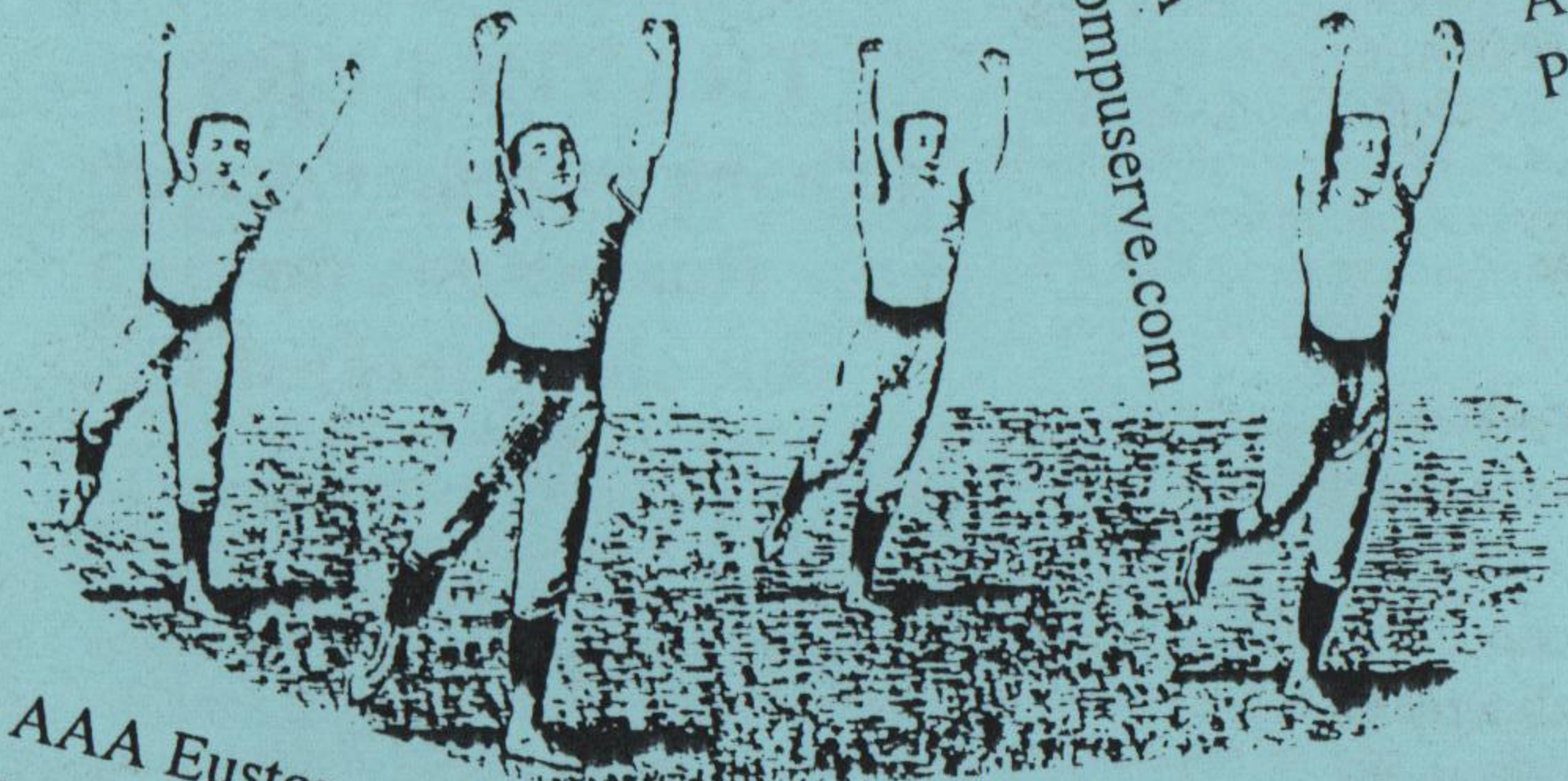


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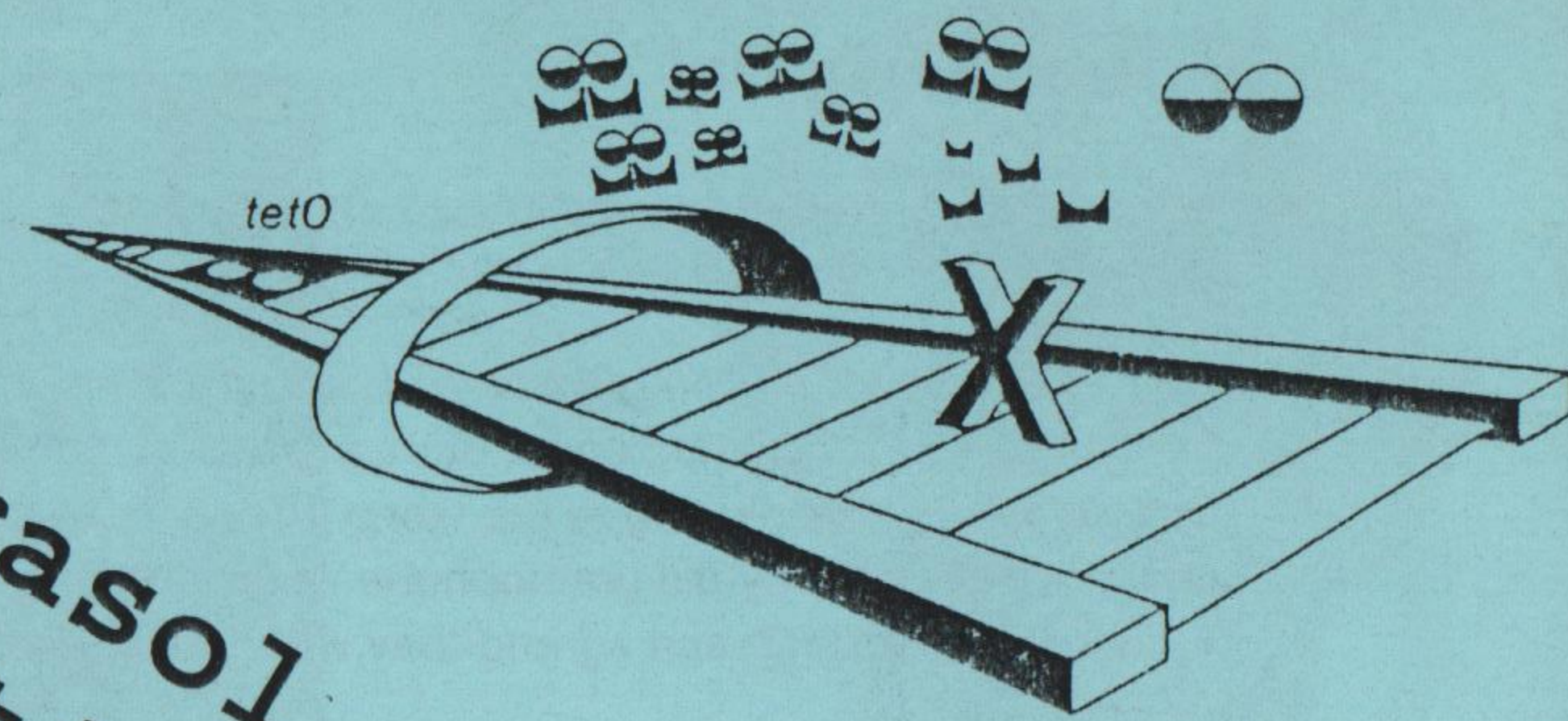
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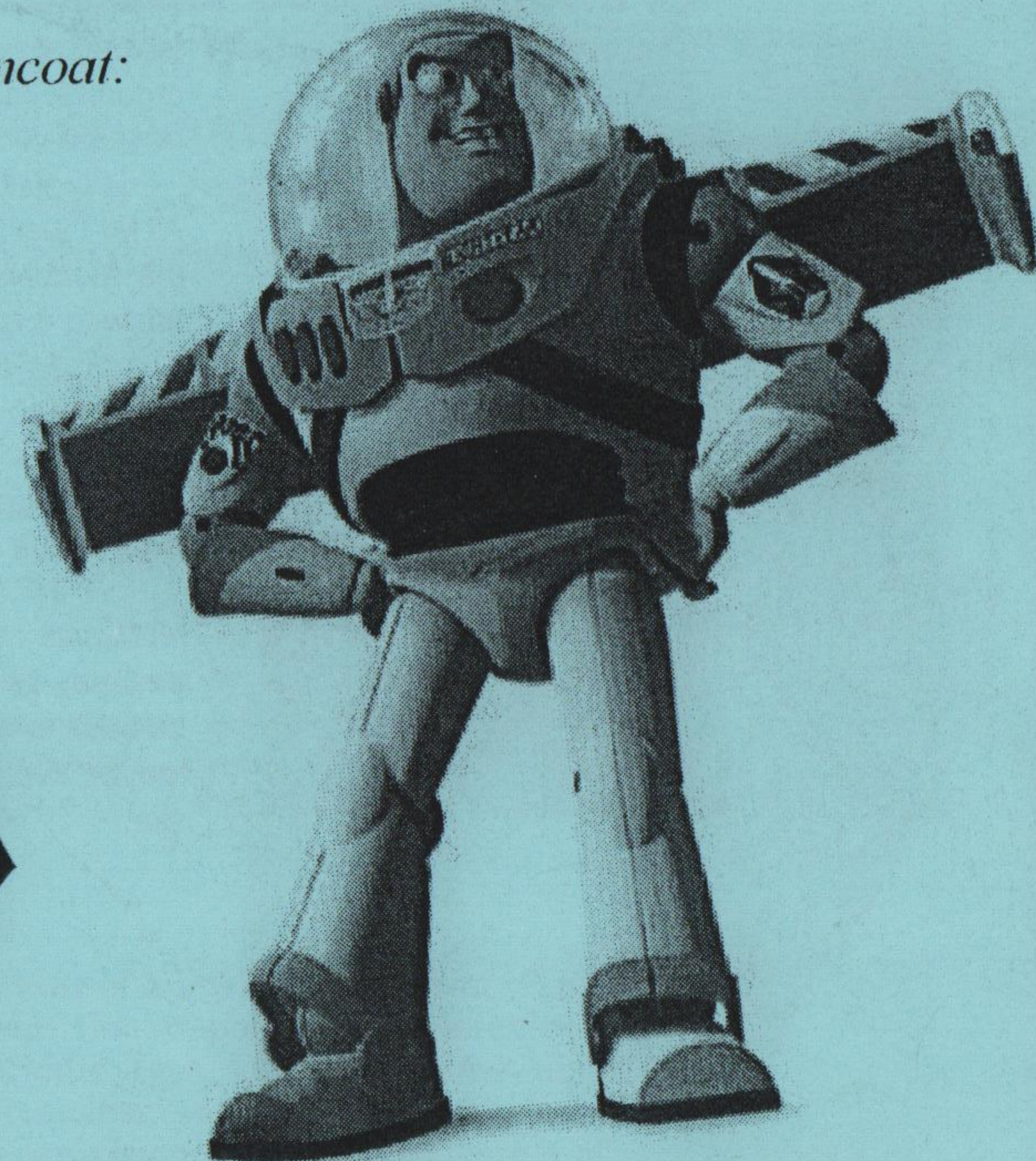
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Parasol Association of Autonomous Astronauts

