

Crying in the Night

by
Sampson & Andre
C.1997

Purple leaves blow past my window.
Deep in thought, I'm lost in those spaces.
Hazy visions of time gone by keep drifting
through my mind.
With gentle tones you sang my praises, in
the days when you were my hero.
Then silver strains of our lullaby twisted into
spite.

Now I'm crying in the night.

I never knew why your feelings changed.
As a child I couldn't understand.
There were so many joys that we could have
shared.

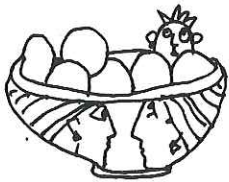
Now you're not here.
You can't come back.

As the years are gradually passing, love has
healed my heartache and sorrow.
But when I hear our silver lullaby as darkness
turns to light, I'll be crying in the night.

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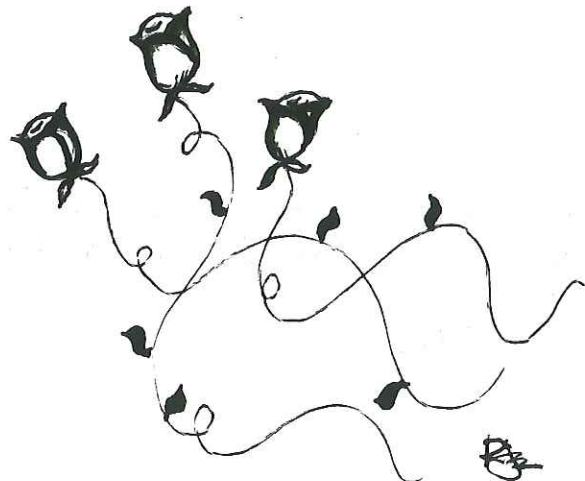
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A Fragment

by
Peter Turland

Does your minds eye
See my minds eye
This endless hall of mirrored minds.

Blundering bipeds
Out to fill the universe
With lifes sweet blossom



◆ Human Rights Alert

Wei Jingsheng is the father of the Chinese democracy movement. Except for a brief period in 1993 and 1994 he has been in jail since 1979. He has been denied needed medical care and recently has been beaten in his cell. He has done nothing to deserve this mistreatment, and is way worth rescuing, a global symbol of the indomitable human spirit. Take your stand with him and dare to speak up to the Chinese government as he did: Let Wei Jinsheng go! Write to:



Premier of the People's Republic of China
Li Peng Zongli
Guowuyuan
9 Xihuangchenggenbeijie
Beijingshi 100032
People's Republic of China

The Cognitive Panorama - Times, Spaces, Voices, Values in Shared Perspective

by Heiner Benking <benking@faw.uni-ulm.de>

The Panorama is a shared multi-dimensional conceptual structure in Cyberspace. By mapping concepts in context with common frames in reference, we counteract Cyberculture's anticipated impact from 1) open-ended universality, 2) loss of meaning, and 3) loss of context in this "Second Flood" (Levy, 1996).

The design is based on thematic landscapes or scaffoldings which reflect deep structured orders which can be explored with different "lenses". The resulting spacially structured common searchable global index applies to any language or domain and can be seen as a switchboard or transformer which evolves over time. Multiple representations can coexist with resonances between them. We can combine the bird's eye and worm's eye view to give a bigger picture, allowing us to see and share, to create together, and to be more humble, the more we gaze and learn to talk about how little we know.

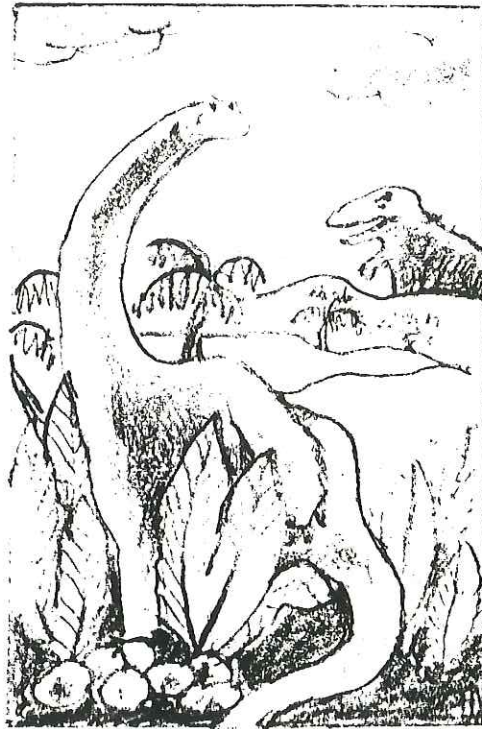
nest with her long tail. Then she left them there all by themselves to be warmed by the sun and hatched three full moons later. She knew that they would be safe from everything except The Terrible Tyrannosaurus for these were very, very tough shelled eggs.

Sure enough The Terrible Tyrannosaurus did come out to the wilderness the very next day and he looked and looked for the nest that he was certain must be nearby. But Mrs. Brontosaur had known very well how to hide her nest full of eggs from him. He spent one whole day looking for those eggs, almost stepping on them once. Finally The Terrible Tyrannosaurus had to give up his search. "When they are ready to hatch I will find them, he growled, "They will do a lot of pushing and pulling and wiggling and wriggling to get out of their shells and then I will surely see them and have a wonderful feast of Mrs. Brontosaur's children".

Mrs. Brontosaur spent the next three months without a care in the world. Every day she went to picnics or tea parties and every night to concerts, plays or best of all to dances. She felt sure now that The Terrible Tyrannosaurus would never find where she had hidden her nest.

