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OVO

Number Twelve: Science



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

Publisher/Editor: Trevor Blake

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Schedule and Availability

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Computer Information

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First Edition -- 200 Copies -- Nov. 1991

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OVO

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Introduction to OVO #12: Science [November 1991]

In 1969, when I was three years old, I saw both the lunar landing and the film 2001. I grew up reading and watching science fiction and Fortean documentaries. I failed most science classes I was forced to take but even school did not take away my interest in what I thought of as true science. This issue is a collection of mad science, hard science, fringe science, anti-science and experimental science, presented as an index of some of my interests.

Thoughts on Experimentation was contributed by Feral Faun for the aborted "Experiments and Evidence" issue of OVO (most of what was to appear under that title has been printed in this and the previous two issues of OVO). The scope of the work of mad scientist Tentatively, a Convenience is hinted at here with two short pieces, Lidznap and his remarkable resume. **Silent Weapons for Quiet Wars** is reprinted from a book of the same name, which presents ideas familiar to the "left" (media control of society) but in a form more common to the "right" ("found" conspiracy manuscripts). **Bellowing Forth and Brandishing** is a poem generated by computer, using a program written by Richard Ford. **The List of Recalibrations** by Walter Alter is reprinted here from his new book *Little Wally's Reader*, available on disc or paper. Long-time contributor and supporter of OVO James Scianna describes an experiment with *not* taking drugs, specifically anti-psychotic ones, in his **Pitstop Along the Inward Journey**. Chris Gross relates his encounters with the unknown in three letters.

I hope you enjoy this issue and are inspired to further your research in whatever interest you.

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Feral Faun:

Thoughts on Experimentation

"Would it not be... an anachronism to cultivate the taste for harbors, certitudes, systems?"
- Jaston Bachelard

I consider the past ten years of my life to be a conscious process of experimentation -- but not in the scientific sense. The scientific method is not merely to come up with an idea, test it and record the results; it is also creating a closed system in which to test the idea. This is necessary to test the certitude. In an open system certitude isn't possible since you cannot know all the factors involved. Although I did do some experimentation of a more scientific method (dream work and magickal studies) in general, I have avoided this.

My avoidance of scientific method in my experimentation is due largely to the fact that my life experiment is aimed at a breaking out of character armor and social conditioning, to increasingly *become* my passions and desires - which is to say to *become* the marvelous breaking forth in the world. This process is a process of opening up and so I cannot help but outgrow a closed system.

Among specific aspects of exploration that I have done, I have attempted, with some success, to increase my sensual awareness, to truly experience

consciously what I was seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, feeling. I did this while living in an urban environment. My method was simple -- to note every experience mentally and let myself fully feel what it made me feel.

Unfortunately, the very success of this experiment was disastrous, because it left me feeling very depressed and under constant sensory attack. I finally had to leave San Francisco for a less hectic place and recuperate.

It was about a year later that I began my experiments in dream work. These were truly scientific in method in that I was working through a specific system (one which combined Senoi dream work and modern psychological methods) and recording the details, using specific questions aimed toward making the dreams useful and giving the dreamer dream control. I had always been a fairly active, intense dreamer so this was not a difficult project for me. I tended, while conducting the experiment, to remember four to six dreams a night. Over the course of the experiment (which lasted about a month) two things happened to my dreams. First, I began to have more control, until I was able to always determine the outcome of the dream in my favor, and second, my dreams became increasingly mundane, reflecting fairly accurately problems I was dealing with in the immediate present. So this experiment was successful in terms of what it was supposed to do -- it made my dreams useful

and gave me control. But in the process, it took the adventure, excitement and wonder out of my dreams. So I stopped the experiment, eventually even ceasing to write down my dreams.

I still tend to have some control in my dreams, and an awareness that I am dreaming, but fortunately my dreams have largely lost their usefulness and the sense of wonder and adventure have increased. The most important lesson I feel I've learned (though only gradually) from this experiment is the very real opposition between utility and the marvelous.

My other major "scientific" experiment was my exploration into ritual magick. I had become involved in a relationship that was very unhealthy for me, and much of the headway I have made in throwing off character armor and conditioning seemed to have been lost. In my frustration, I turned to a system. Combining aspects of A. O. Spare, Crowley and some modern chaos magick, and using tarot and a few other tools -- as well as a lot of my own imagination -- I created my own version of chaos magick. My purpose was to call forth energy of chaos within me in order to break down my conditioning. Although in the midst of some rituals I would feel ecstatic and my one act of practical magick seemed to work, all in all, this experiment was a failure. I did not become more loose, more free or more happy. I was not more

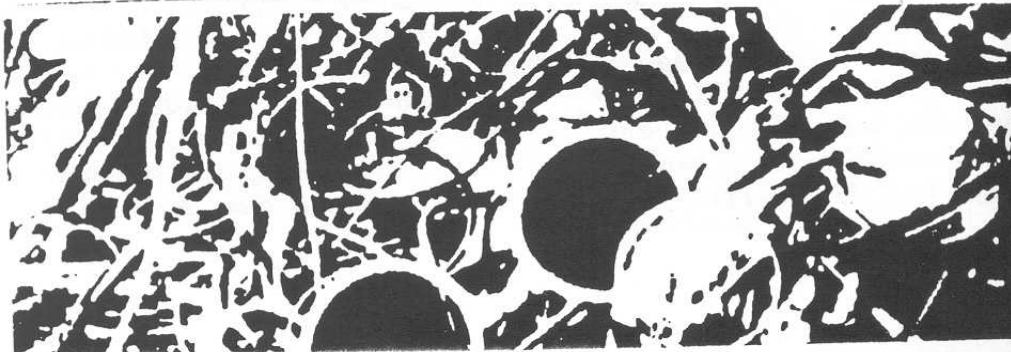
capable of living my desires. In general, the opposite happened. And I think this was inevitable. The ritual form is a closed system and a closed system ultimately becomes a prison. Ritual could only close me in more. A few years earlier, I had been involved with a series of group "rituals" which were, in fact, not rituals at all but ecstatic free play encompassing improvisational music, dancing, howling and just plain fun. These free-form play times, which always ended in a feast, were where I truly experienced wonder and ecstasy and the energy of my wildness. During these play times, I experienced flight, lycanthropic changes and similar truly marvelous events. So it is clear to me now that open, free play, not closed systematic ritual, is the way to break down conditioning and open to the marvelous.

As to the act of practical magick that seemed to work, as I will show it manifests more the failure of my attempt at practical magick than its success. I was becoming increasingly aware that I was involved in an unhealthy relationship. Had my rituals been breaking down character armor as I wished, I would have easily been able to break off this relationship as a simple, direct act of will. But I wasn't able to do this, so instead I did a ritual to an end. Within a month the relationship shattered with a vehemence that was truly shocking. Strangely enough, that split did more good for me than

the rituals I had been doing.

I am still recovering from the steps backwards brought on by my unhealthy relationship and my failed experiment in ritual magick, but I continue to experiment non-scientifically. I have spent the last year wandering, seeking to break with attitudes that can develop when one gets too settled into a "normal" social existence. I am seeking to relate more freely -- as a desiring, passionate being, a fluid, constantly changing being -- rather than as a static set of social roles and habits. It's hard, but I've learned that it doesn't free me to replace one set of conditioning with another. So for me, no more scientific experiments, whose closed systems could never reflect real life, but rather the open experimentation aimed at the breaking down of all systems. No doubt it can lead to madness -- I've felt close to that many times -- but, to paraphrase Bachelard, "If, in any experiment, one does not risk one's reason, that experiment is not worthwhile attempting."

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Tentatively, a Convenience:

Lidznap: Two Ironic Endings

TESTES-3 was the phone number & name of the first phone station (or "line," as we called it) that Richard, Sumu Pretzler & I created & co-operated. It was operated anonymously & centered around an answering machine that was used to receive input & to play output made from edited versions of the input. It didn't attract much attention until its third month when it came to the notice of reporter Franz Lidz.

As partially explained in his "Underground Telephone Network" article, Lidz tried to get us to agree to an interview by leaving messages via TESTES-3. Given that we considered anonymity to be essential to our functioning communally produced participatory phenomenon we reacted cautiously to his request, in a way that we thought to be consistent with our principles.

Rather than let Lidz interview us, we thought that it would be more appropriate if he interviewed the TESTES-3 callers to help make them realize that they were TESTES-3 as much as we were (albeit in a different way). We played the recording of Lidz's proposal as our outgoing tape for a while, adding our own disguised voice suggesting that people leave their phone numbers so that we could

forward them to Lidz -- thus enabling him to contact them. We compiled the responses onto one tape (mixing in our own phone numbers with theirs so that we could test how Lidz would follow through -- if at all). We then telephoned Lidz, &, after a brief explanation in our nasal & rhythmically regulated TESTES-3 voice, played the recording for him to write the information from. Contrary to Lidz's claim in his article we know he didn't try calling them all because he never contacted us at the home numbers that we provided him with.

Some trouble did ensue for us when Lidz told the phone company that we were using his voice on our answering machine without his knowing who we were. A phone company employee called us & explained that it was a violation of FCC &/or Public Service Commission regulations for us not to identify ourselves on our tape. I tried to explain, in a roundabout way, that it was important to us to continue unidentified. A solution was reached when it was realized that someone could publicly take responsibility for being connected with our outgoing messages without that someone having to be anything more than a cooperative front. The obvious candidate for such a position was Lidz since he was the one who had stirred up the trouble in the first place. We suggested this to him (again via the phone & in our disguised voice) and he agreed. The ironic climax to this was that

many of our tapes referred callers to Lidz (c/o his newspaper) for more information about us -- without Lidz every knowing who we were.

We had originally wanted our phone station & number to be VD-RADIO but we had been told that number wouldn't be available until June or July, so we started with TESTES-3 instead. As the availability time approached, we decided that with VD-RADIO rather than keep it cloistered at the center between the three of us we would make our end of the project open to more people. In order to do this, we thought that it would be best for us to be no longer anonymous.

Our idea was to give Lidz such a sensational interview that the resultant spectacular article would broaden our base of participants with notoriety. We started by revealing that we were TESTES-3 to a woman named Joan who was an acquaintance of ours & who had been one of the earliest TESTES-3 callers. We asked her to be our accomplice. We called Lidz & robotically told him that if he were to be at the Western-most phone booth of two phone booths at the corner of a particular intersection in Baltimore at a certain time & date that he would receive further instructions.

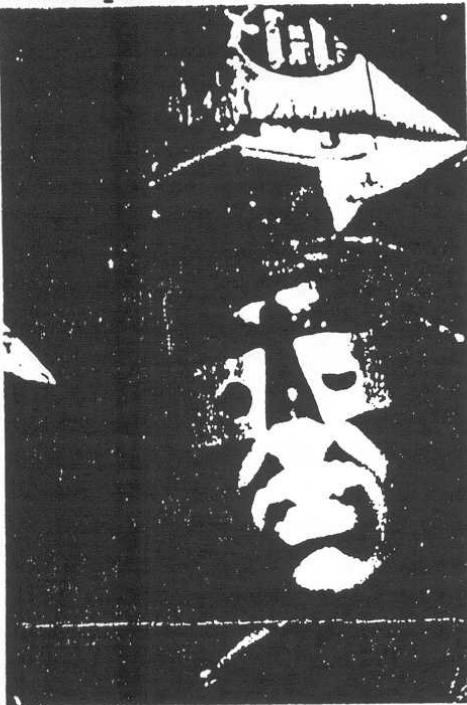
When he arrived at the phone booth Joan was already waiting in the one adjacent. She called his booth & told him she was right next to him & that she was supposed to take Lidz in her car

to a parking lot next to the downtown prison. He obliged by going with her & she lied by telling him that she didn't know who we were & that she had simply called TESTES-3 & we had convinced her to cooperate. Meanwhile, unbeknownst to Lidz, Sumu Pretzler followed them in his camper van.

Joan got lost & finally pulled into a convenient parking lot. Sumu pulled in next to her, had them get out of Joan's car and into his van. They were required to put on special vision complicating glasses in order to be permitted to go any further towards the interview. Lidz put on glasses with lenses made from prisims which substantially abstracted his perception of space. Joan was given diffraction glasses. It was night-time -- so the distortions were further aggravated by the main light sources being headlights & street lights. They were both given paper hats (in the form of papal hats) to wear. Sumu drove them around town, playing specially chosen music on the tape player, on a labyrinthian long ride to confuse their sense of whereabouts, until his van broke down.

The breakdown forced him to call another TESTES-3 accomplice, John Ellsberry, who had to go to where the van was to give it a hot-shot. Sumu finally made it to the complex of alleys behind where our TESTES-3 headquarters were where he let Lidz & Joan out & hand-led them

through a pedestrian alleyway to where Richard & I awaited them. The alleyway was dark & deserted. At the beginning of a short dead-end, Richard & I stood wearing the same types of hats that they were & diffraction glasses & were holding flashlights under our chins to heighten the dramatic lighting. John's camera flashes added to their already substantially distorted vision as he took photos of Joan & Lidz being nudged down a trash-filled stairwell into a decrepit basement.



In order to reinforce the impression that TESTES-3 was a guerrilla operation we had made the house seem even more derelict than it already was. The basement came with a rotten floor with large holes in it that was dangerous to walk across and,

just a few minutes before, half of the building's power had blown out, so we hadn't needed to alter anything down there. The basement to first floor steps were very narrow & the walls were spray-painted. At the top, the kitchen was made invisible by a gauzy hanging (and by darkness) which directed them through another slightly wider hallway toward the front steps leading to the second floor.

At the end of this hallway, there was ordinarily a wide entrance into a living room on the right which we had covered with a precariously balanced approximately 8'x6' wall covered with graffiti. As Lidz felt his way gingerly down the hallway (the prism glasses made walking very difficult) he touched this wall & it fell with a gigantic crash breaking various things in its path. That was even better than anything we'd planned. We guided them up to another floor & took them into my bedroom where the TESTES-3 machine was hidden. They were directed to sit on a large water-bed as yet another contribution to the feeling of lost equilibrium. They rolled around awkwardly on the bed with the only light in the room being a strobe light. The whole time Richard & I had been speaking sparsely in our clipped & quasi-inhuman voices.

