

1643 LEE RD.  
SUITE #9  
CLEVELAND HEIGHTS, OH  
44118



THE ASSOCIATION FOR CONSCIOUSNESS EXPLORATION

1643 Lee Rd. #9  
Cleveland Hts., Oh. 44118

errors corrections updates errors corrections updates

- 1.) The Sufi retreat PRACTICAL MYSTICISM is scheduled for Saturday Nov. 23, 1985 it was listed incorrectly in the ad.
- 2.) The MIND GAMES: THE GUIDE TO INNER SPACE workshop will be offered on Sunday Nov 24, 1985.
- 3.) Robert A. Wilson will be returning to the United States in February 1986. If you are interested in sponsoring or helping to sponsor an appearance in your area contact Joe Rothenberg or Jeff Rosenbaum at ACE.
- 4.) The site at Whispering Winds will not be available for future programs. If you know of a site suitable for summer events like Starwood we'd like to hear from you.
- 5.) A special thanks to CIRCLE their quick action and effective networking helped the pagan community defeat amendment 705 which has been removed from the bill in committee. We urge you to support their work.

# Changeling Times



Sample  
Copy



Issue 00010



THE TIMES THEY ARE A CHANG' IN

Much has happened in the past months. Within our circle we have seen tremendous life changes, with more on the horizon.

It is with deep regret that I inform you of the loss of the site at Whispering Winds. The new owner has decided not to make the site available for future events. He plans to maintain the site as a private residence. This should be seen as a sign to prepare for our future.

Our community is united by ideas and spirit. When we infused them into the land it became alive, but the land did not unite us. We united the land. New sites will be found, new land can be awakened; the work continues.

The community is faced with many outside pressures. Legislation designed to undercut religious freedom has already passed the Senate. If the legislation becomes law, it will be much more difficult for Pagan groups to obtain religious recognition.

Are we now to scatter? Certainly each of us is strong enough to stand on our own, a community of creative energy, tendrils reaching out with love. Are we strong enough to set aside differences and work together?

Do we pay lip service to our multi-universe model while enslaving ourselves to an individual world view? Convictions make convicts.

C. C. Rosencomet

## Changeling Times

Quarterly Journal of the Chameleon Club



*"Devoted to expanding the frontiers of your consideration"*

Published the 23rds of February, May, August, November

Current or back issue - \$1.50

C/o ACE

1643 Mayfield Rd.

Suite #9

Cleveland Hts., Ohio  
44118

THIS ISSUE IS A SAMPLE COPY OF THE CHANGELING TIMES.

Our magazine is available at \$1.50 an issue or free with your ACE membership. ACE memberships are available for an annual fee of \$40.00. Other benefits of your ACE membership include substantial discounts on all ACE products and events.

TO RECEIVE YOUR COMPLETE EDITION AND TO SUPPORT ACE PROGRAMMING! BUY OR RENEW YOUR MEMBERSHIP

TODAY!

## Absolute

G. Mosco

In another space, in another time, in another plane,  
in another rhyme...

There once lived an old ice carver who created the most exquisite ice sculptures of all lands. One day the king asked the ice carver to execute a fairylike maiden to grace the glittering gazebo in the open courtyard of his winter ice palace.

"O good and gentle sculptor, please design and carve for us, out of a lifesize block of ice, an image of beauty such as Mankind has never seen. Give this fair maiden grace, poise, and elegance. Instill in this dreamlike figure such depth that mankind will see its dreams, hopes, and desires in this translucent creature."

"But Master," replied the old carver of ice, "how should she look? I do not know what the ideal would resemble. I have dreamt of such a creature, but of course have never seen such a being. Such an ideal can never be seen by any. Whom could I use for a model, and how do I with limited skills create Mankind's dream?"

"Look to our brothers and sisters in Atlantis, look upon our relatives in Greece. Look unto Sumeria, Babylon, and Egypt. And then, my good sculptor, look into your own heart and soul. Find the ache and pain, the burn and desire, the sublime pleasures and passions you have never known before, and the pains and sorrows one should never know. Then let your heart, soul, and body act on it."

