

**Stream of
Consciousness
Travel Information
from the Source.....**

Welcome to Costa Rica - open eyed tourists ride buses not rental car nightmare isolation thicker than dollars see the country standing up in an isle diesel fume breaths of choking proportions and see the unglorified reality international tourism created feel the have have not eyes burn the back of your head Spanish speaking adventurer Ticos priced out of their own beaches covered in trash like the road side Latin culture forced backward thank the Catholic church for legalized prostitution and birth control available only with consent of father or spouse until A.I.D.S. to late to pray smoldering volcanos pay no mind tropical mountains see patterns beef production and dwindling farming move to the city and cash in sixth grade education sophistication bright eyes reflecting discotheque salsa and the victims line increases this can be seen at home escape to the pacific coast lush humidity monkey walk iguana green scaly palm tree shade white hot sand piled drained coconut shells of all varieties including lodging operated by foreign interests rates low in cot comfort for twenty one dollars a night don't forget to extract local blood for eighty cents a day just to keep the cinder block construction going going up to the north coast looking for people for people finding only exploitation heavy machismo and coca-cola everywhere and some more understanding of the way things are world weary and looking for a way home eco tourism lies...

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**Audubon's
Travel Ethic**

Whether you're taking a cruise in the Caribbean or touring the tropical forests of South America, you should remember to tread lightly on the Earth. Audubon takes this ethic seriously and has established a set of guidelines for all Audubon-sponsored trips. Audubon encourages all organizations and individuals to practice these suggestions.

The following is an abbreviated version of the Audubon Travel Ethic, which is copyrighted by Audubon. For a more detailed version and permission to reprint, contact Travel Programs, National Audubon Society, 700 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003.

- 1 Wildlife and wildlife habitat must not be disturbed.
- 2 Audubon tourism to natural areas will be sustainable.
- 3 Waste disposal must have neither environmental nor aesthetic impacts.
- 4 The experience a tourist gains in traveling with Audubon must enrich his or her appreciation of nature, conservation, and the environment.
- 5 Audubon tours must strengthen the conservation effort and enhance the natural integrity of places visited.
- 6 Traffic in products that threaten wildlife and plant populations must not occur.
- 7 The sensibilities of other cultures must be respected.

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This month's memo is a timely warning about the intrusion of "virtual reality" into our air space, and comes to us from Max, who you might know from the band at the Peak Restaurant.

Max joined the Peak Pit Orchestra by accident (our favorite method), after he showed up on a Mandatory Jam night at the Peak and was kidded into playing the McMahon kid's coronet (after passing on the Monarch accordion, Ernie Makepeace's alto sax, and the obligatory guitar). He started Basin Street Blues. Ernie's eyebrows lifted and he bruised a finger getting his clarinet out. After that, Max smiled at Deke on traps and Dolly's nephew, Jamahl, with his hand drums, and kicked off Caravan. Ernie jumped on the melody line in unison, and Deke gleefully nudged the rythm along with his cowbell (the use of which is restricted by house rules). Marian got the changes straight the first time through, and comped beautifully behind Ernie's solo, then Max's, and wisely got out of the way while Deke and Jamahl and a dozen or so locals did the Varied Implements Percussion Solo, which can be really interesting around either Solstice. Anyway, all hands made a final run at the melody and the tune ended with mutual applause and laughter, and Max being introduced around.

Max flies out every three or four weeks to do marketing workshops. He started a long time ago, forcing himself to use up his G.I. Bill on a hunch. He says he couldn't really get back into "the world" after his hitch in the service, and found himself seeing much of life as a cartoon. As it turns out, somewhat graphic caricatures of the elements in almost any situation are quite effective as perceptual tools, and to Max, it's second nature. He says the marketing degrees are just window dressing.

In the band, Max not only plays real sweet, but he has a knack for finding the skeletons of the greatest little horn parts and turning goofing amateurs into real horn sections for minutes on end. He claims that it's all part of the sound track for the cartoons he sees so much of the time, but it sounds like good jazz.

What Max fears is that the detachment that the cartoon perspective allows carries over to the music and interferes with the direct experience. I told him that there's no way it's hurtin' him when he's got a horn in his hand, but he senses a growing cultural phenomenon: media referring to itself.

The extreme is the popular affection for computer-created "virtual reality", and the possibility of wireheads wasting their leisure away without ever exposing themselves to the natural world. But Max believes that those who have all their mundane chores done for them, or spend a lot of time in TV land, or identify closely with professional sport teams (the Cubs being a possible exception) are doing something similar, and it worries him.

So, take heed from our gifted cultural barometer, folks: as Max would say, find a groove and put your face in it. La Vista.