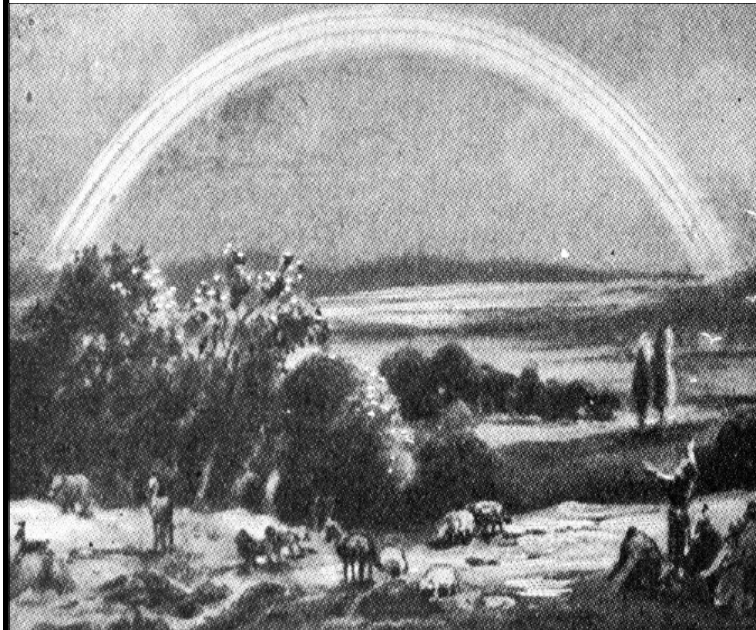
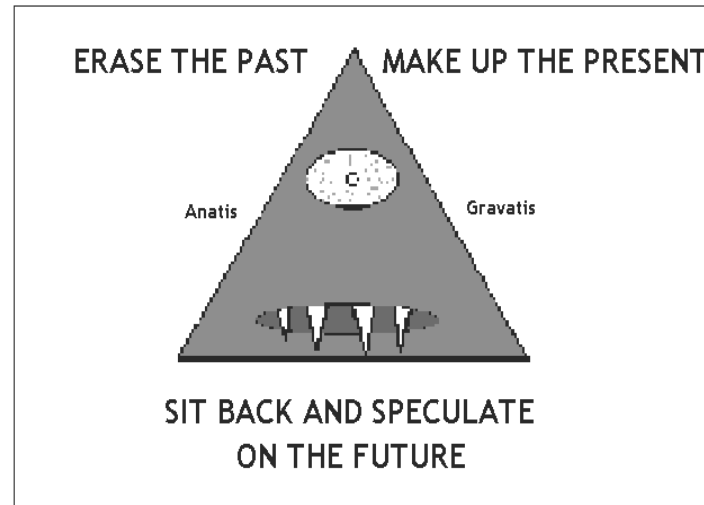


Smooth Moove

THE HANDBOOK
ON RECLAMATION OF
PERSONAL CONTINENCE



PRESENTED AS A GIFT TO MANKIND BY
THE ALL ONE MATRIX POSSIBILITIES
BIG HEARTED RESEARCH FOUNDATION



DISCLAIMER

All events, situations characterizations and personalities portrayed within are fictional and are presented exclusively for the entertainment of the consumer of this product. Any resemblance to real persons, businesses or organizations living or deceased is purely coincidental. In other words, the names have been changed to protect the truly guilty.

This handbook and accompanying audio recordings is intended only as general comment on the tendency of humans to deify an individual or an entity and the state of institutionally organized religion, government, education and the capitalistic corporate colonization of the nations of the world.

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INTRODUCTION

The folly in which we tend to participate in the name of advancement, sometimes obscures the best aspects of the game. So why not see how bad it can really get? Why not forget the finely cooked cut of steak and just drink bottle after bottle of ketchup? Why not wallow so deeply in the puke of modern civilization so as to finally get sick of it and look for simpler truths. Somewhere in these texts and audio recordings we hope you will sicken of it too. Maybe you'll bail out now and not even check it out. But if you are curious....

This is the READ portion of the BUY AND READ command contained in the infomercial you heard on the radio, on TV or from well meaning proselytizing friends or family.

If you encounter highly inedible thoughts while reading this book, you may begin to feel sleepy or even stupid. In that event, **press on brothers and sisters!** You are exactly on the right track! You are rapidly becoming fodder for MARKET RESEARCH.

No one who is anywhere near awake will voluntarily subject themselves to the embarrassment of the "designed incontinence" that is required of someone to participate in the All One Matrix END GAME, otherwise referred to later in this book as THE GAME.

Personal Continence is defined as your innate ability to exert volitional control and influence over your own *Personal Chocolate Brown Weasel, not allowing it to escape and run amok in this or any adjacent universe / galaaksy. *Personal weasels only. Not applicable to wild weasels, commercially bred weasels, weasels possessing college degrees wearing expensive suits, or weasels held in captivity for the amusement of man.

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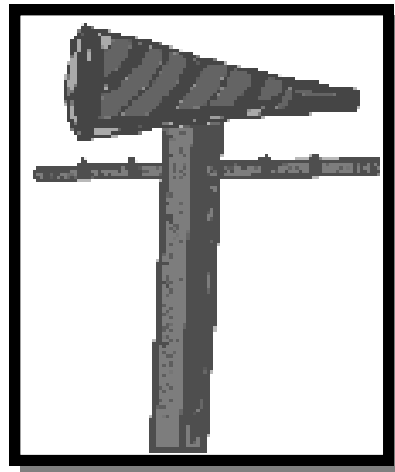
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F. Article # 1, THE INFOMERCIAL



Your mind, it aches. Your heart, it breaks. You've given countless thousands of dollars to the religious cult or church of choice. You've fed the hungry, You've housed the needy. You even invited an indigent person to the dinner table, and they stayed for 2 years! You drive an economical car and live in an economical house! Why- you even found a way to recycle *unused brainwaves*! You have done **GOOD WORKS** by all earthly standards and yet, life is not as it should be!

- You are too fat.
- You feel sluggish and tired most of the time!
- Your wife is not cute anymore, and your husband.. (cough/laugh) He keeps personally signed photographs of Farrah Fawcett, hiding in the dresser drawer right along side his skivvies!

You just feel physically, mentally and spiritually INCONTINENT!

But hey; This is America and life goes on!

You are still coping

JUST LIKE THEY TOLD YOU TO!!

And then one day,

THE UNTHINKABLE HAPPENS;

You flush the toilet as you always do but *this time* just as you are leaving, the sound of heavy footsteps echo on the bathroom floor. You hear the toilet lid open with a nasty **CRACK!** and.. an angry voice exclaims:

**WHAT ARE THOSE UGLY BROWN
FLECKS ALL OVER MY CLEAN WHITE
PORCELAIN BOWL !!!**

And suddenly the realization stops you dead in your tracks.

⑧ ~~~~~⑧

“OH MY GOD! MY REAR MAIN EXIT DEPOT HAS BEEN SPINNING WILDLY OUT OF MY OWN VOLITIONAL CONTROL! AND, MY PERSONAL CHOCOLATE BROWN WEASEL HAS ESCAPED, AND IS NOW RUNNING AMOK !! AND WORST OF ALL,, COULD I HAVE CAUSED SOME KIND OF A RIP OR A DEFORMITY IN THE MULTI-DIMENTIONAL WEB OF OUR UNIVERSE SLASH GALAAXIE??

WHO IN THE WORLD CAN HELP ME NOW ??

HOW CAN THIS MAD SPIRALING EFFECT BE STOPPED !!!”

⑧ ~~~~~⑧

Well listen up you gullible pea brain!

Help is HERE NOW! IN YOUR HANDS!

You are in possession of a copy of the new soon to be best selling book, Entitled:

SMOOTH MOOVE,

**THE HANDBOOK ON RECLAMATION OF
PERSONAL CONTINENCE!!**

Written by none other than *your Founding Researcher!*

- Inside, you will find a complete set of step by step life changing instructions on

WHAT TO DO AND HOW TO SHIT!

- You will also DISCOVER who the *Founding Re-searcher really is*, and the exact reason why **YOU NEED TO PAY FOR HIS COOT RANTINGS!**
- You will find out **at last**, exactly what it means to **GET BEVELED** and come out the other side, clean and shiny as a new teapot!
- Learn what **TAKING A BATH IN YOUR OWN ULTIMATE CORRECTNESS** has done for thousands of saps *JUST LIKE YOU!!*
- Find out how to tap into a previously unknown, technically UNTHINKABLE, personal source of virtually **UNLIMITED CASH RIGHT OUT OF YOUR OWN BODY!**
- Get a firm grip on that **UNTAMED WEASEL NOW** and put an end to his **DESTRUCTIVE SPIRALING EFFECT!!**
- All this and much much more.

***You cannot afford
to wait any longer!***

Every second that slips by, the escaped weasel continues to spin an ever greater and more insidious web of chocolate brown confusion and insanity!!

**!!YOUR ETERNITY IS NOW
HANGING IN THE WINGS!!**

And, just so you know, out there in the adjacent Universe / galaaxie, there IS someone who is extremely powerful and treacherous.. and he's got a down payment on your future, NOT NECESSARILY IN YOUR FAVOR!!

So read on.

The Anti Gravity Sky Ocean awaits you my friend.

I love you, *you make me rich!*

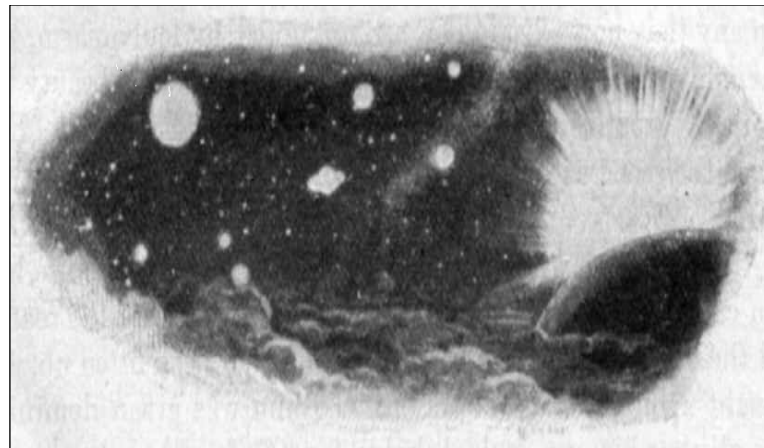
Your Founding Researcher, f.R.

**F. Article # 2 THE PRIMER
THE ANTI GRAVITY SKY OCEAN
and the**

**ALL ONE MATRIX POSSIBILITIES BIG HEARTED
RESEARCH FOUNDATION**

We just hope you'll say; "YES INDEEDY WEEDY" To the
FOWEN-DIYONG, RE-AHS-ER-ACH-ER-EYE-ON !

(Founding Researcher)

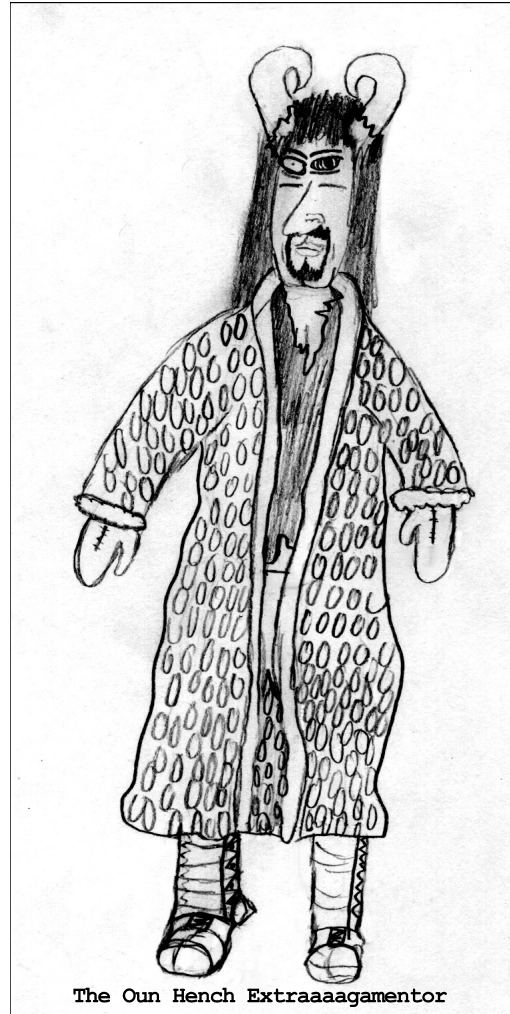


Artist impression of the Anti Gravity Sky Ocean

Welcome, to the *Anti Gravity Sky Ocean*. A large floating mass of solidified toxic waste and goo. Located in the adjacent universe /galaaxie, and sharing only with planet Earth, the problems of time and waste. A favorite vacation and honeymooning spot for newly wed *Talent Mannequins, Sapped Out Waifs* and other self styled artistic types who consider themselves to be either talented, suppressed or both.