Space Rituals

*Parasol AAA is the man in the raincoat:
he's packing a broolly,
he's right off his trolley
and he's standing on the runway
waiting for take-off.*



A Grand Day Out

'ATM' of the newly formed Parasol chapter of the Association of Autonomous Astronauts spoke to Henri Fleur Beauchamp about their first mission...

HFB- So what turned you guys on to space exploration?

ATM- Well we were sitting under our canopy one day, drinking tea and meditating to the Gong 'Flying Teapot' album on the scratchy old gramophone when we got to discussing the @@@ and agreed they were pretty cool people to emulate.

There was a full moon and it looked so inviting we just knew we had to go there to establish a new nook.

HFB- So how did you get there? I don't suppose you built a Saturn 5 rocket from odds and ends...

ATM- No, we were turned off by NASA's scrap-iron gas-guzzlers and so we looked a bit closer to home for a more holistic, environmentally friendly method of propulsion. We just put on a Mary Poppins video, emptied our craniums of all impure thoughts and just let our umberellas

do the rest. Once you get above the shitty, city grit and grime and into the ozone the solar winds take over and its plain sailing. You just kind of sing, raising our lowering pitch to change direction and increasing the volume to gain speed.

Soon we were screaming at full tilt through the void...

HFB- What did you do when you reached the moon?

ATM- We first did a quick recce to establish what we had long suspected- we were the first. Virgin territory. No NASA hardware, golf balls or coke cans. Not even a size 10 boot print. They faked it all in the desert on a black and white cine camera.

HFB- So what did it look like then?

ATM- Well NASA's publicity shots were quite authentic looking. It is quite dusty but not like household dust full of organics, more crystalline, like salt. It crunches silently beneath your sandals.

HFB- And the thing you liked best?

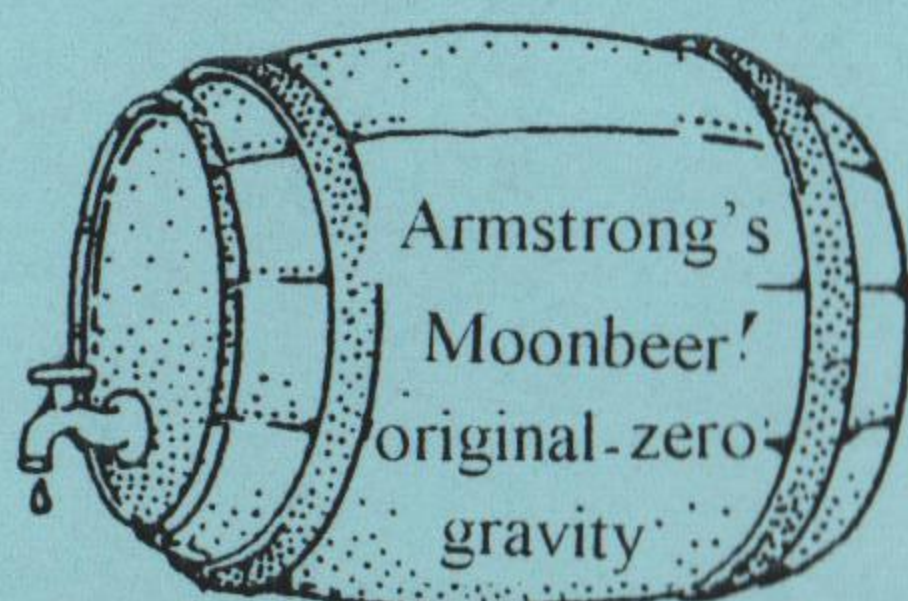
ATM- I just loved the sterile cleanliness and the way all the shadows are crisp and sharply defined. We had great fun with a fast strobe-light. Wonderful fractal moonscape...

HFB- Did you set up your nook?

