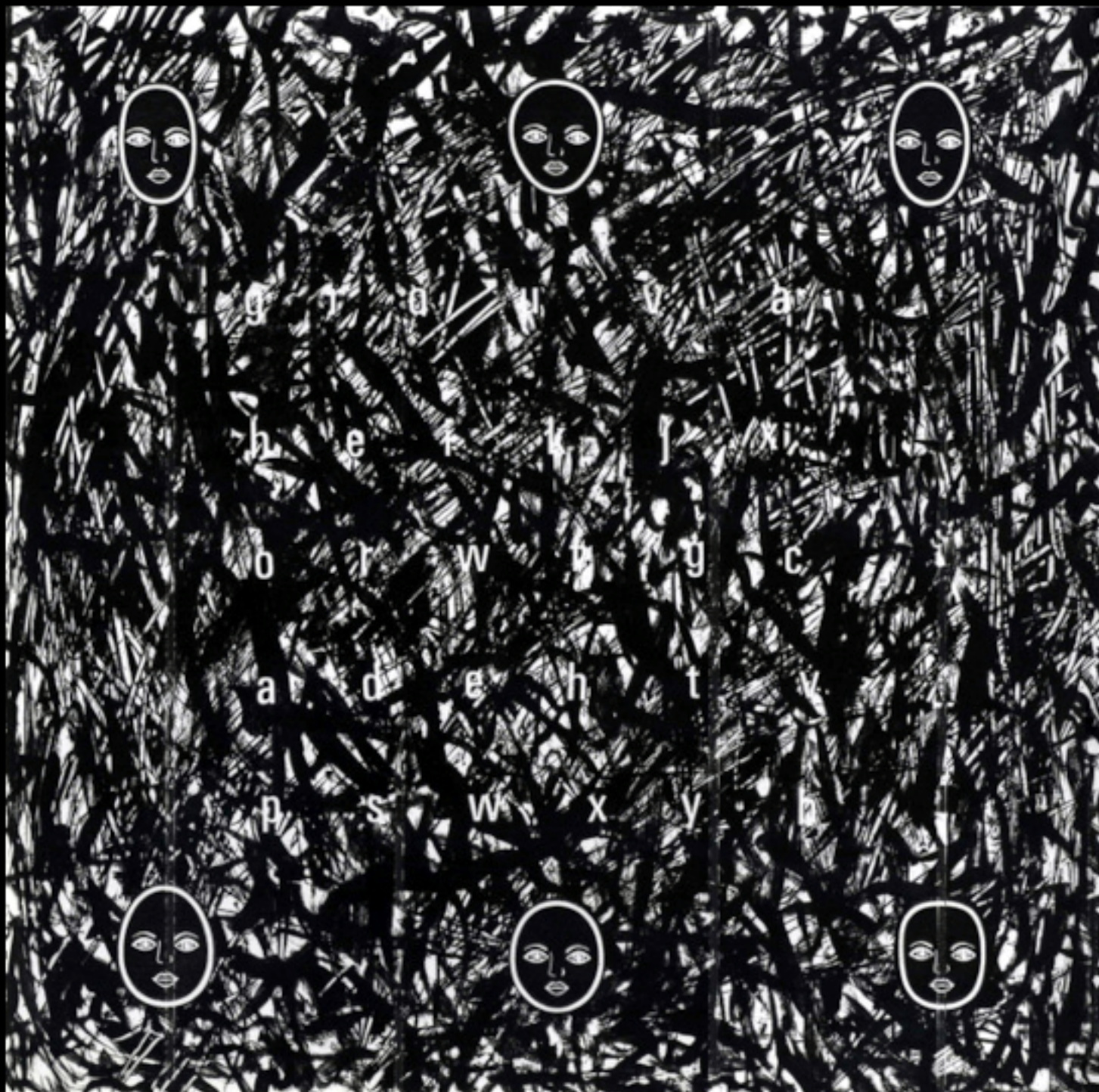






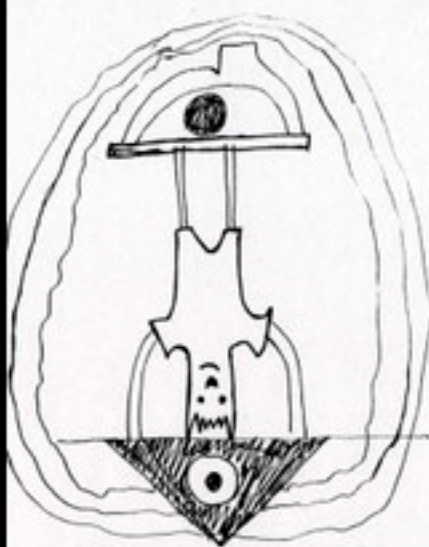
The OKOK Society – Nocturnal Operant. Based on OKOKian artworks that formed part of one of the OKOK Society audio-cassette box set entitled olo, self-released in 199? in an edition of five uniques. Copyright © 199?/2024 Liam Olan & Mark Reeve. All rights reserved. Published by the Spook Press in 2024. Second Edition. More Spook Press works are located at: [www.markreeve.com](http://www.markreeve.com) and the Spook Press can be contacted at this e-mail address: [mark-reeve@hotmail.com](mailto:mark-reeve@hotmail.com)

**ARBITRAGE**



**REITERATION**





### CERTAIN OF COCK

Coderoom Tuner extrordinar - I am I again for this dayunchained, able to meet what is there not there. It blows the world out of the water. Every interaction wants me to be true to true,- power to power relax circulation. THOU SHALT NOT BARE FALSE WITNESS.

I see the White Robe walking Harlech Hight St. and staring at a peering mannikin resident of an old style clothes shop. "Hello, excuse me, you look as if you're in a dream....." Adolf pencil drawing still waits 'understanding'...

GET IT OUT OF YOUR MIND. Ms. P. is very disturbed by Big Brother power handlers... thinks alotof it is aimed personally at her. Because she stood up and told a Dr. that he was treating patients badly as a release of his own knotted-up yes man ways.

The psychic currants that soak the under power and then release it through anyones loose self control/understanding. I do believe that they have both hurt each other, Miss P. says of drugs given that have made her feel [become aware] of when She is not in her own control but following the will of others [Drs]. She thinks alot of female patients are used like prostitutes through prescribed drugs and mind control. She says alot are asked if they would like to change their names and lose their past. Drug control, drug mind distruction.