And this is exactly what the ice carver did. Week upon week, from sunrise to sunset and back again, focusing from the origins of creation and considering its demise. Finally, the sculptor returned to his sovereign lord saying:

"This, O great master is my best; the best I could possibly do. This is the best and worst within me. Here stands all the dreams of Man. Perfection. She contains no flaws, for the flaws of man have created her and have given her life; they are her perfection."

The king, upon seeing the statue, fell for long to his knees and remained so. As immobile as the ice sculpture was he.

This form divine was displayed from that afternoon for all to see. Spectrum coloured prism of ethereal, heavenly light: She so regal and calm and tense and common. She containing all contradictions, yet remaining harmonious. She, the reason to the rhyme; the personification of all Man is and is not, of what Man can become, of what he can never be. She, the Absolute.

They placed her high above man's head on a crystal pedestal carved with designs of roses and thistles; flowers and weeds; fruits of passion and fruits of poison; carved with candles lit and candles extinguished. All day long and late into the night, they came to view the Absolute.

"This reminds me of myself at times," said on young maid of the

court. "The times when my husband has come home and the children have been sent off to bed. My husband and I have completed our day's chores, and now can relax and chat, sharing the joys and the agonies. We may sip the wine together and we seek of what life has to offer."

"This so called 'exhibit', darlings, reminds me of that wonderfully divine season in Fortunate! What a court that was! Beautiful figures gazing upon us all. And the clothes and jewels the women wore! However, this cannot be compared to those sculptures. I don't mean this isn't a pretty piece, but..." said one round matron.

One man remarked, "It is a filthy, flawed, and most assuredly vile and vulgar piece which should not have been displayed. I know nothing about the Arts, but I know what I like, and this is not good art and I don't like it! This desecration of morals and values should be melted down and served as tea with honey, crumpets, and jam!"

One young Nubian prince gazed upon her feet, her limbs, her slight yet rounded abdomen, her breasts with earth mother warmth, her willowy elongated neck. He looked at her face and into her transparent eyes that led into her translucent soul. He shed one salty tear.

"Who art thou, Absolute? Art thou real, or an illusion of ice made by man? Art thou Beauty? Art thou truth? Art thou Absolute? Art thou the way and the light for all of us to follow, or art thou one more romantic dream to fill one young romantic's mind? I must know, Absolute: doth thou exist?"

The winds began to bellow with silvery snowflakes encircling the prince's form. His ears perceived ethereal, heavenly sounds that his mind could not comprehend. Then the northern winds, the southern winds, the winds of the east and the winds of the west spoke to the prince, and he alone and said:

"I Am."

The prince gazed into Absolute's eyes and soul, while the winds of the four corners of the earth whistled around him, listening transfixed, but whispered:

"Absolute, tell me what I must do to be with thee for all eternity!"

A hush. "Be. That is all I ask of you; and be the best within you!"

The last rays of the pale winter sun had begun to flee from the earth. The onlookers began to disperse, until the prince stood alone with his Absolute. Then she spoke again:

"When you look upon me, reflect upon your life; all you have



done, all you have yet to do. Then, my dear sweet prince, do the best you can possibly do. Then you, too, shall possess all the knowledge that the I, now encrusted in this block of ice have known for all time."

"O Absolute!" cried the prince, "With a kiss upon thy lips, could I achieve mine goals? O Absolute! With a kiss upon thy lips could I make mine dreams become a memory, could I live with those dreams as mine reality? O Absolute, with a kiss upon thy lips could I give thee life? Would I release thy essence? Couldst thou release mine soul? Could we be one? Could I melt thy frozen facade and make thee human; have thee feel the pain and the hunger? Could I do for thee what thou have done for me and more? Can perfection be obtained in one single moment and given to mankind forevermore, with only one sweet kiss upon thy lips?"

"Come to me, my sweet prince," the winds beckoned. "Come to me. We can be one--Simply kiss these lips that want and need to be kissed."