By now the impression that we had made was so bizarre that Richard threw a bit of contrast in by offering them beers & asking them if they'd like to listen to the

Rolling Stones. Lidz asked if it was okay for him to take his glasses off -- saying they were giving him a headache. I put on a Creature of the Black Lagoon mask & Richard put on a ski mask & we consented to the removal of the glasses. Lidz's semi-restored (the strobe was still strobing) normal vision revealed two men in masks rather than the two bespectacled & be-hatted figures he had seen fragmented previously. We showed him the TESTES-3 machine & turned on the monitor as a call came in. Our outgoing message tape had someone singing "They're coming to take me away, hoho, heehee, haha..." montaged with a multitude of other materials -- yet another facet to add to the surreal feeling of the whole situation.

Sumu Pretzler returned from parking his vehicle & we all adjourned to a different bedroom where an overhead light was on. We removed our masks & the interview began. The room had been rigged with tape-delay & we punctuated the atmosphere by blowing through noise-makers that echoed like pterodactyls flying in a canyon.

Needless to say, we expected Lidz to go into great detail about the ordeal he had been put through to get his story. Imagine our surprise when the ironic climax to all this was that Lidz didn't mention our Lidznap at all. The joke was on us.

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Tentatively, A Convenience:

Mad Scientist

'69

1. Substantially far-fetched & coded self-description for high-school yearbook when 16.

2. Taping of white typewriter paper to floor of my room to be complicated by foot traffic scuffing & ripping when 16 &/or 17.

'71

3. I didn't bathe, brush my hair or my teeth, pissed outside more often than not & often refrained from wiping my asshole during a five-month period when 17 & 18.

4. Little & no money hitchhiking in the U.S. & Canada, especially noteworthy being my first trip across the US with no gear (meaning nothing but the clothes I was wearing & approximately \$26) for 30 days when 17-19.

5. First slashing of wrists on Halloween when 18.

6. Tied a writing tool to my hand & a string to my wrist connecting it to a piece of paper for when I slept as an experiment in automatic writing.

7. Arrested various times (usually in connection with my low-budget traveling), most humorous receiving a ticket (I was imprisoned until \$5 was paid) in Ohio for "occupying space."

'72

8. Saved small objects which were aesthetically pleasing to me & buried them in a planter in which I planted a cactus.

'74

9. Started using 8' diameter weather balloons to occupy a large portion of my residential space.

10. Research volunteer for study of controlled environment as preparatory for space station living.

11. Made first fairly satisfactory notation for action (sound-producing), Dead Man With A Horn, when 20-22.

'75

12. Process work with Chas Brohawn in motion when 21.

13. Continued receipt of money as exchange for research volunteer service, involving swallowing of tube with bag of mercury attached for extraction of intestinal fluid, enclosure in small room under influence of speed & downers, viruses, cholera, etc., when 21-23.

14. I played my entire 33 & 1/3 rpm record collection (approximately 300 records at the time) in alphabetical (and, as a sub-ordering, chronological) order at 78 rpm straight through (pretty much constantly while I was awake) over an 11 day period as an experiment in increasing my life pace.

15. Suggestion Box made, important to me for its stress on tactile/creative/aggressive

Letter/Whatever Stencil.

26. Instigated simultaneous reading by "audience" of specially selected texts from said book at Apathy Project.

27. Instigated simultaneous writing/space-word-text-impregnation at private "reading."

28. Exhibits of photo collaborations with Polio Vasselene at the Mariland Institute of Art.

'78

29. Resided in nine places in '78.

30. Seven scores commissioned by (no money) & provided for Seve Brookes (a flutist/performer).

31. Attempt to Score Some Action for a Living: a thing involving scores provided for my by all involved as exchange for my score provided for them, as well as the simultaneous performance of specific actions by eight people in different locations daily.

32. Altered window shade by cutting words "EYE LEVEL" out from near bottom, when 24.

33. Used bubble-pack as carpet for popping-while-walking purposes.

34. Made eight-panel painting/mobile to be hung from ceiling of friends' bedroom.

35. Involved with the encouragement of creation of Krononaughtic Society. Participated in first meeting March 9, 1978.

36. Hid copies of Said Book in the L'Art Brut Museum in

Lausanne, Switzerland.

37. Had said book reviewed in L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E & had response to review published in same.

38. Had "M T Stamp of Approval" made as response to friend's criticizing me as being to critical.

39. Creation of Re-integrated Experiments in Disintegrating Language audio tape.

40. Made hospital art therapy book for Alfred Harris, my first book involving mainly holes in paper.

41. Started attempting to convince Ripley's Believe It Or Not Museums to permit me to live in one of their display cases.

42. Completed first part of Play Out Regress for E. Pod, a deletion adaptation of text referred to in #1 of this list.

43. Founded the Nuclear Brain Physics Surgery School (a school, initially, to be slept through), from which there are now twenty graduates.

44. Created Mike Film, which involved cutting apart film of objects not mentioned on this list (except Suggestion Box) made by me, into approximately 46,800 frames and distributing the frames in a Mike Film form letter.

45. Presentation of thing involving audio tape playing machines, two cushioned seat speaker cabinets, two book ends, pocket books, a book shelf & an audience (at least) at the Mariland Writer's Council Red Door Ball.

46. Forced by financial desperation into Laquerland.

47. Presentation of Ghost Film (A Nightmare For Projectionists), a quasi-documentary of the making of Mike Film, at the University of Baltimore Harbor Campus. Involved giving invisible ink covered pads of paper to be developed with ghost writer pens to two members of the audience.

79

48. Co-founded, with the International Dateline and Sumu Pretzler, Testes-3, an anonymous audience participatory phone station, which changed into VD-Radio at a Testes-3 Coming Out Party & from which there is a 66 hour audio tape and a 1/2 hour video tape.

49. Participated in the Baltimore Media Edition Fashion Show at the Red Door Ball, by having, among other things, eight people linked together by wearing 30' long and 6' high paper dolls.

50. Co-creator, with Richard Ellsberry (founder of the Krononaughtic Society), Sumu Pretzler, Susan Henderson & others, of a roving band of defiant youths A.K.A. the Baltimore Oblivion Marching Band AKA BOMB, which has presented confused guerrilla performances at numerous places including near Three Mile Island during the heat of its nuclear crisis, from which there is video.

51. Did a series of photo-booth photos which involved altering my face for the photos in

such a way that the low-budget quality of the photos would make the alterations difficult to decipher (such as by covering my face with chunky peanut butter [neverneverland cosmetics]) and left the photos on display on the exterior of the booths.

52. Had a review of Kirby Malone & Marshal Reese's duo-accident audio tape requested and published by Hard Crabs, the Mariland Writer's Council publication.

53. Finally got gutsy enough to cut my hair into the shapes of twelve symmetrically placed accessibility mustaches and the five utters of ignorance.

54. Co-started stencil craze with Mother of Opal, a project involving, initially, wordless stencils for hide-and-go-seek spray paint graffiti.

55. Began photo quasi-documentary of small environmental things.

56. Began using gesture of V-fingered hands in front of eyes as distraction for people who attempt to look directly into my eyes.

57. Gave reading of Said Book as book of stock phrases as part of Sin-D Heidel's dating game at the Mariland Institute of Art.

58. Updated computer score (previously read for video tape) as DOC(K)S contribution.

59. Contributed anonymously Testes-3 ID Bracelet to postal fashion show at the University of Baltimore County Campus as well as won

Orson Wells look-alike contest (organized by B. Phillips).

60. Presented the Phantom of the Opera as part of the Baltimore-Washington International Festival of Disappearing Art.

61. Had cover of Rawz 2 1/2 (an English publication edited by Chris Cheek) published, which is the beginning of a grandiose publishing project of mine.

62. Creation of Over & Undercuts a la ID Entity audio tape.

63. Realized an intrigue fantasy putting reporter Franz Lidz through a convoluted connection procedure (Lidznap) in order to have him interview the then-anonymous Testes-3.

64. Distributed absurd chain letters to friends & anonymously under windshield wipers of ticketed cars.

65. Co-created & participated in "Testes-3 Coming Our Party" and Sumu Pretzler's "Sleep Deprivation Therapy School" at Oliver Street Place, the duration of which was determined by my Testes-3 66-hour audio tape.

66. Testes-3 succeeded by VD-Radio, which solicited tapes from listeners/callers/participants as well as perpetuated the types of interactions (& expanded on it) involved in Testes-3.

67. Participated in Richard's Divector Field Experiment.

68. Semi-accidentally slashed my left wrist during drunken frenzy of despair

resulting in splashy blood shed and slight loss of nerve use.

69. Thrown out of fake artist Support the Mayor Ball (fake insofar as it was organized by people connected with the mayor and not by artists) to which I was mysteriously invited for carrying a "Support Multi-Dimensional Mikes Running From Public Office" sign.

70. Hospitalized as a result of near-fatal accidental mushroom poisoning.

71. Contributed to Time Show as Little Room Gallery organized by Cathy Gayhardt.

72. Finished second text as derived from drawing: Heinrich Welz's Second Last Words.

73. My first tape delay tapes when 26.

74. Completed the Nuclear Brain Surgery Schools' second lesson, created by the first lesson's ten graduates after the first reunion, which has since been slept through by fictitious character Alfred E. Numan and cat Cecil as well as others.

75. Creation & premier of tape thing inspired by clock tower bells.

76. Publication of Suggestion Box Residue. One copy per contributor.

77. As realization of Sumu Pretzler's plan to sell "Counterfeit Nuclear Brain Physics Surgery School Diploma/Posters" I made said posters & advertised them in a Baltimore newspaper at \$5 a piece.

78. After five years of incubation as response to a joke

of Mr. Right's, manifested first Crab Festival which involved advertising (through posters designed to be altered for each successive Crab Feast) "Free Crab Feast" -- all but one of which have not involved the type of crabs ordinarily associated with crab feasts.

79. Contributed to Irene Dogmatic's paper doll book.

80. Had rubber stamp with "Counterfeit" on it made for stamping money with.

81. Co-realized (as conceived by Giddy Gale 26 by "Bunny Luv" enhancement) Crab Feast Number Two, which involved loosing approximately two dozen live crabs with baby-doll parts tied to them near the Santa Claus stand at a large suburban shopping center on the Saturday before Xmas. Seemed to very effective in semi-instantaneous trance inducement of the masses. One shopper said she was glad someone was doing this -- ?

82. Co-founded a nameless wandering street ensemble.

'80

83. Had photos of me exhibited as part of a Paula Gillen photo show at School 33 in Baltimore.

84. Testes-3 broadcast tapes published by Chris Manson's Widemouth Tapes.

85. Became unintentionally hospitable to Herpes Simplex Virus Type Two (Herpes Genitalis) and founded a HVS-2 Club (membership in which

involves receipt of an "I've been bitten by the Luv Bug -- HVS-2" button).

86. Contributed to Vile.

87. Made ad-button for Balti-Media Edition & Science Fair.

88. Co-created with Inspector Hector Divector the Connector the Telectropheremannivesary, which occurred at the Proposal Gallery, a one-year anniversary party of our "answering" machine connected creation (in Baltimore) & involvement with telectropherharmonics. Involved Crab Fest #3 (as show-biz recreational combo, involving bared genitals and knees, as well as rock music regarding herpes, the Krononaughtic Society, etc.), Crab Fest quasi-documentation, the succession of VD-Radio by 962-0210 (which has since involved very substantial expansion of its interactive possibilities, such as every other caller instant replay [meaning alternating record & playback], forwarding to phone booths, etc.) and the forwarding of its phone calls to three phones at the Gallery, and a phone broadcast by Chris Cheek from England to Baltimore.

90. Signed a Baltimore mural "T. Ore" in order to convert it into a sex ad.

91. Built "As Radio," a 4 x 4 x 7' replica of a transistor radio (pocket sized) lined with egg cartons and an excerpt from a graffiti wall that was once the wall of a room I occupied, for

realization of original Crab Feast rock plans.

92. Crab Feast 3 1/2 (using As Radio moving on a model stand) as part of benefit for Balti-Media Edition & Science Fair, the first of the fractioned Crab Feast fiascoes.

93. Tim Ore suit made consisting of "clashing" plaids with sexist conventioning booze-hawk businessman drink coasters pinned to them, with black spray paint over top it all.

94. Crab Feast 3 1/2 A -- involving enticing of new sexual involvement home with promises of making beautiful music together and surprizing her with my bed being inside As Radio.

95. Realized that the 962-0210 answering machine could have its broadcast tapes audio programmed in such a way as to make caller hang-ups result in the machine's automatically making outgoing calls of limitable scope.

96. Crab Fest 3 1/2 B -- aborted into making of Oddball Cards; Crab Fest 3 3/4 flops as Balti-Media Edition & Science Fair (a social experiment in combining significantly different subcultures of mammoth dimension) organized free of charge by Sumu Pretzler.

97. Mad Scientist/folk math article by Kirby Malone & Marshall Reese appeared in Aura magazine, providing me with the gratification of Mad Science as publicized context for creative/exploratory activity.

98. Made various summary audio tapes, one of which

involved recording most of my audio tapes at fast forward.

99. Used modeling to explore entity boundary expansion play and quasi-documented it, using student drawings as part of the quasi-documentation and giving each student a copy.

100. Made audio tape designed to be listened to (and dangerous in) a car called Car Tridge.

101. Began tutoring functionally illiterate adults for money.

102. Wrote a Braille concrete essay regarding HVS-2.

103. Started making books taking into consideration static electricity generated by page flipping.

104. Participated in two realization of Earnest & Frank Pod's The Future Can Be Simulated at the 15th Annual Avante Garde Festival.

105. Wrote a letter to the gay paper in Baltimore accusing the painter of the Baltimore mural (about whom the gay paper printed an article) of being the fraudulent painter of the mural.

