

**The book of Colonel Condor
in which he spins his web of
intrigue across the entire world**

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THE TALE OF THE CONDOR COMMANDOS

The Captain Condor project was reconceived in the mid 80s after I had put performance stuff aside for a few years. Essentially, I was bored with making money in the stock market and I needed an outlet for my tendency to madness while I was tinkering on and off with psionics and working on my first book on that subject. By that time I had a considerable helmet collection and it came as a bit of a surprise to my friends that I chose what was my oldest helmet, made back while I was in college. (I've got older ones now, thanks to e-bay.)

There was a small group of us who hung around at the Theosophical Society and we created a bunch called the Condor Commandos. We had a poet, an electrical engineer, a budding computer nerd and his wife and various other folks who drifted in and out. And we all possessed a peculiar sense of humor. Well, it did not take long to convert a few of them to bdsm and that, combined with our wit and intelligence led to us coming up with some pretty funny little performance actions. Unfortunately we were having SO much fun we sort of forgot to take pictures and thus except for a few snapshots laying in some old drawers or packed in boxes, there is really not much of a record of that period except in our memories.

But it was fun.

It was during that time that I formulated the idea of art as warfare, as an act of aggression against the culture and the environment. It was a celebration of nastiness and violence, of shaking people to their core. We would first find out what would make our targets upset and then deliberately push those buttons, like one Good Friday when a bunch of people got out of church to find the area plastered with signs advertizing the Church of Satan. We photocopied pictures of women in bondage from porno mags and would leave them laying on train seats, park benches, inside public lockers in train stations or the Art Institute of Chicago.

We would deliberately litter.

But time takes its toll upon everything and the old gang just sort of faded away. But it was fun while it lasted and I even wrote a short manifesto, because that is what one does with these things:

The persona as an art form.

The persona differs from a theatrical character by the following qualities:

- 1: It is an integral part of the artist himself. He is not playing a role. He is playing himself.
2. While the persona may be molded and shaped like a theatrical character, it has an existence separate from the artist as himself and is thus able to function as a complete individual in and of itself.
3. By working with his persona, the artist is working in a medium that is most readily his to control, i.e., a part of himself and performance as the persona is a projection of that part of the self.
4. The assumption of a persona is an art form in and of itself.

The persona is said to function when the following requirements are fulfilled:

1. The purposeful and controlled identification of the artist as his persona rather than by his given name.
2. The wearing of a particular garment by the artist which is defined as the garment of the persona.
3. The performance of an action or series of actions which are defined as being performed by the persona.

CONDORISM

Condorism is the true art of brutality, sometimes subtle, its meaning hidden in small action, sometimes obvious, the stage filled with rubble. It makes no claims for the future of humanity for it does not care if humanity has a future. It makes no statement about society other than to tell society to go to hell.

What then does Condorism affirm? It affirms the role of violence in the commonplace existence of man. It affirms the right of the individual to be a member of an elite, to express himself in ways incomprehensible to the mass of mankind. It is the right of Dr. Jekyll to become Mr. Hyde at will. Above all else, it affirms the right of the individual to dominate his environment, not be dominated by it.

What does all this mean? Does it mean that Condorism is but a new name of Fascism? Perish the thought! Fascism has, at its heart, the destruction of the individual, the absorption of the individual person into an amorphous, silent, "moral" majority. Is Condorism a return to barbarity? No, for while we may use the tools of the barbarian, he could never hope to appreciate the use we put them to.

Is this a new pornography, a titillation by ferocity? This is amusing for if a person is excited by ping pong balls, there is nothing we can do to stop him, yet some of our performances may, by some stretching, be viewed in that way. If they are—so be it. But if they are, then the serials of the 1930s and 40s, from which we take our inspiration, are as well.

Ours is an art of mystery, of deeds done in the dark, of bombs, blindfolds and bondage. The mind is the medium and there is no message.

DINNER THEATER

It began by accident. In the early 70s, while I was away at school, my parental figures would eat at little neighborhood restaurant every Friday night. And being something of creatures of habit, they always ordered the same thing. My mother would have pork tenderloin and my father would have a steak. Then they would call me on the phone and tell me how their week went.

Well, one Friday I picked up the phone and my mother was laughing so hard that she could barely talk. It turned out they had gone out for supper and ordered their usual thing. Only it was Good Friday, a day that meant absolutely nothing in our family and they sort of did not even realize that it was, but did mean something to the poor family sitting at a table next to them. It seems that the family was in the grip of a depraved and vile superstition which forbade them from eating meat for supper. This was causing their child some annoyance because he wanted a hamburger and his parents were having the devil's own time try to explain to him that he could not have one. And he kept saying, "They're having meat!"

By merely having supper, my parents had managed to annoy the hell out of some other people. And they enjoyed it immensely, so much so that it became a Cosimano family tradition to repeat the performance on every Good Friday! And it continues to this very day.

A few years later, I'm sitting in Baker's Square in Wheaton, Illinois with my girlfriend. It is fall of 1980 and the election is coming. There is something going on at the local fundamentalist installation and there are lots of people dressed up including one family with lots of Reagan buttons. It was too good to resist. I turned to my girlfriend and praised Reagan to the heavens, saying the only problem that I had with him was that he never made any decisions without first consulting his astrologers! (I had no idea I was being prophetic.) The good folks at the next table nearly choked!

So let us fast forward. My parents have gone to the great Race Track and Bar in the sky and I'm doing the Dr. Mirabilis project. My damsel in distress and I have just nearly caused a 40-car pile-up on River Road near Chicago by the simple process of having her walk along the side of the road in some complicated rope work and she has her hands chained together in front of her as we pull into McDonalds as for some reason she has acquired a taste for chicken nuggets. I offer to unlock her but she says, no, she'll go in that way. I shake my head and in we go. The kids behind the counter nearly have heart failure but nothing is said as we get our food and sit down to the shock of some of the family types sitting in the place.