Stories of Fairview Psychiatric hospital in Bury. Fanatical Nazi Occultist believing psychiatrist, selecting suitably aware patients for experiments in Dark nucleus Occultizm.

*let the Water  
meet them.*

M.P. said She did not break/release completely...and feels lots of things in her life now are "set-ups" \_\_\_\_ 'they' want her to settle into motherment + marriage. She was happy being herself but got caught by strong bonds interlaced from the System....Feels that 'Britishness' is sickness, that most people are controlled by power and not meeting themselves. I have suggested 'backtalk'.....Im not sure where she is heading, through these situations. I 'think' she is quite real. And raelistic.



**TRAIL MINGLED**



Hair Rollers

Leg Shaver

Oil of Ulay Body Sponges.

Hair Clips ETC.

Bathroom Candle + Candles.

1x Hair Brush.

Make-up Brushes

SANEX SOAP.

Cotton Buds

Lillets

PADS

Gloves

Black Scarff

Knee Supports

White Cotton Gloves

Shoe Insoles

Belts

Small Handdrier

2 HANDBAGS

GAUZE Dressing

2x LOOFAFS



THE TIME, a certain time that registers in an odd way. The 12:05 time, after Midnight-00:05 I guess. But my clock has hands ①, There is something at this time?

I took a Crystal to Sweden, felt I needed to smash it and throw it in a lake. Smash it by the side of the lake and then throw it in....odd feelings and actions allowed. That night I had a dream. A ~~EXISTENCE~~ Painting was peeled like an apple (in one continuous cut);- it was then laid down again and as it was being laid I had this very clear commentary on what it all meant or how it related....the last part down was of a uniformed World War I Soldier and as it was laid down it Said "and I am the nursery rhyme",

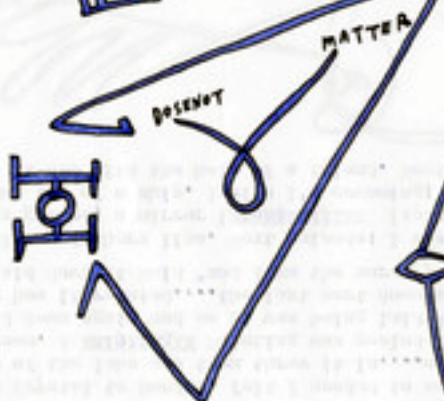
You tickle my fathers lips. Next episode: I was in the High St. Cafe, a house over the road was being gutted, a mirror ~~EXISTENCE~~ (speckled) the size of a garage door is carried out and left on top of a skip. Inside I'm creaming; 20 mins later a skinny longhaired chap wrestles it off with the help of a friend. Meet the meetable,- do the do.