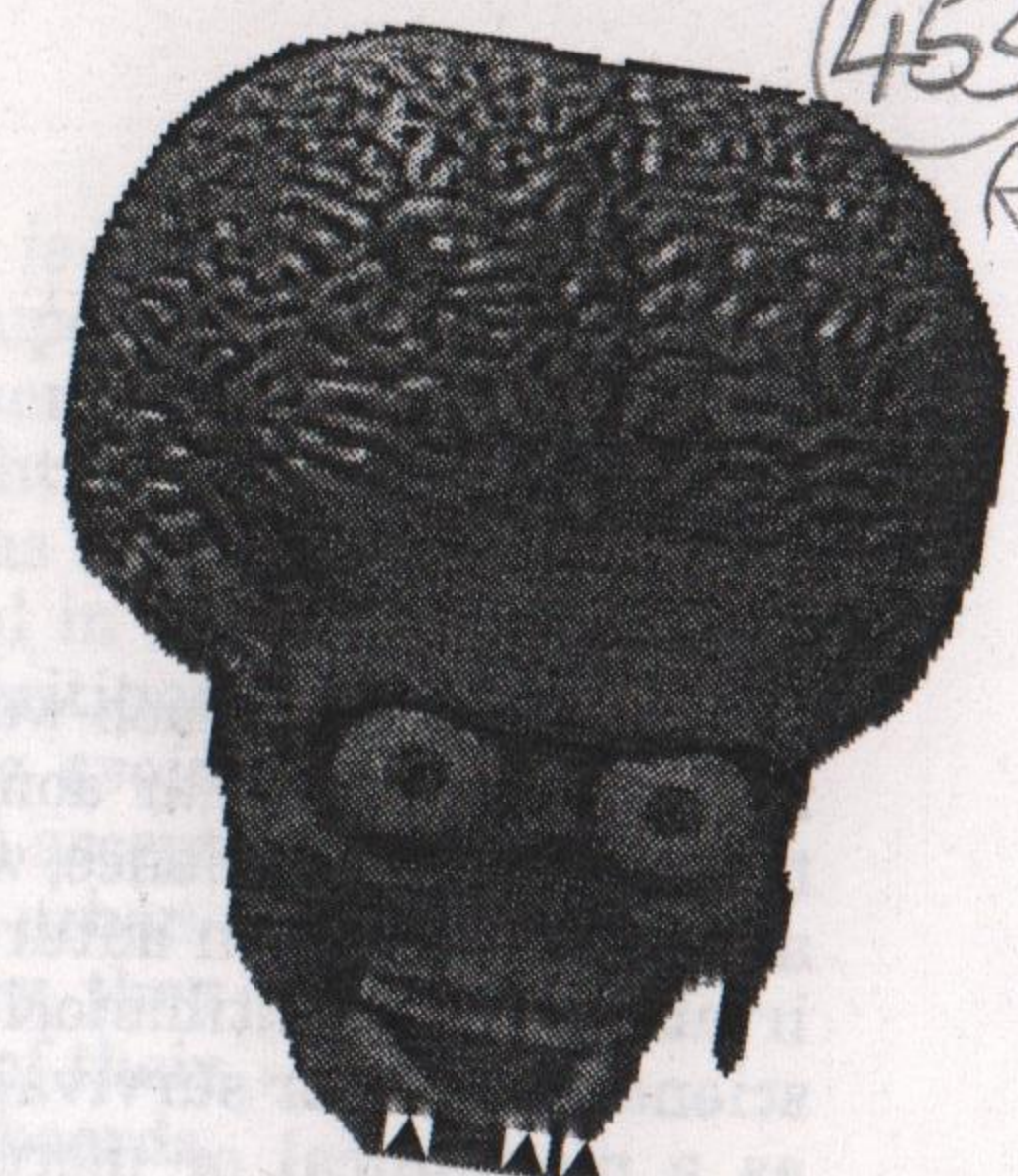
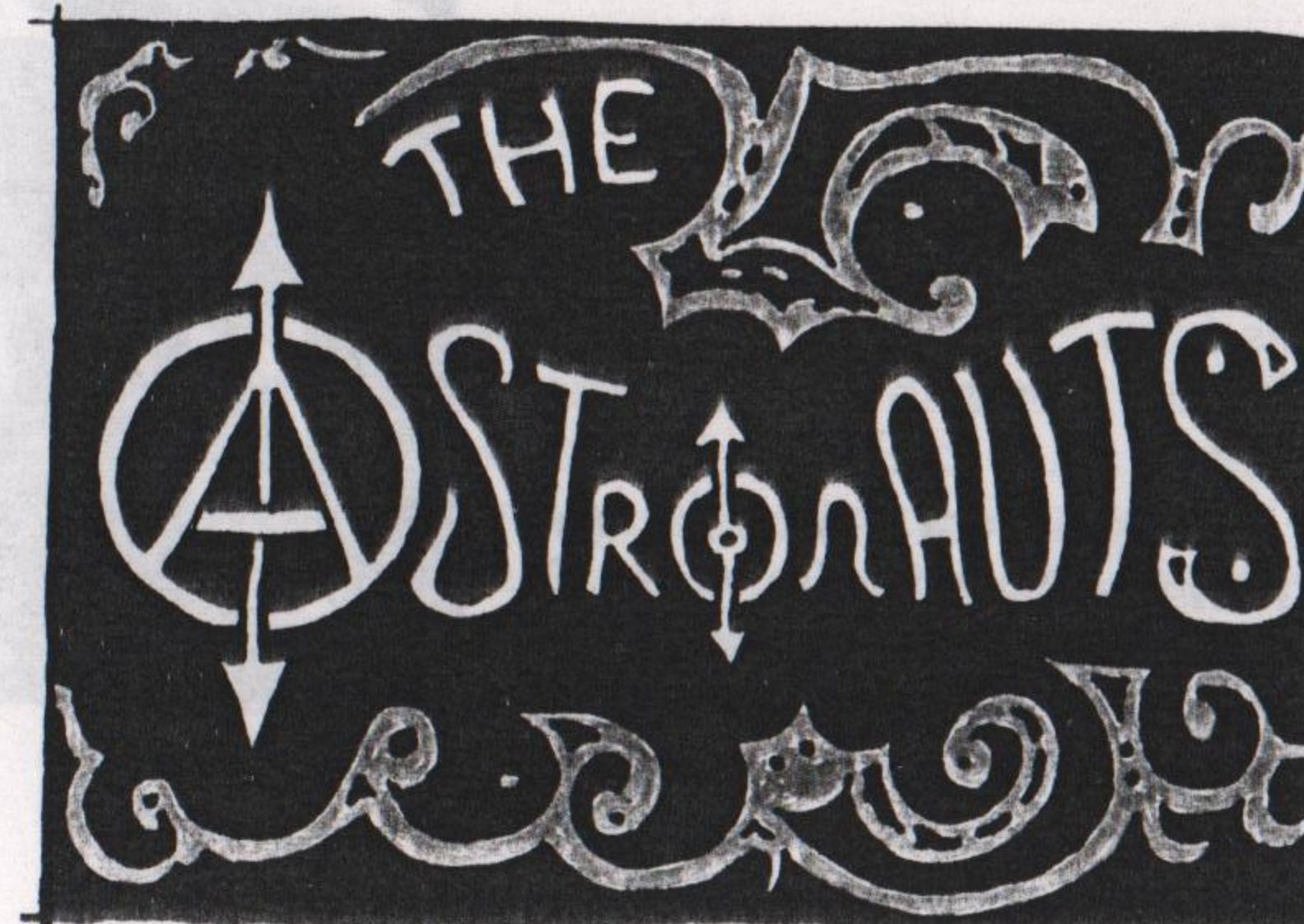
ATM- Yeah, we planted half a dozen red brolliesto stake a little claim for Parasol. We don't want it all of course. Just enough to lay down a picnic blanket and a few bean-bags with a bit of a back yard to play cricket.

HFB- Any more missions in the pipeline?

ATM- We need a few weeks to recharge our psychic energies as moonplay can be quite draining but we will be back in action. Personally I'd love to surf on a comet or maybe even bathe in the afterglow of a supernova. We'll see.



WE'VE GOT TO CONTEND WITH
VORTEXES AND LIGHT SPEEDS!
ANYTHING COULD GO WRONG!
OF COURSE WE NEED TO
WEAR GOGGLES!