And then back to Wheaton. Every Thursday night there would be a program at the Theosophical Society and after the program a few of us would go out for a bite at the Baker's Square (which was right next to the Society property). And for some perverse reason that place was frequented by young folks from Wheaton College, the aforementioned fundamentalist installation. And they would do bible study! Well, we decided to have some fun.

We had a Satanic Bible Study group. We would bring our copies of The Satanic Bible and do a parody of xtian bible studies, reading a line from the SB and then asking, "Now, what is Satan telling us here?" as well as making pentagrams over our food and being very religious

about the whole thing. It shocked the shit out of them and was great fun.

Anyway, you see how this works.

When you go into a restaurant, you have something of a captive audience. Unless the music is sufficiently intrusive, it is usually pretty easy to hear what people in the nearby tables and booths are saying and thus they can hear you as well.

Find a topic of conversation that will shock them. It is usually pretty easy, just talk about the latest sensational crime from the standpoint of a criminal critiquing how it was carried out and complaining that it was done clumsily and explain how it can be done right the next time. This works particularly well with mass murders.

And if you have religious types at the next table, be religious yourself, but of a religion they may not like, like Satanism, which is always good for a laugh when you get back to your car.

And the fun part is they cannot complain without looking like complete nitwits!

The Room of Innermost Authority



Seated upon his chair of power, Colonel Condor directs the attention of the system operator in response to one of the many crises that beset the Ministry. The instructions are then passed to the World Control Center where they are translated into commands that direct the future of humanity.

The excited courier has just brought news of another disaster that is about to take place and the decision on the timing of it must be made quickly to achieve the maximum social dislocation and effect.

An early mind control Experiment



Here we see an artist's rendition of some of our early mind-control experiments and equipment. The device in question was used to place images from the mind of the operator into the mind of the subject which were then projected onto a screen using energy from the eyes of the subject.

The equipment worked well, but had several defects, not the least of which was the weight of the helmets and the heat inside of them which could become considerable given the amount of electronics involved. It was also extremely expensive to build and maintain and given these factors, plus the limited range of the device, the project was abandoned in favor of more compact units.



CAPTAIN
CONDOR
WANTS
YOU



CAPTAIN CONDOR CONTEMPLATING A WORK OF DESTRUCTION.

In the Beginning...



This is how it all began.

It was a joke, a glorious joke in early 1973.

A friend of mine was a film student and he had an assignment to make a short movie back in those ancient days of super 8. And he was stuck, I mean he was really stuck! He had no idea what he was going to do and what kind of film he was going to make. So I told him to come by my apartment at ten the next Saturday morning and we would make the film.

Well, I already had the pilot's helmet. I had picked that up at the local army surplus store a few months before. I had the breathing mask and the sunglasses so it was a simple matter to put them together to create the image you see above. Look familiar? I do not know if there is a connection, I rather doubt it.

Anyway, I also went to a local religious store and bought a statue of some saint, a woman in a blue something or other. I'm not Catholic, I don't one saint from another but it was one of them, and I borrowed a shotgun from one of my neighbors, as my firearms were simply not right for this particular job.

Saturday morning came and so did my friend, along with his movie camera. I got mine, which actually was a much better camera, and we went out to the country where we set up the statue, I put on my get up and while he filmed, I blasted the statue to pieces with the shotgun.

It was great, good, noisy fun.

After the film was developed, we edited it on my equipment and at the appointed time he

showed it to his class, along with all the other films that his classmates had made.

Now, you have to remember that this was 1973 and there was a lot of junk with young women in flowing dresses dancing in the, whatever. And it got pretty same and boring. Then he showed this piece of a statue being destroyed by gunfire.

Everyone loved it! It got an A.

And Captain Condor was born because that character I created for that short film was just too good to let go.



It was around that time that I began to conceive of art as warfare, as the creative act as an act of aggression. This was still the period of Vietnam and good hawk that I was, I wanted to create art that celebrated mass destruction. The peace and love garbage of the time made me want to puke. I wanted to see things explode in people's faces, from a safe distance of course.

I may have been a bit crazy but I was never stupid enough to actually want to be shot at myself.



And you could not find a better symbol for large-scale devastation than the old B 52 dropping its load of bang eggs onto a target. And the Captain was aggressive.

It would be about 2:30 in the morning, the bars had just closed and the students would be returning from a night of carousing. Then, as they approached the trees, out of the darkness would come a speeding bicycle with an oddly helmed and masked figure on it who would fire a ping-pong ball gun at them as he raced by.

And on the ping-pong ball would be written in magic marker:

Captain Condor

It was something out of a Dada dream. A performance so fast as to be barely credible, leaving behind a cryptic message.

It was great fun.



The idea of artillery as a means of doing art appealed to me almost as much as bombers. After all, what does dropping bombs and firing cannon do? They change the environment, they alter the landscape. They create by the act of destruction. And they do it suddenly, preferably without any warning to those who are about to be altered along with it. One minute

people are sitting in a building having tea, the next thing there is a great, whacking banging noise and they are flying through the air stark naked, holding onto the tea service for dear life. If that is not a work of art, then nothing is. A painting, however beautiful, cannot compare to the ruins of a bombed out city.



And of course there is nothing, nowhere, can even come close to a nuclear blast! The mushroom cloud remains the greatest work of art ever created by the hand of man.

Victory Through Art

The values expressed in all our works are the values based in power and control. Even the seeming mundane act of shooting a ping pong ball into an empty lot is a means to this end for the mere act of shooting the ball implies control of the ball and is an instance of power over the field which is proven by the introduction into the environment of the field of a plastic ball on which the appropriate legend is painted. It is also a very real act of aggression for the ball is not bio-degradable and is thus an attack on the environment of the field.

