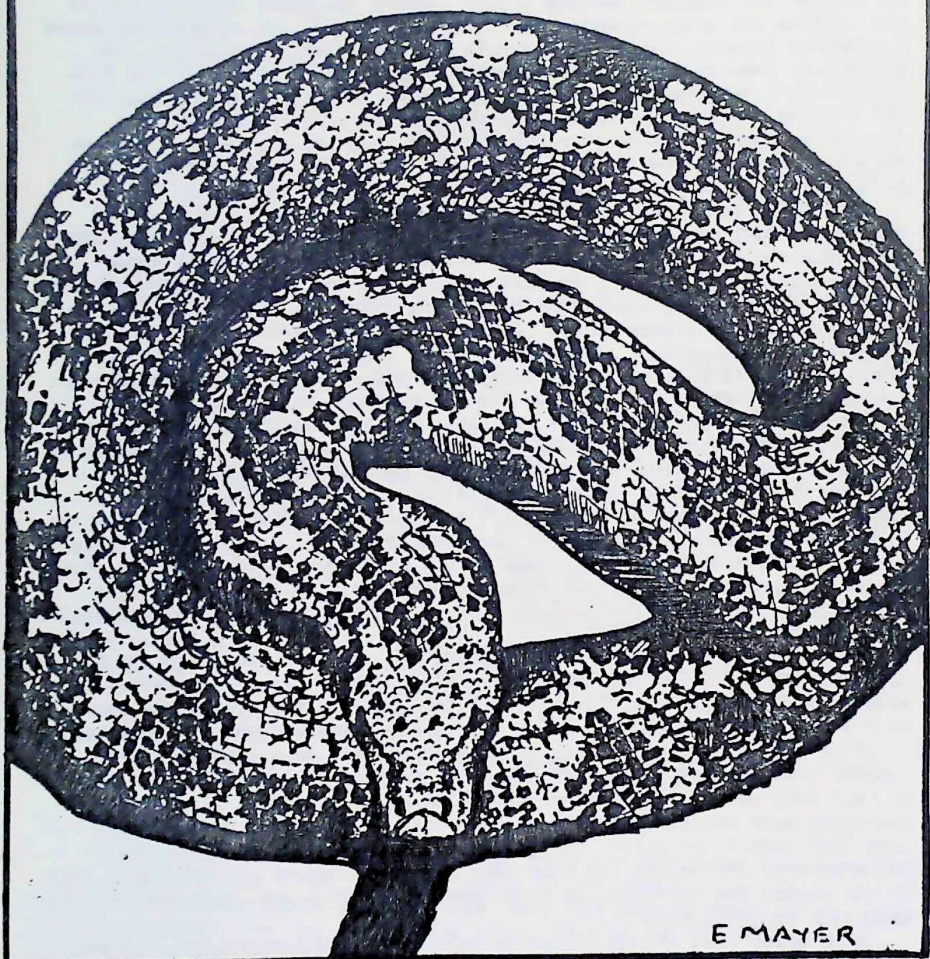


# DEJA VU



DEJA VU # 5 comes to you from Eric and Kathy Mayer, 279 Collingwood Drive, Rochester, New York, 14621. It is available by editorial whim, most easily activated by a letter, or for \$1 per sample while copies are available. This is the April 1989 issue.

DEJA VU strikes again! The format is different this time. I enjoyed introducing artists and writers from different hobby streams to each other's work but I can't afford to do that in any significant way and so, for the time being at least, I will be using mainly my own art and writing - provided I can produce any.

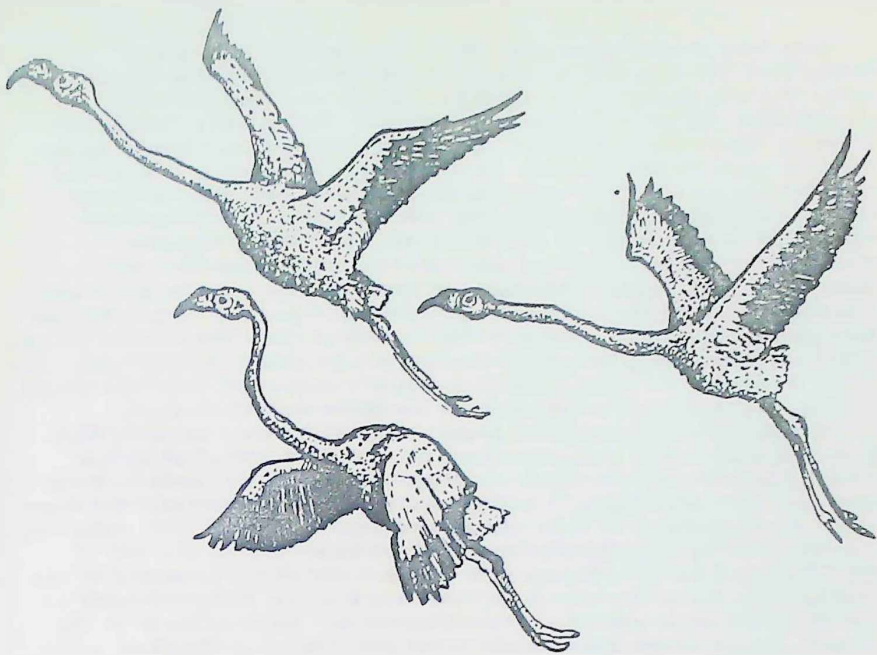
I hope Richard Bergeron won't mind my quoting from a largely personal letter because his words fit my situation so well. Richard speaks of his nostalgia for the idea of publishing "...but it's so much w-o-r-k...it's the plodding agony of putting one word after another on paper that makes me pale at the thought. Writing should fly off the paper and live on its own in time and space changing the lives of all who read it and that means a creative balance between serendipity and fanatical organization. An exhausting game of tag...". Without those novel ideas that flare up from the writer's subconscious, a piece of writing remains a dull outline and the writing process - without the occasional thrill of discovering a thought or even a turn of phrase you didn't know you possessed - becomes deadly drudgery. I should know. Somewhere along the line I seem to have lost the knack, or maybe simply realized I never had it.

Thanks to Edd Vick, Richard Brandt, Al Ackerman, Matt Levin, Harry Warner and Buck Coulson whose articles and letters I've used. Thanks also to Carrie who did the lovely upside-down kitty and Matt Feazell whose sketches grace the Richard Thompson article and the letters from Harry and Buck. (I do have more pages from Matt's sketchbooks). Everything else in this issue can be blamed on me. Of course, without Kathy's social coordinating, docenting, and concert ticket buying I'd have nothing to write about. Thanks also to everyone who wrote. I plan on having more letters next time. (Now that I've thanked everyone where's my Oscar?)

As you've probably guessed, the cover was done originally for a Seneca Park Zoo publication - the Snake Appreciation Day pamphlet. Its a rough scaled sand boa - Kathy's animal handling buddy. What I learned to appreciate about snakes is that the fastest, the black mamba, can only manage 5 miles an hour so now I don't have to worry anymore about whether I could outdistance a snake if it came down to it. I've been pretty busy putting out a newsletter and animal of the month booklet every month. (Most of the drawings this issue are from the booklets). As a matter of fact this will be the third publication I've completed in about a week. But it's been interesting.

