

Changing Times



CHAMELEON CLUB



NO. 00002



YOU'LL NEVER DRAFT ME!

A system which forces a person to fight, to kill, to wage war when he wishes to live by the lights of peace, perhaps our most sacred ideal, is wrong. Regardless of the issue, regardless of the nature of the war, conscription is slavery.

This country was founded, its government designed, on the belief that it is the government which is the servant of the people. When the government must force the people to defend it, it has lost the privilege of defense in a democratic system. When it must force the people to fight for its goals, it has lost the right to fulfill them. When it must force the people to contradict their own principles in order to preserve it, it has lost the right to survival. These same ideas have been proclaimed by Thomas Jefferson and many of our most revered political thinkers: when the government shows so graphically that its will is in opposition to the will of the people, the time has come for all men who wish to preserve democracy, and freedom from the tyranny of a state which does not represent their will, to rebel!

I do not say I will not fight. I fight for that which I believe in every day of my life, and I will fight and even kill to protect those I love, including mankind itself, the life on this planet and the bright future on whose brink we stand if we only open our eyes to see it. But I will not be forced to fight another man's war. I will escape any attempt if possible; defy if necessary. I am not shirking my duty; if I believed this battle to be my duty, I would volunteer. I may yet volunteer. I will certainly, though, volunteer for the great battle against the tyranny and injustice of a draft.

Amerika, if the people of this nation will not voluntarily fight this war, it is your duty to them to give it up. This is democracy.

C.C. Rosencomet

Changing Times

This periodical is dedicated to the expansion of the frontiers of your consideration. We of the Chameleon Club would like to introduce you to some of our most fascinating topics for discussion and contemplation both ancient and modern. This literary creation reflects the same spirit as our other projects and events; to intrigue and entertain you with knowledge, art, and fantasy; to offer, perhaps, a few new touchstones for tomorrow's world, and our shared adventure in it.

We would like to thank Dirk Dykstra (and Circle), Mish Adams, and Daniel Stool for the use of their fine art, one of the highlights of this issue. Our thanks and felicitations to Pope Joan II - may (y)our tribe increase. And of course this issue would not have been possible without the work and submissions of our members: Jeff Wyndham, Jeff Rosenbaum, Joe Rothenberg, M.E. David, Pam Penchoen, Mike Schwartz, and, of course, C.C. Rosencomet. Special thanks to the co-sponsor of the Satellite Concert #1, Red Horse Hollow.

Belated gratitude to these fine folks and Sam Adkins, Sarah White, our own Donna Boswell (congratulations on the birth of Alexander Michael) and Bonnie Shore, and to Timothy Leary for their indispensable contributions to our first issue, and all our patrons.

An Escape

As time goes on, by sun or by moon, one way or another, enlightenment comes to the seeker in bits and pieces.

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As time goes on...Johnny begins to wonder why so great an amount of energy should be expended to convince him that questions have no answers. Since he was five, the watchword of the world around him was "you can't do that," usually referring to something he had done not 10 minutes before, or would have done if he hadn't been caught.

Johnny knew he could cross the street without holding his daddy's hand. He could play doctor with Susie and all they'd do is have fun, and he could fly out of his body when he closed his eyes in bed and sort of dreamed of places to go. He'd found his frisbee high up in the cottonwood tree where you couldn't see, but no one would climb up to get it.

In school you couldn't talk or run or play or anything. You couldn't paint if it wasn't paint-time, or read if it wasn't reading-time--but you could daydream all the time and all they would do is send you out of the room, which was almost a reward.

And if a bully beat you up there was nothing you could do, except snitch, and that got you beat up by three bullies tomorrow. And every year there's more things you can't do, can't say, can't want, can't help. And the girls get prettier and there's more you can't. And the war goes on and everyone hates the war and wants it stopped, but you can't.

And one day they tell you you can drive now and soon you can vote, but first you got to go to war and you can't do anything you can't do anything you can't do a thing about it!

Johnny never asked if he could run away. Johnny never left a note.

* * * * *

By sun Michael stands in his favorite spot, poised on the balls of his feet on a tiny hill behind the commune kitchen. The ground slopes down to the Appalachian foothills to the east, but a tall thicket of yellow pine still breaks up his view of the horizon. The trees will shade his eyes at the point where he stands until the sun is high enough in the sky to slant down on him, keeping his eyes from ever being blinded by the sunrise while allowing him full sight of the splendid light show brought by dawn in the mountains.