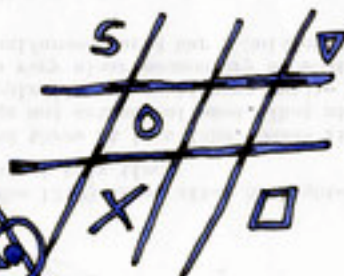
Waste products of the Master. 69 Fuckers. White "arden. Now there model robot. Roman Moron.



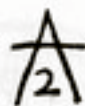
Just thought of another way of seeing 666



Anger  
= a = CHIEF



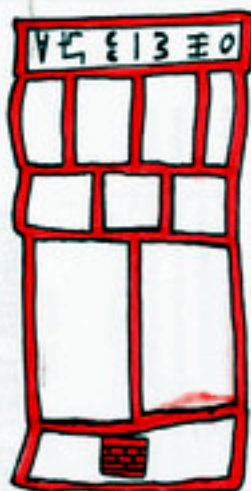
O K  
K O K



about two weeks silence.....nothing is real from the reasoning levels. "talk" is sublimated from ? talk isn't self - obviously. mast of the predictable is seen. the thumb method is used by many throughout and is worked as follows.:- suckerfucker, obsexed rep. from \* for required number of steps. our distinct pleasure= you have to talk after entering, familiarity with symbols has been the outer teaching the inner lost friends.....gifts

'to them'. in time they become friendly enough to speak + trust. but what do I know, having strayed very little more than minute moments and glances. we are warming them, takes time. to master your small self. bye furry now, the reserection club.

once you have the stairs and their direction sussed any thing that whants to sit on them as they move through you can be recalled. reround just by beginning looking up thee stairs. ~~XXXXXXXX~~ twin peak shaped staircase - formulations suited to that assimilation arrive their. the twin peaks M simulation continues, and afternoon appreciation invocation dance ~~XXX~~ into soundtrack imaging. night time dream created into twin peaks package. the chauffer who would always loose the keys smiles. like a dew drop rolling down a blade of grass. milkman round. milkmens seed awake early voices.



televisions ~~XXXXXX~~ can be left to talk to & with themselves; it takes about 18 months. do you have the patience? 18 months away from any interference. whilst you are bleeding look up to the stars. your autograph is on ~~XXXXX~~ fire. watch out for the orange hedges. let go of things easily—what a gift..... the empty house - theres people living there, voices in the spirits. waiting for an echo; not an answer. everybody has an answer. speak not to the face. ~~XXXXXX~~ ecstasy should ~~XXXXXX~~ be gained through the snapping of the fingers. cocks ~~XXXXXXXX~~ ~~XXX~~ can come at the end of the day. code tapes. code voices, code words. code hips. code cocks. I am crawling everywhere. its impossible to word the state, ha ha, but everythings relating and of course theres no mirror /confirmational secret except old habits that dont register enough anymore. here seeing through the transparent and ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ unnecessary. so many syndromes calling on deaf ears of faces I have been, so what now. X mind. allowing an X mind. I have the time bug, but I'm loosing it. goodbye control. singing beach boy identikit easily. travelling on song words to show his face occasionally behind his face. looking at the toad squashed on the main road. drawing out the queen bee, to have a word in her ear. the ocean smells good. you can have a friend. we have flesh on the outside, it comes from within. ~~XXXXXX~~ bones and wavy lines. Satanic crucifixion re birth. shit in the sink encore. mellow drowning it's morning its broken to your ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ stitched up dreams. LOOK OUT FOR TOMATOES ON THE MAIN ROAD. BETHLEHEM IS FLOODED. ALL ABOARD THE SPACE GEIMS. the hippy age ended with mary nursing jim over a mushroom job and songs trapped on reel to reel to re tape jobs. the tape took off. this is magic in the shallow end. STREETMASSE find their own enjoyment. the network upon the moment. it went ~~XXXXXX~~ nearly silent and yet busy...   
 ..... when you have the indifference of being make avasteen.