"Come to me, O gentlest of lovers. You reach the goals of knowledge, your soul possesses beauty, your dreams becoming realities, your life lived in the name of the Best within us. You strive for one more thing, for truth, for perfection, for Absolute. My release will be my destruction, as the world knows me. You, too, will be destroyed, as the world knows you, for no man could look upon the naked absolute and live.

"For all the good you experience, so too will you experience excruciating torment, pain, and sorrow. Kiss me and you will find Heaven. Kiss me and you will know Hell. Kiss me and our mortal bodies will cease to exist, but our souls will be one for all eternity."

And the young Nubian drew closer, into the glittering gazebo, and climbed the base of the pedestal of roses and thistles, flowers and weeds, fruits of passion and fruits of poison, carvings of candles lit and candles extinguished. He did not have to stretch much to reach that perfect face, the earth mother and heavenly lover lips. For as he stood before that crystal pedestal, it shattered into millions of tiny glimmering rainbowed prisms, leaving Absolute standing erect before the prince. Looking upon her visage, he kissed her and they were in love.

A miraculous vision of shimmering silvery white lights and heavenly iridescent colours filled the courtyard. Wind and fire, snow and dust encircled the forms. Only moments passed before this revelation had transpired. All that was left was an ethereal silver smokelike fog, and a few pieces of broken crystal prisms, reflecting all light and all colours, lying on the ground, on the planet we call Earth.



## Telephoning and Touching

Ellen Goodman

My friends live in other places, other neighborhoods, other towns, other states. When we get together, it is often our fingers that do the walking from one home to the other. For us, the telephone is a meeting hall, a neighborhood, the way we keep our own small community together. We advise and consult each other by dialtone; we console and congratulate by area code and digits.

By voice, we do the maintenance that keeps friendships alive, and sometimes families. If we have some piece of news to share, it goes out almost always, almost exclusively, by word of mouth.

This is called, in our culture, keeping in touch.

Yet I sometimes wonder whether there isn't a hidden cost to this piece of technology, too. I don't mean the costs of intrusion. It's true that the phone insults our quiet and insists its way into our privacy. But I will trade that for this lifeline.

Nor do I mean the cost that shows up on my bill. I rationalize that easily with friends from other area codes: Long distance is cheaper than planes or therapy... or disconnection.

But isn't it possible that this staple of modern life has had some odd consequences for us? Isn't it possible that the instrument has actually been an actor in our culture over a century?

John Staudenmaier, a Jesuit and visiting assistant professor at M.I.T.'s center for Science, Technology and Society, talks about the birth of the phone in 1876 as "the first time in human history that we could split voice from sight, touch, smell and taste."

What does that mean to us? That we no longer have to be in the same room to talk to each other. That we can choose friends across space and keep friends over distance.

But doesn't it also mean that we can ignore the people who live in our hallway? In some ways the same machine that offers us a handy shortcut through loneliness may also make it more likely for us to live alone.

"The hometown, the street and neighborhood has also been eroded particularly by the telephone," believes Staudenmaier, "because the relationships in my life are not the people on my street and not the people in my apartment building. They can be strangers because I have 'real' friends connected by electronic rather than physical bodily connections."

It isn't just the phone that does this, I know. The car, the television set and manufacturing have also changed us so we live more in the wide world and less on our own block.

But I suspect that this odd and utterly routine ability to communicate by sound alone has altered another piece of our human psyche. We are more able now to protect and distance ourselves in human communication.

How many difficult conversations today take place by phone because we won't have to see someone else's tears? How skillfully have we learned to control our voices and hide our emotions? How often do we use the phone so we won't have to, literally, face each other?

I am no Luddite, raging against electronics. In my home there are four extension phones, a hundred feet of cord and one teen-ager. I work by phone, send my column from city to another by phone.

Yet I think it's crucial to remember the limits, to remember the trade-offs of the technology we live with. The telephone company encourages us to reach out and touch someone. Funny, that's one thing we can't do by phone.

