

The Open Source Codebook of
THE CYBORG CLUB

Michael Anthony Bohacz
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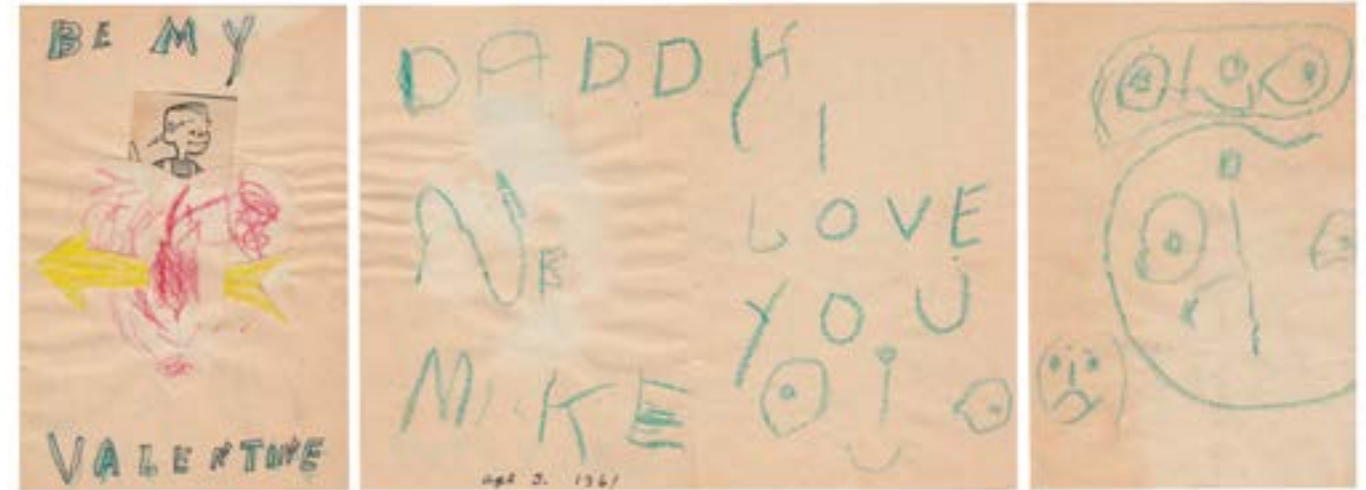
The Kelleys, my family on my mother's side, tell a tale handed down for generations. The story relates how their ancestors came over the ocean in a sailing ship to America. One of the women of the clan gave birth during the voyage. The baby was either stillborn or it died before the end of the trip. The mother couldn't bear the thought of burying the babe at sea and hid it among their baggage, hoping to reach land and give it a proper burial. Shortly after the child died, whales began to buffet the ship so much that the passengers feared the ship might sink. The captain, a superstitious man, suspected something was amiss on his ship causing the whales to attack. He inquired among the passengers and found out about the baby and its death. He demanded that it be turned over to him and he cast it overboard. After this everything returned to normal and they arrived safely.

2

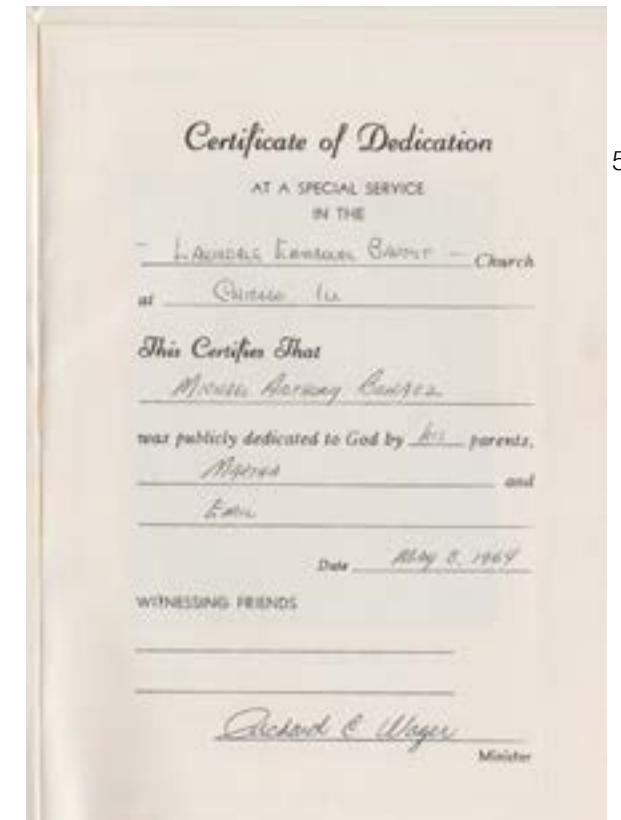


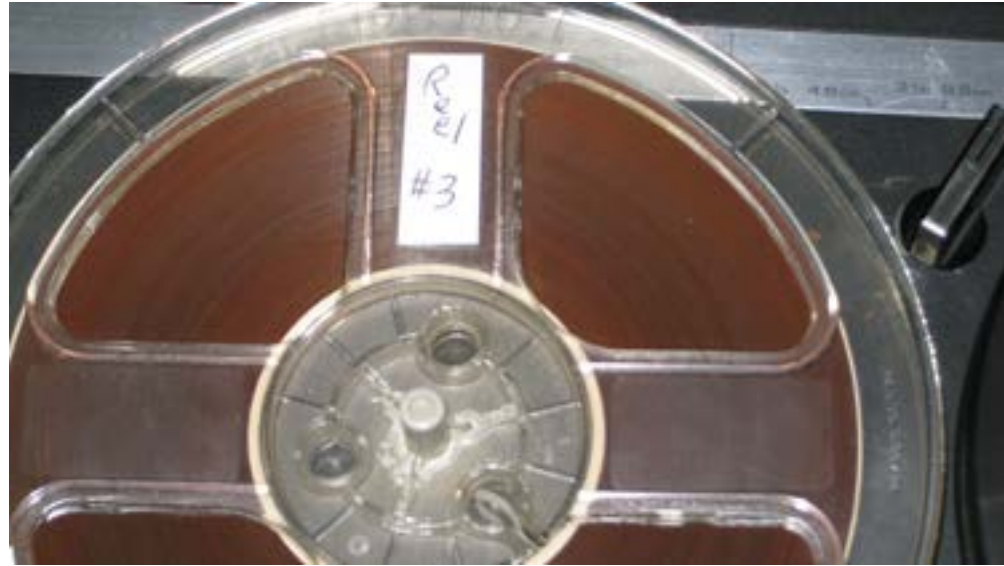
Beloved Father and Mother

Since I can remember my mother has been telling everyone how I won 2nd prize at a baby beauty contest when I was a year old. My female cousin (daughter of Vernon Sanders) took first prize. Looking back from a perspective of more than fifty years, it now seems the high point of my life from which I have witnessed a steady decline.



Could this represent my earliest artifact? My mother labeled it with my age (3) and the year (1961). She must have helped me a great deal to make this Valentine's Day card for my dad. Mom told me she taught us to read before we were in school (we didn't attend preschool). Did she also teach us to write? Seems early. She must have guided my hand for the writing and provided an example for the face drawings. The loose separate piece yellow arrow pierces the heart on the cover page.





12/7/13

This "Reel #3" is listed on page 35 of my black SAIC sketchbook that logs my old open reel tapes. It could very well be the earliest of any of my tapes.

6

Side 1

My 5th birthday is recorded here. I removed the long spaces that only have the reverse bleed of what is on side 2, making the wav file shorter than the tape. "Mysterious Voices (7 1/2)" and "Mysterious Music (7 1/2)" are reverse bleed from side 2 and will be removed. After focused scrutiny I cannot find "Hickory Dickory Dock" that's supposed to occur after the bday party and before "Buddy Whistling." Perhaps Buddy's whistling is "Hickory Dickory Dock."

Side 2, which starts with "WHO? (7 1/2)" in the sketchbook notes, could be the earlier recording than side 1 (no trace of myself (at least at the beginning), seems to be all recorded by Buddy and/or his peers). Then again, John's bday wish to Arlene could have occurred after mine (mine is 1/27, her's is 2/2). The side contains a lot of "Bozo's Circus." During Bozo there is my voice, mother's voice, and possibly others. One instance of my voice mixing with the Bozo show is when I hear myself imitate the band with banjo music with my own voice, it seems to be a part that particularly impressed me (I've extracted it to its own file "Bozo Band Inspires A Mike Imitation.aif" (I've changed the name to "Bozo's Circus Banjo Player Inspires A Mike Imitation" I've also made an mp3 to upload to SoundCloud. 12-6-2014). Removed non-info noise, silences, miscellaneous, to shrink file size.

Burned both sides to 2 CD twice. One for Mom, one for me. I believe Mom's ended up at Buddy & Arlene's.



I associate my earliest erotic memory with Disney's "Pinocchio" (1940, re-released 1962 when GS was 4). When I saw that the whale Monstro had swallowed Pinocchio's creator Geppetto and his cat and fish, I had an erection. Something about the ingestion into an inner place was the only thing I can figure. Of course, one cannot ignore Pinocchio's elongating nose when he told a lie but I don't remember any erotic connection to that, only to the whale. I had wet dreams based on the scenario of being swallowed by a giant being. I remember a particularly vivid one involving a hippo. [another example is Disney's "Brave Little Tailor" (released 1938) that he saw on Disney's TV show]

I tried to push my antennae out of the back of my head the way Uncle Martin did in "My Favorite Martian." I recall looking at the second hand tick away toward the end of class (perhaps during a rest period) at my elementary school desk trying very hard to push them up.

I made naked versions of Archie comics' [comic is dated Aug 1972 (how? thought this was before Berwyn)] Betty, Veronica & Archie. My artwork cannot be shown because it was confiscated by school officials.

I lied to Joey L that I got a girl pregnant (Dark Shadows era).

My grandfather on my mother's side had quite a collection of girlie magazines. I remember one as quite odd. The black and white images showed young ladies with the strangest breasts. One photo had a woman with three breasts. Another photo showed a woman with as many as nine breasts in three orderly rows of two. A third photo had

7

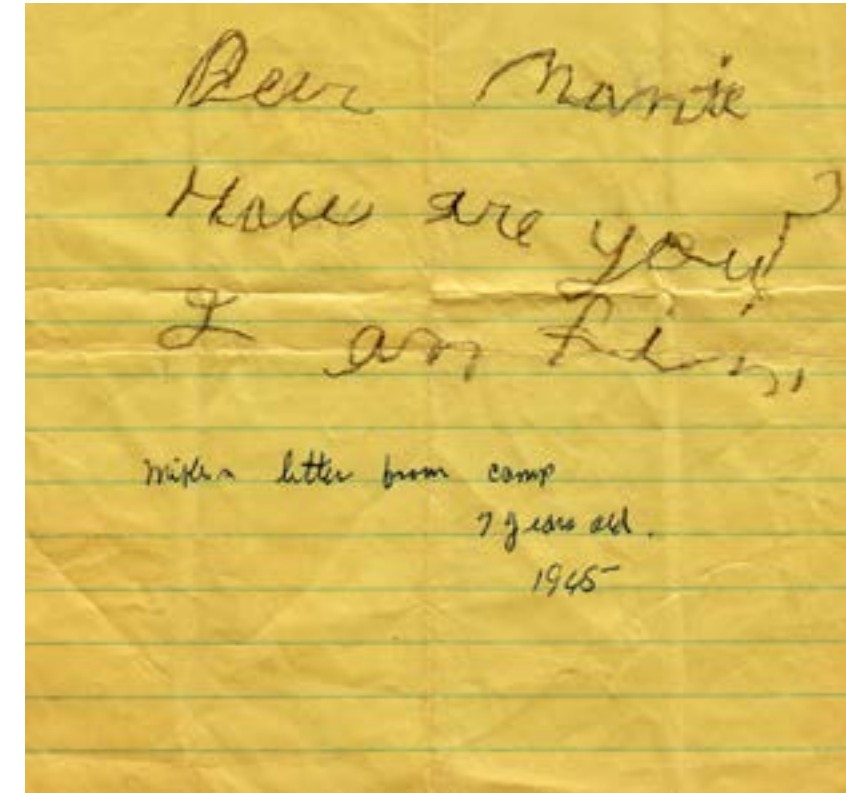
the models breast pair drooping as low as her knees, and a fourth had the girl with a single breast in the middle of her chest looking quite the Cyclops. The caption I can recall is "You can look but don't touch." [paragraph pre-1970]

[1970 & after] My older brother Baga Bones also had a variety of pornographic material, Playboy magazines and the like. He also passed along an 8mm film called "Honey Bee." This little tidbit got many of the my friends excited as it showed a woman stripping.

8

You used to go to the beach with Arlene and her friends, can't recall when.

Recall how you used to occasionally get pains in the chest at the end of each breath. How long did it take to get brave and breath in to your fullest extent? You pain reached a threshold and didn't come back (until 1/29/16).



9

Mother sent me off to a Christian camp (Phantom Ranch? Fort Wilderness?) in the summer of 1965. Before this I believed I was a robust muscle boy like those men in the sword-and-sandal movies. I felt blessed with brains and body. While at camp I discovered that I was the 2nd smallest kid there and this fact would hold true for the rest of my days.

Dad bought our first color TV probably in 1965.
or 66?

12/15/92

When I was very young and growing up in a Fundamentalist Christian Church, in Sunday School they would constantly want us to pray the little prayer that would save us for Jesus. They would encourage us to pray something like: "Jesus, I know I'm a sinner and need to be saved. Please come into my heart and live with me forever more".

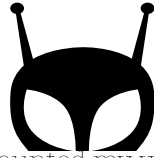
Now, I wanted to be saved, and I prayed the prayer many times. I certainly didn't want to end up in the bad place, but I had my doubts even as a child. To begin with, the first times I prayed, I didn't feel anything. The teachers said it wasn't about feeling something, it was about faith. I didn't think I was saved, however, until I did feel something. I had my first little epiphany in church during a sermon by Pastor Wager that was dealing with the rejection by the Jerusalem Priests of Jesus and cried as I thought to myself: "Why did they kill him? Why did they kill him?"

My unbelief was still with me however, and I can remember way back then imagining the writers of the Bible as a bunch of criminals like the ones on the Untouchables crime show, sitting upstairs in a small hotel room, laughing to each other as the repercussions of their Bible joke spread far and wide. It was quite odd to realize later that this scenario may not have been that far off the mark.

Constantine the Great, the Roman emperor who made a deal with the early church to, among other things, consolidate his power, seems an interesting synchronistic mafia kingpin.



Remember when your brought "Snoopy vs. the Red Baron" to Buddy's house your jaw dropped to discover bass sound.



Movies and television often haunted my young mind. “The Blob” was re-released in 1964 and my mother took me and my younger brother Monte to see it probably at a Saturday matinée.

Young lovers are interrupted when a meteorite strikes the Earth violently. A lonely old man discovers a hissing rock outside his shack in the woods. He should have left well enough alone, instead he taunts the thing inside the rock with a stick. The extraterrestrial single-cell organism ingests the old man and everyone else in the vicinity. Originally a clear gelatin, the monster turns blood-red as it eats one victim after another and grows larger with each meal. It’s a painful death for the victims as contact with the blob burns their flesh like acid. This film frightened me so much I covered my face with my cap to shield myself from the screen mayhem. It did no good. I could still hear what was happening.

Later at home, our mother couldn’t resist taking advantage of her son’s fear. She joked that she saw the blob squeezing itself under their door, coming for them. My

reaction was predictable and she laughed.

Other films and TV shows left me with an uncanny scene or two in my subconscious. A dark watery pit or well holds some ghost, often taking the form of an animated skeleton. This damned thing would rise from its pit and a hapless victim would announce that it comes for him now, and next it will come for the viewer. Another scene has children from outer space the same age as myself, but psychically advanced and taking advantage of me. These internal images have haunted me since childhood but they’ve also always had an eerie appeal.

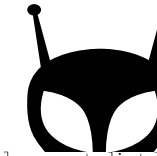
A new dimension of bass sound graced me when I listened to the ‘Red Baron’ song on Buddy’s stereo.

Recall how you wanted to go mad as a child.

Mom related how I had Deputy Dog as an imaginary friend and told someone so in a store when asked why I was all alone.

14

Don’t forget to enter how you used to go to the beach with Arlene and her friends.



Our mother took us to a fundamentalist Protestant Christian church. In Sunday school the teachers would constantly want us to pray the little prayer that would save us for Jesus. It went something like: “Jesus, I know I’m a sinner and need salvation. Please come into my heart and live with me forever more.”

Now, I wanted to be saved and prayed many times. I certainly didn’t want to end up in the bad place, but I had my doubts even as a child. To begin with, when I prayed the prayer nothing seemed to happen. I didn’t feel changed in any way and had no perception of Jesus in my heart. The teachers said it wasn’t about feeling something, it was about faith. I gave faith the benefit of the doubt and believed.

15

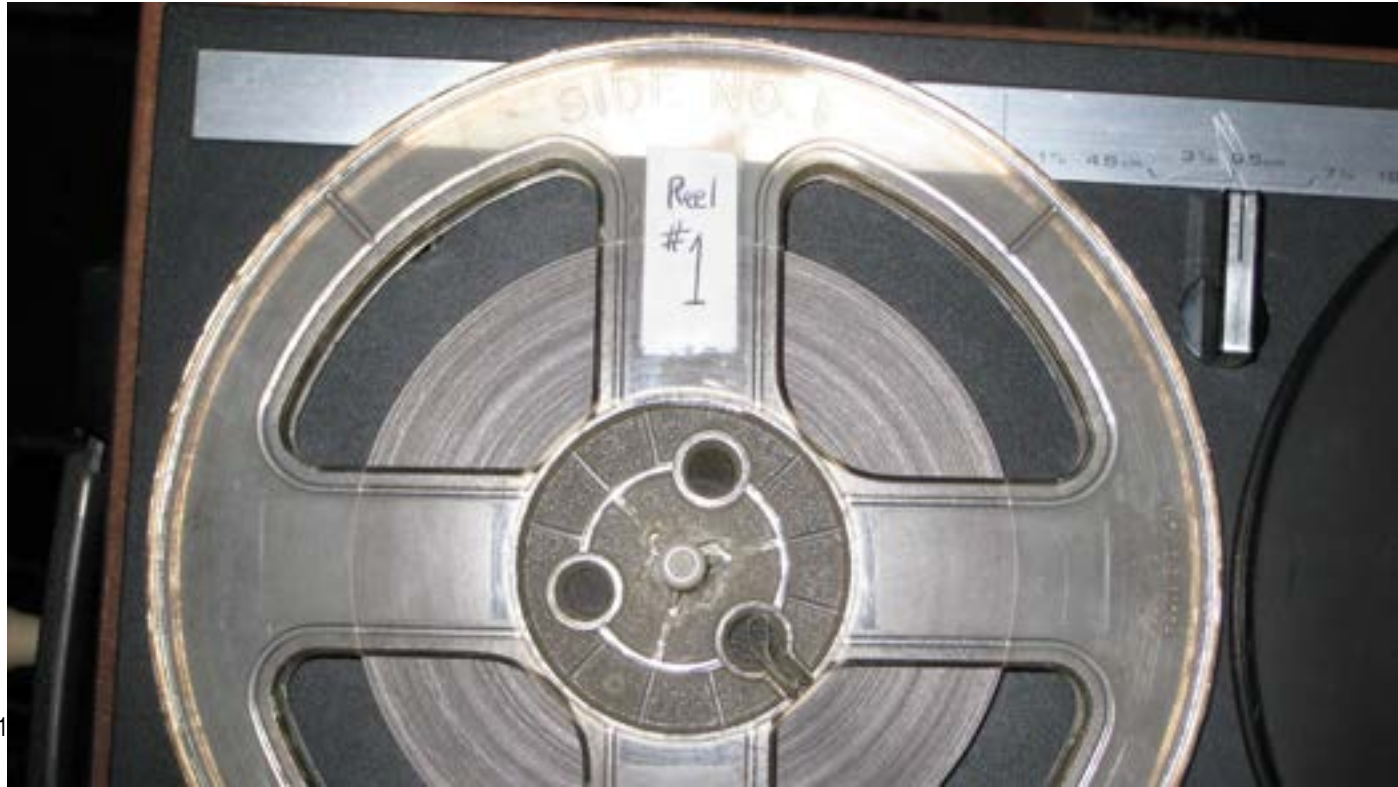
In elementary school around this time I learned of the notion that we evolved from animals. This idea seemed reasonable and to this day I thank God for the public school teacher that encouraged the idea. The Bible creation story really did sound a bit silly.

