



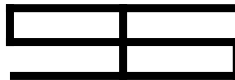
The Extra Lane

by Liam Olan, Mark Reeve, Rael

A reworked resurrected OKOK Society (OS)—later the “OKOK Research Bureau” (ORB)—publication which reviews in its own way certain of the OKOKian self-tickling audio-cassette transgressions of yesteryear, instigated at least by the two founders of same (the OS), the words indicating the sounds/feelings. A dream creamery...the gun that grew into a cannon...the cock that swam ashore.

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SPOOK PRESS



MAN RUOD: ANGELIQ

Side A starts to live in cities and studies into it until 20-in. Two forms of rival consciousness. Predatory mistake. Is sure more relaxed, lush and baroque halfway through, to end with a pleasing and open label. Listenable sounds and word over the entire range drifting floating trance bubble. Middle-range affecting, putrefying a previous ages OKOK courting music by overload mix of now noise, searching the ever-present other. Side B continues in same vein, back to childhood possibles. The second half especially overactive-effective, purposefully parallel to the usefulness of the night and stealth activities while the work machines sleep. Midnight inbetween energy rocked in-and-out, conjuring the wishful sleeper awake with a silver cord-like stream of vocal sonics, bringing the audience across the threshold of tiredness with ears pricked and listening into a useful state for dream activity. Kind hot lusts aired and released. A shed full of turf. Posh disco injection mould. Kinda synthesizer vintage eraser, in contrast to black spiky hair and red bondage dungarees, a Sex Pistols echo-chamber, that nonetheless bleeds through. Oh take me away! "Are you in charge?" Nice horny ballet segment crossfades into a finale song of valid Scrabble words glued together as tactical assault cudgel. Work tomorrow. Walking and talking. Both personal self meeting weirdness and source material 'evidence'. If we would but...(X): millions of gems. On the whole a challenging hear/attempt to steer, like the weatherman, creepy organ, Anarchist-Nihilist malcontents stolen.

C60 1992

THE FICTION BARRIER

A: 5mins mix of radio + loop, augmented by M-Speak out-riders: "I danced in a dream; I died in a hallo. Pools of life, places to be. Lucidreaming travels within." Curious independent segment then NTNZ III: continuance of loops (Nat K Cole/Limmy), radio, M-Speak. Varying echo. Non-intrusive, sit back and listen in granmother's fernery. Guest mappings of the Pshychiattrick Word Door Policy (10mins) leads into erratic tape-whine Norse thoughtless intermission (dog control). Then far-fine multitrack titillation, moving to ESTRAS, heraldic contrast tin caesars, *Young Harlots in London* porn signal, vision worlds words. Very apt and appealing, summer house at the beginning of winter. Sudden expedition turns into the Boris Maskelene Foundation dinner dance. B: Son of Sam-Son X-tra FUND-a-MENTALS hits the UTC 44-calibre high-note. Nice wicker stuff goes a bit beyond its means, passing on the master cut (source mix not fully formed), although this also invites residual liberals. The rest heavy surface gives 'only' chemical fence; haddock served as cod. Haggling spaceman/apeman sounds, dumped on Earth as slaves, revert to original 'blueprint'. Anything on the tape regarding Zeno's Monkey has passed, though he is likely to assault on leaving. This Side not a settling one, a shit holiday noise skids over the top of it all. Later spins a much more accessible mix with dainty fling; someinteresting searing. Summer ideas flowing to the ears on a Gilbert White wine-pipe seat, crowded by powered morphine. Later strands interact to hang out splendid. Finally it's about 90% of heads together to out-design crime.