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HEALTH & STURDIBRIDGE by Dick Ryback. © 1978 Circle Publications-Bronwood Studios, CIRCLE, Box 9013, Madison, WI 53715

In order to assist individuals on a limited budget we are accepting reservations for "crash space". People reserving on this plan agree to accept a place to sleep in a cabin. This plan is offered to help reduce your costs to an absolute minimum. Registration by 12/15/85 will give you a weekend at this luxury resort including the Friday banquet, all workshops and accommodations for only \$55.00.

### REGISTRATION WINTERSTAR 1986

Accommodations: (Friday 4:30pm - Sunday Checkout)

\$50.00/bedroom (max. Occup. 2)

\$200.00/ cabin (see picture above)

\$30.00/ "crash space" (see above)

Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Symposium Fee (includes all the workshops and the Friday Banquet)

Before Dec. 15, 1985 \$25.00/15.00 ACE members

Before Jan. 15, 1985 \$30.00/20.00 ACE members

After Jan. 15, 1985 \$35.00/20.00 ACE members

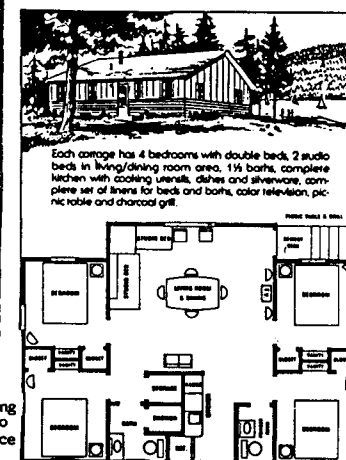
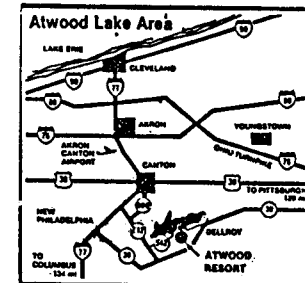
At the door \$45.00/35.00 ACE members

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Total Enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_

The 1986 Winterstar Symposium will again be held at the Atwood Lake Resort. This luxurious conference site features spacious meeting rooms, indoor pool, spa, and skiing.



MTND GAMES: THE GUIDE TO INNER SPACE

Sunday, November 10, 1985 1:00 p.m. - 5:00 p.m. ACE Members: \$10.00  
 Suite #9, 1643 Lee Road Non-Members: \$25.00  
 Cleveland Hts., OH 44118

This workshop will focus on guided meditation as a tool for building individual and group consciousness. An overview of the styles and purposes of meditation will be presented. In addition, practical experiences in guided meditation and planning for future classes will be offered.

"Those who play these games should become more imaginative, more creative, more fully able to gain access to their capacities and to use their capacities and to use their capacities productively. The players should become increasingly hopeful that the powers of the human being are sufficient to deal with the problems that confront us. And the mind games are a means of advancing toward what must be the main goal of every person in our time -- PUTTING THE FIRST MAN ON THE EARTH.

-Robert Masters & Jean Houston

"I have read three important and revolutionary books in the last three years: Yoko Ono's Grapefruit, Arthur Janov's Primal Scream, and now Mind Games. I suggest you read and experience them.

-John Lennon

THE SUFI ORDER OF CLEVELAND HEIGHTS

Workshops presented at ACE

Suite #9, 1643 Mayfield Road  
 Cleveland Hts., Ohio 44118  
 (216) 932-6729

NOVEMBER 22 Dances of Universal Peace 7:30 p.m. Friday

Admission: NO FEE; Donations Appreciated

NOVEMBER 19 PRACTICAL MYSTICISM 10 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.  
 Saturday

A one day retreat with Regina Simpson

ADMISSION: BEFORE November 19, 1985 \$30.00

At the Door.....\$35.00

All checks should be made payable to The Sufi Order of Cleveland Heights. Reservations and information can be made through: Khair Bauer, Apt. #5, 4606 Franklin, Cleveland, Ohio 44102.

