.

Winterfree



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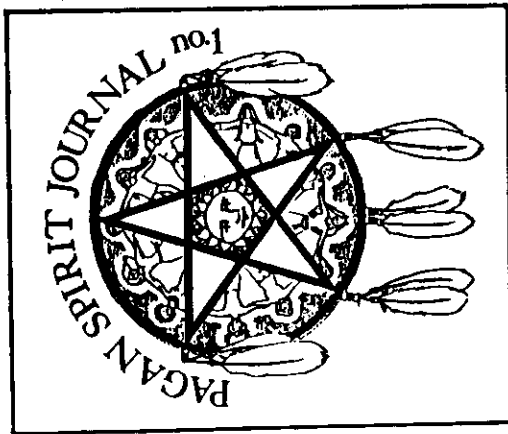
Conjunction

Twin fires, yellow and red, winter's eve
Jupiter and Mars, music of spheres
Initiated in animal passion
Brought to life with sterner countenance
With the weight of two gods beside
Why is Venus so out of reach?

Coy Goddess
Hides behind her words and deeds
But which ones?

Lay it up on the line
A true conjunction but
An answer rarely recognized
S·H·I·N·E O·N

M. B. David



A new annual book about Shamanic experiences, New Age community building, and Neo-Pagan practitioners has just been published by Circle.

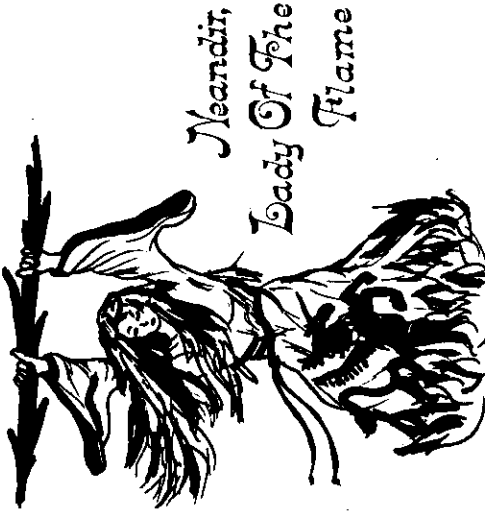
PAGAN SPIRIT JOURNAL #1 is available for \$9 plus postage (\$1/bookrate).

Any proceeds that remain after expenses will go towards funding the publication of PAGAN SPIRIT JOURNAL #2 next year.

A free flyer describing this Journal is available upon request from Circle.

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CHAMELEON CLUB PRESENTS:



VICTORIA GANGER

Cassette and Songbook

Chameleon Victoria Ganger has long been a member of the Society for Creative Anachronism (S.C.A.), a nationwide medieval group. She is known for her music (as well as for her propensity to party beyond all reasonable limits!) in both medieval and pagan circles, and has performed professionally in both the Cleveland and Athens, Ohio, areas.

Accompanied and assisted by fellow Chameleons on this one-hour cassette of 16 original songs, Victoria has created a unique blend of medieval imagery and contemporary music and energy - to sing you tales of dragons, unicorns, fair (but dangerous) maidens, valiant warriors and, of course, feasting, drinking and general revelry. Although originally produced for the S.C.A., this tape is for all those who would have their fantasy, and their reality, too. A one-of-a-kind collector's item - available only through the Chameleon Club.

S.C.A. Cassette Tape \$8.50 (postage included)
S.C.A. Songbook (with chords) \$4.00 (postage included)
Tape and book \$11.50 (postage included)
Starwood special (tape and book) \$10.00 (pick up at Starwood)

Make checks payable to: Victoria Ganger. Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery.

WINTERTREE

Northeastern Ohio is now the home of a Pagan resource center. Set on a 150 acre site, Wintertree is available for those seeking a meditative retreat (and willing to do a small share of the chores).

Wintertree also has an extensive library, an herb garden, and coordinates the Ohio Pagan Arts Cooperative, an organization for local artists and artisans who consign their creations to be taken to festivals and events they cannot attend.

The name Wintertree was chosen to symbolize the sleeping force lying quietly in the Earth, the latency which is awakened, the potential which is realized.

Wintertree can be contacted by sending a self addressed stamped envelope to John and Earil Wilson at Wintertree, PO Box 125, Sharon Center OH 44274.



The Changeling Times is a quarterly publication of the Chameleon Club, P.O. Box 174, Perry, Ohio 44081. The Changeling Times is devoted to expanding the frontiers of your consideration. While most copies are distributed free in the Cleveland area, thanks to our advertisers, to ensure receiving your copy, subscriptions are available at \$1 per issue or \$4 per year. Publication is nominally the 23rds of February, May, August, and November. Materials deadlines are the firsts of these months.

Please write C.C. Rosencomet, Editor, Changeling Times, concerning permission to reprint any attributed art, articles, essays, or poetry. Rights for these are preserved for their creators. All other rights reversed.

The Changeling Times actively seeks submissions for the magazine. We hope to provide stimulating, widely diverse viewpoints on reality, and things like it, especially in shape. Materials will not be returned unless specifically requested.