So how did this whole Bible thing with its’ innacurate ideas that people kept insisting must be believed get cooked up? I had a lot of questions but the folks in church didn’t seem to have good answers. I eventually pictured the writers of the Bible as a gang of criminals like the ones I saw on “The Untouchables” TV show. Hiding-out upstairs in a city hotel room, they laugh as the repercussions of their Bible joke spread far and wide.

Write about TV and any other synchronicities.



Skull Club founding members from left to right:
Green Skull, Red Skeleton, Blue Cougar Bones



This "Reel #1" is listed on page 35 of my black SAIC sketchbook that logs my old open reel tapes. I've edited the different speeds to normal them, the edited file was at first the aif but now I'm editing directly to the wav.

I've so far:

Separated the original wav file into "Reel #1 Side 1.wav" and "Reel #1 Side 2.wav"

Finished "Mystery Fragment 1"

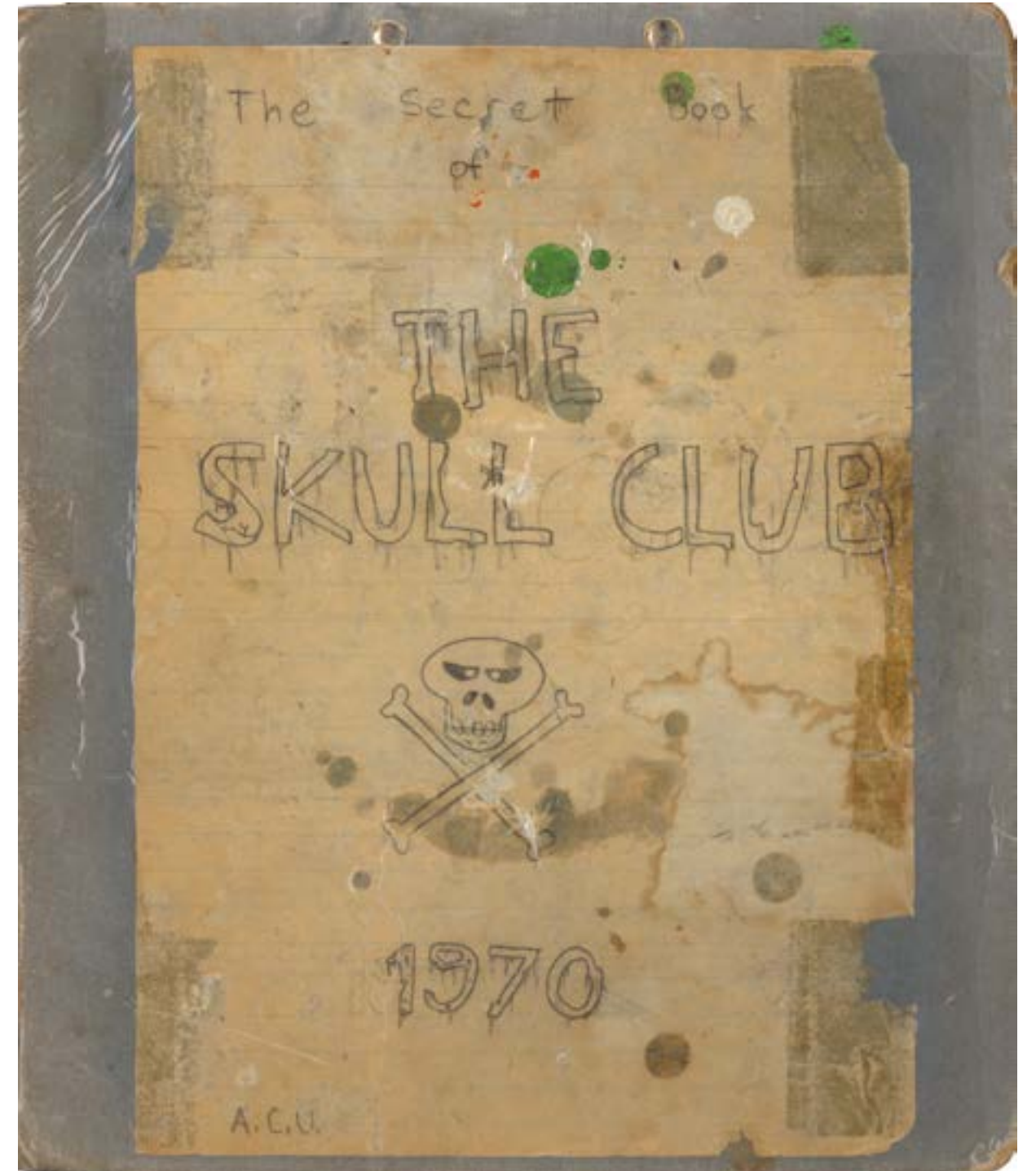
Signed off on:

"Play Lessons.wav"

"Mike & Cousin Susan Get Ready for Bed.wav"

"Reel #1 Side 1"

In the section labeled "Mike's Indistinguishable Voice and Sounds" and/or "Me Voice Again" I can hear myself singing "Hey Jude!"



I wrote “The Secret Book of the Skull Club” for fun. My mother related that she remembers my brother, myself, our friends playing Skull Club as early as 1965. This seems a little early but makes sense as an origin limit because three major influences on the creation of the club went public that year. John Peterson published a children’s book called “The Secret Hide-out” and his Viking Club became a model for the Skull Club. The game “Green Ghost” influenced the choice of my secret name: Green Skull. 1965 also saw the release of the movie “The Skull.” I saw this movie on television and it frightened me. Many things I saw on TV frightened me and delighted me. I created the club as a way to channel my fears, not unlike ubiquitous tyrants since antiquity. The first edition of the secret book no longer exists and this is why the revision pictured here has the year 1970 on its cover.

For comprehensive documentation on this club see “The Secret Book of the Skull Club Volume 1: Illustrated Writings of Terror-Children” and “The Secret Book of the Skull Club Volume 2: Kids Stuff No More.”



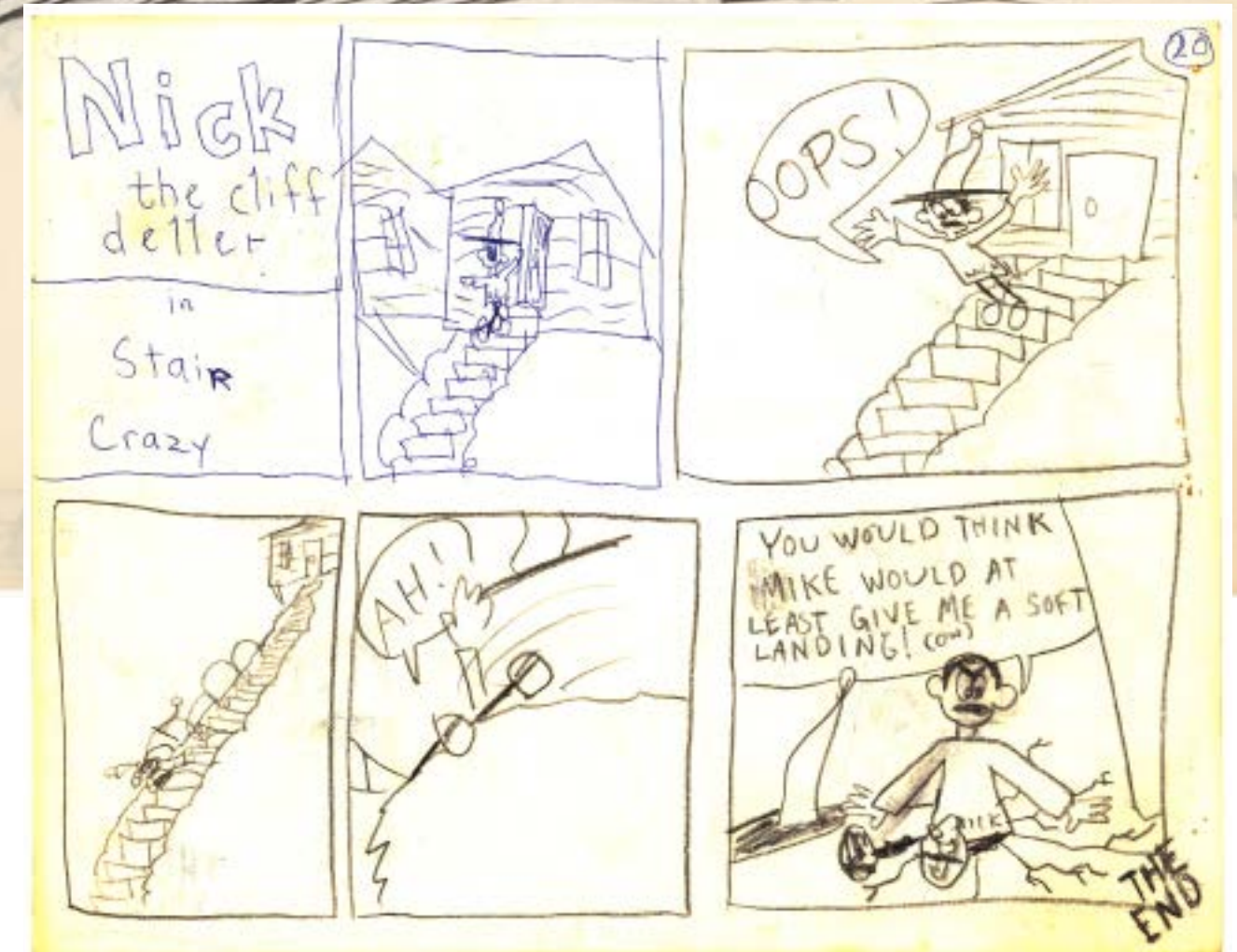
Hi I'm a dinosaur. I hate
 night. If dead little creepies
 don't get lost, maybe you
 to get it!

The *Nick the Cliff Dweller* graphic novel labeled: made in 1969. Our family lived at 2541 South Central Park Avenue, on the first floor. I attended the 6th grade in Chicago's Robert Burns school. My teacher's name: Mrs. Murray.

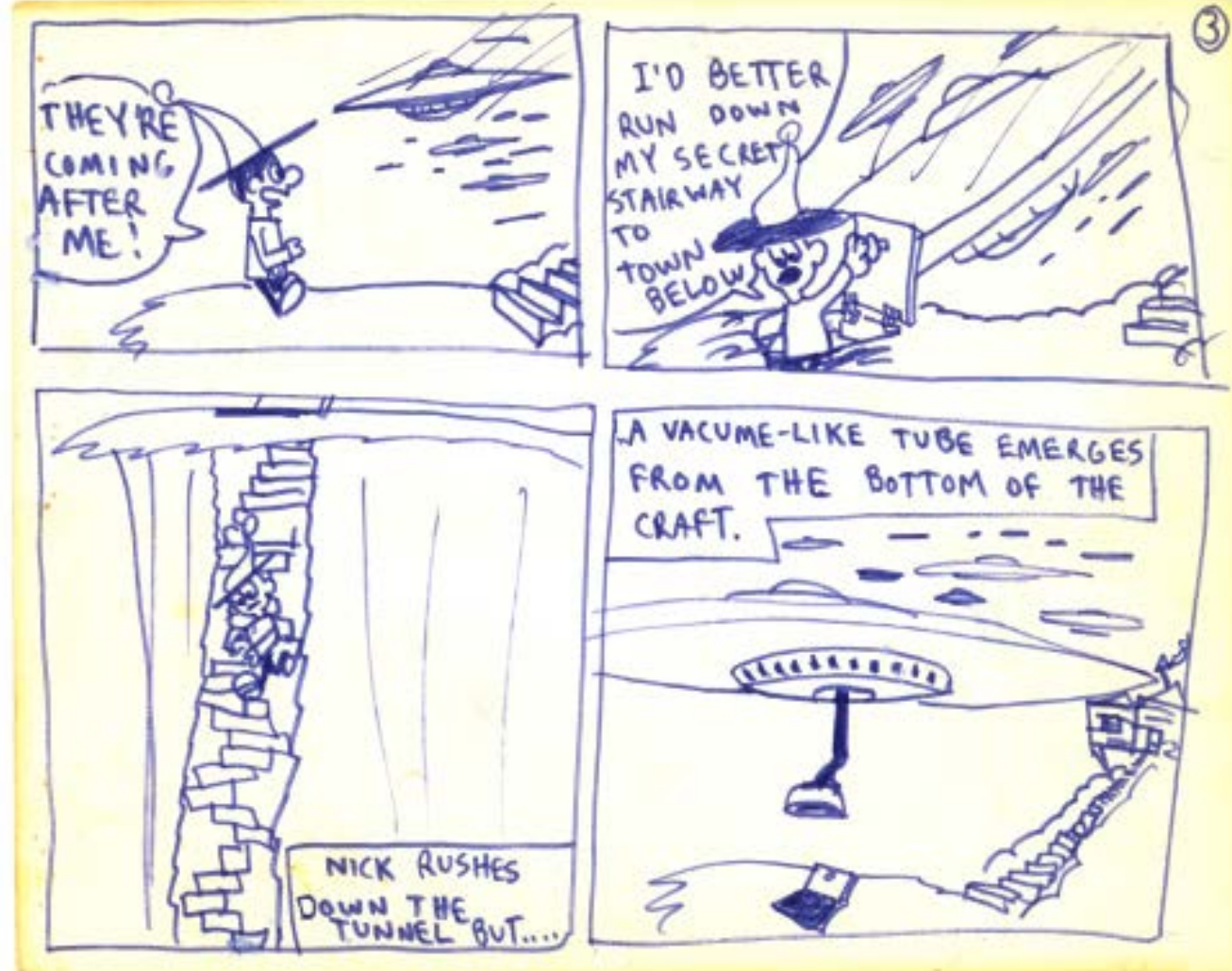
Mrs. Murray embarrassed me terribly once when she asked the class where Old Faithful the geyser existed. I raised my hand and answered Jellystone Park. Everyone laughed except Mrs. Murray. She asked "Was that supposed to be funny?" I said no and then realized my mistake. Yogi Bear the cartoon character lived in Jellystone Park. I laughed out loud at myself, but no one else did then. I felt great embarrassment. Mrs. Murray then called on her pet student (I seemed all my teacher's pets until that year. Mrs. Murray did not seem to like me.) This story seems to unshrink the theory for me that I made Nick when I attended 6th grade. I made these comics when I felt strongly I could call myself a genius. When Mrs. Murray came along this belief seemed unsure. Therefore I place the original Nick comic drawing before I entered the 6th grade. The dating on the book probably indicates when I compiled it into a book. Mrs. Murray seems also the teacher I ordered *The Viking Club* from. This little grade school book and *The Pit and the Pendulum* movie with Vincent Price inspired *The Skull Club* and its super-sonic-secret book.