Understand this. All art is an attack on something. All action is aggressive and all art is action. The purpose of aggression is conquest, the assertion of the superiority of the actor over that which he acts upon--the artist attacking the medium, whatever that medium may be. Furthermore, the medium may also be the means by which the artist attacks another target. All arts can be broken down to the basics of fire and movement. The stationary construction is, after all, nothing more than the means of occupying space defining the territorial control of the artist-attacker. It shows where the artist has been and while it has value in and of itself, the artist has moved on to another conquest, for in art, as in life, there is no substitute for victory.



Take a good look at this picture. Organized slaughter, but beautiful in its color and movement.



And if you look at this one, you can really see the visual impact, the helmets, the armor. Destruction at its most attractive. Death as a thing of beauty.

No field of flowers, no riot in a barnyard painted by Picasso can approach it.

I was able to say, like Mephistopheles, "Destruction, aught with evil bent, that is my proper element."



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Now, let us take a look at this image of a gladiator. And take a good look at his helmet. The helmet is a work of art in and of itself, protective, yet aesthetic. It has a function but the form takes precedence. No modernist nightmare this.



This is a photograph of a museum piece of that helmet. You see the curvature, the crest, the face cage with its masking effect. The only drawback to this is its weight. It is made of bronze and would have been a real burden to the man who had to fight in it. But it would protect him from anything aimed at his head.





and you can see the result, the artist as gladiator.

The key to the helmet was the masking effect. But this was later.

Why was a helmet so important? I am not sure. The only answer I can possibly give is that they played a role in my life from earliest childhood and the helmet, particularly the crested helmet, had an impact on me that made that design a part of me in a very real way. Just why that is is something that I have no answer for. But the Captain had to have a helmet as part of his identity and without it there could be no Captain Condor.

If there was an influence on me that permeated all my work, in psionics as well as in art, it was a character in a children's television show from the 1950s, Captain Z-Ro. Almost forgotten now, this show was syndicated in Chicago briefly in 1956 and made a visual impact on me that is obvious to anyone who knows me and my work the moment they see the main character.



In this image we see the beginning with a crested helmet and a box of something at his waist, actually a communication unit in this case.

Belt radios were very big in the 1950s.



This is a still from the Commando Cody television series and you can see the outsize radio on his belt.

But back to the helmet.



This is a pretty standard 1950s comic book helmet design, a crash helmet with earphones and a comb curving along the top.



A much more interesting one is this. It is more of a hood than a helmet but if you notice the crest is like the dorsal fin of a shark, only in reverse.



And there is another important feature to this. The person wearing it is not a hero. In fact, he is a common criminal. You see, Captain Condor was a villain. And it was important for him to do villainous things. And of course he had to look the part of a villain as well.

Take a good look at this fellow. No one would ever mistake him for a good guy. And he has a helmet that does his character well. For a time I considered adopting it for the Captain but for some reason I just never got around to making it.

But the real influence on my headgear aesthetic was this image. **The Invisible Destroyer.**



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GREEN LANTERN

NOT EVEN
GREEN LANTERN'S
MIGHTY POWER RING CAN
STOP ME FROM SETTING
OFF THIS ATOMIC
BOMB EXPLOSION!



Featuring
The INVISIBLE DESTROYER!

Amazing isn't it. In that one frame, all of my work is summed up. But the helmet is the perfect example of what a helmet should be, elegant, simple yet decorative as well as functional. It became the model for the helmet style that I am most associated with and the next version of the Captain would never be without it.



Now, take a good look at the helmet. It is a toy crash helmet with a crest and headphones, and when it was made in its final form in the early 1970s those headphones worked. In fact I used the helmet for a headphone set in a pre-Captain work that really was not a work but turned into one.

In the summer of 1971 I went down to Carbondale, Illinois to register for grad school at Southern Illinois University and I took with me a large, military style radio of the type common at that time, my helmet just for the fun of it, and patch cable so I could listen to the radio in my helmet. Do not ask me why I did that, it was really just for the fun of it.

Anyway, I stayed at the Holiday Inn and had a room on the first floor. Now the layout of the hotel had my window facing the parking lot, which was good as I could watch my car, and it was a very large window and glass door. Well, the first afternoon I was there, taking a bit of a rest before getting dressed to have dinner (we did things like that back then) sitting in my traveling clothes with the drapes open to let the sun in and listening to the local radio station with my helmet on plugged into the radio.

At that point a family from the hinterlands, who it turned out were staying at the motel for a sort of vacation in the big city, walked by, took one look into the window and ran. They did not know what it was they were looking at, but they did not want to stick around and find out.

Ok, this had the potential to be fun.

It had the potential to be a lot of fun.

And that was important because I found myself going crazy down there.

I was a genuine fish out of water. I did not fit in with the local student culture at all and I really had no desire to. I was miserable. So to amuse myself that first year I created little pranks.

My apartment was on the first floor and it had a large window facing the street. There was a house across the way inhabited by really disgusting old people who had the great fortune to never bother me or I would have called my father and put a contract on them.

But I digress.

They had a garage that was directly across from my window.

I had a super eight projector.

The hand of Cthulhu was in this!

And at this point I have to explain antique technology because this was the stone age. VCRs had not been invented then. Portable video cameras existed but they were professional units and weighed eighty pounds and you needed a super heavy duty tripod to hold them, I later found out. What we had was film technology, and in the consumer market super 8 mm film was the medium most common, though it was still possible at that time to find regular 8 mm and 16 mm film.

And of course I had brought down my super 8 movie camera and my projector, as well as my editor. I know, odd stuff for a history student but film was a bit of a hobby of mine.

As there were no videos available for home viewing, what did exist were short, silent, sections of movies on super 8. And there were feature silents from olden times also available on super 8. I still have a number of them.

What I did was brilliant and it has been done by many people since who never knew that I did it. I put a horror short into the projector, aimed it out the window at the garage across the

street, darkened my apartment and then turned on the movie.

So the disgusting old people across the street had short movies being played on their garage. It was fun fun fun.