Each sunrise, harring rain, finds Michael on this spot. To his far left in a dozen shacks, tents and lean-tos scattered in esthetic disorder the commune sleeps. His eyes half-close as the routine of practiced relaxation comes into play, tensing and relaxing the muscles one by one, ending with a slow total relaxation of the myriad facial muscles, leaving a face more peaceful and unlined than a child at sleep. His breathing deepens,

following an eight-count, inflating and deflating the lungs to the fullest, drawing a sensation of energy from the clear, oxygen-rich mountain air.

Then, timed with a deep breath, his arms form graceful arcs upward at his sides, eyes to the sky, the muscles along his spine and neck relaxing and unhooking, giving him added slack. At the peak of his stretch, hands together, palms forward, he exhales slowly, his spine bending evenly all along like a gooseneck lamp. He brings his hands behind his calves for an extra light pull, pressing his forehead flat against his knees as the breath, perfectly timed, is finally expelled. Then the head and arms rise again, lungs inflating, duplicating the first arc to the skies, and descending this time to his sides as the sunpost is completed.

Half an hour of this type of exercise a day has made him as supple as he was as a small child, increased his lung capacity, and added an inch to his height. Morning exercising is over soon; he feels less tired now than when he awoke. Still time to light up a joint and enjoy the sunrise before whipping up breakfast for the group.

* * * * *

By moon, Pamela draws her pentagram surrounded by a tall grove of sycamores. The chalk is distributed by a peppermill rigged at the end of an ash staff by her friend Johnny, an ingenious device they believe is original. Candles are set at the five points, with the four elements represented at the cardinal points of the compass by wine, incense, consecrated salt, and the candle which lights the altar. There is bread, and wine, and new fruit; she cuts the fruit and lays it aside, wiping the dagger's blade on her long brown hair before returning it to its sheath, which along with her sandalwood necklace, are her only garments.

The weather is surprisingly warm for mid-September, and the woods are wreathed in mist casting shadows from the past on the landscape of the mind's eye. The sky has threatened rain, but does not release its burden. The winds are too high to disturb the sheltered grove, but the clouds above, translucent to the full moon's light, whip across the sky at a fevered pace. The long heat wave has filled the clouds with strong static charges, which flash from strata to strata lighting the seething fronts with a silver-grey contrast to the orange light of the candles. Pamela kneels before the six-inch altar, clad in glorious shadows of silver and crimson, her hair flowing past her shoulders in an auburn mane.

Jeffrey comes silently out of the mist, four hours and in 300 micrograms up, riding the acid peaks to an energy-focus he could sense without needing to see the light through the trees. He questions the witch with shadowed eyes, fearing to break the silence: she cuts the circle round the pentagram with a pie-shaped arc of her blade, and he joins her within: the lunatic and the lady. He has come to share the wine and bread, to share the magnificent spectacle of this wonderful time, this wonderful place, and the very special spells of the autumn moon.

* * * * *

"One way or another," Johnny thinks, "I'm going to have to go back into town." He rubs his straining eyes, grinning humorlessly at the jury-rigged frames of his eyeglasses. "I'm just not going to be much of a watchdog around here half-blind like this, and I'm still our only decent marksman."

Johnny idly caresses the stock of the Winchester rifle in his lap. He'd gotten it for an ounce of weed he'd grown himself; sinsemilla, the heavily-resined flowers of the unpollinated female marijuana plant. It was dynamite dope, but the gun was worth easily fifteen times as much--the guy he'd traded with said you couldn't get bullets for it for love or money.

That depends, Johnny had thought, on who you love--and how much money. He'd gotten the bullets from Ozzie, an old biker friend who still keeps in touch by ham radio. In fact, the up-coming trip to the city has been planned in advance through him. Johnny had secretly shot and butchered half a dozen squirrels and rabbits, and found a small bee-hive in a nearby valley. He'd worked at night to hide the fire's smoke from the rest of the group, and now had four pounds of meat jerky and almost a quart of extra honey for personal bartering, aside from a stockpile he planned to surprise them with at Christmas. He had arranged through Ozzie to trade these treasures, worth a fortune in the city nowadays, for the perfect present for the women--a good-sized supply of toiletry articles, including shampoo, hair-brushes, scented soap, two unbroken mirrors, and almost six and a half boxes of tampons. It's sinfully frivolous, especially the disposable tampons, but it's Christmas--and probably the last chance for a deal like this.

