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OVO 5



- First Edition. 300 numbered copies. November 1988. 56 pages. 8.5 inches by 5.5 inches. B&W photocopy all editions.
- Second edition. 20 numbered copies. March 1989. 56 pages. 8.5 inches by 5.5 inches. New introduction.
- Third / Grey Area edition. 200 numbered copies. May 1989. 56 pages. 8.5 inches by 6 inches. New introduction.

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

Publisher/Editor: Trevor Blake

About OVO

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31 May 2004

A STATEMENT REGARDING OVO
as of October 1988

While I was gathering the information that would go into the first issue of my magazine I saw the word Ovo in a magazine on a bookstore shelf. I decided to use that because I liked the sound of it. Since then I have found out that in some languages ovo means egg. To distinguish my OVO from any other project with that name it is always written in capital letters. OVO is a continuation of a project that began in 1979.

OVO exists to explore the possibilities of free information, to provide a forum for my work, and to draw attention to other people's projects.

Reproduction, translation, adaptation and alteration of OVO is premitted and encouraged, with or without crediting the source or contacting OVO. Each issue of OVO is designed to be colored, cut, folded, or somehow manipulated into a new object.

There is no schedule for publication. New issues will be released as there is a proper amount of money, time and information to publish. There will be at least one issue each year this project continues. OVO is always free to prisoners of the state or psychiatric hospitals. OVO is sometimes available in exchange for other projects, cash, postal money orders, unused postage stamps or IRCs.

OVO NUMBER FIVE

This is the last issue of OVO that will attempt to explain the entire project. Future issues will not include the Statement, instructions on ovoglyph or other basic elements of OVO. That information will be available in pamphlets in file folders. As new information is released it can be added to the folder. For a current copy of the OVO file send a large self addressed stamped envelope or IRCs.

Please read the description of OVO issue number seven. If you can make any suggestions or contributions along these lines please do. Between now and its publication in October of 1989 there will be a smaller issue available only in Knoxville.

Much thanks and love to those who have helped me with this issue. Your correspondance, phone calls and company has helped me survive very dark times.

CR

TRAEVOR

INTRODUCTION TO THE GREY AREA EDITION OF
OVO NUMBER FIVE -- MAY 1989

This magazine was first printed in November of 1988 in an edition of 300 copies. Once all of those had been mailed away, a second edition of 20 copies (with a few small changes) was printed in March of 1989. This edition has been produced by GREY AREA and is being printed from the master sheets.

The original format for OVO was to reprint everything each time, correcting mistakes and adding new material until it became a book-sized explanation of everything that is OVO. For economic reasons this idea was abandoned in favor of printing new material each time and making certain basic concepts of OVO (such as the statement and ovoglyph) available in separate flyers and booklets, mailed in a loose folder to which future OVO publications can be added. This new format will begin with issue number seven.

Please look over the description of OVO number seven in this issue. Any contributions you could make along these lines would be appreciated. As of this writing there are over 50 pages collected.

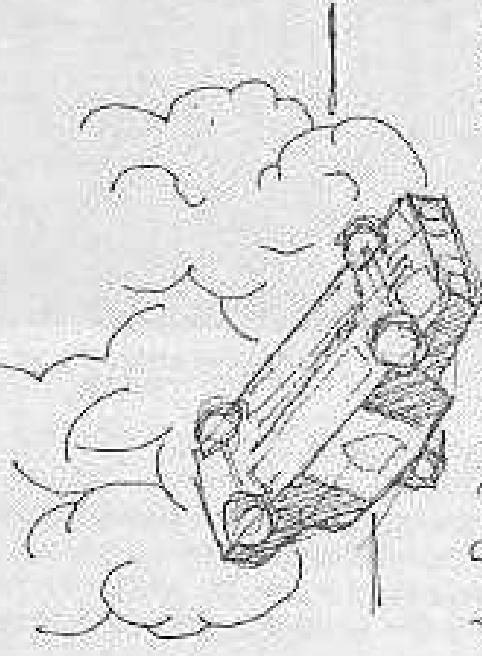
Thanks to GREY AREA for printing this UK edition of OVO. For additional copies of OVO and for their publications, write them at Box X Rainbow Centre, 180 Mansfield Road, Nottingham England. For correspondence with myself write Box 23061, Knoxville Tennessee, 37933-1061 USA.

TREVOR

CR

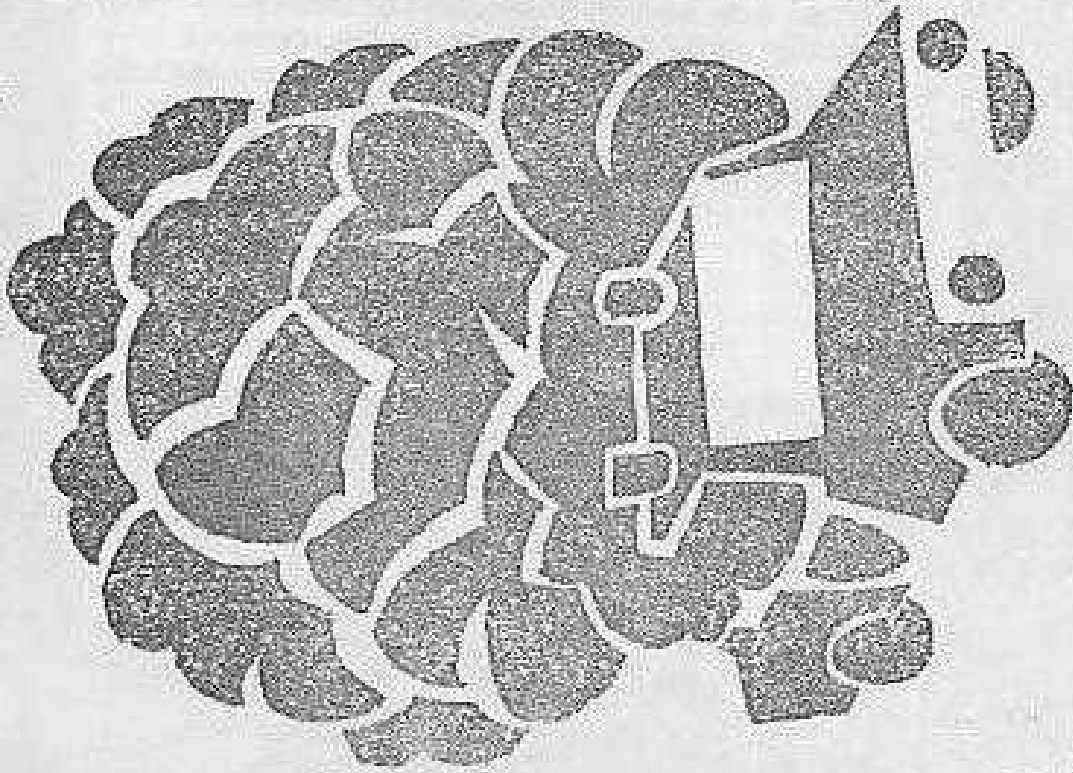
a stencil to enlarge and elaborate
OVO Box 23061 Knoxville Tennessee
37933-1061 USA

NOTHING DRAWS A CROWD
LIKE



A BURNING POLICE CAR

early sketch



ovo0504

TORONTO

Trevor Blake

I left Knoxville very early Friday morning on 1 July, 1988, to go to Toronto for the anarchist conference I had been reading about for the past few months. I'd never been out of the country before and had never attended a large anarchist gathering. That, combined with the fact that I'd have a chance to meet some people I'd become friends with through the mail for the first time made the whole trip quite exciting. I also wanted to make some new friends to lessen the loneliness I'd been feeling for the past year.

I slept most of the way to Pittsburg, the only stop between Knoxville and Toronto. The second leg of the journey was a little more tense, because instead of heeding the advice of the "survival gathering" organizers and mailing my literature ahead early I had it in my pack with me. There was a chance I'd be turned away at customs but all they did was ask how long I was staying and why I was there (four days and to visit friends, respectively... only the former turned out to be a lie).

By 11:00 I had arrived in Toronto. The cool breeze and 70 degree weather were a welcome change from the hellish climate of home. I waited for a long time at the wrong bus stop to catch a ride downtown, then moved on to the right stop. When I got to the correct station I saw a man with a violet mohawk talking to another man with long hair. I guessed they were there for the gathering. I was too shy to just go up and ask them so I pulled the flyer for the gathering out and read it in such a way that they were sure to see it. They did and soon I met Tom and Joey. Joey used to live in Tennessee as I do although I cannot remember where. We had also been on the same plane from Pittsburg but hadn't made contact. We made plans to get together at the end of the conference to catch the same return flight.

We rode the bus to a hotel within walking distance of the Church Street Community Center (or Centre, as our neighbors to the North say). There isn't much of a public transportation system in Knoxville so this was something of a treat for me and gave me a good view of the city. There was politically oriented graffiti and wall murals all over the place, another difference between there and home.

Once we reached the hotel we got out, oriented ourselves with the map we had, and started walking. That walk was a lot like Dorothy's trip to Oz: every few blocks we would meet someone that either Joey or Tom knew or who asked us if we were there for the conference. By the time we got to the Community Center there were ten or so of us, including Naomi (who I spoke to every now and then over the whole weekend).

It was easy to tell when we had reached our destination even without the map from the number of punks hanging out in front. The only sign on the outside I saw said that members of the media, police, and RCP were not welcome and would be escorted out if they came in. There was also a restriction on tape recorders and cameras, which I found unfortunate but understandable.

There wasn't much along the lines of registration for the event. There was an optional mailing list and a box for donations but that was all. A man named Ken asked everyone from out of town if they had a place to stay and when I said I didn't he got one for me and a map on how to get there.