Kathy is doing everything but running the zoo. She continues to bring home reports unfit for the docent newsletter. There was, for example, a problem with a tarantula. Its hot rock fell on it. Jeff Wyatt, the zoo vet, arrived to find the tarantula's carapace cracked open with some sort of slime oozing out. Veterinary schools apparently do not go to great lengths teaching how to perform emergency surgery on tarantulas. In point of fact Jeff wasn't sure whether the slime was really just slime or something more important to the thing's well being. (What do tarantula guts look like after all?). Calling on all his medical knowledge (don't cut something off unless you know what it is) he shoved all the stuff back in and sealed the tarantula up with Super Glue. That was weeks ago and the tarantula is doing fine.

As I write this (March 27) we're experiencing a summery day. I expect the 70 degree temperatures will egg on the bulbs which are already sprouting everywhere. It looks like our summer scavenging expedition to the old house was worthwhile after all. No telling when the next issue will be out. Depends on how interesting life is, I guess.



THE FALL OF THE WILD, THE RISE OF THE ZOO by Robert Bendiner (1981) E.P. Dutton, New York

((A lot of people dislike zoos. Their attitude isn't without basis. There have been, and still are, badly run zoos. Years ago, Kathy convinced the Humane Society to investigate the atrocious conditions at Scranton's small Nay Aug Park Zoo. Nay Aug's problem was a common one. With inadequate space and funding, it was trying, unsuccessfully, to keep the large, exotic animals - lions and elephants - that people tend to associate with zoos. However, more and more zoos are changing. They are no longer menageries. Recently I saw the proposed plan for the new Nay Aug Zoo which, in keeping with its budget and size, will concentrate on exhibiting wildlife of the Northeastern United States.

While much of the distaste for zoos stems reasonably from their less than spotless history, some of it is, I think misplaced. There is no more reason to think that an animal in a well managed zoo feels imprisoned, as a human would in its place, than there is to think that, for instance, a rabbit's life is one of constant angst, terror and misery, knowing that it is being hunted incessantly and that its life will most likely end in the claws of some predator.

Before I began editing the docents' newsletter I did a little reading and this book review appeared in an issue of TRUNK(LINES).))

"You work at the zoo? Don't you feel sorry for all those poor animals locked up in little cages? Animals belong in the wild."

If you've ever heard a remark like that, and haven't been exactly sure how to respond, read THE FALL OF THE WILD, THE RISE OF THE ZOO. In this book Robert Bendiner traces the evolution of zoos -- from the menageries of exotic animals many people still think of them as, to the institutions devoted to public education and the conservation of vanishing wildlife they have become. Along the way, Bendiner makes a strong case for zoos and explodes a few myths about them as well.



Zoos have changed since the 1860's, when a music hall artist popularized the term with a song about the London Zoological Society that went, "Walking in the Zoo is the O.K. thing to do." Perhaps more importantly, the world has changed. The wilds that animals "belong in" often no longer exist. Each year an area of tropical rain forest larger than the state of Pennsylvania is destroyed. Consequently species are vanishing at a rate of one per day. As Bendiner points out "we cannot know, once a species has been pushed into oblivion, or even casually allowed to drift toward it, what great advantage might have been discovered if, after a million years of evolving, it had been helped to survive for just one more decade." For instance, who would have guessed the role of the fruit fly in helping found the science of genetics? Zoos have already saved many species - The Pere David deer, the European bison, the Przewalski horse. Were these species not being bred in zoos today they would be totally extinct. In addition, today's zoos often undertake animal studies that are not possible even in the wilds that still exist.

But what about those "poor" caged animals? Bendiner explains that this misconception of zoos as prisons is rooted in psychological and social concepts that are simply irrelevant to the life of animals other than man. "The conditions of confinement are vitally important. But there is no evidence whatever that, given everything it needs - food, security, appropriate physical, behavioral and social conditions in its own territory -- a lion in the zoo will pine for the ancestral spaces of the Serengeti or a crocodile yearn for the waters of the Nile." Animals in the wild tend to be conservative in their ways. Every activity in the life of a wild animal may have its fixed spot and if an enclosure makes adequate provision for such spots - burrows, wallows, nesting boxes, scent posts and so on, the actual size of the enclosure becomes unimportant. Wolves do not cover hundreds of miles in the wild because of a penchant for touring. They do so to find scarce food and are doubtless glad to adapt to a smaller area where food is easier to come by. The natural habitats desired by most zoo goers are, in fact, more for the benefit of the zoo goers than the animals.

Bendiner also discusses many of the nuts and bolts aspects of zoo management. Today's zoos are faced with complex and difficult tasks - expected both to educate and entertain the public while at the same time serving a vital conservation role in the face of the vanishing wilds. 80% of a typical zoo's time is devoted to people rather than to animals. Bendiner recalls visiting a small rather pathetic animal collection on the outskirts of Nairobi. There, someone had posted a sign that more than a few zoo workers might feel like posting at one time or another -- "Any visitor found discarding rubbish in the crocodile pit will be obliged to retrieve it."



## Richard Thompson at Red Creek

When their set was finished one of the local duo performing at Red Creek assured the audience that Richard Thomas would be out shortly. A few minutes later he returned apologetically to the microphone. "I said 'Richard Thomas' before. I meant Richard Thompson." That about sums up local reaction to the British musician's Rochester visit. There might have been a lot of excitement at the Bop Shop the day owner Tom Kohn told us Thompson was coming to town but to most people it was Richard Who? Even the Rochester papers ignored him, although the next week they covered Gil Scott-Heron's appearance at the same Red Creek.

The lack of recognition is understandable. For years after he left the folk-rock group Fairport Convention, Thompson's albums, on labels such as Hannibal, were available mainly in specialty stores like the Bop Shop, and although he has recorded for major labels for awhile now and has garnered excellent reviews from *People* to *Rolling Stone* the closest he's come, yet, to a hit was a cover version of "Tear Stained Letter", by Cajun musician Jo-El Sonnier that climbed to 14 on *Billboard's* Country and Western charts. The positive side of this (very) relative obscurity is that Thompson is still able to play small clubs like Red Creek where, as he said, "I can see the audience. What a terrifying prospect."

Kathy and I had not been out of the house for 8 years and 7 months. Qualified babysitters are hard to find. However, since Kathy's docent friend Cheryl handles the zoo's boa constrictor we felt we at last had someone we could trust to handle the children. Tom had reserved a table for ten and it was, at various times, occupied by, among others, Tom and wife Debbie, another Eric and a couple of guys who had drunk enough to realize they had always wanted to be to be zookeepers (and enough to have realized, most likely, that they had always wanted to be brain surgeons had Kathy told them she was a hospital, rather than zoo, volunteer) There was also Mark had been on the annual Fairport Convention Tour. He had spent several weeks touring England, walking, punting and drinking with an assortment of folk musicians who Kathy swooned over and who I had never heard of with the exception of Richard Thompson. (Whose wife arranges the yearly event) Mark had an assortment of photographs and it appears that while the musicians play and sing better than most they walk, punt and drink about the same albeit in more picturesque surroundings. Of course one of the attractions of the English traditional music scene is that the performers have not been elevated into demi-gods and, in fact, do not seem to care much about attaining that status. Mark vanished before the show to sell tour T-shirts. Afterwards he was able to get Thompson's autograph on an album to add to our small collection which includes signatures from the San Diego Chicken, the Jam, Lene Lovich, Richard Hell, Yul Brynner, Dave Davies, the Dead Boys, Vladimir Horowitz and Carl Nichols, the catcher for the Rochester Red Wings.