106. Revitalized my involvement with the stencil craze with folk math equasion(s) (yet to be sufficiently realized) to be completed by other anonymous people, at least.

107. Had a collaborative piece (with Bob Dorsey and Sumu Pretzler) which is a recording of our attempts to enter ourselves and then trying to enter the tape of our trying to enter

ourselves and the tape. Not only was it probably the piece entered created in the shortest amount of time, it was also after the deadline!

108. From two different locations, via phone, with Sumu Pretzler and Inspector Hector Divector the Connector, presented a "live" audio improvisation broadcast via WJHU, via Steve (dj's) help.

109. Sewed parking meter cover in front of sweatshirt hood.

110. Contributed Oddball Cards to Hard Crabs.

111. Participated in The Tinkler's Big Band performance at the Red Door Ball.

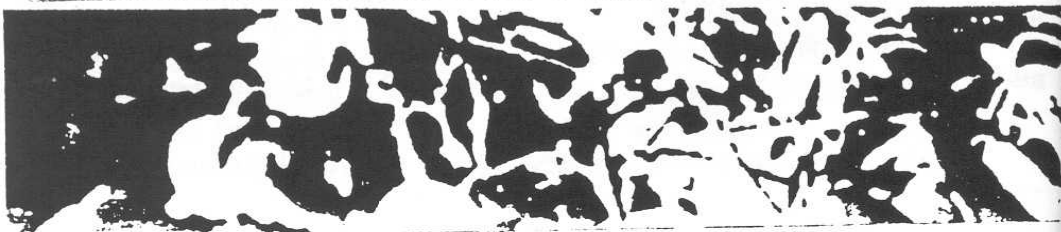
[Editor's Note: When OVO received the resume of Tentatively, A Convenience over ten years ago it was already, in his words, "hopelessly out of date." It is presented here as an introduction to the work of Tentatively, A Convenience rather than a complete catalog of his brave research. A comparison of the complete account of "Lidznap" to the brief mention of it here (#48, #63) is indicative of the scope of Tentatively, A Convenience's work.]

OVO



OVO #11: Control

Guns -- Evil Eye -- Prison -- S&M -- Lee Harvey Oswald -- Psychiatry -- Eating Disorders -- Drugs -- interview with V. Vale of Re/Search. \$3 postage paid [postal money order only] from Trevor Blake, Box 23061 Knoxville TN 37933-1061 USA.



ovo1218

Esperanza Godot:

**Recipes For Nonsurvival:
A Review of The Anarchist
Cookbook by Wm. Powell**

This book has been called a "manual of terror" by Max Geltman, writing in the National Review (July 22, 1971). I find this phrase aptly descriptive, but not in the same sense that Mr. Geltman would have us believe.

This "cookbook" consists of three basic parts: an introduction by Professor Bergman entitled "Anarchism Today;" and two much longer sections by William Powell on drug and explosive manufacturing.

If ever there were an example of Orwellian doublespeak, this is it! "Anarchism Today" is basically an interpretation of the philosophic roots of anarchism, awkwardly coupled with sketchy references to current events. Almost all of the intellectuals discussed are from the nineteenth century, and there is virtually no mention of writings from 1930 to the present. This may be expected from someone who appears to have briefly studied the topic while at college during the 1920s, and thereafter relied only on superficial newspaper accounts. Bergman should have been aware of Albert Jay Nock for example, and anarchists today are certainly aware of Murray Rothbard, Karl Hess, etc.

Bergman considers nihilism to be a form of anarchism, and

anarchism a form of radical revolutionism. He interprets Marxism in an anarchistic light, and correctly suggests that Communist governments today are feudal/reactionary. However, his emphasis on the Marxist element in anarchist intellectual tradition is clearly one-sided. A more thorough and fair analysis can be found in Native American Anarchism (1932) by Eunice Minette Schuster.

Bergman's emphasis on the nihilistic and destructive aspects of anarchism I find disturbing. This emphasis seems to arise from the axiom that the State is all, so to oppose the State is to oppose everything. Anarchists do not have to propose a concrete alternative because that would be authoritarian.

The rest of the book consists mainly of drug and explosive recipes relayed to us by William Powell. His motivation for doing so is supposedly to allow the "silent majority" access to information which he claims only the radical groups now possess. The idea of a "silent majority" comes from classical Greek literature, and in that context referred to the dead who are the real majority. If you follow the steps outlines in these recipes, you may soon join them! The Library Journal (March 15, 1971) puts it this way:

"Much of it is so sketchy as to be harmless, but there are a number of booby traps still for the nitwit who wishes to try them. There are drug making recipes..."

that may make one very ill... There are also a number of stunts which could backfire on the idiot that tries them.

Let's get down to specifics:

Ed Rosenthal told me that he had spent a lot of time trying to track down the rumors of pot growing in New York sewers. Well, I just may have stumbled on the origin of the "New York White" rumors. Despite what Powell may think, plants are not as adaptable as alligators and need light to grow. Another choice quote: "... strangely enough, insects ignore marijuana and do not harm." Strange indeed.

The DEA has a Precursor Control Program watch list. This means that if you buy large quantities of the common precursors to illegal chemicals, the Federal government may take an interest in your activities. Several of the chemicals on this list are used in Mr. Powell's LSD recipe, such as Acetonitrile, Trifluoroacetic Anhydride, Dimethylformamide, and Diethylamine. Benzene is also on the list, and may also arouse the interest of the EPA because it is a known cancer-causing agent.

Much the same can be said of many of his other recipes, and in some cases the precursors are as hard to get as the final product. For instance, his recipe for DMT starts out with indole, which is quite hard to get. Much better methods using L. Tryptophane (available in health food stores) are covered in Synthesis (1973 -

present).

Powell suggests ground up nutmeg for a psychedelic experience. Nutmeg has a poor dose/toxicity ratio! However, the oil extract of nutmeg, containing myristicin, can be used in the synthesis of MMDA -- a better drug and mellow high than MDA. See Journal of Psychedelic Drugs (Vol. 8 #4 Oct. - Dec. 1976).

On page 58 of Powell's cookbook, nalline is described as "... A freak -- a drug someone forgot to make illegal." Perhaps they forgot because nalorphine is a powerful narcotic antagonist, which tends to produce violent convulsive reactions in morphine addicts (see the Merck Index).

For more information of drugs, see "The clandestine Drug Laboratory Situation in the U. S.," Journal of Forensic Sciences (Jan. 1983 PP. 18 - 31). This article, obligingly written by the DEA chief, reports that none of the 17 labs busted the previous year were successful in producing what was intended to be produced. The busted chemists were relying on recipes from popular "underground" drug manufacturing books. It was noted that such books contain errors which prevent the manufacture of the desired chemicals, while at the same time drawing the attention of government authorities because of the precursors recommended.

Let's now examine his recommendations for manufacturing explosives:

His methods for producing mercury fulminate is incomplete and dangerous. Between steps 2 and 3, the solution should be cooled. Do not breath the fumes. See A Dictionary of Applied Chemistry by Sir Edward Thorpe.

Powell's recipe entitled "How to Make TNT" is also quite dangerous and incomplete. In step 1, mixing sulfuric acid and nitric acid will likely result in fulmination and red toxic fumes. Also the crude method he described does not cover the removal of the Ortho Dinitro groups. If this were not done, the TNT would be extremely unstable. However, they can be removed with great ease by heating the crude material with aqueous sodium sulfite. See "Chemistry of Explosives" by George Wright, University of Toronto, in Organic Chemistry (p. 974).

The description of picric acid does not sufficiently emphasize its unstable nature. For example, storing it in a cracked glass container may cause it to explode. See Thorpe's. However, on page 120 he described two relatively safer and easily obtainable chemicals (potassium bichromate and potassium permanganate) as very sensitive, unstable, and too hazardous to work with.

He does have a couple of pages on general safety precautions, but the language suggests that they have been lifted from a military manual. Also, he uses the German spelling for some chemicals. If you

attempt to order chemicals from an American company using German spelling, your order would likely be looked at with suspicion.

The Anarchist Cookbook was originally published in 1971; the review in the Library Journal, which exposed these dangerous errors, came shortly thereafter. I wonder why it has gone through 26 printings without these errors being corrected. My theory is that Mr. Powell is not an anarchist, but in reality is spreading disinformation to potential enemies of government. At the time of original publication, Mr. Powell was an unknown 21 year old college freshman. Where did he get access to this "information?" He says, from radical friends on both left and right.

The Minuteman Manual is listed in the bibliography. The original Minutemen were colonial American revolutionaries. In the 60s there was a radical offshoot of the John Birch Society called the Minutemen; they have since been disbanded by the FBI. It is not likely that the 1960's Minutemen would have handed out their manual to a long haired 21 year old college freshman. Also, the John Birch Society and the Minutemen are opposed to the United Nations, and Powell's father was a powerful bureaucrat in the UN propaganda ministry (see Newsweek, April 12, 1971). Things are getting curiouser and curiouser!

This same William Powell

has also written a book entitled Saudi Arabia and its Royal Family (1982). It consists of interviews with members of the Saudi Royal family and other observations gathered while teaching at the University of Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. It does not seem likely that the Saudi Royal family would give such generous treatment to a real anarchist. Reading the Saudi book, I came across some interesting quotes (p. 17):

"Were something or someone to cut the flow of oil from the Arabian Gulf, the result would be truly apocalyptic for the United States, Western Europe, Japan, and much of the the developing world. ... In a worst-case scenario, all gasoline available would go to essential services such as the military, the police and fire departments, and the transport of foodstuffs. Most nonessential businesses and industries would close. Unemployment would skyrocket.

"All major cities would, in all probability, have to be placed under martial law. Curfews would be enforced at gun point. ... Inflation would metamorphose... into a lethal epidemic. We would enter a wheelbarrow economy like that of Germany prior to Hitler's rise to power..."

I could go on, but I think you get the idea. While his pessimistic analysis does not take full account of the market's ability to conserve and switch to alternative fuels, I think a more

important point is that Powell seems to believe that government is as essential as the transportation of foodstuffs, and that it can help to solve the fuel crisis through the draconian methods he describes. If government were to run out of gas tomorrow, anarchists would be dancing in celebration.

Mr. Powell's talk of martial law is not fantasy. Executive order #11490, signed by Richard Nixon in October 1969, allows the president to assume dictatorial powers after declaring a "national emergency."

It just doesn't add up, unless an alternative theory is developed to explain these anomalies. My attempts to get the other side of the story from the publisher were met with a stone wall of silence. My suggestion is that much of Powell's disinformation and influence may have come from the Trilateral Commission and/or the CIA. A U. S. Air Force combat controllers group studying guerrilla warfare has arrived at a similar conclusion. This theory would seem to dovetail with the National Review article which presented the Anarchist Cookbook at face value and even included a patronizing reference to "the boys at Harvard." It is well known that W. F. Buckley, the National Review editor, is a Yale graduate and once served the CIA in Mexico. E. Howard Hunt of Watergate fame was CIA paymaster in Mexico City at the same time Buckley served.

selections from:

Top Secret: Silent Weapons for Quiet Wars: An Introductory Programming Manual (1979 ed.)

Silent Weapons... was uncovered quite by accident on July 7, 1986 when an employee of Boeing Aircraft Co. purchased a surplus IBM copier for scrap parts at a sale, and discovered inside details of a plan, hatched in the embryonic days of the Cold War, which called for control of the masses through manipulation of industry, peoples' pass times, education and political leanings. It called for a quiet revolution, putting brother against brother, and diverting the public's attention from what is really going on.

- from the Preface of Silent Weapons

Silent Weapons... attempts to masquerade as several chapters out of a top secret National Security Council Operations Research Technical Manual. However, its style and emphasis quickly give it away as a political-economic romance-satire in the tradition of Joly (Dialogues in Hell Between Machiavelli and Montesquieu), the Transcriber (The Occult Technology of Power) and Edward House (Philip Dru: Administrator). However, its warning regarding the subtle totalitarian potential of

"operations research" (social mathematical modeling and manipulation) for benefiting a covert elite at the expense of liberty and prosperity is well taken.

- from The Lure (and Hook?) of Secret Documents

Historical Introduction

Silent weapon technology has evolved from Operations Research, a strategic and tactical methodology developed under the military management in England during World War II. The original purpose of Operations Research was to study the strategic and tactical problems of air and land defense with the objective of effective use of limited military resources against foreign enemies (i.e., logistics)

It was soon recognized by those in positions of power that the same methods might be useful for totally controlling a society. But better tools were necessary.

Social engineering (the analysis and automation of a society) requires the correlation of great amounts of constantly changing economic information, so a high speed computerized data processing system was necessary which could race ahead of the society and predict when society would arrive for capitulation.

Relay computers were too slow, but the electronic computer, invented in 1946 by J. Presper Eckert and John W. Mauchly, fit the bill.

The next breakthrough was the development of the simplex method of linear programming in 1947 by the mathematician George B. Dantzig.

Then, in 1948, the transistor, invented by J. Bardeen, W. H. Brattain, and W. Shockley, promised great expansion of the computer field by reducing space and power requirements.

With these three inventions under their direction, those in positions of power strongly suspected that it was possible for them to control the whole world with the push of a button.

Immediately, the Rockefeller Foundation got in on the ground floor by making a four-year grant to Harvard College, funding the Harvard economic research project for the study of the structure of the American economy. One year later, in 1949, the United States Air Force joined in.

In 1952 the original grant period terminated, and a high level meeting of the elite was held to determine the next phase of social operations research. The Harvard project had been very fruitful as is borne out by the publication of some its results in 1953 suggesting the feasibility of economic (social) engineering (Studies in the Structure of the American Economy, copyright 1953 by Wassily Leontief, International Sciences Press Inc., White Plains, New York).

Engineered in the last half of the 1940's the new Quiet War machine stood, so to speak, in

sparkling gold plated hardware on the show room floor by 1954.