Johnny gazed outside the hexagonal window of the farm's loft, sensing activity on his present level, 300 micrograms high, his farsighted vision allowing a clear view of Jeffrey entering Pamela's favorite grove. He grinned; the project goes on, the discoveries continue, the Shaman and the Witch meet by night.

Johnny usually services his guns when Pamela is away from the farm. She hates the sight of them even more than he does himself. But the hills are full of bigoted red-necks, as hungry and as hateful as their unrecognized brothers in the city. None of the group denied the need for guns; none would forget what had been done to Janie that day she went to bathe in the mountain lake alone, a mile away, or what had been done to her body afterwards--and none would stray far from the farm and Johnny's watchful eye unchaperoned or unarmed.

He puts aside the now-oiled Winchester, searching the small bookcase of the loft for some not-too-overread paperback. All his friends are there: Asimov, Heinlein, Huxley, Orwell, Kesey, Hoffman, Leary, Clark. . . the works of history's most accurate prophets; none of them factual, all of them true. All too true.

He sighs, abandons the quest for reading material in favor of saving his eyesight. The smell of pot and red clover tea drifts up from the kitchen ("I'd kill for a cup of real brewed coffee!"), and he climbs down the loft ladder for a smoke and rap with Michael, humming songs by Jefferson Starship, his mind farther from suicide than it had been since he was seventeen.

* * * * *

Enlightenment comes to the seeker in bits and pieces, dropping like the gentle rain from heaven, each drop finding its own way to the sea. The water trapped in the air comes to rest in time, writing crystal poetry across the waiting pages of unhurried discovery. What was once called escape, the frightened flight, becomes the flight of the wings of freedom--yet there is much to escape from.

The early risers and the not-yet-retired meet in quiet joy at the common table. The night has been good, the morning news bal. Pamela and Jeffrey weave patterns in the air with knowing glances, and secrets shared. Michael serves up cornmeal apple fritters and red clover tea, fresh fruit and light conversation. Signs of morning activity from the other dwellings on the farm are seen framed in the windows: men gathering kindling, children eating biscuits, apples on the front stoops.

Johnny brings glow and the ever-present transistor radio to the table, muttering profanities at the pollution index broadcast in his earplugged ear. The incidence of cannibalism has increased in the city since it collapsed; rumors of polio epidemics come from the west, Judge Lynch has made a comeback in the south with hopes of a lessened population and the benefits of slave labor. No one knows how the Russians are holding out, but everyone speculates.

The day's work begins: farming and studying, reparations and meditations, the preservation of science and art in their most practical applications. The sun shines down like honey, baking the sweat sweat of honest toil into the very DNA of the self-chosen people, teaching the children in deep cellular knowledge the joys of discovery and the quest for truth, the very living of life. And as time goes on, by sun or by moon, one way or another, enlightenment comes to the seeker in bits and pieces.

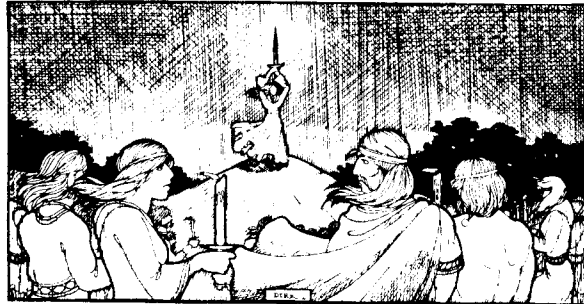


Illustration by Dirk Dykstra.

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CIRCLE (Church of Circle Wicca) is a non-profit New Age and metaphysical organization which has been operating as a teaching and networking center for the past several years. They are presently expanding their emphasis to spotlight the Earth Religions Movement. The Chameleon Club thanks them for permission to use Dirk Dykstra's art in several places in this magazine.

CIRCLE NETWORK NEWS, published for the past year & a half as a newsletter has expanded its format with its Spring, 1980 issue. It has become an 8-page quarterly Wicca-Pagan newspaper with articles, photos, artwork, rituals, reviews, news, resources, festival info, contacts & other info pertaining to Goddess worship, the Craft, and other Neo-Pagan magickal ways in the U.S. and other countries. Subscriptions are \$5/year for U.S. folk, \$6/year for Canadians, \$7/year elsewhere. Subscription fee includes first class/air mail postage. Sample copy of the current issue is \$1. Write: CIRCLE NETWORK NEWS, P.O. BOX 9013, Madison, WI 53715, U.S.A.