I didn't want to go to any workshops for a while, just walk around and get familiar with the building and the people who were there. Now I wish I'd gone to one or two, like People of Color, Anarchism and Military Strategy, Anarchism and Christianity, Symbolism and Propaganda, AIDS, Technology, Security... of course there wouldn't have been time to go to all of these so I'm looking forward to reading what happened. There were also films and videotapes shown in the basement that I missed entirely.

I wandered around for hours, meeting up with old friends from Raleigh and Atlanta and making a couple of new acquaintances (though not nearly enough – I was somewhat ill at ease around so many people I didn't know at that point and didn't do the socialization I should have). The cool weather made it easy to just lie on the grass in back of the Center and watch the fountain, the sky, the people. There was a lot of body art there: tattoos, pierced noses and ears, and hair in every color (green seems to be in this year).

By 4:00 I was ready to go to a workshop. Among lots of choices (including Youth Liberation & Resistance to Psychiatry) I picked Atheist vs. Spiritualist Perspectives. The local anarchist group, The Alternative, had a discussion on this that I missed so I wanted to catch this one.

The person who was to have facilitated this discussion wasn't there so a man named Robyn did. He decided to just open the talk up and let us all decide where it went rather than making a presentation.

The atheists were able to express their ideas and views better than the non-a's, although they spoke much less. They were decidedly the minority there. Atheism was defined as being against the impulse to believe in the transcendent. An important point that one of the atheists (I think) brought up when having a dialogue with a pagan who spoke of nature and natural religions was that the idea of "nature" was ethnocentric, not universal. Ben from San Francisco said non-a's "keep combating that god thing that's nipping at their heels... it's your shadow, man, it's your shadow. In the evening that shadow is long and scary but at noon it's okay. Just watch out for the burn, man, that's all I've got to say."

The non-a's had a hard time presenting their perspective. Most who tried ended up saying they had experiences that made their faith real to them and that was enough. There were pagans, agnostics, magickians (always adamant about that extra K), undecided, and even some christians. Some non-a's brought out that there are belief systems that do not have authorities at the top, that instead focus on the potential abilities of humans and ways of interacting with other life, which I was glad to have out. Some non-a's, however, did belong to authoritarian religions, which I found out of place at an anarchist gathering. One pagan addressed the atheists this way: "It's REAL but you don't know *it* and until you know *it* you cannot question *it*" ("it" being his experiences with the unseen). Spirituality was defined as the leap beyond what you are, not necessarily an encounter with higher forces but also the intuitive leap or sudden

revelation. When a christian (I think) said that we were all too smart to pray to the thunder god, Keith of S.F. said no, he was smart enough to pray to the thunder god.

I didn't say anything.

Some issues that weren't addressed or developed to my satisfaction were: are morals and religion always together? is authority an inherent part of religion? why are some religions accepted in the alternative community and others not? what proof is there for a pagan tradition? And one final note... too many non-a's were apologetic about their beliefs.

Afterwards I talked briefly to Ben and Keith and a few others who had made an impression on me. Then I lay out in the shade behind the Center, talking some but mostly listening and watching people. The fountain was turned on so people were playing in it. I wondered if this was that the sixties were like. Also, sometime during this period I met Mike of Rensselaer for the first time after being correspondents for around six years.

I met up with Susan, Art, Mike, Laura, and others of the Raleigh/Atlanta bunch. We had a small private exhibition of physical skills, including face making and limb distortion. Soon we were shooed away from the closing Center and towards the banquet.

The banquet was held a few miles away but Toronto is so flat and the weather was so nice no one minded walking. There seemed to be even more people at the banquet than at the conference. I didn't want to wait in line until they started giving out food so I sat and watched two Philadelphians, Paradox and Pitter Patter, play with the children from the houses around the banquet hall. But when I saw someone walk by with a plate FULL of great looking food I hopped in line with everyone else. Laura was there, so we talked for a while. The line never really seemed to move and we were both getting very hungry, so she went inside to change and found a friend who could guide us to a restaurant. Eventually everyone got a full plate at the banquet so it would have been worth the wait. But we were impatient.

Her friend gave us a walking tour of Toronto, all the way to what he said was one of the city's five chinatowns. This was the first time I'd ever been in a chinese restaurant catering mostly to chinese so I was glad to have him there to read the menu and help us order and not commit social gaffes.

When we got back to the banquet there were still a lot of people waiting. At this point it was dark and I was eager to find someone who was staying at the same place I was to walk there with. I didn't know who to ask. When I asked Keith if he knew anyone going to the warehouse he yelled the same question out for me to the crowd. That got a group of us together. A couple of cop cars came screaming in at that point but not for us. We heard there was a fight nearby.

We walked and walked and walked the whole length of the city (or at least the length of the map) to get to the warehouse. Most of the people there were from Philly, so I got to meet a lot of people who already knew each other. The warehouse is the workshop for a theatrical company and housed giant props all over, including giant heads and banners and a

collin, making it quite a dream-like place to sleep. But sleep was hard to come by that night from the lights, the talking, and, later, the snoring.

On Sunday I slept right through a healing ceremony, Revolutionary Anarchist Socialism, Pagan Spirituality, Relating, and Activism & Art. By the time I got to the Center I had decided to go to Loving Alternatives over Subversive Arts and Squalling.

The talk was facilitated by people from a support group for polyidelious lovers. They talked about how they found each other and decided to go against the norm by having more than two people in an intimate relationship. They discovered it can indeed work, but others who spoke said that when they tried to do the same thing it ended in disaster.

From this the talk changed focus to the relation between love and sex. Some felt that love had to be a part of sex, some felt that the two should be kept apart or that they were not always bound together. I think love without sex was taken for granted as an accepted and good thing. We also talked about the definition of sex. We knew it was more than penetration, more than an orgasm, but as to what it was we weren't sure.

A fellow named Jeff turned the talk to loneliness for a while. I knew that if someone brought this up I'd lose control and start crying but I wanted to be there anyway. So when it happened I let go and didn't quit crying for a couple hours. Later I thanked Jeff for being brave enough to bring it out before the group.

I was too upset to go to the next set of talks so I missed a talk on the upcoming Atlanta democratic convention, disability rights, and dumpster diving. I just wandered around, not sure if I wanted to be alone or with someone.

When I was more calm I opted for the Prisons and Prisoners meeting over Radio and Strategies of Anarchism. This was a talk I'd been looking forward to and I got a lot out of it. The greatest asset to the group was that there were men there who had been to prison and survived who could give us a view of prisons we'd never had. A person asked them what was the most help that someone outside could give to those inside and the answer came quite easily for them all: do *anything* to lessen the psychological isolation, especially visits and phone calls but also letters. Write letters without expecting a reply, as most prisoners cannot always afford to write back. Be careful not to talk about your freedom to those who have had it taken away, as it leads to depression. Let them know they are not forgotten.

Because the group started small we began by introducing ourselves. There were ABC members from all over the US and Canada, which I found to be inspirational. Here we all were together, making plans for how to bring down the walls.

Some other important ideas: Prisons aren't for prisoners. Prisons, like the death penalty, are to keep EVERYBODY in line. Beware of "the trojan horse of violence," about associating violence with prisoners, because that's what the state does. If you should find yourself inside, think of beautiful things like the sunset rather than dwelling on your environment. A trick to get magazines in is to copy-reduce them and write a letter on the

back (this makes them look like scrap pages). Another trick is to make a rubber stamp of a book store to put on envelopes to make them appear to have been mailed from their place of purchase, a requirement for most prisoners to get books.

There was some talk of how an anarchist society would work with anti-social people but nothing was resolved. Most agreed that the best idea was to abolish the prisons, set up anarchy, THEN worry about it.

Everyone there had so much to say we agreed to continue the talk the next day in the park where the DOA discussion was to be held.

I got to meet my pen-pal Christy for the first time at this talk. We never got a chance to talk as much as I wanted but she promised she'd come visit some day.

From there I went with Art of Raleigh and some others to a Jamaican (I think) restaurant across town. They had goat rotis (a roti is kind of like a burrito) but I'd decided to not eat meat for the duration of the conference so I had one with spinach and chick peas instead. Very good. Then I wandered about until it was time to see the shows. I first went to the Silver Dollar where MDC were playing but because I didn't have the punk uniform I didn't feel like I'd be accepted there. Also, this was not an all-age show and I didn't want to go if everyone else couldn't. Instead I went to the Siboney and sat outside talking for a while. I missed the first band, Imagine, which everyone said was very good, but I went in for the Layabouts. No one asked for cash at the door so I just walked to the dance floor. I listened on the side for a while, then joined in the dancing. I noticed more and more people had their shirts off so after I had lost myself in the dancing anyway I joined them. There were so many of us and it was so hot that we all slid around on each other from the sweat. I've never felt anything like that before or since... dozens of bodies all moving across one another, some smooth, some hairy, some hard, some soft. It was wonderful. By the end of the set I had a hard time focusing or breathing because of exhaustion but I couldn't leave: it felt so good. Finally we all hugged and kissed and walked out.

There was a cop van outside but as far as I know no arrests. Just them flexing their muscles and keeping tabs on us, I suppose. I walked back to the warehouse and fell asleep almost immediately.

By Sunday morning I had done as much walking around in the city that I felt confident enough to walk alone to Kensington park where there were to be two big meetings and lots of smaller ones.

I once again ran into the Raleigh crowd and joined them for breakfast at a donut shop. Then back to the park.

For a while I just walked around and talked to people, made some more friends, gave out my address to more and more people, and generally "networked". It was difficult to get information about what was going to happen that day and when, although there was a poster on a wall for notices. I just played it by ear like everyone else.

The first event that I participated in that day was the continuation of the Prisons and Prisoners talk from the day before. At last I got to hear a little bit about psychiatric prisons, something missing from the day before. I'd

long wanted to know what I could do to help those in mental hospitals but never had any contacts: now I do. Boog of Kansas also passed his sign up list around so that we could all contact each other later.

