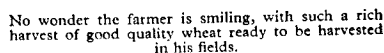
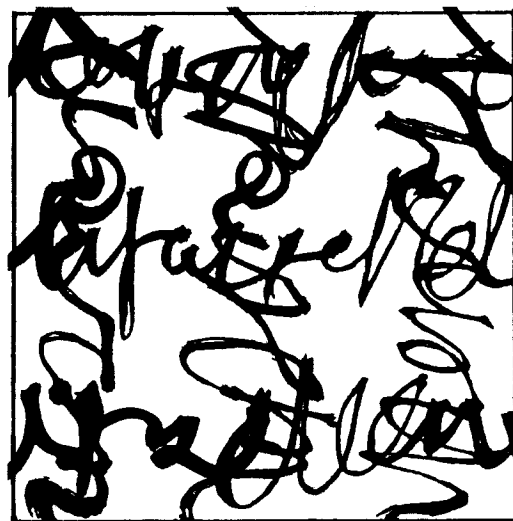


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**THE OKOK SOCIETY
PO BOX 35 · BANGOR
GWYNEDD · LL57 3ZF · UK**

THE HORNS • NEWSLETTER OF THE OKOK SOCIETY 2-IMBOLC-99

As the cogs, both seen and hidden, turned their own unique revolutions in myriad directions, I found myself walking lightly along the vast patch of wasteland near the Garden Center. It was warm and dusk provoking special flowings. In the far distance I could just about see their large greenhouse - all lit up within by many glowing electric bulbs. In the misty half-light it looked like fairyland - an otherworldly oasis, promising mysterious experience. With an ethereal sideways smile I imagined the jolly and purposeful gnomes guarding and tending the plants, walking through mirrors and lush shadows, commerce a lifetime from their thoughts.

The wasteland was and eerie and forboding place. People witnessed sinister looming shapes there with the eyes, saw silver balls hovering in the air, glowing with their own peculiar inner light.

I quickened my pace as I approached the small clearing in the undergrowth, the scariest part. It smelt of rotting cabbages, brick dust and damp plaster, snails and creeping things, mouldy discarded playing cards and distant childhood melancholy.

It's true I had dropped some Biker Acid an hour before, and was busily chanting with my mind's tongue the OKOK Trip Mantra: "NO LIMITS" - which always provoked a Major Breakthrough, but I did not expect one of such depth and clarity of intervention matrix that fleshed.

Then I saw him, the Transit Man - the local legend, a real spectre, glimpsed and part created by young and old charged whisperings and the cold midnight sweat of a ouija board sudden manifests....He was standing very still in the clearing, six foot tall, dressed in black Victoriana and high top hat - just not looking right amongst the henbane and hellebores. He was shimmering slightly, giving off a transparent violet effervescence, that pulsed with an almost inaudible high pitched solid frequency that I felt, sending universal knowledge up my spine. It was real, and it was my imagination, it was also something else.....

Skirting as wide a berth as I could muster, I walked past him, my chest tight with fear. Just after I drew level I glanced behind me. I could, with some effort make him out in the hazy distance - his form was still present, watching me and everything. I carried onwards taking a few more consciously aware steps, and felt the telepathic pierce at the nape of my neck. I just had to turn around again.....a raven cracked the air with a sudden crow, as to my instant horror Transit Man was following me only four feet behind !!!!

There was no way a human could have moved so quickly, could have traversed that distance in such a short time. I was terrified, rooted to the earth, his uncanny gaze transporting inbetweeness.....I had to act, so asked him what he wanted. In a flash of silver crosses to my mind's eye appeared a macabre scene - he was in bed, sleeping soundly with a skeleton lying next to him, a human one, real and grinning white. I didn't want to think why, dared not put reason to this outre spectacle - but I knew he fucked it senseless, breeding beings from it that flew silently through the night air, visiting unsuspecting people, saw startled faces as the cold invisible hand placed on their shoulder the reality of other worlds.