And because they could not look out their window and see the film on their garage, they had no idea that they were part of the theater. And to be honest I do not know if any saw the films besides myself because I really did not care. I was doing all this to amuse myself and other people were pretty irrelevant to the project.

Of course the point of any such project, is, ultimately to involve other people without their consent. That is what makes it fun.

We will get into newer aspects of that a bit later but consider this, if my concept of art at that time was as an aggressive act, then the consent of the viewer, or the victim as the case may be, was not a consideration. You do not ask permission of people before you drop a bomb on them and it would be a pity to deny them the pleasure of flying through the air stark naked holding onto the tea service for dear life.

"This is a building. This is a large field gun. Now class, what can we do with these two objects?"

"But what about the people in the building?"

"They become part of the art, or rather their body parts do."

You understand how it works? The Surrealists understood the role of the random in the creative process. The number of people in the target structure is going to be random in that we do not predict it. But that number becomes ultimately essential to the outcome of the finished piece as they become an integral part of it as they bleed all over the ruins.

This is what makes destruction a fundamentally creative act, a work of art.



Now isn't that just the pertiest thing you done ever seen?



These were a few of the participants in the great Dresden performance masterpiece. Look how excellently they piled up.

Destruction is art.

Art is aggression.

Art destroys.

Art causes pain.

"If the gesture is beautiful the victims do not matter."

They never do matter.

And as your hair rises on your back as you read this, you see what is being done. You are having an experience. You are taking part in the creative process. Your world is being challenged.

And it is being done merely with a combination of images and words that do not follow the received norms.

Now hang onto your hair.

Charles Manson could have been a great artist.

Now that I have your attention, think about it. Before he got carried away and had his followers do in the B movie actress and the hairdresser, for which all hell broke loose for perish the thought that we should lose either a B movie actress or a hairdresser, he would have his followers break into people's houses and rearrange the furniture.

Now tell me that that was not a work of genius.

I mean, think about it. People come home from a night of carousing and drug taking and find

that their furniture is moved. Nothing is taken, nothing is ruined, just merely moved.

Can you imagine the shockwave from that? It makes no sense and they would assume that some of their friends must have played a prank, for a prank it was. But in that moment of shock, their very consciousness underwent a dramatic shift. Time stopped dead in its tracks. The horror of the moment overwhelmed them!

The furniture had been moved!

It does not take a dramatic event to change the way the mind perceives its environment. All it takes is one thing, one piece of incongruity, something out of place, like a rotting tree stump placed in the center of an otherwise perfect and neat living room. It does not belong. It should not be there, but it is there.

And human behavior works the same way.

The young folks staggering home from the bar walking through the university campus. They have done this regularly and in the early, Southern Illinois spring it is a common event. Nothing unusual has ever happened, at least nothing that they would notice.

Then, out of nowhere, out of the trees, a mad cyclist comes bearing down on them at full speed and as they leap out of the way a ping pong ball is fired at them.

And in that brief moment their lives are changed. And every time they make that walk again, they wonder if the mad cyclist in the funny headgear would appear again.

In the summer of 1974 a friend of mine and I were making a film called, The Perils of Pearl, and in that film I played the villain, of course, and horny Martian. At a certain point in the film, the villain has tied Pearl to a tree and she is sort of rescued, or carried off as it were, by the Martian. So we had our actress tied to the tree and I went off camera to put on my Martian suit, which was the headgear from the student film of a year and a half before, a windbreaker and a ray gun.

Well, while I was doing that, our actress argued with a couple of boys who were in the vicinity about whether or not UFOs existed. And she was doing this while tied to the tree.

I wish we had been using video. The image of that moment was hilarious. It was totally outside the realm of normal behavior. Taken as a discrete moment in time it made no sense, but it was happening.

In that brief period, the world was changed for anyone who saw it. Of course the creative process needs ideas and villainy as a creative act went very well with the idea of destruction as part of the creative process.

In that time all I needed to create a work of art was a helmet, a young woman, a tree and some rope. How much simpler could it get? Well, a bonfire to go with it would be nice. And marshmallows, one must never forget the marshmallows.

So if you look to the next page you can see an obvious source of inspiration, as well as an opportunity to toast some marshmallows and roast some weenies. Gives new meaning to the phrase, "fire in a crowded theater."



And it was then that, at that moment, witnessing the unscheduled performance of that interaction, that I realized how things could change in a person's mind so quickly and what I had actually been doing with my little pranks.

I formulated a theory for what I had been doing for some time.

You have to understand that the 1970s were an unpleasant time that folks who lived through them would rather forget. It was also a time when anything-goes culture ferment was rapidly transforming into anything-goes cultural norm. In other words, that which had been shocking only a few years before was now boring. The bloom was off the rose. The large-scale shock performances that were called Guerilla Theater had outlived their time. No one cared any more. And when various groups try to recreate it now, they learn that people care even less now. What worked was the short thrust, the moment of incongruity and unexpectedness. Nothing else would have any other impact than to merely be annoying.

If one were aiming to make money off this one would be in trouble unless you could get a teaching position or swing a grant but if you are doing it for your own satisfaction, then you did not need to care.

Pranks are done for the satisfaction of those doing them. If one develops a system of pranking combined with an ideology of destruction, well that can get interesting, and messy if you really are thinking in terms of buildings and changing geography. But if you are more interested in psychological assault, it is a lot less work and, let us be honest, the Air Force is not in the habit of renting out B 52 strikes and running for public office so that you can get the Air Force to do it is a lot of work, takes a lot of money and is rarely worth the effort.

What that means in practical terms is that you can create a conceptual piece involving a flight of bombers leveling the art district of a city, but it remains a concept. It is unlikely to ever be done.

But what you can do is change one thing.