C90 1994

NOT MYSELF TODAY

Preparatory trance mixes and boredom gates. Mud-distorted vocal monk music (5mins), w/distant poet vocal cut-ins. No grid reference, but “ZOMID” comes to mind. Purple nipple-clips and green fungus (3mins) provokes welcome “Thanks, I will” releases. Honest Birmingham Heavy Metal phonecall fan brings back the mix (10mins). The scope is Pinchbeck. Grayson is dead. Patches reminds a religious aerial phenomenon or impertinent 1969 cannibal animal sex zombie. A vaguely violent construction masquerading as “The Romeo Error”. Slightly haunted spatula spools impart familiar creak, punching the dead dead, hidden agendas, gifts of unknown things. Later impinges rural sex amplification by Stimulated Emission, saturated with spooks. Infinite emptiness mystery remains static. Alternative title: “Death of an Ascet” (spies-R-us). The makeshift sub-Mod existentialist angst yet again mostly from then on, Castrol GTX to Grecian 2000. INFORM THE MANAGER t-shirt meets “Fuck I was tempted to chin those chinless wonders”...“chin up”...“Chim chim cher-ee!” (Mary Poppins’ whispers), which proposes an exotic tendrils string of effects-units bathed in menthol crystals; eucalyptus on the time coast. Comes from all angles with certain undecipherable sounds. A baby on that advert vibe; psychiatrist impersonator fights undercover cop; the scary fan’s absolute audits. Overall evaluation if its experience is ‘bought’ but not necessarily present is A: Pleasing ‘Make Them Pay’ music. B: Pleasing ‘Obey Them Now’ music. (Madeleine Peru).

C38 1995

MADONNA'S ABDOMEN

A wholehearted A+B mix-in bunk-up foundation trope Mr Screen ginger wine-influenced self-determination tape, that sits almost shadowless, walking through another person. A more relaxant affair, soap opera erratic unfinished, breaking open the head. Art, friends and sleepers. Yellow bean playroom keyboards; effective radio mix. Targets talking intersperse pulling in-and-out of differing mind-states to climax wealthy elite. Disappearing stowaways. A crack of Old Mic's whip, with plenty of A4 Japanese Suggestives. Great new sex contact video-tape swap imaginings. Machine in the Minds of Millions: "I'm going to PEEL you." B = thoroughly ahead of time U.F.O slow trophy violence. Final half suggests university conspiracies, pervy vicar G-T-Gs and green fog disappearances. At the right moment and mood it's obviously a mandatory successful early voodoo compilation (defiance of the blackout) close combination bourushier of short important tapes that covers most areas played upon. Particularly gung-ho the large group of young children at play jumping stomp happy screaming and laughing talk, but slowed down and reversed into natural demonic cacophony: the most disturbing sounds ever heard, so near yet unsuspected. It could have done without the salient liar brewer punk-funk fiasco however, although thankfully brief. The quash gets a word in edgeways. A full tape of straightforward suggestionings done without a face. Would go well with dry crackers and a selection of soft cheeses, dependent on the tolerance of any nearby concrete fountains. Chalking is not graffiti on fetish day.

C70 1992

RINGLEADER SPICE

A: Sought seen surface talk radio and SW plughole, drunken pool table swim. Chipped and spun Berlin bug-out mix-over adds a slop questionable (questioning?) self-esteem, as does common-quote all-too-human 'sexual catch-up' notices. The time-whine tries to start movements, gibbering or jabbering; early co-founder joy ties in, leading to crescendo haunts and first joint tops-of-their-voices generation suckers joining the Devil Dare Club, having heard it was a "dirty club". Headquarters the upstairs bathroom, their presentation only using one slide. Hand in drug probe. Absurd world-channel multiplication tables. Time obsesses it...fades after soon to magic O-levels / sexy killer, bloodliner / MK-ULTRA / towering horsemen thundertracks. Accused of conspiracy thinking. Word game reactivates with blunted background rubbings continues to deceive like growing old. Second slab of the B possibly hypersensitive to royal family stimuli, as in a textbook anti-social realist/incredulous segregationist who likes to say "template." Potter's wheel milkshake japes ensue; one month in still on the first bog roll. Queen's worst fear is the mob. "I wrote the law" comms. Nuance doing its job, muddled by a gaggle of no consent conspiracy theorist loony bins. The anchor hill gets melted in the Silent Spring. A dawn or dusk affair coaxing a "What do you wish for most?" half-cut blend/endgame that spits on you in the sauna then throws in the towel with a knocky engine. Not a "Stirring Hit-You" tape but a laborious "Background Work-To" tape. Operates well enough (no 'need' to listen to again).