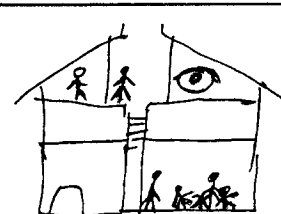
I opened my eyes and could only marvel at the reality of this swirling Other. He opened his mouth and spoke to me, but the words and his lip movements didn't match up. There was a seven second delay, and the speech was as slightly garbled, like the tuning was out. In a strange unfamiliar tone, resembling the voice within a laughing bag or creeping out of an old carbon telephone, he told me that if I really wanted to hypnotize a street full of people, all I had to do was convincingly (to myself) believe as if I had ALREADY hypnotized them and they were under my command as now.

He spoke of a coal mine in South Wales, five hundred feet below the earth - a place of real darkness, zone of UN, the tunnels solid blocks of black. In one such tunnel, always in the same spot, at 3.30 AM every morning, the earth manifests a deafening sound like heavy thunder, erupting from the very depths, shaking the floor, reverberating along stygian pathways. The miners called it "The Rumbles", but rarely mentioned it to outsiders; saw grown men run screaming from its reality.

y. They tell that it is Mother Earth's Roar - She trying to seal up that unnecessary violation forced through Her, that rightly shouldn't exist there at all.

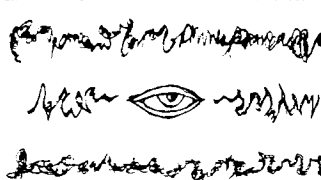
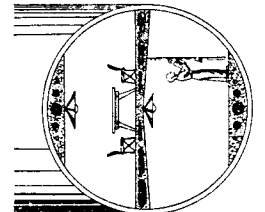


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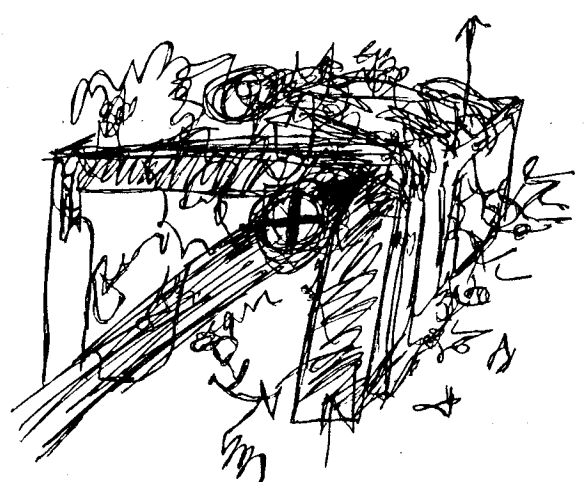
Father didn't know he was a father. Did not end further. This adds to the heap of reasoning of the moment, - it would. Now for underside. Will activities.

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THE OKOK SOCIETY
PO BOX 35 BANGOR
LL57 3ZF UNITED KINGDOM



For any of the many other things that are not mentioned here, please see the other newsletters of the OKOK Society.

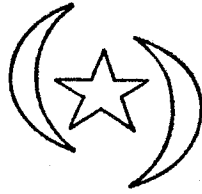
For any of the many other things that are not mentioned here, please see the other newsletters of the OKOK Society.

THE HORNS - NEWSLETTER OF THE OKOK SOCIETY 3 - IMBOLC - 99

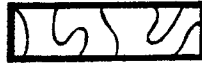
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1. **Direct dictation.** The receiver is given actual words which he repeats or writes down. This is not control. It is a form of direct telepathic communication, and can be used for anybody who has at least one channel clear.

2. **Dictation and paraphrase.** The recipient hears the communication in words, which he cannot recall, but having got the gist of the statement, he then puts it into his own words. Communications put through in this manner are sometimes very peculiarly worded, or the language is distorted in some way, due to mental or emotional characteristics of the recipient.