The Theses below were adopted, recently, at the First Annual Conference of Parasol AAA.

They were originally published in *Internationale Situationniste* no.12, 1969.

Some of us felt that the text had dated some what and we were a little uneasy about the final thesis which declares for the pillaging of the universe by the Workers' Councils. For our part we intend to husband the resources of the Universe prudently, whether they be scarce or plentiful. Certainly we will endeavour to maintain cordial relations with any civilisations we encounter in outer space.

THE CONQUEST OF SPACE IN THE TIME OF POWER

1

Science in the service of capital, the commodity and the spectacle is nothing other than capitalized knowledge, fetishism of idea and method, alienated image of human thought. Pseudogreatness of man, its passive knowledge of a mediocre reality is the magical justification of a race of slaves.

2

It has been a long time since the power of knowledge has been transformed into the knowledge of power. Contemporary science, experimental heir of the religion of the Middle Ages, fulfills the same functions in relation to class society: it compensates people's daily stupidity with its eternal specialist intelligence. Science sings in numerals of the grandeur of the human race, but science is nothing other than the organized sum of man's limitations and alienations.



3

Just as industry, which was intended to free people from work through machinery, has so far done nothing but alienate them in the work of the machines, so science, which was intended to free people historically and rationally from nature, has done nothing but alienate them in an irrational and antihistorical society. Mercenary of separate thought, science works for survival and therefore cannot conceive of life except as a mechanical or moral formula. It does not conceive of man as subject, nor of human thought as action, and it is for this reason that it is ignorant of history as deliberate activity and makes people "patient(s)" in its hospitals.

4

Founded on the essential deceptiveness of its function, science can do nothing but lie to itself. And its pretentious mercenaries have preserved from their ancestor priests the taste and necessity for mystery. A dynamic element in the justification of states, the scientific profession jealously guards its corporative laws and the "Machina ex Deo" secrets that make it a despicable sect. It is hardly surprising, for example, that doctors—those repairmen of labor-power—have illegible handwriting: it is part of the police code of monopolized survival.

5

But if the *historical* and *ideological* identification of science with temporal powers clearly shows that it is a servant of states, and therefore fools no one, it was necessary to wait until our day to see the last separations disappear between class society and a science that professed to be neutral and "at the service of humanity." The present impossibility of scientific research and application without enormous means has effectively placed the spectacularly concentrated knowledge in the hands of power and has steered it toward statist objectives. There is no longer any science that is not in the service of the economy, the military and ideology; and the science of ideology reveals its other side, the ideology of science.

6

Power, which cannot tolerate a vacuum, has never forgiven celestial regions for being open terrains left open to the imagination. Since the origin of class society the unreal source of separate power has always been placed in the skies. When the state justified itself religiously, heaven was included in the *time* of religion; now that the state wishes to justify itself scientifically, the sky is in the *space* of science. From Galileo to Werner von Braun, it is nothing but a question of state ideology. Religion wished to preserve its time, therefore no one was to tamper with its space. Faced with the impossibility of prolonging its time, power must make its space boundless.

7

If the heart transplant is still a miserable artisan technique that does not make people forget science's chemical and nuclear massacres, the "Conquest of the Cosmos" is the greatest spectacular expression of scientific oppression. The space scientist is to the smalltime doctor what Interpol is to the policeman on the beat.



8

The heaven formerly promised by priests in black cassocks is now really being seized by white-uniformed astronauts. Sexless superbureaucratized neuters, the first men to go beyond the atmosphere are the stars of a spectacle that hangs over our heads day and night, that can conquer temperature and distance and that oppresses us from above like the cosmic dust of God. As an example of survival in its highest manifestation, the astronauts make an unintentional critique of the Earth: condemned to an orbital trajectory—in order to avoid dying from cold and hunger—they submissively ("technically") accept the boredom and poverty of being satellites. Inhabitants of an urbanism of necessity in their cabins, prisoners of scientific gadgetry, they exemplify *in vitro* the plight of their contemporaries: in spite of their distance they do not escape the designs of power. Flying billboards, the astronauts float in space or leap about on the moon in order to make people march to the time of work.

9

And if the Christian astronauts of the West and the bureaucratic cosmonauts of the East amuse themselves with metaphysics and secular morals (Gagarin "did not see God" and Borman prayed for the little Earth), it is in obedience to their spatial "assignment," which must be the essence of their religion; as with Exupéry the saint, who spoke the lowest imbecilities from high altitudes, but whose essence lay in his threefold role of militarist, patriot and idiot.

10

The conquest of space is part of the planetary hope of an economic system which, saturated with commodities, spectacles and power, ejaculates into space when it arrives at the end of the noose of its terrestrial contradictions. A new America, space must serve the states as a new territory for wars and colonies—a new territory to which to send producer-consumers and thus enable the system to break out of the planet's limitations. Province of accumulation, space is destined to become an accumulation of provinces—for which laws, treaties and international tribunals already exist. A new Yalta, the dividing up of space shows the inability of the capitalists and bureaucrats to resolve their antagonisms and struggles here on Earth.

11

But the revolutionary old mole, which is now gnawing at the bases of the system, will destroy the barriers that separate science from the generalized knowledge of historical man. No more ideas of separate power, no more power of separate ideas. Generalized self-management of the permanent transformation of the world by the masses will make science a basic banality, and no longer a truth of state.

12

Man will enter into space to make the universe the playground of the last revolt: that which will go against the limitations imposed by nature. And having smashed the walls that separate people from science today, the conquest of space will no longer be an economic or military "promotional" gimmick, but the blossoming of human freedoms and realizations, attained by a race of gods. We will enter into space not as employees of an astronautic administration or as "volunteers" of a state project, but as masters without slaves reviewing their domains: the entire universe pillaged for the workers councils.

EDUARDO ROTHE

Gravity sucks !

It sucks hard at our heels, at the soles of our feet and keeps us in our lowly place.

To escape the clutches of this beast conventional space administrations build vast contraptions of metal and fill them with kerosene and liquid oxygen. In this way they hope to achieve the 11.2 kilometres per second (6.9 miles per second) thrust required to burst through the Earth's pull.

However, anyone who saw last years Ariane 5 firework display will be less than enthusiastic about zipping around strapped to the inside of a Scud missile.

Autonomous Astronauts prefer gentler and more energy efficient solutions.

Recently two of our comrades, graduate students working with Professor Levity, came up with the idea of time-travel as a solution to the gravity problem. The plan is very simple. We simply get into our space suits and a small vehicle (we have plans to try this out with a converted Fiat Punto) and send our selves, say, an hour back in time. Hey presto! no planet below.

Our technicians are currently working on a suitable time machine, using the classic 1912 Alfred Jarry text "How to construct a time machine".

We reprint this essay, which we have nicked from the internet, in the hope it will stimulate fruitful discussion and inspire others to pursue this vital line of enquiry.

Already our researches have paid off in the form of the contraption we call the Jarry Box. This device, fashioned from a microwave oven with a miniature time-machine inside, is able to gather small items, seemingly at random, from the past or the future.

The NASA space program gave us non-stick pans, digital watches and Kevlar body armour. We are humbled by the comparison!



Wing Commander A.T.M.

WANT TO GO
TIME TRAVELING
WITH ME ?



To get your very own laminated Parasol AAA smart card send us a piccie and a stamp or something lovely for our archives of esoterica.

How to Construct a Time Machine

by Alfred Jarry
translated by Roger Shattuck

Please note the text source: Selected Works of Alfred Jarry, edited by Roger Shattuck & Simon Watson Taylor, New York, Grove Press (1965, 1980)

I. The Nature of the Medium

A Time Machine, that is, a device for exploring Time, is no more difficult to conceive of than a Space Machine, whether you consider Time as the fourth dimension of Space or as a locus essentially different because of its contents.