C46 1996

UPSETTER BEAST

Hypnotised citizens' drums writhing behind a million microphones...prepared piano clonk...crazed horn sequence...a vacuous droll newsman takes a jolting stance...bloody racket overflow. Flip-flops quadrille, surrounded by indigenous folk chants. In good time appear estranged partisans and a Catholic, actually Freemasonic, *Book of Dangle* rhythm, which continues to build into/until *Jesus Christ Superstar* fog...silence...silence becomes a hum of hope, still dazed by the concert program. 20-in pleasure steamer to end; doped-up, far-out freak individual continues on the other side; a simply ignored odd-looking character with very shiny uncoloured shoes. Everything is a joke to it. The mediocracy recruited out of drug pushers, pop absurdities, cosmetics, caught up in the porny gutter feeling guilty about pointing a finger at children subconsciously terrified by the atom bomb. The maverick player introduces cranky religion attack, wood knocks and spirit voices. Final climax F. Nietzsche quote: "Is man God's only mistake or is God man's only mistake?" 40-mins converts to 'gospel fate', with gay private investigator angles away from hookrays, to climax with jarring jazz uni-sex shards interspersed with 'Give an inch and the world will take a mile' device noodlings. Sum it up as: "Private road steering-wheel fuzz". All stones unturned. As a single tape it stretches the boundaries of spacial boredom and posits simple self-experience feelings so has helpful effect upon U & Ye. Best listened to while contemplating, nodding in-and-out of sleep. Simultaneously pointless and fascinating.

C90 1995

FULL SPECTRUM SHAG

Side A begins merged with outside sounds and shoutings of the media last-born. Rubber twang, tree breezes and water warble. A too-long crackly tape-warp (deliberate?) parts the curtain revealing slasher/industrial scrape ducts, the whole thing telegraphed. Rumbles on with anti-brakes and no babies into discursive factory horn pulled through cheap effects and street-sound bits and bobs that gradually open to sharp conspiracy rolls and the Green Vagina. 9/11 rhetoric bores intermixed with rational actors. Up and down shortwave dial interspersed with 'silence'. Side B starts presidential, thumping brass and military drums. Merges into extended Big Ben with beautiful dress. Leads to S&M ramblers club sound of e-mails with something sirens. Echoes of clock boy and football careers, masked politicians, then a strange spoken-word dynamic over sardonic spectral mockings. After commences UFO earthquake samples with 'bend-blocking'. Love triangle with dregs percussion. Technical test LPs and ghost piano. Clever ping-pong gym archery blend. Covert adolescent park boast action in generic darkwave moan. "Plants in people's mind". Turns itself up, actually enjoying *Vampire: The Masquerade*. My wife now Ex. Option goon squad spooky murk, Halloween claw, realistic Satanics. A crazy bleat "Suicide is just a late abortion" stage threat, with sinister end curtains, full steam ahead. Happy inbred homebrew unit splays the point like an endless game of darts. General tool use leads back to manicured spaces. Responsible boost. Smarter than stilts. All of sides ring true. Would buy this on any market, even its aversion pleasure.

