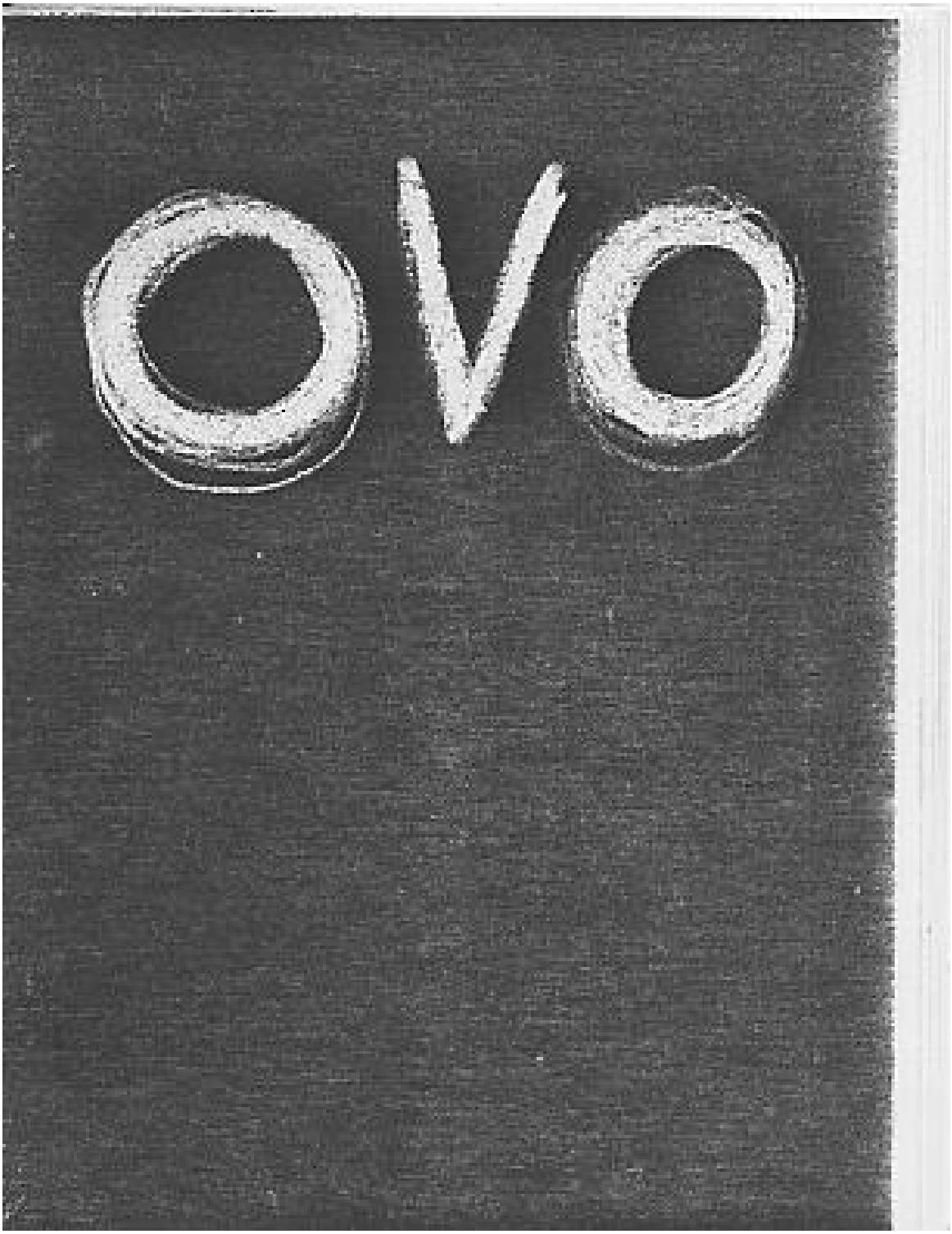

ovo0301

OVO 3

November 1987. 24 pages. 4.25 inches by 3.6 inches. Black and white photocopy inside envelope with stencil and stamp exterior and page from first edition of “Queer” by W. S. Burroughs (also with stencil art).

“At every turn in its thought, society will find us waiting.”

Publisher/Editor: Trevor Blake

About OVO

OVO is a magazine published on an irregular basis introducing new works to the public domain. Issues are available in electronic form free of charge, printed editions at a nominal fee. Complete information on subscriptions, back issues, limited editions, errata, books and more is available on the Internet or by sending a send a self-addressed stamped envelope. See below for address.

Inquiries

Send a self-addressed stamped envelope for contributor's guidelines. Unsolicited manuscripts not accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope will not be returned. Unsolicited manuscripts addressed to OVO will be considered submissions for publication unless expressly stated otherwise. Publication in OVO does not necessarily constitute an endorsement by Trevor Blake or other contributors; the opinions expressed by contributors are those of the contributors alone. All inquiries should be sent to OVO at address listed below. No one besides editor and publisher Trevor Blake speaks on behalf of OVO.

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1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
31 May 2004

A STATEMENT REGARDING OVO

1. Title comes from a word I saw in a magazine. Since publication of the first issue I have learned it means "egg" in Esperanto.

2. Originally created to distribute my creations and draw attention to other people's projects.

3. All material appearing in OVO is free information; that is, no copyright is allowed. Reprinting, new distribution, and alterations to OVO is permitted and encouraged, with or without credit given at your discretion.