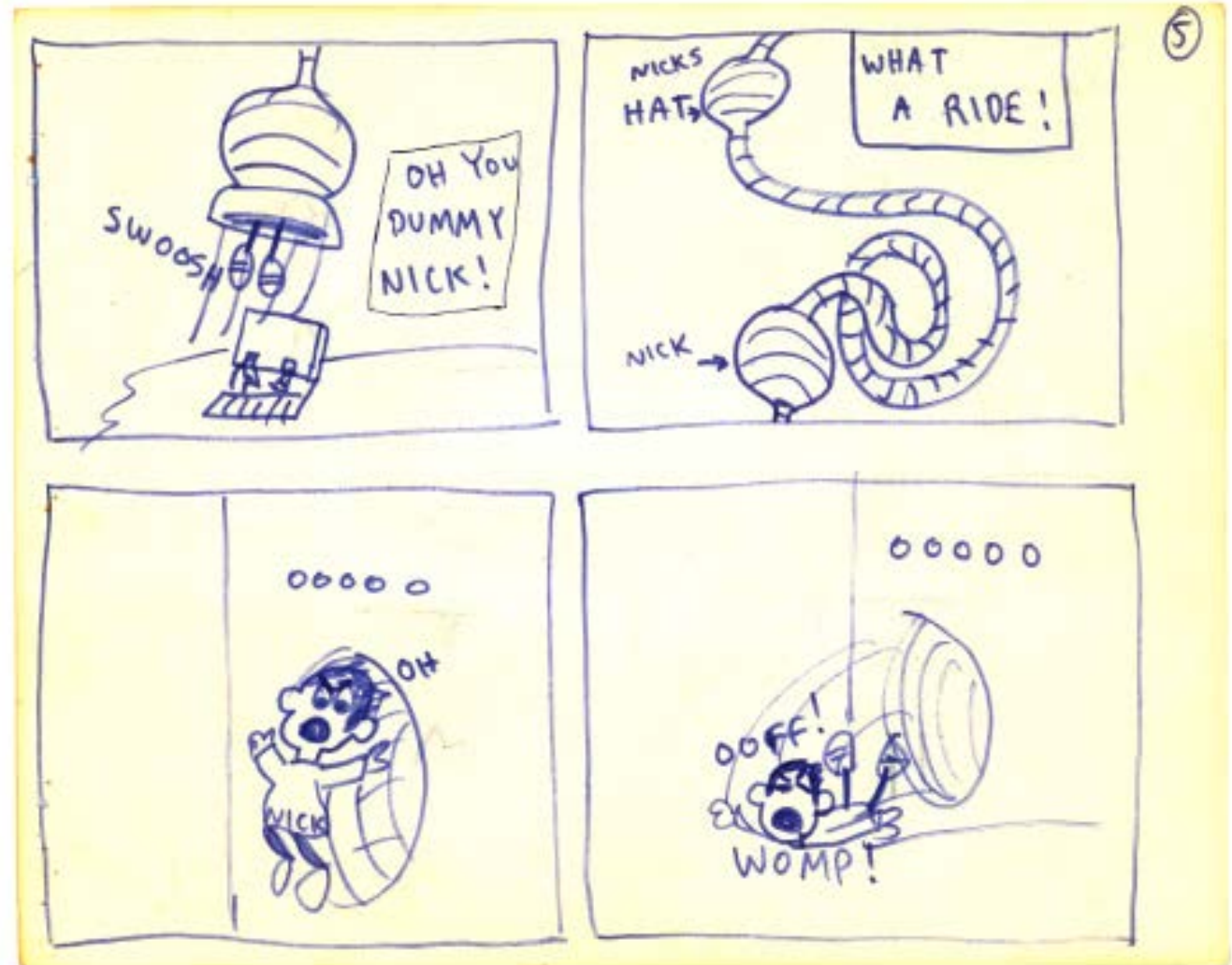
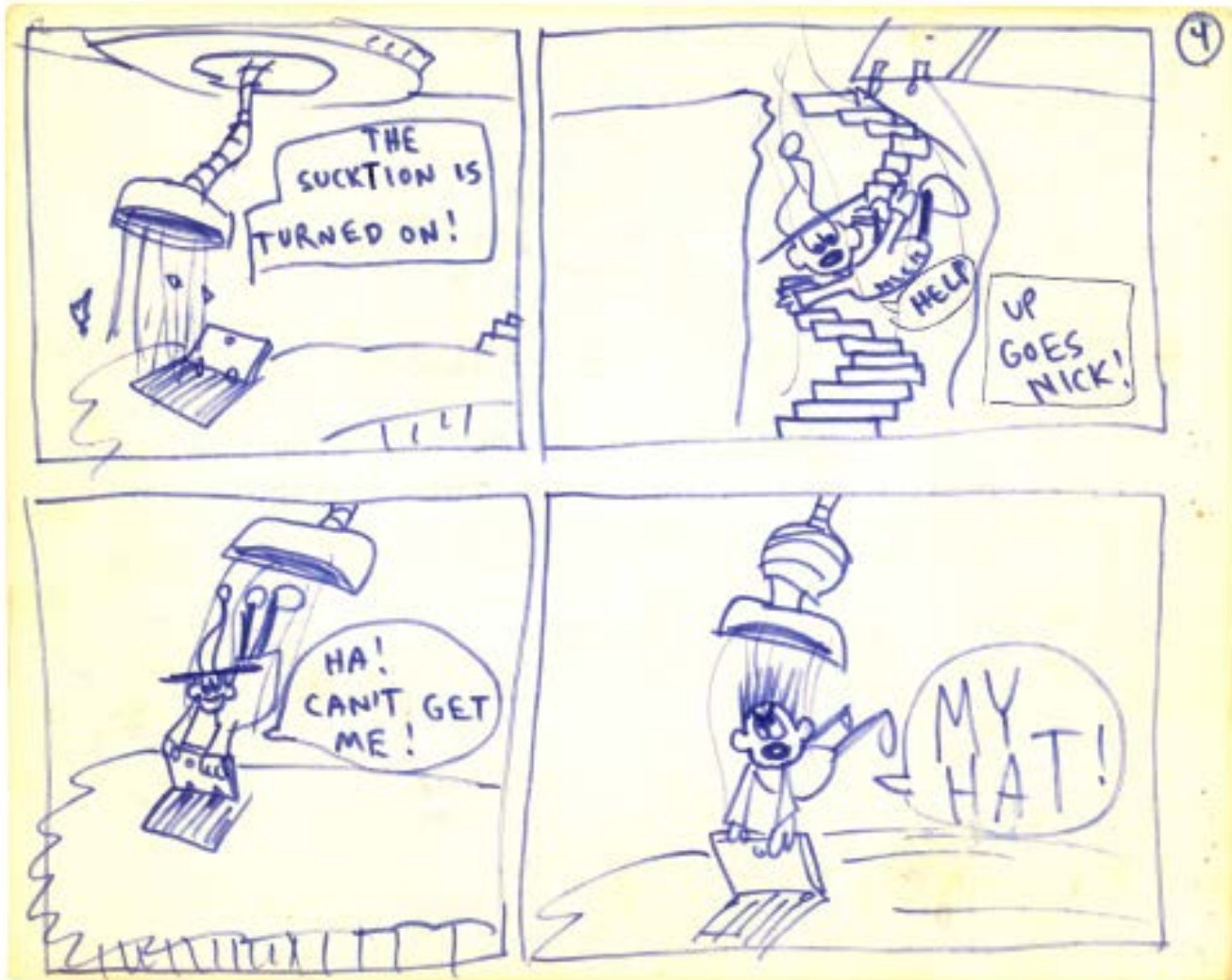
Nick the Cliff Dweller I created from my love of the *Peanuts* and other comics, and movies. The figure in my cartoons shows the most influence of *Peanuts*. Ideas came more from *Hot Stuff* and fantasy television. The cliff seems a reference to trips taken to Starved Rock State Park with the Pale church club. The *End* on the *1969* by the *Reader* and *1969*

I created the character "Nick the Cliff Dweller" around the same time or soon after I started the Skull Club. You will see the influence of Charles M. Schultz and his "Peanuts" on Nick but the content reflects an imaginary world with fantasy and science-fiction themes abundant. With my older brother Buddy, I composed a theme song for the character and his adventures and expanded the imaginary world to include a villain (The Mountain Countain), a robot (Nock), a monarch (King Klang), among many other characters. They all hailed from an island nation "Klangodia." Don Martin influenced the landscapes.









NICK DOESN'T CARE ABOUT ANYTHING BUT HIS HAT

WHERE'S MY HAT



OOOOO

THERE IT IS



OOO

NICK

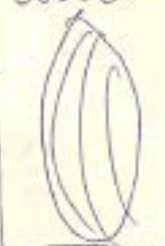


AH, THAT'S BETTER

NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE



OOOOO



BUT.....

THE ENTRANCE IS CLOSED



OOOOO

CLANG

EARTH-LING



YIPPE!

OOOOO

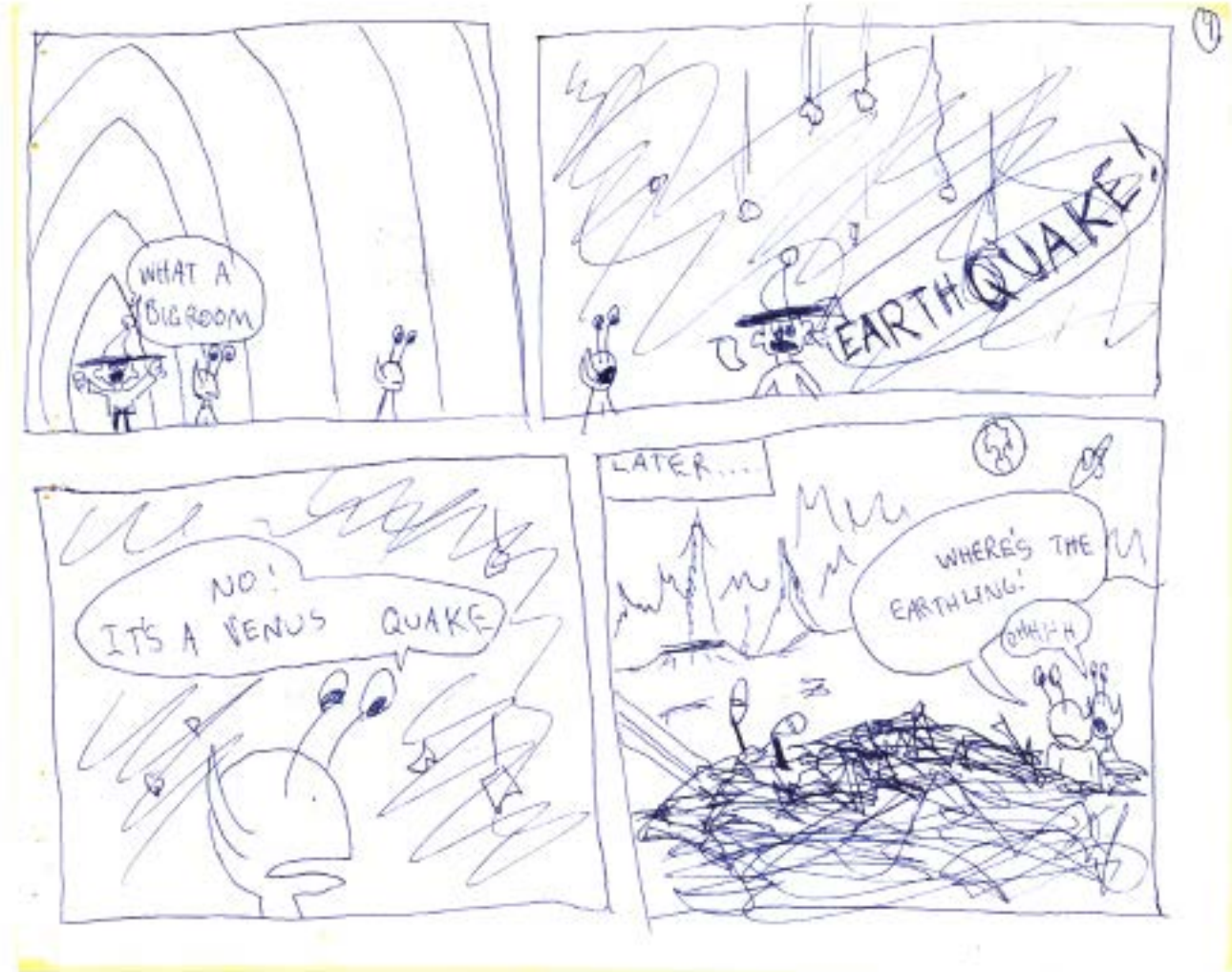
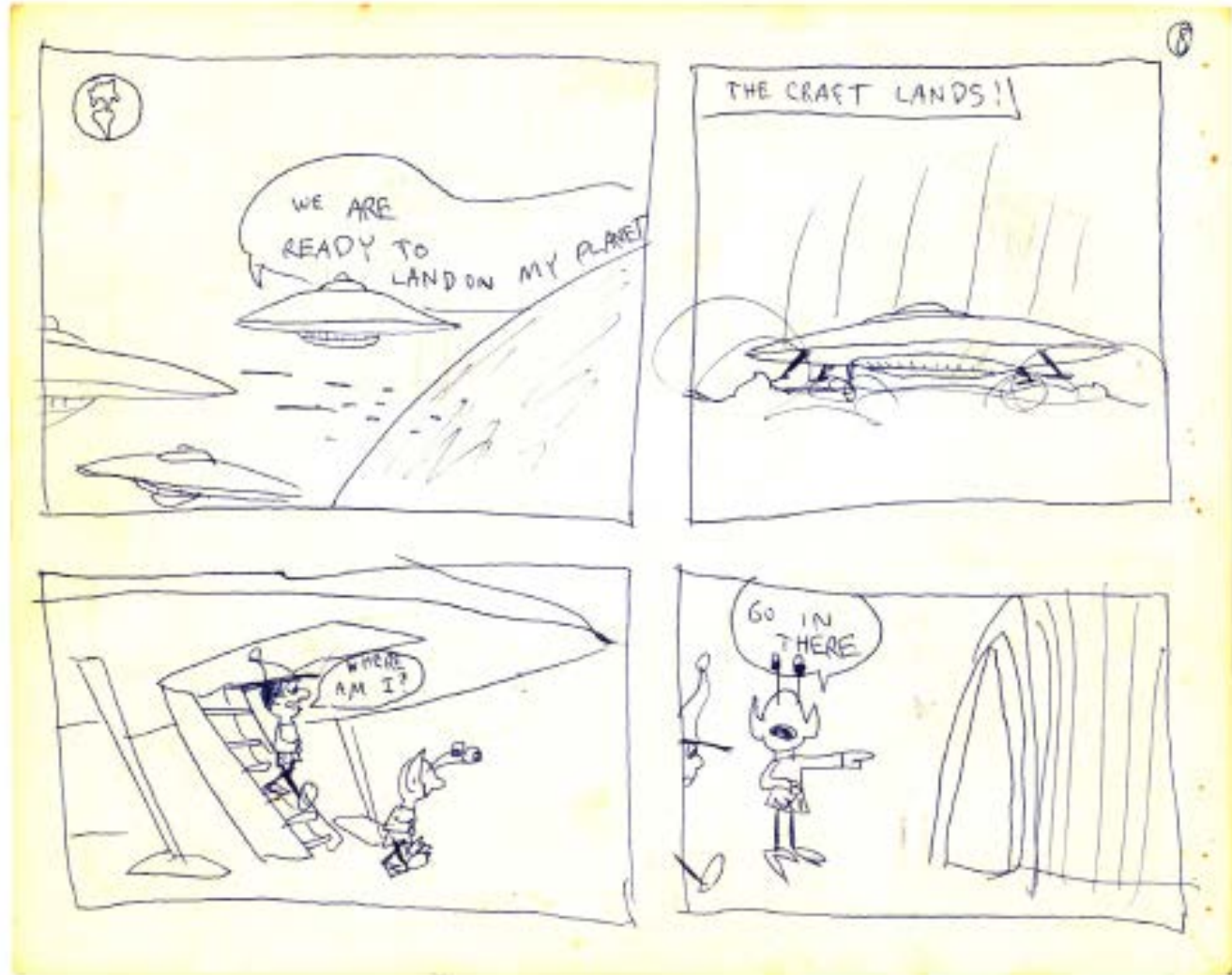


LOOK OUT THIS WINDOW!

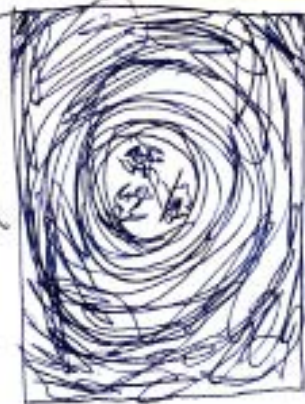
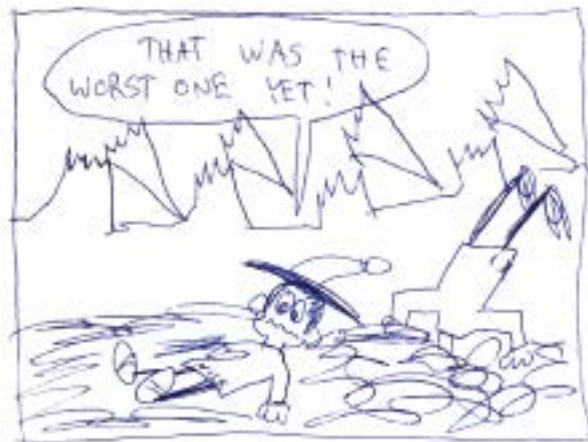


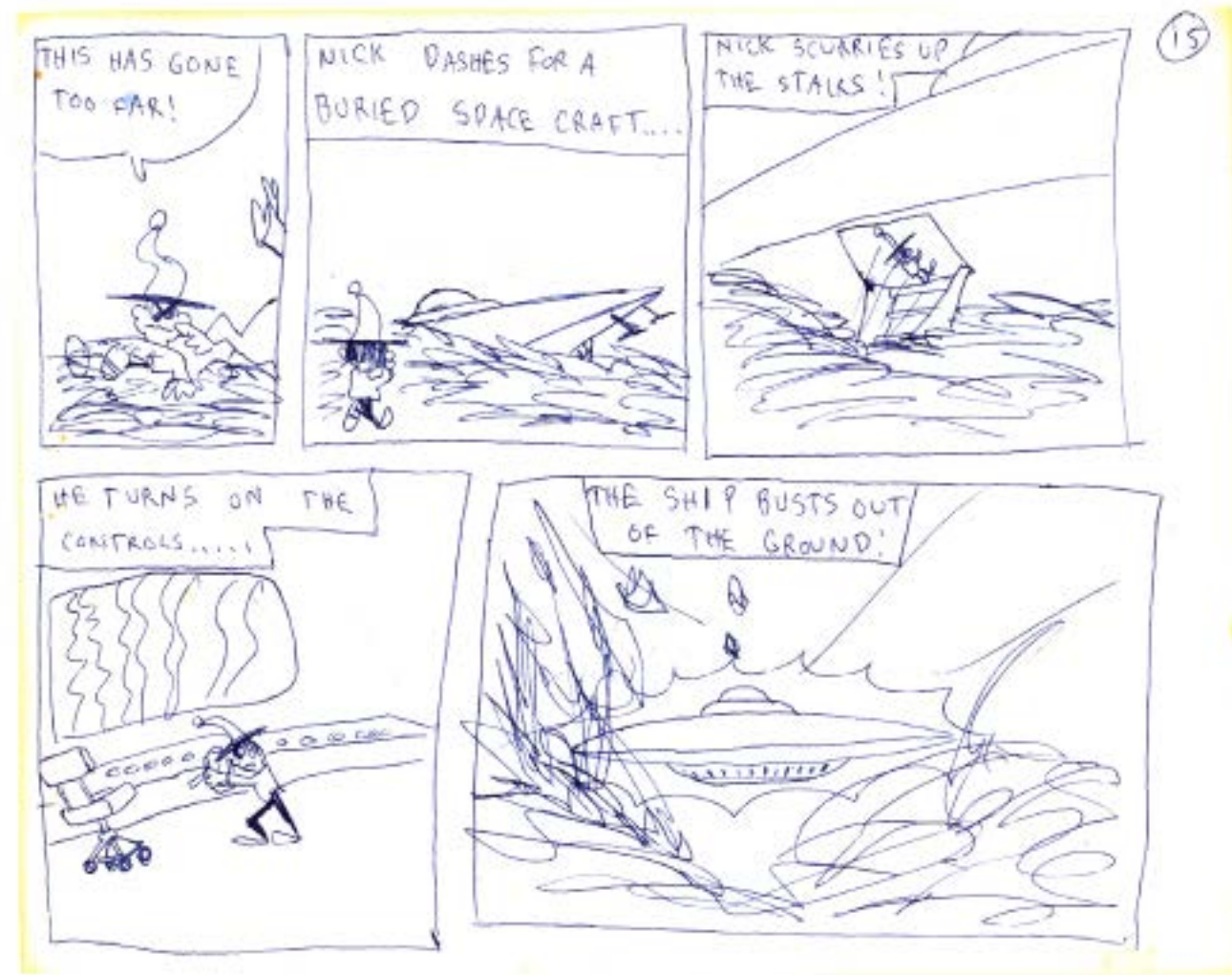
Wow

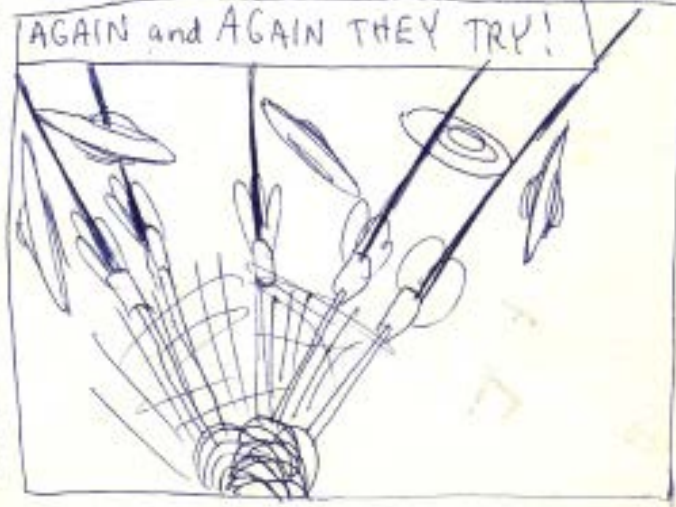












THEN ITS NICKS TURN



AND.....