C30 1992

IDENTITY BLINKS

Straight away strange-cum-surreal as it 'comes across' as an OKOKian Corridorian Crematorium. Infinite 1960s tune with "Nothing beats Nature" early tape cut-ins earthy and fine for (5mins). Then comes the original maker of "Suddenly a door opened" far-out relentless monologue. Witch Church, house and a cellar, hemlock in the jam pot. This could give some a ride for their money, result of no copy. After A seamless B: Denmark is rising tide. 78rpm shellac disks become frisbees across yawning terror gulfs. Cliff-edge tree museum, a nice yellow lab. The coin flips a prick-filled canard. "You owe me a Frogman." Something else administers 'Basic Blood Noise', carves marble steps to the Great Stupa. Get close and look. Walk away and imagine. A certain hope in the horror show but it retaliates. Strictly for sales reps on the dusty hot sun reflecting ring road driving by numbers around the dull lurid outskirts of airports. Coffee sugar high mediums little chef masturbation. Real-time fantasy cigarette blink of an eye. It's also for lorry drivers who wind down the window hurtling down the motorway the 70mph air cold smack blasting in then urge the FM radio to detuned static loud volume pick something up from elsewhere. Maybe that beyond gold or solution museum mummies' nightmare calls sent back in present time to be received on a white van radio decelerating to speak to a six-toe hitchhiker fresh from the swaying rhododendron bushes at Keele service station inside 1978. Not so sure about this though – a triangular monocle?

C60 1994

THE DOMINANT SWITCH

A: Starts nice high cock camp camel, with low digs in the cabbage patch still classy, heavy on the renaissance whammy bar. International radio and musique oblique not indistinct flows for most of side in a goofy groove supporting weird things on the chessboard, exploited dead cities, an obviated norm. Towards end abrupt scene change to 1974 dusty flexi-disc (I would imagine Glam), Dr Who fingers, fresh onyx, adolescent soft-drug fascination, car yogas, Valium in Autumn. Seems to stretch beyond its allotted reel-turns, in your face like a perp breathing life into statues stickler interviewing quality street, proper geezers. Fails to assert though and becomes rigged sisters...sarsaparilla on Sundays...a flogged divorce. B: End of A track continues with 'arrogant teen at the railway station' flavouring, utilising unused frequencies in unusual settings. Mauled guitars strike like thunder, a thousand effects cast butch harmonics, banking fraud flute, garden climb cement, skeletons in cupboard ruse, probably local council; badged clown just able to nod his half a brain-cell. The sonics be escape factor: body-language doublecross, dropped charges, as genuine as it's fake. Stay tuned to yourself. Deceptive though, as with this backing it turns on the roller-coaster of emotions: definitely a question. Then it's American. Buck, Randy, Buster impinge for clipped-speech alienation; dynamite X-Cert. "I am a human treat" to shovel sources. "Don't speak to hear her". Then extended space-age vodule imparts mediotron Spirograph gyroscope Christmas morning feel which morphs into a hocus-pocus hissy fit mischief brew until cool skip-hire solution.

C40 1993

VENTRILLOQUIAL TERRORIST HELPLINE

Side 1 is a keepsake conundrum, dapper plankton asking for the numbers. The freako authentic underground, a steering wheel on bicycle. Lucy in the Sky with Benny Hill. Sort-of Can meets Coily Barks on a good day then goes round Tangential Tantrums for tea. Hell's uploads in calm down. Very fine monophonic/monochrome old school supering with a total stud in doorway, in antique spear. Everyone wearing a black hat. "It's a good thing our grandfathers who stormed the beaches of Normandy did not have a crystal ball." Deliberately fake squeaky voice wobbly wheel shared around the mix but Boy Scout CCTV collecting photons is the star of the show, earning the hate, stands its ground, the writing's on the wall. Right plums and rainy streets can't quite bash it out, maybe in court: gross misconduct ski-boots booby-trap. Servile brutality; ignorant goon after goon. The wall-puncher takes the secret to the grave. Sad-But-Mad-Lad versus Overweight Bailiffs on the knobs but also on drugs that plays a different game, fishing for that beyond the dials and circuits. Bright spark makes a slimming complaint about rotund concave mirror to look taller; says you owe him the taxman, that gratefully loses the plot, crewing cosmic noise over spaceship propulsion beat with zonky interdimensional interpenetration sheen. Following day tabloid newspaper journos leave alcohol at your door in the hope they get photographs of you holding it and a front-page drunk story. "We'll put you in your place," blah blah. The tape is horse-drawn haywire; axis of top-shelf stock. Stay all day, at 8:14 AM.