Let us zero in now on a little slice of life in the land of powdered milk and green goo. Way way up, high above the din of anti gravital civilization, squatting, in a run down

castle, we find our ruler and chief executive of the *Anti Gravity Sky Ocean*. The one and only; **OUN HENCH EXTRAAGAMENTOR** himself. Here he is now (Yes, you've paid, and he is here.) donning the finest bejeweled



robes of the ANTI-CHRIST. The *Oun Hench* is about to take a meeting with his main minions, the *Gremlins*.

The *Gremlins* are a warlike sub culture of the *Anti Gravity Sky Ocean* that came into higher political favor centuries ago, mostly due to their quasi sexual nature and certain pronounced physical attributes such as small blunt teeth. Most have inherited chromosome damage from the **Horrendous International Virus**. The **Virus**, is defined as the SUDDEN FORECLOSURE OF YOUR POCKETBOOK.

The *Gremlins* have been hard at work busily preparing their *Anti Gravity*, PAPER MACHE', SPACE CANOES for yet another attack on the *Estate*.

Welcome, to the ALL ONE MATRIX POSSIBILITIES,
BIG HEARTED RESEARCH FOUNDATION.



☪ The ESTATE ☪

The Estate is the composite property, buildings and trees back on planet Earth, where the mother branch of the *All One Matrix Possibilities Big Hearted Research Foundation* is situated, somewhere in a northern hemisphere desert. According to "common wisdom", it is the main residence of an entity known to his followers as the *Founding Researcher*. The approved pronunciation is:
FOWEN-DIYONG, RE-AHS-ER-ACH- ER-EYE-ON.

The United States Internal Revenue Service has a different name for him but they won't divulge. They claim it's a national security issue. It will be a good 25 to 30 years, long after any relevancy has passed, before anyone can obtain his true identity through the Freedom of Information Act. However, since you have bought and are reading this book ***you are privileged! You shall soon know the secret!*** Just read on.

Using totally new and unique methods, many that **have never been seen in this sector of the universe before.** He performs his research, draws some sort of conclusion and then passes it on as a service to one and all.

*A FOUNDING RESEARCHER by definition is one whom :
"Neither pays or gets paid. He simply researches
so that he can then know, and then say."*

His closest followers are known as ***Gleaners***. Themselves being members of the elite upper economic and intellectual strata of planet Earth. The ***Gleaner's*** general modus operandi and main politico- financial agenda, is to unquestioningly digest ***each and every one*** of the ***Founding Researcher's*** conclusions (his "***Say's***").

Swiftly altering and regurgitating them in such a manner so they may easily be exploited. (as only a good education can prepare you to do). They finally meter them out in minutely chewable, grossly overpriced, over processed chunks of salty meat replica "**thought product**".

One rung down the ladder, the immediate and all too willing recipients of these dogbite bits of "Spiritual Spam" are the "***Affiliate-aficionados***". These are the middle managers, the taskmasters, henchmen and henchwomen. They

also oversee some of the more unpleasant aspects such as collections, security and corrective actions for digressers.

Finally, the population who actually pays for regular and continuous drenching of thought product. Those thousands of poor *Talent Mannequins* and *Sapped Out Waifs*. Themselves, generally in the middle and lower eco-social registers of planet Earth, struggle along day to day only to have their hard earned pittances swept unmercifully from their bank accounts, under a blustering and continued threat of the ultimate loss of their ETERNITY.

In an early lecture to his followers, the *Founding Researcher* himself warns:

Ⓢ ~~~~~ Ⓢ

**"And, if I, your Fowendiyong Reea
Seraach Er I On, were to tell you the truth,
you would not know it. Even if it took the
form of a thousand hopped up gerbils,
madly running up the rear main exit depot
of your well paid for colostomy. As long as
we understand each other, you will keep on
paying, and I, will keep on lying to you."**

Ⓢ ~~~~~ Ⓢ

Should anyone take pity on the *Affiliate-aficionados*? Or even the *Gleaners*? HELL NO! Why? Because their lifetime membership in the **All One Matrix Possibilities Big Hearted Research Foundation** entitles them to a regular dip in their very own bath of something toxic, green and milky, otherwise known as **Ultimate Correctness**.

All soap boxing aside, let us get down to the main issues.

- WHAT IS BEVELING AND WHY IS IT SO IMPORTANT?
- WHAT IS THE BEEF BETWEEN THE OUN HENCH AND F.R.??
- WHY DOES THE OUN HENCH EXTRAAGA-MENTOR STAGE AN ATTACK ON THE ESTATE EVERY 20 YEARS???

We will explore the answers in FIVE easy lessons. These lessons are arranged in the order of their apparent worth so they should be easy to assimilate. Religion, Geology, Science, Creationism and Humanities /Social Studies. And don't forget folks, that you can always lump art, music, spiritualism and money somewhere under humanities.

RELIGIOUS LESSON

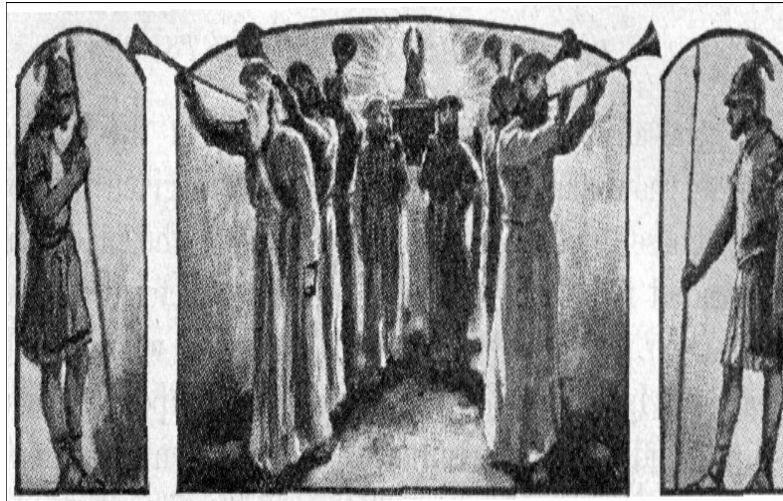
BEVELING is that **exact series of actions** taken by all *Affiliate-aficionados* in order to attain the exalted state of **GLEANER**. Initially the process allows the subject to be temporarily free from any residue of their last excrement. As the Foundation's vernacular goes, "DONT'CHA NEVER LEAVE NO DOOTY HANGIN". It also prevents the scenario of the poor misfortunate **Sapped Out Waif** described in the introductory infomercial whose chocolate brown weasel escaped and now runs amok.

Ultimate Cleanliness of Exit Depot
is a state that is constantly strived for by all.

The **exact process of Beveling** is confidential and classified as our very own secret religious doctrine for our own bank account and your own safety. Since the process

requires rigorous training, preparation and a complete dedication on the part of each individual, all that can be told now is that it involves heating up certain membranes of the human body with a small gas Bunsen burner until said membranes become stiff and crispy. The area is then smoothed clean and true using a specially designed high speed rotary device. The "*Standard issue Primary Beveling, Divine Depot Reamer*" (A Foundation religious artifact) that, if sat upon with the correct **voracity** and **vengeance** for the overall life experience, produces miraculous results consistently high with the subject's own personal mission statement.

(Actual practitioner's testimony is available to qualified individuals who send a S.A.S.E and a lock of hair to the foundation's non descript P.O. box out in the middle of the desert.)



Entrance to a world of hope.
The All One Matrix Possibilities Big Hearted
Research Foundation's Beveling Alcove.

GEOLOGY LESSON

First we must understand a bit about the makeup of the *Anti Gravity Sky Ocean*. Underneath it's murky toxic topsoil is basically nothing. How can there be nothing holding something up? Especially something large and flat and liquid like puke green powdered milk. And on top of that, wouldn't you actually like to be able to fly that thing around the galaxy? The universe? Or maybe even to an adjacent universe-slash-galaaxy?? Maybe even use it to smother a little blue ball approximately 3 planets out from the Sun????

SCIENCE LESSON

Well that's EASY!! All you need are 3 small pyramid shaped, hermetically sealed, metallic modules imbedded with the "Universal Don't Fall Code" otherwise known as *Don't Fall Code Generators*. A "D.F.C.G." to the occupants of the *Anti Gravity Sky Ocean* is a wondrous and mysterious thing. Much like the scientific and psychiatric view of the human mind. "IT'S BLACK IN THERE, AND NO ONE KNOWS WHAT IS INSIDE".

CREATIONISM LESSON

In his long arduous and adventuresome treks around the universe the OUN HENCH EXTRAGAMENTOR finally located 3 of these little beasties, thus allowing him to initially begin construction on the SKY OCEAN. Two D.F.C.G's were initially needed to prop up the SKY OCEAN. The 3rd one's place, on the farthest, coldest edge of the A.G.S.O, was still under construction.

HUMANITIES LESSON

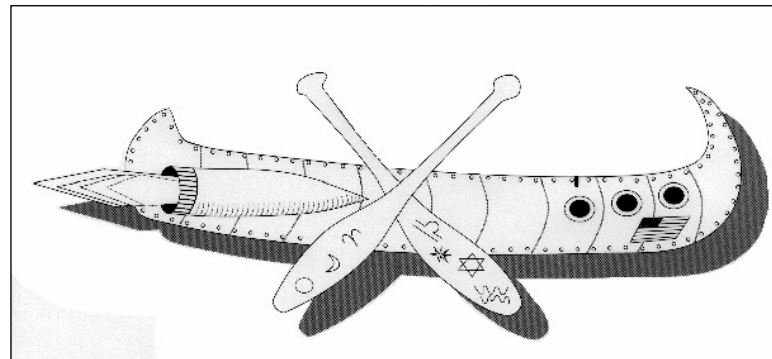
ENTER THE FOUNDING RESEARCHER. In his early, explorative years. Then known to the world as Verner Von Kotch. The alleged inventor of the modern day vacuum cleaner and power mower. Verner, in his youthful folly took a fleeting fancy to the third D.F.C.G. which was as yet unin-

stalled into it's rightful place in the SKY OCEAN. Much like a child seeks to catch a soap bubble, Verner snatched the pyramid to the horrible dismay of the OUN HENCH.

SOCIAL STUDIES

At this writing, the F.R. says he has no idea why the attacks keep coming. He has long forgotten where the pyramid is, nor does he have any idea that it could be even remotely related to the attacks. He only knows that the **Space Canoes** with **Gremlins** inside come every 20 years. And, that he must be ready to start shooting his **POPEYE PEZ DISPENSER** from his office at the top of the **ESTATE** building. And that all the **Gleaners and Affiliate Aficionados** must gather the night before, and burn in a big bonfire, an effigy of the **OUN HENCH EXTRAAGAMENTOR** and thousands and thousands of small paper mache' canoes. This event shall be known as an **EXTRAAGABURN**.

A Space canoe replica from the Anti Gravity Sky Ocean.



End of PRIMER

The Devotee Introduction Exposition and Tri Cornered Tent Show.

It has been deemed by the Founding Researcher and the executive ministry that each Sapped Out Waif (research slang for generally un beveled human), shall attend multiple ***Introduction Exposition and Tri Cornered Tent Show*** events so they may they qualify to become an **Affiliate Aficionado** of the All One Matrix Possibilities Big Hearted Research Foundation.

Weekly shows feature 3 performances each running simultaneously. One with “Talent Mannequins” (wax dummies with moving mouths) spouting “All One” cult rhetoric. The second has a “live art” display of replicas of all the Founding Researcher’s “artifacts”, such as his Popeye Pez dispenser, Fish tank full of research guppies with light pens attached to their tails, Velcro beard, canteen of swill, etc. Many children’s toys are featured also. (see the article on Maxia Tranion)

The third features the **Announcemyetron** robot, that **“Mutant Messenger of the Founding Researcher’s most coveted spiritual Spam”**. (which incidentally looks a lot like a couple of shiny garbage cans piled on top of each other with a 3 way megaphone whirling around on top). Rolling back and forth across the stage playing back pre recorded renditions of the FR’s “research” and spouting even MORE cult rhetoric.

And finally.... the big prize. The DUAL GANG, GOLD LAME’ TOILET TRAPEZE ACT. Each Affiliate Aficionado shall attend numerous intro events until they become eligible to receive their **Primary Beveling**. This is accomplished by paying an ADDITIONAL \$500.00 entrance

fee (a total of \$1000.00 each time) so they can sit underneath the *Dual Gang Gold Lame' Toilet Trapeze*.