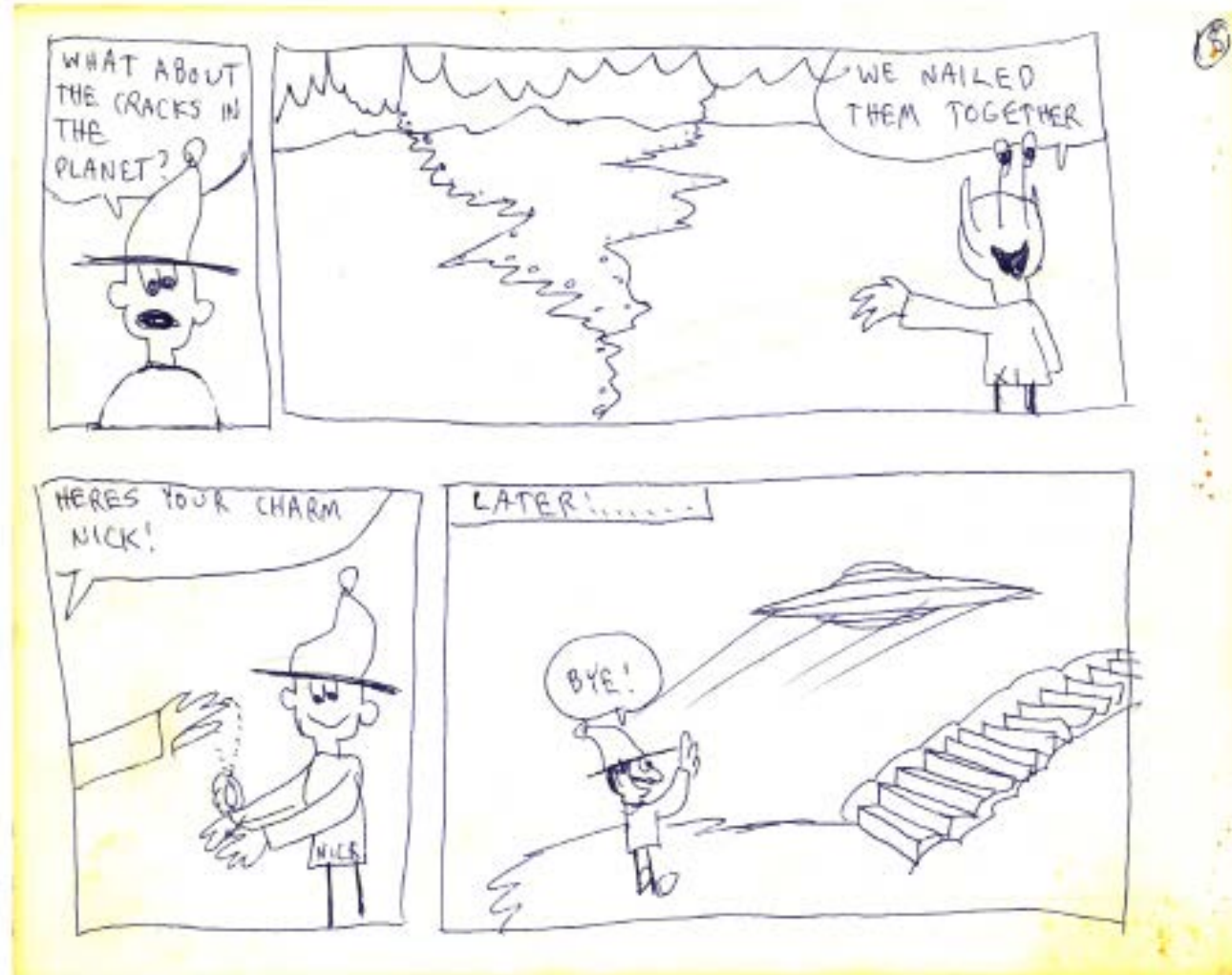


NICK STARTS BACK TO VENUS WHEN....



BACK ON VENUS....





Mike Montague Jan. 9, 1969
Robert Burns ROL

The First Trip to the Moon

The first trip to the moon was very exciting. When I went in the rocket I felt rocky in space. I also floated that I was floating. When I floated they turned on the gravity machine and I fell flat on my face.

Then I looked out the window and we crashed on the moon. We fixed the ship and took off. Then we went back to Earth.



Mike Montague
Robert Burns

Dec. 15, 1969
207-6

My Life's Ambition

When I get bigger and smarter than I am now I am going to be a writer and write a lot of books. I'll write books of Mystery like Edgar Allen Poe. I like stories of Mystery.

I have already started a book called "Pursuit of the Pesanants" but it isn't finished yet.

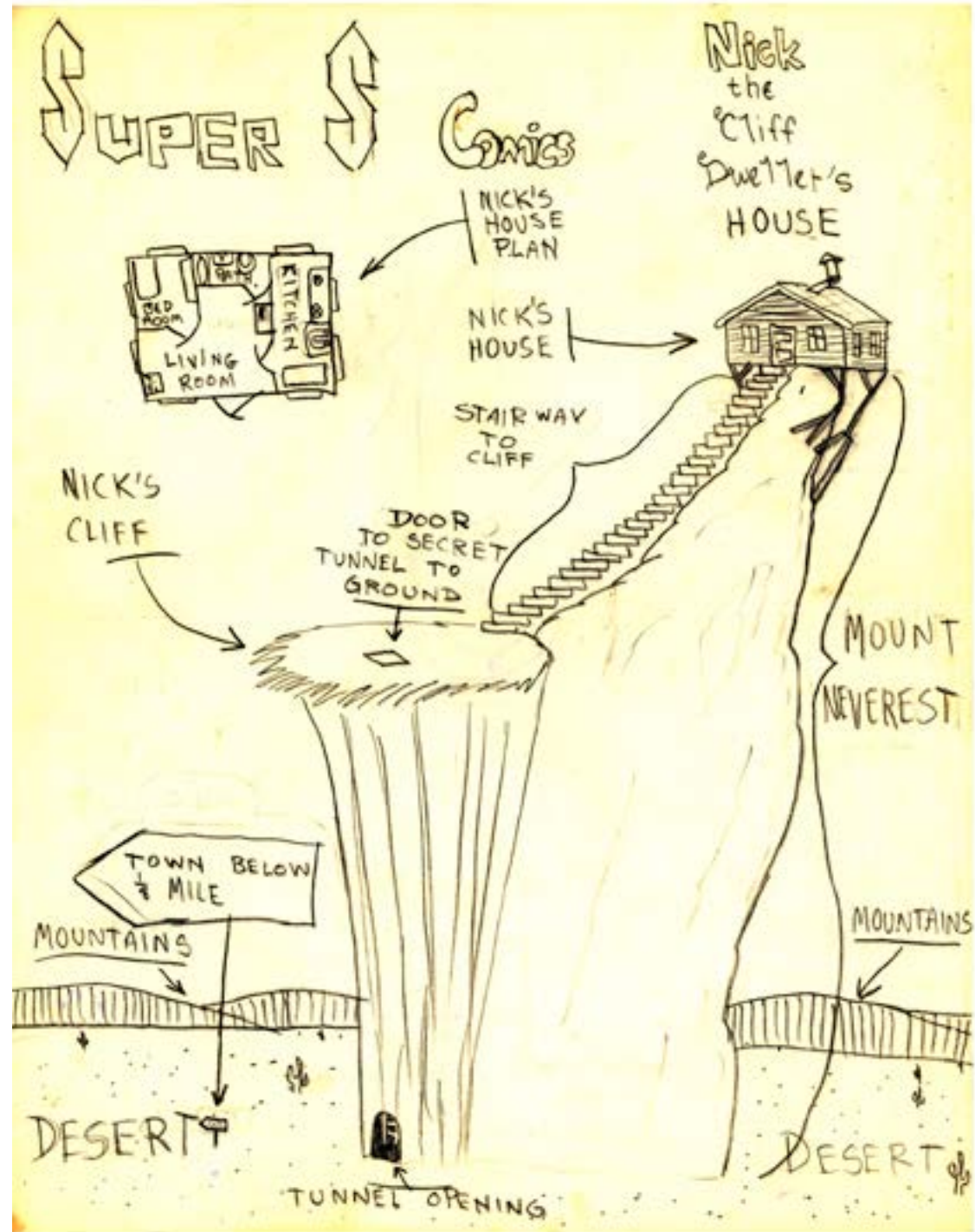
I will make a lot of money being a writer like Poe. I will become famous and become a millionare and own a mansion.

I will know a lot of words and write complicated speech. My books ~~be~~ will be dark and gloomy like Poe's books. My favorite book Poe made is "The Pit and the Pendulum". At home I have great big thick book of Poe stories.

Mrs. Bahay



Mike Montague
AGE 12
Miss Murray
April 1, 1970
Burns School - Gr 6 - 207

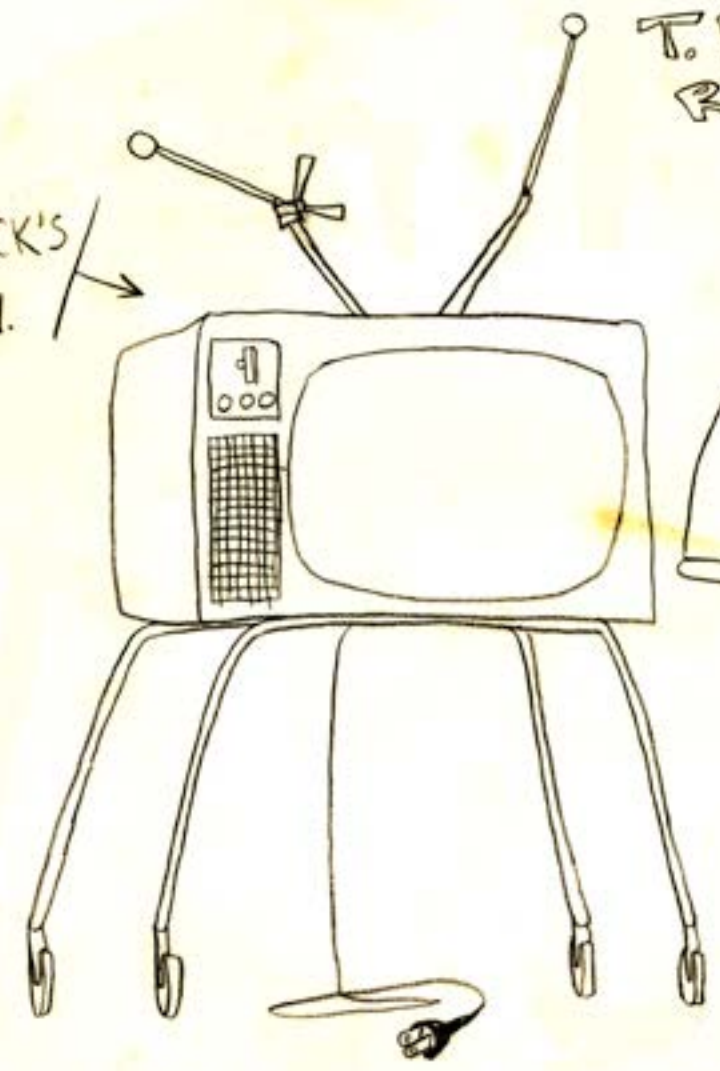


SUPER \$ Comics

Nick
the
Cliff
Dwellers

T.V. and
RADIO

NICK'S
T.V.



NICK'S
RADIO



NICK

SUPER Comics Stars

Ribbet the Frog

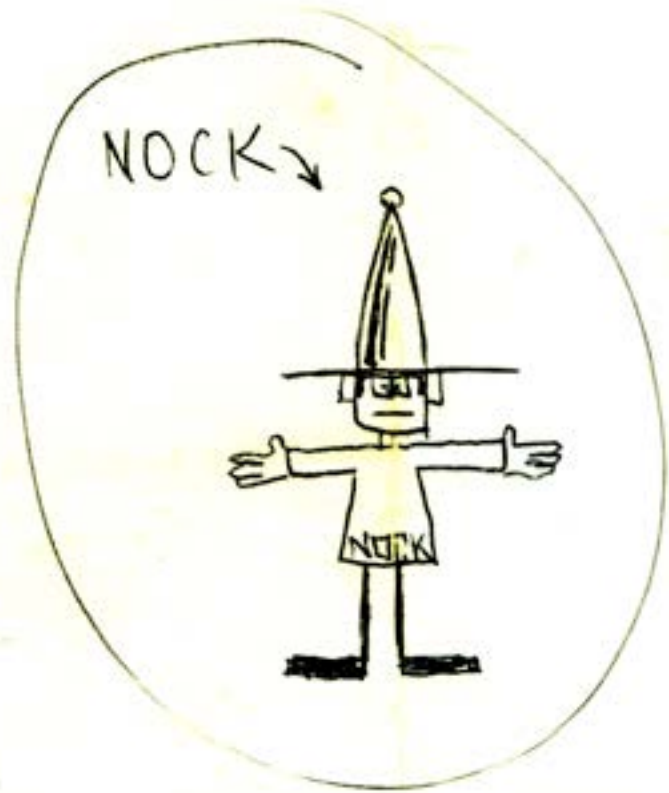


NOTES



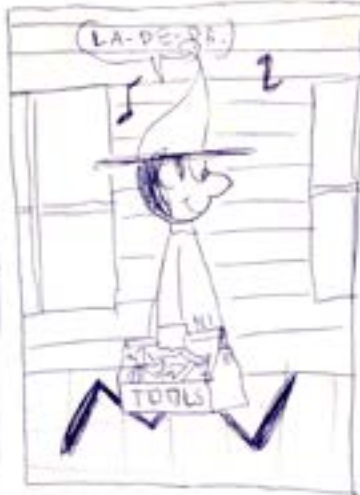
NOCK - A ROBOT THAT NICK THE CLIFF DWELLER BUILT.

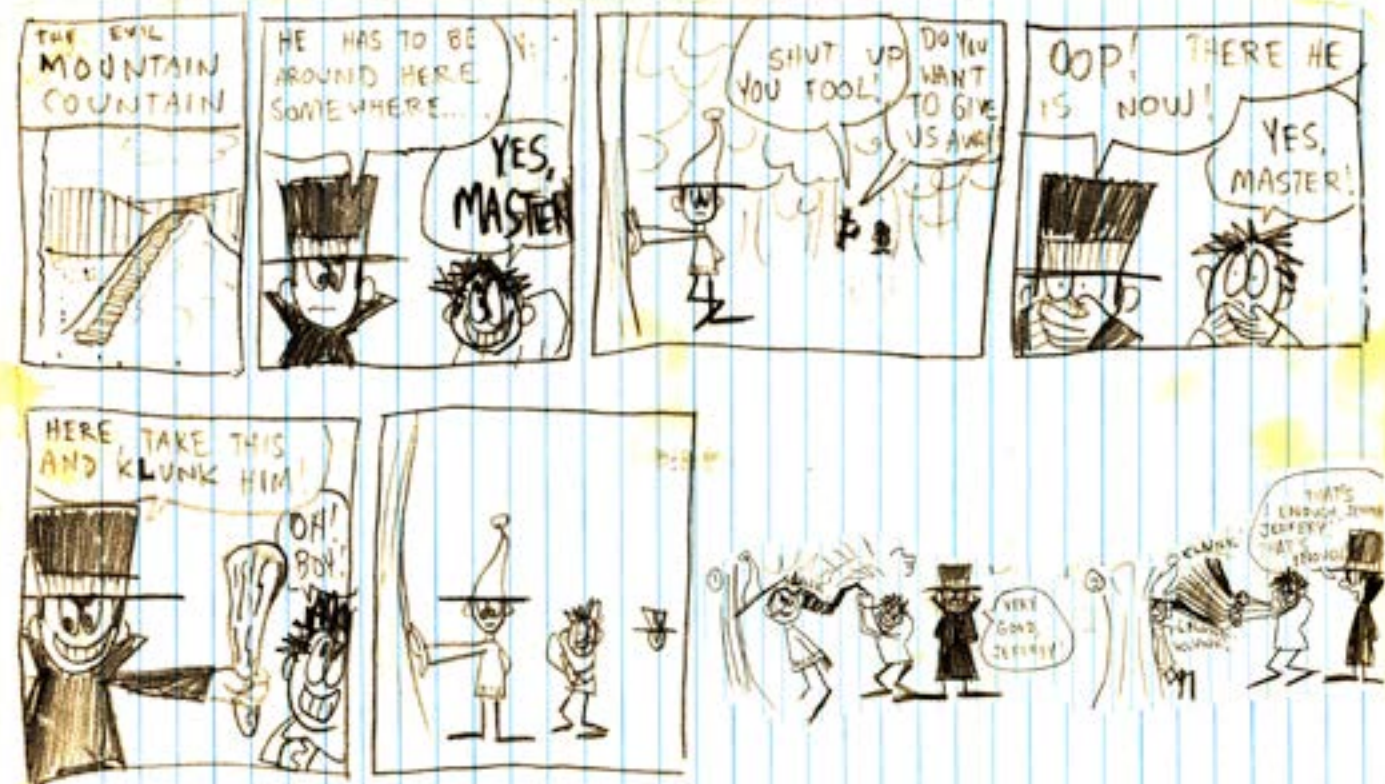
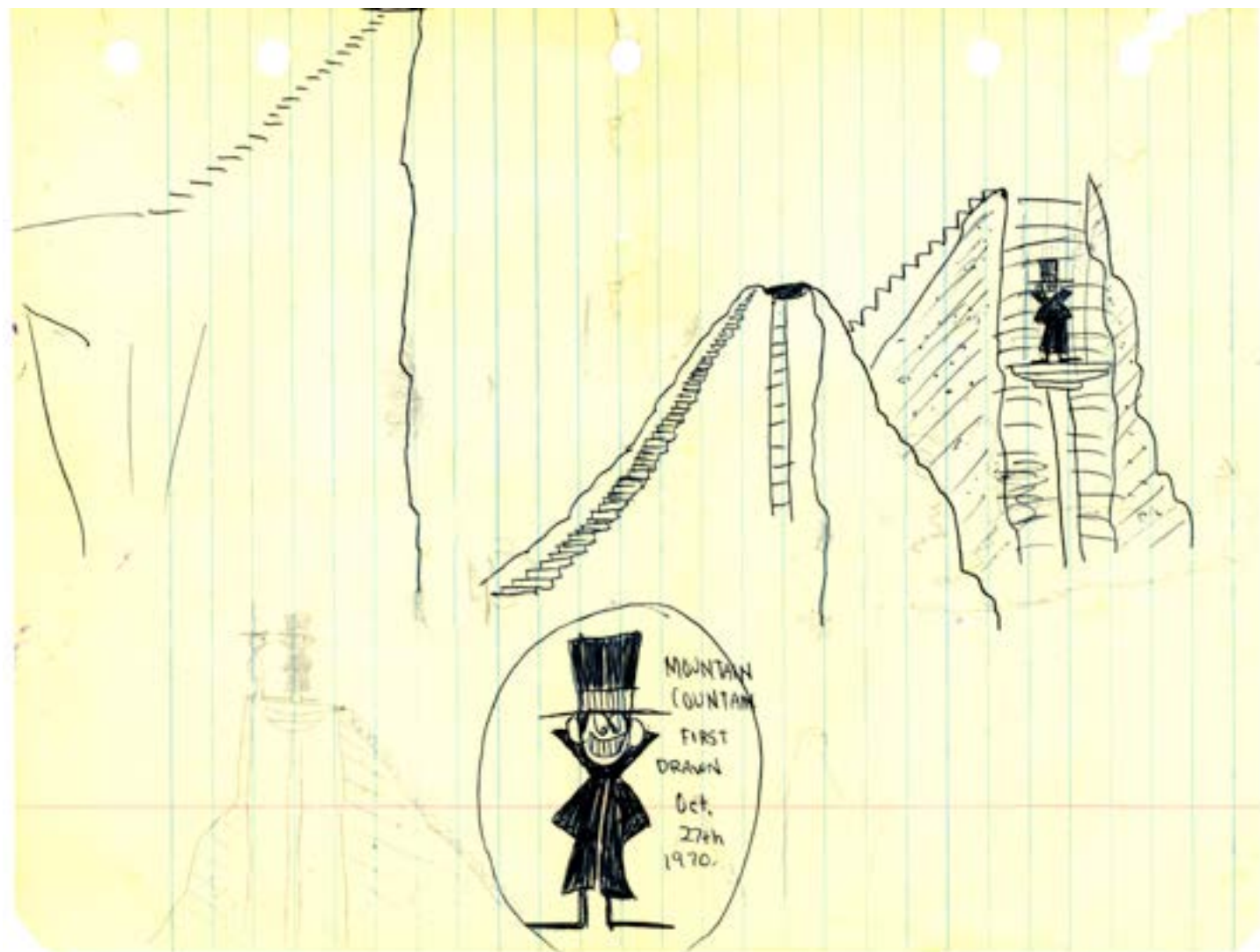
NOCK - BORN OCT. 25, 1970