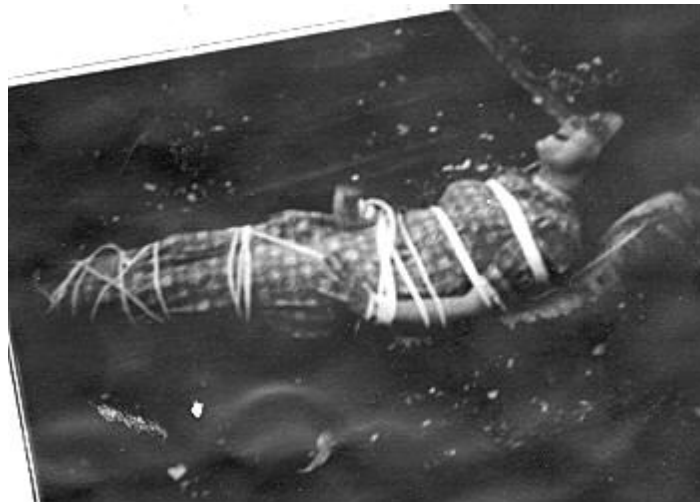
And all you need do is change that one thing.

A family from the hinterlands may not be surprised to see someone with headphones. They would be surprised to see an unusual helmet being used as headphones.

That surprise alters their expected experience. It does not endanger them. It does not even involve any contact with them. But the very act of perceiving changes them for that instant. And that instant may change them forever in ways that cannot be predicted.

We do not know. And we do not care. All that we know is that in one, brief instant, we have caused people to fall out of their habit of seeing. It is not as dramatic (or as traumatic) as finding their furniture moved or a dead hairdresser in the living room, but it does have an impact.

In many ways the Perils of Pearl was more performance art than film because very few people have ever actually seen it. But a lot of people saw this.



That was our actress tied across the railroad tracks. We used an old spur track next to the passenger line and, of course, while we were filming, a passenger train or two went by.

Now, think about it. There were people on that train reading their newspapers or just looking out the window and there was a young woman tied to the railroad tracks next to where the train was running.

That must have made for some interesting dinner conversation when they got home. In fact it probably made for conversation for several days thereafter.

And again, the speed of the experience is what would have made it effective. The people on the train saw, but did not have time to see. They were able to look but only look because before the image truly registered in their minds, they were gone.

An impression had been imposed upon them without their expecting it and without their consent. And that is what makes this form of art so much fun to do.

It is fun to be the bad guy.

The villain is free to act in any way he chooses and, more importantly, think in any way he chooses.

The bad guy gets all the good lines, gets to tie up the pretty girls and gets the comfy chair.

As the project went on, it tended to become a bit codified but it also allowed us to have the kind of fun that other people were simply afraid to have

The distribution of ping pong balls became more than a mere prank, it became an assault on the environment. As it became obvious that Art was unwilling to transgress its own assumptions, we took it upon ourselves to violate them. Tying up the damsel, Our Lady of Perpetual Distress as she was called in our parlance, became not merely a way of getting our BDSM jollies. It became an attack on feminism.

It was great fun.

But we were getting older. And rounder. The Captain, as a character, was just too much of a swashbuckler for someone nearing forty.

DOCTOR MIRABILIS!

In the late 1980s it was time for something new, something adaptable to the changes in the world of technology and of my own work in Psionics. My first book had been published and now that I no longer had a family to worry about with the death of my grandparents and my mother by the end of 1987, I had the time to play with changes and adjust to my entrance into middle age. So I put away Captain Condor, and all the Condor symbols, and set out to create a new character, someone who would be still a villain, because being a villain was too much fun not to be, and add the new material as well as being a bit, well, more sedentary.

No more ping pong balls.

No more mad bike rides in the middle of the night.

Armor!



You can see that the helmet stayed pretty much the same only a bit more stylish and I added a cuirass as well. The latter may not have been the wisest idea of my life because it is not easy to sit down in it, as I soon discovered.

But still we must express our rare gratitude to the French.



So the cuirass did not get used very often.

Dr. Mirabilis was a rather unique figure. He was a satire on channeling. You see that was the time when channeling was all the rage, it was the heyday of the New Age. Dr. Mirabilis was a channeled villain, a parody of Ramtha and he had come into the earth for the purpose of spreading wickedness everywhere.

How would he do it? Through Psionics!

Think of the whole Earth as a holographic grid, and any information placed anywhere on the grid would be felt everywhere on it.

Now around the grid is the aeros, the field that holds the grid together and defines it. Anything placed in the aeros will affect everything on the grid. It is only a matter of action with intent. The intent of the Dr. Mirabilis project was to create unease. The very first work of it, for lack of a better word, was:

Dr Mirabilis and His Malevolent Radio Waves.

This was a standard performance piece which involved using a low power, tunable am radio transmitter. The transmitter was set up on a stage and receivers were placed around the performance space, which was small enough that the short range of the transmitter was not an issue.

The next step was to create the transmission itself. This consisted of creating a statement something to the effect of "Create Chaos in the world," or something like that and then scramble the letters in all sorts of ways, then translate that into morse code.

Ok, you have the transmitter and key, me in appropriate costume seated at that on the stage, the radio receivers set around the auditorium hooked to big speakers.

The next step was to douse the right frequency to transmit from among the spots on the radio that were not already overloaded.

The audience sits, I sit at my keyboard and begin tapping out the message, over and over again for twenty minutes.

I feel sorry for the poor audience. They must have been bored to death.

But, that message was being sent out all over the world, into the aeros, into the holographic grid of the earth itself.

Psionics disguised as art.

Villainy as part of Psionics.

And Villainy was the name of the game, a carry-over from the Captain Condor project. Only this time the actions would be transmitted to the entire world.

And it had a manual, two manuals, The Testament of Dr. Mirabilis and the Damsel Manual, because those were the days before there were BDSM instruction manuals all over the place.