We had to move the talk to a more secluded area of the park due to the music/noise coming from a group of people near where we began speaking. After the talk I went back towards that end of the park and tried to find out what other discussions were to be held. Eventually I saw a large group gather under a tree: this turned out to be the planning meeting for next year's gathering. Some suggestion included a few days of gender-specific events (men-only and women-only) before the gathering, lengthening the duration of the gathering as long as possible, not any activities that weren't all-age, working with the community where it was to take place to let them know what to expect, a men-only event of some sort, and the possibility of holding at least part of the gathering away from the city in a wild environment like the Rainbows do. San Francisco became the host city and Philadelphia will host the planning meetings. Mike of Rensselaer said that there were some groups that didn't come to Toronto because they felt the planned day of action would detract from the conference and generally not be productive, and that those organizing the San Francisco gathering should consider making the DOA entirely separate from the gathering if one were to be held at all. It was also difficult to decide when to schedule the gathering so that the maximum number of people could attend... some time when vacation time was easy to get for those who work, yet when students were out of school. The last work I heard was mid or late June of 1989.

Then the discussion on Monday's DOA began. Until that morning there were three planned actions: a "lunch-in" at Yorkville (a former counter-culture spot; now a "playground for the rich"), a topless action by the women, and a demonstration at the Japanese consulate in support of Katsuhisa Omori (an anti-authoritarian prisoner on death row in Japan). But by that morning we had all heard at least second-hand stories about the downing of the Iranian air bus by a US gun ship. We were all so outraged by this that it was decided the three other actions would be put off and all our energy would be put towards a demonstration at the US embassy in Toronto.

I had vowed and repeated over and over during my time there that I would not do anything to place myself in jeopardy of getting arrested. Though it seems foolish now, my main reasons were I didn't want to have to change my airplane ticket and I didn't want to miss any days at work. The US action looked like one that would result in arrests, so I left that talk and walked around for a while. I met up with Ben and told him I was feeling antsy, that I wasn't used to staying in the same place all day. He told me to pretend I was in a lot of different places. So I began to pay more attention to the different areas of the park... the discussion in one area, the bands getting ready in another, the people playing frisbee over there, etc. I saw a Psychic Youth then but didn't talk to him, for no particular reason.

I ended up back at the DOA talk. The wind was up and with no walls to bounce the sound around most of what was being said was lost to me. Then I saw one of the only two crimes I witnessed the whole time I was up

there. A man said "wait a minute, this guy has a microphone" and pulled a mic out of another man's knapsack. Then some people surrounded him and pulled out his tapedeck and the tape in it. They pulled the tape out of the shell and broke it, all before he could explain that he was recording the bands and the environment and not the DOA discussion. His recorder was not even on at the time. **Anyone afraid of being recorded shouldn't hold meetings in public.** This was a case of paranoia having destructive instead of protective ends. I'd had a similar thing happen to me and seeing it happen to someone else made me want to leave. So I did.

By then I was feeling truly uneasy and so I took a long walk. When I came back the performances had begun. First came the poets and spoken-word pieces, then gradually the instruments took over. Two men played improvisational sax which inspired spastic dancing among the brave. An all-percussion band with a vocalist played and I liked them. When she invited the audience to join the band, the stage was instantly filled with people, more people than were sticks to hit things with. I wandered back to the discussion area and was ejected from a small group with no explanation. I took this as an indication it was time for me to leave so I went back to the warehouse.

There I met with some Philly's. We talked about education and its alternatives, then decided to head out for pizza. We wanted to go swimming but couldn't find a pool, so eating seemed the thing to do. At the pizza place we talked about technology and medicine and whether we could get any money back for returned bottles at the 7-11 around the corner. Afterwards we went back to the warehouse where I was going to go to sleep but Serendipity of Philly convinced me to go back to the park.

As we stepped into the park a bright flash went off, we assumed from a police camera somewhere. The final band was playing, one composed of people from the gathering. After they finished it was time for all of us to make reports on what had happened, good and bad, during the weekend. We all appreciated the work that the Toronto people had done for us and let them know it. When someone said that the permit for their being in the park ended soon one man said he was offended that the anarchists would get a permit for anything and left in a huff. Then those who had been to different workshops made presentations before the whole group about them, mostly very informally. I think most people were either going to write them up for *Mayday* or just blow it off entirely. At exactly midnight a ritual was held for a woman who had been arrested for allegedly jaywalking (I think) very early on in the conference. By then it was DEFINITELY time for sleep so we all shuffled back to our respective sleeping bags. Serendipity invited me to stay in her tent on the roof that night and I did. She and I talked about relationships and possessiveness until I fell asleep.

When I woke up on Monday morning it was from the heat inside the tent. Some time during the morning Serendipity had wisely moved outside into the shade of the tent. I walked outside and looked around at the city. I decided to go to the day of action anyway, despite what I'd been

thinking all the days before. I felt sickened by the murders of two days before and felt I needed to let the world know it. I also wanted to lend my support to the action of the gathering as a group effort.

I and the Philllys walked to Queen's Park, just up the street from the embassy. We heard that there were police barricades up in front of the embassy, cops everywhere, and red paint on the doors of the building. No one knew what was going to happen but we all knew it would begin at noon. Some people formed or gathered together their affinity groups (smart; wish I had), then at around a quarter till noon we set out.

Like ghosts rising out of a graveyard the cameramen appeared. They were everywhere, EVERYWHERE, taking pictures and videotape of EVERYONE and EVERYTHING. Some from far away, some right in my face. I wanted to smash them all.

We walked down the sidewalk amidst what I think was the business district of Toronto. Most people just stared, some laughed at us, but I heard two women say, "you know, we ought to join them." Many of us had bandannas or shawls on our faces, which I'd seen on TV in the mideast but never thought I'd be in the middle of some day. A couple punks had big yellow buckets to beat out a meter as we walked. They also beat it right in cops' faces, who couldn't leave their posts. There was a lot of chanting but I didn't do any. I was concerned that I might stop paying attention to where the cops were and how I could escape if I needed to if I joined the chanting. The big hits were "Who's the real terrorist? U-S-A!" and "No war! No KKK! No fascist USA!"

There were so many cops in front of the embassy. So very many cops. Cops on foot, cops on horses, women cops, black cops, cops looking scared, cops looking mad, cops and cops and cops. COPS! They had erected a metal gate in front of the embassy, then another between the sidewalk and the street so we were forced into a funnel-shaped trough. At the small end the mounted cops had made their horses shit so we had to walk through it.

The walk to the embassy had the purpose of letting the city see us and getting us there. Once we were there we could shout at the building. But once we had walked past it? I didn't know what was going to happen. We went on for about a block then some people crossed the street to a boulevard in the middle of the road. When the light changed the mounted cops charged and pushed us out of the road, splitting the group in two. The first group waited for us, and when the light changed again we joined them in the boulevard. A statue dedicated to the victories of the Empire in South Africa was there. All of a sudden some people came out with a US flag, doused it in something and set it ablaze. Then came what I thought was a nazi flag but what I was told later was canadian. Finally up went the black flag as well. This made the environment a little more festive; when some folks began yelling "into the streets!" I was thinking about joining them.

Instead the group moved down the street, seemingly aimlessly, then ALL OF A SUDDEN we started running, running through parking lots and across streets and between buildings and over construction sites, everywhere, splitting into smaller and smaller groups but still kinda

together. I was a horse run over a woman (who was okay, fortunately). I ended up at an intersection, and saw that something was happening in the street between mounted cops and our people but I couldn't tell what. I got really scared but kept running around anyway.

Then at around 1:40 I ended up somewhere else. I don't remember where but it was like a courtyard in a mall. I saw a cop doing something to a woman in a crowd of our people. I ran forward to see and saw her being dragged away by one cop. A woman jumped and grabbed her to make it hard for the cop to pull her away, and that looked like a good idea. At that point I am alleged to have grabbed the cop's wrist to make him let go of her. He grabbed me, as did another cop, and they quickly had me down and away from the group. One cop had each wrist and the second fellow had a *tonfa* (the billyclub with a handle most cops use now) on my chest. The first cop shouted "You are under arrest! You are under arrest! Do you understand me?" I said I did and they stood me up. They bound my wrists in plastic cuffs. I saw that the woman he had been dragging off got away and I winked at her, and heard someone say "we're with you, brother!" Tim of Knoxville said he was there and we made eye contact but I don't remember that.

The two cops walked me over to a van and replaced their plastic cuffs with metal ones, took my picture, filled out a form. When I found out I was charged with assault of an officer and obstruction of justice I asked the first cop what I did. He said "you touched me, you fucking touched me." Then a man ran up across the street and asked who I was and who he should notify. I said I was Trevor and to tell Tim, not knowing he had seen it happen.

At the entrance to the jail there were two cops holding a drunk waiting to get in. When more and more sounds of unrest came over their walkie-talkies they let him go to go to the streets. They really got upset when it came over that a man was down, saying that they never should have let us gather at all, that it was a riot, that every man was needed on the scene. I asked the first cop (#2 had left) if he wanted to stand in the shade but he said no, he wanted to stand right there. Instead he moved so that I was still in the sun and he was in the shade, adding to the sunburn I got that day. Another one of us was brought up, who tried to talk to the cops until one of them said "I'm not interested in your politics so shut up."

Eventually they brought us into the building. All my stuff was taken away, I was asked a bunch of questions and asked to sign a bunch of forms. I got fingerprinted, videotaped, and photographed, then put into a holding cell with some people who had been there since the non-violent action of very early that morning, where the paint is said to have been tossed. Then I was taken upstairs to be fully charged.