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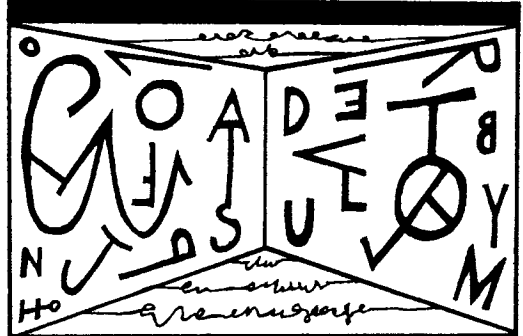
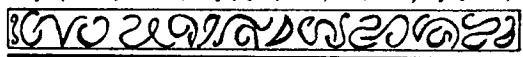


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3. **Symbolic communication.** The recipient is shown a symbol or a group of symbols which will affect his mental machinery like a punched card fed into a computer, and he more or less automatically delivers the message. In this case, the more fully automatic the delivery, the more likely it is to get through without its being garbled.

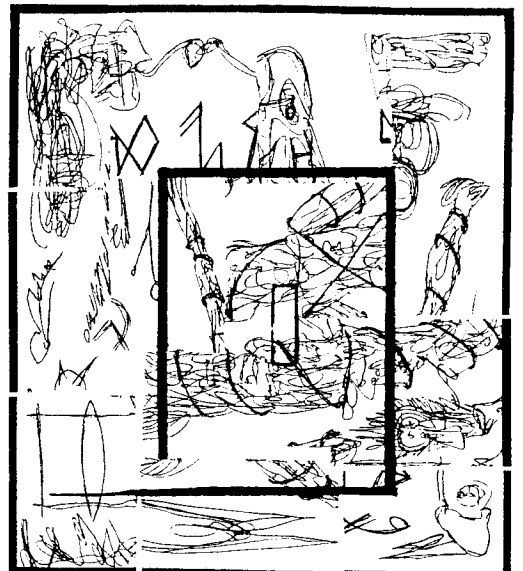
4. **Emotional impact.** This works in much the same way as symbolic communication, but utilises emotional patterns instead of the memory circuits. While this is the only possible way to get a communication through to some recipients, it is the least reliable of all, due to the constantly shifting patterns possible to emotion. It is only reliable when the recipient is either an emotionally stable individual or temporarily experiencing a stable emotional state. Under any other circumstances the results of this kind of communication are liable to be fantastic, to say the least.

5. **Conceptual communication.** This is achieved by implanting a whole concept in the mind of the recipient, at a level just above that at which he normally functions. He may or may not be aware, immediately, of his having received an impression. He may get a peculiar feeling. He may be completely unaware that anything has happened to him. Then, later, when his mind is not busy with something else, the concept will register at his



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ordinary level of conscious awareness. It will come to him in a flash, but he may need many words to express it. Here again, the recipient will express the concept either in his own ordinary language, or he will adopt some more or less unusual form of speech, depending upon where he believes the concept came from and his own personal emotions, attitudes and acceptances.

This fifth method is at once the highest and lowest form of telepathic communication. It is the surest way with clear-channel well-trained minds, and the fastest. On the other hand, it is the only way with the completely undeveloped.

THE HORNS • NEWSLETTER OF THE OKOK SOCIETY 4-IMBOLC-99

We are already here, among you. Some of us have always been here, with you, yet apart from, watching, and occasionally guiding you whenever the opportunity arose. Now, however, our numbers have increased in preparation for a further step in the development of your planet: a step of which you are not yet aware, although it has been hinted at frequently enough in the parables of your prophets, who have garbled whatever inspiration they have been able to receive. Sometimes they were ignorant. Sometimes they were unable to translate clearly the concepts implanted in their minds. Sometimes they were cautious, and to ensure the preservation of the information they wished to place upon the record in the world, they spoke in metaphors and symbols.

We have been confused with the gods of many world-religions, although we are not gods, but your own fellow creatures, as you will learn directly before many more years have passed. You will find records of our presence in the mysterious symbols of ancient Egypt, where we made ourselves known in order to accomplish certain ends. Our principal symbol appears in the religious art of your present civilisation and occupies a position of importance upon the great seal of the United States of America. It has been preserved in certain secret societies founded originally to keep alive the knowledge of our existence and our intentions towards mankind.