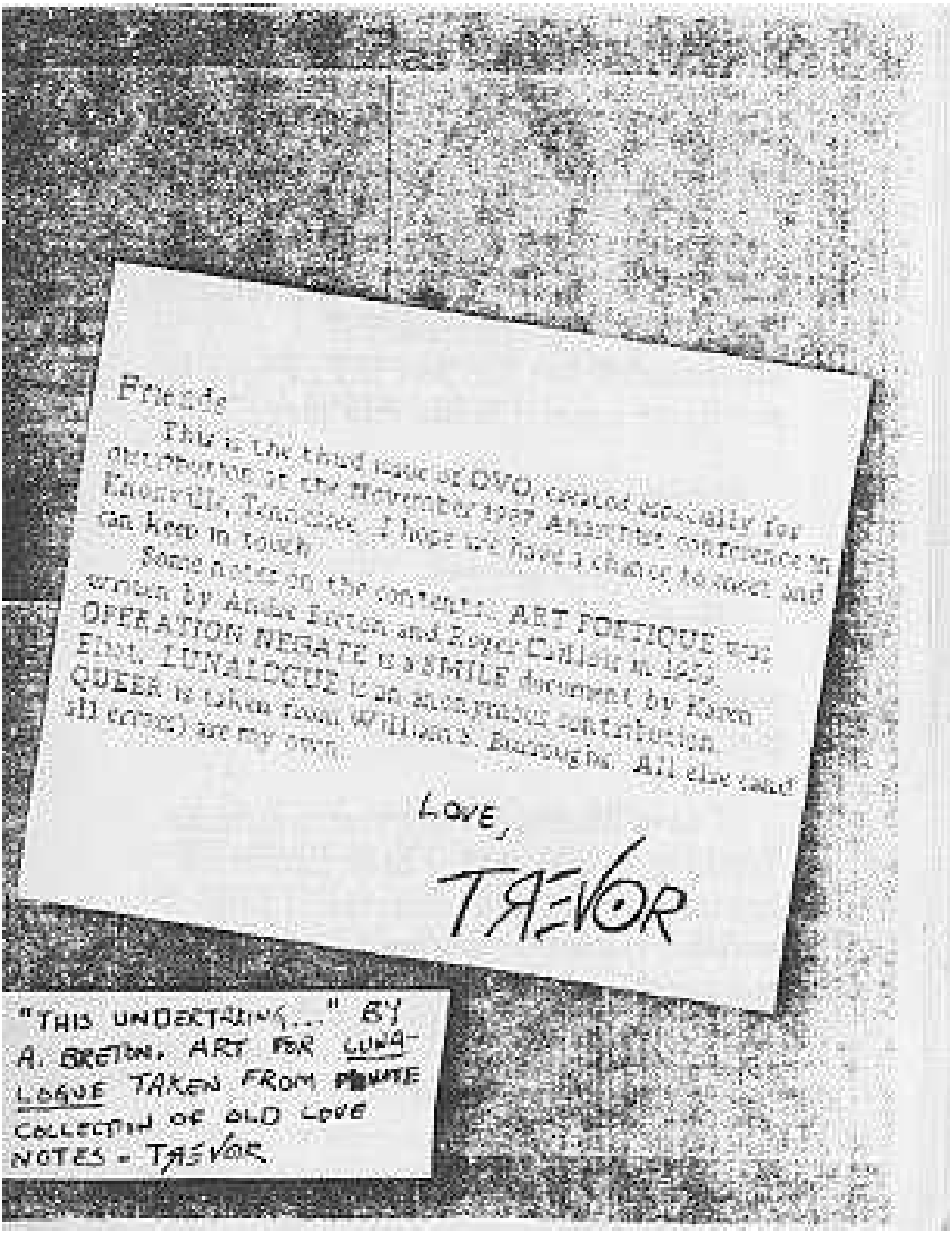
4. There is no schedule for publication. New issues are created when I have the material and the time and the money and the desire to create one. There will be at least one issue each year the project continues.

5. Do not review or advertise OVO. I do not care to have fans nor people who write once whom I cannot entertain enough to write again. If you know someone who would enjoy OVO please put us directly in contact, or simply copy it.

6. OVO is always free to prisoners of the state or mental hospitals. Groups, individuals, or publications also dedicated to liberation (of any and all types) may publish reviews of or advertisements of OVO. The difference is that prisoners are less likely to hear about OVO though the grapevine.

7. OVO is potentially available for cash or money order or in exchange for your project.

8. Future issues of OVO will be on audio and video cassette as well as conventional print.



Friends

This is the third issue of OVO, created especially for distribution at the November 1987 Anarchist conference in Knoxville, Tennessee. I hope we have a chance to meet and can keep in touch.

Some notes on the contents: ART POETIQUE was written by Andre Breton and Roger Caillois in 1953. OPERATION NEGATE is a SMILE document by Karen Eliot. LUNALOGUE is an anonymous contribution. QUEER is taken from William S. Burroughs. All else (and all errors) are my own.

LOVE,

TREVOR

"THIS UNDERTAKING..." BY A. BRETON. ART FOR LUNALOGUE TAKEN FROM PRIVATE COLLECTION OF OLD LOVE NOTES - TREVOR

ovo0303

ART POETIQUE

The Egyptian spirit enumerates its uncommitted sins before Osiris in order to prove that it deserves eternal blessedness, but the poet has no need to exculpate himself before any judge.