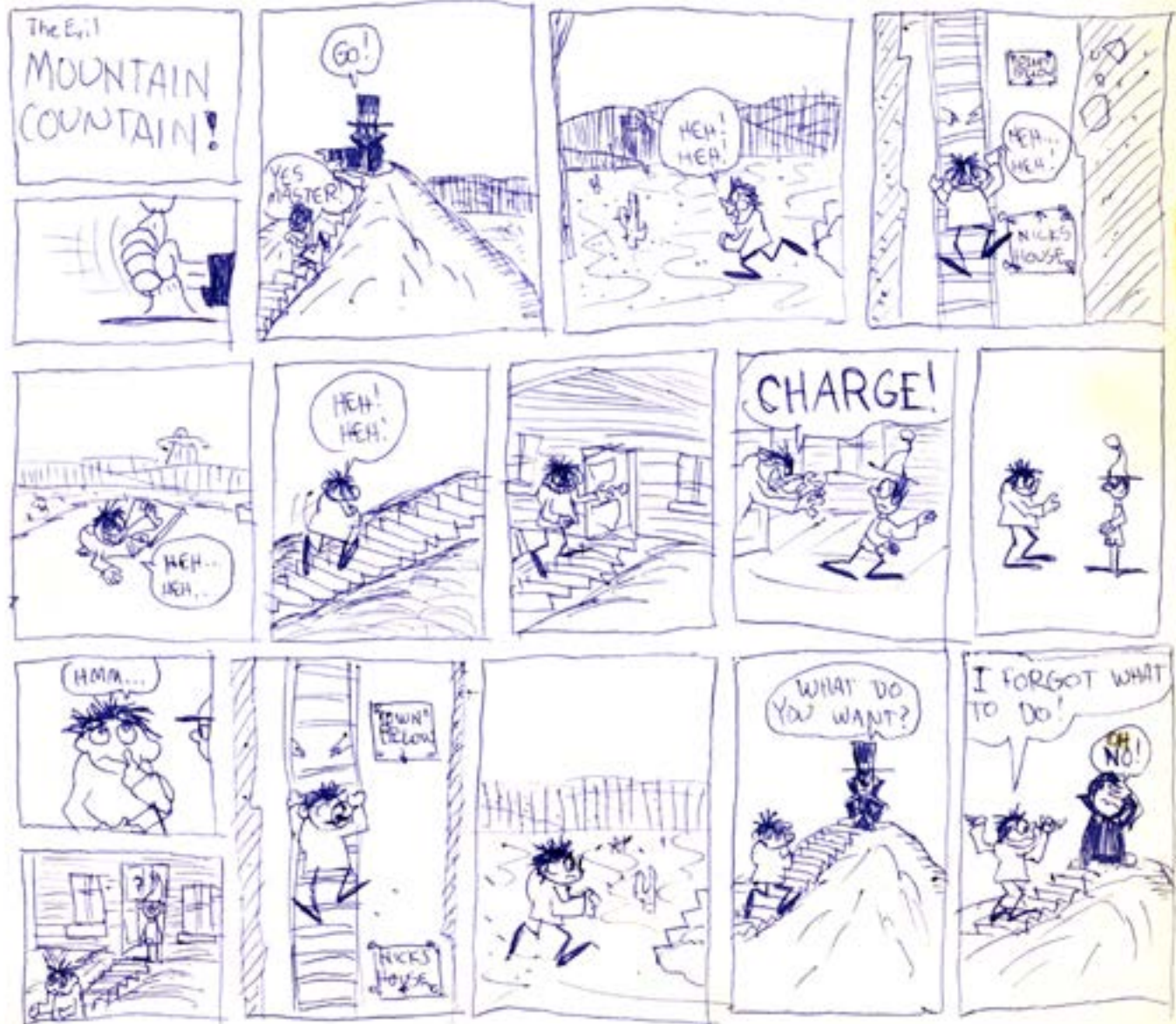


A couple of notes for pre-Berwyn:
1) I drew chalk lines in the school playground to control bike traffic.
2) I noticed female butts from behind when they walked -not sexually, I liked the way the lines in their legs would swing and wiggle as they walked.

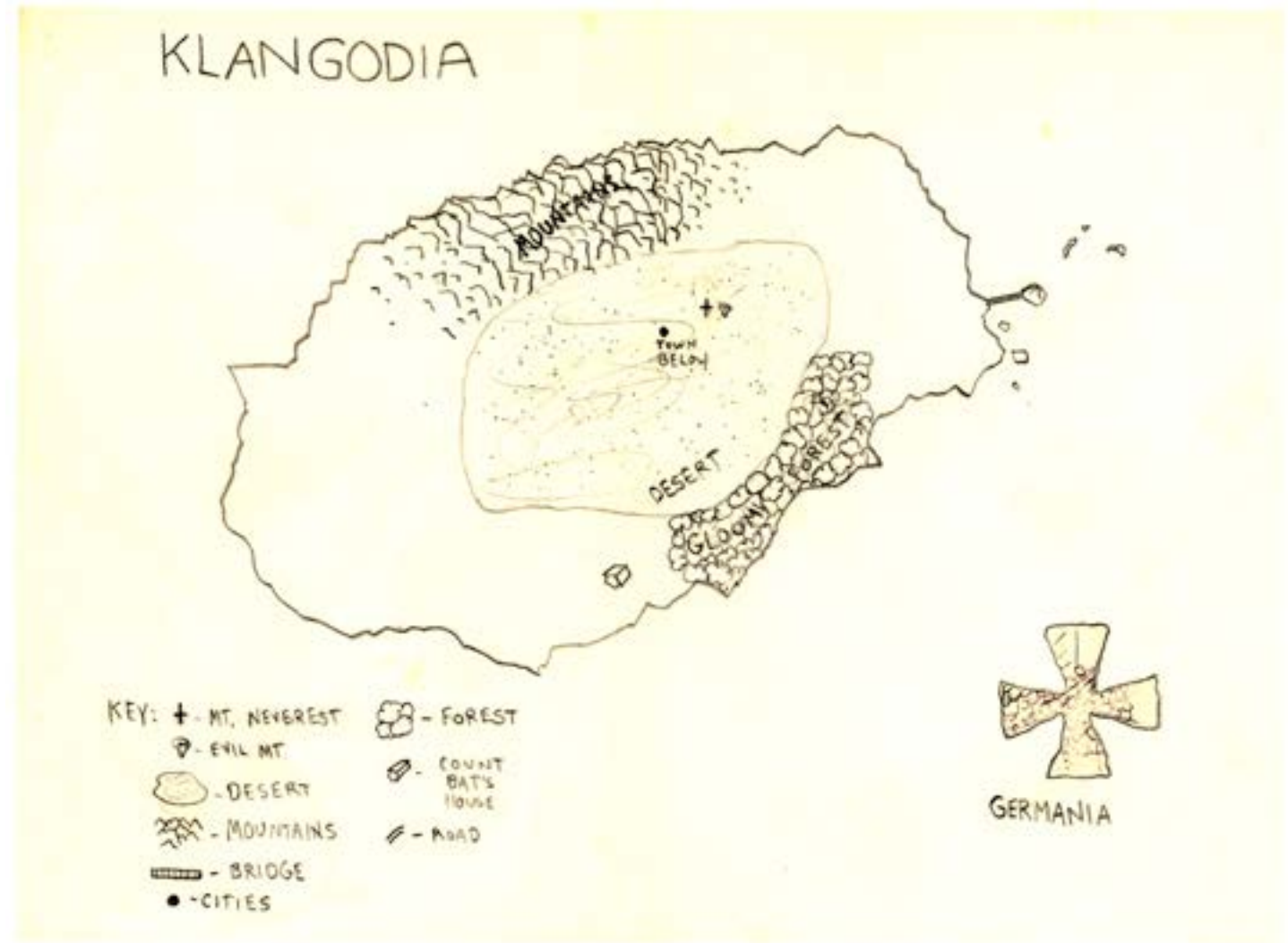
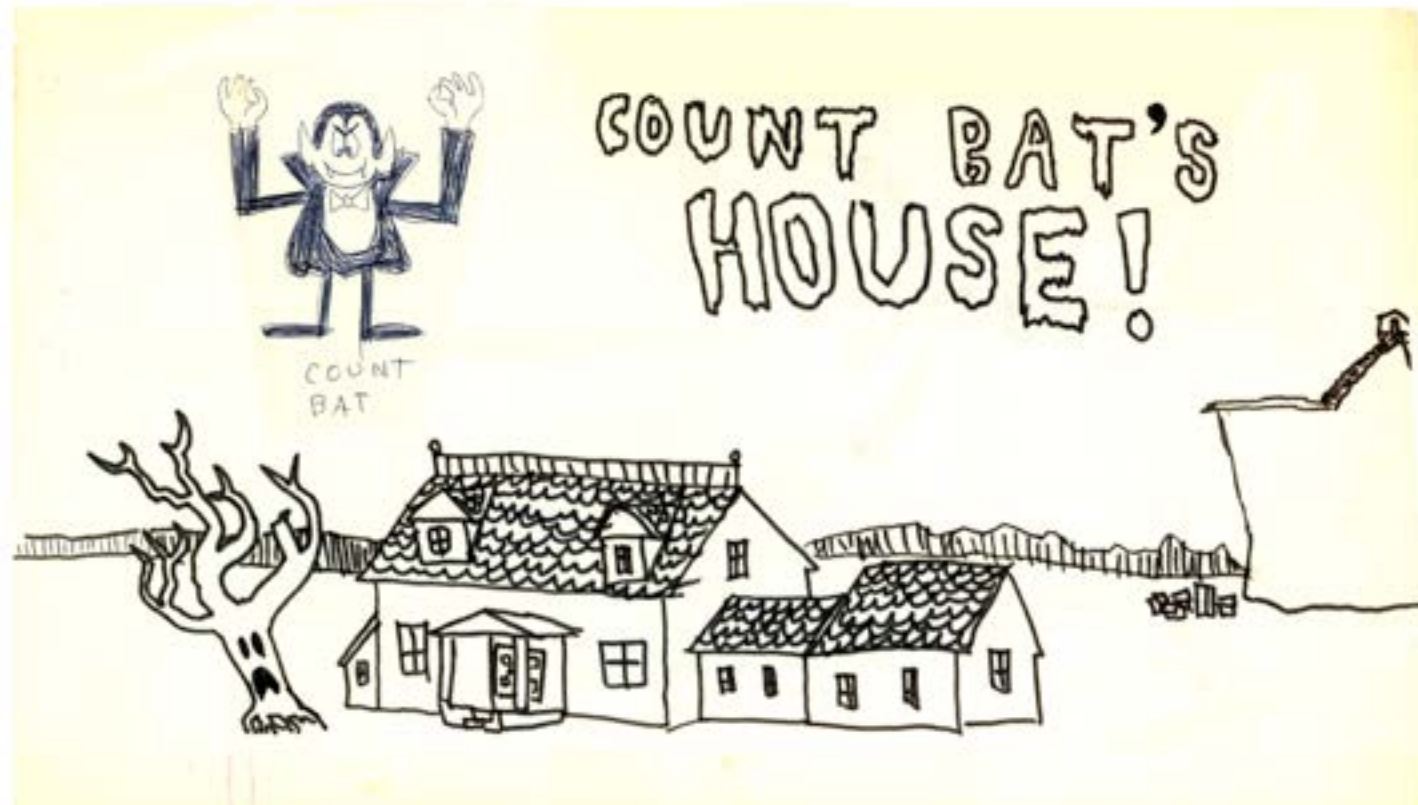
Nick
the
Cliff
Dweller

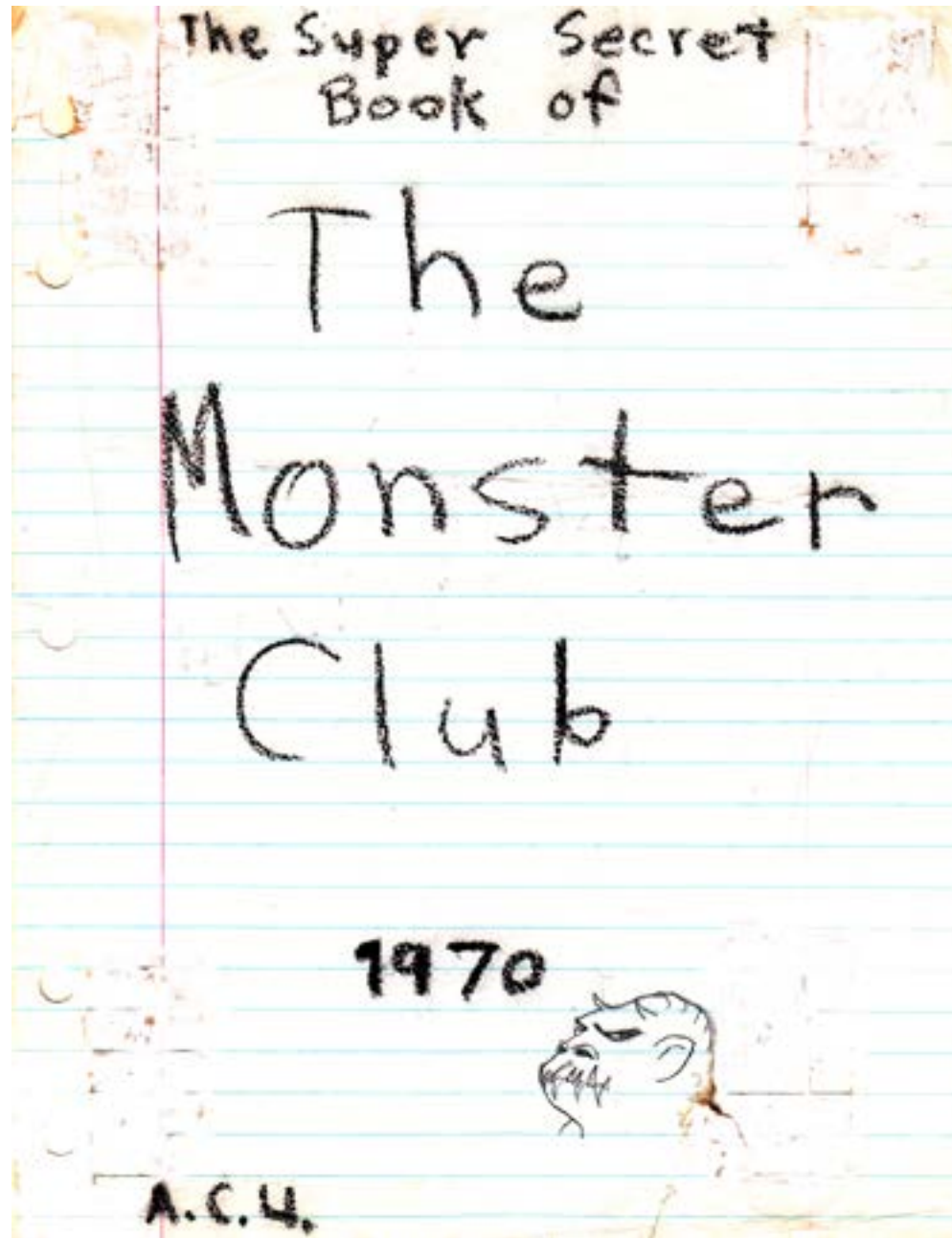




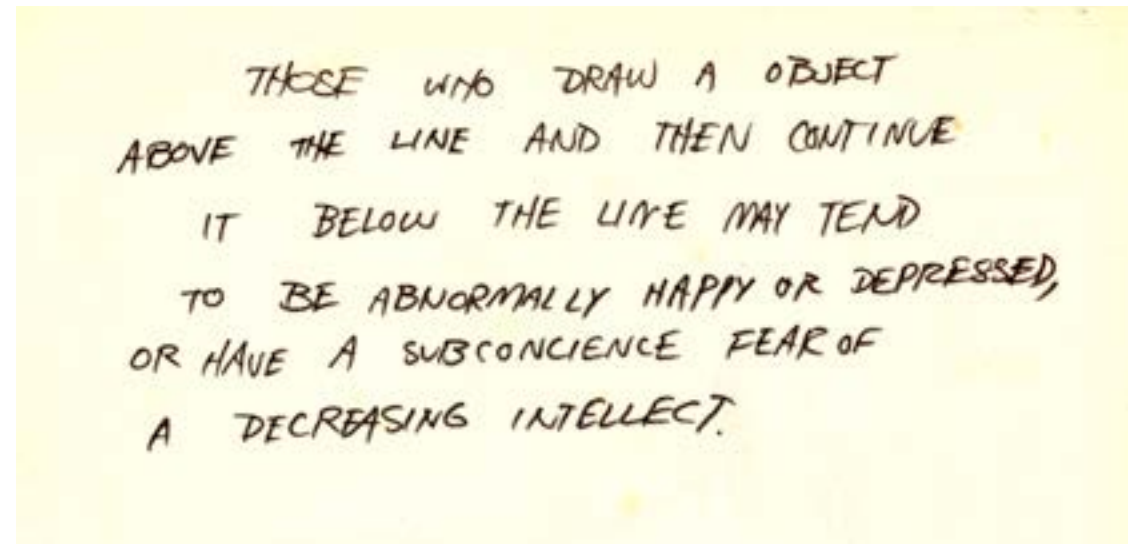


This rogues gallery represents the contribution of Tan Turtle Bones, a collaborator in the early "Nick the Cliff Dweller" world. In future, Tan Turtle Bones would also join Green Skull's musical endeavors.