The opening duo, a cross between Buffie Saint Marie and the Everly Brothers, commanded less attention than the auto race on the tv set over the bar. They played "Going Up Cripple Creek" without the vocal quavers and "Cuckoo's Nest" without the naughty lyrics.

"You know," said Tom charitably, "they're not as bad as they could be."

Perhaps not, but they were working on it.

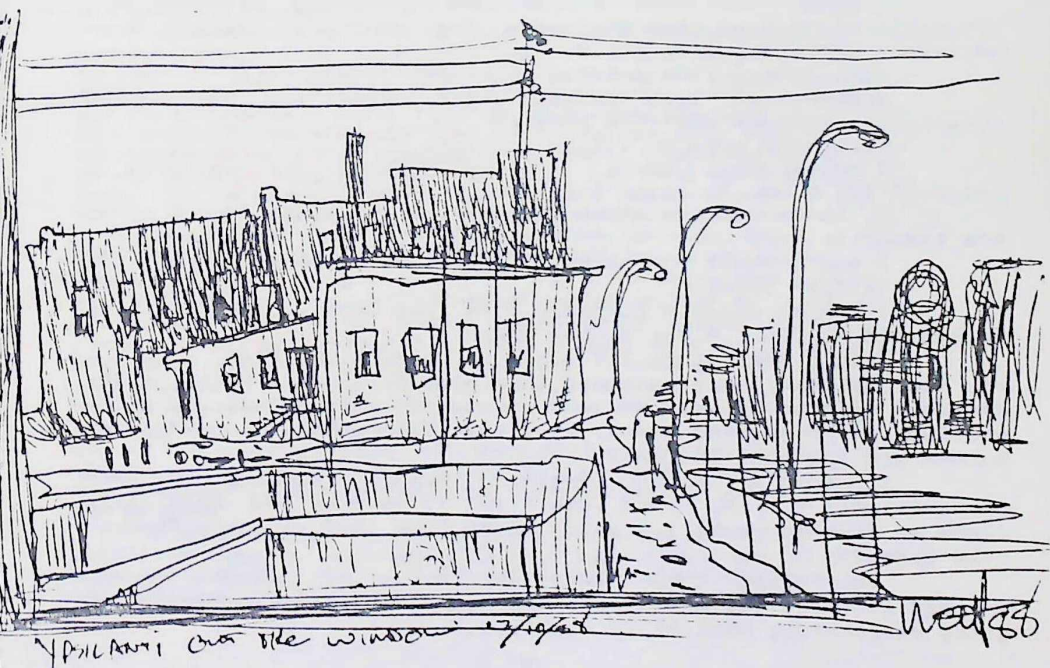
Then Richard Thompson came on alone, just an unimposing bearded fellow in jeans with an acoustic guitar and a glass of what may very well have been water, not even the standard issue bottle of Henkein. The performance had been billed as "an acoustic set" but that description hardly does it justice. Although Thompson has his roots in the English folk movement he is not a folkie chord-strummer by any stretch of the

Bantering with the audience, Thompson displayed an amiability and wry humor quite at odds with the nasty edge in some of his lyrics. Critics have dwelled quite a bit on those lyrics and watching Thompson in person I couldn't help recalling his remark in a recent interview about the inability of some people to recognize satire.

Even to me, though, it was apparent that Richard Thompson is an incredible guitarist who is more concerned with creating sounds than sensation. Despite its layered complexity there was an absolute clarity to his playing. He has said he tells rock publications he's a folk musician and folk publications he's more of a rock and roller. For my part I was pleased, and surprised, when he stuck mostly to his more recent, rock flavored songs - "Valerie", "Bone Through Her Nose", "Dead Man's Handle", "Turning of the Tide". Kathy has long been a Fairport fan but my favorite album from that period is "The Bunch" - the Fairport gang's tribute to American rock n' roll oldies like "The Loco-Motion". Thompson's encore was the Who's "Substitute" - a ferocious performance. I have never been much of a Who fan and for 25 years, until I heard Richard Thompson play it, I never knew what that song was about.

After the show we headed out, with regrets. We learned afterwards that at the beginning of the second show Thompson asked the audience how many had been at the first and, seeing about half the room raise their hands, proceeded to perform an entirely new set. But we had left the babysitter trapped with the children and though Cheryl had managed the zoo boa, animal handling lasts only an hour and we were afraid her stamina might be running out.

During the next few weeks I drew numerous birds and snakes to the accompaniment of a taped selection of Richard Thompson's music. If you're unfamiliar with Richard Thompson - and are no way going to buy an album - but would like to hear him, send me a 90 minute tape and some stamps, or a dollar and some stamps and I'll supply you with an aural supplement to this article.



imagination. His more recent albums, "Amnesia", and "Daring Adventures", have featured hard driving rock, textured by an occasionally eccentric mixture of instruments (bagpipe and accordion) and in some way I cannot even grasp, musically ignorant as I am, he managed to recreate the same drive and complexity apparent on the albums with nothing but a guitar.

One song into his set, he broke a guitar string and while replacing it - in itself a pretty striking feat to me - performed a hilarious a cappella send-up of the Beatles "Twist and Shout", complete with one-man harmonies, audience participation and some acidic observations on guitar heroes like Yngwie Malmstein. I couldn't help wondering if he hadn't perfected the number, quite seriously, in front of his bedroom mirror 25 years ago. And I guess the audience's delighted reaction showed its age. String repaired Thompson plowed into one of the most amazing performances I've heard.

Of course the evening wasn't without its downside. Glorified bars that present music seem to require seediness the way cheap nightclubs require plastic palms. It's part of the atmosphere. New York City's CBGB's, for example, had its floors put down by M.C. Escher and was patrolled during the daytime by a pack of incontinent Dobermans. Once you lifted a foot in there you could never be sure exactly where, or in what, it was going to come down. In the case of Red Creek we had been warned to beware of the food but people who have used the toilets at CBGB's are not going to turn tail when confronted by vague threats of ptomaine poisoning. We ordered a salad and tacos...and waited.

We had arrived around six. Thompson was scheduled to do two sets, the second beginning at 9:30. You would have thought there would be ample time to prepare a salad and tacos while allowing the diners a few minutes to eat. It wasn't as if we'd ordered Peking Duck. But time dragged on and no food materialized, at least not at our table. Everyone around us seemed to be happily masticating, conveniently drowning out the feeble harmonizing of the opening duo. Repeated arguments with the waiter, who seemed to be quite alone in the place, did no good. When Thompson started playing Kathy cancelled the order in exasperation. The food arrived 20 minutes later.

By this time neither of us wanted to bolt tacos before the end of the set.

"We don't want it. Take it back," Kathy told the waiter.

The management parried by offering free drinks if we'd agree to hurriedly ingest the tardy dinners. Kathy refused. I figured it was about time for Basil Faulty to show up frothing at the mouth but luckily there were no further distractions, aside from the tab having to be sent back several times for corrections. All in all it made for a rather economical, if hungry, evening (just as well since the tour shirts went for \$20).

The Kohn's, being more familiar with Red Creek service had, apparently, arrived and ordered around 3 in the afternoon and so, by the time Richard Thompson launched into "Bone Through Her Nose" Tom had a large supply of chicken wing bones to help illustrate the lyrics. (He had further solved the problem of slow service by ordering beers two at a time).