I

I have dazzled even prigs and unbelievers without abusing the marvels inherent in my art.

II

I have scorned metre, rhyme; I have polished words. 'Music be gone!' A plague on discourse!

III

I have discarded clarity as worthless. Working in darkness, I have discovered lightning. I have disconcerted. I have sounded the mute, confronted monsters and miracles, burned everything that exasperates the impoverished and the good soul.

IV

Man's dreams, his deliriums, have reached their culmination in my poems. It has not been for me to make them state their names. proteiform, they have several directions. I have respected their disorder. I have given free course to their flight. My words testify to their perpetual metamorphosis.

V

I have exalted the feelings that one tests blindly and would destroy in the desire to identify. Thanks to me everyone now opens his eyes to them. He experiences them in a new intimacy. His soul is more at ease when that which he had held too tightly escapes him.

VI

I have not untested those who acquiesce in the desires of the masses or the powerful. I have established for myself my rules, my principles and my tastes, and I have overstated their difference, comparing myself in this to great poets and, through them, to all men. I have thought there was neither a better nor a more expedient way to point out my sincerity and my final dependence.

VII

I have proposed to be inimitable. I have demonstrated my mastery; I have not hidden my boldness. I have rejected the commonly accepted disciplines. I have invented others for my own use. If anyone can imitate me (in being inimitable) it is simply my reward.

VIII

I have never had the burden of proof. Poetry in not a business. impatience and pride guard its cradle. I have avoided platitudes and obviousness. One forces locks, not images. I never have needed to proclaim myself magus and prophet.

IX

I never have feigned the indifference, the good sense and the wisdom of nations. I have noted with satisfaction that my transports have seperated me from the flock of Panurge.

X

Work? Pain? Unknown. I have recalled that for water it was an easy, unquestionable path from rain to the spring. I have presented myself as a spring, producing pure water naturally. Verses rushed forth from the very first

XI

With every word, my verses remind one that they are a negation of prose. (It is as oracle that I speak.) Each vain effort to reduce their enigma, to avoid their trap, demands a new reading. One cannot penetrate their secret. In wanting it so desperately one renders their beauty all the more unfathomable.

XII

Poetry escapes the banality, the sevility and the futility of prose, that which is unapprehensible. I have held all the dramas of love in a soap bubble. My verses immediately astound. Everything about them distinguishes them from ordinary language, and the spirit marvels that the ambiguous word, the long and uneasy syllable, leads it, trembling, into the woods.

XIV

I have seen neither majesty in a king nor ministry in a priest. I have attracted attention to the mockery of the sceptre, the slime of the sandal. I have attacked things broadside.

XV

I have not observed the same disrespect in the workshop of the artisan. But I have praised neither his labors nor his works. I have picked up a wood shaving to praise the curve, the colour and the quality. Dialectic calls for such priorities.

XVI

Imagination is neither right nor wrong. One does not invent in a void. I have resorted to chance and to magic potions. I have disdained reason and experience. I have changed, if only to have solicited from them their commanding way, the meanings of words. Words leave me, nevertheless, richer than they found me. They have enhanced my powers by confrontations which are retained in the mind.

XVII

I have been rash enough to boast of my audacity and to recommend it as a principle. My imprudences have always been happy. I admit it with pride. I have relied, above all, on the gifts of fate, always challenging them to accentuate

the power of my imagination and the generosity of my heart. I have accepted them with pride, rejoicing once more that they should be mine.

XVIII

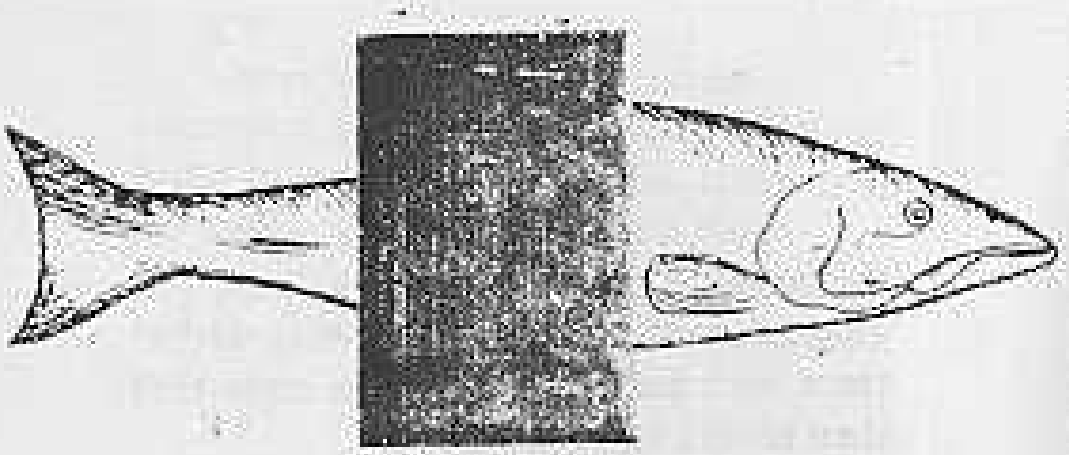
I have expressed that which was considered, before me, to be inexpressible.