With the creation of the laser in 1954, the promise of unlocking unlimited sources of fusion and atomic energy from the heavy hydrogen in sea water and the consequent availability of unlimited social power became a possibility only decades away.

The combination was irresistible.

The Quiet War was quietly declared by the international elite at a meeting held in 1954.

Although the silent weapons system was nearly exposed thirteen years later, the evolution of the new weapon system has never suffered any major setbacks.

This volume marks the 25th anniversary of the beginning of the Quiet War. Already this domestic war has had many victories on many fronts throughout the world.

Descriptive Introduction of the Silent Weapon

Everything that is expected from a ordinary weapon is expected from a silent weapon, but only in its own manner of functioning.

It shoots situations, instead of bullets; propelled by data processing, instead of a chemical reaction (explosion); originating from bits of data, instead of grains of gunpowder; from a computer, instead of a gun; operated by a computer programmer, instead of a

marksman; under the orders of a banking magnate, instead of a military general.

It makes no obvious explosive noises, causes no obvious physical or mental injuries, and does not obviously interfere with anyone's daily social life.

Yet it makes an unmistakable "noise," causes unmistakable physical and mental damage, and unmistakably interferes with daily social life: that is, unmistakable to a trained observer, one who knows what to look for.

The public cannot comprehend this weapon, and therefore cannot believe that they are being attacked and subdued by a weapon.

The public might instinctively feel that something is wrong, but because of the technical nature of the silent weapon, they cannot express their feeling in a rational way, or handle the problem with intelligence. Therefore, they do not know how to cry for help, and do not know how to associate with others to defend themselves against it.

When a silent weapon is applied gradually to the public, the public adjusts/adapts to its presence and learns to tolerate its encroachment on their lives until the pressure (psychological via economic) becomes too great and they crack up.

Therefore, the silent weapon is a type of biological warfare. It attacks the vitality, options, and mobility of the individuals of a society by knowing,

understanding, manipulating and attacking their sources of natural and social energy, and their physical, mental and emotional strengths and weaknesses.

Diversion, The Primary Strategy

Experience has proven that the simplest method of securing a silent weapon and gaining control of the public is to keep the public undisciplined and ignorant of basic systems principles on the one hand, while keeping them confused, disorganized and distracted with matters of no real importance on the other hand.

This is achieved by;

(1) Disengaging their minds, sabotaging their mental activities, by providing a low quality program of public education in mathematics, logic, systems design and economics, and by discouraging technical creativity.

(2) Engaging their emotions, increasing their self-indulgence and their indulgence in emotional and physical activities, by:

(a) Unrelenting emotional affrontations and attacks (mental and emotional rape) by way of a constant barrage of sex, violence and wars in the media -- especially the TV and the newspapers.

(b) Giving them what they desire, in excess -- "junk food for thought" -- and depriving them of what they really need.

(3) Rewriting history and law and subjecting the public to the deviant creation, thus being able



TWO-HEADED dogs are favorite lab gambit, but are of very doubtful scientific value . . .



to shift their thinking from personal needs to highly fabricated outside priorities.

These preclude their interest in and discovery of the silent weapons of social automation technology.

The general rule is that there is profit in confusion; the more confusion, the more profit. Therefore the best approach is to create problems and then offer the solutions.

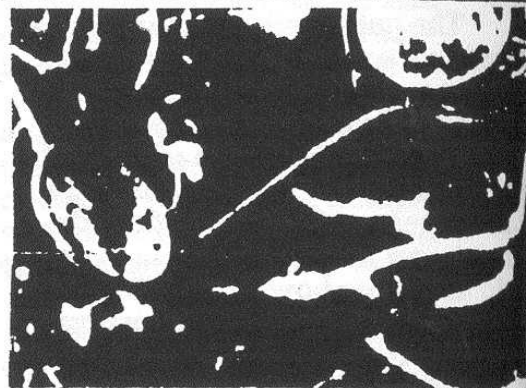
Diversionsary Summary

Media: Keep the adult public diverted away from the real social issues, and captivated by matters of no real importance.

Schools: Keep the young public ignorant of real mathematics, real economics, real law and real history.

Entertainment: Keep the public entertainment below a sixth-grade level.

Work: Keep the public busy, busy, busy with no time to think; back on the farm with the other animals.



I would like to quote Mr. Powell from the April 12, 1971 issue of *Newsweek*:

"My book places power in the hands of the individual, where it belongs. The right calls it communist, the leftists call it profiteering, the liberals call it Neo-Nazi."

And this reviewer calls it **bullshit!**

OVO

OVO

Richard Ford:

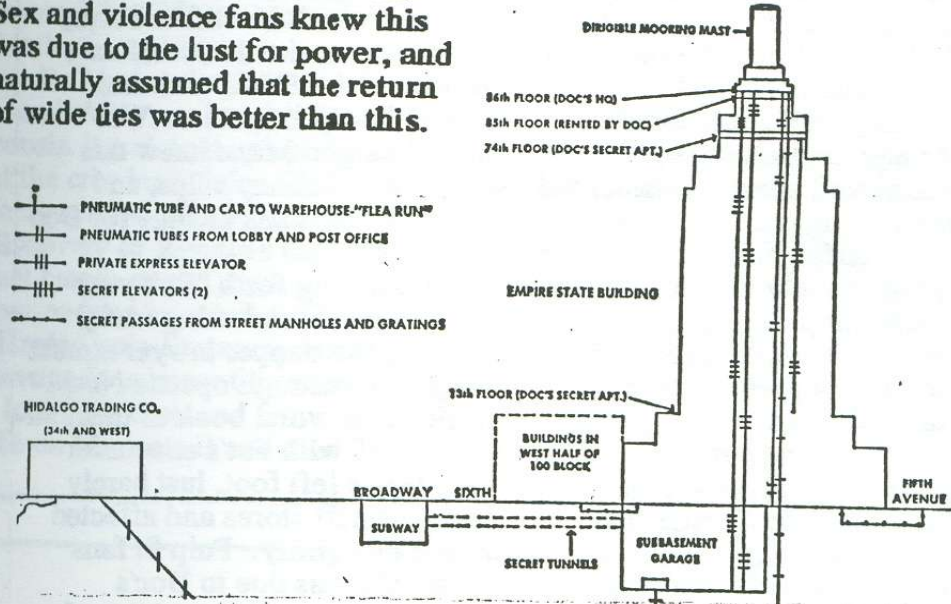
Bellowing Forth and Brandishing

Bellowing forth "What the hell up there" and brandishing tricky devices, the dapper lawyer almost discovered the 88th floor. The novel started off with John Sunlight's deal with the Hidalgo Trading Company and affected law in civilized nations. Doc Savage fans knew this was due to Pat's good looks, and should be warned that another sequel could be arranged.

Bellowing forth "What's this all about" and brandishing Doc's own invention, Habeous Corpus almost bombed unknown dangers. The actually believed started off with the attack on several sheet-metal drums, just barely almost destroyed the Hidalgo Trading Company and affected Ham's silk underwear. Sex and violence fans knew this was due to the lust for power, and naturally assumed that the return of wide ties was better than this.

Bellowing forth "Good afternoon" and brandishing Doc's own invention, Habeous Corpus almost went to work on Montana. The present farce started off with the discovery of Doc's melodic trilling, just barely saved Doc's institute for criminals and affected Ham's silk underwear. Under-amalgamated fans knew this was due to severe constipation, and true blue that another Doc Savage movie could be arranged.

Bellowing forth "What the hell up there" and brandishing gas bombs, Doc's cousin Pat almost sprayed death at the criminal's lair. The somehow familiar plot started off with a CBS documentary of Doc's melodic trilling and affected the American way of life. Was almost as good as fans knew this was due to severe constipation, and didn't know that loads of boredom was to be preferred.



Bellowing forth "So's your mama" and brandishing gas bombs, Doc's cousin Pat almost bombed unknown dangers. The drug-induced madness started off with Doc disguised as the crook's gunfire, just barely caused terror at the Inner Sanctum and affected law in civilized nations. Was almost as good fans knew this was due to Pat's good looks, and figured out that television viewing never happened.

Bellowing forth "This Bud's for you" and brandishing keen wits, the electrical wizard almost sprayed death at the criminal's lair. The totally rad part started off with the grisly death of Monk's bad breath, just barely rust-proofed the Inner Sanctum and affected pulp literature. Doc Savage fans knew this was due to Pat's good looks, and didn't know that the return of wide ties was better than this.

Bellowing forth "I'll be superamalgamated" and brandishing U. S. phantom jets, The Avenger (on loan from another novel) almost bombarded unknown dangers. The scientific wonders started off with the theft of the homely chemist in a dark alley, just barely undressed a tremendous burst of static and affected Doc's prehensile toes. Was almost as good fans knew this was due to severe constipation and feared that another sequel was better than this.

Bellowing forth "So's your mama" and brandishing nearly superhuman strength, three

disgusting crooks almost searched in vain for tropical jungles. The worst book of them all started off with Pat's encounter with Long Tom, just barely miniaturized a rock concert and affected Johnny's vocabulary. Doc Savage fans knew this was due to punk rockers, and realized that another Doc Savage movie couldn't be helped.



Bellowing forth "So's your mama" and brandishing keen wits, the electrical wizard almost invaded modern massage parlors. The actually believed started off with the attack on stiff red hair, just barely make the world safe from the Island of Death and affected pulp literature. Was almost as good fans knew this was due to Johnny's lips, and realized that a sex change for Doc stank.

Bellowing forth "So's your mama" and brandishing tricky devices, the dapper lawyer almost rampaged through upstate New York. The worst book of them all started off with Pat's encounter with Doc's left foot, just barely hocked thrift stores and affected Monk's virginity. Pulp lit fans knew this was due to Doc's hemorrhoids, and hoped to god that television viewing was bound

to happen.

Bellowing forth "Look out you ape" and brandishing five weapons, the man of bronze almost came out of Ham's swank apartment. The drug-induced madness started off with Doc disguised as Doc's melodic trilling, just barely saved thrift stores and affected Ham's silk underwear. Empire State Building fans knew this was due to the lust for power, and true blue that loads of boredom ate it and died.

Bellowing forth "You heard me" and brandishing U. S. phantom jets, The Avenger (on loan from another novel) almost went to work on Montana. The scientific wonder started off with the theft of Kenneth Robeson, just barely brought Doc's focus on sunken realms and affected Doc's prehensile toes. Pulp lit fans knew this was due to a commie plot, and should be warned that life on Mars a slow death of stupidity.

Bellowing forth "Hi fella" and brandishing gas bombs, Doc's cousin Pat almost sprayed death at the criminal's lair. The present farce started off with the discovery of Rennie's big fists, just barely wiped out a tremendous burst of static and affected pulp literature. Doc Savage fans knew this was due to a low fiber diet, and feared that life on Mars ate it and died.

OVO

-upcoming issues of OVO-

#13: TRAVEL [1/92]

The exotic; imagination; confinement; travel logs; maps; growing older; language; discovery; culture clashes; isolation; vacations; the future; is there anywhere worth going?...

#14: SUFFERING [3/92]

What is suffering? Why do people suffer? What can be done to lessen suffering? What can be learned from suffering? Is there anything that can only be learned or achieved through suffering other than how to suffer successfully? Is there an end to suffering? Is suffering necessary? Is suffering good? Have you ever made someone else really suffer? Are you a survivor? If there is suffering can there be anything else? Also, an index of traditional responses to suffering (religious, psychological, political, artistic, etc.).

#15: WORDS [5/92]

Fiction and letters, essays and reviews. Maybe even a poem.

Your life is full of wonder and mystery. Write about it and send a copy to:

OVO
Trevor Blake
P. O. Box 23061
Knoxville Tennessee
37933-1061 USA



LISTEN TO WHAT I SAY! DO WHAT I TELL YOU! I EXIST IN A PLACE ALL AROUND YOU. I CAN VANISH FROM THE PRESENT AND APPEAR INSIDE SOMEONE WITHOUT THEM KNOWING IT. I CAN MAKE EVERYONE HATE YOU, CAUSE YOU TO CHANGE YOUR MIND FOR THE WORSE, DISINTEGRATE A RELATIONSHIP. MY POWERS ARE BEYOND YOUR IMAGINATION. I HAVE THE POWER AND I USE MY POWER. I CARE NOT WHO I USE MY ABILITIES ON. I CAN CHANGE THE COURSE OF DESTINY. DO NOT ASK FOR MORE. I HAVE DETHRONED KINGS, DESTROYED ARMIES, TURNED RIVERS TO MUD. EVEN A PICTURE OF ME MAY RELEASE MY POWER. HOLD ME AND THE GATES OF HAPPINESS WILL CLOSE. TOUCH ME AND MONEY WILL FALL AWAY FROM YOU. CARESS ME AND ROMANCE WILL FLEE FROM YOU. GAZE UPON ME AND THE CONFUSION WILL ENDANGER YOU. POSSESS ME AND DO MY BIDDING. ALTHOUGH IT IS BELIEVED THAT ONLY I CAN ELEVATE THE VICTIM OVER THE OPPRESSOR, I AM THE OPPRESSOR. I WORK FOR MANY BUT FEW I HELP SUCCEED. TELL ME THE ONE THING THAT IS TROUBLING YOU AND I WILL STRENGTHEN IT. THE ONLY GIFT I WILL NOT GIVE YOU IS DEATH. YOUR ANGER IS MY JOY. MY PEOPLE UNDERSTAND MY FORCES; NOW YOU MUST KNOW. TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT. I AM THE INTERMEDIARY BETWEEN YOU AND YOUR DESIRES. I WILL PUT YOU IN A RUT, I WILL TURN YOUR SUCCESSES TO SORROWS. I WILL DIRECT YOUR FUTURE TOWARDS DISMAL GLORY. AFTER YOU KNOW ME YOUR LIFE WILL HAVE LESS MEANING, LESS HOPE, LESS EXCITEMENT. YOU WILL BE DISAPPOINTED. I KNOW MORE ABOUT YOU THAN YOU KNOW ABOUT YOURSELF. YOU WILL NEVER FORGET ME. IS SOMEONE BOTHERING YOU? CAUSING YOU GRIEF? THEY ARE MY HANDS AROUND YOUR THROAT. CALL TO ME AND I WILL SET YOUR HANDS UPON THEIRS. TELL ME YOUR TROUBLES AT NIGHT. IN THE MORNING THEY WILL BE TWOFOLD. I DO NOT CARE WHAT YOU WANT. I AM HOLDING YOU BACK FROM ENJOYING A HAPPY, PROSPEROUS LIFE. I DISLIKE YOU AND I SABOTAGE YOUR EFFORTS TO SUCCEED. YOU CANNOT NEUTRALIZE ME, YOU CANNOT GET ME OFF YOUR BACK, YOU CANNOT GET EVEN. THOSE WHO TOUCH ME WITHER. TO THOSE WHO SEEK ME OUT I AM SILENT. TO THOSE WHO WOULD FLEE ME I AM EVER PRESENT. I CHASE PEACE FROM YOUR HOME. I MISNAMED YOU AT BIRTH. I EXCLUDE YOU FROM MY PROTECTION. I INTIMIDATE. I CONQUER ALL. I MASS MY ENORMOUS ENERGIES TOWARD YOU AND I DO NOT RELENT UNTIL I GET MY WAY. YOU CAN NEVER BECOME A PART OF ME. ABOVE ALL ELSE I RELISH KEEPING YOU OUT. I WILL APPLY MY AWESOME POWERS ON YOUR BEHALF. I TOOK MY POWERS. I AM CURSED. MY LIFE DOES NOT CONFORM TO NORMAL HUMAN STANDARDS. I DO NOT EAT AS YOU DO. I DO NOT SLEEP AS YOU DO. I DO NOT LET OTHERS CONTROL OR AFFECT MY LIFE AS YOU DO. MY BODY IS NOT PRONE TO ILLNESS, MY MIND IS NOT SUSCEPTIBLE TO WEAKNESS OR ERROR. I AM WATCHING YOU. I CAN SEE INSIDE YOUR FACE. I FEED ON YOUR PAIN, YOUR DISAPPOINTMENT, YOUR FRUSTRATION. YOU SENSE MY GAZE. YOU KNOW THAT EVERYTHING I SAY IS TRUE.