Mostly I just sat and answered questions. One man filled out forms on me while another looked for my criminal record while Officer Peacocke (the first cop) wrote down the injuries he said I caused him. They wouldn't let me see that list, even when I asked. They also said I wouldn't get a copy of any of the stuff they wrote about me. This bothered me, because it was as if this were a performance that I wouldn't get credit for. I was told that an immigration officer wanted to talk to me, and so I and two of them

were put in a room where he asked me a bunch of questions. During this time and before they kept asking if I wanted to call the US consulate... even they say the irony in that.

Eventually I couldn't stand it any more and I asked what would happen to me. A man said that I would spend thirty days in jail, "but jail isn't all that bad." He took me back downstairs to the cell area and I was locked up.

The cell was small, not big enough to pace in. There was a sink and a toilet (but no paper), a metal shelf to serve as a bed, and outside a camera. The light was in all the time, so they could look in whenever they wanted. There were other people there from that morning and from the afternoon, and we talked as best as we could. The echoes made it hard for me to understand what was said beyond one cell away. I held hands with the man in the cell to the right of mine for a while, but the cameras made me feel like they would come and punish us for that. We'd count off every now and then to keep tabs on who was there and who wasn't.

After a while I tried to lie down, but by this time I think shock had set in and I began shivering. I'd dressed for the sun that day, in shorts and a tank-top, and although I'd had my jacket around my waist (for extra pockets) on the outside they didn't let me take it in the cell with me. They also took my shoes, but let me keep my keys, money, and papers. Another reason I think I was in shock was that twice I hallucinated. The first time was of lights in the night sky, like will'o'wisps. They were benevolent, so I imagined that they were somehow projections of the people outside who were looking after us as they had spiritually contacted the woman in jail the night before. Then a little while later a red and white image flashed on my eyes, blinding me to everything else for a couple seconds. After it left I somehow felt that the image was stuck to my face but I couldn't feel it. This was accompanied by a small imploding sound, like a bursting light bulb. I have no way of knowing when these images occurred.

One by one we were taken out to have our bail set. We go to sit in the hall together, so for a while we held hands and talked. Some had theirs reduced, some stayed at what it was set at at the arrest. Mine was \$200.00. Then right back to the cell.

After a while someone began banging on their shelf. Then another joined in. Soon all of us were making the best industrial musick I've ever heard, banging on the toilet for a big bass sound, the shelf for a snare, and one fellow rubbed coins around in the sink for a rasping noise. It went on for a while, but eventually a guard came and intimidated us into quitting. Later I heard that our people outside had been banging away on their own drums, so the people in the holding cage must have had it coming at them from both sides. Also at this time I talked with a drunk man who was in the cell to my left. Another drunk at the other end kept yelling at all of us so we couldn't speak any more.

Very late in the night (or so it seemed) the guards came for us one at a time and took us to our bail hearing. There, one at a time, we were bailed out with money donated by the gathering (thanks, everybody). Christy and SuperFred were there to explain what was happening which was good because the legal-language of the man conducting the hearing made no sense to me. The situation was that we were now free on bail

from the criminal charges against us BUT immigration had issued warrants for our arrests and as soon as we stepped out the door from the criminal hearing we'd be under arrest again for immigration charges.

Sure enough, right outside the door were cops who asked my name and told me to wait in line down the hall. A lawyer who had been helping us all along said that the immigration charges were a sham and that we shouldn't say anything at all to them when they quizzed us. I didn't, but having already spoken with one officer it didn't matter to me either way. This was the reasoning behind the immigration charges: we, who were from outside Canada, were in Toronto for the anarchist gathering. If we had said we were coming to Canada to participate in the anarchist conference at the border we would have been turned back. Therefore, we must have lied at the crossing, therefore we were in the country illegally.

My immigration charges were as follows: I was "described in paragraph 27(2)(a) in that if (I) were applying for entry, would not or might be granted entry by reason of (my) being a member of an inadmissible class as described in 19(1)(g); that is, persons who there are reasonable grounds to believe will engage in acts of violence that would or might endanger the lives or safety of persons in Canada or are members of an organization that is likely to engage in such acts of violence." Furthermore, I was said to have "look part in violent demonstrations which took place in downtown Toronto on Monday, 04 July 1988, in which members of the general public were injured, as well as several Metropolitan Toronto Police Officers who were attempting to prevent the participants from endangering public safety and Property."

After not talking to the immigration officer for a while I was taken back down to the cell, gathered up my shoes and things, and joined everybody else in a chain of handcuffs in a yellow police van. I kept looking out the window, hoping that somehow I'd spot one of our supporters outside, but didn't know what or who I was looking for.

They took us to the Don jail, named for the Don river nearby. That was truly frightening, because this was obviously a place where people are kept for long periods of time. We had to go through a series of gates to get in, first inside the van and then outside. We got out of the van and were put in two holding cells until they had processed us, getting fingerprints, photographs, and information ("Religion?" "SubGenius." "What the hell is that?" "The Church of the SubGenius: its a small cult out of Texas." "I'll just put cult"). They put us in the shower room for a while, then up an elevator to the cell blocks.

At this point we were split up and only one other of us was in the same block as I was. I was placed in a cell with a grumpy man who didn't speak to me. The silence and the bed (an actual bed) made it easy to fall asleep right away.

Tuesday the fifth I got up and met with one other man I knew in the block. We had breakfast, then were pulled out and rejoined with the others to go to court. Back into the cuffs and the "yellow submarine".

At the holding block for the court there were dozens of men pacing, sitting, talking, smoking, for all sorts of reasons and in all sorts of states. One man asked if I was a skin (my hair is rather short) and when I said no he said good. Later on, some people asked why we were there and we explained our charges and about the gathering. One guy who was listening was disgusted to learn we were anarchists and said "aw, man, the anarchists just want to have everybody running around killing each other, I'm a skinhead, I don't have to listen to this" and stomped across the cell. We laughed and noted that both the skins and the anarchists were in the same hole so maybe he shouldn't have been so eager to side against us.

All that happened when we went upstairs to the courtroom was our date for getting a date set for our trial was established. While this could have meant we were free to go, the immigration people decided we couldn't be trusted to return for our trial so they kept us in jail. It was very very uplifting to see SuperFred in the audience. I know there were more of us there but he was the only one I saw. And when we got back to the Don there was a man outside the holding bay for the yellow sub making an "A" with his fingers through the window to let us know they were watching us all the time. We all saw that and tried to wave but they shoed us in too quick.

At this point they wardens began to treat us like we'd be there a while. Our clothes were taken away and we were given prison clothes (all about twice too big for me). They also gave us the once over after they took our clothes but they didn't touch us.

We went up the elevator again but not to where we'd been the night before. This time they kept us in groups of six to a block of cells. We met more and more prisoners who had been there a while who were sympathetic to our actions and genuinely interested in anarchy. We told them what we knew and answered their questions. I met a former US army man who was friendly and told us interesting stories.

We were moved again to another block where we spent the rest of the day. At the door was a tall muscular man who pointed at us and said "yeah man, you're going in the shower with me!" The guard started yelling at him and said that the first report he got on him abusing us would land him in the hole, wherein the big man started yelling back and reaching through the bars at the guard. Not long after we got in we figured out that it was all a joke, just him and the guard playing around, but for a while it was pretty scary for we scrawny anarchists.

We spent the day sitting around, talking to each other and the other prisoners, not doing much. When they asked us why we were there we asked if they'd seen the news last night, wherein the big man burst out "you're they guys who beat up the cops, all right!" and we were heroes (not that we had really beat up the cops or anything). This block was almost exclusively for those held on immigration charges so most of the people were from the US.

It's hard to describe what a day in a cell block is like. I have a hard time relating what made some of it erdurable, some of it worse than heartbreak or hunger.

There was a side to being there that was deceptively easygoing. There was a radio, a punching bag, cable TV, a shower, toilets, collect-call telephones, chess, checkers, scrabble, bibles, magazines, a chin-up bar, and all the tobacco you wanted. But all these things were like toys in a kindergarten, designed to keep us busy and passive so we wouldn't notice we were being kept in a box like lab animals and make trouble. More than ever before it became obvious that television is an agent of mind control to make passivity and consumption the norm over freedom and creativity.

Not since high school had my movement been restricted, and this was even worse. It became difficult for me to not fetishize the bars, to want to touch them, test them, give them powers they didn't have. Beyond my cell bars there were block bars, then a wall with a tiny window. Out the window was a brick wall topped with coiled barbed wire, and above that a thin, thin line of blue sky. I wanted to go walk in the sun but couldn't. I wanted to be with my friends but couldn't. I wanted to go home but couldn't. All there was was all I saw, a fortified block of cells in an ugly building guarded by men who'd just as soon spit on me than look at me. No way out and nowhere to go.

At lunch we exchanged out chickens for the other prisoners' vegetables. They locked us in our cells while one or two prisoners cleaned up, then let us out again.

The constant blare of radio and TV got more irritating as the day passed on but once again there was nothing I could do to stop it or escape it.

That night I and another of us were put in a cell, which made me feel a little better than if they had split us up for the night. I relaxed enough to cry a little and talk to the man I was with about how being in had given me a new hunger for love and freedom. I wanted to sleep on the same bed and he said that'd be fine but we were afraid we'd be "caught" and abused so instead we hugged and slept apart.

That night I dreamed I was in prison. If you were a good prisoner in this dream prison (good defined as one who watched TV and smoked all the time) two guards took you outside by either arm and let you watch the sun rise.

Wednesday I was really feeling down. It seemed like I'd been there forever and there was no end to it in sight. I didn't get out of bed for a long time, and when I did the breakfast was gone. But a friend had saved me a bowl of cereal.