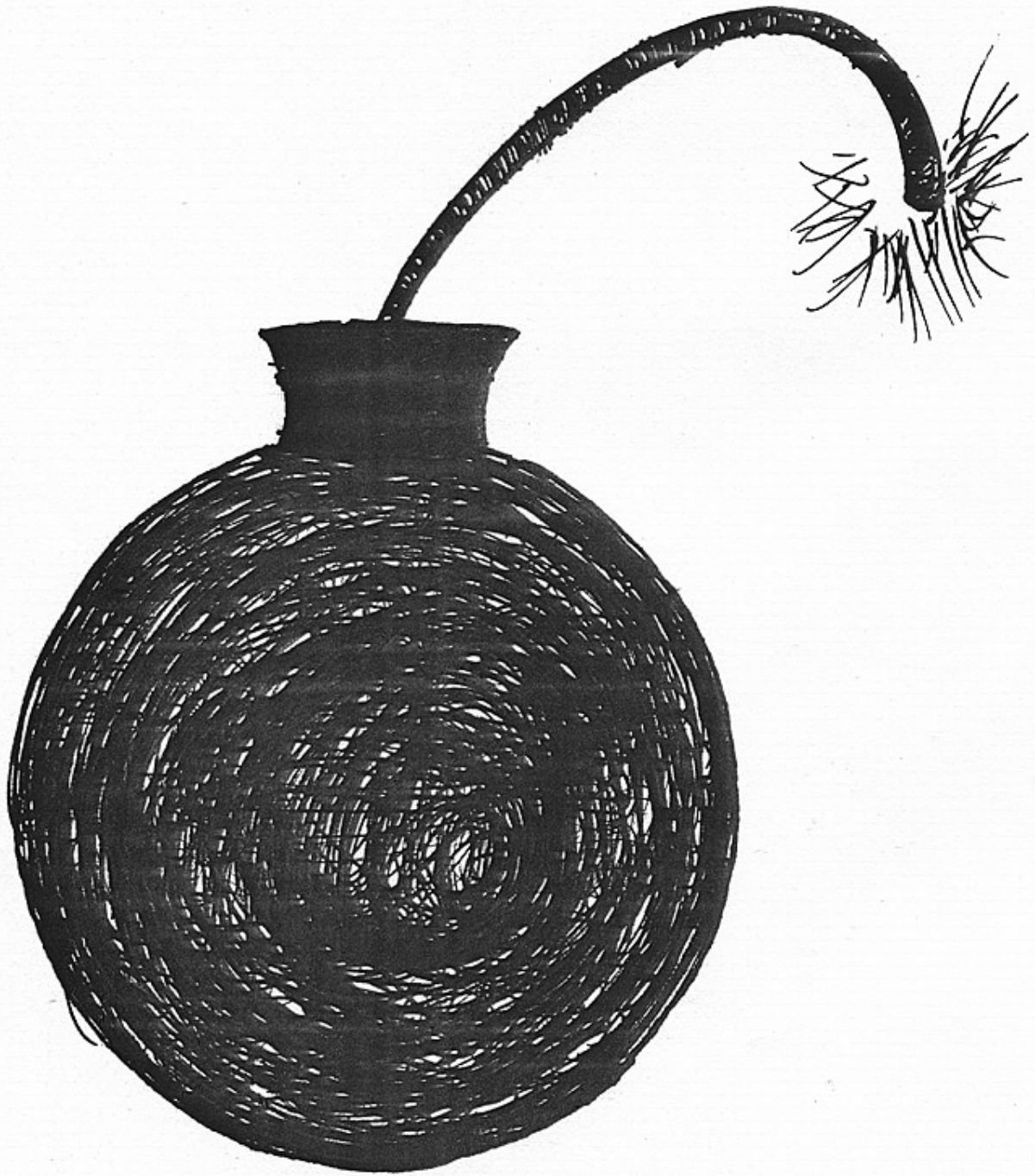
The idea was to create chaos and make things not work right.

Of course things never really work right anyway so that part was easy.

We did things like nearly cause a forty-car pileup by tying up one of the victims and walking with her along the side of the road in a forest preserve, causing someone to turn his head at the wrong moment and when his car moved all the other cars had to move to in a most satisfying motorized ballet.

Unfortunately none of them met any of the others.

And then there little signs that were placed in various places thanks to the wonders of modern copying machines.



Dr. Mirabilis strikes again!

It was easy to plant a bomb in those days.

And then there was the time we went out to scare the natives:



And it worked, no one quite knew what to make of that one, especially when we walked into the art gallery. And practice makes perfect.





And this was a Dr. Who convention. Notice her hands...

Yes, they were chained. But by then she was used to it. Given the right preparation you can get away with anything.

And then there were the Villain's Parties. Performance was not something that had to be limited to gallery space.



Yes, we had fun in those days.

And so it went, as the saying goes. And again, age took its toll. Even the more sedentary activities of Dr. Mirabilis became too much. He had outlived his usefulness and the whole project was shelved, forgotten.

But in the meantime Psionics was not. There was continual ferment and progress as new techniques and equipment were developed and new ideas to be explored. By 2000, with the coming of the new millennium, it was time for a return, a return to the idea of aggression as an art form, and tyranny as an art form. The time had come to remove from people the right

to consent to experiencing art.

We would broadcast it directly into them!

We would broadcast it directly into their empty heads.

Heretofore people had had the choice of whether to look at art. We would remove that choice.



COLONEL CONDOR

War Is Peace

Ignorance Is Strength

Slavery Is Freedom

Who Controls the Present Controls the Past

Who Controls the Past Controls the Future

Who Controls The Mind, Controls All.



The time, as the walrus said, had come to broadcast it directly into their minds.
Instead of a gallery, we would use a thoughtform in the form of a communications satellite.



As the satellite orbits the earth, it broadcasts the information placed into it in the empty heads of the people below, constantly, continually.

And how would we put the information into the satellite--with Psionics of course.