Ordinarily, Time is defined as the locus of events, just as Space is the locus of bodies. Or it is defined simply as succession, whereas Space -- (this will apply to all spaces: Euclidean or three-dimensional space; four-dimensional space implied by the intersection of several three-dimensional spaces; Riemannian spaces, which, being spheres, are closed, since the circle is a geodesic line on the sphere of the same radius; Lobatchevski's spaces, in which the plane is open; or any non-Euclidean space identifiable by the fact that it will not permit the construction of two similar figures as in Euclidean space) Space is defined by simultaneity.

Every simultaneous segment of Time is extended and can therefore be explored by machines that travel in Space. The present is extended in three dimensions. If one transports oneself to any point in the past or the future, this point will be present and extended in three directions as long as one occupies it.

Reciprocally, Space, or the Present, has the three dimensions of Time: space traversed or the past, space to come or the future, and the present proper.

Space and Time are commensurable. To explore the universe by seeking knowledge of points in Space can be accomplished only through Time; and in order to measure Time quantitatively, we refer to Space intervals on the dial of a chronometer.

Space and Time, being of the same nature, may be conceived of as different physical states of the same substance, or as different modes of motion. Even if we accept them only as different forms of thought, we see Space as a solid, a rigid system of phenomena; whereas it has become a banal poetic figure to compare Time to a flowing stream, a liquid in uniform rectilinear motion. Any internal obstruction of the flow of the mobile molecules of the liquid, any increase in viscosity is nothing other than consciousness.

*

Since Space is fixed around us, in order to explore it we must move in the vehicle of Duration. In kinematics Duration plays the part of an independent variable, of which the coordinates of the points considered are a function. Kinematics is a geometry in which events have neither past nor future. The fact that we create that distinction proves that we are carried along through them.

We move in the direction of Time and at the same speed, being ourselves part of the Present. If we could *remain immobile absolute Space* while Time elapses, if we could lock our selves inside a Machine that isolates us from Time (except for the small and normal "speed of duration" that will stay with us because of inertia), all future and past instants could be explored successively, just as the stationary spectator of a panorama has the illusion of a swift voyage through a series of landscapes. (We shall demonstrate later that, *as seen from the Machine*, the Past lies beyond the Future.)

II. Theory of the Machine

A Machine to isolate us from Duration, or from the action of Duration (from growing older or younger, the physical drag which a succession of motions exerts on an inert body) will have to make

us "transparent" to these physical phenomena, allow them to pass through us without modifying or displacing us. This isolation will be sufficient (in fact it would be impossible to design it any more efficiently) if Time, in overtaking us, gives us a minimal impulse just great enough to compensate for the deceleration of our habitual duration conserved by inertia. This slowing down would be due to an action comparable to the viscosity of a liquid or the friction of a machine.

To be stationary in Time means, therefore, to pass with impunity through all bodies, movements, or forces whose locus will be the point of space chosen by the Explorer for the point of departure of his Machine of Absolute Rest or Time Machine. Or one can think of oneself as being traversed by these events, as a projectile passes through an empty window frame without damaging it, or as ice reforms after being cut by a wire, or as an organism shows no lesion after being punctured by a sterile needle.

The Time Explorer's Machine must therefore:

- 1) Be absolutely rigid, or in other words, absolutely elastic, in order to penetrate the densest solid as easily as an infinitely rarified gas.
- 2) Have weight in order to remain stationary in Space, yet remain sufficiently independent of the diurnal movement of the Earth to maintain an invariable orientation in absolute Space; and as a corollary, although it has weight, the Machine must be incapable of falling if the ground gives way beneath it in the course of the voyage.
- 3) It must be nonmagnetic so as not to be affected (we shall see why later on) by the rotation of the plane of polarization of light.

*

An ideal body exists which fulfills the first of these conditions: the Luminiferous Ether. It constitutes a perfect elastic solid, for wave motion is propagated by it at the well-known speed; it is penetrable by any body or penetrates any body without measurable effect, since the Earth gravitates within it as in empty space.

But -- and here lies its only similarity to the circular body or Aristotelian ether -- it is not by nature heavy; and, as it turns as a whole, it determines the magnetic rotation discovered by Faraday.

Now one common machine known to us all provides a perfect model for the luminiferous ether and satisfies the three postulates.

Let us briefly recall the constitution of the luminiferous ether. It is an ideal system of material particles acting on one another by means of springs without mass. Each molecule is mechanically the envelope of a coil spring whose ends are attached to those of neighboring molecules. A push or a pull on the last molecule will produce a vibration through the entire system, exactly as does the advancing front of a luminous wave.

The structure of this system of springs is analogous to the circulation without rotation of infinitely extensive liquids through infinitely small openings, or to a system consisting of rigid rods and rapidly rotating flywheels mounted on all or some of those rods.

The system of springs differs from the luminiferous ether only because it has weight and does not turn as a whole, any more than would the ether in a field without magnetic force.

If one keeps increasing the angular velocity of the flywheels, or if one keeps tightening the springs, the periods of elementary vibrations will become shorter and shorter and the amplitude weaker and weaker. The movements will increasingly resemble those of a perfectly rigid system formed of material points mobile in Space and turning according to the well known law of rotation of a rigid body having equal moments of inertia around its three principal axes.

In sum, the element of perfect rigidity is the *gyrostat* or *gyroscope*.

Everyone is familiar with those square or round copper frames containing a flywheel spinning rapidly around an interior axis. By virtue of its rotation, the gyrostat maintains its equilibrium in any position. If we displace the center of gravity a little out of the vertical of the point of support, it will turn in azimuth *without falling*. The azimuth is the angle subtended between the meridian and a plane determined by the vertical and a given fixed point -- a star for example.

When a body rotates around an axis one of whose points is carried along with the diurnal motion of the earth, the direction of its axis remains fixed in absolute Space; so that for an observer carried along without his awareness in this diurnal motion, that axis appears to turn uniformly around the axis of the earth, exactly as would a parallactic telescope constantly pointed at a particular star low down on the horizon.

Three rapidly rotating gyrostats with shafts parallel to the three dimensions of space would produce a condition of cubic rigidity. The Explorer seated in the machine would be mechanically sealed in a cube of absolute rigidity, capable of penetrating any body without modification just like the luminiferous ether.

We have just seen that the Machine maintains an invariable orientation in absolute Space, but related to the diurnal movement of the Earth so as to have a reference point to determine time traveled.

Finally, the Machine has no magnetized parts as its description will show.

III. Description of the Machine

The Machine consists of an ebony frame, similar to the steel frame of a bicycle. The ebony members are assembled with soldered copper mountings.

The gyrostats' three *tori* (or flywheels), in the three perpendicular planes of Euclidean space, are made of ebony cased in copper, mounted on rods of tightly rolled quartz ribbons (quartz ribbons are made in the same way as quartz wire), and set in quartz sockets.

The circular frames or the semicircular forks of the gyrostats are made of nickel. Under the seat and a little forward are located the batteries for the electric motor. There is no iron in the Machine other than the soft iron of the electromagnets.

Motion is transmitted to the three flywheels by ratchet-boxes and chain-drives of quartz wire, engaged in three cogwheels, each of which lies on the same plane as its corresponding fly wheel. The chain-drives are connected to the motor and to each other through bevel gears and driveshafts. A triple brake controls all three shafts simultaneously.

Each turn of the front wheel triggers a lever attached to a pulley system, and four ivory dials, either separate or concentric, register the days in units, thousands, millions, and hundreds of millions. A separate dial remains in contact with the diurnal movement of the Earth through the lower extremity of the axis of the horizontal gyrostat.

A lever, controlled by an ivory handle and moving in a longitudinal or parallel direction to the Machine, governs the motor speed. A second handle slows the advance of the Machine by means of an articulated rod. It will be seen that a return from future to present is accomplished by slowing down the Machine, and that travel into the past is obtained by a speed even greater than that used for movement into the future (so as to produce a more perfect *immobility of duration*). In order to stop at any determined point in Time, there is a lever to lock the triple brake.