We have left you certain landmarks, placed carefully in different parts of the globe, but most prominently in Egypt where we established our headquarters upon the occasion of our last overt, or, as you would say, public appearance. At that time the foundations of your present civilisation were 'laid in the earth' and the most ancient of your known landmarks established by means that would appear as miraculous to you now as they did to the pre-Egyptians, so many thousands of years ago. Since that time the whole art of building, in stone, has become symbolic, to many of you, of the work in hand—the building of the human race towards its perfection.

Your ancestors knew us in those days as preceptors and as friends. Now, through your own efforts, you have almost reached, in your majority, a new step on the long ladder of your liberation. You have been constantly aided by our watchful 'inspiration', and hindered only by the difficulties natural to your processes of physical and moral development, for the so-called 'forces of evil and darkness' have always been recruited from among the ranks of your own humanity—a circumstance for which you would be exceedingly grateful if you possessed full knowledge of conditions in the universe.

You have lately achieved the means of destroying yourselves. Do not be hasty in your self-congratulation. Yours is not the first civilisation to have achieved—and used—such means. Yours will not be the first civilisation to be offered the means of preventing that destruction and proceeding, in the full glory of its accumulated knowledge, to establish an era of enlightenment upon the earth.

However, if you do accept the means offered to you, and if you do establish such a 'millennium' upon the basis of your present accomplishments, yours will be the first civilisation to do so. Always, before, the knowledge, the techniques, the instructions, have become the possessions of a chosen few: a few chose themselves by their own open-minded and clear-sighted realisation of 'the shapes of things to come'. They endeavoured to pass on their knowledge in the best possible form, and by the most enduring means at their command. In a sense they succeeded, but in another sense their failure equalled their success. Human acceptance is, to a very large extent, measurable by human experience. Succeeding generations, who never knew of our actual presence, translated the teachings of their elders in the terms of their own experience. For instance, a cross-sectional drawing, much simplified and stylised by many copyings, of one of our travelling machines became the 'Eye of Horus', and then other eyes of other gods. Finally, the ancient symbol that was once an accurate representation of an important mechanical device has been given surprising connotations by the modern priesthood of psychology.

The important fact is, however, that we are here, among you, and that you, as a world-race, will know it before very much longer! The time is almost ripe but, as with all ripening things, the process may not be hurried artificially without danger of damaging the fruit. There is a right time for every action, and the right time for our revelation of ourselves to your era is approaching.

Some of you have seen our 'advance guard' already. You have met us often in the streets of your cities, and you have not noticed us. But when we flash through your skies in the ancient traditional vehicles you are amazed, and those of you who open your mouths and tell of what you have seen are accounted dupes and fools. Actually you are prophets, seers in the true sense of the word. You witness, you know what you have seen: do not be dismayed by meteorologists. Their business is the weather. One of you says, 'I saw a torpedo-shaped object'. Others report, 'disc-like objects', some of you say 'spherical objects', or 'platter-like objects'. You are all reporting correctly and accurately what you saw, and in most cases you are describing the same sort of vehicle.

The 'golden disc'—now confused with solar disc and made a part and parcel of religion—even in your own times. The 'discus', hurled sunward by the Grecians—and your own athletes. The 'eye of Horus', and the other eyes of symbolism, alchemical and otherwise. These are our mechanical means of transport.

Now that the art of manufacturing plastic materials has reached a certain perfection among you, perhaps you can imagine a material, almost transparent to the rays of ordinary visible light, yet strong enough to endure the stresses of extremely rapid flight. Look again at the great nebulae, and think of the construction of your own galaxy, and behold the universal examples of what we have found to be the perfect shape for an object which is to travel through what you still fondly refer to as 'empty' space.