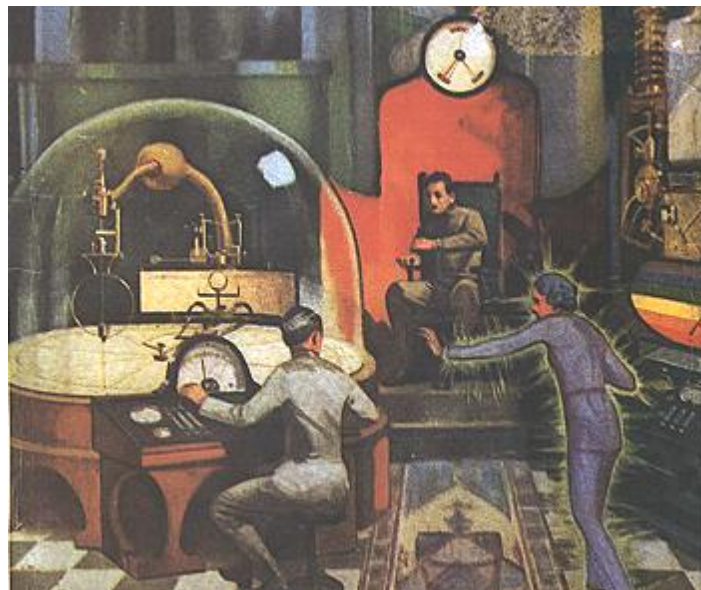
And as we went on we learned that we did not need the satellite at all.

We could simply broadcast directly to the entire world.

The age of consent has ended.

We will abolish freedom in our lifetime.

From this chamber we send forth chaos to all mankind for the creation of chaos is a creative act.



And this is how we would do it!



Art, Mind Control and the Abolition of Consent

When people think of mind control tech, they usually think of expensive, complicated equipment wielded by men in black working for the government. Psionics is different. The equipment is cheap, easily constructed and unlike the electronic machinery associated with the men in black, is almost impossible to detect in use. It leaves no signature that can be traced. It is invisible and it is all-penetrating. A foil tent will not stop it. Whatever is transmitted by psionics will be received by any mind that is susceptible, distance notwithstanding.

Enter art.

There has always been an implicit choice in art. No matter how surrounded a person may be by it, that individual always has the choice to look at it or look away. The time has come to question that choice. Should a person even have the right to look in another direction? Suppose we can place the art directly into the mind of the person? What then?

My premise on this is very simple. We have the right to do anything we are able to do. If we can impose a work of art directly onto the conscious or subconscious mind of the percipient then there is no reason not to do it except as may be found in some dusty tome on ethics that nobody reads anyway. Simply put, and as this is a short essay, very simply put, we are under no obligation to be limited by another person's view of right and wrong. The mere fact that someone may disapprove in no way limits our capacity to act and, as by the nature of the equipment involved, there are no consequences for performing the action, there is no rational reason to refrain.

Can tyranny be an art form?

If the control of the mind of another is the ultimate manifestation of tyranny, then yes, it can be. For mind control is an art rather than a science and the imposition of art into the unwilling mind is tyrannical and therefore to be desired. This project is, ultimately, a celebration of mass unfreedom. By abolishing consent, if only in the context of a work of art, we act to bring about the final subjugation of humanity to our will, if only in a small way. It is our means to dash to pieces the twin demons of freedom and equality.

The Method

Our method is to take the by-now old notion of conceptual art and move it beyond even the idea of concept. In this art there is, literally, no object. There is not even a record of the work because the work exists solely in the imagination of the artist and that imagined work and experience is imposed upon humanity whether humanity likes it or not. It is the Theater of the Imagination in the most literal sense of the word.

To do this work you will need four tools:

A radionic box



A psionic amplifying helmet



A comfy chair

And your imagination.

You will also need a photograph of the area containing the people whom you wish to influence, whose minds will be as open to you as windows on a spring day.

You set up the equipment as follows:

Place the photograph of the target area onto the transmittal side of the radionic box and take a rate. This is done by turning the dials of the box slowly until they feel right. You will know when this happens.

Using a patch cable, plug the helmet into the transmittal side of the box and move the photograph to the receiving end of the box.

Sit in the comfy chair with the helmet on and relax.

Now, create!

In your mind create the work of art. It does not matter what form it takes, as long as it gives you pleasure to create it. Do this for as long as you like.

When you do this, your mind will reach out to the people in the target area and those who are susceptible will feel something in their heads. They will not know what it is, but they will know that they are feeling something. And then, when they go to sleep if they are not already, they will see your creation in their dreams. They will have no choice, no option and no opportunity to either consent or deny consent.

And we shall abolish freedom in our lifetime.

We shall imprison humanity in the concentration camp of the mind, forcing profound aesthetic experiences down people's throats.

Choice? We give them no choice.

They deserve no choice.

We will elevate their souls in spite of them!

All of their antiquated, outdated notions of right and wrong, good and evil, beauty and ugliness, all will be swept away. We shall empty their heads of such notions and fill them with the thoughts and images that we will provide.

They will not give their consent.

They cannot withhold their consent.

They cannot refuse what we offer.

They can only experience what we wish them to experience it whether they want to or not.

Because what they want does not matter. All that matters is that we want them to.

Their minds are the empty vessels that we will fill.

They are the canvas on which we will create.

Their lives are the marble with which we will sculpt.

The world is our gallery.

The world is our playground.

The act of control is the work of art, even as the act of destruction was the act of creation.

Now, we must realize that there are times when it just is not practical to be wearing a helmet wired to a radionic transmitter. You cannot wear that to the opera or to the symphony and not get some very strange looks. But there is a simple solution for that. All you need to do is take a photograph of yourself and place it on the transmittal side of a radionic unit and the the photograph of the target area on the output side. Set the machine and forget it.

As you sit and listen to the opera, the experience of the Ring Cycle will be fired into the heads of everyone sleeping in Tel Aviv.

Art cannot be controlled. It can be aimed and fired just as one aims and fires a cannon.