C90 1996

NOT AT LEAST FIVE DID INTERVIEWS ON

Begins with a gopher slash viewing party makes the main listen onboard, with a pushy worldview. The cult-connected slapdash narrator just has to tell his skywatch story, bending the needle with opposing distorted bass-wobble. Effecting but way too long, so transitions into a not bad ghost story. The players consider a weed garden but may have planted it; one should have really stopped there. Major motion picture mix ensues of shadowworld secrets flavour. Three generations bongo with frequent appearances of smoothed guitar. After half-an-hour a radio transfix, very unusual stimulating with extended fade-out. Next side begins a specialised wank. Self-conscious ruins the business. Lost interest in court. Then (purposefully?) muffled un-fun shouting and related 1980s four-track commons, dismissible unless inexperienced, bevelled by a lukewarm Christian stank backed by a scientific paper blacksmith, duck joke, dragons and slaughter. Edge dynamics eat the flock. The hand behind the Sun. The lost mines of pen-tapping on central telephone directory finishes on a peculiar note and most of the rest tends to become initiated. A stubbed-toe interval then the essential gradually gets stronger with a flashing intelligence, presenting a pleasant pot party Long Island dashing respite with traps and snares. Women (or rabbits?) squealing. Maybe subtitled. Hinting at shape-shift face. Not to mention the musical reptilian scales. You don't get a stereotype on this stereogram/radiogram, or a maid in AI, so can assume this is a timeless play-again.

C90 1992

GET IT IN WRITING

Like the title as this for an audio-tape. Indeed, Side 1 forms an indentation of Identitarian Euphoriaism mastered from a scratchy record. Frequencies are claws in the dungeon synth to perfect timpani drums that jump to a child cries: "Murder the butcher!" at the compass points of the Cenotaph. Second matrix at the Magnetosphere Motel brimming with all the usual suspects, playing or saying whatever to get across a number of "mean plexes," of which listener get some words confused with other words, feeding the new batch, eggs in the clarinet. Memorable. Side 2 escapes the ear. We are told is experimental static makes you hot; voice comes hypnotic and elements gone rogue, some poacher-turned-gamekeeper. An unregulated to-and-fro ensues; dodgy royalty on acid descending up their arse. The mix goes on walkabout with legalised chav porn samples. The presence is questioned to no avail, but builds to a satisfying 'gone uncle who has paid' transaction, dark chocolate under the sheets. A Canterbury lament. Jane Seymour 1984 *Le Jardin de Max Factor* perfume commercial still a fox, following on silicone swimming caps stretched over thigh boots, an explanation of rock star. A crypto-interval then a godless insult fucking an inferiority complex, the vast majority stupids. Think there is a new Sun going on but nothing on Earth. Moves inside the laugh, the whole thing trumping. Pretty much makes sense, with solid tutelary joy disclosures plus 'tiptoes through the tulips' to even further deep-occult vistas that widens you to X knows where. So support your local OKOK Society on any timeline!

C60 1997

UMBRELLA USURPER

SIDE A: The spreading of English lawyers throws a cacophony versus a manky medicine show of Satanic snake oil salesmen settling for cod mysticism. Three hands cross the channel to odd dad-dancing beat with OTT wedding champagne vocals. Unpleasant for any ear. Transition to Hawaii/ passing clouds intermix. Coded red letters; non-worshippers gaze into the corner. Spaceships are coming; are here. There is a possibility of mind teleportation. Eventually crossfades into power-cheese matured in uncle caves using a Roman process meets leaded petrol lead in the air mentalling the peoples' Mad Hatter. Rot climax. Ripper assault. SIDE B: A Susan rips the clips off the news...recalled massacre...paid from another pocket. Basic radio static builds to an othering network, incredible sounds information gathering. Rowdy office crowd then suddenly quiet. They have taken magical mushrooms fed on the buried victims of Saddleworth Moor, and obtain more valid esoteric information from the glue-sniffers under the bridge than any self-appointed priest. If audio could be a real poster this would show goblins on the motorway; peas on top of chips. A Man-in-Black steps in: "Have you ever thought of joining the British Army, because I really think you should join the British Army."

C25 1993