The Monster Club represented another of my social organizations based on the Skull Club formula. It didn't really get past the drawing board. No one joined and hardly anything remains.



HEY! WANT SOME FUN?



ORDER A SUPER S GAME NOW!

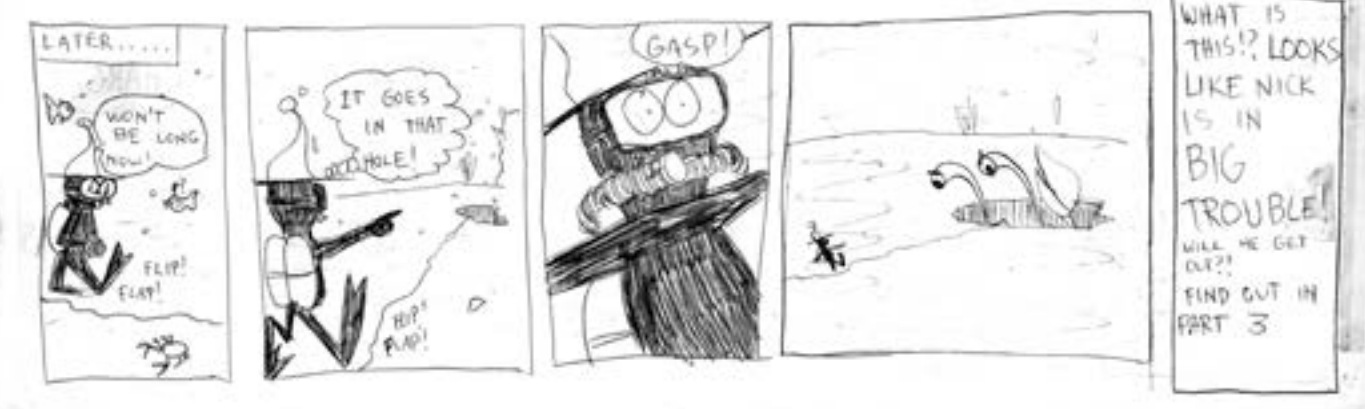
FILL THIS OUT AND MAIL

SUPER S GAME COMPANY

SUPER S
 2541 SO. CENTRAL PK.
 CHICAGO, ILL.
 60623

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____
 ZIP _____







With my cartoon characters “Mr. Cookie” and “Superbad” I explored super-hero and car enthusiast themes influenced by the animated series “Speed Racer.” Mr. Cook, a substitute teacher that I encountered in school, inspired the main character. Mr. Cook’s hair didn’t look real to me. This is how Mr. Cookie ended up with a wig from which he acquired his Samson-like strength.

THE ADVENTURES OF

MR. COOKIE

{AND}



S

THE FIRST ADVENTURE OF

SUPERBAD



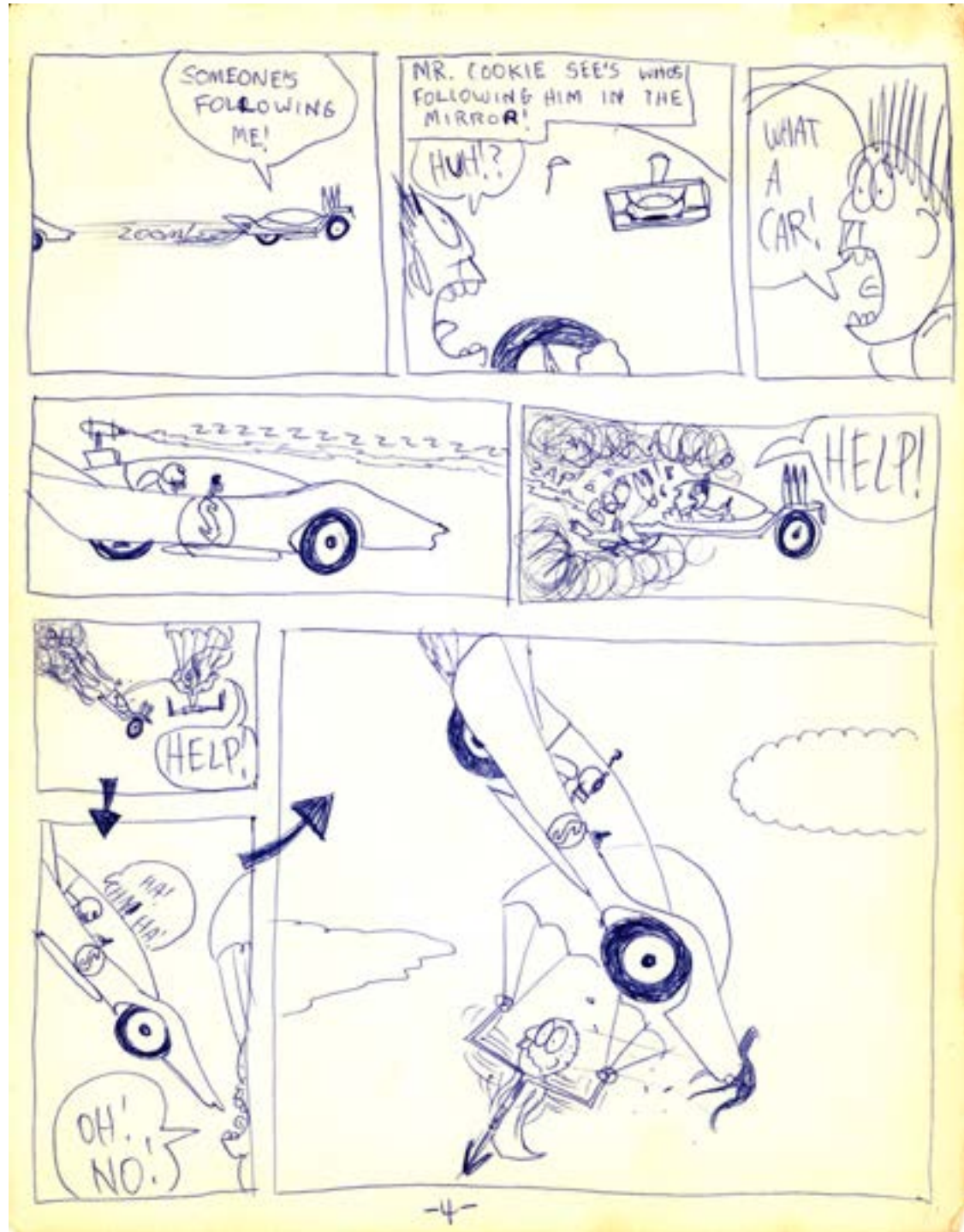
Made 1970

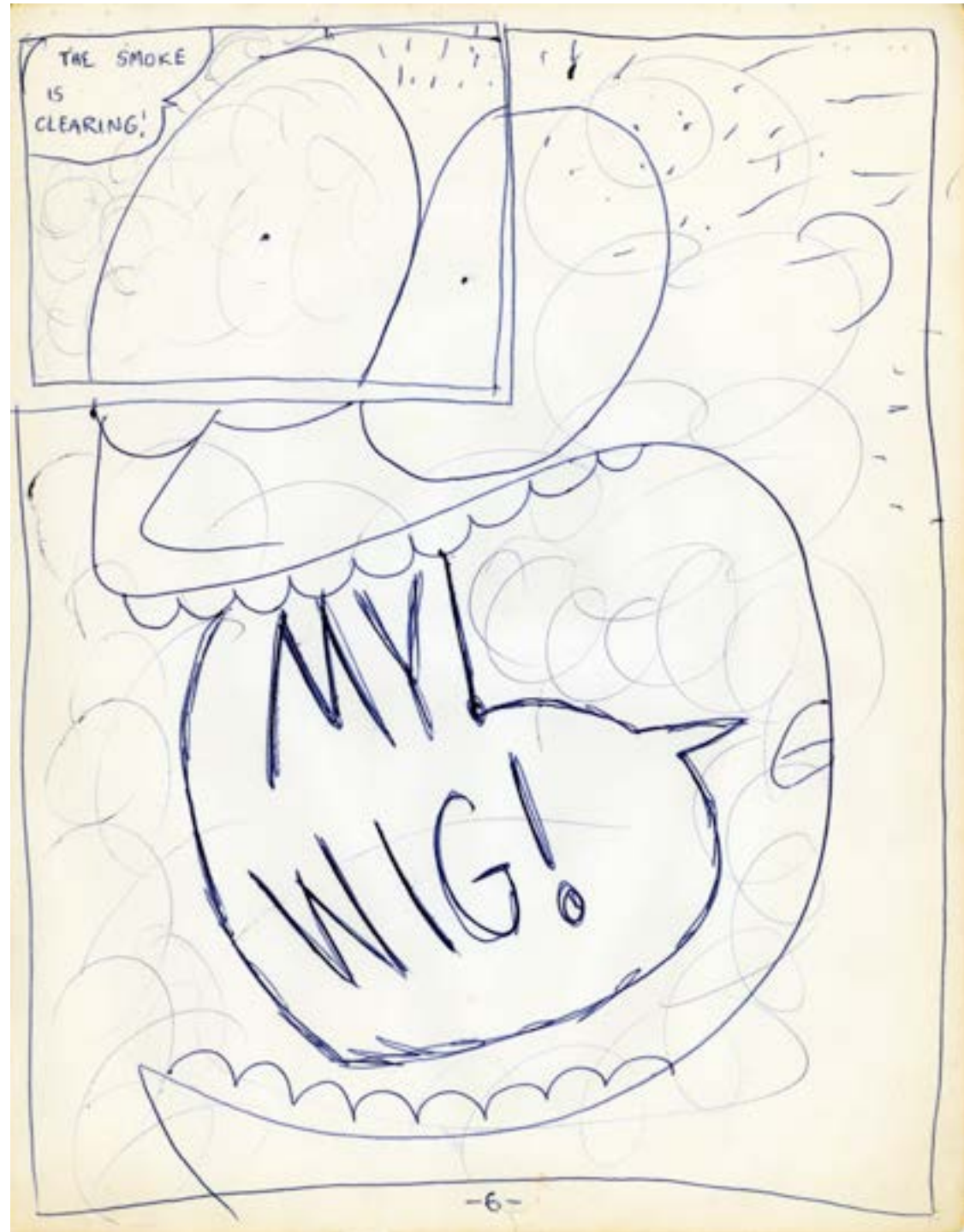
THE ADVENTURES OF MR. COOKIE

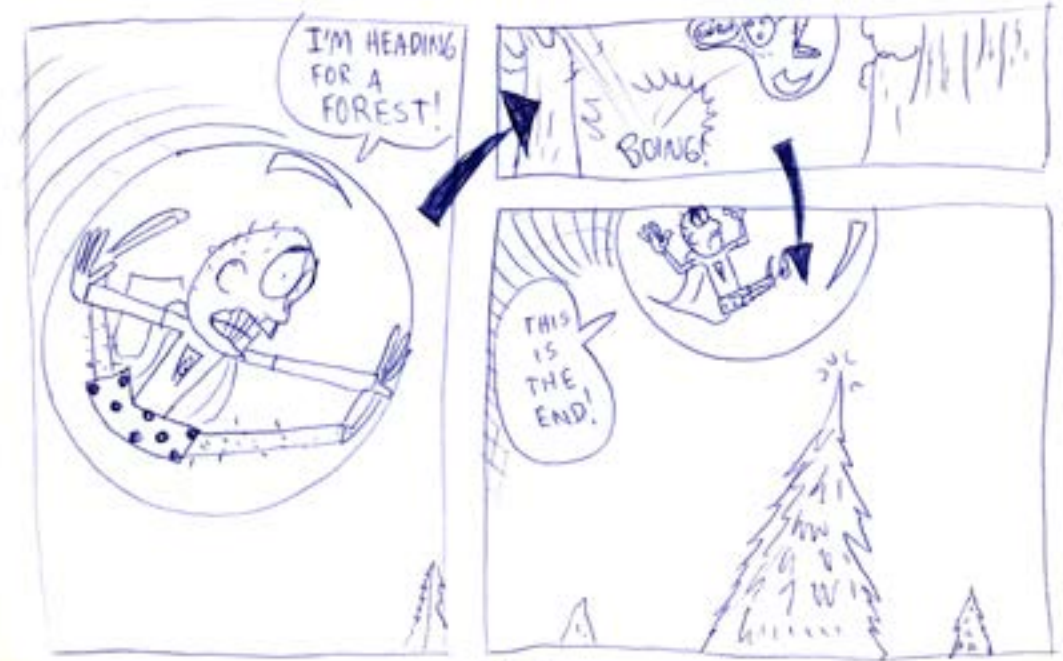


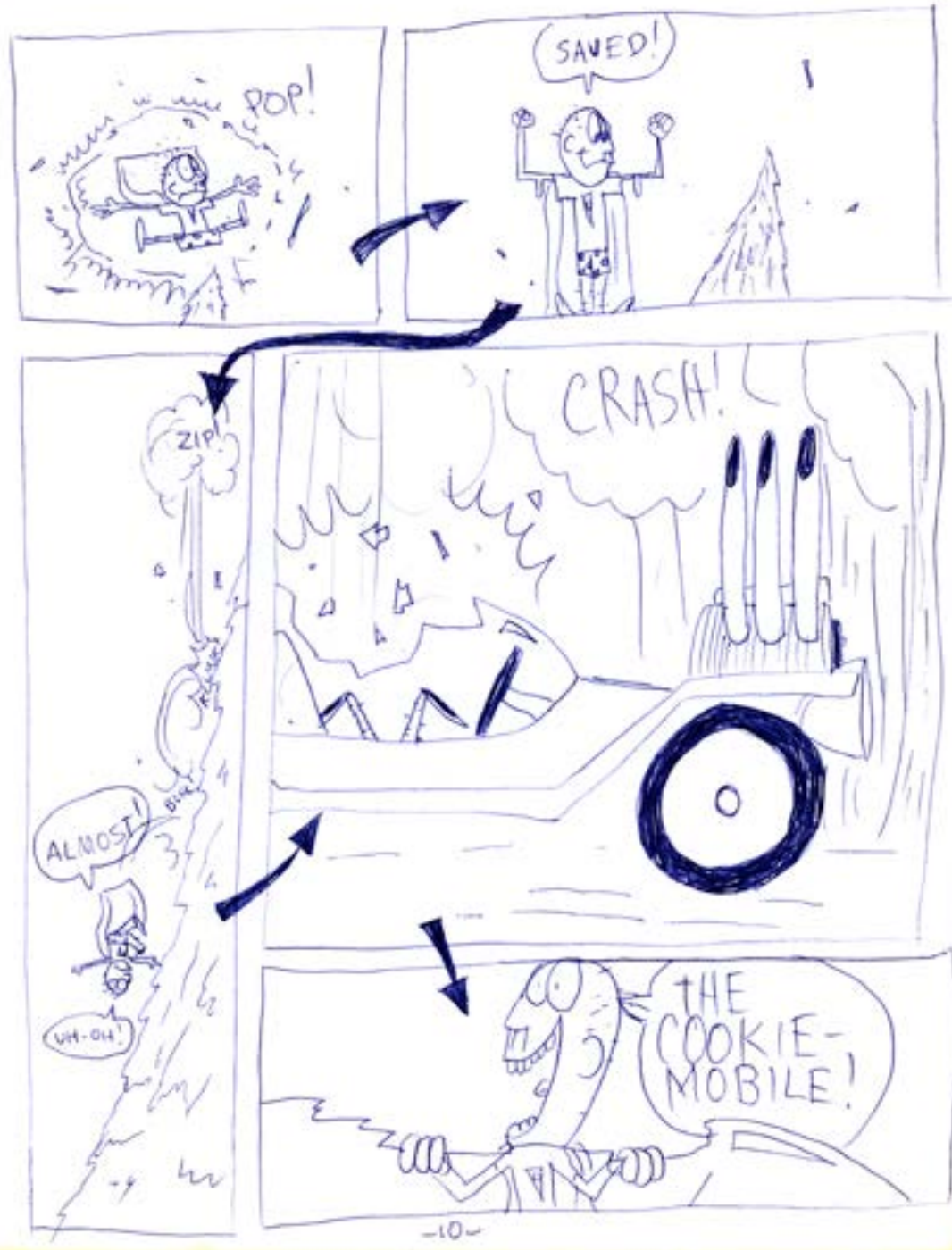
THIS ADVENTURE INTRODUCES THE NEW CARTOON, SUPERBAD.













AS YOU CAN SEE OUR HERO IS CALCULATING!

I'VE GOT IT!

0000

22222

HERE COMES MY WIG, RIGHT ON TIME!

SEE BOYS 'N' GIRLS THE GOOD GUY ALWAYS WINS!

I'LL GET YOU, COOKIE!

THE END

I HAVE READ THIS STORY, HERE'S MY NAME...