XIX

I have divulged that which was reputed to be unknowable. I have revered the least fashionable science, knowing the impossible, every complex thing that a person considers from birth to death. But, meeting it in my verses one is struck by evidence that unchains in him the laughter of ecstasy.

XX

I have a pure heart. I have scandalized all the imbeciles, except those who sleep the sleep of the just.



XXI

Those who like my verses should say them when they are alone and their door opens in the night. Those who like my verses, and who love, no longer have any need of saying them.

XXII

I have given to each truth its veil.

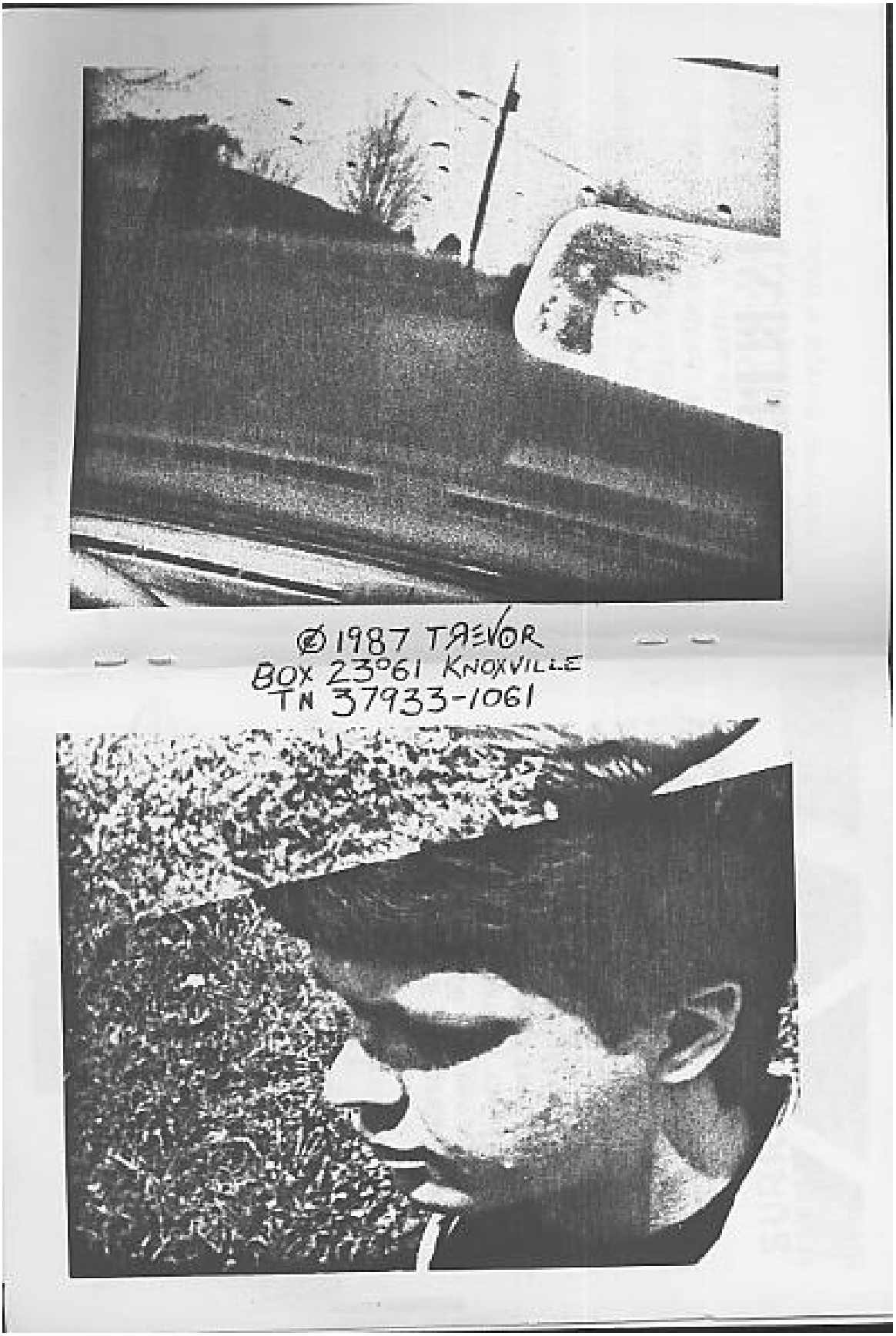
XXIII

This path has freely chosen me. The idea of success or failure is at the end of my foot.

SURREAL IS ME

MORE ABOUT OVO:

1. OVO BOOK ONE is now available for the equivalent of $2.00 Digest size, 24 pages, enclosure. Reprints the majority of number one and number two, includes new material. Recommended.
2. There are quite a few OVO documents and images on disk for the Commodore 64, 64C, and 128. There are also several projects underway in this medium involving sound and animation. Write for details.



ovo0312

William S. Burroughs Its publication now, at thirty years—decades that painfully circular seduction has remained in what *Queer* itself reveals eerily factual and objective monologues whose display of candor.

"routines"—brilliant yet clownish comic through the corrupt related in an manner, a pall of international fame—the implication amount near-total obscurity to a self-revelation on its protagonist, punctuated by spectacularly

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

Operation Negation

From 1990 until an undetermined point thereafter there will be an employment of the negation of all forms of work (and play). This will be called The Artists Strike (1990 - ?) Those participating will refuse to produce and/or consume artworks, creative acts, and political or philosophical activisms. We aim to undermine existing western philosophical norms and ultimately push for the radical transformation of society.