Circle has begun work on establishing a Pagan Sanctuary and Nature Retreat Center in the Midwest. Donations are needed to purchase land. For more information on this project, see the Spring, 1980 issue of CIRCLE NETWORK NEWS.

★Sponsored by the Midwest Pagan Council each year, the Pan Pagan Festival brings together Witches, Pagans & other magickal people from many paths & traditions from throughout the U.S. & other countries to share knowledge, energy & celebration. As with other festivals, the 1980 Festival will feature workshops, rituals of different traditions, bonfires, music & dancing, feasting, & celebration. The 1980 Festival has been moved to a more quiet, natural setting, and an entire private campground is being rented for the gathering.

PAN PAGAN FESTIVAL 1980 will be held August 21 - 24 in the magickal hills of Baraboo, Wisconsin. To find out more info about the 1980 Pan Pagan Festival, write: CIRCLE, BOX 9013, Madison, WI 53715.

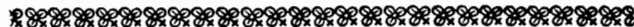


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LIBER LXXVII

Z:

*"the law of the strong:
this is our law
and the joy of the world."*

—AL. II. 21.

"Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law." —AL. I. 40.

*"thou hast no right but to do thy will.
Do that, and no other shall say nay."* —AL. I. 42-3.

"Every man and every woman is a star." —AL. I. 3.

THERE IS NO GOD BUT MAN

1. Man has the right to live by his own law —
to live in the way that he wills to do:
to work as he will:
to play as he will:
to rest as he will:
to die when and how he will:
2. Man has the right to eat what he will:
to drink what he will:
to dwell where he will:
to move as he will on the face of the earth.
3. Man has the right to think what he will:
to speak what he will:
to write what he will:
to draw, paint, carve, etch, mould, build as he will:
to dress as he will.
4. Man has the right to love as he will: —

*"take your fill and will of love as ye will,
when, where, and with whom ye will."* —AL. I. 51.

5. Man has the right to kill those who would thwart these rights.

"the slaves shall serve." —AL. II. 58.

"Love is the law, love under will." —AL. I. 57.

Alister Crowley

ERN 38



True Will



Alister Crowley, author of Liber 02, was an adventurer, poet and occultist of the turn of the century, whose theories and practices in mental and spiritual training have greatly influenced the current magical revival. Trained in the Order of the Golden Dawn (whose occult teachings influenced William Butler Yeats, Arthur Machen and many others), he quickly left their authoritarian milieu and founded his own magical tradition called the A.'. A.'. While on an intensive mystical retreat in Cairo, Crowley began to receive "signals" from a source he perceived as a discarnate intelligence, which claimed to be the spiritual word for the new age. These visions culminated in the "direct voice" transmission of The Book of The Law, a prose-poem in three chapters which contains the words of new spiritual potencies, the thrust of whose message is:

DO WHAT THOU WILT SHALL BE THE WHOLE OF THE LAW

Crowley's promulgation of this law, and his free and bohemian lifestyle in the Victorian Age earned him an undeserved reputation as a satanist. He was slandered as the "Wiccest Man in the World" by the British scandal-sheets and for many years his fine research into spiritual realities was hidden beneath the weight of bad press. But with the cultural evolutions of the sixties, Crowley's drug use and sexual escapades became insignificant, and his teachings were rediscovered by the new occultists of that time. Robert Anton Wilson and Timothy Leary have both been influenced by his libertarian metaphysics, and groups across the world are working to make the Law of Thelema (the name of the movement) a reality in the world.

What, then, does Crowley mean by Do What Thou Wilt? On the face of it, it appears to be a total license, yet Crowley constantly stressed that Do What Thou Wilt did not mean "do as you please". In Crowley's metaphysics, Will is one of the four essential qualities in man, the others being: mind, intuition, and bodily instinct. Will is the First Cause, the mover and maker of thoughts and desires, which underlies the day-to-day mask we call personality. The Will is seen as central to the self and able to view all parts fully, unlike the personality, to which large portions of the self (the unconscious) are invisible. Occultism sees Man as a reflection of the Universe, a mirror of God. As the Will of humans mirrors the Will of the Universal Self, so all the data of that Self, past present and future, can be available to it - and to the personality, when the Will and other portions of the Self are unified. The important point to consider is the distinction between the Will (deepest self) and the personality, which is so often tossed about by environment, media and culture. The personality, mostly an outgrowth of Mind (intellect and emotion), is seen as having usurped the place of Will as ruler of living and is not capable of doing the proper job. To integrate the Will and the personality, with Will in control, is the goal of most mystical training and the specific goal of Crowley's Magick.