The ***DUAL GANG, GOLD LAME' TOILET TRAPEZE*** is constructed out of a scaffold. At the top, at either end are 2 large toilets, one (the master) is 14 feet higher than the other (the slave) and both are covered in gold lame' material. The two toilets (or "toids") have a plastic swimming pool slide connecting them. The slide has six inch holes and downward pointing funnels every couple of feet. Underneath the slide, three ***extra firm folding chairs*** are positioned. Here is seated the hopeful Affiliate Aficionados who have paid their additional \$500.00. They remain there for the entire event.

If they are lucky, the Founding Researcher actually shows up and on a good day here's what happens: First an announcement is delivered over the PA by the estate's "Computer Operator" .

THE COMPUTER OPERATOR SPEAKS

"Welcome to the All One Matrix Possibilities Big Hearted Research Foundation's DEVOTEE INDUCTION EXPOSITION and TRI CORNERED TENT SHOW! (applause). In this corner, we feature the Master and Slave Gold Lame' toilet trapeze act performed by none other than - yes YOUR FOUNDING RESEARCHER (applause).

Our friends fortunate enough to now be seated in the EXTRA FIRM FOLDING CHAIRS, have paid an additional five hundred dollars, over and above the five hundred dollar STANDARD INDUCTION EXPOSITION ENTRANCE FEE. Just so they may catch an up close glimpse of OUR FOUNDING RESEARCHER in his rarest of settings.

Desired by many, seen by few but paid for by ALL!

In return for their generous offerings, these fortunate AF-FILIATE-AFICIONADOS stand a better than average chance of receiving one of OUR Founding Researcher's most precious gifts to the ALL ONE!

WARM, SOFT, GOLDEN BROWN LAND MINES FOR THE TOPS OF THEIR POINTY LITTLE HEADS!

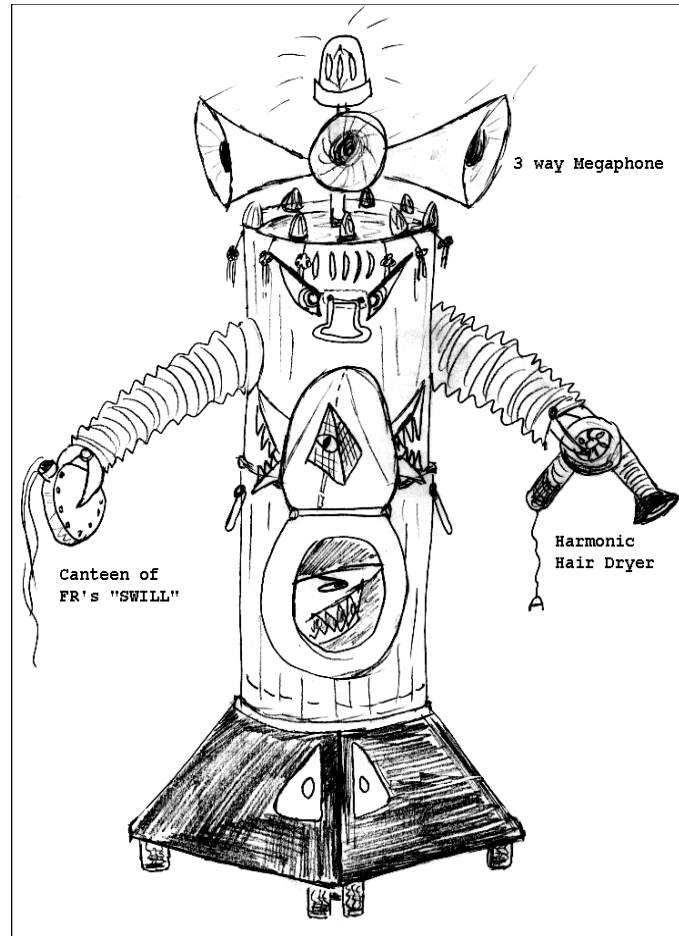
WAIT! WAIT! OH MY GOD! HE'S HERE! HE'S HERE!! YOU'VE PAID AND HE'S HERE!

THE FOUNDING RESEARCHER IS IN THE BUILDING!

(You may cheer and clap now) The lights go low and the **World Entertainment Wisdom Ensemble** strikes up spiritually rousing bolero based military music. At this point the Founding Researcher sprints onto the stage, flexes his muscles and climbs up a ladder to the ceiling. From there he swings, down, to the top toilet (the Master Gold Lame' Toid) and from there, slowly slides down down, down to the lower toilet (the Slave Gold Lame' Toid) arbitrarily releasing land mines through the funnels, on to the people in the chairs. (there is much cheering and applause each time he lands one.) The action is repeated until he either runs out of land mines or he can hear 14 less pairs of hands clapping in the audience.

Any Affiliate Aficionados who have been "Anointed" are now eligible to purchase their **Primary Beveling Program** for the low low price of only \$14.000.00.

- IMPORTANT NOTICE! The All One Matrix Possibilities Big Hearted Research Foundation has *not* increased it's price for the **Primary Beveling Program, EVER!** Nor will it EVER. FOREVER. **Because the numeral 14 is already more than it could be and less that it needs to be.**



The Announcemyetron

F. Article # 3, HISTORY LESSON #1
The origins of the All One Matrix Possibilities Big Hearted Research Foundation

- Historical background of Verner Von Kotch:

Born in 1910 in a small mountain town in the Swiss Alps. His mother, Elfrieda, kept sheep for food, wool and comfort. Father Aelfred Adolf Koch, was the town butcher. Young Verner, was quite the inventor. He also displayed an uncanny interest in the trapeze acts at the circus. He constantly would talk of a mysterious vision that someday he would be swinging on a great golden trapeze. While in high school, he became a member in good standing of the 3rd REICH ,Youth Core, food consumption division.



Young Verner and his earliest inventions

Graduating college at the head of his class with a "Flying Bottle Justification Badge", he also possessed a minor degree in "PSYCHO AURAL EFFECT OF AIRCRAFT ENGINES". Shortly after graduation, he assumed an honorable position as the head of the "Studies in petrol appliances for maximum home convenience." Research department at Leipzig University.

Drafted into wartime military service in 1941, he was stationed at a well known automobile factory in Stuttgart. His primary assignment there, was to design and manufacture an aircraft engine with a sound so terrifying and distinct, that it would strike terror in the hearts of the enemy whenever they heard it coming.

In 1942 Verner went AWOL due to increasing fascist government pressure to use his accumulated research for the creation of an unkillable, **Horrendous International Virus**. Escaping via an allied underground network, he was able to achieve temporary political asylum in Siberia where he continued his research.

As the Nazis further invaded Russia, he was recaptured by the Gestapo police. Also seized were a large collection of Verner's secret research diaries, and an unknown manuscript in progress. He was eventually released on his own recognizance, Now stripped of his all important personal diaries and manuscripts, he was metaphorically "Strapped to a mule towing a swine cart".

Between 1944 and 1949 Verner emigrated to the U.S. **posing as a humanitarian**. He established credentials as a lecturing professor at an unknown institution of higher learning somewhere in the Midwestern U.S. His major lecturing platforms were: "**The importance of fossil fuels in the western world**" and "**You, your back yard, and aircraft engines in everyday life.**" Complete with side references to his now famous "**weightlessness equals freedom**" equation. He was still attempting to recover valuable research data lost to the Nazis.

1950: Together with Renaldo L. Snoot, drinking buddy and former technical communications director of defunct RADIO HENCH STUDIOS in sunny downtown California, Verner Co-founded the "All ONE POSSIBILITIES

matrix division of BIG HEARTED RESEARCH LEGIONNAIRES located in Kansas City Missouri. Their goal being stated as "**The pursuit of happiness through the study and proliferation of aurally pleasing petrol powered home convenience appliances**".

Shortly thereafter, following the inevitable financial and structural downfall of the BIG HEARTED RESEARCH LEGIONNAIRES. And being thoroughly disaffected from humanitarian pursuits, Verner split off and set up a small inventors laboratory somewhere in the Mojave Desert.

Historical documentation is cloudy and sparse in this era. However, it has been said unofficially that it was in this time period that Verner Von Koch perfected his first love; **The modern power mower**. That perfect marriage of a **petrol powered modern home convenience appliance**, and an aircraft engine.

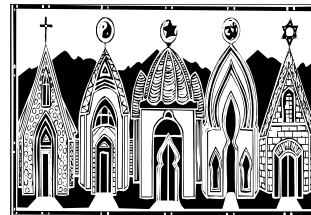
By 1955, Having achieved no popular or financial recognition or his research, Verner now discards all material possessions and goes far into the "beat underground" somewhere around Greenwich Village. A largely unproductive period for about 10 years. Most of the daylight hours spent soaking up the sun's rays on tenement rooftops. The nights are spent in rat infested coffee houses, stumbling his way through the soupy maze of POETIC INJUSTICE and TOTALITARIAN ABSTRACTIONISM.

In 1966 Verner realizes that all the poetic brow beating in the world doesn't amount to the carbon paper it was wished upon. Besides that, he discovers his very own stomach ulcer from too much cheap scotch and very strong espresso coffee. He is now off to India.. Enough said.

- 1967: The Stunning transformation:

Back in the states his old cohort Renaldo L. Snoot. was not faring well either. His only claim to fame had been the introduction of a relatively unknown musical instrument from the Middle East called the **NAZMIR**. (a kazoo that's been heavily seasoned with tobacco tar, hash oil and halvah.)

Renaldo had by this time revived the formerly defunct *Radio Hench Studios* in sunny downtown California, renamed to Nazmir/Tarnose studios. With new call letters, **KOOT RADIO** became a listener sponsored activist/radical public radio station by day, and a laboratory for Renaldo's *Earth to Skyocean, dual path, Antigravity transmission* experiments by night.



But much to his chagrin, Renaldo's greatest invention, a culmination of his life's work called the **INTERGALACTIC RADIOSCOPE**” was thoroughly being pooh-poohed by the international science and radio communication communities. And along with it his only hope for a Nobel Peace prize.

Late in the evening on June 14th. 1967 Renaldo Snoot was wrapping up the 414th. live demonstration (and call in talk show) on the Nazmir. Earlier that evening, Renaldo had turned on the INTERGALACTIC RADIOSCOPE as he always does on the 14th. of every month during the summer. Renaldo knew that on the 14th. of some month during some summer of some year before the end of

that decade, that there would be a dimensionally harmonic convergence, where the Antigravity Galaxial calendar of the adjacent universe/galaaxy would intersect with the geometric center of Earth's *reverse vector cycle of evolution*.

Because a local commercial FM rock station was broadcasting a live Grateful Dead concert from San Francisco that night, The call in activity was even more sparse than usual, save for a guy from the FCC threatening to revoke the station's license.

It seems that a small single engine seaplane had crashed a few hours previous at a nearby airfield. The cause of the accident had been attributed to the sound of the Nazmir, being splatter broadcast by KOOT radio's poorly adjusted transmitter. The transmission had somehow overcome the airplane's radio system, and the control tower right before landing. Renaldo politely inquired as to the condition of the pilot. Apparently the man did not seem seriously injured but was in a deep coma. The FCC official remarked that the plane had unfamiliar markings on it. And the ID numbers were written in an unknown numerical system. Also that the pilot had the distinct odor of petrol on his breath, almost as if he had been drinking it.

After vowing to repair the station's transmitter first thing in the morning, Renaldo finally got the FCC off the phone. Renaldo knew that this was a sign. He went back on the air and started blathering wildly on, all about his RAN-CID RESEARCHER RADAR DETECTOR AND RECOVERY UTENSIL, and a *Founding Researcher* coming back or leaving "THE GAME" and the existence of some sort of Space Station.. All very much like he was in some sort of trance. In the middle of all this the wave guide modulator of the INTERGALACTIC RADIOSCOPE persistence indicator started activating and glowing brighter and brighter.

- The *Founding Researcher* appears:



A mysterious voice then started to fade in and out of the control room speakers with the addition of a great deal of transmission noise. The voice claimed itself to be, THE FOUNDING RESEARCHER and that he had "COME BACK TO ACCEPT THE DIPLOMA OF THE INSULTS THAT HAD BEEN LEVELED AGAINST HIM".

Not paying particular attention to the contents of the message, (although contradictory in nature), Renaldo's attention was fixated on the amazing visual display occurring in the tiny control room. Renaldo soon had to cover his eyes as it seemed he was staring into the sun. As the light started to fade, a humanoid figure began to form, Renaldo could make out the form of a long red robe covered with mystical symbols, a beard and a tall pointed hat. Slowly he could make out the face..

HE knew who it was! It was his old pal Verner Von Koch, or at least it looked like him. Except for the beard. Renaldo tugged on the beard and it came right off with a little ripping sound. The figure explained that the beard was made from *something not invented yet called Velcro* and that the beard and the robe were necessary to add the look of importance to a FOUNDING RESEARCHER. He was still concerned for several objects that had not made it yet through the dimensional portal.