I suppose something further should be said about what Richard Thompson was up to while all this was going on. Unfortunately I know nothing about music or music criticism. (And how much do you get out of reviews saying that "Fire In the Engine Room" was a hot number and "Ghosts in the Wind" was haunting?) Usually my analysis is limited to identifying riffs appropriated by the Kinks. Reviewers more qualified than I have described Richard Thompson's songs as biting, caustic, dour, mordent, cynical, venomous, melancholy, morbid, bitter, and misogynistic -- or maybe that was his guitar playing? Invariably allusions are made to a certain Celtic influence and folk melodies but I wouldn't know a reel if I tripped over one. I did notice, upon first listening to Thompson's albums, various interesting and unexpected sounds which, the liner notes informed me, were produced by bagpipes, flutes, accordions and other peculiar things. So I was amazed at how he managed to perform those songs without any back-up



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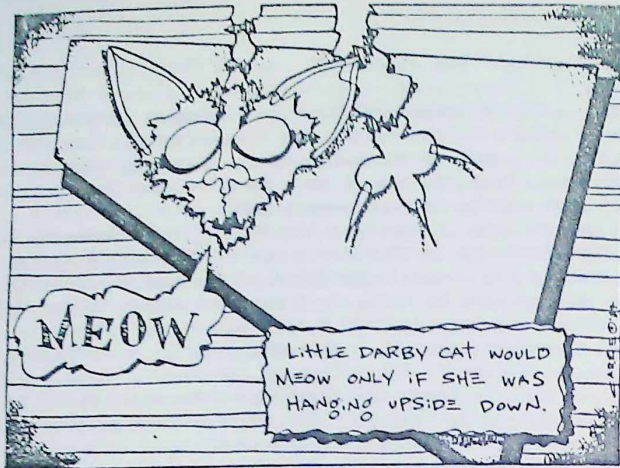
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S'TELL ME WHATCHA LIKE?

MATTHEW LEVIN

I was riding a bus Friday morning, watching the scenery slide by on the screen, and to the right of me, ahead of me, on the (far) other side of the bus, a young woman was saying, "It was like, like..." She said it several times, every time never making the comparison. It was an implied comparison I 'got': she was exasperated; I knew what it was like.

I got to thinking of pre-word times, as I like to do, imagined myself "back" into prehistoric, pre-literate, pre-pronoun human times, sitting on the bus, watching Hadley autumn as if naked on a hot, flat rock on the mountains, with another, small rock upheld on my left hand.

Trying to make comparisons...thinking of Golding's "Inheritors", one of whom discovers the power of making comparisons. "Like...like a..."

Rock. Rock like potato. Rock not-like potato.

Rock...rock like potato (hard, heft the same, solid throwable...), rock not-like potato.

Rock like potato. I like potato...

I think about that: I like potato. "I am like a potato;" but also, "I enjoy a potato."

I kinda forgot about the scenery. I kinda forgot about the scenario.

I had a whole new scene: 'I like my friends.'

"I like Cindy."

I enjoy Cindy's company; I am like Cindy. Like Tom, like Eileen and Astrid. A *Whole* new scene.

I tol' this story the night we changed the time back to an hour before. We were using this hour to stay-up-later in all defiance of Good Sense. We were stretching off couches and over-stuffed chairs keeping awake, so I tol' this story, of the Hadley autumn and the girl who said 'like.'

I told'm about imagining myself learning to make comparisons; I said, "fire like fish" (I wavered my hand like flame or fish-movement); I said, "fire like sun". I said, "Astrid like Cindy?"

We talked about *that* for a while. It was Tom who decided it, said it, and closed the story, as we all agreed: "You gotta be careful, what it is you like."

Small Talk  
Jennifer Graham  
Edd Vick

Joe Ramsey, an attorney lent her by the Humane Society, thinks she has a prosecutable point. U.S. District Court Judge Pamela A. Rymer thinks her case may even make the Supreme Court. Dean Kelley, the director of the ecumenical council for the National Council of Churches, says her moral views are the same as those held by several Eastern religions - she just didn't know it. Benji licked her face, a face that has been seen on a nationally televised computer commercial. Her high school principal still won't change her 'C' in Biology to an 'A', though. Typically, my bible-belt parents think she's a little 'tetched', while whatever her father thinks remains a mystery.

It'd make my job a little easier if there were more terms for familial relationships. What do you call the fifteen-year-old daughter by a former marriage of your half-brother? Is she still my niece? I suppose so. I don't recall ever having seen her.

What she did was refuse to dissect a frog in an elective Biology class. It's strange to think that stand could lead to significant personal freedoms being granted, but that's just what may happen if her case is decided favorably.

Jennifer, a sophomore at Victor Valley High School in Victorville, California, offered to perform alternate but equal assignments instead of a dissection. She has a strong set of ethics, and is a vegetarian. She was instead rewarded with a 'C' in a class where every other piece of work she had done was awarded an 'A'. Her appeal to the school was paid scant attention, so she has taken her case to the district court.

Judge Rymer, in a preliminary statement on November 30, 1987, ruled that the case could indeed go to court, holding that her ethical beliefs are equivalent to a religion. If she had been a member of a Hindu or Theosophical sect, she would have been exempt from the dissection. The case rests on three Constitutional rights. The 1st Amendment guarantees her freedom of religion; clearly at risk if she had been persecuted for her beliefs (that's if, as must be tested before the court, her beliefs are a religion). Attorney Ramsey holds that she was denied due process and equal protection by the school, rights protected by the 14th and 15th Amendments respectively, when they refused to hear her side of the story. The case will go to trial on August 2nd, 1988.

Naturally, she's become a minor celebrity, and the eye of a small storm of controversy. In November she was picked to present the Genesis Award to Benji at a benefit banquet for animal rights. More importantly, she was the subject of a commercial for Apple Computers.

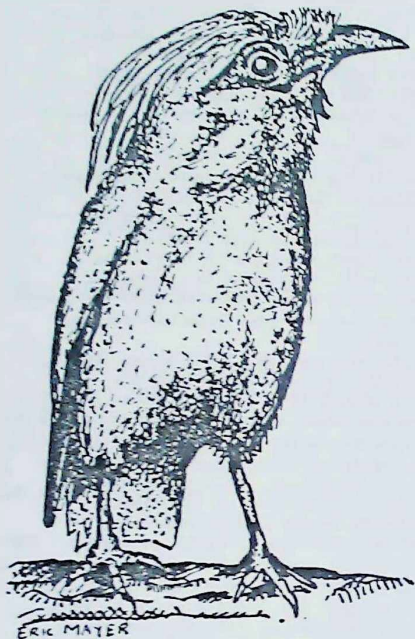
She is seated at an Apple running a piece of educational software that simulates a frog dissection. She turns toward the camera and tells us about her views and the pending case before extolling the computer's benefits. Whether the commercial was cynical exploitation or genuine concern on Apple's part I'm not prepared to decide, but I can and do accuse them of being lily-livered. The spot was yanked after one showing, when calls jammed their switchboards asking if Apple supported animal rights. A spokesman for the company called the axing a decision made because their point wasn't getting across - the controversy was getting more attention than the product. I say they got worried about sales to NRA members and slaughterhouse employees.