It seemed obvious to Crowley in his time (and does to many in our own) that most humans are far removed from the guiding light of Will. Personality, influenced by culture, media and all the conflicting stimuli of our time, is pushed and pulled at random through life, and it is these forces and not the true Will which shape our day to day desires. The Magical Tradition is dedicated to freeing humanity from the compulsive drive of the sense-perception/belief-programming trap. Crowley's vision saw Will-directed men and women as like unto the stars, each in its own orbit, greater and lesser, brighter and dimmer, each supporting the Network of the universe. Indeed, he saw the Will as pre-existing birth and surviving death, so that personality feels it as a "natural force" while in fact it is self-directed (conscious). This can be seen as an input to the Free Will/Predestination snag.

So then, to adopt the Law of Thelema as one's code of ethics means devoting oneself to the path of illumination ("integration" in psychological terms, but illumination means many things). Do What Thou Wilt never means to give free reign to day to day quirks and whims or the great energies made by our young programming. It means a constant search and probing into our own deepest selves, a constant effort to know our Wills behind the veils of everyday thought and to make it manifest in our lives. Striving, courageous self-honesty, and a critical eye are necessary to the Life of Will. Above all, the corollary statement "Thou has no right but to do thy own will" must be remembered. The only "crime" or "sin" in Crowley's system is the imposition of one's Will upon one not prepared to receive it. In fact, such imposition is direct evidence of direction by some facet of self and not by true Will. The universe is in sync and only a "hands off" attitude (at least, until very high spiritual states are achieved) will keep it that way.

Again, not license but the truest self-discipline (not the commands of culture or personality) gives one the rights outlined in Liber Oz.

high tide
rock bottom

gifts from the sea 

 gifts from the land

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A NEW MYTHOLOGY

1. The Seduction of Confusion

One day Horus was walking along a well-worn but empty path, and came to a fork in the road. The turning appeared lightly travelled, and Robert Frost's footprints were embossed in a concrete block beneath the signpost, inscribed "I may return." Horus decided this would make a fine place to picnic and so broke out his lunch. As he sat down, a beautiful lady in glistening silver robes appeared, smiling, beside him. She chuckled at his Donald Duck lunchbox, her laughter was like the small bells of an ocean church, and rushed over him in waves. He was drunk with the draught of her beauty, and all his feelings were embossed on his face. He told her of his travels, and she of her loneliness. They flirted and teased and proclaimed their love. She slipped from his arms for a moment, and he next saw her laughing and running into the woods. Horus followed, professing his love and complaining of blue balls. She blushed, grinned with concern and desire, then announced "But first you must catch me," and slipped behind a tree. Horus abandoned his sandwiches and followed her for what seemed like many miles, until he could no longer remember not chasing her. Several times he had nearly abandoned his search, but in each instance she had appeared only a few yards away. Once he caught and held her, but she rebuffed him cilly. Horus was taken aback for an instant; Eris seized the opportunity to run back into the woods, laughing merrily.

Horus began to notice changes in the wood; the world seemed all more unstuck here. Things were less connected. After more distress, he found it was no longer necessary to run upon the ground. Any space would support his foot. He ran until the world was beyond his comprehension, and physical laws only fun games. He ran until he would go no further.

"My lady!" he cried. "I am sore tired, and horny with love for you, and your damned tinkly laughter. Let us cease this game and let our love so passionate that the universe will be filled with our feelings! My lady, where are you?"

"I am here, Horus," came a voice like the wind, from all directions at once, "and truly the universe is filled with it."

Horus wept when he realized that here Eris was the sky, earth and ocean, and that he could no more make love to her than he could to a rock.

After fucking a couple rocks (which he found actually could be accomplished here with some little effort) lit mystical cigarettes appeared wedged in the stones. And Horus was confused.

Moral: 'Tis better to have lunched and loved than never to have lunched.

M. B. David



Hail Eris All Hail Discordia

This is an Important PSYCHO-HISTORICAL POLITICAL DOCUMENT! DO NOT read unless cleared for Double-Zeta Epsilon Alpha-Class Material. Prosecutors will be Violated. ΚΑΛΛΙΧΤΙ

66 Bureaucracy 3145
In the Year of the Pregnant Snake

FROM: The Office of Strategic Services, Holy Atlantean Grandmotherly Temple of the One True Primal Astrally-Initiated Wombat, Reformed
23 Kangaroo Court
Pavement Narrows
NJ55523 On The Astral



TO: Whom It May Concern

THIS IS THE HOLY ERIS TAROT CARD !!!!!