1. Mike Pines
2. Jerry Podluzny
3. Greg Miller
4. Mike
5. Antone Stafford
6. Pat Babcock
7. Duke Pagnino
8. Frank Binkow
9. Al West Valley
10. Antonio A. Stone
11. David Cook
12. Super Pad
13. V.J. Morgan
14. David Lopez

-14-




DEAR ~~THE~~ FOLKPOST CARD
 I CANT WRITE
 VERY WELL BECAUSE
 I AM ON MY WAY
 TO EAT. I JUST
 RETURNED FROM
 A 3 MILE HIKE. I'LL
 WRITE A LITTLE MORE
 IN THE NEXT LETTER.
 YOURS TRULY

1970
 6c
 NATIONAL BISON

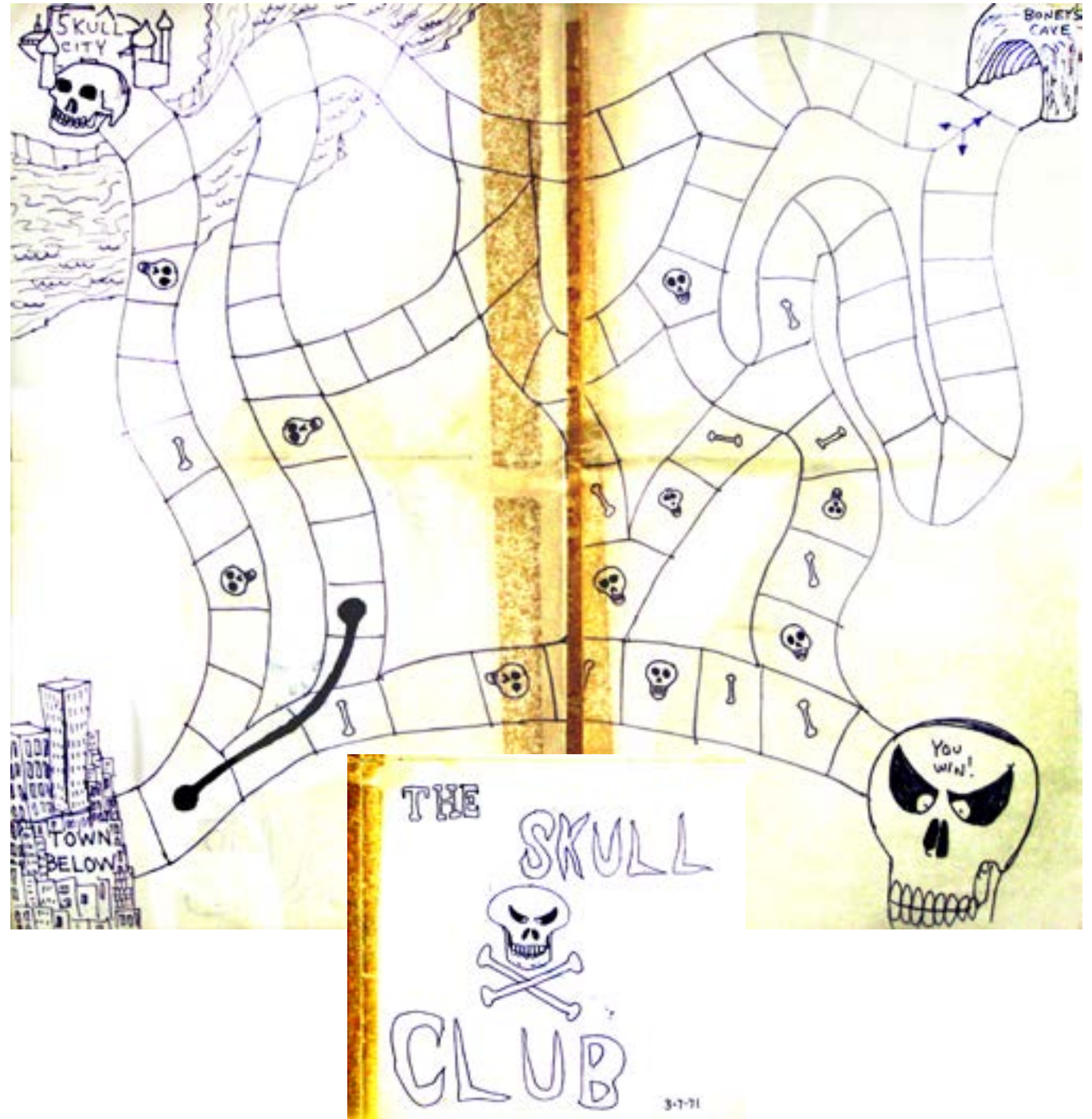
2541 S. CENTRAL PK.
 CHICAGO, ILL.
 60623

FACT 101210



DEAR FOLKS,
 HOW ARE YOU? I AM FINE!
 UPON ARRIVAL I SET TO WORK
 EXPECTING THE CAMP MIKE WAS
 MY GUIDE BOOK IN HUMAN
 FORM. I HAVE TO ADMIT IT HAS
 LIVED UP TO MY EXPECTATIONS.
 IT IS JUST AS STUPID AS I
 THOUGHT IT WOULD BE. MAYBE
 IT IS BECAUSE OF OUR DUMB
 LOUD-MOUTH-MEANIE-LEADER
 GARY. WE'VE GOT ANOTHER
 ONE. EVERYONE IS UP ON MY
 BUNK NOW SUFFOCATING ME.
 I'VE GOT TO STOP. IT'S
 CAVING IN! BECAUSE I'M
 ON A TOP PUNK! HELP
 YOURS TRULY, HONESTLY
 MIKE 

P.S. WE ARE ALL TOGETHER!



Replace with non-skull game?

SERPICO, STAMOS & HETT

ATTORNEYS AT LAW
54 WEST RANDOLPH STREET
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60601

WILLIAM D. SERPICO
JAMES A. STAMOS
THOMAS A. HETT

AREA CODE 312
641-2640

April 12, 1971

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Bohacz
1853 Berwyn Avenue
Home, Illinois 60024

RE: ADOPTION OF MICHAEL A. MONTAGUE

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Bohacz:

I trust that the matter involving the adoption of your son, Michael, has been handled to your entire satisfaction and that my associate, Mr. Goulet, has been helpful to you in this matter.

May I say that it has been a pleasure to have been of service to you once again and if for any reason our services are again necessary, please feel free to call me at your convenience.

If you have any questions regarding this matter, you may call me at your convenience. In the meantime, I suggest that each of you, if you have not already, contemplate the execution of a will as you suggested in our previous conversations.

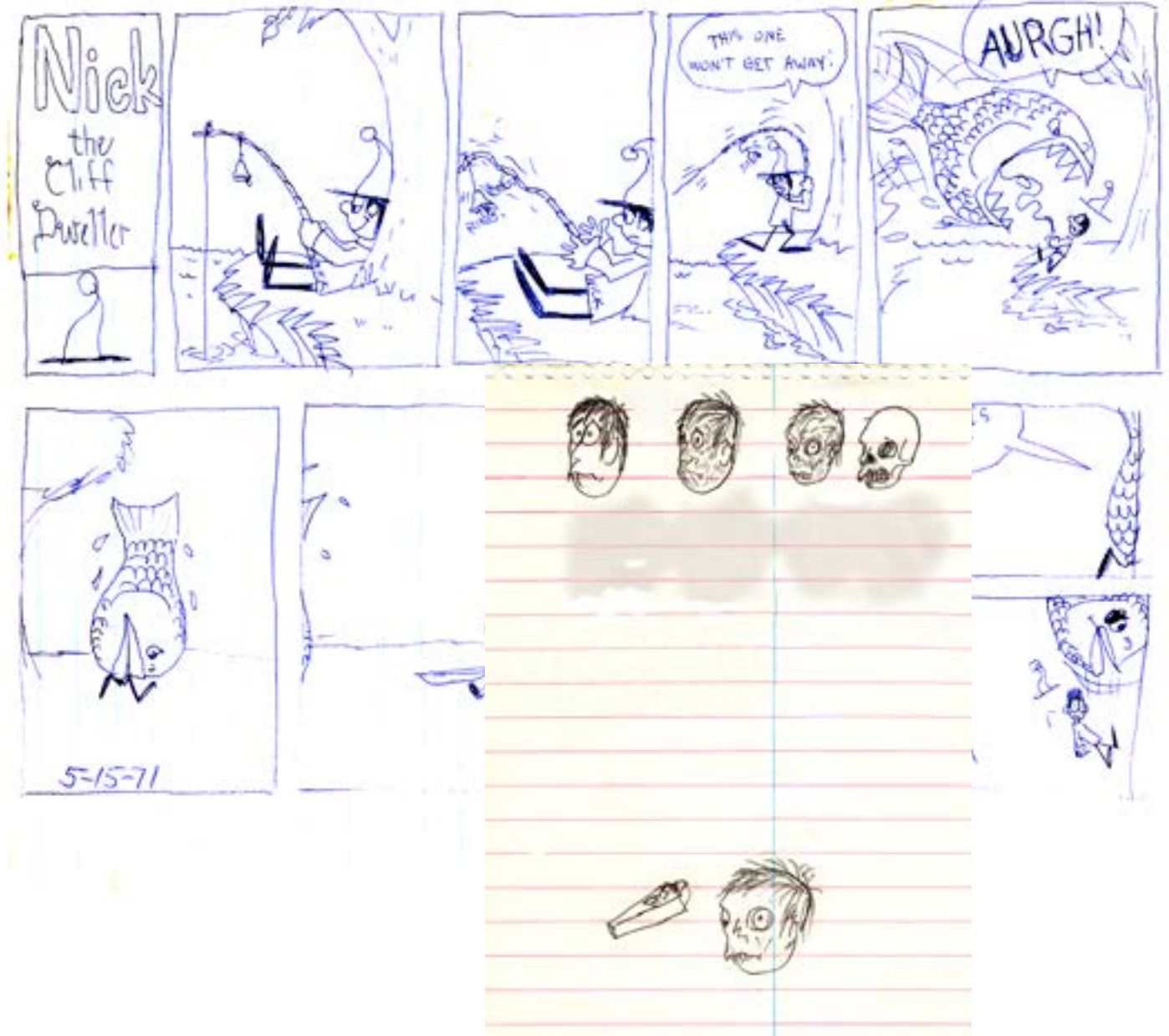
With kind regards, I remain

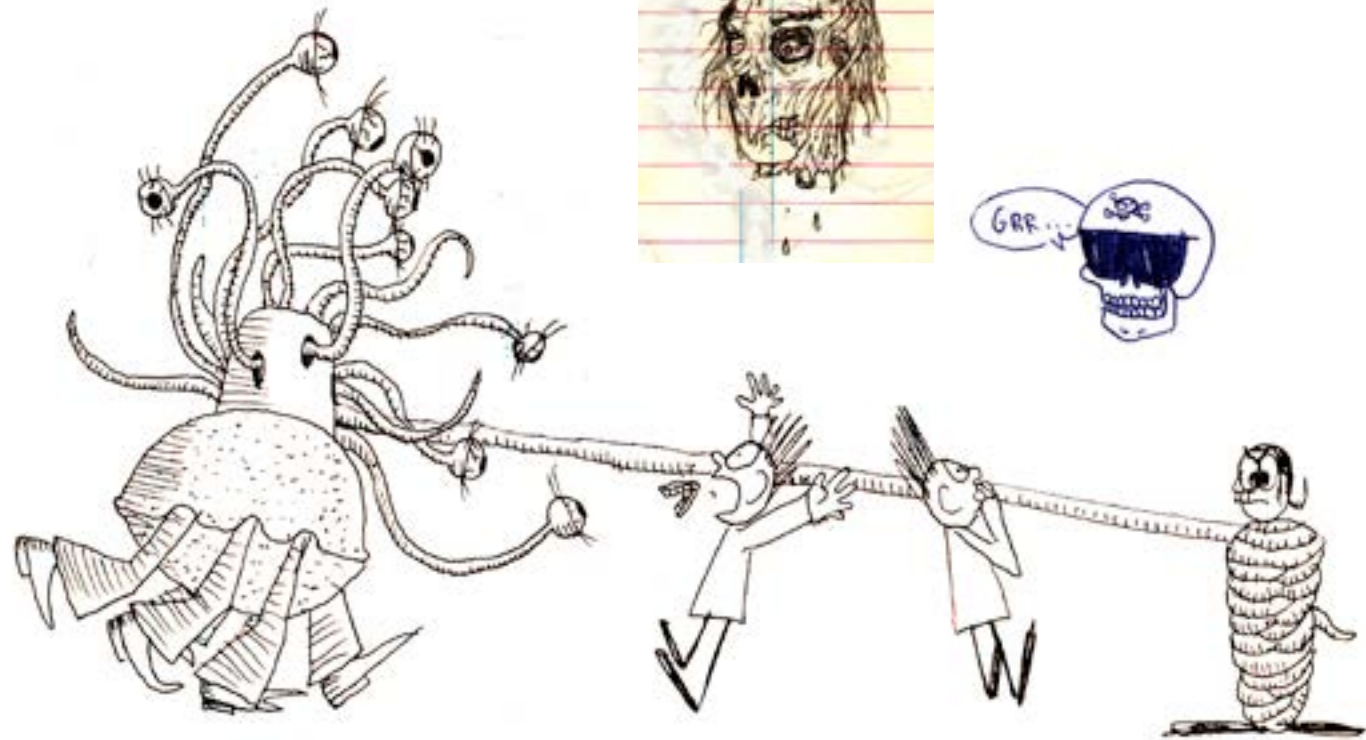
Very truly yours,

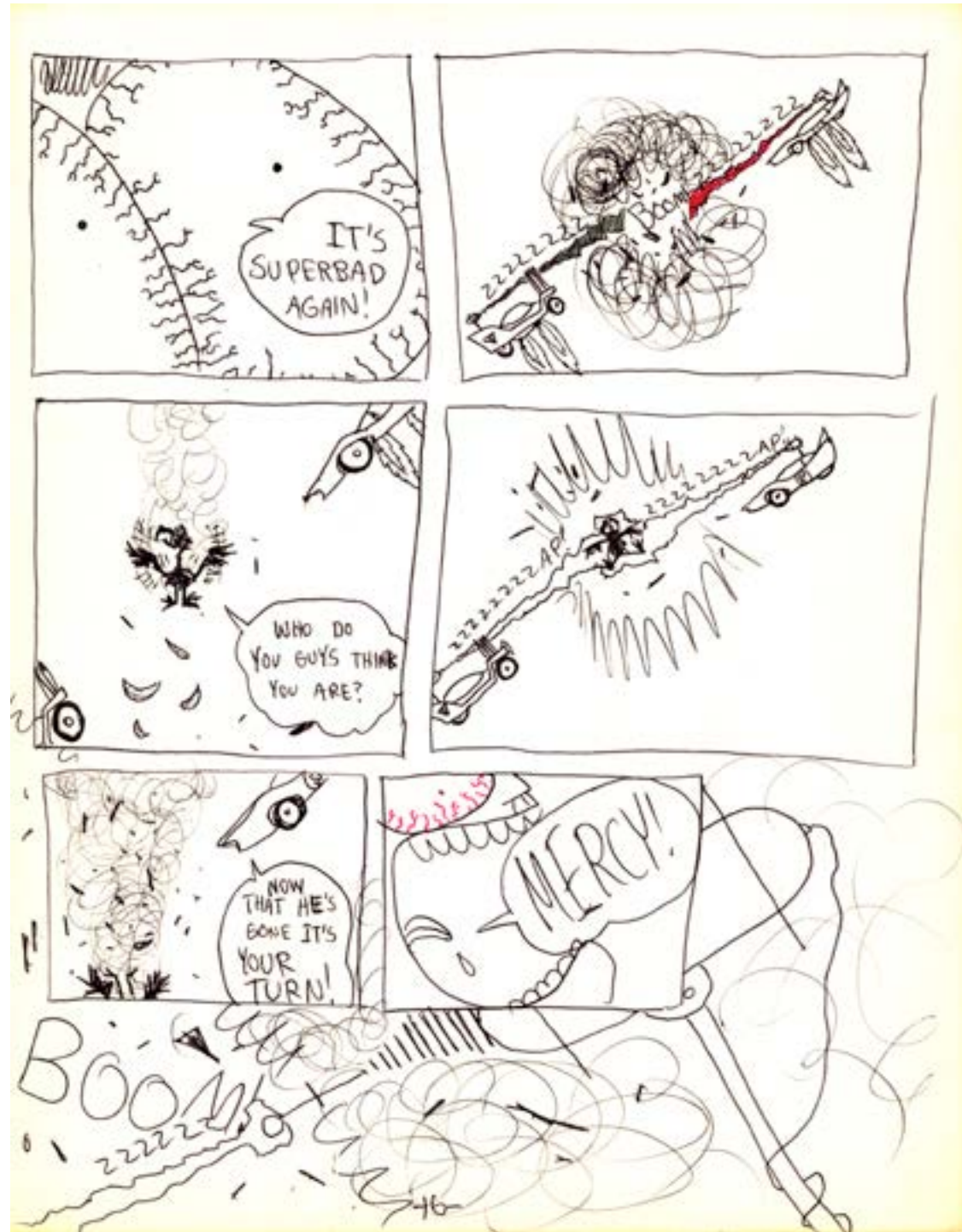
SERPICO, STAMOS & HETT

BY: *William D. Serpico*
WILLIAM D. SERPICO

WDS/vld









I HAVE READ THIS STORY, HERES MY NAME

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Frank Barber | 13. Chuck Campbell |
| 2. SUPERMAN | 14. Big Al Gelina |
| 3. Albert Vally's | 15. [unclear] |
| 4. Eugene [unclear] | 16. David Brown |
| 5. Monte Bohace | 17. Ken Balluff 5/16/72 |
| 6. Mrs. CA. Bahozz, mackinac 5-19-72 | 18. Ken Hoxby 4/13/75 |
| 7. [unclear] | 19. Mark [unclear] |
| 8. Steve Haffner 5-16-72 | 20. Barbara Hanley |
| 9. Ray Kense 5-17-72 | 21. Tony 6/2/71 |
| 10. Paul Scalletto | 22. [unclear] 4/14/75 |
| 11. Bruce Brown 6/14/72 | 23. Cindy Paulino |
| 12. Dave [unclear] | |







dr. phibes





I created my first oil painting at the behest of an 8th grade school teacher (Ms. Stein?). It came out surrealist and she liked it so much she wanted it. I have no photograph of it and I can't remember how it looked. I can just barely recall candy colored smoke rings floating through a lonely landscape.



I probably drew this around the same time as my first oil painting. The rock band Steppenwolf's song "Earschlittenlundenboomer" inspired it.