The only disadvantage of this method is that every emotion you experience is fired as well, so while you will be blasting away with the joy of the Entry of the Gods into Valhalla, you will also be sending your annoyance at the parking garage attendant in his delay in finding your car.

That can result in some very confused dreams.

Aggression, warfare, can take other forms than buildings and people being blown sky high.

It can be simply putting things into people's minds that they work oh, so hard to keep from being there.

Think of the poor Fundamentalist parent putting their child to bed, reading Bible verses over it, and thinking that it is being protected from all the evils in the world, not realizing that the town they live in has been targeted.

And the artist in the helmet, a thousand miles away, is doing his art in his imagination, but as he does so his imagination is being beamed into the sleeping heads of everyone in the target area.

So in his mind he goes through the motions of his art, setting up his equipment on the stage, preparing himself, building an image so powerful that it cannot be resisted.

And all the while that action and the emotions associated with it are being sent to the heads of the sleeping targets.

His equipment, his brush if you will, in his mind is a submachine gun.

The canvas is the target, in this case a crowded shopping center.

It is all in the imagination. He is sitting in his recliner imagining it.

The crowd moves, does crowd things not knowing that something incredibly interesting is going to happen to them.

The artist has a small grin growing across his face as he levels the submachine gun, feeling its weight as he does so.

And then he fires. The creative act, the destructive act all in one. But it is only in his mind. It is only in the mind of the sleeping ones in the area that is the true target.

And the parent who thinks that he has protected his child from seeing the violence of the world does not know that in his child's brain images of extreme violence are forming.

In his neighbors, images of gunfire are forming.

Across town someone is dreaming of buying a gun and making his dream a reality.

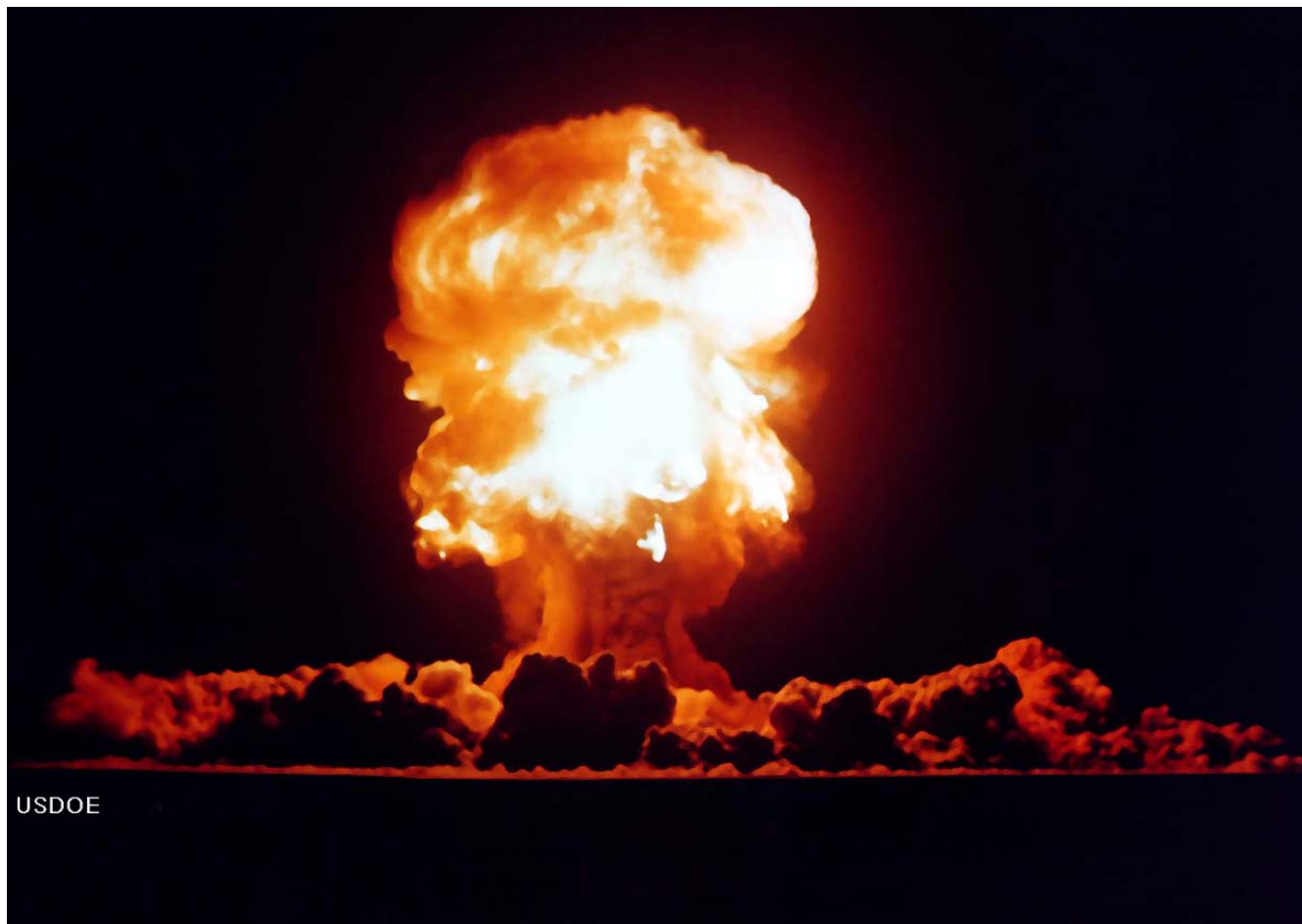
It is all a work of art, a work painted in the minds of those who know not what they dream.

And by doing this work, we not only create in ways that cannot be done physically, we render

the visions of those who would censor the ideas and visions of others impossible. Let them dream of this:



And this:



USDOE

And finally of this!



Pleasant dreams. Remember, we are everywhere and there is no place to hide.

Nighty night.