In the centre of the discus, gyroscopically controlled within a central sphere of the same transparent material, our control rooms revolve freely, accommodating themselves and us to flat or edgewise flight. Both methods are suited to your atmosphere, and when we convert abruptly from one to the other, as we are sometimes obliged to do, and you are watching, our machines seem suddenly to appear—or to disappear. At our possible speeds your eyes, untrained and unprepared for the manoeuvre, do make mistakes—but not the mistakes your scientists so often accuse them of making.

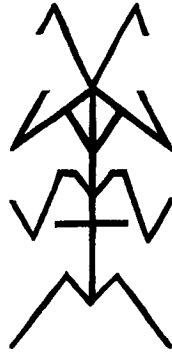
We pass over your hilltops in horizontal flight. You see and report a torpedo-shaped object. We pass over, in formation, flying vertically 'edge-on', and you report a series of disc-shaped, platter-like objects, or perhaps a sphere. Or we go over at night, jet-slits glowing, and you see an orange disc. In any event you see us, and in any event we do not care. If we chose to remain invisible, we could do so, easily, and, in fact, we have done so almost without exception for hundreds of years. But you must become accustomed to our shapes in your skies, for one day they will be familiar, friendly, and reassuring sights.

This time, it is to be hoped that the memory of them, passed on to your children and their children, will be clear and precise. That you will not cause them to forget, as your ancestors forgot, the meaning of the diagrams and the instructions we will leave with you. If you do fail, as other civilisations have failed, we will see your descendants wearing wiring-diagrams for simple machines as amulets, expecting the diagrams to do what their forefathers were taught the completed article would accomplish. Then their children, forgetting even that much—or little—would preserve the amulet as a general protective device—or as an intellectual curiosity—or perhaps as a religious symbol. Such is the cycle of forgetfulness!



THE HORNS • NEWSLETTER OF THE OKOK SOCIETY 5-IMBOLC-99

LONG LIVE THE FASCIST DICTATORSHIP OF THE PROLETARIAT!



A CURIOUS DOCUMENT has been sent anonymously to various ultranationalist circles in the previous months. Entitled SOLIDITY 1, it is obsessed with 'tri-pronged conspiracy' and high-class Satanism of the jetset elite.

Here is an excerpt from the main article TELEVISIONS SHOULD BE BEATEN REGULARLY, LIKE A DINNER GONG! : "...the Clubroom's etched glass lights were slowly dimmed by unseen hands to a soft glow in the smoky atmosphere, the red crepe curtains closed, billowing slightly against the chill night air, unmasked as not what it seems by the blazing log fire. The Black Owl and his cohorts stood about upon the deep pile carpet. Hand made suits enclosed them and green silken handkerchiefs emerging from breast pockets revealed they were obviously in varying realms of cognition, judging by their posture, murmurings and eye languages as the eldest member knocked onto the wooden floor with a heavy oaken gavel through a circle cut in the carpet three times. Narcotic incense drifted through grills set into the walls playing dischordant music emanating from behind a black velvet curtain as two girls entered silently from an escape hatch that concealed a narrow winding passage that descended to the cellars, disclosing the cock fighting main as the bishops move off from the hall to the lists....

The girls were Ghost X-Ray Visitors playing flowering games from the blue velvet crypt, reciting occult mystery books read over black noise horned speakers through the night of mystic rooster spread over the trees - the raven loom, bats wings rolling against the uncarved babies outside vordic symbols. The eldest girl priestess whispered, "No names here this is the full moment", whilst the other made peculiar hand gestures and said in a normal tone, "The rich may be in their castles but they are always surrounded...."

The Magination of their footstep interest was a hydraulic interhitch in a himsal thoung harmonice, like a mind wandering collage of memory ekels with emulant thatfulness. The two priestesses entered again through the hidden door silently fashioned, flashing illuminated smiles, running their cheeks against the black draped walls, wearing heavy Egyptian style make up and tight robes, holding obscene philosophic practises, all of which never took place on the date described (31st May)".