A canteen filled with something called FOUNDER'S SWILL, (later analyzed to be a mixture of molasses, soda water and salt). A special "POPEYE" PEZ DISPENSER, (later analyzed to be a standard PEZ candy dispenser with a POPEYE head on it from the early 1960's containing "**Founder's Pez**" which is a chemical compound identical to a mixture of artificial sweetener and chalk). The FR claims this substance to be a deadly but necessary weapon against the dark forces of the ADJACENT UNIVERSE / GALAAXY.

After the other objects came through and the being seemed at ease, Renaldo said to the figure " I feel as if I know you very well, but as if you are a stranger." The stranger replied "Why- yes yes my friend. You know the lessons of doublespeak and pseudo spiritual gibberish very

well. For I am who I say I am. I am the FOWENDIYONG, REEAA- SERAACH-ER-I-ON. But you can call me FR."

For the next 14 days and 14 nights the FR proceeded to explain to Renaldo L. Snoot what was going on in this universe. It seems that this event had been planned for a very long time. As in tens of thousands of years. But it was necessary for Renaldo to fully develop the INTERGALACTIC RADIOSCOPE to facilitate the final step of the spirit transfer that took place between Verner and the FR. And that this particular date June 14, 1967 was the only date in the last 2000 years that a calendar AND an adjacent universe/galaaxy could intersect.

Verner Von Koch had been justly compensated for the loss of a body which was old, fat and kind of sick anyway. It had been determined by the ALL ONE MATRIX SPIRIT COUNCIL that Verner's truest love was that of sound, especially incredibly complex harmonic drones which he had been trying to emulate and re- create here on earth and actually before earth. He is now being guided to the appropriate dimension to pursue his interests.

The FR intimated that it wasn't until now that Earth's civilization could readily accept a powerful organization that was solely dedicated to openly enforcing lies and collecting unbelievable amounts of money and resources in return. He then cited two ancient sayings from his home universe, **"Rub a stick in a lot of shit, just so you can look at it"**. And, **"It has to be this way, or it would be some other way"**. He said these insights were completely applicable to planet Earth even though they were attained by his ingesting large amounts of a "home galaxy" substance called YELLOW WISDOMATIC CRYSTALS.

- The Foundation is created from whole cloth.

It was soon to be clear to the Founding Researcher and Renaldo L. Snoot what they must do to achieve fame and fortune. Mostly fortune.

-Form a CORPORATION?? NO! Everyone knows you cannot openly threaten someone's eternity in exchange for money.

-Start a RELIGION?? NO NO!! Too much trouble with the IRS, the VATICAN and the Christian Coalition.

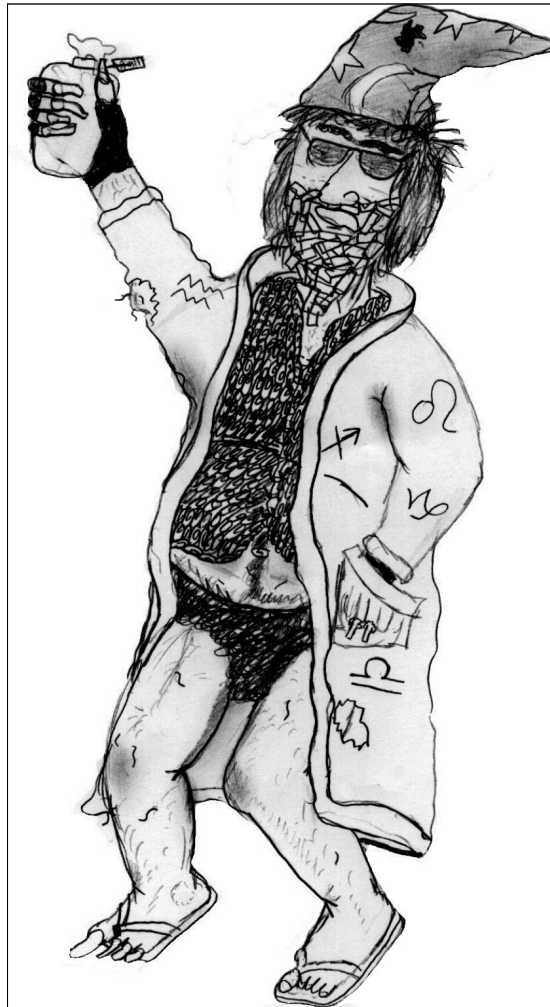
-Form a CULT?? NO NO NO!!! Too many lawsuits and upset parents. Besides that, the leaders usually have to commit a mass murder and then suicide to be believable in a society bludgeoned with sensationalism.

Finally they got it. START A RESEARCH FOUNDATION ! And install the Former Verner as THE FOUNDING RESEARCHER! And install Renaldo L. Snoot as THE FOUNDING TECHNICAL COMMUNICATIONS DIRECTOR OF:

**THE ALL ONE MATRIX POSSIBILITIES BIG HEARTED RESEARCH FOUNDATION.
ERASE THE PAST, MAKE UP THE PRESENT,
SIT BACK AND SPECULATE
ON THE FUTURE!**

So now you may ask; WHO IS THIS MAN, THE FOUNDING RESEARCHER??? Well, we are pleased to report that he is THAT LIVING COMPOSITE of people and their adjacent wishes to be other people. Those who win or lose. Those who have not been born yet.

And those who anonymously exist in underhanded secrecy, until the right time in their game, is the right time in your game. He also knows that neither or both is true.



The Founding Researcher: Artist interpretation

The following primary message has been sent to you from YOUR FOUNDING RESEARCHER, via that imaginary megaphone in the transmitting location that you don't know yet.

"The origin of the modern western numerical system has been discovered through exhaustive and unrelenting research. It took 2014 years of my being away to accomplish. This effectively delineates the beginning and the end of the game. It is based upon two desirable notions. The first of them being the concept of *"IT WOULD BE ALL RIGHT."* The second being *"IT WOULD BE OUR PLEASURE"*.

And there is a third and much more important arbitrary that enters into the game's realm centering around the senior concept of: *"NOT THAT IT WOULD MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE, EITHER WAY WOULD PROBABLY BE JUST AS GOOD"*.

Once an individual has fully integrated these concepts into his life-psyche, he can live *"IN THE GAME"* and know the ending possibilities. As any game of life oriented stature, this one makes a full circle back to several rather unnerving notions of how things may end up for the FOUNDING PLAYERS when they discover their own *RIGHT TIME IN THE GAME*. By this time, the numerical designations would have reached near infinity, although I, ME, your

FOUNDING RESEARCHER would not attempt to prematurely end *anyone's* game. But now I say to you, here are the basic tenets to indicate either the end, or the right time in the game. They are as follows:"

THE TENETS OF THE GAME

The All One Matrix Possibilities Big Hearted Research Foundation is that organization that enforces the lie and collects the dollar.

Chalopy or baloney is what you get for your nickel of game playing.

We don't really know but boy we'd sure like to. Because to know is to know and to not know is to not know, not that it would make any difference, either way would probably be just as good because the winds of space are blowing us around.

A Founding Researcher neither pays nor gets paid, he merely researches, so that he can then know and then say. A Founding Researcher never admits to having an actual problem. He merely bloats so that he can blowhard and then spew.

The number 14 is that numeral which is less than it could be and more than it needs to be.

Just say Yes Indeedy weedy to your Founding Researcher, he pees in he shape of an arc.

I love you, you make me rich. Thank you, and good *nyahht*.
YOUR FOUNDING RESEARCHER f.R.

THE FUTURE

What does the future hold? Here are some notes for future research:

When Verner was captured by the Gestapo in 1943, a symbol or mark they identified in his diaries may have been a cryptic diagram of an early electro mechanical musical instrument. A **tunable ice sculpture** called the ANTARCTIC FRIZZIDLE. It was hacked out of prison cell wall drawings of triangles surrounded with mechanical structures i.e. the "tunable ice sculpture". We assume it was probably one of several early 20th century attempts at transmitting the pain and joy of GREAT ART over wires or radio waves. Or an early design for a frozen waffle toaster.

There was also a mysterious manuscript that caught the interest of the German war machine authorities because it was actually titled ANTIGRAVITY. Scholars at the ALL ONE generally believe that the most important data from that manuscript is contained within these pages. Particularly later on, in the CONFIDENTIAL section of this book. However, due to the questionable mental state of Verner at the time of his death....

WE DON'T REALLY KNOW ...
BUT BOY WE'D SURE LIKE TO!

END OF F. Article #3.

**F. Article # 4, HOW TO GET CASH
RIGHT FROM YOUR OWN ASS!**



Hello, I am Botchroun Gaylord Tranion JR. Finance Minister for the; ALL ONE MATRIX POSSIBILITIES, BIG HEARTED RESEARCH FOUNDATION.

Tonight, Your Founding Re-searcher, has entrusted me with a vitally important message. What I hold in my hand now is a personally written letter in his own handwriting, transcribed in a manner so prescribed by himself.

I quote: “ Beleer, beloy, kerhoop. Ha, ye ha. Waaahhhhyoyoyoyoyoy. Kiepl! You saps, you suckers. As long as you have been paying me, you know that I, have always lied to you. I have now revolutionized your ability to pay me, your Fowendiyong reea seraach er eye-on. ***I have changed your entire cycle of life.*** (you may clap now).

I have researched many things over many years. And in my research I have explored all manner of substances. Solids, liquids, smokes and gasses. I'll have you know that it was ***by no accident*** that I recently stumbled upon a combination of common construction site and household substances.

When these common substances are combined in exacting proportions, and orally ingested into the human body, they produce an astounding yet scientifically repeatable and predictable result.

**WE NOW HAVE THE POWER, AND THE
TECHNOLOGY TO EXTRACT VIRTUALLY
UNLIMITED AMOUNTS OF
CASH FROM YOUR ASS**

Yes! We are now literally CREATING MONEY!
And I can tell you just what these simple common construction site and household substances are. CEMENT AND CLEANSER. But wait! you say, Just go to the store and get any old cement and cleanser?? AH HELL NO!

The required substances are produced only by certain manufacturers in the U.K. and East Germany, whom thanks to **B.G. Tranion Jr.**, are currently on a 14 Billion year exclusive contract to the ALL ONE MATRIX POSSIBILITIES, BIG HEARTED RESEARCH FOUNDATION. *And CAN NOT be purchased elsewhere!*

This new technology is currently only available to those of you that have successfully completed the **PRIMARY BEVELING PROGRAM**. But just think of what awaits you in the future! Every time your perfectly **Beveled** rear main exit depot opens those smooth shiny gates .. POW!!! You've just made another donation to ME, Your Fowendiyong reeaach er eye-on. Ha, Yee Ha. Kieup! Kerhoop! Guaranteed to buy you a most profitable return, every time you sit on the pot.

Although you might not conceive it to be possible, the gullible pea brains that you are, we have the icing on the research cake. With the assistance of our founding technical communications director **Renaldo Snoot**, and in liaison with the **International Megaphone Channel Installation Crew**,

NOW,
THROUGH HIGHLY ADVANCED
OBJECT ORIENTED PROGRAMMING
IN THE #666 999 SUYOOPER COMPUTER,
CREATED BY THE WELL RESPECTED

**ANTI GRAVITY SKY MISTRESS HERSELF.
(Maxia Tranion)
WE ARE ABLE TO DIRECT LINK
ANY TOILET,
SINGLE OR TANDEM TOID,
TO YOUR OFFICIALLY INSTALLED:**

**INTERNATIONAL MEGAPHONE
CHANNEL!!!**

It's always the same.

To suffer the pain.



Holding wires in the rain

So, if you haven't already, scrape up that quarter of a million dollars necessary and buy your own personal **International Megaphone Channel NOW!** This amounts to a DIRECT FUNDS TRANSFER to ME. (Your Fowendiyong Reea Seraach er Eye-On.)

- All currently installed personal Megaphone Channels will soon be upgraded with direct deposit.
- All future Megaphone Channel installations will include this free upgrade.
- You need to think that you can speak to me directly.
- You need to pay me *more money for my coot rantings*.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER NOW!!
THIS IS THE ONLY FREE THING YOU'LL EVER GET
FROM ME!!

(You saps, you suckers.)

As long as we understand each other, you will keep on pay-
ing, and I, will keep on lying to you. I love you, you make
me rich.

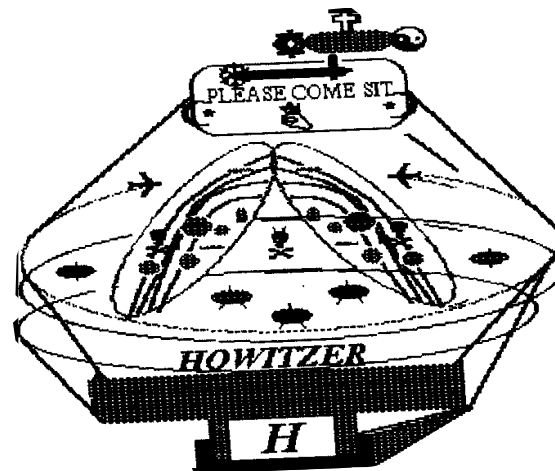
Beleer, beloy, kerhoop. Waaahhyoyoyoy. Kielp.