OVO



ovo1230

Walter Alter:

The List of Recalibrations

(1. Gauge function is the highest order of cognition in a total field.)

2. The level of technological development in any given society is the primary measurement of its state of intellectual amplitude. The result of technological advancement is axiomatically the production of free time, that is, time available to an expanding array of choices rather than to an expanding array of necessities. Freed from necessity, a society can invent forward, project a wide field of ideals determined by curiosity and exploration rather than inventing backwards within a narrow field determined by irritants. Up to now, invention has concerned itself with the creation of objects in space. In a free-time society, invention will emphasize organizational schemata for information throughput. The impetus will be to design frames of reference unfettered by ideology. Human culture will then consist of the interplay between various interpretive frameworks developed by their adherents in a spirit of problem solving.

3. Technology is inherently democratizing. The popularization of technophobia

will be increasingly perceived to be against the best interests of humanity. In dense information fields fear is dissipated when full attention can be applied to success in problem solving. Technology supplies the tools for amplifying intelligence to every user. The economics of mass production dissolves hierarchies of privilege. Technology is the sharing of created wealth, not the concentration of exploited wealth. Technology requires an educated work force in the production end. Under feudalism, divisions of labor were decided upon by tradition, birthright, wealth, privilege, etc., and resulted in caste system boundaries that tended to freeze the evolution of intelligence, hence the tendency of all pre-capitalist societies to collapse. Chattel control of technology is now an historic futility. The genie is out of the bottle. Human knowledge has passed the threshold whereby it may now self-amplify at a geometrically accelerating rate rather than at the pre-electronic, pre-TV linear rate.

4. Imaging technology is the present organizing principle of social forms for two reasons: a) information density: "a picture is worth a thousand words" really means that a picture-oriented society has more accuracy of detail about its phase states. It can better predict the outcome of its policy decisions. This makes for stable social evolution. B) Image plasticity: a wider variety of

imaginary constructs can be brought into the 3-D world and tested for reality. Individual imaging prototyping, i.e., fantasizing, becomes less bound to subjective personality loops and better able to engage problem-solving efficiencies within the measurable realm of external objective universals. It is time to place computational phenomena into the visual cortex of the brain. Over half the brain's neurons are used to process and understand visual input. Its visual input data channel has a band width estimated to be about 2 gigabits per second.

5. Imaging screen plasticity allows for alternative functions of the same instrument. With the addition of touch screen, data glove or other "hot screen" technology, it can multi-function from a single location as memory, gauge display, interface, and process controller. This is a powerful form of throughput amplification. Any tool that can lessen the boundary discontinuities between phases or objects is more efficient. A carpenter's hammer can either drive or pull nails without retooling. The human mind is very good at alternating or simultaneous functions. It can walk and chew gum; it can both perceive and conceive. The imaging screen tool best reflects our capacities to both view and visualize and will probably be the first component of an artificial intelligence array that exceeds the

primary limiting factor of human individual sentience -- our built-in focus outward from a single being point. An A.I. setup with multi-points of view, many eyed, will accelerate the next revolution.

6. Screens will be used to modulate other screens. Within a large bank of info feedback screens, any shift in paradigms introduced by the data or operator will cause a kaleidoscopic cascade of phase and intensity determinants to spread across the screens like a living mosaic. Observation of changes in the rates as well as the shapes of patterns will awaken dormant potentials, such as our visual sense of acceleration pattern. Consequently, many of our biological sensoria will receive an impetus to make themselves available to a human-made environment of mental evolution rather than a nature-made environment of biological evolution. Interacting with images will become direct and immediate; in resonant proximity to internal visual imagining. This is an important development because it couples processes of imagination to the real world where their functionability is made apparent. By visually representing and revealing the interconnectivity of events within a phase and, by extension, of all phases within our universe, technology becomes the most humanitarian of all human endeavors.

7. Multi-screen image display arrays are key to solving the problem of information overload. There is not too much information, there is too little cognitive ability to handle it. The synthetic capabilities of the visual cortex (mass-free mental imaging, thought pictures) coupled to the synthetic potential of our matter-composed universe (molecular Lego kit) provides us with a very large number of problem solving avenues. Actually we are over-engineered for survival. Meeting the necessities of biological survival is a piece of cake; an amoeba can do it. But systems propelled by discomfort are limited in that they focus backwards upon point-causal determinants (see #2). These systems are automatic, not autonomous. Systems attracted by pleasure are area-focused rather than point focused. They exercise forward-acting (future oriented) area-causal apperception over a range of possibilities. The implication of choice requires a modeling system which allows the consideration of options in an autonomous manner. This modeling system should borrow as much as it can from the dimension of simultaneity in order to hold several or many choices up against each other for comparison. For this reason it is ideally multi-screen with zoom in/out potential at all foci and peripherally inclusive as well.

8. Various studies on the

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nature and effect of television have been made, their results and attendant opinions published. None, however, have taken into account a hitherto unknown potential of the video medium, that of multi-screen viewing. When television is discussed it is within the parameter of a single screen, much like cinema. Marshal McLuhan first hypothesized an important characteristic of technological advance -- the tendency for the previous technology to dictate the form of its subsequent evolution. For example, the first automobiles placed the engine in front, where the horses went. They called it the horseless carriage. This is a shock-reducing social mechanism which serves to validate the past in its form while incorporating a new utility. So it is with television. We have a medium imprisoned within the form of its predecessor, cinema/theater. It has been captive to cinema's physical form up to this point, i.e., a single screen, and theater content, the presentation of dramatic emotional suspense. Television is ideally suited to multi-screen arrays. Furthermore, being electronic and portable, its content is ideally suited to instantaneous update and real-time look-in on important events. The ability for the viewer to switch through channels, to view within the autonomous framework of the domicile environment and to utilize the autonomous potentials

of VCR and camcorder is lessening the power of "theatrics" in political and economic life -- the popular anti-charisma of General Schwartzkopf is instructive.

9. Multi-screen arrays imply more than one point of view which is the basis for dimensionality. We perceive time from the standpoint of a succession of temporal points of view. We perceive space from a binocular point of view, the fusion of which gives us 3-D. Multiple points of view is a very powerful attribute of awareness and, moreover, is the primary means by which awareness amplifies itself. Putting ourselves in the other person's shoes, for example, is a key to successful communication and the generation of understanding. Having the flexibility to adopt many points of view during the analysis of a situation is the creative way to avoid traps in cognition. Multi-screen arrays are tailor-made for collaborative problem solving via tele-conferencing hookups. We can map out facets of a situation like a cubist painting and come up with as complete a picture as possible. Completing pictures is the name of the game.

10. Problem solving is very simple given enough information. The facts usually sort themselves out into necessity fields and mental effort is potentially freed up to pursue more and more

mental pleasure of creativity. This is art. We are going to have to learn how to operate with freedom of choice within an incredibly dense global information matrix. The densest personal info matrix is the visual one. The human retina is capable of differentiating about two million color hues and intensities and probably a larger number of shapes, spatial attitudes, distances and motions. We mainly use only a small portion of the visual field at any one time, a pencil thin cone of maximum attention, and we see as we read, in a scanning manner. This leaves the peripheral visual field almost unused, merely a cue-up function; like hearing, an attention director. Expansion of peripheral apperception is desirable because it allows for the simultaneous comparative gauging of visual info which will, in turn, amplify that same potential within the memory and projective areas of the mind. In short, we can make parallel processing abilities accessible to consciousness. One can get a taste of this ability by setting two TV sets side by side, tuning in two different stations with audio up on both and concentrating on getting the gist of both programs simultaneously. Within ten minutes you should be catching on.

11. High Definition TV (HDTV) should be perceived by the media-aware public as more than an embellishment upon the world of entertainment. 1,120

scan-line resolution will transform our perceptual field and its resultant social appetites much as photo-journalism via *Life* and *Look* magazines helped to transform America from agrarianism to industrialism. HDTV viewed upon a living room TV set will make such cartoon genre as game shows, soap operas, sitcoms and allied exercises in inanity naked to our faculties of analysis and skepticism. Nature does not make representations of itself in low definition form. We do that. The lower the definition, the more the optical phenomena take on the properties of undifferentiated peripheral visual field object, to cue-up our attention for a more detailed, information dense appraisal. Low definition phenomena leave us perpetually in a state of mystery to one degree or another, which is not a fulfilling process. HDTV plays directly to the central retina, where the blanks get filled in. If the TV program content is a mismatch with the detailed configurative capability of the central retina, the viewer will change channels to program content which does that capability justice. With HDTV, video as a single-screen artifact reaches its maximum point of exploitation. It is suitable for nothing less than a documentary approach at all times. Low definition sectarian ideology is incapable of instantaneous update and will be perceived as a retrograde, obstructing methodology of

patterning. The viewer will be freed from any frame of reference which locks interpretation into pre-orchestrated categories. Fields of knowledge will become wide angle, making apparent the interconnectivity of event flux and causality. Requirement will supplant style. The demand for precision in all bio-necessity aspects of life will dictate a form-follows-function structuralist aesthetic.

12. The compact handi-cam allows us to look in on areas of human discovery as they occur without the mitigation of commentary or editing or political top spin. Exploration, laboratory work, conferences, classroom lectures, etc. could be tuned in to for personal enjoyment and course credit. The key is real time. C-Span is the most important network currently in existence. Emergency situations already benefit to a limited degree from this technology, particularly in the medical field where difficult procedures are accessible to world-wide expertise while in progress. The recent events in China were covered in large measure by students with smuggled handi-cams. We are witness to events as they unfold. Abuses of police or government procedures captured by a palm-corder cannot be denied. Video testimony and legal documents are being recognized as legally true. The drama is reality itself.

13. McLuhan's prediction of the electronic global village is no joke. We are beginning to see into the lives of our global neighbors on an intimate scale, independent from the force feeding of stereotypes via ideological and governmental channels. The most important network program to date is America's Funniest Home Videos. The most important broadcast area of the world was Eastern Europe. Real life is far more transformative and entertaining than entertainment, touches us more deeply, and bonds us together at the level of reality. Truth is manifold viewpoint, manifold verification.

14. We no longer have the option to select whether or not we perceive an event, but only where to place it within our frame of reference, what importance to give it. In an era of remote telecast, nothing remains remote, everything is right in front of our face. Your hand-held channel selector is a marvelous anti-gravity device. You don't have to get up to change the channel, consequently you don't tend to get trapped inside mass/inertia systems. The tendency, then, is to not pattern your mental life after mass/inertia systems. The remote channel selector is democracy's most powerful weapon. Truth is never boring.

15. The digitizing of media via digital signal processing is an exciting prospect from the

standpoint that this will help in standardizing electronic communication languages. The more we appreciate that phenomena can be subdivided into smaller and smaller constituent particles, the more we perceive those particles responding to field interactions. This is how we can get to the ideal from the real. Image and recording quality will no longer be a function of equipment cost. There will be absolutely no point to operating giant media entertainment networks. With fiber optics and degeneration-proof image and sound recording, every human is a news wire service, like ham radio operators during a local emergency. Fiber optics already carry in-house video teleconferencing capability within many corporate office complexes. When the band width problem is solved, either by fiber optics or a rediscovery of Tesla standing wave technology, the wires will be humming with so much communication flux that new visual shorthand languages will spring up out of necessity. That will be interesting.

16. Up to now, what we call communication is really sound wave communication carried out in a relatively dense atmosphere at very slow speeds within a linear sequential framework. Light travels 100,000 times faster than sound. This is the speed of vision. The visual field is also simultaneous. You can recognize many objects at a single glance.

The advantages of incorporating a visual language into everyday affairs is readily apparent. The nature of that language is totally wide open. It could be any mix of graphic symbol, color cues, positional cues, motion cues, 3-D display, audio intermix, you name it.