We went to the clinic that day. We peed on a stick, got weighed and measured, asked about addictions and allergies, and had a token physical examination. I also got a skin test for tetanus or something before I could say that I didn't want one. We also met a man from Nigeria who told us what it was like there.

Later on we had our immigration hearing. Beforehand we spoke to two women who told us a deal had been worked out with immigration. Immigration was not going to present any evidence against us, so there would be no real reason for the trial to continue, leaving us free to go.

However, we had to leave the country by midnight or face further charges. We agreed this was the way to go and so three at a time we sat in court while the lawyers and judges went through their rituals. Christy and another friend were there with us and it was good to see them again.

Suddenly, we were FREE. Outside were our friends who had been waiting for us, making sure we were okay. There was a lot of hugging and kissing and smiles. We went to another room in the same building to get a letter stating our immigration charges were dropped to take back to the Don in order to get our own clothes back. We loaded into a van (not the yellow sub this time) and off we went.

The ride to the Don was a blast. Here we were, a bunch of grinning idiot troublemakers, still wearing prison clothes, driving around downtown Toronto.

By the time we got to the Don we had decided that we wanted to keep the prison shirts, both as a trophy and because they were very comfortable. We took them off and left them outside when we went in. Although we had papers to prove we were free on bail from the criminal charges and that the immigration charges were dropped they kept us in a holding cell until I went out and got the shirts back. Oh well, maybe next time.

We got our things back and headed to a party that was being held in our honor. Thad of (?) organized us regarding who was riding with who across the border that night. The two lawyers who had helped us so much came and answered our questions on what had happened and what we might expect to happen in the future.

We had fun eating and talking and just being together, but as time went by I got more and more anxious to leave. I hated not being able to stay longer but I wanted to be as far away from jail as I could by midnight. So with a few (but not nearly enough) goodbyes I joined a car of friends and we took off for the land of the free.

We arrived at the border in plenty of time. We signed out at the crossing station and then entered New York. It didn't take long to find the house we'd be staying at that night. At first we were knocking on the wrong door so no one answered. We camped out on their yard until the owners came back and then went inside to fall dead asleep within minutes.

Thursday a whole bunch of people from Toronto were supposed to come down to continue yesterday's party and I was really hoping to get to see them. But foolishly I decided to go home. I didn't want to risk losing my job any more than I already had. So without even getting a chance to say bye to those who were here I took off and got home that evening. I know that's a lame ending for such an adventure but that's what really happened. Since then I've quit my job and had even more adventures in Atlanta and right at home. Someday when you come to visit I'll tell you all about it.



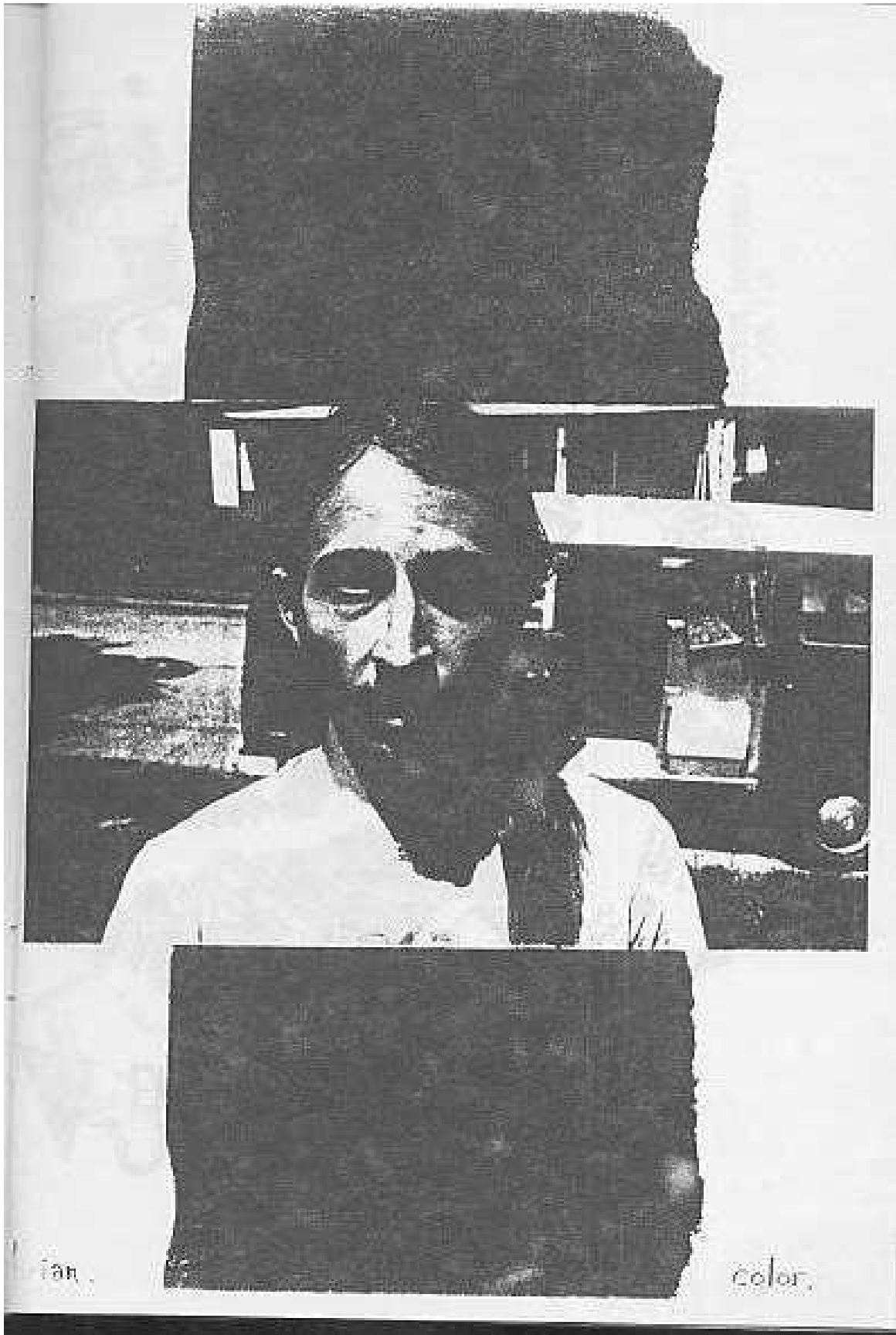
WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH THIS PAGE?

Revo Nadrealizem versus anarhizem

Med anarhizmom in nadrealizmom je nekaj podobnosti, zlasti želja po manj raztrgani s strani družbenih institucij in po večji osebnosti svobodi, ki jo dosežemo s spoštovanjem želja drugih. Občutek imam, da se ob primerjavi obeh verskih sistemov izkaže, da bo poč nadrealizem tisti, ki bo te cilje veliko prej dosegel.

Anarhisti domneajo, da bo nekoč v prihodnosti prišlo do vrste spontanosti revolucij pri vseh narodih, kjer vlada nasilje, tisti, ki so zatirani, bodo strnoglavlili zatiralce. Ko bo to storjeno, pravijo anarhisti, ljudstvo ne bo vzpostavljalo novega reda tiranije, temveč bo rajši začelo vladati samo sebi brez zastopniške vlade ali izvoljenih varuhov reda. Idealistični anarhisti zagotavljajo, da bo z visjimi kriteriji svobode in humanosti taka revolucija morda z malo ali nič prebte krvi, realistični anarhisti pritrjujejo, da se bo revolucija lahko pričela le z gverilskim bojevanjem, ne bo pa se tako tudi končala. Glede na to, da je zelo zelo malo anarhistov, ki so že pričeli zbirati orožje in se utri za gverilo, je največ anarhistov idealistične sorte. Medtem ko čakajo na revolucijo, je njihov potencial vedno manjši.

Nadrealizem ponuja anarhistični „porevolucionarni“ mentaliteti alternativo. Nadrealizem temelji na svoboden, osvobodjen je arhaičnih kodov o primernem seksualnem vedenju in svoboden v izpolnjevanju posameznikovih želja. Osvobodjen je nenamni religiozne dogme in svoboden v odkrivanju življenjskih skrivnosti na svoj način. Osvobodjen je izvoze nekoga drugega in svoboden v ustvarjanju lastnih norm. Nadrealisti se ne sprašujejo, kdaj bo prišlo do revolucije, temveč, zakaj čakati. Nadrealisti skušajo živeti življenje, ki je neodtujljivo z tili, kot so vojska, denar, policija in ostale družbene prisile, ki si jih ne morejo več niti predstavljati. Anarhisti bodo šele zrasti v nadrealiste.