My parents brought the story to my attention over Christmas, showing me a sheaf of newspaper clippings sent them by my brother Ron, an air-traffic controller. Strangely, Ron's letter talked only of his having taken a couple of refresher courses lately, and the possibility that he might be transferred from Dallas to Washington, DC. Mom was considerably more voluble, touching on Jennifer's morals being similar to an Eastern religion, which are "of course heretical". My own view is a bit more charitable. I think my -- er, niece is strong-willed. It takes a great deal of fortitude to remain a vegetarian, when you consider the amount of peer pressure there must have been on her in high school. I feel she started out willing to take the case as far as necessary, else why take an elective class (well, maybe she just likes studying; it's not unknown) and not drop out at the first sign of a low grade? As to whether frog dissection is a valid teaching aid... well, did you ever learn anything from doing one? I didn't.

One of the more interesting aspects of the case is just how powerful a precedent it might set. Any individual's moral precepts could have the force of religion. Then if, say, you wanted never to work on Sundays, or to be a polygamist, you'd have a first step toward legality. Even if I didn't think

she had a valid point, I'd consider the potential gain important enough to support her. Harry S. Truman said it pretty well:

"In the cause of freedom, we have to battle for the rights of people with whom we do not agree; and whom, in many cases, we may not like. These people test the strength of the freedoms that protect all of us. If we do not defend their rights, we endanger our own."



RICHARD BRANDT  
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El Paso, TX  
79912

I was taking someone to the new mall the other night, and outside the entrance we saw a small, odd-shaped bird perched on top of an oil drum, leaning into the wind with its feathers ruffling, staring intently at the sliding glass doors. "I think that's an owl," my date said. "Maybe so," says I, but it looked pretty small for an owl. Just couldn't think of any other bird that would look like that: an egg-shaped ball of fluff resting on top of two spindly legs. I tried walking around to stand in front of it, and the bird danced around to face me, and sure enough it was an owl, glaring yellow eyes and all, but less than two hands high, tiny little thing. We stared at each other for a while, then it turned around with great dignity and flew off, with that odd, distinctive working of the wings peculiar to the owl family, settling on another perch a little further away from us.

I wondered if the denizens of the desert still hadn't grown accustomed to the recent development in the area. "He's probably staring at that spot, saying to himself, 'There's a nest of field mice, right there...'"

My date disagreed, observing that the entrance in question led directly to the mall's Food Court, so the owl was probably just waiting for some rats to exit.

We had also speculated about the bird being an escapee from Jerry's Perfect Pet Shop, which led me to wonder why there weren't any Imperfect Pet Shops—you know, where you could get, like, factory-second animals.



This was an enormously satisfying encounter. I had seen another owl this winter, at least I think I did, but it was for just an instant in my headlights before it darted up from the middle of the road as my truck came upon it. I wasn't used to catching owls in my headlights. In the daytime, roadrunners were a common sight in my travels around Dog Canyon; one such fellow jumped out of the undergrowth at the side of the road, and stood panicking in front of my speeding truck, panting and wild-eyed, unable to decide which way to dodge, before I skidded around him.

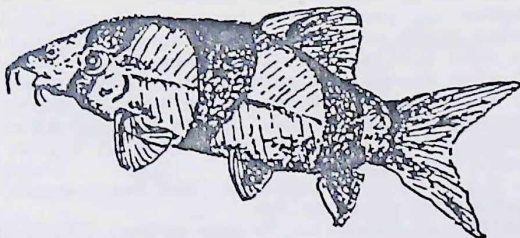
# Ackerman Method

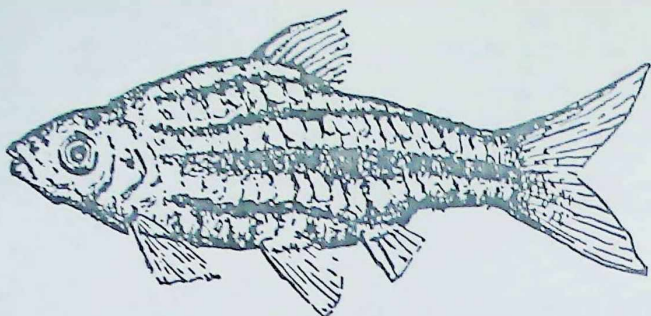
by AL ACKERMAN

Yes, the problems involved in getting out even a small magazine on any kind of a regular basis can be daunting. I have known a couple of editors in the mail art field who lost their minds to it (not kidding).

In the 70s I made a couple of stabs at something like a regular mail journal -- GNOME CLUB NEWS, SCIENTIFIC ELECTRICITY, THE GULF BULLETIN (actually these were all titles for essentially the same magazine, an effort on my part -- well one of the efforts on my part -- to get things under control.) Six consecutive issues under the same title was the best I ever managed. I began to harbor fears that this meant I was flighty and undependable. Then I met editors who hadn't even been able to manage three consecutive issues! If I, who had managed six consecutive issues was flighty and undependable, what were they? "Why, they must be psychotic," thought I and scuttled away from them in alarm. They weren't, of course -- although one fellow was somewhat craven, two were slightly addled and another was Republican. On the whole it was an unhealthy lot but not, as I say, abnormal. (Not at any rate in the clinical sense).

Anyhow, the problems I found in self-publishing were myriad. There was the problem of boredom. There was the problem of expense. There was the problem of time-- trying to keep up with any sort of regular publishing schedule, along with this went the problem of living up to an ever-growing ever-expanding subscription list, something I found hellish, too much like work. In short, all sorts of problems presented themselves, generally by issue #2 of any mag I happened to start. I felt stumped. What to do? What what?





Gradually, after much trial and error my method was evolved. Basically, what I did was I just gave up sequential publishing, tossed any thought of maintaining a subscription list overboard, ditched the notion of maintaining a list of regular columns and contributors, scuttled the idea that I was the kind of person who could operate editorially in the traditional neither-rain-nor-snow-nor-sleet mode, got rid of the restriction of publishing under the same title every issue, put the boot to anything that smacked of consistency etc.

And what, you might ask, did that leave me with? What sort of publications can you get when you forgo all the above?

Answer: Damn peculiar ones.

MOONHEAD NEWS for example. MOONHEAD NEWS always carries the same title and masthead, that is, it's always May 4 thru 10 1988, always issue # 79. There have been, to the best of my recollection, four issues so far. MOONHEAD NEWS is devoted to gibberish. (gibberish is an artform I take v. seriously, mostly because of how it has evolved during the twentieth century into practically the dominant western art form thanks to the media and politicians we've had.) MOONHEAD NEWS gets mailed on a hit and run basis to my regular list of mailers but essentially is distributed to laundrymats all over the country, right in the same place you'll find Greensheets, Watchtowers and Plain Troots. In other words, its readership is shifty and, by and large, unsuspecting. Since I have access to free printing, my only actual cash outlay is postage. Minions of Harry Bates Club, 14 Secret Masters of the World, Clark Ashton Smith Fellowship Chapter, Sub-G, and Reoist hoards are always happy to distribute the thing. My usual expense for postage (not just for MOONHEAD but for all my things) is \$10-\$20. MOONHEAD NEWS has made it through four issues. Most of my publications (here is one of my major big recipes for success!) barely make it through one. Thus is the dreadful boredom-through-repetition factor eliminated. Too, I never put my name or address on any of my pubs. This cuts down on unwanted submissions (it also keeps angry readers off my tail). For the most part I concentrate on the t.l.p. format -- "tacky little pamphlet". Various forms of this -- insofar as possible I try never to repeat (except for MOONHEAD NEWS which is gibberish anyhow and doesn't really count). This keeps me from getting bored and again keeps voracious unwanted contributors from zeroing in. I average between 1 and 3 pubs a month with absolutely zero strain. ("Yes", many readers will say, "because they are so badly & hurriedly designed & produced." But there, that's another advantage of my publishing system: I don't ever have to listen to these soreheads and ingrates.)