By the refusal of creativity for the years following 1990, there will be a collapse in the capitalist system. Art galleries will close. Museums and cultural institutions will suffer monetary loss. As the art world suffers everywhere, the inertia will collect on other elements of capitalism creating the desired push through, beyond the understood concepts of civilization.

Capitalism places an economic value on everything, including the mind. It makes a commodity of the conscious reasoning and understanding society has shaped and mutated to call its own, then calls it "art." This exploitation is an integral part of the bourgeois capitalist formula for popularizing its banal ideologies.

Imagination, the tool of the acculturated mind, is no more authentic than its product. Only the mind that conceives can be designated authentic. Society has capitalized on the dull products of the imagination and through it has created the illusory reality. In order to destroy society as it exists, we must destroy the imagination. We can have no reform, for reform merely rearranged appearances. Nothing changes.

Society creates a split of the established modes of reality and then offers the ameliorative. The ameliorative can never be achieved since the entire affair exists in the imagination of a split mind. Moreover, the established modes of reality are created by capitalist ideologies and philosophies which are the primary agents of repression.

Fear of cultural death commits society to an unavoidable mass suicide. It limits primary processes (that distinguish the individual) to strategems of unquestioned truth. The reality consensus governs circumstantial reponse and thinking towards a detestable redundancy, yet dissents to its own plagiarism. Individuality within society is a delusion. Truth repudiates society as society negates truth. Differentiation of the personality succeeds cultural death, the relation of cause and effect being inversely proportional.

Capitalist social relationships make desire the mechanism through which a nonexistant future prevails over the now. It denies the present and focuses on the future. Whatever one is, is incomplete and temporary, for only the future is significant. Society markets destiny as a pursuit-to-become something, a means of being: without destiny one doesn't exist.

Acting on can mutate or create new data. Interacting with creates only the event of interaction. After the event, all is as it was. Nothing changes.

TRUTH IS THE ILLUSORY TOOL OF THE SPECTACLE -- NEGATE TRUTH

ABOLISH PLEASURE -- REFUSE CREATIVITY -- SMASH THE IMAGINATION -- DESIRE IN RUINS -- THE PRESENT IS ABSOLUTE -- **EVERYTHING NOW!**

Write here for Inland Postage only
Inverness Jan 21st/1904
Mr John Murdock
Dear Friend
Just a few lines
to let you know
we are in the land
of the living but a
long ways from home
THE ADDRESS
STRATHROY
FE 8
04
ONT.
Kinshiels