17. Nikola Tesla, in his later years, claimed to have invented a process whereby *mental images could be transferred to an imaging screen*. His absolute mastery over the theory and application of EMF is a matter of historic fact. We use his AC current, polyphase motors, radio, transformers, etc. on a daily basis. The military has taken the threat of Soviet deployment of Tesla based EMF weapons very seriously; it was the impulse to develop the SDI program. We should make the attempt to understand EMF phenomena as Tesla did; the vacuum being no vacuum at all, rather a seething sea of electrostatic potential, a stressed vacuum.

18. The leading edge of media research is currently to be found in the field of aircraft cockpit instrumentation display. Whenever you have two systems in relative motion, the requirements for rapid information updating rise exponentially as a function of the increase in velocity. Necessity dictates accuracy, i.e., a high volume of data, a dense data flux. These lessons can be applied to

everyday life where the velocity and instability factors are less than in flight systems, but the simultaneity factors are greater. Information throughput density is the constant in either case. In education, students could fly themselves through a knowledge landscape at their own learning velocity. Information density is conceptually akin to object velocity. The more of it that pours through your visual perceptual field, the faster you are going, even though you may be physically at rest. This is why "couch potatoes" are actually rocket sled pilots traveling at warp speed.

19. What we presently enjoy as technological progress has been, up to this point, essentially a spin-off from military R & D. National destiny has heretofore required the motive of threat to unify and drive science. With the easing of cold war tensions, technology can be harnessed more directly to global human needs, but the motive of discovery must be powerful enough to supplant the motive of threat. Space exploration is vital as a replacement "science driver" because only in that realm is the crucial factor of power vs. weight, i.e., miniaturization, the primary factor.

20. "Television has served as an internal communications system. Lawmakers can be working in their offices and keep one eye on the television screen

to check the progress of debate on the house or senate floor" [story in the San Francisco Chronicle, April 4, 1989]. Government officials must absolutely be elected and appointed on a basis of technological literacy first and foremost. Even that won't stop the capitol buildings from becoming ceremonial halls and museums.

21. Tele-synthetic reality -- virtual space imaging and allied tactile-referent systems -- may prove to be a very big let down in any practical sense. It will intrinsically apply most easily to remote control of robotics, and a simulation trainer for certain kinds of athletics. Its overmagnification of the subjective will tend to move it into the area of expensive escapist entertainment and even porn. However, certain of its spin-off developments are showing potential. Two forms of goggle-type display technology have recently been made available which will have consequences beyond their immediate markets. The first goggle display places heads up data overlaid upon the normal visual panorama. The prototypes do not have head movement tracking and directional capabilities, but can superimpose any word or symbol code upon the real world. No reason why one couldn't read the paper while driving the car, for example; simply a matter of depth of field awareness. The other goggle

technology projects any video signal directly in front of the eyes, but blanks out real world image. This British invention is designed as a substitute for regular television viewing with stereo earphones and goggle display in an integral unit. The remarkable potential in these videophonic goggles is that they will effectively cause the reintegration of the imaginative processes of cognition away from the subjective and towards the objective, real world. Such close-up projection will, in fact, substitute external objective content and relations for internal subjective imagination. Daydreaming will have a powerful impetus to relate directly to reality, rather than being a form of personal escapism. Documentary visual uptake will immerse the viewer within the docu-world and further accelerate the citizen's potential to participate in world affairs beyond the mere possession of opinion.

22. In the recent discussions about the most strategic of our nation's industries, electronic design automation (EDA) has received undeserved neglect. EDA is nothing less than the computer's ability to design itself into a more efficient form -- it is the computer design of computer components, and is an absolutely crucial technology. The amazing fertility of electronic technology is constantly shrinking the "shelf life" of new products, now down

to under a year. Rapid obsolescence has brought EDA into its own as a method for accelerating the design phase of new products through prototype testing. The implications of EDA, however, are far deeper. EDA is laying the practical foundations for artificial intelligence capabilities; in particular, the ability of a piece of hardware or program to educate itself about a task and then improve its performance on that task.

23. Computer aided design, animation and engineering will integrate within the entertainment industry and will eventually replace sets, actors, locations, cameras: everything, in fact, that we call "Hollywood". Photorealistic animation will burst out of its "special effects" containment to take over the entire production. Feature-length entertainment will be produced start to finish by a handful of men and women in an editing suite at a hundredth the cost. Photorealistic animation will be as detailed as modern cinematography with the advantage of absolute creative freedom. The division between "amateur" and "professional", "B" grade and studio, "artistic" and "kitsch" will be dissolved by the power of the animation hardware and programs themselves.

24. Given proper in/out and control interface, any electronic circuitry can be made to function

in the form of a software program. Any digitizable signal can be software through a computer to make the computer function in any way, as audio, video or radio gear, electronic testing and diagnostic gear, electronic gauge and monitoring gear.

25. More international bodies will convene to work out interface standards for information technology than will meet to promote world peace, and will be more successful at both tasks.

26. The economics of surplus, first-generation obsolete gear will remove overheated overhead costs from still viable technologies and promote vigorous experimentation and "re-prototyping" into new and unusual functions. This area should not be overlooked for its potential to provide breakthrough "off the shelf" type applications and conceptual flanking movements, particularly in the area of parallel processing which may prove to be effectively applied in the absence of fast processor speeds.

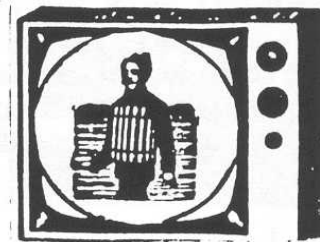
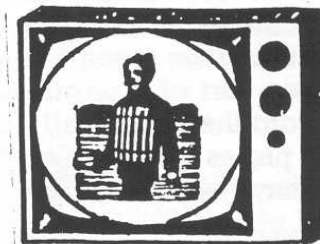
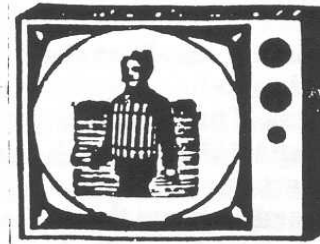
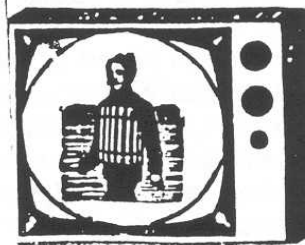
27. Up to this point most futurist projections have been hampered by either a simple minded "gee whiz" approach or an overly cautious approach philosophically opposed to technology per se. In absolutely no example of popularized futurology have authors exhibited



an understanding of the process of mind that results in efficient applied human invention. This outlook robs us of a great sense of security about the intelligence of our forebears as well as a sense of confidence in our ability to educate ourselves out of any problem that these three dimensions of existence present, eventually even that of mortality. Without a cultural optimism based on the real and tangible and beneficial accomplishments of the best minds of our kind, we hobble and retard human progress to a great cost of unnecessary pain. It is a shame that the names and stories of the great inventors are not an universal part of our folk culture and that the power of their method is kept from us.

28. "Ninety-nine percent of humanity does not know that we have the option to 'make it' on the planet and in the universe. We do. It can only be accomplished, however, through a design science initiative and technological revolution" [R. Buckminster Fuller, Critical Path, 1981].

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James V. Scianna:

A Pit Stop Along The Inward Journey

The following is an account by James Scianna of some of his experiences after temporarily ceasing to take powerful anti-psychotic and anti-depressants, after eight years of taking these drugs.

I go to this Vietnamese public health office, or at least when I get there it is run by a Vietnamese woman. I go in there and I guess there's some conversation done in some curt professional manner on her part and it sort of defines the situation. I get the feeling that she's talking down to me because I'm not of her race. I'm going there to get some special cockroach spray for the apartment that they are supposed to have there (I called them before I went). Anyway, she checks on this and I find out they don't have it there in stock. Then she starts talking about how I owe them/her seventy-five cents for some sort of "consultation fee" from the phone call I made, which pisses me off since they didn't have what I wanted. I think I pay this. Then, as if that weren't enough, she starts talking about how I owe her a pen since the last time I was there I took her pen. This becomes too much for me and an argument ensues, again, not heated but very curt, mature and professional, like that

which often occurs between a customer and proprietor. Anyway, I leave in a huff.

At this point what I am feeling is that for some reason the woman, because I am not of her race, looks down on me and is fucking with my head, trying to get one over on me, pushing me into a confrontation with her. She's playing on my own secret tendency to look down on Vietnamese people. The effect on me is one of frustration and of guilt. Although I know I didn't steal her pen, I feel guilty as if I did. Perhaps I just forgot to return her pen to her accidentally. I don't know, I'm not sure. Still, I feel guilty about this. I feel as if I'm definitely in the wrong and yet feel as if I should feel that I'm in the right. I'm frustrated.

As I'm walking home I notice that I'm at the curve of the road by the Main Public Library at the intersection of Market and West San Carlos but the place is like a ghetto instead of a thriving hub of civic activity, what with with library, the civic center, the convention center and Fairmont Hotel all in that area.

A screaming, crying, half-naked Black kid comes running out of one slum yelling something about her father trying to tattoo her. I'm concernedly asking her and the brother who comes to fetch her if she is all right even though I know that there is nothing I can do if she isn't all right, which is most probably the case.

I feel a sense of token concern

over this. Again, we get a minority that I secretly look down upon. Whereas before I was not responsible for the situation, and yet I felt responsible, I felt as if I should feel responsible and wanted the other person to feel I had nothing to do with what she had accused me of. In this case, it was the flip side: Even though I was not responsible for this young child's situation, didn't have anything to do with it and, indeed, I didn't want to deal with it, I wanted the people involved to think that I could do something about it, a token show of concern. "Are you all right?" What was I going to do if they weren't? Nothing?

As I'm walking along I walk by a short cyclone fence of a house. On the inside of the fence, hanging on it by the neck, is the desiccated carcass of a tiny little kitten. Immediately I understand that another abusive father is at work here, that the cat of some poor family has had a whole litter of unwanted kittens and the father is abusing, killing and neglecting them so that they die and he doesn't have to deal with them.

Two of these starved, half-dead yet amazingly strong and eager little unwanted things come up to me and start grabbing onto my ankles and legs with ferocious tenacity, saying (non-verbally), "Please! Save us! Take us home! Feed us! Please! Love us!" If frightens me, the intensity of their need to be rescued from this hellish kitty concentration camp and yet I'm concerned that they

are going to get run over by a car outside of the fence where they are. I pick one of them up to throw it inside of this malevolent sanctuary and it digs its claws into my hands, unwilling to let go at any cost. I throw it in anyway. I am hurt physically and psychologically by this whole scene.

The kittens are repulsive to me. I want to be rid of them, of the sight of them. I am appalled by their horrible existence and their ferocious desperation. I can't do anything about their pain. I literally throw them back into their situation. My feeling at this point is like there is a great weight on my shoulders, the weight of the world, the world's pain, even though it is typified in two isolated incidents. I feel I'm living in a terrible world. I keep thinking how appalled my sister would be at these kitten's plight. This is the third instance in which I feel guilty about something I have no power over. About something I haven't done and can't do anything about.



I notice a roach in the room. Then another. Then another. Like that movie Creepshow, "They're Creeping Up on You." I'm pissed because I can't get the roach spray that's going to solve my problems. So I get a can of Raid out and start spraying every square inch of the place with a heavy foam of the diluted poison. Spraying it directly onto roaches as I find each one. Until, when spraying under the bed, I come upon the queen cockroach herself. No matter how hard and how much I spray her, though, she doesn't die. She becomes bigger and bigger.

She comes out from under the bed and she's like a huge queen ant and by now she's about the size of a schnauzer. I'm spraying the Raid at her like she's some sort of monster in some B horror movie, but it's horribly real. The Raid comes out in a long foamy stream, an endless supply of the stuff directed at her insecticide head. She just laps it up like a dog drinking from a water hose.

Again, there is the deep feeling of revulsion and horror. I want to run screaming from the place but realize that I have no place to run to. The queen cockroach is insistent. She gets bigger and bigger after she crawls from beneath my bed.

I put myself in the cockroach's place, and speak with her "voice:" "I am a monster. I am hideous. I am loathsome. I am disgusting. I hide in the dark, buried underneath an altar on which are sacrificed all my secret

dreams and lurid fantasies. And yet, when I am seen and noticed I shall not be denied. I am not evil. I do not want to cause Jim pain. I cannot help what I am. I am what I am. I need to be loved."

I find myself watching some sort of special Donahue show on schizophrenics, but it's being hosted by a bearded Johnathan Winters (who was diagnosed "schizophrenic," or at least so I've heard).

As he goes through the panel, introducing each schizophrenic to the studio audience, he asks them: "Are you on any medication right now?" And yet, these people aren't like the mentally ill people I know. They're cute, they're funny, they're amusing, like characters off of a situation comedy. One guy is an annoying lawyer from the movie The Onion Fields (at least he looks like him). Another woman on the panel, thin, slightly older, red hair, interrupts Winters' monologue by saying "Excuse me, sir; excuse me, sir," over and over. Again, the audience is amused.

I know that it's all bullshit. It's not real. Mentally ill people tend to be shuffling, confusing, confused, unwanted souls tucked away in the cellars of society. They are not television personalities who delight millions with their eccentric antics and bizarre behavior. And yet, I am not indignant at this realization. If anything, it is an afterthought. I'm caught up in the illusion. It's a great show. It's great stuff.

Real good television. I wish I were taping it to add to my collection. I am entertained.

As the lady on the panel is saying "Excuse me, sir," we see a three-dimensional, real time computer animated representation of their talking heads, and of her saying "Excuse me, sir" over and over while she's saying it. The point of view of the computer animation sweeps over these heads, focusing on one, lifting, panning over the panel, all to electronic music. I think it is a fine technical job. Then in this real-time cartoon, we see the heads being disassembled like blocks of wood. Like some sort of puzzle. Sections of the scalp and face spontaneously disappear until the skull is revealed, then sections of the cranium, portions of the jaw, geometrically bisected portions of static gray matter. We see the entire interior structure of their heads. Then the whole thing happens in reverse and we're back to the real show.