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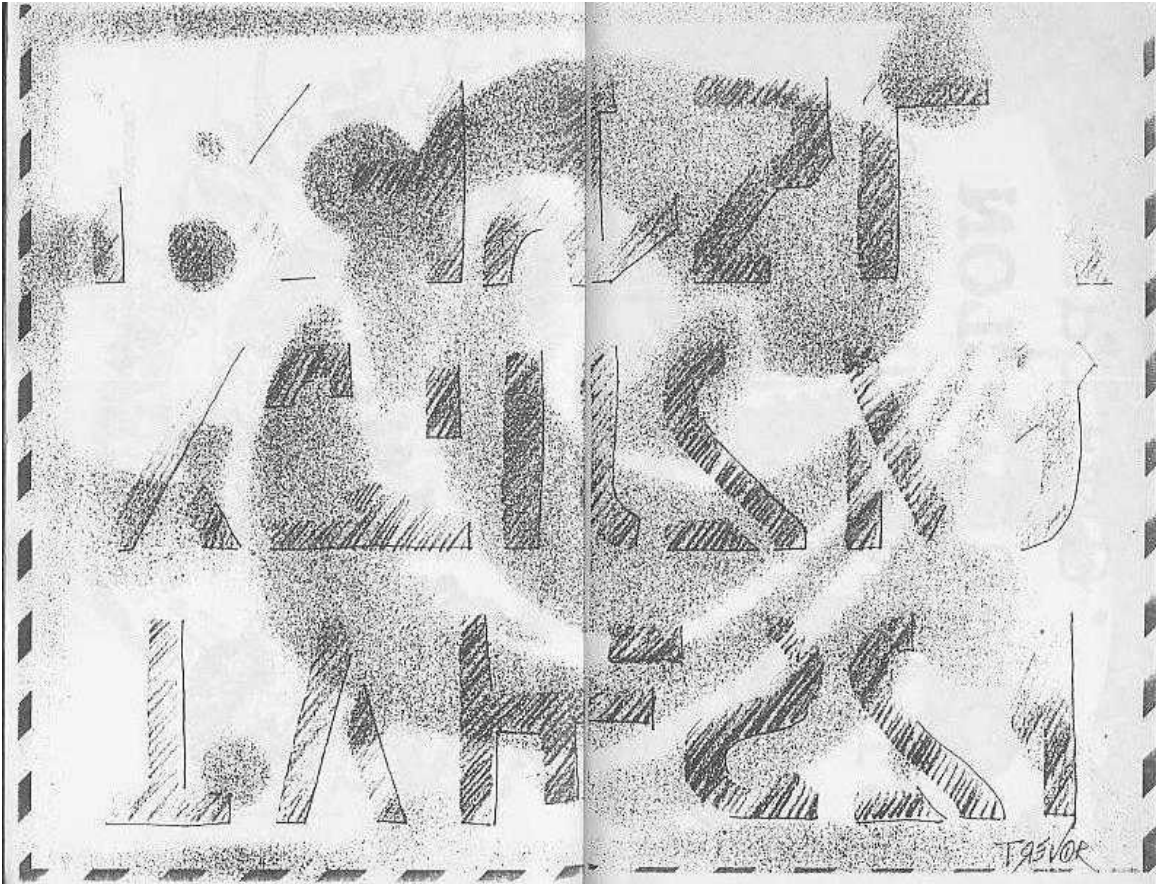


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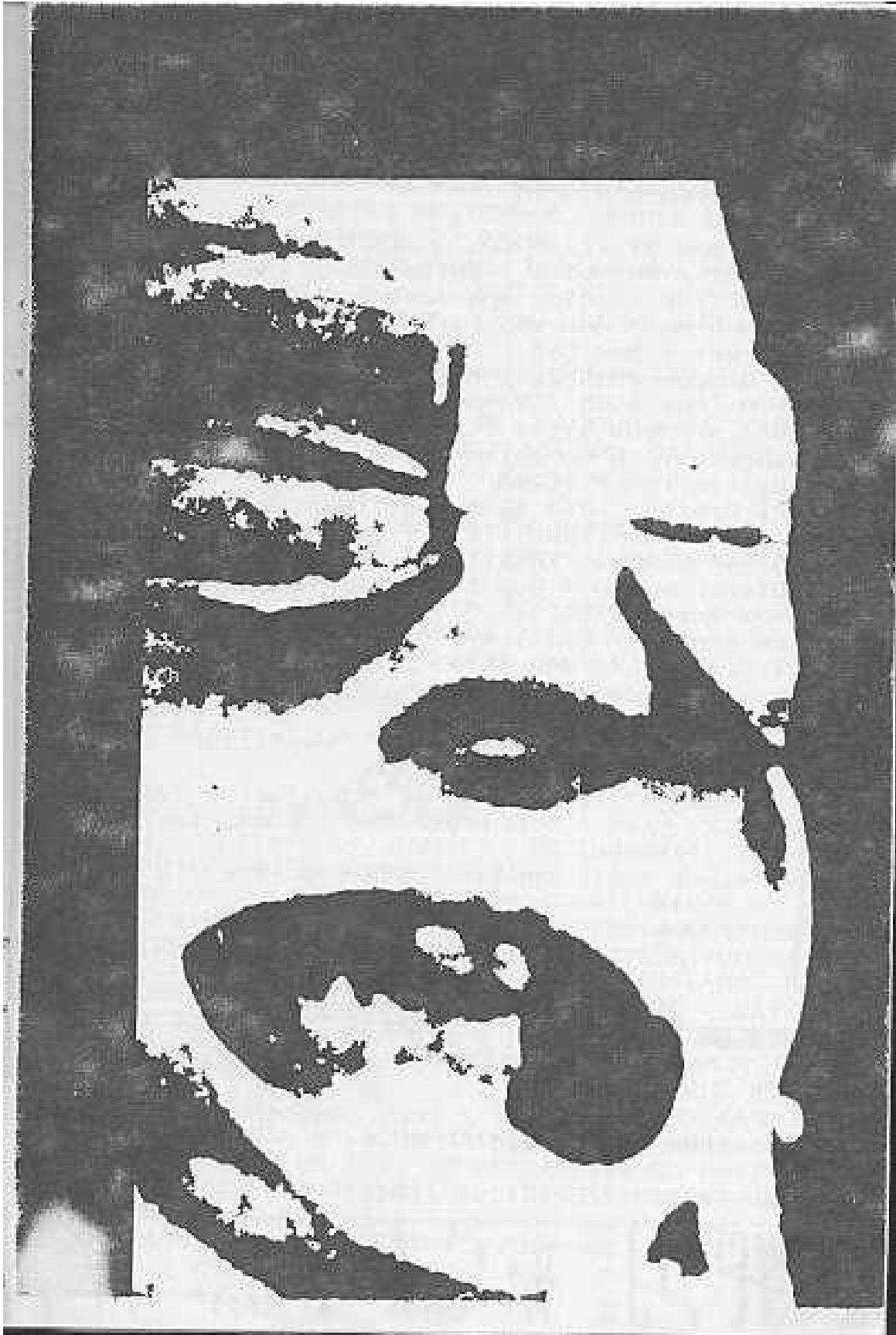
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**PEOPLE WITH
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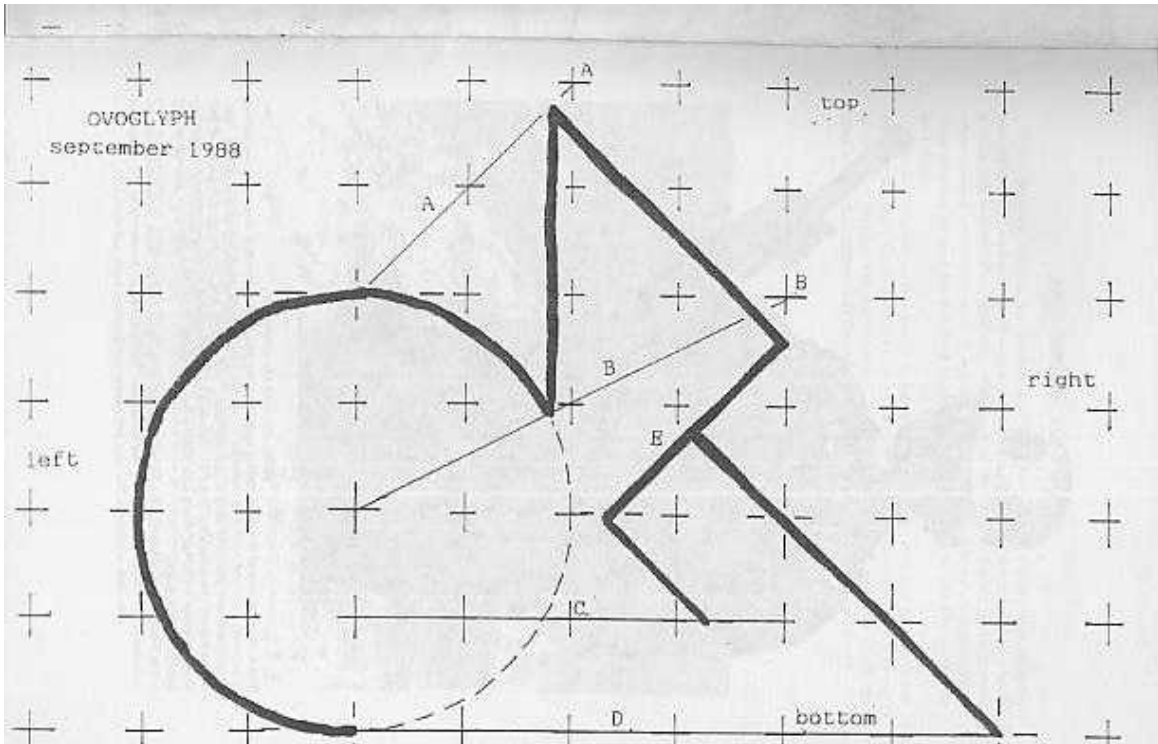
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OVOGLYPH THE SYMBOL OF OVO

The following formula may be used to create ovoglyph in any size. The first section lists primary steps to create reference points, the second section lists primary steps to create ovoglyph. Ovoglyph does not need to be these exact proportions; any approximation of this symbol will do. This is merely presented as a standard method of drawing ovoglyph.

PRELIMINARY STEPS

1. Let N = one square unit. Ovoglyph will occupy close to $6N$ vertical and $8N$ horizontal spaces.
2. Beginning at the lower left corner of the area to be filled by ovoglyph go right $2N$ and up $2N$. From that point draw a circle with a radius of $2N$.
3. From the top of the circle go right $2N$ and up $2N$. Let this be Point A. Draw a line up and to the right from the top of the circle to Point A. Let this be Line A.
4. From the center of the circle go right $4N$ and up $2N$. Let this be Point B. Draw a line from the center of the circle to Point B. Let this be Line B.
5. From the center of the circle go down $1N$. Draw a horizontal line going to the right at least $4N$. Let this be Line C.
6. From the bottom of the circle draw a horizontal line going to the right at least $6N$. Let this be Line D.