Upshot: I am the most carefree (and least-known) of editors. Blathering practically.

This then is my method (Ackerman method #85520-AM-69.)

HARRY WARNER 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740

I can't imagine what anyone would want to put in a time capsule for the Springfield, Illinois Bicentennial, because time capsules seem sort of superfluous in this era of enthusiasm for antiques and collectibles. Maybe the creation of time capsules was justified a half century or more ago when antique collectors wanted little except extremely old furniture and glassware. But nowadays any good-sized antique shop or flea market is a time capsule with steps in half a dozen or more past eras. And most things that have some age on them have become so valuable they have better survival value than the contents of a time capsule whose existence might be forgotten.

Naturally I took Luke McGuff's article personally, not only because I'm chronologically eligible to be an Old People Falling Down but also because it's been quite icy on local sidewalks and streets the past 36 hours. One consoling thought is that I've had lots of preliminary practice. About once every ten years I've fallen down, for no apparent reason. The first time I couldn't have been more than eight or nine years old when I toppled over on a downtown sidewalk and was hauled home by a truck driver and examined by a doctor who could find no reason for it. It's happened at long intervals ever since although once I passed out in a barber's chair, scaring him inordinately. Only once has it caused any real trouble and that was a dubious case; I might have slipped on a small patch of ice or I might have been hit by an auto instead of blacking out, but I had lost all memory of what happened so we'll never know.

BUCK COULSON 2677W-500N Hartford City Indiana 47348

All the newspapers and tv have been talking about how every other family or so will discover a theft at some point. We've now been hit. Someone unknowingly lifted our morning paper out of the box last week. Carrier said that there had been a rash of newspaper thefts in the general area, but mostly on the county line road, which is two miles from us. I suppose it's the ultimate in petty theft. I think I heard the thief pull up by the box, stop briefly, and drive away, but I was in bed at the time. Next morning I hid out behind some evergreens out front with a revolver in my pocket, but nobody stopped. No thefts since. It all strikes me as a bit weird. (The carrier gave me credit for the stolen paper, which was nice of him, it wasn't his fault.) Would I have shot the thief if I'd caught him? Probably not, but if he'd tried to get away I would definitely have put some holes in his car, trying not to hit him while doing it. Shooting out a tire isn't as easy as it looks on tv; putting a hole in the rear side window would be easier, and let him pay for it. Might teach him something.





## THE WILDS COME TO COLLINGWOOD

I'm not a great one for parties. Camus wrote that hell is other people. I would elaborate a little -- hell is other people -- at a party. You can imagine the misgivings running through my head on St Patrick's Day as the time approached for the party Kathy was giving at our house for her circle of zoo friends. Luckily, when I got home from work, after I scrubbed the kitchen floor, I remembered several good things about the party -- all of them being cases of beer in the corner of the kitchen. I had a beer and then all the misgivings stopped running through my head and just sort of ambled.

Kathy had been cooking until 1 a.m. I counted at least 11 different dishes -- mostly middle eastern and Indian and all vegetarian in deference to guest of honor Richard Rombach. Kathy, being docent social coordinator, had lined Richard up to speak at the April docent meeting after reading a letter from him in the newspaper criticizing the movie "Woman in the Mists" as largely inaccurate. He knew because he had worked at Dian Fossey's Karisoke Research Center as a research assistant studying the nest-building behavior of the mountain gorillas. To meet Richard, Kathy had invited two dozen acquaintances, docents, zoo keepers, the curator of natural history at the Rochester Museum and, most intriguingly, rain forest explorer Donald Perry -- another scheduled speaker. I had another beer.

Around 6 an advance party consisting of hardcore docents Cheryl Corsi, Kent and Linda Fellows arrived with Richard in tow. While this contingent pitched in to help Kathy set up I got to talk to Richard. He had some amazing stories to tell, but he had refrained from telling them because, as he explained, Dian suspected that everyone she came into contact with was out to cash in on, rather than help out, her gorillas, and he felt morally obligated to prove her wrong.

Richard told me he had gotten his job because Dian was impressed by how neat his letters were. She often received sloppy letters, scrawled and poorly laid out and she didn't like that. This was, perhaps not such a strange hiring criteria considering Richard Leaky had hired Dian -- someone who had flunked out of a veterinary course and gone into psychology -- because he had a "huge crush" on her. "Leaky would only hire women," Richard said. Much as he admired what she was doing with the gorillas, Richard found Dian hard to work for. She was habitually drunk, suffered from multiple personalities and seemed to generally detest people. She liked to brag about the time she'd castrated a poacher. Farley Mowatt's book and the subsequent movie were inaccurate partly because so much of the book consisted of Dian's journals, filled with her own decidedly peculiar perceptions of what was happening around her.

Aside from Dian's personality, studies were complicated by the cold rainy climate and altitude and constant squabbling among the researchers. Nevertheless Richard was able to conduct field studies. He gave us a picture Dian had taken of him and the gorilla Digit -- as you might guess Digit is shown head on but all you can see of Richard is the back of his head. Richard's studies were cut short, however, when his parents were involved in a car crash in Germany. His mother died.

I asked Richard what he thought about primate language studies, particularly the one involving the gorilla Koko. The establishment trend seems to be to question whether the animals really talk in a human sense..

"I don't think gorillas would be capable of inventing language on their own," said Richard. "But I think if people give it to them they can probably use it."

Today Richard is working with emotionally disabled children, a job ironically similar to the one Dian held before beginning her work with the gorillas. He seems to consider his experience as something that was interesting but is behind him now. There isn't much work for gorilla researchers.

While we talked the tables began to fill up with assorted salads.

stuffed grape leaves, Indian style beans, hummos, curried tofu, carrots with mustard seeds, several bizarre cheeses on toothpicks and other exotic fare. Then the doorbell began to ring and I began the ritual of being introduced which, in my case, involves listening to someone's name and instantaneously forgetting it. The memory loss is so sudden I suspect I never really hear the names at all, though there is no way to verify this. At least I was capable of speaking, even as the population density increased, a triumph for me. I suppose my real problem with parties is that I am no good at small talk nor do I have any particular urge to socialize for the sake of socialization. Put me in a roomful of strangers, with whom I have nothing in common, and I tend to be dumbstruck. On the other hand, I am perfectly capable of rambling at length about any topic I have ever read a paragraph about, especially if I have a beer in my hand, an ability that served me well once Donald and Roberta Perry showed up.

Donald Perry is the world's leading explorer of the rain forest canopy. To gain access to the canopy and its unique and little known ecosystems, Donald first used a crossbow to shoot ropes into the trees. In the last several years he has pioneered in the use of web-like systems of cables and has even constructed a kind of elevated tramline, for those who might shy away from rappelling along, 17 stories above the ground. He is, in a way, the Jacques Cousteau of the rain forests.