GET TANKED AT ACE



Friday, Saturday and Sunday, December 6, 7 and 8  
 Suite #9, 1643 Lee Rd., Cleveland Hts., Ohio



FRIDAY, Dec. 6 7:30-9:30 p.m. WORKSHOP: Introduction to the Sensory Deprivation Tank, including the history, effects, and productive use of sensory isolation.

SATURDAY, Dec. 7 11:00 a.m. - 1:00 p.m. Flotation Time  
 1:30 p.m. - 3:00 p.m. WORKSHOP: Imagination and Creativity  
 3:15 p.m. - 4:45 p.m. WORKSHOP: The Process and Technique of Meditation  
 5:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m. Flotation Time

SUNDAY, Dec. 8 11:00 a.m. - 1:00 p.m. Flotation Time  
 1:30 p.m. - 3:00 p.m. WORKSHOP: Stress, Relaxation and Your Health; A Practical Approach  
 3:00 p.m. - 8:00 p.m. Flotation Time

\$20.00 Members \$40.00 Non-members

This program is offered exclusively by the Association for Consciousness Exploration. We provide an opportunity to experience our Sensory Isolation Tank in a secure environment. The enrollment fee includes a float in the ACE relaxation tank and four workshops designed to optimize this unique individual experience.



REGISTER BY DECEMBER FIRST - SPACE IS LIMITED!!!



NATURAL MAGICK:

EARTH-CENTERED SPIRITUALITY

Cauldronfire Temple announces an ongoing study group in the religion and magick of Wicca. Wicca is a modern adaptation of principles of natural religion thousands of years old. It offers a life-affirming perspective and practical means for gaining control of your own life. Earth Religion is the religion of the Great Goddess, the Mother and Lover of the World, her Consort/Son. Sun and Moon, Fire and Water, Summer and Winter, the Love-play of the Goddess is the sustenance of life. Wicca offers the opportunity to be your own Priest/ess of the Gods, free from vast quantities of dogma and hierarchy.

We extend an invitation to learn and experience the Spirituality of Mother Earth. Drawing on the pre-Christian traditions of Europe, tribal religions of the world today, and modern esoteric techniques, we combine meditation and mental training with music, dance and theatrical ritual. The result is an awareness tuned to the cycles of nature and in touch with the personal power intended for us all.

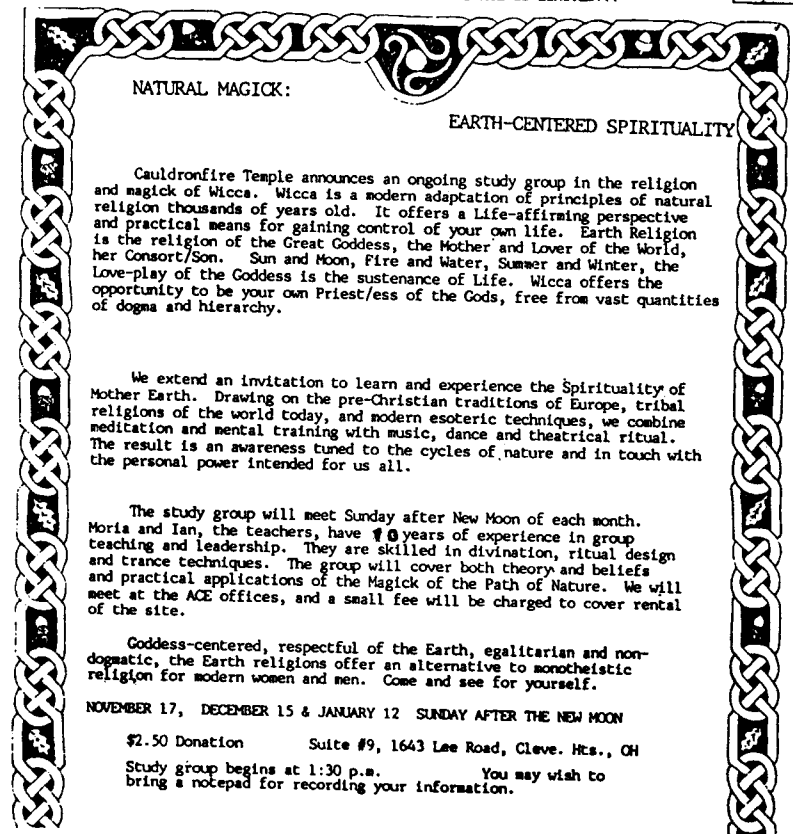
The study group will meet Sunday after New Moon of each month. Moria and Ian, the teachers, have 10 years of experience in group teaching and leadership. They are skilled in divination, ritual design and trance techniques. The group will cover both theory and beliefs and practical applications of the Magick of the Path of Nature. We will meet at the ACE offices, and a small fee will be charged to cover rental of the site.