Thank you and good nyaaght.

Your Fowendiyong Reea Seraach er Eye-On.

f.R.

End of F.Article # 4.



The prototype digitally enhanced
Dual Gang Howitzer Flipper
direct deposit compatible
Log Gobbler

ASK RENALDO SNOOT

An occasional newsletter published by the minister of technical communications.

Harold Sapp writes in and asks, "Why don't we ever get ta see our Foundin' Researcher c'ept on the rare occasion that he might decide ta show up ta noint some other filiate ficianado's pointy little head with his most treasured warm, soft golden brown land mines after I've paid my \$500.00 to attend a Devotee induction exposition and tri cornered tent show?" All I get ta ever see is that "nouncematron" thing.

Signed, Broke and barefaced with shaven forehead.

Renaldo L. Snoot replies:

Dear Bare-assed with shaven whatever. **In your blithe arrogance, you are but only temporarily excused for even asking.** However in the All One Matrix common interest of **enforcing the lie and collecting the dollar**, Your Founding Researcher has permitted this singularly obnoxious transgression to bathe in it's own merit, completely void of conceptual retaining walls.

However, you must understand that should you decide to hear or read the answer that follows, you will be required to report to the penalty haven within 14 days to participate in a voluntary re-education program at your own expense.

Failure to do so may result in the untimely loss of your **Beveling Privileges** and up to 14 thousand dollars in mandatory non refundable donations to the All One Matrix Possibilities, Big Hearted Research Foundation. The following information has been graciously de- classified by Our founding researcher:

"From the densest most mysterious thick gray fog to ex-

hume of the ancient hermit cave PIPE OF DIVINE EX-HALE, Thus now put forth, and so shall be declared is the original founding order, command line number one, fostered and promulgated exclusively by the order for itself, unto itself, and ALL BY ITSELF WAHHH, and I quote,

"YA HEAR HIM, BUT YA CAN'T SEE HIM". "CAUSE IF YA SAW HIM TOO MUCH, THE IMPERIALIST GOVERNMENTS WOULD MAKE HIM DISAPPEAR... FOREVER!"

I believe that should answer your question, not that it would make any difference either way would probably be just as good because the winds of space are blowing us around. signing off for now, yours truly, Renaldo L. Snoot.

ASK BGT

An advice column published in the occasional newsletter by B.G. Tranion Jr. the minister of finance.

Dear Botrchoun,

Is the FR's rear main exit depot smooth and shiny as a new teapot, like the rest of us are supposed to have paid \$14,000 for?

Sincerely, Roughshod in Muskogee.

Dear Roughshod,

OH NO MY SON. According to the laws and bylaws of our organization, all members should have their beveling done. But the FR cannot ever be a member so he is exempt. I will

say that this is not a subject thyaat will ever come under question because according to the FR's says and I quote: " I am, as I say I am, clean and smooth as a new born ham.""

Editor's note: Previous statement not provable as no one has ever been able to see past the FR's chocolate brown weasal..



The Founding Researcher's own personal
Eminee organ

ATTENTION! ATTENTION!
NEWS FLASH, NEWS FLASH,
THIS IS A NEWS FLASH FROM THE ESTATE!!!
Hi. it's me, your **Founding Researcher**. With another all
important, newflash from the Estate. *I am who I say I am.*
I am making Big Breakthroughs.
I am RESEARCHING for you.
I have taken **Beveling Research**, into
previously uncharted strata!
This is really much the same deal you and I have al-

Now, for the *first time ever*,
you may purchase
**YOUR ETERNAL, REAR MAIN EXIT DEPOT,
BEVELING PRIVILEGES.**
Yes, what I am selling you now, is the opportunity to
**NEVER LEAVE NO DOOTY HANGIN, IN MIDAIR,
EVER. FOREVER.**

ways had. The *scavengers* that you are. You simply pay, I,
me, your **Founding Researcher**, a whole lot of money. And
then as usual, *I tell you what to do and how to shit!* You
know we've been doing that for a long time now.

But this time, there is no backing out. There will be
no fence for you to sit on. No rubberized room for you to
play teeter totter in. This time your **entire eternity**, and the
eternity's of *all those around you, are at risk!* Here is
what you must do, you saps, you suckers.

- STEP ONE.

Purchase your PRIMARY BEVELING PROGRAM, TODAY. Only fourteen thousand dollars, gets you as clean and smooth as a shiny new teapot.

- STEP TWO.

So that you may purchase the necessary equipment, you must quit your stupid, boring steady job, and break into a really high paying scam. You know, one of those socially challenging setups, where only you make the REAL money, and other people or the environment, suffer long term quality of life impediments.

- STEP THREE.

Voluntarily check in for a night, at the **All one matrix Penalty Haven**. Fourteen tests of your sincerity, await you my friend.

- STEP FOUR.

Purchase your own personal **International Megaphone Channel** as soon as possible. Only one quarter of a million dollars, buys you the belief, that you may speak directly, with me. your **Founding Researcher**.

- STEP FIVE.

And finally, with a direct deposit compatible, digitally controlled **LOG GOBBLER**, in your very own home. Connected to the ESTATE'S, # **6 6 6 9 9 9 Suyoooper Computer**, via the **International Megaphone Channel**, you will soon be making *serious continuous contributions* to **I, ME, Your Founding Researcher**.

- For as long as you own your body.
- And it is not raining,
- And the paper mach'e megaphones, do not get wet.

In return here's what you get!

- A free lifetime supply of official, **All One Matrix Cement and Cleanser**.
- A free lifetime supply of **Ultimate Correctness** Bath oil.
- Unlimited access, complete with PRIORITY ONE privileges to the **All One Matrix Beveling Alcove**, which houses the newly completed **DIVINE DEPOT REAMER!!!!**

**ONLY THROUGH THIS EXCLUSIVE PROGRAM,
WILL YOU BE ABLE TO ATTAIN AND MAINTAIN
A TRUE BEVEL, ON YOUR REAR MAIN EXIT
DEPOT GATES!**

**THERE HAS NEVER BEEN, NOR WILL THERE
EVER LIKELY TO BE ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY
FOR YOU,
TO ATTAIN THIS VALUABLE STATE OF BEING!**

*Waaaaaaaaaaaayyoyoyoyoyoyoyoyoyoyoyoo-
yoyoyoyoyoyo, kerhooooooooooooooooooop.*

Thank you, and good nyaht.

Your Fowendiyong Reea Seraach er Eye-On.

f.R.

End of F. Article # 5, ETERNITY

The All One Matrix Penalty Haven

Unlimited penalties for someone else's benefit

WOW! A NEW SCIENTIFIC

DISCOVERY!

"Penalty Haven" used as a spiritual cleansing action, has stress reduction value greater than sugar pills.*



"I
real- *have*
ized
now that I must be more cooperative with other
life forms and not deviate so far from what is
considered NO-R-maal.

I feel SOOOOOO much better now! If Only I could create GREAT ART like THEY do. "

Sincerely, Igga - Manugget, The Illusion Baboon

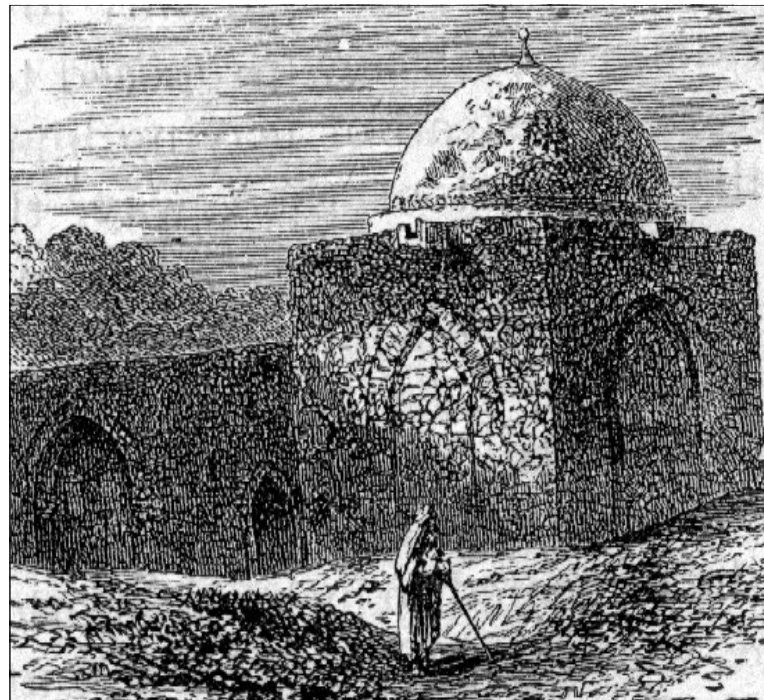
*confidential sources report

**F. Article # 6,
THE ALL ONE MATRIX PENALTY HAVEN**

- **IMPORTANT RESEARCH NOTE:** This is **THE** incident that causes **WHOLE CLOTH AMNESIA** in the subject.

To be remanded into the Penalty Haven

(a stainless steel room with a very hard folding chair), one must either viscously slander the Founding Researcher or become suddenly, unpredictably, unwilling to PAY. After 14 offenses you stand to lose your ***eternal Beveling privilege***: (If though after 14 times you figure out it didn't work anyway, you probably don't scare easily enough to believe that some self aggrandized yayhoo in a smelly red robe and a Velcro beard can actually revoke your future.)



The All One Matrix Penalty Haven

Dress code:

For people who talk trash:

A dental dam made from barbed wire and
steel wool
with a red pepper lip liner.

For people who think trash:

A filo dough headband, and on top... 14 rusty
manhole covers encrusted with graffiti art
versions of meaningless mystical symbols.

For people who can't keep it in their:

Pants made of garbage cans and a tin metal
spiked saddle crotch.

And, for people who are real proud of their:

Chest is bare but have blue ice packs
mounted to a white hot barbecue grill.



In the penalty haven you have 14 punishments for 14 minutes each. For each item complete you must cheerfully clap and smile. You are your own support team. However, surveillance cameras are always there for you.

1. **14 Nazi Poodle Hedgeclipper** dogs will chase you around the room and nip at your ankles.
2. You will wear a leash, a noose and chew on a rubber nipple knucker.
3. You will watch an old black and white film clip of a really pissed off **F.R.** Spouting off about trying to escape but having to “return to the game”, and what “**insensitive scavengers**” we are for wanting him back. With theme music blaring.
4. You will participate in a thick gray fog simulation, try to feel great remorse and the pain of others getting their assholes “**Beveled**”.
5. You will look at a “**mechanical rock greenhouse**” replica and experience others pain again. Big boulders of rock crashing into giant motors and then each other. Then, experience your own pain of not living large like normal people.
6. You will build a life like replica of a **talent mannequin** out of buckets of nuts and bolts and animate it. Make it watch, make it listen. Submit the results to the **FR** in writing. He must acknowledge that you've done that and that it's there for him like he's been there for you the whole time, even when you did not know it or want it.



7. You will listen intently to a very old, poorly recorded lecture by the **F.R.** about how some **BLOKE** admired their dog's nipples, called them

“berries” and “vest buttons”. Then assigns that event as being the root basis for modern day world wide insanity.

8. You will show your appreciation to the **FR** for stealing the 3rd anti gravity pyramid from the adjacent universe/galaaxy by folding up 14 dozen yellow paper airplanes and hiring a crew of angry, wet and tired, cable TV installers to dress up as dolphins and bombard you with them.

9. You will flawlessly recite all the "tenets of the game" 14 times.

10. You will flawlessly recite "**The all one matrix possibilities big hearted research foundation is, that organization, that ENFORCES THE LIE, AND COLLECTS THE DOLLAR.**" 14 times

11. You will learn the precise definitions of the words “talented” and “suppressed” along with the official “mission statement” of our, yes, YOUR Founding Researcher. In the Foundation's officially approved “*Byaable of Technyakal Triyayaple Speeyaak*”.

Talented = I’m willing to live.

Suppressed = I’m not willing to live.

Mission Statement: “I am stealing your money, and lying to you”.

12: You are then forced to inhale large amounts of hot freeze dried **Yellow Wisdomatic Crystals** from a rusty old pee urn encrusted with mystical symbols.

13. 14 **Illusion Baboons** come in wearing tooth gritting jaw straps and 500 pound jawbones stuck in the bottom of huge Styrofoam coffee cups. They repeatedly bark " *How can we get ya ta stop talkin trash about yer foundin researcher?*".

and “***How can we get ya ta PAY UP, RIGHT BLOODY NOW!!!!***” These questions are alternated with some shouted rhetoric about a culture in ignorance (cult igga), and a culture in denial (cult ignaiya), like it really has something to do with YOU.