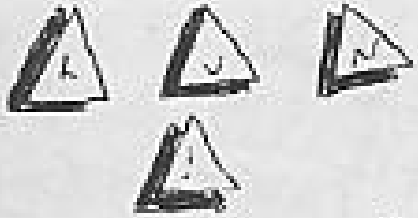
ovo0318

LUNALOGUE

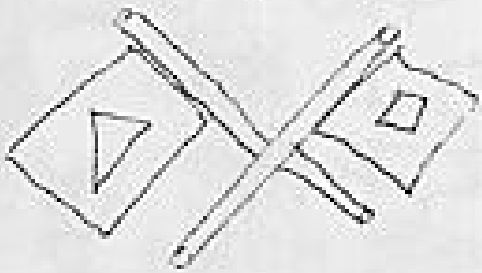
by Cunnichant Night Owl

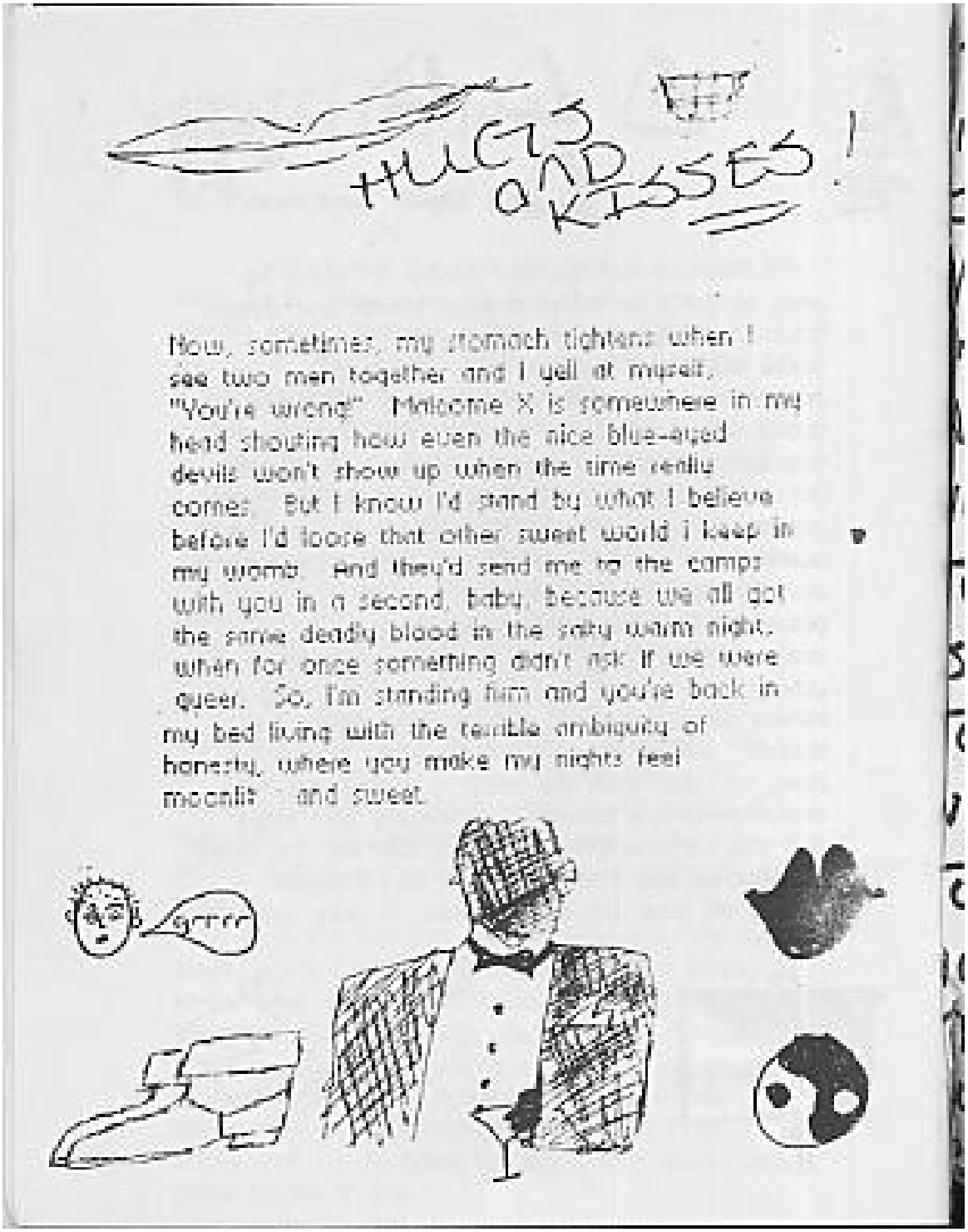
You're not the first fag that ever spent the night here. How else do you think I got this deadly poison blood? Fags' queers' lipstick on my collar, my creamy thighs, my lacy panties from late night diva queens in the park. Some sweet boy I thought was called "Diel" French for sky like his eyes, but it was C. L. for cock lick. I ain't no fag hag or missionary trying to show you how good a real woman can be. I'm some sort of ink blot, magic talking mirror. "Hey hon, it's not your're fault you were born. You can stay here, relax. Nice nail polish. Nice jacket. Nice song. Oh, is that really what happened when your daddy found out? Did it hurt?" Bushes of tears, outstretched arms in the dark, sobbing passion with fags, dykes, breeders, like up between my legs is the mother nature of some other planet where whips aren't erotic and the night is only moonlit and sweet. Like my womb is that proverb one we're all trying to get back to.

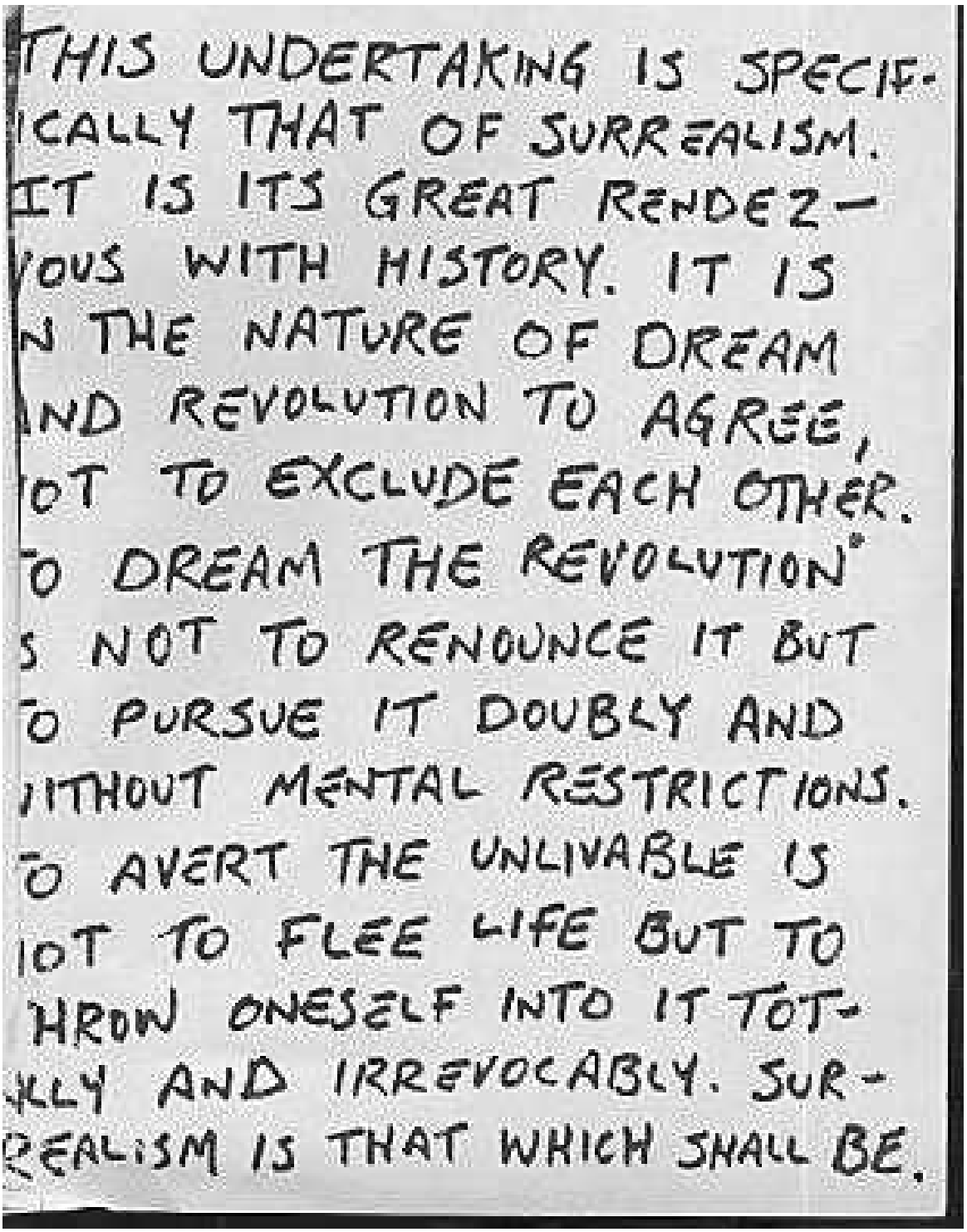
Hey, I'm not just feeding my ego. I'm not even saying I could pull off the role. I barely knew what it was until I woke up with bruises and nausea, smelling like Jack Daniels, looking at some puppy dog face that said I was supposed to fix things. I just really believe in all that corney shit about peace and harmony. I didn't know y'all would want to find it in a warm safe place hidden in me.