C. C. Rosencomet would like to thank all those who worked on issue 00006, and our advertisers, who make all this possible.

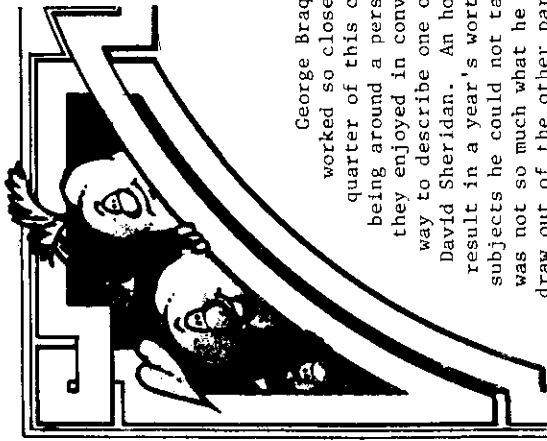
Front cover - Donna Boswell

Back cover - Dave Sheridan, by permission of John Bassette and Tinkertoo Records.

Collages by Marat

Satyr - Donna Boswell

Tommy's Onion & other talking vegetables - Fred Schrier, by kind permission of Tommy's Restaurant, 1820 Coventry.

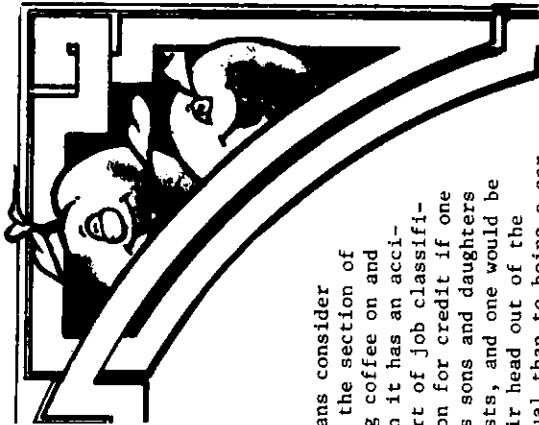


David

George Braque, the cubist artist who worked so closely with Picasso during the first quarter of this century said the great joy of being around a person of his talent was what they enjoyed in conversation. This may be the best way to describe one of America's great cartoonists, David Sheridan. An hour of talk with him could result in a year's worth of ideas. There were few subjects he could not talk about intelligently, and it was not so much what he knew, but what he was able to draw out of the other party during a discussion. This probably contributed a great deal to his power as a cartoonist. An artist speaks to the public with color and shape and the writer with words. The cartoonist must not only master both crafts, but balance them against one another for the proper impact. David accomplished this and more. His work at times achieved what might be best described as visual poetry. Cartoon became more than a medium of expression for ideas, it was a limitless horizon to be pushed beyond the confines it had remained locked within for half a century. When Robert Crumb opened this new door to be explored in the middle nineteen sixties, David barged through and disappeared leaving many of us trying to catch up with him and the exciting new dimension of art he was pursuing. It seems long ago that it happened. Some of that art may now be dated; yet one must realize that a majority of Americans today have no idea what was written and drawn back then. The wit, the humor, and the shock value are as relevant now as in 1968, perhaps more so. Unlike many of his contemporaries, David's work has very little relationship to the period within which it was created, it may be timeless and it may have a lasting impact on generations to come. This is a proud accomplishment for someone who drew his pictures as much to amuse his friends and himself as for any other reason.



Dave Sheridan, cartoonist extraordinaire, died recently at the age of 38. His untimely death was felt by fans everywhere.



Sheridan

It should be noted that Americans consider cartoon a vulgar art form. It is the section of the newspaper to spill the morning coffee on and to follow the dog around with when it has an accident on the rug. It's not the sort of job classification one writes on an application for credit if one should a loan from the bank. One's sons and daughters should not grow up to be cartoonists, and one would be more apt to see someone stick their head out of the closet and admit to being homosexual than to being a cartoonist.

It was in this environment that David Sheridan developed as an artist and eventually turned his talents to the art of caricature. He was proud of what he did and made no excuses for it. If America held preconceived ideas about what the Sunday funnies and comic books should be it did not matter. People once thought the "big band sound" was "music" until Chuck Berry changed the sound. David would simply rock 'n roll the eyeballs.

Anyone who has seen his drawings of the human figure or his paintings could easily attest to his abilities in what are commonly called the fine arts. Unlike many who turn to cartoon as a way to hide their problems with technique, David turned to it as a place to develop further. He also loved it and this should stand as an inspiration to the ideal of doing what one feels inside themselves. His work shows it was produced with pride, and not just as something to be ground out or as a task to be performed.

It was a pleasure to have worked with him and to have known him, if only for a few short years. What he represented as an artist and as a person carries in the memory far beyond personal contact and serves to inspire honesty within oneself in whatever one does.

Fred Schrier
Kirtland Hills, Ohio

About the author: Fred Schrier is also a Cleveland-area cartoonist, and a sometime collaborator of Dave Sheridan. Among their efforts are the excellent Mother's Oats Comics. Fred is an animated fellow who now free-lances and provides entertainment via Cleveland Indians scoreboards.