Finally the night of the third full moon came and she couldn't resist going out to watch her babies as they hatched. She knew they would be fine strong youngsters with quite enough sense to run for cover just as soon as they were out of the shell and up on their little legs. As she watched them she counted, "one, two, three, four, five, six....." "What in the world has happened to little number seven?" she

wondered. She poked her nose down close to the last egg. Something inside was pushing and pulling and wiggling and wriggling with all its might but it wasn't yet strong enough to break through that very, very tough shell.



Drawing by Eleanor Ohman

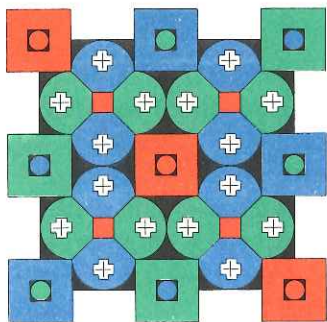
Just then Mrs. Brontosaur heard a roar. The Terrible Tyrannosaurus was just the other side of the nearest hill. Any second now he might burst over the top, see the last egg and gobble it up right in front of its mother. Mrs. Brontosaur, a quick thinker, immediately stuffed the whole egg in her mouth. It was such a very large egg that there was just room for it in her mouth. As she turned to face The Terrible Tyrannosaurus the tip of her tail quickly swept sand over the nest of broken egg shells.

"Hmph!" growled he suspiciously. "What are you doing out here in the wilderness all by yourself?" Mrs.

Brontosaur couldn't say a word because her mouth was completely filled with the seventh egg. She just gave him a scathing look which told him without words that she knew he was searching for her brood of little ones. Then, ignoring him, she headed back for town. As she left him standing there, The Terrible Tyrannosaurus let out such a roar of frustration that it made Mrs. Brontosaur jump and nearly swallow the egg.

In the meantime inside the egg the baby was beginning to break through the shell. Mrs. Brontosaur needed to set it down right away. Fortunately The Terrible Tyrannosaurus thought that since Mrs. Brontosaur was heading toward town, the nest really must be much farther out in the wilderness. As soon as he was out of sight over the next hill she set the egg down and just as she did out came the last baby. It was the most beautiful baby she had ever seen but it didn't look much like a little Brontosaur. Instead of a hard leathery skin it was covered all over with soft yellow down; instead of front legs it had wings; instead of a head with teeth it had a pointed beak; instead of a long tail it had a short one. Mrs. Brontosaur knew this baby was something completely new and different but try as she might she couldn't think what to call it. Can you guess what it was? No? I'll tell you.

The very last one, the seventh of Mrs. Brontosaur's eggs hatched not a baby Brontosaur but the very first baby Chicken. It was, indeed, a huge baby Chicken, but in that land of long ago many of the living creatures were much, much larger than they are today.



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A word from the Editor

The joy of being an adult is being able to eat your ice cream before your dinner; going to bed at the hour you pick!!

Has the adult population of the United States turned two before our very eyes? I would hope not, then why such a fuss on what we read and what we write? As adults we know what's right and what is wrong, but boy do we forget when its convenient or necessary.

We scream morals, morals, but what sells on TV and the big screen: Violence. We cannot get enough of it. The bestsellers are about violence. We love to see and read about violence.

O.K. Los Angeles lets stop screaming morals and write about something other than violence. Unless you want to be on a turnip truck forever.

*Sappy Reading,
Your Editor*
Patricia Rowuin



President's Report

Visit us at <http://intermix.org>, where our InterMix Community Software for the Web is on debut. We'll stir the mix and learn where we agree and disagree. There will be cash prizes for winning entries. Nothing big -- maybe twenty dollars for the most valuable message each month, and ten dollar beauty prizes for the most interesting and controversial messages, but we can't miss having some fun, so don't be shy. A special "Roll your Own" section let's you set up your own discussion group - the more trivial, the better.

On the serious side, we will be discussing such major world topics as: Economy/Ecology, the Web, Religious Affairs, Art, Human Consciousness, NonViolence, NGO's, and InterMix itself. We hope to sponsor a green/libertarian dialogue because we see these two trends as fruitful opposites, with the Greens wanting to rein in and control the global plunge while the Libertarians are

insisting on letting the flow take us where it will. Non-violence is the ingredient that makes the mix work.

Our first priority is getting InterMix 1.0 out the door. By November we should have the beta available for download and in January we go gold. Version 1.0 will be very competitive Bulletin Board Software for the web, and it will be free (donation requested).

By the first quarter of 1998 we will be setting up our **Sharing L.A.** hub and our **L.A. Women's Voice** hub. Sharing L.A. will be a neighborhood by neighborhood online community for L.A. County. Women's Voice should redress the expected male predominance on the other hubs. A "hub", btw, is easily moved from one computer to another. If you would like to have a hub of your own, please write to rogereaton@earthlink.net. We can get you started, gratis, and later on you can move the hub to your own site.

Our big problem is controlling the uncontrollable internet, where censorship is very much a nono. We want to involve kids in the discussion groups, so just how are we going to suffer the inevitable XXX topic? Join in to see your host, that's me, booting and encrypting those interesting messages. I have a plan.

Read on and learn which came first, the chicken or the egg. Hear me, if you have ears: we are that egg, but keep it quiet! There are tyrannosaurs in the neighborhood.

--Roger Eaton, President, Collective Communication, Inc.

The Seventh Egg

by Dorothy Eaton

Once upon a time in the land of long ago a mother Brontosaurus felt that it was time to prepare a nest for her babies. Out she went into the wilderness to find just the right spot. She had not gone very far when she said, "There it is, the perfect spot. I will make my nest here". So she dug a hole with her front feet and then smoothed it nicely with the tip of her tail. "Good", said Mrs. Brontosaurus as she laid seven lovely leathery eggs in it. "Now I will cover my seven large eggs with some sand so that The Terrible Tyrannosaurus will have no idea where my nest is". So she carefully swept some sand over the

continued on page 2