PRIMARY STEPS

1. Erase the circle between the bottom and the point where the circle intersects Line B, going up and to the right from the bottom.
2. From the point where the circle intersects Line B. Draw a vertical line up until it intersects with Line A.
3. From that point draw a 45 degree diagonal line down and to the right until that line is directly below Point B.
4. From that point draw a 45 degree diagonal line down and to the left until that line is directly to the right of the center of the circle. Let this be Line E.
5. From that point draw a 45 degree diagonal line down and to the right until that line intersects Line C.
6. From the center of Line E draw a 45 degree diagonal line down and to the right until that line intersects Line D. The lower right end of this line should be very near $6N$ to the right of the bottom of the circle.
7. Erase preliminary lines A, B, C, and D.

OVO NUMBER SEVEN
TO BE PUBLISHED OCTOBER 1989

WHAT IS INFORMATION? When does information become tangible? When is the tangible reduced to information? Is information alive? What is the connection between information and immortality?

SECRETS: How to obtain secrets. How to spread secrets. Espionage. Government secrets. The Freedom of Information Act. Should there be secrets?

THE COPYRIGHT: Can information be owned? Why do copyrights exist? Should they be done away with? Copy protection. How to get around copyrights. How to get a copyright. Patenting living creatures and medical techniques.

THE POWER OF INFORMATION: Text and graphics that changed world history. Gossip, mudslinging, disinformation. Advertising. Information economics. Information war.

MIND CONTROL: How to do it. How to avoid it. Advertising, religion, education.

LANGUAGE AND SYMBOLS: The limits of what can be expressed. Minimal information (how little information can it take to express an idea?). The convenience of language compared to its limits.

TOOLS AND TECHNIQUES: Television. Radio. Photography. Oral. Visual. Telephone. Tape. Records. CD. Computers. Collage. Camera. Books. Magazines. Photocopy. Film. Text. Performance. Video. Audio.

DOCUMENTATION: How to document anything. Arguments against documentation.

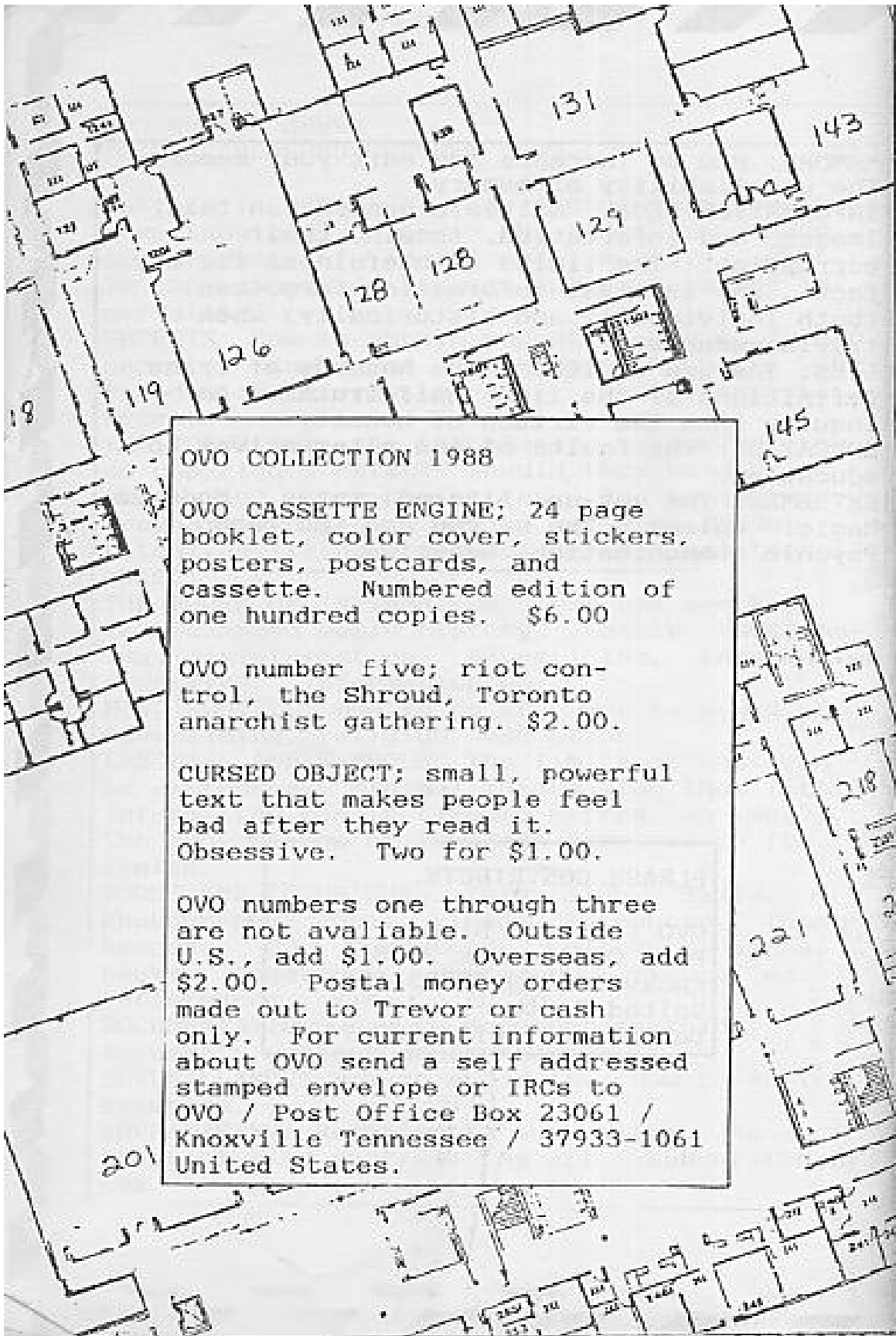
SURVEILLANCE: How to avoid it. How to do it. Examples.

ADVERTISING: Relation to surrealism. As an agent of mind control. As art. Subversion of ads.

MEMORY: How to increase and edit your memory.
The unreliability of memory.
INFORMATION DECAY: multiple generation text,
images, and information, showing their
corruption. The limits of usefulness for any
fact. Why is vital information forgotten
(both individually and historically) when
trivia endures?
LIES: The use of lies. The hazards of lying.
Definitions of the lie. Half-truths. An
inquiry into the virtues of honesty.
EDUCATION: The faults of and alternatives to
education.
EXTREMES: The cut-up. Altered states. Madness.
Magic. Colors. The sacred and the taboo.
Psychic communication. Genetics.

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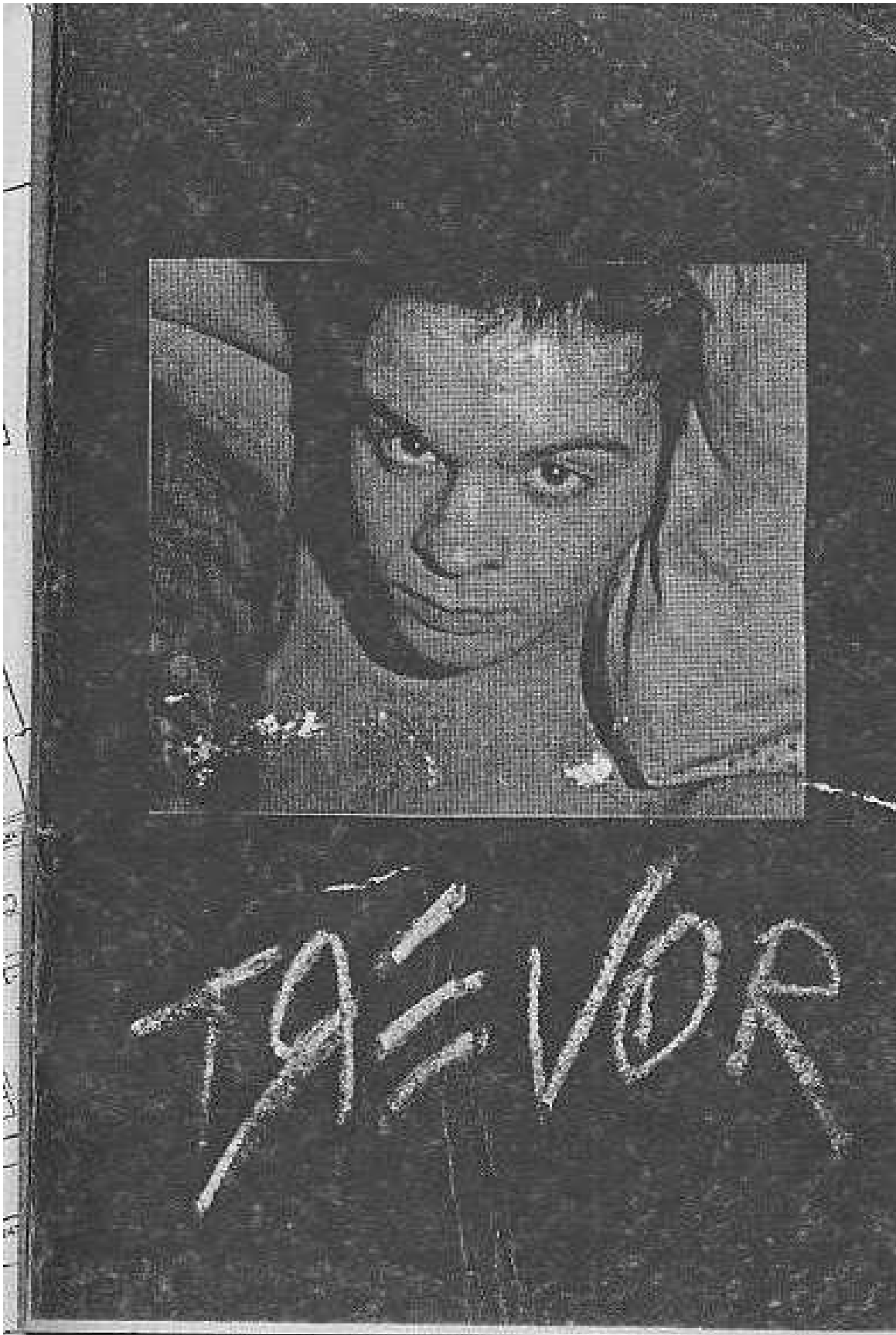
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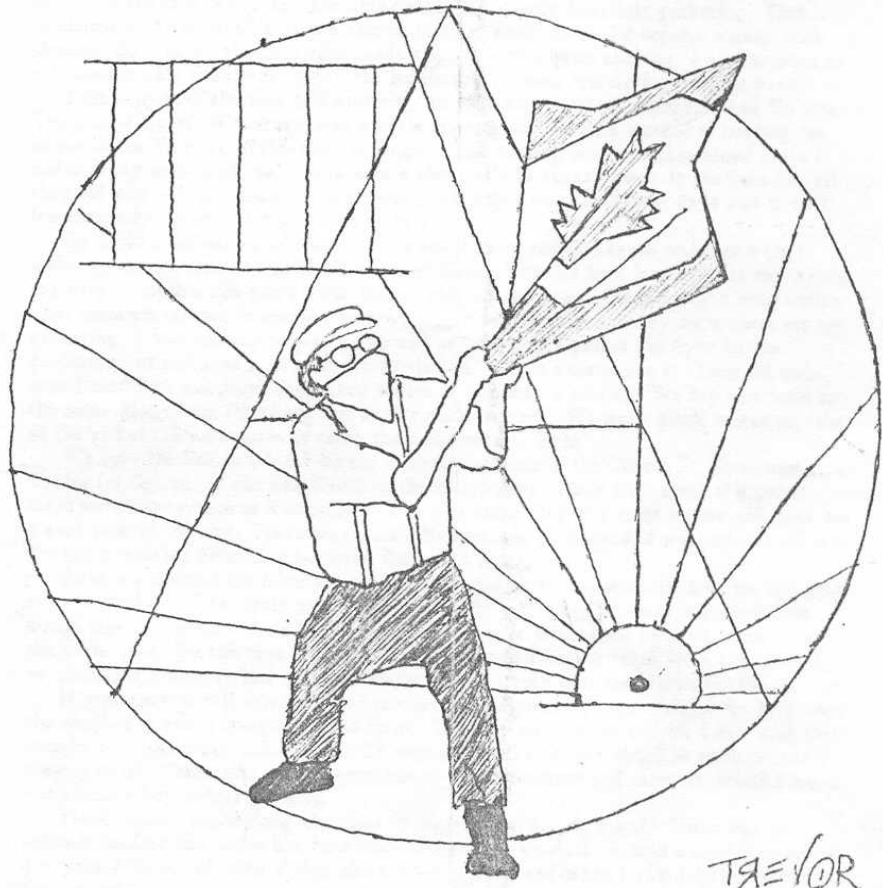
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TORONTO