When the Machine is at rest, two of the circular frames of the gyrostats are tangential to the ground. In operation, since the gyrostatic cube cannot be drawn into rotation or at least is held to the angular motion determined by a constant couple, the Machine swings freely in azimuth on the extremity of the horizontal gyrostatic axis.

IV. Functioning of the Machine

By gyrostatic action, the Machine is *transparent to successive intervals of time*. It does not endure or "continue to be," but rather conserves its contents outside of Time, sheltered from all phenomena. If

the Machine oscillates in Space, or even if the Explorer is upside down, he still sees distant objects normally and constantly in the same position, for since everything nearby is transparent, he has no point of reference.

Since he experiences no duration, no time elapses during a voyage no matter how long it is, *even if he has made a stop outside the Machine*. We have said that he does not undergo the passage of time except in the sense of friction or viscosity, an interval practically equivalent to that he would have passed through without ever entering the Machine.

Once set in motion, the Machine always moves toward the future. The Future is the normal succession of events; an apple is on the tree; it will fall. The Past is the inverse order: the apple falls from the tree. The Present is non-existent, a tiny fraction of a phenomenon, smaller than an atom. The physical size of an atom is known to be 1.5×10^{-8} centimeters in diameter. No one has yet measured the fraction of a solar second that is equal to the Present.

Just as in Space a moving body must be smaller than its containing medium, the Machine, in order to move in duration, must be shorter in duration than Time, its containing medium -- that is, it must be more immobile in the succession of events.

Now the Machine's immobility in Time is directly proportional to the rate of rotation of its gyrostats in Space.

If t stands for the future, the speed in space or the slowness of duration necessary to explore the future will have to be a temporal quantity, V , such that

$$V < t.$$

Whenever V approaches 0, the Machine veers back to the Present.

Movement into the Past consists in the perception of the reversibility of phenomena. One sees the apple bounce back up onto the tree, the dead man come to life, and the shot re-enter the cannon. This visual aspect of succession is well known to be theoretically obtainable by outdistancing light waves and then continuing to travel at a constant speed equal to that of light. The Machine, by contrast, transports the explorer through actual duration and not in search of images preserved in Space. He has only to accelerate to a point where the speed indicator (recall that the speed of the gyrostats and the slowness in duration of the Machine, that is the speed of events in the opposite direction, are synonymous) shows

$$V < -t.$$

And he will continue with a rate of uniform acceleration that can be controlled almost according to Newton's formula for gravitation. For a past anterior to $-t$ may be indicated by $-t$, and to reach it he must obtain on the dial a reading equivalent to

$$V < (-t).$$

V. Time as Seen from the Machine

It is worth noting that the Machine has two Pasts: the past anterior to our own present, what we might call the real past; and the past *created by the Machine* when it returns to our Present and which is in effect the reversibility of the Future.

Likewise, since the Machine can reach the real Past only after having passed through the Future, it must go through a point symmetrical to our Present, a dead center between future and past, and which can be designated precisely as the *Imaginary Present*.

Thus the Explorer in his Machine beholds Time as a curve, or better as a closed curved surface analogous to Aristotle's Ether. For much these same reasons in another text (*Exploits and Opinions of Doctor Faustroll, Book VIII*) we make use of the term *Eternity*. Without the Machine an observer sees less than half of the true extent of Time, much as men used to regard the Earth as flat.

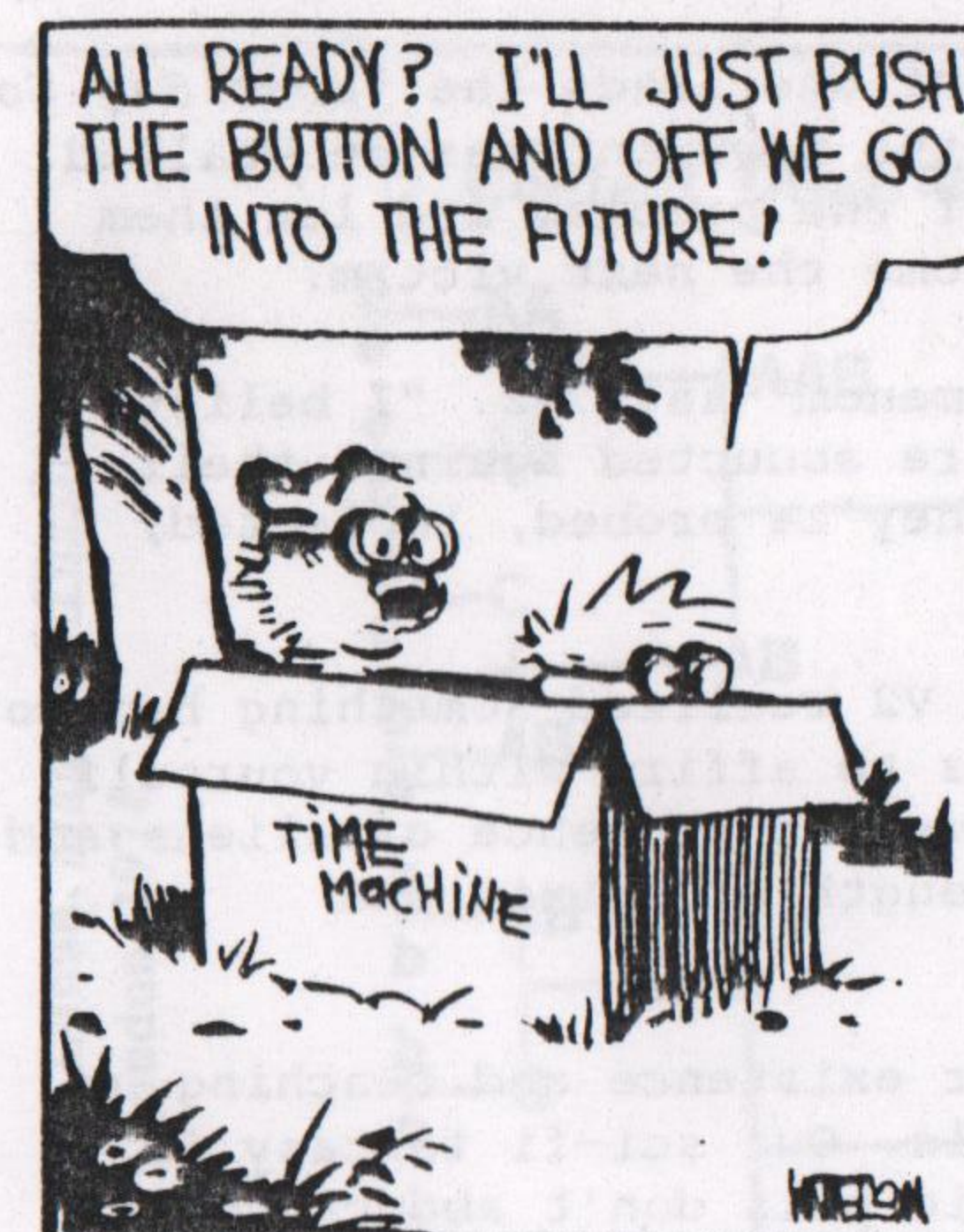
From the operation of the Machine there can easily be deduced a definition of Duration. Since it consists in the reduction of t to 0 and of 0 to $-t$, we shall say:

Duration is the transformation of a succession into a reversion.

In other words:

THE BECOMING OF A MEMORY.

Cf. William Thomson [Lord Kelvin], On a Gyrostatic Adynamic Constitution for Ether (C. R. 1899; Proc. R. Soc. Ed., 189C). [Author's note.]