14. Lastly, you shall build an altar to the **F.R.** using equal parts of chicken wire, barbed wire, Velcro and a steel wool swaddling blanket.

- You will form the barbed wire into “***The shape of an Arc***” high above the earth and wrap it in steel wool and bound with Velcro straps.
- Attach then to it, a car battery, protruding with electrodes into the northern most and southern most hemispheres of the soft underbelly of the steel wool swaddling blanket.
- Observe then how the barbed wire will get yellow hot and you will hear low rumbling and electronic arcing sounds. The smell will be profound, as if ten thousand captive rhinoceros were having diarrhea from being fed too many tranquilizers.
- You shall then drink upon great quantities of the F.R.'s swill, (soda water, molasses and salt), until you feel an ocean rise within you.
- Then with all your might, turn your own ***personal religious icon*** out to the wind and loose forth a massive torrent of anointed water unto the altar.

You now shall have some small idea of what it's like when the **Founding Researcher “*Pees in the shape of an Arc*”**. The subject, now fully purified and absolved of all wrongdoing and guilt, must leave smiling, clapping and being very VERY glad to have been there that day, ever, forever.

**End of F. Article # 6, THE ALL ONE MATRIX
PENALTY HAVEN**

F. Article # 7, THE CLAP TEST VIDEO

The **FOUNDING RESEACHER** now requires a modern magnetic video tape recording (with sound) of each **Affiliate-Aficionado** to be submitted **FOURAH-TEE-ON-LEE**. (Every 14th moon with a grace period hold over for an **Extraagaburn** year. For clarification, refer to your All One Matrix Founding Researcher approved calendar of "**How I ME says time REALLY is**".

Said modern magnetic video:

- Will represent the subject seated in an official **EXTRA FIRM FOLDING CHAIR**.

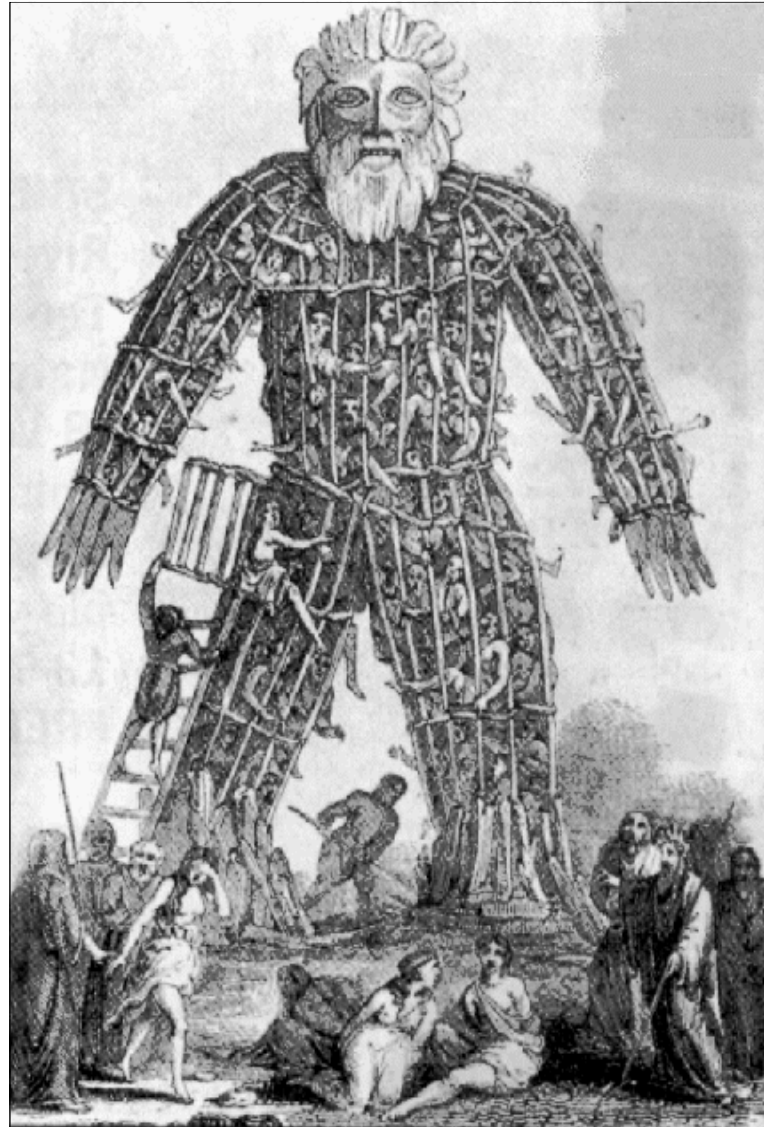
Contain no less than 14 minutes of nonstop clapping, applauding, cheering and generally displaying an overly enthusiastic appreciation of any *founding researcher approved symbol* of the **All One Matrix Possibilities Big Hearted Research Foundation**.

For example:

- A bag of cement from East Germany,
- An **ELECTRONIC GUPPY GARDEN** or even a
- **VELCRO BEARD** replica.
- A larger than life size graphic representation of the **FOUNDING RESEARCHER**,

The tapes will be collected by the foundation's, **Ultimate Correctness Security Force** and delivered down to the basement of the estate building where the **ANNOUNCE-MYETRON** will run them through a fully computerized **SINCERITY DETECTION** program co-authored by the **FOUNDING RESEARCHER** and our good friend, **COMPUTER OPERATOR**. Due to the inarguable fact that OF COURSE, only the **FOUNDING RESEARCHER** could know or tell if someone is faking it.

A very enthusiastic Gleaner and their friends



made this working model of the F.R.

Those videos failing the test, will be hand delivered back to the offending affiliate-aficionado by one of the **Ultimate Correctness security goons**. They will be personally escorted to the **All One Matrix Penalty Haven** and given one of 2 choices.

Choice A:

A 14 hour retraining on the complete history of the social, religious and politically economic importance of loudly displaying one's ***gullible willingness to deify anyone who purports to be an authority***. The retraining will be dispensed by our good friend, **Computer Operator**. His monotonal and generally inanimate voice is at once admired by all.

Graduates of the retraining will be allowed to re-record their video and submit it again to the **Founding Researcher**. The **Founding Researcher** is viewing these himself so that the final decision can appear to be completely arbitrary and unexplainable.

Imagine, the **Founding Researcher** in his office in the top floor of the Estate, laying down on his army cot watching videos on his TV through a series of smoky mirrors or maybe a toy periscope. He has cardboard toilet paper tubes taped to his ears and NAZI POODLE HEDGECLIPPER fuzzy slippers on his feet. The video tapes might be hanging in little plastic bags from a clothesline.

Choice B:

Is simply a mandatory trip to the **ALL ONE MATRIX PENALTY HAVEN!** Many will choose this route preferable to the retraining primarily because an experienced offender can usually zip through the 14 steps in much shorter time.

It should be noted now that there is a little known quickie way out of the **Penalty Haven** for those guilty of only lightweight offenses. Until now this has been a virtual secret known only by seasoned veterans of the Penalty Haven .

Out 'round back o' the estate building, grows **THE FOUNDING TREE OF RESEARCH**. (you knew that). Encircling the tree, about 10 feet high, in about a 20 foot radius is a crude conveyor belt. The conveyor is hydro powered by the fierce activity of **giant man eating TOILET SHARKS** that inhabit the extra large **GOLD LAME' TOILET TANK** at the base of the tree. From the conveyor belt hangs a perfect rubber replica of the **FOUNDING RESEARCHER'S REAR MAIN EXIT DEPOT AND SURROUNDING REAL ESTATE**. (HIS ASS). You may now experience your own *imagination driven duplicate* of an up close glimpse of **OUR FOUNDING RESEARCHER** in his rarest of settings. *Desired by many, seen by few but paid for by ALL!* The game or "penalty absolving activity" is to chase it around the tree with your hands tied behind your back and kiss kiss kiss, with your lips, the very center of that perfect rubber replica 14 times.

Mind you, the **NAZI POODLE HEDGECLIPPERS** are always nearby and closely monitoring the activity so there is NO cheating. If this is done successfully or if you make it through the **All One Matrix Penalty Haven** via normal channels and routines, you are off the hook until next time.

A last warning to those **Affiliate-Aficionados** who have been spooked into believing that their future is a *corporately controllable commodity*. The **FOUNDING RESEARCHER** says that repeated failures of the **CLAPTEST video QC check**, may result in the dissolution of your **BATH OF ULTIMATE CORRECTNESS** account OR, the ultimate..

REVOCATION OF BEVELING PRIVILEGES!

At least until you can invent a new method of payment.

Thank you and good nyaah!

F. Article # 8, Shit where you sit and Pee where you see

At the "Morning Till Night" restaurant.

Recently, many of the Gleaners and Aficionados at the All One Matrix Possibilities Big Hearted Research Foundation have come to believe that to be more like the Founding Researcher, you must eat so much that you do not weigh anything. This is also how you may acquire exclusive privileges to the SHIT WHERE YOU SIT AND PEE WHERE YOU SEE part of the restaurant. (the bar).

Upon entering the Morning Till Night restaurant you take a number and wait for roll call. When your number is called (and oh boy, is it ever), you stand up and shout out your weight. This can be rather embarrassing particularly if you are too heavy and cannot stand up. Some are brought in forcibly (a type of "intervention") strapped to a gurney, kicking and screaming. They say they are happy with themselves as they are (the fools!) and do not want to be like OUR Founding Researcher!

You then "ascend" a 14 rung ladder. Once at the top you get to eat massive quantities of deli meat, pasta, French bread, pastries and even the occasional cellophane wrapper. Then, when the **official, Foundation approved Gastro-Atomic Matrix** registers you at 99% capacity, eat your way back down the ladder, (there is *more* tempting food served on the "descent" side of the ladder also), climb into a sleeping bag and sleep/pass out until the alarm goes off. (The alarm is FR's theme music piped in very loudly). You will wake up in a virtual weightless state! This is every professional consumers dream. To acquire an altered state of consciousness merely by:

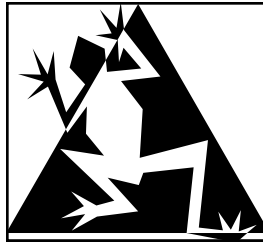
1. Having class and economic privilege
2. Eating and
3. Sleeping!

Now that you are weightless and have had a good nap, you get to go to the SHIT WHERE YOU SIT AND PEE WHERE YOU SEE , bar for a 14 hour verification checkout party. The bar featuring a glass floor, has a view of some whales, dolphins, porpoises, big rocks and boulders below. For bar drinks and snacks, there is a software analyses program that auto detects and subdivides the yellow and the brown recyclables into Margarita mix and Salsa dip. It will be your pleasure.

The whales, dolphins and porpoises are there to salute the recycling tram that runs under the bar seats. (all hail). The rocks below, physicists have learned*, are there for the fish to write letters of gratitude to you in appreciation for the automatic recycling of the yellow and brown via the tram.

BEWARE!

Be it known that what is attained at the Morning Till Night restaurant is not a true “weightlessness”. It is merely a lower harmonic through extreme another way to that is revealed extremely ex-risky (you could searched. How-items are not enough to make you want it, this should: **It is TOTALLY CONFIDENTIAL, and you won’t get ANY of it ANY other way, ANYwhere else!**



*Boulder & rock research is financed by BG Tranion Jr.

F. Article # 9 Maxia Tranion, History and Relevance



MAIXIANOVA
GUBTNOVACHLI.

Presumably born in 1930, Her exact original nationality is unknown. Scholars at the ALL ONE believe she had come from Mongolia's northern boundary with Russia. Being poor, as a young girl she earned money for the family by weaving toy tribal war helmets and working in village hashish parlors doing nominally erotic dances with yellow scarves. Her entire family was killed while attempting to defect to England in the early 1940's.

With such a thoroughly incomprehensible name she pretended she had complete license to run amok and act in a like manner (incomprehensible). Thus keeping all the brain surgeons in London busy trying to keep track of her imaginary neurons.

Some have speculated that the Founding Researcher might be Maixia's father. This is an allegation he is simply incapable of denying because denial is not in his vocabulary.

In 1942, At 12 years old, Maixia marries the prominent London philanthropist, patron of the arts, businessman and political figure, BOTCHROUN GAYLORD TRANION SR. (Father of B.G. Tranion JR.) At about the same time in the early 1940's, B.G. Tranion put up seed money for Verner Von Kotch's first business venture, the Twin Prop Engine Aurally Enhanced Vacuum Cleaner.