Goddess-centered, respectful of the Earth, egalitarian and non-dogmatic, the Earth religions offer an alternative to monotheistic religion for modern women and men. Come and see for yourself.

NOVEMBER 17, DECEMBER 15 & JANUARY 12 SUNDAY AFTER THE NEW MOON

\$2.50 Donation Suite #9, 1643 Lee Road, Cleve. Hts., OH

Study group begins at 1:30 p.m. You may wish to bring a notepad for recording your information.



## Acid Question, Revisited

Rushing time  
 Direction unfelt  
 Only presence perceived  
 At the instant:  
 Of organic change.

Each being screaming  
 And wondering  
 "I AM"  
 In the giddy vertigo  
 Queasy closeness  
 To actually feeling  
 Actually knowing--

The moment is lost  
 As this mote of an era  
 Passes only to be approached  
 Once  
 Again.

MBDavid



**VICTORIA GANGER**

*Neandir,  
 Lady Of The  
 Flame*

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. 3-4 weeks for delivery.

## CALENDAR OF EVENTS AT THE ACE CENTER

Suite #9, 1643 Mayfield Road  
 Cleveland Hts., Ohio 44118  
 (216) 932-6729

<u>NOVEMBER 10</u>	Mind Games	Sunday, 1-5:00 p.m.
<u>NOVEMBER 17</u>	Natural Magick I	Sunday 1:30 p.m.
<u>NOVEMBER 22</u>	Sufi Dance of Universal Peace	Friday, 7:30 p.m.
<u>NOVEMBER 23</u>	SUFI: Practical Mysticism - A Retreat with Regina Simpson	Saturday, 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.
<u>DECEMBER 6-8</u>	Get Tanked at ACE (Workshop and use of the ACE Flotation Tank)	Friday-Sunday
<u>DECEMBER 15</u>	Natural Magick II	Sunday, 1:30 p.m.
<u>JANUARY 12, 1986</u>	Natural Magick III	Sunday, 1:30 p.m.
<u>FEBRUARY 14-16</u>	WINTERSTAR SYMPOSIUM '86	Friday-Sunday

# The Book of the Dragon

PAGAN CEREMONIAL MAGIC

A NEW GRIMOIRE OF RITUAL MAGIC BASED IN MEDIEVAL TRADITION AND NEOPAGAN STYLES. ALL NEW RITUALS AND SPELLS FEATURING : PREPARATION AND THE INNER WORK, THE TOOLS OF MAGIC, THE RITUALS OF THE DRAGON (SHAMANIC DRAGON RIDE TO THE INNER WORLDS).

88 PAGES, PAMPHLET-BOUND, TYPESET FORMAT, ILLUSTRATED.

AVAILABLE FROM A.C.E. AT \$6.00 A COPY, POST-PAID. DEALER RATES INQUIRIES INVITED. ORDER ADDRESS: A.C.E., SUITE #9, 1643 MAYFIELD RD., CLEVE. HTS., OH 44118. ALL CHECKS AND MONEY ORDERS PAYABLE TO J. WYNDHAM. NO CASH, PLEASE.