A·Survival·Gathering
AN ANARCHIST UNCONVENTION
Toronto, July 1-4 1988 •

TORONTO by Trevor Blake

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Barry2



greyarians

Annotations

OVO 5 was first published in 1988. The information on page two is accurate but it is unlikely that any of the addresses seen elsewhere in this issue are still valid.

ovo0501 – Cover. I thought of OVO as a 'movement' (of one) concerned with free information and surrealism. OVO 5 was less focused on surrealism and more so with my experiences at an anarchist conference I'd just attended in Toronto, Ontario, Canada. The cover of OVO 5 tried to show the two 'movements' crossing paths: the OVOglyph and the 'circle-a' symbol of anarchism.

ovo0502 – Statement.

ovo0503 – Introduction. An early suggestion that OVO would be modular; users would add or remove pages from a binder. The print-on-demand editions of OVO now make this possible. Also, an attempt to put to rest previous works and make OVO more than it had been (particularly by emphasis on themes for each issue).

grey3 – Introduction to Grey Area Edition of OVO 5. A copy of OVO 5 made its way to a man named Barry who was part of an English anarchistic group named Grey Area. Grey Area liked OVO 5 and asked if they could reprint the entire issue. I sent them the master copies and this new introduction, and they printed an edition of two hundred.

ovo0504 – Stencil.

ovo0505 through ovo0518 – Toronto. It took a special effort to find a place that would print this essay on a laser printer in 1988. The man with the green mohawk I met at the bus station was Tom Jennings, inventor of fidonet and publisher of Homocore magazine. The RCP that was not welcome at the event was the Revolutionary Communist Party. The body art I saw there prefigured the explosion in body art in years to come; I also saw my first 'fanny pack' there. The "Mike of Rensalaer" I met was Mike Gunderloy, publisher of *Factsheet Five* magazine. I heard Michael Board of *Maximun Rockandroll* magazine made fun of me for crying in the polyfidelity workshop but I never saw the article in question if he did. The "ABC" mentioned was the Anarchist Black Cross, a pen-pal club between anarchists and prisoners. The band MDC did play in a club while I was in Toronto, but since they were banned in Canada they went under the name My Dog Charlie. The "Rainbows" mentioned were the Rainbow Family Gatherings, something like an earlier movable Burning Man event. The "Psychic Youth" mentioned was a member of the Temple of Psychic Youth, founded by Genesis P. Orridge of Psychic TV. The crime I saw at the 'day of action' meeting was one anarchist picking the pocket of another – I said nothing to stop it, to my discredit. Riots induce altered states of consciousness. I have not before nor since felt the surrender of individual identity I felt in the riot. I acted as part of a group and entirely lost my sense of self; watching birds change direction in flight, with no plain signal between them, is how it felt. The number of times I wrote about 'ending up somewhere' is an indication of my altered state. It was frightening and exciting, something I both want to experience again and never want to experience again. The altered state of the riot followed by the shock of being in jail was great enough of a strain to cause hallucinations. The initial bail hearing was conducted late at night. A friend had his before me, and when he left the office he was smiling. Turns out the officer who was supposed to be conducting the interviews had been out drinking and didn't show up until my turn in the office. So my friend left and I spent three days in jail. No wonder he had a smile on his face as he left! I do not believe any longer that the other people in jail were interested in anarchism, although I did at the time. A short while after my adventure in Toronto I went to the anarchist demonstrations at the 1988 Democratic convention in Atlanta, Georgia. I felt a need to prove to myself I wasn't afraid of getting in

trouble while causing trouble. One of the events I participated in there was blocking a white power group from marching in the streets; when our blockade was clearly successful, we marched on their planned route. The police in Toronto said that they were going to inform the local police in all our home towns about our arrest. Whether they did or not, I was under clumsy surveillance for the next four years in Knoxville (my car was repeatedly broken into but nothing was ever stolen: friends had their houses robbed, but the only things taken were address books, etc.). What stood out for people who read my account of the Toronto anarchist gathering was how personal it was. What stands out for me is my appreciation of big (ger) city life, and the shock of the riot followed by a few days in jail. I know now that my time in jail could have been much longer and much worse than it was: I was fortunate, no matter how much of a negative impression the experience made on me at the time.

ovo0519 – What Can You Do With This Page. Well, what can you do with this page? I think leaving this page blank was a mistake, corrected at the last moment by presenting it as an opportunity for the reader to make use of it.

ovo0520 – Nadzrealizem versus anarhizm. This text originally appeared in the book *Pozdravi iz Babilona*. I do not have a copy of what I wrote in English, but I remember that it was a clumsy provocation stating surrealism was 'better' than anarchism.

ovo0521 – Brian. This is the friend who entered the bail hearing office just before I did, who got away instead of staying in jail.

ovo0522 – T-Shirt. Artist unknown. My attempt to bring money back to the people who donated my bail money by advertising a fund-raising t-shirt.

ovo0523 – Stencil. The paper candy-stripe used here is the kind used in the United States government to indicate classified documents. A friend gave me a small stack of this paper, now all used up in pranks.

ovo0524 – People with AIDS: The Government is Not Your Friend. The United States government was decidedly slow to respond to the spread of AIDS, and many people suffered due to that delay.

ovo0525 - Image taken from the first edition of *The Medium is the Massage* by Marshall McLuhan. Also seen in ovo0433.

ovo0526 – Recommended Contacts. Background from prior issues of OVO. Note that one half of the rent on my apartment in Knoxville in 1988 was \$140/month.

ovo0527 and ovo 0528– Ovoglyph. I wanted the ovoglyph to be used by other people as a symbol of free information and (in some vague way) surrealism. I thought it would be helpful to make a standardized version of it. No one ever used it but me, and I stopped using it long ago.

ovo0549 through ovo0551 – Announcement of OVO 7. OVO begins to move clearly toward themed issues. The first US patent for a mammal occurred in 1988, the year I mentioned it in OVO. The border is more of the secret paper candy-stripe paper. ovo0551 is a catalogue.

ovo0552 – Collage. I was around 21 years old in this photograph.

ovo0553 – Back cover. This scan depicts a copy returned in the mail.

grey4 – Back Cover to Grey Area OVO 5.

toronto01 and toronto02 – my account of the Toronto anarchist gathering got enough positive feedback that I made it available as a booklet.

barry2 – Barry was my contact for Grey Area. After a time he dropped away, never to be heard from again.

grey1 – Front cover to the Grey Area edition of OVO 5.

greyareans – The Grey Area mob at Christmas time. Barry holds the sign reading “On the Eighth Day, God created Christmas, and all the Shop Keepers and Businessmen saw it and said it was Very Good.”