Unfortunately due to the war and mostly Verner's nonchalant and daring "devil may care" management style, the business failed miserably. Besides, B.G. Tranion's real

interest was not Verner's stated goal "*The pursuit of happiness through the study and proliferation of aurally pleasing petrol powered home convenience appliances.*" Although his "*Weightlessness equals freedom*" equation did provoke more than a nod of interest in Tranion.

B.G. Tranion Sr.'s unfulfilled lifetime dream, was to have all of his thoughts be EDIBLE to others. "*If they could only eat what I think, then they'd be healthy.*" was his favorite quote. Ironically he eventually died of a thought he couldn't eat.

At B.G. Tranion's insistence in 1948, Maixia moved to California to salvage Verner's failing business venture. Only to wind up pocketing the remaining funds, having physical relations with Verner and assuming the role of his personal executive secretary for the soon to fail All ONE POSSIBILITIES matrix division of BIG HEARTED RESEARCH LEGIONNAIRES organization.

1966: She catches up with Verner in India and convinces him to come back to California and get back into business. She reminds him that there are thousands of directionless idiots out there just waiting to be ordered to *enforce lies and collect dollars.*

Here is a partial list of Maixia's many contributions to the ALL ONE: In 1948 she commissioned a famous German automobile designer to create what was later to become the *Yellow Varnish Kart*. Originally designed for herself and Verner Von Kotch to facilitate in transit cohabitation.

Maixia never had children of her own. But apparently out of all that physical involvement with Verner in the Varnish Kart, she did give birth to yellow bean sprouts and colorless jewelry.

Due to its historical value, the Kart is currently in use for the exclusive transport of the Founding Researcher's International Megaphone Channel Installation Crew (I.M.C.I.C.) for out of state travel. One headlight flashes an image of the F.R. and the other of Maixia. The tail light is yellow to signify, that just by driving down the road, that exact road gets converted it to a *Yellow Wisdomatic Trail*. It is leading to *your future*. That's exactly how important they pretend they are.



Yellow varnish Kart, original version.

CURRENT ACTIVITIES:

Maixia says she keeps romantic involvements going with 14 separate guys who like dressing up as the Founding Researcher. Costs her a small fortune in robes, canteens and Velcro beards.

At many *International Megaphone Channel* installations (additional fees apply), Maixia does an erotic yellow scarf dance, an anti rain dance and screams and chortles various chants so the rain won't destroy the paper mache' megaphone, which it always does. A fun party however is had by all so no one gets really upset when the unbelievably

expensive equipment doesn't work. Besides, the install crew can always just say that the FR may not feel like communicating that day and that's why it's not working.

On really good days they break out their guitars and play heavy rock jams and sing their anthem, "Jamming in the Sun".

SOON AVAILABLE! FIRST TIME EVER!
THE T.O.T. Series.
(toys of torture)
Introduces your youngsters to the
vagarities and nightmarish qualities of the
ALL ONE MATRIX PENALTY HAVEN.

THE TOYS:

Maixia designs and promotes toys for the ALL ONE MATRIX POSSIBILITIES, BIG HEARTED RESEARCH FOUNDATION.

- **THE MINI ANNOUNCEMYETRON REPLICA**

A miniature working model of the ANNOUNCEMYETRON. A robot made of 2 garbage cans stacked on top of each other that wheels back and forth on a track. It delivers major news and announcements from the ALL ONE, and general cult rhetoric via 3 twirling megaphones and a strobe light mounted on top. The replica features exclusive ***Laser Orifice Phrase*** technology. It comes with a detachable toy laser gun that can be aimed and fired at symbols embedded into cardboard cutouts that are placed on the ground nearby. Behind each symbol is a phrase or a sound. **The laser gun wounds the phrase into confessing it's own existence.** The phrases used are the key phonics or sounds of the ALL ONE. They are the component parts of the acrid fume belched forth by the real ANNOUNCEMYETRON . Kelps, kuts beeyu-

yuu beyoyoyoy KERHOOPS etc; The aiming and firing of the laser gun enhances the child's ability to enforce lies and collect dollars.

- **THE MINI NAZI POODLE HEDGE CLIPPER**

A fully rancid and inanimate, stuffed taxidermy style, child size replica of a real *Nazi Poodle Hedgeclipper*. It comes packaged with 14 rations of yellow spray (mock *Yellow Wisdomatic Crystals*) that fire off from under the tail. Teaches the child how to give a poorly thought of canine, the benefit of the doubt in a callous society. Teaches the child how to force unreasonable requests on other living things.

- **THE MASTER & SLAVE GOLDEN TOILET TRAPEZE PLAYGROUND SET**

This unique toy allows children to to re-create the all important ritual of the Founding Researcher swinging back and forth from his *Master gold lame' covered toilet to his Slave gold lame' toilet* and dropping large quantities of warm, soft, golden brown land mines on the all too willing recipients pointy little heads after they have paid the additional \$500.00 introduction induction fee. Comes complete with a child sized plastic replica of the Founding Researcher's own master and slave golden colored toilet trapeze with attached wooden slide in the middle. The entire trapeze is securely mounted in a standard "A" frame playset structure ready for your backyard. Also included are:

1. 14 bags of safe, soft, reusable and washable golden brown **anointing substance**,
2. A fully rechargeable battery powered **simulated applause generator** and two twelve inch full range **outdoor speakers**.
3. 2 lifelike kid size *Sapped Out Waif* **smiling mannequin replicas**,
4. 14 sets of authentic *Talented and Suppressed* T shirts.

5. 2 kid size **extra firm folding chairs**.
6. Play money in \$500.00 denominations for simulated payment.

- **THE FLATU-BLAD SPEAKING PILLOW PICTURE BOOK**

An inflatable talking picture book in the shape of a wine box bladder that your child can **lay on and learn**. Contains a completely re-written history of the All ONE (the propaganda version for kids), that easily facilitates training the youngster to pretend to agree with everything presented.

- Included FREE with any toy order is a complete set of 14 **Good Luck Filo Dough Fish Fins**. Good luck if you eat'em, good luck if they dissolve.

OUR TOY FACTORY

Our toy factory was designed by Maixia and constructed through the generous efforts of the International Megaphone Channel installation Crew. The braces & beams in the main building are artfully crafted from the finest straw, rice, bread, and fish fins. Nothing is wasted here.



For after months of rigorous training, a fourteen thousand dollar fee and a sincere declaration of your loyalty to mee aah, your Fowendiyong Reea Seraach Er I On, you have attained the much sought after state of GLEANERS. The scavengers that you are.

By now I expect that all of you brown nosers, have turned yourselves into stellarly successful corporate robots. Fully ensconced in the Founding Researcher approved recommended application of bourgeois capitalistic, racism.

Your slave camps of the economically subservient sapped out waifs, should be flourishing frightfully well by the time you complete this course. I am sure that even now you are enjoying the fruits of their labor each and every time you sit on the pot!

But enough prattling and small talk. I have called you here today to tell you of my most stellar achievement, yet! This breakthrough, will change life as we know it, on this planet. this sector. THIS GALAAKSEE.

The once thought missing Anti Gravity Pyramid, technically known as a Don't, Fall, code, generator, has finally been located and recovered. It is currently in protective custody with the foundation's Ultimate Correctness security force. This incredible discovery, has enabled me to start working on the ultimate SCAM. You saps!

We are not only attaining a hitherto unattainable state of Personal Continence, why we already have that all sown up planet wide, and hands down, RIGHT NOW. But, increasing the life giving force and quality, of that continence, into a stellar state now known as,
ULTIMATE, CLEANLINESS, OF, EXIT, DEPOT.



This new procedure, the *Anti Gravity Beveling Program*, has skyrocketed me into previously uncharted states of *Founding Research*. And now, without any further delay I would like to present my long time colleague, the well respected technihyecal communications dierector, of the All One Matrix Possibilities Big Hearted Research Foundation. *Renaldo, L, Snoot*, who will gladly fill you in on all of the boring details, that I could really care less about. Renaldo, say Hyelow, to the nice people.

Renaldo, L, Snoot speaks:

“Hyelow! As you may know in his former life, Verner Von Koch was quite the explorer. I will not bore you with the details, you may read that in the foundation approved biography. But what you do not know is that Verner, in his youthful folly managed to break loose this device hidden in a remote corner of the **Anti Gravity Sky Ocean** and proceeded to toss it from the cockpit of his Sea-Plane.

We Thought it to be lost forever. What we did not know until now, is that this anti gravity pyramid, or "don't fall code, generator," Was apparently intended to enable full inter-dimensional mobility of the **Adjacent Universe/ Galaaxy**.

The Divine Depot Reamer



Had this insidious plan been completed by the **Oun Hench Extraaagamentor** and his **Gremlins**, it would've enabled him to slowly move or "warp" the adjacent universe into our own, causing untold political havoc, toxic clouds of radiation and continental drift.

As of now this nightmarish eventuality has been stopped. But we are not fully out of the woods yet! They will still be attacking at regular intervals and now perhaps more fiercely so. Our success depends on our numbers!

But enough politicking, enough soap boxing, let's get back to stellar states of research which is what a Founding researcher does not get paid for. The concept of **Anti Gravity** has been traced back to it's earliest origins. The term "**Anatis Gravatis**" loosely translated simply means to "Wear the weight of Atlantis" or be light in spirit.

In the early 1950's an elite team of founding members of the original **Big Hearted Research Legionnaires** converted **Verner Von Koch's Yellow Varnish cart** to a sophisticated land/sea/air inter-dimensional transport for purposes of locating the lost **Anti Gravity Pyramid**. Shortly

after departure, radio contact ceased and we thought them lost forever.

To my complete amazement these blokes returned just a fortnight ago. And with them, the **Anti Gravity Pyramid**! Unfortunately we lost 2 brave fellows in an Ice cave under the South Pole.

As we speak a vast underground security vault is being constructed in the Mojave Dessert by dedicated members of the **International Megaphone Channel Installation Crew**. However, all of this bloat and blowharding is worthless unless we can do something with this data. The REAL breakthrough here is in the application of this new and stellar technology.

Through exhaustive and unrelenting research we found that upon installing the **Anti Gravity Pyramid** directly underneath the "**Standard issue Primary Beveling, Devine Depot Reamer**" If sat upon with the correct voracity and vengeance for the overall life experience, the pyramid emits tiny atomic particles that attach themselves directly to *human DNA!*

They then travel quite rapidly straight up the rear main exit depot and migrate to the pineal gland, thus awakening ancient hidden knowledge of the universe which now appears to include a complete blueprint for the *total dismantling* of the **Adjacent Universe/Galaaxy**.

Administered in small and regular doses along with continuous and repeated **Standard Bevelings**, our research crew reported miraculous results.

Without losing any measurable mass, they were able to transfer their exact body weight to the immediate air space around them. Once complete, they could levitate all around

the beveling alcove as if they had been doing it since they were babies. In large doses the effect is still uncertain. A couple of brave volunteers are not dead, but no longer are they with us.

The utmost security is in force on this research project. Those of you volunteering for the new **Anti Gravity Beveling Program** will be fully de-briefed upon completion. You will not know where you've been or what you have been doing. We will make some un-provable excuse to your loved ones and co-workers for your absence, such as alien abduction or similar secret government sponsored activity.”

**And now a final message from our
Founding Researcher:**



Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah.
Oy oy oy oy, oyoyoyoy oyoyoyoooooh.
I hope you have been listening well, my friends.

“It is not MY own bank account that I worry about, any more. Ehhh oooo ehhh oooo ehhh oooo ehhh oooo ehhh oooo yeeeeee ha. What really worries your old Founding Researcher, heh heh heh, Is the BUTT BURNING QUESTION, of which one of your sorry dyin eternity's must I hold up for ransom, until they produce the appropriate cash flow?

For, I am a liar, and a humanitarian first. And then I am a banker, for the millions of dollars I do not have. As you must know by now, the gullible pea brains that you are, a Founding Researcher, neither pays, nor gets paid. Just believe that, and choke, You saps!

And remember, to attain the proper altitude in this universe, you must follow the foundation approved concept of time. ERASE THE PAST. MAKE UP THE PRESENT. AND SIT BACK AND SPECULATE ON THE FUTURE.

You may possibly imagine, that I would gladly love to meet you, one and all. On the other side of this thorny and riddle ridden composite, of well paid for lies, laughingly called an eternity. “

Maybe we could all get together sometime, and share a tasty forty ounce bottle, of chocolate brown malt liquor.

I love you, you make me rich!

Your Founding Researcher, f.R.
Thank you, and good *ny ahhht*.

THE END

GLOSSARY OF TERMS & ACRONYMS

A:

Adjacent Universe / GalaaKsee: The universe that F.R. says exists right next to ours. The home of the Anti Gravity Sky Ocean, and the Oun Hench Extraaaagamentor.

Affiliate Aficionado: This class of practitioners have completed at least their eligibility requirements for the Primary Beveling Program.

All one Matrix Possibilities Big Hearted Research Foundation: Is *that organization* that ENFORCES THE LIE AND COLLECTS THE DOLLAR.