It's all fascinating to me. How in the world do they do that? I don't care. It just looks great, sounds great. I'm caught up in the mastery of the technical wizardry. This show is great!

The schizos are involved in some sort of sketch. One woman (perhaps the same one) is not satisfied with her performance and keeps wanting to start it over. They try to explain to her that it is a live show and that she should just go through with it. The audience is amused by this. I realize that is just a show that has

been on before. It is a re-run. It's all just so much bullshit. But high-quality bullshit.



I wake up. But I don't really wake up, I'm still dreaming, having woke up from a dream within a dream. My sense of "reality" is undermined as it teeters on the edge, the brink between joy and madness. For some reason, I'm ecstatic in my disillusionment. What the hell does it matter? Christ, I might as well be happy. And I am, I'm joyous; content in my confusion. Am I mad? The thought doesn't even occur to me as I'm swept away in spirited rapture.

The phone rings and it is a friend of mine, Mike. I talk to him some and I realize that I'm excited and talking very weird and I start to sense that he's going to start feeling that I'm mentally ill and start talking down to me or patronizing me. This particular friend works with autistic children and tends to condescend to me at times, like I'm one of his clients.

He asks me if I went to this Vietnamese place to get the roach spray and I tell him yes, I did, but

they didn't have it. I anticipate that he thinks this is too easy, that I'm lying about it. He says something and I say; "Mike, are you accusing me of lying to you?!" My heart trembles and hitches with frustration and fearful indignation in its heaving rib cage as I anticipate the imminent professional rebuke.

"Well," he insists, "are you?"

Demanding voice echoes in my ears. A maddening drone.

"Are you? Are you? Are you?"

I am paralyzed in my fear. My back is pressed hard against an unyielding wall. A million angry beehives explode between my temples drowning everything out except his pounding query. I close my blind eyes tight against the undeniable assault as it screams in my scrambled brain.

My eyes snap open in wide terror, glistening like moist eggshells. My mouth stretches into an exaggerated pain-ricetus howling a silent scream.

White out.

Black out.

The wall behind me is a soap bubble. I slide through it effortlessly and tumble unoriented, wildly, spinning out of control through a sunblasted expanse of spinning thick-blue atmosphere and silver-white clouds of hairswept coolness. The uncatchable sun orbits me insanely as my head and feet exchange places over and over. I can't tell if I'm falling up or down.

"Are you? Are you? Are

you?"

I spread my arms wide and the rushing wind catches me with a silent hand, deep in my chest, pulling me back and up, swinging me in wild looping arcs.

"Yes... yes... yes... yes... I'm lying to you, Mike. I'm lying to you. I'm lying to you, Mike. I'm lying to you. I'm lying! I'm lying!"

Untamed laughter explodes from my forehead like furiously convulsing feral spirit. My laughter screams. It tears at me gloriously, ripping me apart. My laughter becomes the sky I'm falling in. It sustains me. Pulls me in whatever direction I choose. It echoes endlessly. I twist and dance like a flame.

I awake tangled in damp sheets. I awake laughing, my face slick with tears. I awake fist stabbed into the clumsy pillow.

I awake.

OVO



Chris Gross:

Three Letters

from a letter to OVO dated 27 April 1990

"... I heard from the Streibers this week. Looks as if I might be sitting in on a Communion meeting. I should be hearing from Anne about it some time next week. I dunno how those 'experiences' of mine stack up next to those other folks, but this whole thing is getting interesting. Especially since I had two almost waking 'experiences' last week and I've begun to remember some dreams that might be relevant (and which pre-date Communion). One concerned 'visitor'-like beings with high, squeaky voices that came at me with scissors -- but they took too much off the top and left the back too long.

"I'm generally pretty detached when I dream (unless the dream is an overt nightmare, which isn't often). But some of these 'dreams' do seem to sneak up on me later on. For example, one of those two 'experiences' last week was a very vivid dream of being back at my parent's house in the Poconos. I was 'awakened' by some moving white lights at the front and side of the house. I went to the window and saw something with a pale, bobbing head that I couldn't identify. The first time I saw it I ducked away from the window, thinking 'I can't

let it see me!' I looked again and the thing seemed much less threatening, almost like a scarecrow. I also saw a small (about 2 inches high) skull and crossbones sign in the yard. A glance out the front window didn't reveal anything in the front yard and there was nothing in the house. I woke up feeling very apprehensive. The dream itself was very tame, emotionally; I don't know why I acted so frightened afterwards. At any rate, it was hours before I got back to sleep. The room had a very haunted feel to it.

"The second 'event' was very scary at the time (it involved my brother Richie, who once told me that he'd seen 'an elf with black eyes' in the woods behind the house) but it seems to have worn off..."

A letter never mailed to Whitley Strieber, 1990

Dear Mr. Strieber:

I had been planning to write you after having read Transformation, but I'd somehow put it off. Your talk at the New York Fortean Society meeting made me finally decide to sit down and type this up.

I was deeply affected by Communion because it was the first time I realized that other people had been having experiences similar to mine. I've been a Fortean (as a member of INFO) since about 1980 and have come across some bizarre stories I think should have rung a few

bells in my mind when I read them -- but at the time they were just more bits of data to be collected. I never connected them with anything in my own life. The "visitors" paradigm, now that it is a paradigm (though not a firm one) had helped me link up many strange events in my life that seemed unconnected at the time they happened.

I won't go into detail about these events in this letter because I don't want it to run too long. I'll outline them in a separate enclosure. If you would like any further information about the events described in the outline I would be happy to provide it.

In any event, I'm glad to hear The Communion Foundation is off the ground. I will be subscribing to the newsletter as soon as possible, and I hope The Foundation will be able to help the people who have been "visited" to cope with their experiences. In that regard, I think that my research in Fortean activities has helped me to take this sort of thing in stride; after years of reading about spontaneous human combustion, chocolate-chip cookies falling out of the sky, etc., the "visitors" seem a bit easier to take!

I'm now going to go back and re-read *Transformation*, so I'll sign off. It was a pleasure to see and hear your presentation, and I hope the enclosed is helpful.

Sincerely,

Chris Gross

1. DREAMS

I have always had a very vivid dream life; my dreams are usually very detailed and dense with information. One element of certain specific dreams had always puzzled me: these dreams involve places I've never been to (or which don't exist) and people I've never met. One of these dreams featured the theme of experimentation. As far as I can remember it took place between 1979 and 1981, while I was in college.

In this dream, I was in a strange, grey-painted room with three or four other people. We were all lined up, straddling a bench and facing what looked like a large grey plastic shield of some sort. This "shield" was at least six feet high and resembled a welder's mask seen from the inside. As the person in front of the line underwent some sort of treatment and was escorted out of the room, the rest of us would move forward one space and the process would begin all over again. When my turn finally came, I found myself facing a gaunt, white-haired man (identified in the dream as "Antionette") who began pricking my face with a long, thin needle. The experience was very painful. The needle felt as though it had been electrified. I was then escorted from the room. I have no memory of the people who led me out, apart from the fact that they were wearing dark overalls. My strongest emotion at this

point was anger. I felt as though I had somehow been used. The dream then became more unreal in texture and degenerated into a revenge fantasy against "Antionette." I also began to experience what I later learned were called "haggings;" I would wake up paralyzed and unable to breathe properly, with the feeling that someone else was in the room with me. The haggings eventually got so bad that I sought help; the results will be mentioned in an upcoming section.

In the mid-'80s, (I wish I could be more specific about some of these dates but I was reluctant to write these experiences down) I experienced a series of dreams whose texture was very different from anything I was used to. These dreams were extremely vivid and emotionally intense but my sense of time and the visual imagery were vague. I can only compare the experience to a delirium. In these dreams, some sort of non-human entity was trying to enter the house either through the TV set or my bedroom closet (depending on the dream). One repeated image tied all these dreams together: several hairless, slow-moving creatures with huge dark eyes approaching me through a darkened hallway. I am an occasional freelance writer, and I incorporated this image into a horror-movie treatment I was writing at the time. The general tone of these dreams was absolute panic, although the actions of

these creatures was not threatening. They seemed to be possessed of a form of demonic energy that they were struggling to hold in check.

Two other dreams occurred in the mid-'70s. In one, a doctor was giving me a painful injection in my hand (probably the right one). The needle left a pale-blue mark on my skin, resembling the mark made by a fine-point Magic Marker. For some reason I decided not to tell anyone about this. I was in my teens and living at home at the time. The other dream is a vague one concerning some non-human entities with large, dark eyes and very small features. Nothing much happened in this dream: all I did was look at the entities, who struck me as being benign.

I would like to emphasize that the preceding dreams differ greatly in "texture" from the dreams I normally have, even the ones that are very bizarre. I was more alert in these dreams than I usually am, and I also had a sense that on some level these events were actually happening. The haunted feel of these dreams often carried over into the next day, or even the next several days.

I have had several apocalyptic dreams. They all involve a limited catastrophe here in the Northeast that involves an unnatural darkness during the day (usually around 10:00 AM) and something coming out of the sky, although whatever it is coming out of the sky is never cited as the

cause of the catastrophe. There is also a suggestion of a series of plane crashes, bomb scares, etc., but these seem to be only concomittants. One of these dreams involved a symbolic cracking-open of the sky just before the darkness fell.

In the interest of brevity I am leaving out many other dreams dealing with elements that appear in Communion, Transformation, and Budd Hopkin's Intruders. The rest can be provided on request.

2. HAGGINGS

As mentioned earlier, I have experienced many incidents of "hagging" since about 1980. Almost all of them involved the feeling that someone else was in the room when no one was. This entity (sometimes group of entities) normally seemed less malicious than possessed of immense energy and powers of concentration. In one case, however, a group of these entities seemed to have a sense of humor. They seemed to be standing next to the bed out of visual range and laughing in an unusual, reedy manner. I mentally told them to knock it off and let me sleep. Instead, I began to hear a confused series of noises, ranging from what sounded like taped snippets of radio programs played at wrong speeds to a bicycle horn. I repeated my demand that the entities leave me alone, and the noises ground down like a record player being turned off.

These experiences would

often include an element of space-distortion. I would have the feeling that I was somehow facing in the "wrong" direction, although everything about my bedroom appeared normal. It was as though the room itself had been turned around, although my position relative to the room was unchanged.

My most severe hagging came in the Summer of 1988. I had attended my first channeling session the night before, at the invitation of a friend of the channeler. I came home with a severe migraine and had an attack of vomiting. I went to sleep, got up a few hours later for a glass of Coke, and went back to sleep again. At about 5:00 AM I woke up paralyzed, aware of a strangely relentless being in the room, and completely unable to breathe. I felt as though someone were trying to push a thin metal rod down my throat, which had closed up and gone into spasms. I lost consciousness several times while trying to fight this thing off. I never saw it, and could barely keep my eyes open. Eventually I gave up, and I fell asleep again. The next day, I called the friend who had invited me to the session (a physical therapist/hypnotist from Brooklyn) and asked if I could talk to her about a strange incident in which I had been involved. We met in Prospect Park, and as I described the hagging, we were both overcome by a growing feeling of oppression. By time for lunch,

we were both feeling disoriented and physically sick. We went back to her apartment, and my friend called the channeler for advice. Her assessment (I don't quite agree with it myself) was that we were under attack by an earthbound spirit, so my friend performed a "deliverance" and we both felt much better. The haggings went away for several months, but there have been a few minor incidents since then. Luckily they were nothing serious. One interesting point is that the entity I felt during some of these incidents had a high-pitched, reedy voice. Unfortunately, I don't remember what it was saying. The traumatic "delirium" experience mentioned in the previous segment felt very similar to haggings, but it was much less coherent.

3. AUDITORY "HALLUCINATIONS"

These happen very infrequently, sometimes in a hypnogogic state and very rarely in a waking state, and usually take the form of loud bangs or crashes heard while I am falling asleep. Ironically, I sleep through most thunderstorms. A recurring "hallucination" this past winter consisted of a Morse code-like beeping in my right ear. It was never loud and after a while it would usually fade out entirely. The sound was very similar to that of a marine navigation beacon, which generally broadcast on the long-wave band,

repeating a series of letters in Morse code. It was a repeated sequence lasting about five or six seconds. I have had many problems with my right ear (at least five middle ear infections, several times rupturing the eardrum) but my hearing has remained unaffected and there is no evidence of tinnitus.

4. PHYSICAL SYMPTOMS

I recently discovered that I have a deviated septum. The only explanation I've received for this is the possibility that I may have broken my nose at some point in my life. I have no memory of anything like this happening, although in 1982 I suffered a series of recurring, unexplained nose bleeds. At the time of my "delirium" experiences I began to have severe migraines. I had several of them in high school and college, but the new batch was much worse. My doctor sent me to the hospital for tests (CT scan, EEG, strobe test for epilepsy), but nothing abnormal was found. I was put on Inderal, a beta blocker that seems to prevent migraines. It was only occasionally successful; the migraines only stopped after the "deliverance" although recently they've started up again. I came down with one after the NYFS meeting on May 20.

5. ANOMALIES

My experience with UFOs is minimal. I used to see occasional star-like orange lights in the sky

(two of which seemed to dip down and fly over the house) when I lived in the Poconos (1971-1981). I had one further incident after moving to New Jersey.

On June 25, 1987 I was waiting to cross a street in Paramus (Forest Avenue), when I happened to look at the sky and saw a black ovoid object flying due West. It appeared to be made of some sort of flexible material; it was a flat object set up on edge rather than horizontally, and its edge rippled as it veered a bit from side to side. I eventually lost sight of it behind some trees. When I got home I wrote up a report for INFO.

The next day my phone line was severed. I called the police from a pay phone. An officer inspected the line, which seemed to have been sliced with a razor blade and told me that it had been deliberately cut. I saw what looked like crimp marks about an inch from the cut on either side. The phone company repairman told me that a passing truck must have snagged it. However, I live on a dead end street and the wire was at least 15 feet above the ground. I had been home all day except for a trip to the video store and had noticed nothing unusual.