You are not the first faggot to wake up next to me. He takes a deep breath and throws back his gorgeous lion mane and says maybe we're too queer for the rags. Because somewhere safe and warm beyond the anger is a world where what we do does not reassure the oppressors that they are the 'natural' ones and our white skin does not buy us money to spend on companies that keep the darkies down. And somewhere on the streets of Southern California it ain't like that at all. We want to do right in a place where queers are the ones going to concentration camps and breeders are sending us, where women are raped and men are raping us. Where whips are sexy and at night doors are locked. Where you left me to write poems for a man, to relax with the belief that men are men and women are women. Ambiguity gets more and more irritable when you can see the death of yourself and your planet so god damned clearly on your TV, in the smog, in your heart.




HUGS AND KISSES!
Now, sometimes, my stomach tightens when I see two men together and I yell at myself, "You're wrong!" Malcome X is somewhere in my head shouting how even the nice blue-eyed devils won't show up when the time really comes. But I know I'd stand by what I believe before I'd loose that other sweet world I keep in my womb. And they'd send me to the camps with you in a second, baby, because we all got the same deadly blood in the salty warm night, when for once something didn't ask if we were queer. So, I'm standing firm and you're back in my bed living with the terrible ambiguity of honesty, where you make my nights feel moonlit and sweet.
grrrr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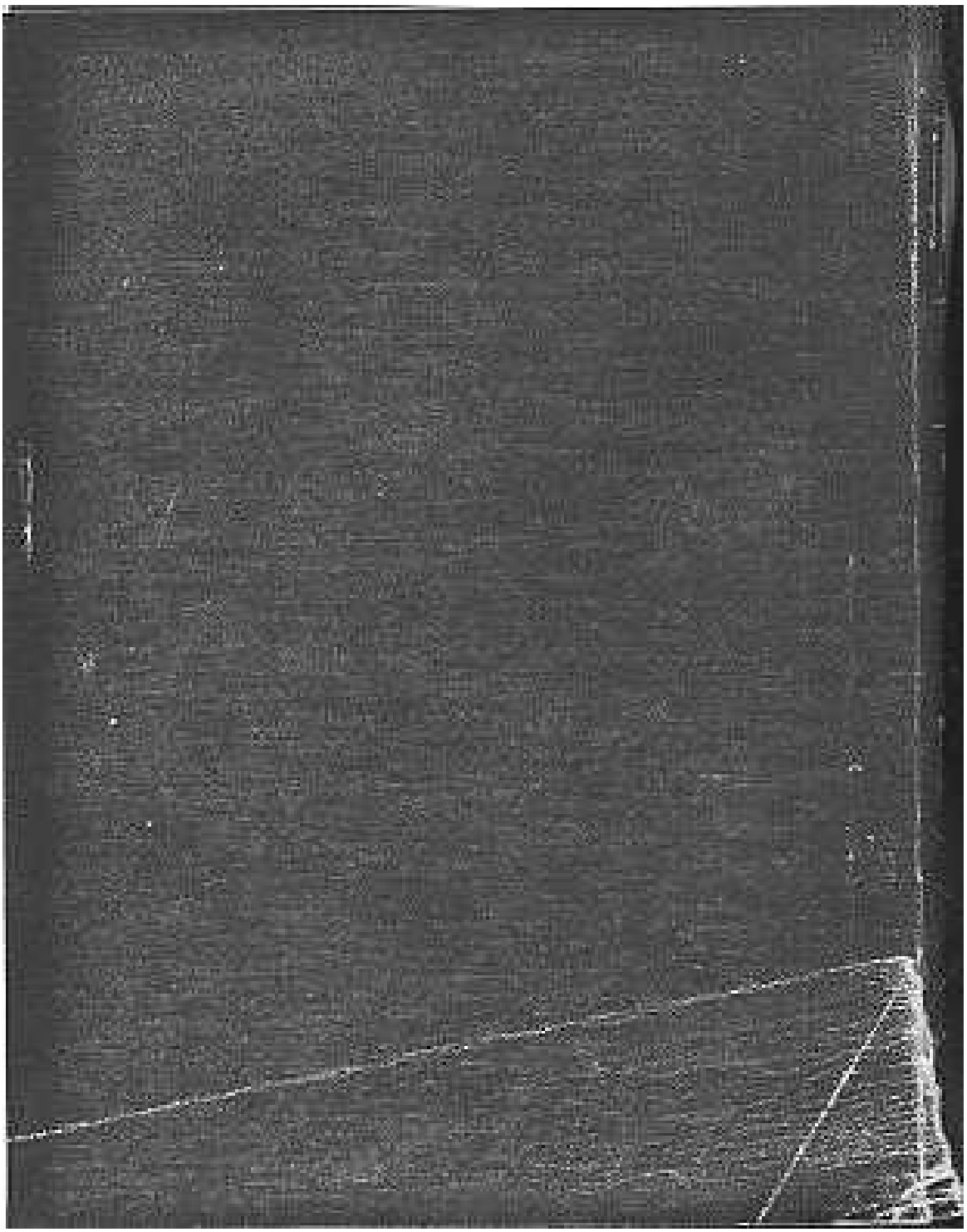