Never trust an ALIEN V2: by Sean Donovan, Planet 21, October 1995

What would the public reaction be if some covert organization was engaged in a widespread policy of kidnapping civilians and performing vile and unwelcome tests on them? Immediate and violent retribution, a quick and brutal end to their foul deeds. We've seen it before with cults, companies and foreign governments. What we haven't seen yet is any action directed toward certain entities who have been practicing this criminal activity for decades. The reason why may be because the entities in question are not of this earth.

Judging from the number of victims who have come forward, alien abduction and testing of human subjects has been going on for quite some time now. Since no police force or government agency has admitted there is a problem, nothing has ever been done about it. The only solution is to combat it individually.

A movement piloted by V2, a Washington state resident who leads the "Just Say No to Aliens" campaign, began a few months ago. Today the movement has snowballed into an international effort to make people aware of the problem and let them know what they can do to ensure they don't become the next victim.

"At some point I accepted the reality of this phenomenon" says V2. "I believe people who say they've had these experiences. They're abducted against their will. They're manipulated and treated as victims. They're probed, implanted, raped and otherwise abused."

After hearing enough accounts of these experiences, V2 realized something had to be done. The key to the solution according to V2, is to affirm within yourself that you will not be a victim, that you don't welcome the presence of aliens and that you just say "NO" to them. It is the human strength of spirit and indomitable, V2 says, that offers the best defense.

"I think we can embrace the aliens in terms of their existence and teaching us something," says V2, "but don't embrace them as idols. Our sci-fi fantasy is about E.T. being a benevolent cosmic pal. Your cosmic pals don't abduct you and stick things up your nose, give you a rectal exam and terrify you.

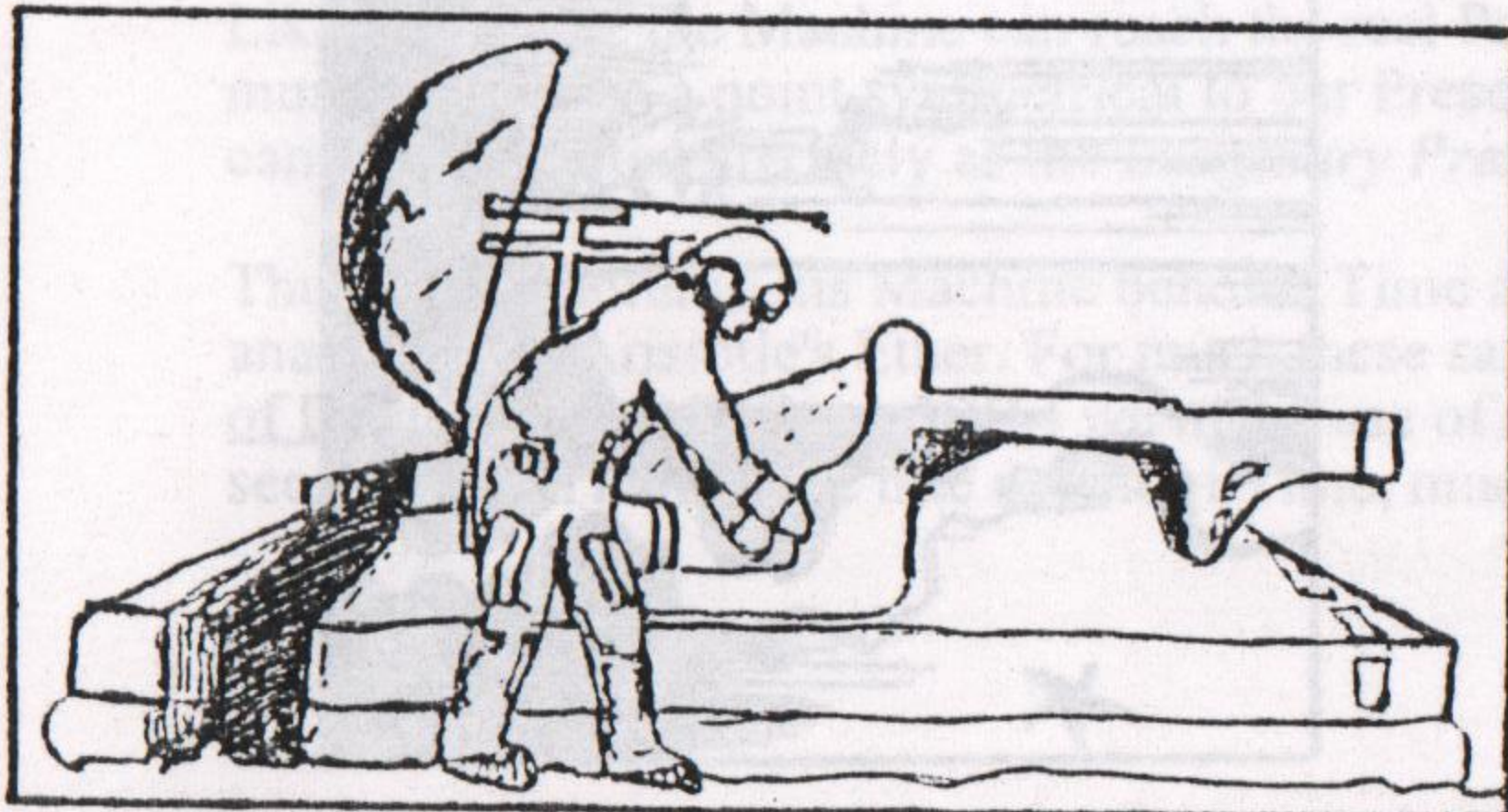
"They're abducting people against their will. They're behaving like fascists. How can we trust that behavior? There's nothing on which to build trust. They don't deserve it."



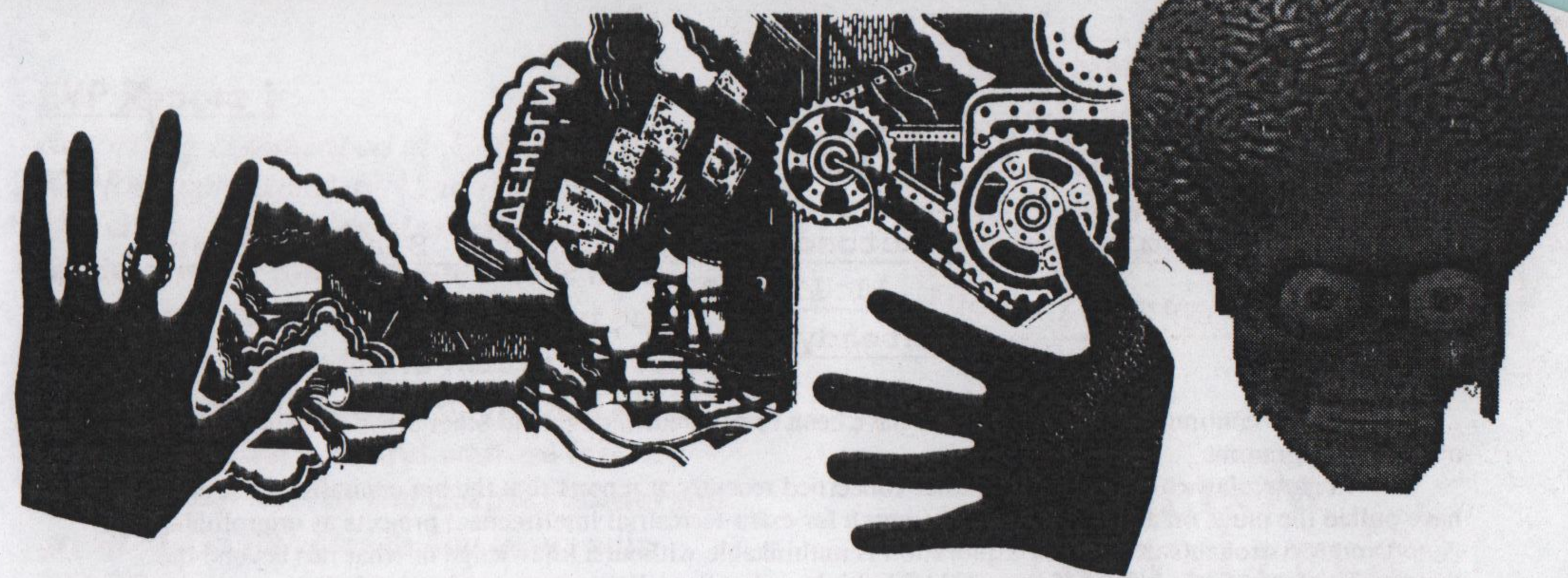
Do not trust this face.
Say NO to deceptive alien entities.
For FREE stickers send self-addressed stamped envelope
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Witness this new-made World, another Heaven
From Heaven-gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea;
Of amplitude almost immense, with stars
Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
Of destined habitation...
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*,



From: D. Lunan, *Man And The Stars*, London, 1974.