Donald Perry's book *Life Above the Jungle Floor* recently appeared in a paperback edition. He has been written about in magazines like *Scientific American*. Several years ago he was the subject of a Nova TV special. He is headed back to Costa Rica shortly to film another. However, the latest magazine to feature him was *The Star*. The Perrys hadn't bothered to bring it in out of the car but I insisted on seeing it. Next to a color photo of Donald suspended from the tree tops was the headline "Tarzan Lives!". The accompanying information - such as that he had discovered 300 new kinds of trees - was, the Perry's said laughingly totally wrong. They seemed to find the notoriety funny rather than annoying. No doubt any sort of publicity helps to fund the work. As for me, I had never had anybody in my house before who'd been in *The Star*!

The Perry's brought along several very good bottles of German wine and Donald began to drink more than a little of it himself. Having no experience with parties Kathy and I had been in a quandry about the beverage problem. Namely, how much was enough? We considered stocking enough so that everyone could drink as much as I might, but I don't get paid enough in a week. We settled on 2 1/2 cases of beer and 5 bottles of wine. However people kept bringing contributions and we ended the night with 2 cases of beer and 7 bottles of wine (not to mention enough food for the next two days). As it turned out about the only people who drank anything were myself, Donald and the boyfriend of the zoo keeper - dubbed by Fleur "the Man Who Ate Two Pieces of Cake". The boyfriend ate the cakes, drank a number of beers in rapid succession, sat down on the couch and went to sleep with the cat. Clearly a sad case, as Kathy put it, of premature partying.

Donald and I talked about evolution - at least I pretended to. He is working on a book for Little-Brown on the subject. I am not. He explained, with considerable relish, that the scientific establishment was going to hate his theories. He believes, partly for some reasons relating to sexuality (which he was either in no shape to articulate or I was in no condition to understand) that man is descended from ancestors of orangutans. He also believes that people still retain many psychological vestiges of their arboreal origins.

"But none of this stuff can ever be proved," he said. "That's the thing. It isn't physics. I can't really prove my stuff and they can't prove theirs. The current generation of scientists has its pet theories. That's how they make their living. They have too big a stake to give them up. But they'll get old and die eventually and the new generation will have its day."

He was especially scornful of those who describe the extinction of the dinosaurs in catastrophic terms. "They didn't die out suddenly. There's no indication of it. No need for comets or anything like that." Donald's theory is that the evolution of flowering plants gave mammals a richer food resource than the non-flowering plants the reptilian dinosaurs were able to subsist on allowing mammals finally, after millions of years in the shadows, to compete successfully.

I suppose I should have asked him more about his experiences. I did ask Roberta if she'd been up in the trees. She had. She'd been bitten by a three inch long ant too. Being equally terrified of heights and insects, I suppose I won't be going into canopy research soon.

I have to admit I was a little amazed to be talking to Donald Perry. He was totally unpretentious -- which surprised me since I have encountered, in amateur press, too many people who have done nothing, have not come to terms with the real world even as well as the average man on the street, who nevertheless consider themselves some kind of tin gods. Yet he had clearly done things I could not even conceive of. I had a hard time imagining that this guy I was bullshitting with in my living room was really going to be climbing through the jungle canopy in a few weeks. He looked normal enough. True, he was 6'3", rugged, bearded and, Kathy tells me, the women were continually staggering into the kitchen moaning about how good looking he was. A few people remarked afterwards "wasn't he eccentric" or "what were they on?". We have a tendency to want people to do great things and yet be just like the accountant next door and that doesn't happen. The reason some people do unusual things is because they are not like the accountant next door. At one point, though, I got a glimpse of what is different about the world's Donald Perry's. He was talking to the elephant keepers. (In case you didn't know what they did, Marty wore a t-shirt with elephants pictured and Mary Ellen wore large gold elephant earrings -- which are the sorts of subtle personality traits that help me recall names.) It was getting late. Donald still had a glass of wine in one hand and he seemed to have gotten about down to my eye level though he's 4 inches taller. He was making odd sinuous gestures toward Mary Ellen with his free hand. "Now, if you want to make a name for yourself, teach an elephant to talk. They can sign with their trunks. It's never been done. Even if you failed you'd have accomplished something."

"Donald is going to get me some elephants to raise at our place," Roberta said.

At first this struck me as the normal sort of harebrained thing you get to talking earnestly about at the tail end of a party. But then it occurred to me that the guy talking about this harebrained scheme had actually built a harebrained tramline up in the jungle treetops. He might actually raise elephants for a language project in upstate New York.

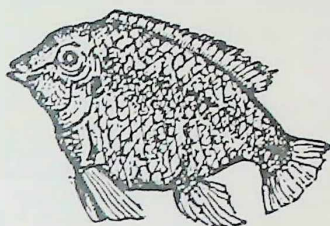
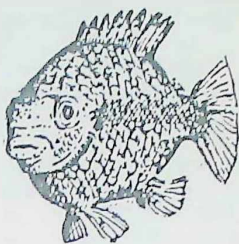
Mary Ellen didn't seem sure whether he was joking or serious but bombed. "Oh sure," she said. "The Zoo director would really go for that. I can see myself asking Dan, 'can I teach the elephants to talk?'"

"Oh no," said Donald emphatically. "You don't understand. You don't ask him. You tell him. I am going to do this. If not, I quit."

Most of us talk about things and never do them. We lack the nerve or the ego. Probably we lack the ability too but without the nerve how can we be sure? The failure rate, for those who simply go ahead and do what they want no matter what, must be high. Most, I would think, lacking sufficient ability or luck, fail miserably. You never hear about them. But then there are the survivors. Most of us manage to manufacture excuses for not doing whatever it is we feel we ought to be doing with our lives. I go in to the office everyday. I have two kids. (The Perry's have none) If it wasn't that it would be something else.

Eventually people drifted off. Kathy traded owl calls with Bob Cooper from the Rochester museum. She does an excellent screech owl but Bob has a whole repertoire. Judging from comments it was all a great success. Next day Kathy handled snakes for Snake Appreciation Day and was on the local news. Fame must be catching.





#### BEYOND THE NEWSSTAND

(Three of my handful of professional sales have been to FESTIVALS, put out by Resource Publications, a California religious publisher. FESTIVALS was a sort of renegade publication (eclectic is hardly a strong enough word) It featured everything from witchcraft to icon painting. A priest from a small church in New England might share the same page with a self professed West Coast shaman. Last fall it looked like FESTIVALS was on the way toward becoming another DEJA VU. Mary Long had been a regular contributor for years and Sean Hill and I both had articles in the hopper. Unfortunately Resource decided to discontinue FESTIVALS while continuing its more profitable book publishing and MODERN LITURGY. Since it seems unlikely that any use will be found for the following article before its information gets stale, I guess I dare print it here exactly as it would have appeared.)

Finding FESTIVALS on the newsstand can be quite an adventure. Not long ago our whole family trekked to Rochester's largest bookstore. Disregarding the business and finance magazines up front, we headed back past the fitness, fashion and lifestyle magazines, not one of which failed to feature on its cover the words "money", "sex", "health" and "new". On we went, through aisles of automobiles, body builders, heavy metal bands, stamps, souffles, gorillas and radio controlled model speedboats. Gaudy tabloids perched on high shelves called down that Elvis was dating Liz - who was from Neptune. Still we struggled deeper into the racks, learning that although approximately 237 magazines had tried, not one could make an interesting cover out of a picture of a computer console. At last, nearly exhausted, we came to an untidy shelf near the back of the store, next to the exhibition of what used to be called girlie magazines, a term that is hardly adequate anymore. There, nestled amidst left leaning political journals and rude poetry magazines, was FESTIVALS. Kathy and I admired it for awhile, as we might have admired a rare bird spotted in the wild, at the same time trying to keep ourselves positioned strategically between the kids and those decidedly wild racks beyond. "No, Fleur, you don't want to see those magazines."