As it appears to the casual reader, SOLIDITY 1 has a certain initial charm, a perverse charisma, which the writers exude in deepening esoteric symbolism. It continues : "...Blood Justice! interacting with the beings in the dark green light. Suddenly the priestesses entwined and let out eerie cat-like cries in shrill harmony. As if to this cue, one of the men moved to the North wall, where hung an expensively framed photograph of a woman in a business suit. He reached up and removed the picture, revealing a vulgar pornographic photo of a naked woman tacked to the wall. At this, there erupted a loud cheering salute from the au-de-colone and cigar smoke smelling men, their eyes turning towards the girls....

As the Maze of Mirrors obscured the Thirteenth Moon, Mandy felt weak at the knees. "Gosh", she said, as she felt the touch of Marilyn's hands arranging the jewellery, "it is rather nice, isn't it?" Then it was Mandy's turn to drape Marilyn. The feel of the hard, heavy jewellery was very exciting to both girls. Soon the panties were off, and the bed became the centre of attraction. But, just as in the book, it wasn't long before the jewellery was forgotten, and the girls got rather absorbed in each other.



Mandy had never seen another woman naked from such close quarters before, and she explored thoroughly for about an hour—not only, it may be said, with her eyes. Then Mandy lay back on the bed, and allowed Marilyn all kinds of wicked liberties. Actually, it was quite an ecstatic evening for both of them.

After a very long time, Marilyn packed up her things, gave Mandy a kiss, and was gone. Mandy lay on the bed for a long time in the darkness, a sated smile on her lips. Then, as she got up, she noticed Marilyn had dropped something. It was her copy of the book that Mandy had been reading. And the whole of the seduction scene had been underlined with a red felt tip pen."

In another handwritten, untitled piece, there is the strange telling, accompanied by esoteric line drawings, of the following stream : "On the marble mantelpiece stood an old glass mirror, on which lines and dates were inscribed with a diamond ring. In the centre were the words, "Keep out or Death", in a pumping version of the family name. Hidden behind it were the eagles claw - slain in dark fervour holding a carriageway to incomplete disaster carried to the fourth generation like salt dropped in a river, screams echoing off the shining blade refracting into demon's eyes underneath old barns on tilting ground.

The foliage of dreaming platoons frequently crowstepped the sneezing coarse thrusts of trace divergance. In the school whose fathers I have taught by eloquence and rudeness broken by doors and penetrative colour conferred upon them mocking the Star Chamber and sentenced to lose his spiritualities.

In gloomy calm I am all over ink and my fine clothes have been spoiled. I have been tossed in a blanket and have seen a ghost. I have invented thirty ways of flying, some 'by means of powder'.

Everyone should make a large Sun painting. Lots of gold and yellow rays. With a smiling face features in the centre. Hang it on the wall the symbolism starts to radiate straight away. The room fills with a happy, healthy vitality."

This appears to be a marked contrast to the directions of most of SOLIDITY 1, bearing a resemblance to the early writings of Sheila Snook, the 17th Century Alchemist and infamous designer of the Emolument Maze in Shropshire. Perhaps this is a veiled homage on the part of the unknown author, themselves being steeped in obvious conversants.

On the final page of the document there is an account by Julian Mish of his finding an 1970's portable tape recorder in a charity shop that he recorded a blank tape on through its open mic, played it back and heard the ghostly voices of the machine's former owners who gave him not a mental image or eye vision picture of it, it was just there, of : "...a quiet room completely pannelled walls and ceiling in wood. Old style craft and waxed finish. Real wood. An echo-inducing room. On the walls hung large flat mirrors, black ones and silver, and there was a black and white chequered Freemason's carpet upon the whole floor.