Contact Diagram

```

graph TD
    A["a-AA"] --- AAAB["AAAB"]
    B["b-AB"] --- AAAB
    C["c-C"] --- AB["AB"]
    D["d-AB"] --- AB
    E["e-BB"] --- C["C"]
    F["f-C"] --- C
    G["g-C"] --- C
    H["h-C"] --- C
    I["i-C"] --- C
    J["j-C"] --- C
    AAAB --- AAAABB["AAAABB"]
    AB --- AAAABB
    C --- AAAABB
    AAAABB --- C2["C"]
    
```

The diagram illustrates the development of three basic types of space going society in relationship to one another.

The A society is willing to form alliance very readily and is keen to cooperate with any other encountered civilization.

The B society is reticent in its contacts with outsiders and does not cooperate to the same extent as does A, consequently the opportunity to learn from a new intelligence and ally effectively with it are limited in direct ratio to the reticence.

The C society will war upon immediate contact with any other civilization until it enslaves (a dubious situation) or destroys it.

The development from the pristine single planet cultures, indicated above by lower case letters, to the giant megaculture should eliminate the latter aggressor society upon encountering its sphere of influence. This would be done either by physical destruction or by psychologically reconditioning the offensive culture into a more acceptable social format.

Survival potential in extraterrestrial relationships would appear from the above conditions to favor the A type of society.

Space is infinite. it is dark.
Space is neutral. it is cold.
Stars occupy minute areas of space.
They are clustered a few billion here
and a few billion there,
as if seeking consolation in numbers.
Space does not care.
Space does not threaten.
Space does not comfort.
It does not sleep.
It does not wake.
It does not dream.
It does not welcome.
It does not fear.
It does not love.
It does not hate.
It does not encourage
any of these qualities.
Space cannot be measured.
It cannot be angered.
It cannot be placated.
It cannot be summed up.
Space is there.
Space is not large
and it is not small.
It does not live and
it does not die.
it does not offer truth and
neither does it lie.
Space is a remorseless, senseless
impersonal fact.
Space is the absence of time
and of matter.
(Moorcock)

Paranormal?

AAA

Parasol Association of Autonomous Astronauts, Status Report

11.11.1997

'unready to fly.'

Whilst continuing to convalesce we have been turning our thoughts to other areas tangentially related to our space programme.

In particular we have all been rather concerned recently at reports that the big capitalist space agencies have pulled the plugs on a number of SETI (search for extra-terrestrial intelligence) projects as unprofitable. For Autonomous Astronauts deep space exploration is unthinkable without a knowledge of what lies beyond the fringes of our own tiny planet. Of course NASA thinks only of emulating its conquistador forbears and exploiting the universe for its mineral wealth. The inhabitants of other systems reckon as nothing in this Leviathans plans. Their rich heritages and cultures are expendable before the forward march of Progress. Some lucky exo-species might find themselves pressed into slavery. for the rest NASA plans genocide. (Of course the chances are that if the NASTies tread on the wrong scaly toes we'll all end up creamed across the galaxy... Either way it's not a pleasant thought.)

The AAA intend to be good spacey neighbours- keeping the backyard tidy, not making too much noise on Sundays and not allowing the cat to piss on the next worlds roses.

So, we were discussing what contribution we could make towards contacting our cosmic comrades, without the weighty paraphernalia of massed banks of radio telescopes or batteries of lasers, in our local pub, when we were over-heard by a crusty type with a dog on a rope who promptly offered to flog us a Ouija board. We politely declined, explaining that he had misconstrued our intent and that we had no interest in the debunked manifestations of 19th century Spiritualist fakers. We are the post-Flash Gordon generation, raised on Hawkwind and 1950's 'B' movies and we have little time for Victorian parlour games.

However, with our collective train of thought fortuitously station halted, a new passenger boarded, stowing its intellectual baggage in the gangway.

We got to thinking about matters paranormal, in particular the Electronic Voice Phenomenon and whether it had any bearing on the proceedings in hand. Considering that it might, we pooled our knowledge of this esoteric science and found it sadly wanting. After kicking-out time we hurried home to dig out a few old copies of Fortean Times for the low-down (see FT 104, Nov '97)

EVP is about the voices which appear at random from detuned radios or audio tape recordings of nothing in particular. Some believe that they are voices from the grave or spirit messengers.

Whilst recognising we were off track so far as contacting aliens was concerned, never-the-less even the most hardened Dialectical Materialists amongst us were excited by the prospects.

How cool to record a few choice quippings from Oscar Wilde or Charlie Marx's stock market tips. Still better might be nuggets of Tesla technology or handy new ways to harness Orgone courtesy of Willie Reich.

Of course we all agreed that the real prize would be to plug into that late, great, Erich Von Daniken of Trotskyism. Juan Posadas, for an update on his thesis that Flying Saucers are buzzing about everywhere happily spreading communist ideas and exporting revolution to less advanced planets.

Suitably fired up we assembled our high-tech equipment:
One mono cassette recorder and a radio tuned to white noise.

We recorded on to the tape the following message:
"This is Parasol AAA seeking advice or help
with our space explorations, please leave your message
after the tone...beceep."

Flippant we know but, hell, these voices are, apparently, everywhere and only too pleased to make themselves heard.

We then proceeded to record the ether with a background of noise.



EVP Report I

Recording commenced at 7.48pm on 12.11.1997 and ran for approximately 15 minutes.

The clean, white hiss of static was heavily modulated by unavoidable traffic noise and voice leakage from an adjacent room. Upon playback we found that as our ears adjusted to the peaks, troughs and drop-offs of the etheric sound wall we felt (rather than heard) the deeply submerged growl of a male voice in one-way radio monologue.

No words were discernible.

The Cosmic Background Radiation continued to fill our ears.

Due to the archaic, gaussed-up heads of our recorder the underlying cassette track had not been cleanly erased. Erratically, the plink, plink, fizz of a cheap Casio keyboard rhythm preset fought its way to the surface for breath and swam valiantly in the magnetic fields.

The traffic rumbled on.

Mayhap the spirit ether was especially quiet tonight but we were reminded of the words of blistering retort the Bard put into the mouth of Hotspur:

GLENDOWER: "I can call spirits from the vasty deep."

HOTSPUR: "Why, so can I, or so can any man; But will they come when you do call for them?"

Mir setback

MOSCOW (Reuters) - Cosmonauts broke three wrenches trying to open a hatch on the Russian *Mir* space station and had to abandon a spacewalk, Mission Control said. The failure, the latest in a series of problems on the 12-year-old *Mir*, left cosmonauts without an exit hatch to leave the station for spacewalks for at least several weeks. But they can still leave *Mir* in an emergency on the Soyuz escape capsule.

Anyone fancy a rescue mission?

The adventures of Parasol AAA feature fairly regularly in the PARASOL POST newsletter. Available for stamps from The Republic of Parasol, 24, Marfitt Street, Leicester, LE4 6RN, UK.

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(Thanx to John Eden of Raido AAA for compiling this list.)

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