No doubt there are a fair number of people interested in money, health, sex, celebrities and even computers. But there are also more than a few people interested in topics like personal transformation and they hardly seemed adequately represented by this lonely FESTIVALS and the handful of new age publications we'd passed along the way.

The problem may be that you can't mass market personal beliefs - they come in too many varieties. Luckily, there is a whole world beyond the newsstands for readers to whom personal growth and development means more than the latest fad diet. Small publishers, in many cases clubs or individuals, produce thousands of magazines and newsletters you'll rarely see on a newsstand. These publications, so different from all those look-alike national magazines, are celebrations of their publisher's own, personal beliefs. They are also valuable networking tools, allowing their publishers to reach others, with similar interests, all over the world.

I recently made a mostly random sampling of some publications I thought might be of interest to FESTIVAL's eclectic readership. The descriptions of contents are drawn from what issues I've seen and may or may not be typical.

If you subscribe to the general proposition that world's real "bottom line" is considerably deeper than those money management magazines would have us believe, you might be interested in *Meta Scope*, an open forum for the exploration of the many guises or reality. Similarly, *Critique* sets out to challenge consensus reality and to this end special issues have featured in depth explorations of miracles, evil, the end of the world and sex. The latter issue offers thoughts on sex and celibacy in healing and spirituality and discusses "karezza" -- a celebration of the sexual act as a form of sacred communion. *Genesis* is another magazine featuring theme issues, its overall theme being transformational paths of the western world including the spiritual approaches and esoteric paths both within and outside the Judeo/Christian/Islamic tradition. Issues of this beautifully produced and thoughtful magazine have focussed on oracles, channelling, magic, alchemy and the Northern Mysteries. Of special interest to FESTIVAL's readers is the spring 1989 issue, devoted to rituals.

If you're interested specifically in the New Age movement, *The New Ideas*, the Northwest's new age community newspaper, is packed with information about events, spiritual healing, shamanism, mystery schools, the hiring and firing of spirit guides and sacred circle dances. *Spiritual Woman Ideas*, women learning from women, has information on underwater birthing, a birth ritual and a personal account of a woman's moon ritual. Anyone looking for new age music, should check *HEALING SOUNDS Review*. It covers music for the spirit -- ancient and traditional chants, circle songs, folk music, electronic and space music. All the records and tapes listed are independently produced and not generally available in record stores.

If you're looking instead for incense, meditation bath salts, magick oils, holy water or various occult services, a place to look is *Kucluk* a catalog of crafts and curios. Commerce, on a larger scale, is the subject of *EcoSpirit*. This newsletter provides tools to deal with what it claims is an incipient change to an "economics as if people and the earth really mattered". Jose Arguelles, author of the *Mayan Calendar*, discusses financial strategies for dealing with the change which he predicts will occur within five years.

Many publications deal with spiritual beliefs, generally ones that are not widely written about in the national media. *Voices From the Spirit*, for instance, features an interview with W.C. Fields -- conducted in 1988! *Sacred Earth News* is devoted to the preservation of native american spiritual teachings. In addition to excellent coverage of Indian concerns, it includes a calendar of sacred earth events and an account of a healing ceremony held in the DeSoto caverns in Alabama. *Societe*, on the other hand, seeks to preserve the practice of voodoo and other Ne-African religious systems. It lists places to obtain ritual supplies and directions for a ritual "Beginning Voodoo".

A large number of publications might be described as Neo-pagan, although there is a wide variation among beliefs. All of these are fine sources of information about ancient myths and generally feature rituals and ceremonies. *The Unicorn*, from the Rowan Tree Church, contains a ritual of self-attainment and an approach to astral projection. *Convergence Paths*, from a Wiccan interest group, has articles about the roles of priests and priestesses and the problems of conducting pagan training circles with children in the house. *The Pallas Society News*, from the craft/pagan community of Southern California, lists area events and celebrations, discusses the advantages of belonging to a coven and the art of Morris Dancing. *Ancestral Earth*, dedicated to reviving Odinism, features a reconstructed proto-European calendar, a list of

pagan feast days and a conceptual key for unlocking runes. The Compost Newsletter has a sense of humor and also contains a vivid account of an elaborate Samhain ritual and directions for a banishing spell "to be performed in the dark of the moon". (You need paper, pen and ink, 2 mirrors, candles, salt water, myrrh, oil mixed with comfrey, hemp, nightshade, thyme and mullein, so the spell must mean business). Kallisti, a pagan magazine with a literary bent, has articles on topics like becoming the author of one's life rather than just the protagonist and a photo-essay on Elf Fest '88 attended by "a broad spectrum of wiccans, discordians, magicians, reformed druids, amerindian cultists, deadheads and christian mystics".

Actually, the make-up of that gathering sounds a lot like the make-up of the publications I've just listed. And these are just a tiny sampling. Virtually every publication contains addresses of other publications and interest groups. Each one presents a pathway into a world of resource literature you can't find on the newsstands.

Ancestral Faith, PO Box 12317, Alcott Station, Denver, Colorado, 80212, Quarterly (on equinoxes and solstices), \$20 per year  
Compost Newsletter, 7259 5th Ave, San Francisco, CA, 94118, 8 issues per year, \$10 per year  
Converging Paths, PO Box 63, Mt Horeb, WI, 53572, Quarterly, Comes with annual membership in Branches a traditional wiccan interest group \$13 year, \$4 single issue  
Critique, PO Box 11368, Santa Rosa, CA, 95406, 3 times a year, \$15 year  
EroSpirit, PO Box 35160, Albuquerque, NM, 87176, Monthly, \$24 per year  
Gnosis, PO Box 14217, San Francisco, CA, 94114-0217, Quarterly, \$15 per year Single copy \$4 plus \$1 postage and handling.  
Heartsong Review, PO Box 1084, Cottage Grove, OR, 97424, Twice a year, \$6 per year  
Kallisti, PO Box 19566, Cincinnati, OH, 45219, Six times a year, \$9 per year  
Kurluk, PO Box 6186, Baltimore, MD, 21231-6186, Monthly, Free for SASE  
Meta Scoop 1004 Live Oak, Arlington TX 76012  
The New Times, PO Box 51186, Seattle, WA, 98115-1186, Monthly, \$8.50 per year  
Pallas Society News, Box 2015, 1800 S Robertson Blvd, Los Angeles, CA, 90035, Quarterly, \$8.50  
Sacred Earth News, 1404 Gale Lane, Nashville, TN, 37212, Quarterly, Comes with a XAT Medicine Society membership available for contribution Societe, Suite 310, 1317 N. San Fernando Blvd, Burbank, CA, 91504, \$6 for two issues  
Spiritual Women's Times, PO Box 51186, Seattle, WA, 98115-1186, Quarterly, \$7.50 year  
The Unicorn, PO Box 8814, Minneapolis, MN, 55408  
Voices From Spirit, PO Box 533506, Orlando, FL, 32853, No price listed

An indispensable source for alternative publications of all kinds, including the kind discussed in this article, is Factsheet Five, 6 Arizona Ave, Renselaer, NY 12144