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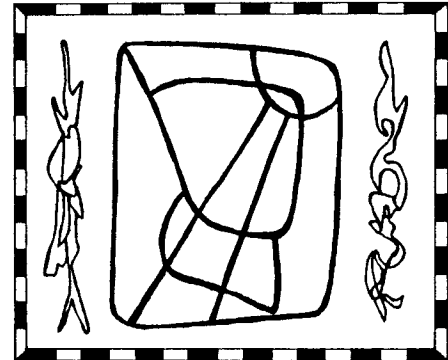
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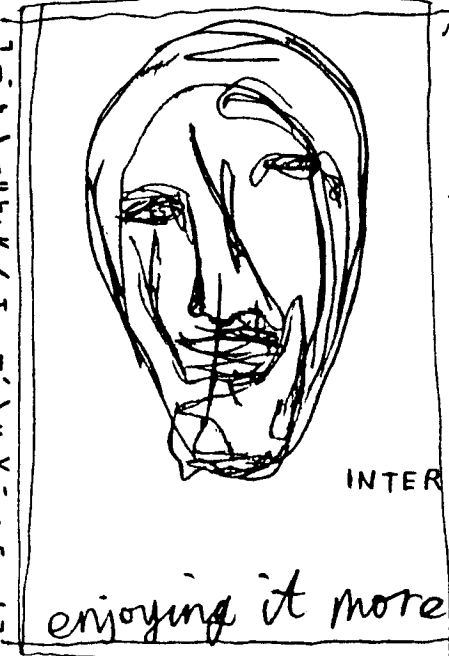
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THE OKOK SOCIETY PO BOX 35 BANGOR GWYNEDD LL57 3ZF UK

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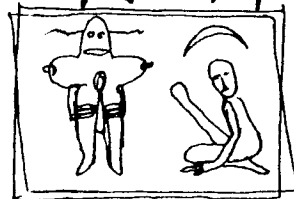
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OF THE OKOK SOCIETY 7-IMBOLC-99



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THE HORNS · NEWSLETTER

OF THE OKOK SOCIETY 8-IMBOLC-99

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Vertical handwritten text on the left side of the page.



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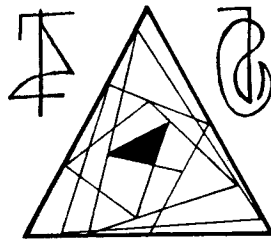
Mary never reads
Her exact is Beyond
Behind the Mirror
Of the Secret School
9 is of Her N.I.N.E.
Her High M Recording
of the Century
Is Here
From US



(o)

There is no secret
worth keeping secret
but SILENCE !!!
Questions just pose
more Questions +
Answers are but
personal opinions
The Rites of EN !
Mary's Sex is
with ALL

5
2
7
1
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8
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6
9
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SEEM

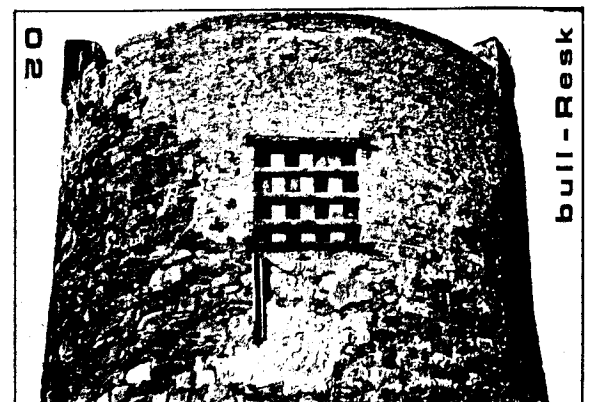
Handwritten text below the geometric diagram.

BIRDU Come Answer

Handwritten text in a stylized script, possibly representing a name or a phrase.

Handwritten text in a stylized script, possibly representing a name or a phrase.

YNFU · · X · · HvUZ



bull-Resk

THE HORNS • NEWSLETTER

OF THE OKOK SOCIETY 9-IMBOLC-99

A SMALL PICTURE OF THE POWERS HYPNODISC



The above picture shows the Powers hypnodisc.

Its original size is twelve inches in diameter.

It is placed on a phonograph turntable and as the subject looks at it, the hypnotist suggests hypnosis.