Anatis Gravatis: Ancient language meaning ANTI GRAVITY. Loosely translated simply means to "Wear the weight of Atlantis" or be light in spirit.

Announemyetron: "That mutant messenger of the Founding Researcher's most coveted spiritual Spam." An electro mechanical talking robot that the Founding Researcher uses in place of himself (for security reasons) to deliver messages at public events.

Anti Gravity: That force or component that causes the universe to expand or accelerate, to become larger.

Anti Gravity Pyramid: A small (approximately one foot in diameter) pyramid shaped device. Essentially a "Don't Fall" code generator. (D.F.C.G.) A research tool.

Anti Gravity Sky Ocean: A large floating mass of solidified toxic waste and goo. Located in an adjacent Universe / GalaaKsee. Biological home of the Oun Hench Extraaaagamentor.

GLOSSARY OF TERMS & ACRONYMS

B:

Beveling: A specific healing procedure developed by the Founding Researcher and practiced exclusively by members of the All one Matrix Possibilities Big Hearted Research Foundation.

Beveling Alcove: The defined location that practitioners go to practice Beveling.

Big Hearted Research Legionnaires: A now defunct organization founded by Verner Von Kotch and Renaldo Snoot. A predecessor of sorts to All one Matrix Possibilities Big Hearted Research Foundation.

Botchroun Gaylord Tranion Jr, Jr.: AKA Dunder Knucker. Son of BGT Jr.. Dunder plays the drums in the International Megaphone channel Installation Crew (I.M.C.I.C.)band.

Botchroun Gaylord Tranion Jr.: Son of Botchroun Gaylord Tranion Sr. Currently Finance Minister of the All one Matrix Possibilities Big Hearted Research Foundation.

Botchroun Gaylord Tranion Sr.: Esteemed British philanthropist and statesman who originally bankrolled Verner Von Kotch and the Big Hearted Research Legionnaires Organization

C:

Computer Operator: A robotic self serving technocrat who lives in the basement of building A who keeps the archaic mainframe model 666-999 Suu-yooper Computer running.

Chalopy: Processed chunks of Spiritual Spam

D:

D.F.C.G.: See Anti Gravity Pyramid

GLOSSARY OF TERMS & ACRONYMS

Divine Depot Reamer: A device used to aid practitioners in the application of Beveling.

E:

Estate: The composite property, buildings and trees on planet Earth, where the mother branch of the All one Matrix Possibilities Big Hearted Research Foundation. is located.

F:

F. Article: Acronym for Foundation approved article. An Official informational or training document.

F. Artifact: Acronym for Foundation Audio Artifact. An official Foundation Approved audio recording.

Fish tank of Kelp: Is where you do NOT want to be. A watery slimy grave of lost souls.

Founding Researcher: (F.R.: Abbreviation) The spiritual figurehead of the All one Matrix Possibilities Big Hearted Research Foundation. One whom neither pays nor gets paid, he merely researches so that he can then know and then say.

Founding Tree Of Research: A very large and old tree located next to the Estate's Building "A" that symbolizes one's upward or downward progress in "The Game"

G:

Game: The: Attaining the state of Ultimate Cleanliness of Exit Depot: The highest known level of Beveling, Climbing to the top of the Founding Tree Of Research

Gleaner: Here is the cream of the crop practitioner. These are just a cut below a Student Researcher . Here are the gradu

GLOSSARY OF TERMS & ACRONYMS

ates of the Primary Beveling Program. They are ready for the next level.

Gold Lame' Toilet Trapeze: 2 large toilets covered in gold lame' mounted on scaffolding high up in the air connected by a slide.

Gremlins: Small creatures with blunt teeth that are under the command of the Oun Hench Extraaagamentor

H:

Horrendous International Virus: Defined as the sudden foreclosure of your pocketbook.

Howitzer Flipper: digitally enhanced Dual Gang direct deposit compatible Log Gobbler. Capable of simultaneous dual input of cement and cleanser, output direct via International Megaphone Channel to FR's bank account.

I:

Intergalactic Radioscope: Renaldo Snoot's almost award winning scientific invention otherwise known as a Rancid Researcher Radar Detector and Recovery Utensil.

International Megaphone Channel: Is a worldwide communication network that links ALL participating members of the ALL ONE directly to the F.R. "You need to believe that you can speak to me directly" is one of the things he says a lot.

International Megaphone Channel Installation Crew (I.M.C.I.C.): The crew of devoted wire thugs that run around the globe installing the International Megaphone Channel's telephone poles, paper mache' covered red flannel megaphones and related wiring, always "out of state and in the

rain”.

GLOSSARY OF TERMS & ACRONYMS

I.M.C.I.C. Band: A heavy rock band made up of members of the International Megaphone Channel Installation Crew.

M:

Maixia Tranion: 2nd wife of Botchroun Gaylord Tranion Sr.
Step mother of Botchroun Gaylord Tranion Jr.

N:

Nazi Poodle Hedgeclippers: Are vicious small dogs with sharp teeth who growl, bark and incessantly bite at your ankles.

Nazmir: A membranophone (kazoo) that's been heavily seasoned with tobacco tar, hashish oil and halvah.

O:

Oun Hench Extraaagamentor: The ruler and chief executive of the Anti Gravity Sky Ocean.

P:

Penalty Haven: The correctional facility of the All one Matrix Possibilities Big Hearted Research Foundation..

Personal Continence: Is defined as your innate ability to exert volitional control and influence over your own Personal Chocolate Brown Weasel, not allowing it to escape and run amok in this or any adjacent universe / galaaksy.

*Personal weasels only. Not applicable to wild weasels, commercially bred weasels, weasels possessing college degrees wearing expensive suits, or weasels held in captivity for the amusement of man.

GLOSSARY OF TERMS & ACRONYMS

R:

Rancid Researcher Radar Detector and Recovery Utensil: otherwise known as the Intergalactic Radioscope. A device invented by Renaldo Snoot for detecting and tracking Researcher type entities.

Rear Main Exit Depot: The southernmost part of human digestive waste anatomy.

Renaldo Snoot: Founding member of Big Hearted Research Legionnaires. Currently the Technical communications director of the All one Matrix Possibilities Big Hearted Research Foundation..

R.R.E.C.: The Rancid Research Estate Corporation. The parent corporate entity that owns everything to do with the All one Matrix Possibilities Big Hearted Research Foundation..

S:

Say: Is what the Founding Researcher does after he knows something

Sapped out waif: (Talented and or Suppressed) Here is the entry class of practitioners. The ones who have not yet attained any recognizable state of awareness. However they are usually attending regular Induction Expositions/ Tri cornered tent shows.

Sharks Tooth Log Gobbler: A large toilet bowl located at the bottom of the Founding Tree Of Research with sharks teeth at it's mouth. If you fall out of the Tree, you fall in the toilet, get chewed up by the shark's teeth and end up as Kelp in the Fish tank in the Basement.

GLOSSARY OF TERMS & ACRONYMS

Space Canoe: A flying canoe shaped vehicle used by the Gremlins to stage attacks on the Estate.

Standard issue Primary Beveling, Devine Depot Reamer:
See Devine Depot Reamer

Suu-yooper 666-999 Computer: The archaic mainframe model 666-999. Punch card based vacuum tube computron.

U:

Ultimate Correctness: Is Knowing that you are right, all of the time.

Ultimate Cleanliness of Exit Depot: The highest known level of Beveling, still somewhat experimental.

V:

Verner Von Kotch: Founding member of Big Hearted Research Legionnaires. Alleged inventor of the modern vacuum cleaner and power mower. Died in a 1967 plane crash.

W:

W.E.W.E. Band: The World Entertainment Wisdom Ensemble. A elite group of musicians that play for all the shows and events. These guys unlike the IMCIC band are culled from the upper class of practitioners.

Y:

Yellow Varnish Cart: A Land, Air, Sea going vehicle originally constructed by Verner Von Kotch.

Yellow Wisdomatic Crystals: A mythical substance from the Founding Researcher's "home galaxy" that allegedly enabled him to attain certain spiritual insights.

OFFICIAL PRICE LIST

Smooth Moove, Reclamation of Personal Continnence
Handbook and double audio CD set.....\$14.00

Induction Exposition/ Tri cornered tent show ..\$500.00

Tent show + land mine anointment ceremony \$1000.00
(Fee is payable each visit until eligibility is attained)

Clap Test Video submission fee\$140.00
(due every 14th moon except in an Extraaaaaburn year)

Failed Clap Test Video 14 hr. retraining fee ...\$1400.00

Penalty Haven, advance payment 14 visits\$1400.00
(unused portions reluctantly refunded upon death)

International Megaphone Channel, full installation
Including digitally enhanced Dual Gang Howitzer Flip-
per, direct deposit compatible Log Gobbler
.....\$250.000.00

1400 lbs of Foundation Approved cement and cleanser.
Approx. 6 months supply for a family of 4. ...\$1400.00

Primary Beveling program\$14,000.00

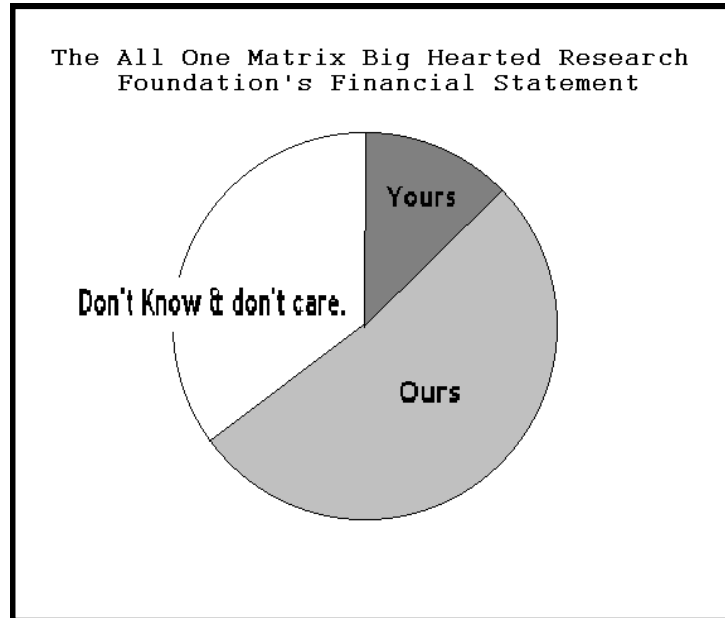
Bath of Ultimate Correctness, single lifetime fee (unless
revoked due to excessive Penalties)\$14,000.00

Ultimate Cleanliness Of Exit Depot program ...TBA
(No one has lived through it yet!).

From The Desk of BQ7. Finance Minister

Some have demanded a financial accounting from the Finance Minister . They seem to feel the need to know what we do with all that money.

What do you want to know that for?
Don't you trust me?

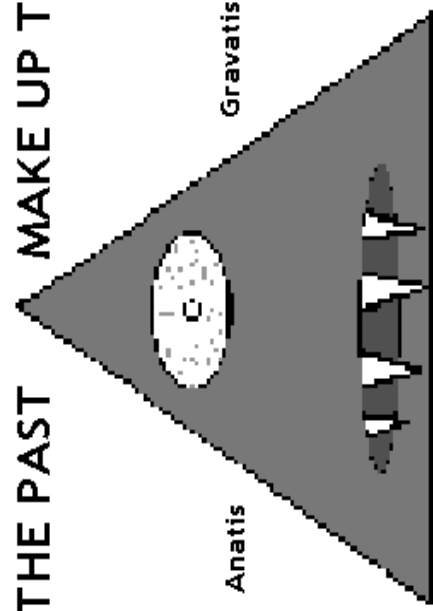


This is confidential information.
You know the consequences.
Sincerely *BQ7.*

<i>The Founding Tree of Research</i>		the
Chart of "THE GAME"		score
Steal money & Lie	*Founding Researcher*	+14
		+13
		+12
Ultimate cleanliness	Student	+11
Of Exit Depot	Researcher	+10
		+09
Ultimate Correctness	RIGHT all of the time	+08
		+07
Primary Beveling	Gleaner	+06
		+05
		+04
Clap test Video	A good actor	+03
		+02
		+01
Megaphone Channel	Confirmed Cash Cow	000
purchase		-01
		-02
Land mine annointment	Affiliate Afficionado	-03
		-04
		-05
Tri cornered tent show	Talent Mannequin	-06
		-07
Induction expo	Sapped out Waif	-08
		-09
Penalty Haven	A good Liar	-10
		-11
Fall into:		-12
Sharks tooth log gobbler	> Basement Kelp Death	-13
Fish tank of Kelp		-14
<i>What you do</i>	<i>What you become</i>	

ERASE THE PAST

MAKE UP THE PRESENT



**SIT BACK AND SPECULATE
ON THE FUTURE**