ovo0323

Lunalogue

Cunnichant Night Owl

You're not the first fag to spend the night here. How else do you think I got this deadly poison blood? Fags, queers lipstick on my collar, my creamy thighs, my lacy panties from late night drag queens in the park. Some sweet boy thought I was called “Ciel,” French for sky like his eyes, but it was “C. L.” for cock lick. I ain't no fag hag or missionary trying to show you how good a real woman can be. I'm some sort of ink blot, magic talking mirror. “Hey hon, it's not your fault you were born. You can stay here, relax. Nice nail polish. Nice jacket. Nice song. Oh, is that what happened when your daddy found out? Did it hurt?” Rushes of tears, outstretched arms in the dark, sobbing passion with fags, dykes, breeders, like up between my legs is the mother nature of some other planet where whips aren't erotic and the night is only moonlit and sweet. Like my womb is the proverbial one we're all trying to get back to.

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Annotations

OVO 3 was first published in 1987. The information on page two is accurate but it is unlikely that any of the addresses seen elsewhere in this issue are still valid.

ovo0301 – Cover. Scratched photocopy.

ovo0302 – Statement. First mention of OVO in electronic form.

ovo0303 – Introduction. This issue was made for distribution at an anarchist event in Knoxville, Tennessee in 1987. My goal was to introduce surrealism to anarchists.

ovo0304 through ovo0310 – Art Poetique. Andre Breton and Roger Callois. One of my favorite surrealist poems.

ovo0311 – More About OVO. Text files for Commodore computers announced. Among them was *A Call to Heresy*, a collection of contradictions and absurdities from the Christian Bible. *Heresy* was placed on a local BBS. In the decade that followed, *Heresy* appeared on a disk distributed by Palm Computers, on many Web pages, inspired the name of an Internet domain in Hong Kong, and spawned at least one Web page countering it. For many years it was the best resource of its kind online, and is still being distributed hundreds of times every year. I don't think I ever distributed any music on Commodore disk or tape, but my simple animation work on the Amiga was used on two videotapes; *Arise!* by the SubGenius Foundation (later distributed by Blockbuster Video) and *The Popular Reality Videotape*.

ovo0312 – Collage. I was around 21 in these photographs. Nearly all of the hundreds of cassette letters I recorded were made while driving, and the photograph was made while recording. The bifurcation in the lower photograph was an interesting accident achieved by being an unskilled photographer with a low quality disk camera. This was not a digital camera that used a disk, but a cheap camera that used a now obsolete format of film that was disk shaped.

ovo0313 – Cut-up text from *Queer* by William S. Burroughs. This issue of OVO was distributed in a sealed envelope with a spray paint stencil cover and a page from a first edition copy of *Queer* that was also decorated with a spray paint stencil.

ovo0314 through ovo0317 – Operation Negation by Karen Elliot. Although I received this text and Give Up Art, Save the Starving by Karen Elliot (also printed in OVO) at different times and in different states, years later I learned they were both by a particular Karen Elliot that was a friend of a friend. Neoism, the Art Strike and mail art were described by Stewart Home four years later in his book *The Assault on Culture*.

ovo0318 – Collage.

ovo0319 through ovo0321 – Lunalogue by Cunnichant Night Owl. Drawings by a high school friend. I first heard of what would be known as AIDS in 1981, when Judith Hooper wrote an article in OMNI about a mysterious 'decreased resistance' to disease among gay men. In 1987, when OVO 3 was published, I did not know anyone like the people described in this story. I published it because I could tell Cunnichant Night Owl was describing something important. She disappeared from my mailbox soon after. Who she was, how she found me, why she wrote me and what happened to her are all mysteries.

ovo0322 – text by Andre Breton.

ovo0323 – Back cover.