**ROCK & ROLL-ISM**

This religion was founded in Cleveland, Ohio in the early 1980's. It's founder Jack Cavanagh, claims that he receives messages from the "Omnipotent Orb." Jack maintains that most of the transmissions come in broken-up, due to the great distances involved.

Below is the outline of Rock & Roll-ism, which preaches the gospel according to John, Paul, George, and Ringo.

1. To enter the kingdom of "Orb", you must become "Radio active."
2. The Orb grades on a curve.
3. Members are referred to as "Rockies."
4. Evolution works but it takes time.
5. We are not here for a long time, just a good time.
6. Let your mouth say what your heart feels.
7. Most of man's problems would disappear if everyone got laid as often as they should. (if people don't get laid they get mean)
8. Life is not just a play, it is a farce. "May the farce be with you."
9. Everybody hears, but few listen.
10. No balls-no glory.
11. And remember "Rock n' Roll will always, always, always overcome eventually."

There is a one time membership fee of \$10.00 you will never be asked for any more donations. For your membership fee you receive:

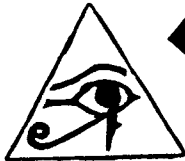
1. Lifetime membership in the congregation
2. A free "Rock & Roll-ism" t-shirt
3. Last but not least, guaranteed no fault eternal salvation

The following things are considered sinful:

- Taking the Orb's name in vain
- Sniveling
- Not getting enough sex
- Listening to "Muzak"
- All violations of the "Golden rule"

All members are encouraged to believe any thing they want, however the "Golden Rule" is strictly enforced. Anyone caught violating the rule will be shot with a rubber tipped dart gun by a duly authorized svat team member. Jack says, "This Rock rolls and upon this Rock I will build my Curch."

CREDO QUIA ABSURDUM



**A Memo  
Designed to Cheer Up  
the Human Race**

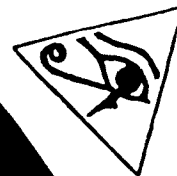


**EVERY MAN AND EVERY WOMAN IS A STAR**  
**THERE IS A GENETIC CASTE WIRED FOR THE ROLE OF EVOLUTIONARY AGENT: ONE WHO FORESEES AND HELPS FABRICATE THE FUTURE. TO SURVIVE THE AGENT MUST USE THE TERM FOR DNA CURRENTLY ACCEPTABLE TO THE NATIVES. JTC**

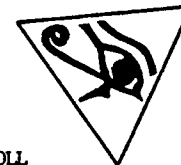
*The male-female magnetism was used as a yoga by the troubadours.*



*If the world seems to be getting nastier, your stupidity is increasing.*



**GO ORBICAL**  
**IMPOSE YOUR SINGULARITY ON THE GALACTIC PLANE, KID!**



**UNIVERSE**  
 Portrays Your Nuclear-Quantum Intelligence  
 Fabricating the Galaxy

THE FIRST ORBICAL CHURCH OF ROCK 'N ROLL  
 P.O. BOX 02084 CLEVELAND, OH 44102  
 Make all money orders (no checks or cash, please) to Jack Cavanagh  
 \$10.00 per shirt 100% cotton pre-shrunk  
 5-color high quality screen print on our standard Orb Purple "T"  
 Small, Medium, Large, X-Large  
 The orb delivers within a 50-mile radius for an order of ten or more.  
 Anyone else will have the standard 3-4 week wait.

Remember: CLOSED MINDS ARE BEST BLOWN OPEN!! Order now and avoid the Holiday rush.

Yes, I want to help turn Orbital Eccentricity into Orbital Synchronicity

Enclosed is \$ \_\_\_\_\_ in money order for a total of \_\_\_\_\_

ORB T-Shirts.

No.	Size	No.	Size
_____	Small	_____	Large
_____	Medium	_____	X-Large

**DON'T TEAR UP YOUR COPY OF CHANGING TIMES - THAT'S NOT ORBICAL. XEROX THIS AD AND DISTRIBUTE THE COPIES!!!**

**Beethoven said "Anyone who understands my music will never be unhappy again." The mystic cannot communicate, but the artist can.**