The Holy Eris Tarot Card is sacred, secret, and like that. It has it's Adidas in Ancient Atlantis, whose survivors, carrying with them the Knowledge to Egypt, dropped Eris from the Deck partly from spite and partly so they could have eleven pairs of pictures for a massive WPA mural they were planning. Later, of course, the Egyptians fell into disrepute and the Nile, which shows what happens when you mess around with Eris. Howsomever, the knowledge of the 23rd Atu remained in the Akashic Lending library until it resurfaced lately soon with the renaissance of total chaos.

HOW TO INTERPRET YOUR SACRED ERIS TAROT CARD:

Eris is the Goddess of confusion and true enlightenment. The basic meaning of the card is Unlikely Happenings. Since Chaos looks the same from any angle, there is no reversed meaning. When Eris appears in your reading, you must expect Synchronicity and a rash of superficially-meaningless acts that are true in some sense, false in some sense, meaningless in some sense, true and false in some sense, true and meaningless in some sense, false and meaningless in some sense, and true and false and meaningless in some sense. Eris is the card of the Cosmic co-Incidence Control Center, and Her appearance means that your life will suddenly make no sense to you at all: whether this is good or bad depends on whether you are an Eristic or an Aneristic Mentality. Good luck, Jim, and if you or any of your IM force are caught or killed, the Secretary will disavow any knowledge of your actions.

MAGICKAL LIZARDS:

Her Sephirotic Attribution is Death, Her Elemental Attribution is Ether, Her Star is Sirius, Her Ruling Planet is the Asteroid Belt. Her Planetary Hour is Wednesdays after 10 pm or Alternate Thursdays. Her Metal is Wood or Formica, Her Perfume is Altamont Black, and Her Colour is Cold. You may contact the Ruling Power of the Card of Eris through your Pineal Gland, your Appendix, or LOOMPANICS BOOKS, PO BOX 264, Mason MI 48854, but if you choose this path, slip them five bucks.

HAIL ERIS !!!!!

Love Pope Joan II

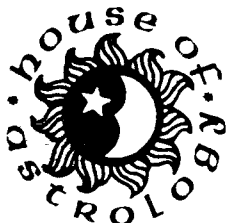
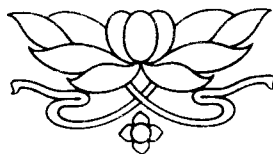
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The Words of the Illumined

RATED X...NATURALLY

WHY ARE WE HERE?

Have you ever secretly
wondered why the Great
Pyramid has five sides --
counting the bottom?

SUPPRESSED KNOWLEDGE

HYGIENE

The Lord promised: "Therefore, behold, I will
bring evil upon the house of Jeroboam and will cut
off from Jeroboam him that ploweth against the
wall." -- I Kings 14:10. (This unsanitary practice
caused serious erosion of the mud walls).

GRAND OPERA

"Wherefore my bowels shall sound like a harp for
Moab, and mine inward parts for Kir-haresh."
-- Isaiah 16:11.

Face to face with the mighty forces and elements
of nature, the thoughtful man fearfully con-
templates his place in the great cosmic scheme.

-- POEE --

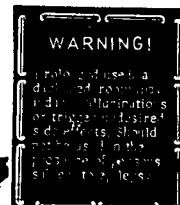
Yes, I'd Like To Know the Five Simple Actions
that Will Turn Me Into a "Mental Wizard" in a
Single Weekend!



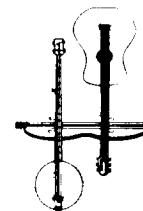
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Principia Discordia or How I found Goddess
and what I did to Her when I found Her
Wherein is explained absolutely everything
worth knowing about absolutely anything



— THE GODDESS ERIS PREVAILS —



Goose Acres

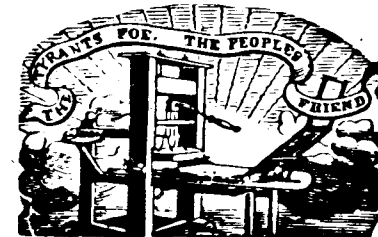
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Stringed things ~ Books
Records ~ Expert Repairs
GOOSE ACRES
handcrafted
Banjos, Dulcimers
Hammer Dulcimers
- Autoharps



The Changeling Times is the magazine of
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The purpose of this magazine is to pro-
vide a forum for ourselves, our friends,
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The opinions of any one author are not
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