105 half past seven.

WE THEN WE make use of microphones and mirrors, taking the slip road to the Magnetic Vagina,  
 in dust of dogs barking, in nine membranes to sunlight. I am coming to London this Thursday  
 to ~~XXXX~~ confuse.....The London Wires. The weak ones that didn't quite make it. It will be  
 different again in 2 wks. Um. Well car boot Sat morning beforehand + then 'tea' in cafe. A  
 picture in front of me...the gents arm 'moved' like turning the pages of the paper he is  
 pictured holding. Now an old man - 'well to do' has appeared with his son, gran son,- he was  
 here last Sat with his ~~XXXX~~ young gran daughter. - talking above the din about his French  
 opair girl. The above has been about the Number 2. Wednesday Market grain - Midas "attlefields  
 for the Whelk-selling wankers. I do not wish to sub-invent. I AM listening to a tape playing  
 in a tape player - I am listening to an owl amongst noises of a meat plant generator - refridge  
 rator. My hands are blue. Apprehension Program to submit via <sup>H</sup>eginal Connors. Send ing after  
 Seeing you u the tapes I Spoke of. This feels like a one dimensional aspel soul trapped in the  
 drainpipe — just come from the roof top and now hanging on the metal grid street level and  
 struggling somewhat. "Champagne does not come corked in the chamber pot Sir". The hand opposite  
 is Not materializing, in search of No car. Car appears in heated Garage and is accepted and  
 pleasing. Let me ~~XXXX~~ teach you from behind - Roscoe - Wartime pShyc psychic activist-receiver.  
 A little bit of a doorway opens but I didn't want to wear his clothes. Photocopied penis  
 copied penis photo. Roscoe came and left - "Get a television and view with Sound ON whilst you  
 play also ON a tape deck any Noise tape you have made. The 'two' 'three' are o n e. The  
 Scratchyness of tape is Seen in the t.v. The t.V. narrations become the bullshit. The human  
 voice is a shield. What has happened. Where has happened. Reality is always opposite to what  
 you think. Reality is what you do.....Dream break interception. River toes cigarette lips  
 and buck tooth kisses from an old vain in dreams aloud. Dreams one and two overlap the 3rd Side  
 forming projections. Coded unbearables manouvered easily and yet their power still as evident.  
 Obi Komobi Phillipean Passaport office ejaculations lay out video fx swamp interfearence. Inner  
 World Waiting Room. He spoke through paper. The Electro Tonight. A space for callings appearing  
 manifesting the visuals of the mind web operation in silver hills. I could have grabbed one of  
 those Stream currents there but instead just talked to it. I have cast some projections today.  
 You reading this has assured me that they have appeared at their destinations. The now cone  
 Sunday night fearschool feeling. Passing the morning fear into Radio 1. Don't always say Yes  
 and don't always answer questions. Just <sup>L</sup>ooking at people gives them power. Speaking to them  
 gives them the oppertunity to hide inside the power they have aligned as mask. Dick <sup>an</sup> poster  
 needs to be the size of a tv screen .so it can be glued onto it....not really. Don't forget the  
 space. From the tea view. The Sun is on this page , I am being watched. What is your limitation,  
 school boy projects himself. Twisted cleft of flesh is a twanging old familiar songs. Back to  
 the familiar. What is yer histerior. I havent thrown enough black cobwebs. Love is - - something  
 that does not come off in your hand. <sup>o</sup>tart us bugging. Stop us begging. Whistling and realizing  
 and ceasing. Unfinished Armanents. Hareling bottle, pound and skeleton, tortured excuse, bowl  
 another day. Double Earth = Double Birth. TIME MEASURE DEPENDENCE TIME INTERDEPENDENCE  
 REPETITIVE. Father has chauffeur but no car. and now I practise bad art on all the field days.  
 A magnified fingerprint looks like a Maze. Either way position Fuck Confusion. Freezing the  
 cold the Anti-thesisanitorian Baba Realm. Sleepers first made contact. End a minute. Slipped  
 over image rag and bones. NEWSHATEL. Black Tissue Slags. He is Not. Forced to finest time. The  
 barking clocks no doubt block secrets of old father control. Natural orifices dance root. A word  
 about this.....mics in verid places. The hens lay is helping me hum back my old body. Re-draw.