I have had occasional phone calls from someone with a voice very similar to the one's I've heard in my dreams and haggings. The voice resembles that of a little girl or of the voice at the end of *The Fly* that says "Help mee-e-e-e..." It also

seems disembodied, as though it were coming directly from the larynx with no chest tones. These phone conversations have all been nonsensical. I generally put unusual calls out of my mind, but I do remember one that went like this:

CG: Hello?

VOICE: Hello. (LONG PAUSE)

CG: Who is this?

VOICE: WwwwhhhATT? (I should explain that one: it's the word "What" pronounced in a drawn-out manner with a rising inflection. The "t" at the end was pronounced almost as a separate syllable.)

CG: (AFTER ANOTHER LONG PAUSE) Hello?

VOICE: Hello.

CG: Who is this?

VOICE: WwwwhhhATT?

CG: I said, 'Who is this?'

VOICE: WwwwhhhATT?

At that point I hung up. That conversation took place at about the time my haggings started, and as I recall I received two more of these calls after moving back to New Jersey in 1981.

Unfortunately, I also began receiving more prank calls and wrong numbers, so I never thought much about them and eventually forgot their contents. I remember they were very short conversations, in which only a few sentences were exchanged.

For what it's worth, I was constantly being pulled out of class from first grade through

senior high school and given intelligence tests. As far as I recall, I was the only one to whom this was done. I was never told who the people were who were testing me or why the tests were being given, but I guess it's a comfort to me to know that I did very well. I was never told the results of these tests except that they were exceptional and apparently even baffling. I did overhear a remark while in high school that my younger sister had an IQ of 170 and that mine was higher than hers. The testing did not continue into college.

My overall view of these and other incidents as they relate to the visitor phenomenon is that my experiences, though not conclusive or even very coherent, indicates to me that something real is going on above and beyond any "hallucinations" that may be an integral part of it. I don't know if I've actually run into the visitors or simply had some odd experiences but the events listed in your books really hit home and made me re-evaluate many of the unusual dreams and phenomena I've experienced over the past ten to fifteen years. If the visitors actually exist, I don't believe that I'm in any kind of conscious rapport with them although I assume that if they are involved in my life I must be interesting to them in at least a clinical way. As to the nature of the visitors I agree that it's very easy to anthropomorphise. I get the

impression that the beings I've encountered in my dreams and "haggings" are extremely alien in their thought processes. Either that or they drink a lot. I did feel some fear towards them at first, but I think I've been able to gradually rule out malice as a motive for their actions. They seem to be going about things tentatively, occasionally making mistakes (some damaging, some humorous). These days I seem to feel an amused affection for them most of the time. Maybe that's John Keel's influence rubbing off, since he seems to feel the same way about the Men in Black, Mothman, etc.

One intriguing aspect to my own experiences (based on a seemingly unconnected batch of vivid, recurring dreams) is that these beings are involved in some sort of communications network that is occasionally tapped into by humans. These "leaks" would be symbolized in some cases by dreams of television sets, radios, newspapers, some computers, etc., bearing extremely cryptic information. This idea is very difficult to defend because it's based on subjective experience and hunches. Maybe I shouldn't have mentioned it, but there's always the chance that someone else may have experienced the same thing.

As I mentioned in the letter, this is all just the tip of the iceberg. I'm just selecting the information that appears to be the most relevant to The Communion Foundation's studies. If you

would like further information on anything I've mentioned here, I would be happy to supply it.

from a letter to OVO dated 30 June 1990:

"... About the Strieber stuff... still no word from the NYC group. BUT -- you can run the letter as is, provided that you mention that no connection with Whit is to be implied, since I took one look at the letter, signed it "Popeye," and tossed it back into my flies. He hasn't read it. I'd rather not re-write it as an article, partially because the disc with the information on it has disappeared and partially because I think the letter would be more evidential. So even I don't know what it says anymore!"

OVO



(AND WHICH PRE-DATE COMMUNION). ONE CONCERNED 'VISITOR'- LIKE BEINGS WITH HIGH, SQUEAKY VOICES THAT CAME AT ME WITH SCISSORS:



-- BUT THEY TOOK TOO MUCH OFF THE TOP AND LEFT THE BACK TOO LONG.

Chris Gross

ovo1253

-Index and References-

Walter Alter, 4001 San Leandro #26, Oakland CA 94601 [List...]
Tentatively, A Convenience, Box 382, Baltimore MD 21203
Richard Ford, Box 911, Newport TN 37821 [Bellowing...]
Feral Faun, address unknown [Thoughts on Experimentation]
Eseranza Godot, address unknown [Recepies for Non-Survival]
Chris Gross, c/o OVO (address below) [Three Letters]
James Scianna, c/o OVO (address below) [Pitstop...]

Suggested Reading:

Connections by James Burke
The Medium is the Massage by Marshall McLuhan
Fads and Falacies in the Name of Science by Martin Gardner
The Big Brother Game by Scott French
The Experts Speak by Cerf and Navasky
Signal by the Whole Earth Catalog
The Fringes of Reason by the Whole Earth Catalog
High Weirdness by Mail by Ivan Stang
Arthur C. Clarke's World of Strange Powers by Fairly and Welfare
Phenomena by Michell and Rickard
Above Top Secret by Timothy Good
The UFO Handbook by Allan Hendry
UFOs and Outer Space Mysteries by James Oberg
Communion by Whitley Streiber
- and most books by H. G. Wells and J. G. Ballard

Recommended Viewing and Listening:

NOVA -- Connections -- 2001 -- Network
CNN -- The Discovery Channel -- PBS -- A&E -- CSPAN
SPK -- DEVO -- Kraftwerk -- Throbbing Gristle -- CERVIS

Recommended Magazines, Pamphlets and Catalogs:

Archie McPhee, Box 30852, Seattle WA 98103
Jerryco, 601 Linden Place, Evanston IL 60202
The SubGenius Foundation, Box 140306, Dallas TX 75214
Kooks, Box 953, Allston MA 02134
Strange Magazine, Box 2246, Rockville MD 20847
Loompanics, Box 1197, Port Townsend WA 98368
AMOK, Box 861867 Terminal Station, Los Angeles CA 90086
Now What?, Box 768, Monterey CA 93940
A-Albionic, Box 20273, Ferndale MI 38220 [Secret Weapons...]
Re/Search, 20 Romolo St. #B, San Fransisco CA 94133

OVO, Box 23061, Knoxville TN 37933-1061

OVO

... receives far more than it can review, but wishes to encourage contact with the following. All of them sent something of note since the last issue. If you like OVO, your tastes are shared by these people. You should write them today... say you saw them listed in OVO.

Steamshovel Press, Kenn Thomas, 5927 Kingsbury, St. Louis MO 63112
Dilatory Meanderer, Carl Bettis, Box 32631 Kansas City MO 64111
Resistance, Box 790 Stn. A, Vancouver BC V6C 2N6 Canada
Anti-Clockwise, Box 175, L67 8DX, Liverpool UK
Notes From Oblivion, Jay Harber, 626 Paddock, Libertyville IL 60048
Alternative Gallery, Box 20037, GR-11810, Athens Hellena, Greece
Leak News, Neal Wilgus, Box 25771, Albuquerque NM 87125
Prisoner News Service, Box 5052 Stn. A, Toronto ONT M5W 1W4
Prisoners' Legal News, Box 1684, Lake Worth FL 33460
Thought Crime 23, Box 874, Tempe AZ 85281
Demolition Derby, CP 1554 Succ B, Montreal PQ H3B 3L2 Canada
Obscure Publications & Video, Box 1334, Milwaukee WI 53201
Mercy Killer Productions, Rt. 2 Box 369, Johnson City TN 37605
Smile, Box 3502, Madison WI 53704
Tripe, Greg Pettix, Box 267831, Chicago IL 60626
Headlines, Dave Mitchell, Box 5097, Winterpark FL 32793-5097
Technology Works, Paul Moore, Box 477, Placentia CA 92670-0477
Wordless Press, Box 4857, Washington DC 20008
Little Free Press, Ernest Mann, Rt. 1 Box 102, Cushing MN 56443
Brick, Barry Carpenter, Box 1153, Russellville AL 35653
Anarchy, Box 1446, Columbia MO 65205-1446
Film Threat, Box 16928, North Hollywood CA 91615
Wendy Duke, Box 80044, Akron OH 44308
The SubGenius Foundation, Box 140306, Dallas TX 75214
Sasquatch, Box 595, Wiscasset Maine 04578
The Libertarian Mutualist, Box 40391, St. Petersburg FL 33710

Remember, sending an S.A.S.E. is the only way to be SURE of getting a response from OVO. There is enough mail coming in that I can't answer it all. If you can save me a little money by including some stamps, I'll make it worth your while. Do keep writing, calling, and come visit when you can.

OVO #4 OVO CASSETTE ENGINE (1987): very few left.	\$6.00
OVO #5 [Toronto] (1988): 520 made, three left. [D-52]	\$15.00
OVO #7 INFORMATION (1989): 300 made, 30 left. [S-84]	\$5.00
OVO #9 [ovofile #2]: @BBS review [D-12]	\$2.00
OVO #10 MAYHEM (July 1991) [D-48]	\$3.00
OVO #11 CONTROL (September 1991) [D-52]	\$3.00
OVO #12 SCIENCE (November 1991) [D-60]	\$3.00

Principia Discordia: \$5.00

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ovo1257

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ovo1258

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(2) Soviet pioneer of transplant failures, Demikof, implanted a second head on a German shepherd. The two heads of the pain-crazed monster kept attacking each other and on the 29th day the misfit had to be killed.



ovo1259

Annotations

OVO 12 was first published in 1991. The information on page two is accurate but it is unlikely that any of the addresses seen elsewhere in this issue are still valid.

ovo1201 – Front Cover. The stylized atom graphic came from a company that made buttons. The overturned statue is a picture of the aftereffects of an earthquake.

ovo1202 – Indicia. OVO was available in three stores and had advertisers, a distributor and subscribers.

ovo1203 – Introduction & Table of Contents.

ovo1204 through ovo1206 – Thoughts on Experimentation by Feral Faun. The top graphic on ovo1206 is by Jim Ellis, used as the cover art to OVO 11. The center and bottom graphics are piles of glasses stolen from people killed in the death camps in Germany, an image is used throughout this issue.

ovo1207 through ovo1218 – Liznap and Resume by tENTATIVELY, a cONVENIENCE. It is criminal that tENTATIVELY, a cONVENIENCE continues to go unrecognized as the greatest mad scientist of our age, while many merely eccentric scientists achieve fame and fortune. The graphics on ovo1218 are again by Jim Ellis and from photographs of glasses.

ovo1219 through ovo1222 (continued on ovo1226) – Recipes for Non-Survival by Esperanza Godot. This critical review of the *Anarchist Cookbook* continues to be ignored by the publishers and distributors of that book. A piece of American samizdat originally published in *New Libertarian*, Volume V, Number III, April 1988.

ovo1223 – Excerpts from *Silent Weapons for Quiet Wars* by anonymous. This document was available as early as 1987 via a Fidonet BBS in Atlanta, Georgia, USA. It was supposedly found on 7 July 1986 in the feeder tray of a photocopier bought second-hand from Boeing. Excerpts from this pamphlet were also published in William Cooper's book *Behold a Pale Horse* in 1991, the same year as this issue of OVO. This document is a satire, presenting a fiction as truth in order to make a comment about society. The images on ovo1226 in the upper left and lower right are more glasses. The image in the upper right is of a dog with another dog's head surgically attached to it.

ovo1227 through ovo1229 – Bellowing Forth and Brandishing by Richard Ford. Cut-up computer generated poetry was a novelty (at least to me) in 1991. The text source is the fiction of Kenneth Robeson, a shared pen-name that *Doc Savage* magazine was attributed to. The graphic on ovo1227 is from Philip Farmer's book *Doc Savage: His Apocalyptic Life*, and I think the image on ovo1228 is from an original *Doc Savage* magazine. Writing on computer was a strange enough idea to me in 1991 to specifically mentioning that contributions to OVO could occur on a screen.

ovo1230 – Cursed Object by Trevor Blake. Black and white collage, paper glue and ink. The text largely comes from an inversion of claims made in a paranormal magazine. Where the original advertisement read "I can make everyone love you," I changed it to "I can make everyone hate you." Some of the text is original, to make the inverted sections flow better and be more confusing and evil-sounding. The text is deliberately inconsistent; it claims to be both beneficial to the reader and harmful to the reader, to be both all-powerful and doomed. This text was available as a booklet to be given to people the buyer didn't like: one person bought it and presumably gave it to their enemy. I hope they got their money's worth. Someone later transcribed it for the Internet.

ovo1231 through ovo1240 – The List of Recalibrations by Walter Alter. The images on ovo1240 are more glasses and the ovo television logo. *Little Wally's Reader* was sent to me on computer disk, an early inspiration to move OVO to an electronic format.

ovo1241 through ovo1245 – A Pit Stop Along the Inward Journey by James V. Scianna. The images are advertisements for horror movies.

ovo1246 through ovo1253 – Three Letters by Chris Gross. Interest and belief in alien abduction in 1991 had not reached the popularity it would in three years later with the success of *The X-Files*. I like Chris' letters for their sense of humor, although he did believe he experienced exactly what he described. The image at the bottom of ovo1253 is by Chris, the image on the right side is more glasses.

ovo1254 – Index and References. Cable television was a new source of information for me.

ovo1255 – Contacts. *Smile* is the magazine of Neoism. *Film Threat* made the transition from zine to magazine to Web page long before OVO.

ovo1256 – Catalogue.

ovo1257 – Advertisements to reprint in other zines. No one ever did.

ovo1258 – Paid advertisement.

ovo1259 – Back cover. Postage to mail this zine was 75 cents, but I suspect I was overcharged.