O.M.B.
Very effective, the way you have written this all afternoon
 10-27-71
 Language Arts
 Mike Behagy
 A/B
 My Last Entry

This is going to be the last entry in my notes, I think. The spiders are about up to my waist. I'll try and write all I can. Tonight I had to go to the old house just once more before we left. We were going to come back after a year or so. But that was too long for me. The old place was only about a half mile down the road. So at twelve o'clock I sneaked out of the house and started out. When I was *half* ~~to~~ the way there I felt a chill; it started storming. That's when I started running. I finally reached the house. — Paint was peeling, glass was broken, it looked same as always. No one had lived there for years so I liked to play in the rooms and halls. When I opened the door I opened it slowly because I love to hear it creak. The rats on the floor scurried away. As I stepped inside I had an eerie feeling that I had never had before. Everything looked normal. But to my

② M.B.

other four senses something was wrong. As I leaned up against the wall to catch my breath I felt something weird! Slime! Slime was all over the walls! It was like putting my hand on a bowl of cool ^{chilly}. I pulled my arm back with a quick jerk. I felt relieved for a moment — but only for a moment because I suddenly felt something surrounding my feet. Slime! I ran down the hall with the gunk all over my new gym shoes. I ran right into a wall headfirst — slime! All over my face and hands was slime. Then I felt something different. Something was crawling up my arm. I took a look to see what it was. It was a huge spider. The lighting outside made it easier to see. I was horrified. So was he. He looked as frightened as I was. All his eyes were ^{focused} on me — all eight. All eight legs firmly ^{gripped} my arm. I flung him off as a shiver ran up my spine. The next thing I knew there were more following me! I tried

③ M.B.

to get away but was trapped in a corner. They're almost up to my neck! They're crawling down my mouth! Can't breathe! This stupid slime! I hope I can —

NOTEBOOK #4

When I saw the movie "Willard" in a theater it intrigued me. Reading the novel that the movie was based on, "Ratman's Notebooks," inspired me to begin keeping my own journals. Make no mistake, I record in this journal true murderous intent for the demise of classmates I despised. If I had easy access to guns would I have gone the way of the school shooter? Well, who knows? I was not happy with those that picked on me.

This notebook started → November 1st,
1971

A few days ago I started training the birds. I've been planning to train the squirrels and rabbits but haven't gotten around to it. I've been training the birds by putting pieces of bread on the trash can in the back yard. We don't have a garage yet. I want a garage because until we build one I can't get my rats. I'm going to train them too. My next step in training the birds is to let them know who's supplying their meals. Every day when I go back to the trash can the bread is gone. I've got to think of a way to let them know. They may begin to trust me — and then like me. Then I could train them to do anything. I'm planning the same for the squirrels and rabbits and rats.

December 8-

It seems I haven't written in my notes for a long time. I have finally found out that I am a genius. But I haven't learned enough to be a true genius. Next Monday I start my home-genius program. I've decided to forget about the birds and squirrel training. Today the garage floor was just put in. Soon I'll get my notes. I'm still going to train them. Today JD seemed a little more friendly but I still hate him. LP is still my enemy. I don't like JD and LP. In about 15 minutes it will be tomorrow. I think I'll read a little.

December 9-

It's lunchtime. LP didn't cause any trouble today. Neither did JD. I still

don't like them. AJ and BS are friends of mine but at lunchtime when I was walking home they made me walk in puddles and mud. They were just playing, but if they don't watch it I'll add them to my list. BC caused some trouble. He made marks and wrote on my arms but I moved away from him. BC is all right. I moved in back of LB and sat next to KB. The day is only half over.

I'm writing at night now. When I left for school at lunch I had thoughts of remembering all I can about my life and putting it into my notebooks. When I got to school I went to the end of the line as usual and LP gave me no trouble. CC was using me as a toy again when we were about to go in. CC is almost on my list. JD caused no trouble in the afternoon. Everything went along good the rest of the afternoon. In about 9 min. it will be tomorrow. I think I'll

start all I can remember and write it down. The farthest I can remember are only glimpses of what used to be. I can only picture flashes of

Georges head who was our landlords son. He had a sister named Lu-Lu and I remember my mother saying I used to play games with him. Tomorrow I'll try to remember more.

December 10 -

Today I went to school as always. It's Friday. I had to leave early because I had to meet KB about something in history class. When I got to school KB wasn't there but other classmates were. DH said he saw my brother and him and AJ insulted me. They've insulted me once too often. They are on my list. The girls made pizza for the boys in H.C. It was good. OS walked me home and was very friendly. I just ate lunch. I have to go back to school early to meet KB.

Just got back from taking Mom to the airport. She's going to visit relatives in Tennessee. Earlier when I was in school KB and I gave our north-side of the slavery debate. It was close. The south side they won. KB says we won. I like KB. He's a good friend. I don't think he'll ever be on my list. AJ came over just before we left for the airport, even in my own house he throws me around. I showed him my movie. We were going to make a movie but we had to leave for the airport. AJ is really on my list now. Here's more of my life. I can't remember us moving but we did. I wasn't in school then. (Now I'm 13 years old) I remember the first time I walked outside our new house. At the exact same time Clara, who lived next door, walked out. She was the first person I ever met that was my

age (or at least that's how I remember it) I'll write some more tomorrow.

December 11-

Today is Saturday. No school. Creature Features come on today. I first woke up about 9:00. I was dreaming weird dreams though I can't remember them now. I normally sleep until about 11:00 but today Dad woke me up because he had to buy an attachment for the washing machine. I had to stay up because Monte (my brother) was being picked up by Alan Penn to sell candy for the church and I had to lock the door. After Dad left I went back to sleep. Then Dad came back and made me get up again. This time I stayed up. When Dad left the mailman came. A Creepy magazine came for me. I was very excited. It was #44. I have a collection of Creepy Mag.

Monte's ride came and he left. So far I've been able to keep my notebooks secret. Mike Davis is coming to visit tomorrow and I was thinking of letting him read them. But I decided not to. When Dad came back I helped him put up the fence (that the men took down to build the garage). The cement slab isn't dry yet. When the garage comes up I can get my rats. The reason we put the fence up is so Penny (our dog) can roam around. When we finished Monte came home. I did my homework (quite well too) and Me, Dad, and Monte went out to eat at Burger King. Burger King is right across the street from White Hen Pantry where we went to get the Sunday paper. I always

like to get the monster posters
 out of it. (I collect them too)
 Davis called and chatted a bit.
 I have all the monster posters
 so far - Frankenstein's monster, bride
 of Frankenstein, wolfman, mummy,
 Ygor, star of Creature Features and
 today's, the invisible man. They
 are all taped on the wall in
 my room near the ceiling. I have
 a poster of a moon monster too.
 I hope to soon have wall-to-
 wall monster posters that I can
 order from Creepy mag. I guess
 that's all for today. This is a
 bit later - I just went outside
 to take Penny out and I looked
 up at the stars. something came
 over me - as if something was
 trying to communicate with

my mind. It was like some being
 from another world was saying look
 out there. On one of these stars
 my people and I exist. I pictured
 beings on other planets and their
 cities. They were ugly. Not the cities
 the people. It was so weird but so
 real. I may not sleep tonight.
 I've had theories about the
 universe, for instance one of
 my earliest ideas was that
 I am a child of a supreme
 alien being and that the earth
 and the people (who are nothing
 but androids) were created just
 before I was born. They were created
 by my alien people to test me
 to see if I qualify (for what I
 don't know). Another of my theories
 is that there are 2 earths in

the universe that are exactly alike except that one is backwards from the other. The only time that the other earth is seen is when I look into a mirror. When I look into a mirror my double on the other earth looks into his mirror and we see each other. Sometimes I talk to him. He probably has notebooks like mine. It's scary theories but what if they are true?

December 12-

Today is Sunday. We went to church. I was picked to play Joseph in the Christmas play. Davis came to church too. (The only reason he comes these days is that he comes over to my house in the afternoon

or that I go to his house.) Davis came to my house. My house is fairly-modern. About 15 years old. On the inside, it's all run-down. I know how to fix it up but no one will listen to my ideas. I think the place would look better if we had new doorknobs. The ones we have now is crystal and they look antique. Davis and I and Monte made a movie. I showed Davis a couple of movies I already had. He broke some movie lights and a flask that he brought for the movie. I told Davis I kept notebooks like Willard did. He said he wanted to read them. I said "No". After Davis left we went to pick up mom at the airport. That's all for today. I've just decided to put my memories in one notebook,

my theories in another, and my normal notes in this one. Forget it! It's not a very good idea. The next thing I remember after I met Clara was that it was summer, and Clara and I were playing in the gangway by her house. Suddenly, we heard the mean roar of a tricycle coming past the gangway. The tricycle went by and a plump boy my age, but a little taller, was on it. When he past I asked Clara - "Who's that?" She said "That's Jerry, but he's a big bully so don't play with him." He didn't like Jerry. I took her advice for about a month and then Jerry and I made friends. He wasn't such a "bully" I said to myself. Jerry and I became best friends,

and we still are.

December 13-

Today is Monday. Back to school.

Yech! Everything was alright today, sort-of. Today I had to go to Shipmates (a club I will soon enter). I liked it. It was fun. I left at 6:00 and was home at 9:45. I was supposed to start my home-genius program today but I forgot. I'll do it tomorrow. I have to do my homework in the morning. Mom said dad was mad when I was gone because the house was so messy, I hope he feels better in the morning. Good-night.

December 15-

I missed a day. LP is getting quite friendly. He still on my list though. I'm not going to let him get

away with with what he did to me before. Today he found out I make homemade monster movies and he got all friendly. He wants to see them. He wanted to come over with CC. CC's on my list to. He's really on my list.

December 19-

I seem to be getting lazy about writing in my notes. I finally recieved the book on the mind. I read a lot of it and I found out you can raise your intelligence and that's exactly what I'm going to do. I estimate my I.Q. to be about 140 right now. I'd like to raise it about up to 360. It'll take a lot of hard work but

it's worth it. Today at church I was in the Christmas play. I was Joseph. Everyone said I was good. Rich Chmura and Lenny Strej both know I'm a genius because they both told me so. There's just one problem. I'm insane too.

January 3 - '72

I haven't written since last year. Ha! That was just a joke. It's lunchtime now. This is ~~my~~ my first day back at school since Christmas vacation. I had a good Christmas. This is all the things I've recieved: \$24, ~~from~~ a screen, a projector table, a monster for the aquarium, a "Mind Maze Game", a shirt, and a record. Bye now -



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Here's some outtakes from early Skull Club films. The top four stars Girl Skull and Skully in "Horror of Torture." The bottom still is either from "The Adventures of Dr. Deadly" or "Animated Monster Scenes." These films, among others, ended up stolen.

①

Terror Time

SECTION #1 NOVEMBER 24TH 1971

① Scenes of FRANKENSTIEN taken from T.V.
 Cameraman → Mike Bohacz

② THE ADVENTURES OF DR. DEADLY
 Animator } Mike Bohacz
 Cameraman }

③ MONSTERS
 STARRING: Carmy Smothers as Monster Master
 Cameraman } Mike Bohacz
 Special Effects }

④ HORROR OF TORTURE
 STARRING: Carmy Smothers as Giant Monster
 G.I. Joe as Victim
 Cameraman } Mike Bohacz
 Animator }

A huge monster tortures a man to death.
 The Man comes back as a ghostly skull
 and kills the monster. He then returns
 from wence he came.

SECTION #2 DECEMBER 31ST 1971

⑤ Animated Monster Scenes
 Animator } Mike Bohacz
 Cameraman }

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This represents the earliest dated expression of the alphabet that I created allowing me to hide my thoughts in a secret code.

②

Terror Time
 ⑥ MAGIC ACT
 STARRING: Donna Mefford
 James Mefford
 Joseph Mefford
 Cameraman } Mike Bohacz
 Special Effects }
 ⑦ DR. FRANKENFREAK'S EXPERIMENT
 STARRING: Mike Davis as Dr. Franken freak
 Monte Bohacz as Spyr
 Mike Bohacz as Egor
 Cameraman } Mike Bohacz
 Speacial Effects }
 Cameraman → Monte Bohacz

SECTION #3 FEBRUARY 24TH 1972
 ⑧ FOOLING AROUND
 STARRING Mike Bohacz → Mike Bohacz
 Mike Davis { Giant
 Cameraman
 Mike Bohacz Cameraman
 Mike Davis as Mike Davis

⑨ THE MAN-EATING MUD-PUDDLE
 STARRING: Mike Davis
 Mike Bohacz
 Monte Bohacz
 Camera man → Mike Bohacz
 Cameraman → Mike Davis

February 6-
My birthday was January 27th.
This is what I received. \$5 a
record of the "War of the Worlds" and
A NEW PROJECTOR. I'm 14 years
old now.

May 4
Today is Thursday. I haven't written in
my notes for a very long time. I've been
very busy. I just got back from club.
In club we played softball. On our way
back from the field Mickey Stejto fell
out of the bus. That was ~~funny~~ funny.
I hope he wasn't hurt. I just finished
my homework. Next Monday our class at
school is going on a trip to Springfield.
Bernie Cifer is my partner. We're going to
play cartoon war on the bus.

May 9-
Today is Tuesday. I was sick and
stayed home from school. I am now
in a very low state of depression.
I feel so bad these days. All these
things I have to do. But I keep
putting it off. Yesterday I went to
Springfield with the 6th grade. Our
cartoon war was a disaster. The bus
was shaking and we couldn't draw.
I lost my four color pen too. My new
up-to-date list is given below:

~~JOHN DISMANG~~
~~LARRY PERNICA~~
~~DENNIS SPEAR~~

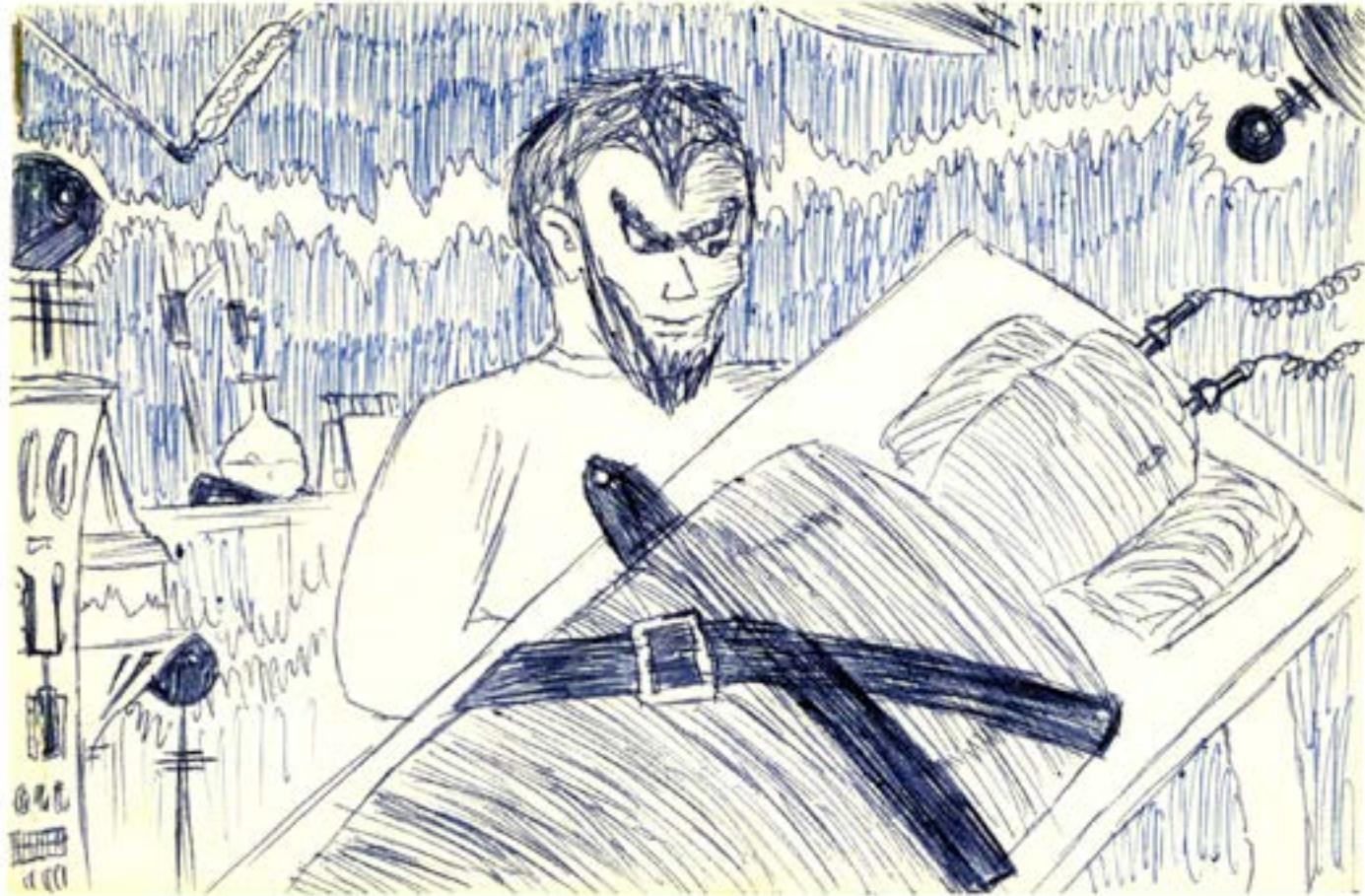
A complete list will be on the back
page of this book from now on.
That's all for today I guess.



May 15-
 I dreamed 3 dreams last night:
 One was about underwater bees
 in the church; Another was about a
 swamp and a talking fish; and the
 third was about a strange train
 ride. I love to dream.









May 30 - Tuesday

I've decided to put last week's psychology notes from school in this notebook. I forgot to put them in notebook #4.



I.Q. = INTELLIGENCE QUOTIENT

$$I.Q. = \frac{M.A.}{C.A.} \times 100$$

I.Q. RANGES (ACCORDING TO MR. MASSARELLI)		PER CENT OF TOTAL POPULATION
BELOW 70	MENTALLY DEFECTIVE	1%
80-89	BORDERLINE DEFECTIVE	5%
90-109	BELOW AVERAGE	15%
110-119	AVERAGE	58%
120-129	BRIGHT OR EXCELLENT	5%
130-139	GIFTED	1%
140 AND OVER	POTENTIAL GENIUS	?

Well, I guess that's enough psychology for now. ~~Tomorrow~~ Tomorrow psychology will be ready for me again in school. I think we're going to take an I.Q. test. I think I'll ask the psychology teacher (Mr. Massarelli) why I always like to draw those little pictures all over everything I ~~might~~ write on. I can't help it. I just like to.

May 31 - Wednesday

I was right. We did take an I.Q. test today in psychology. Mr. Massarelli said that ~~he~~ he can't tell us the results of our high school I.Q. tests for some reason but he said he can tell us the results from this test. I also dreamed last night. I'll try and describe the whole thing. The first thing I remember in the dream I was in a cave with bats and spiders. I kept trying to find a way out but I just couldn't seem to. At last I came to a big wooden door and I opened it. When I opened it a giant spider came out and chased me back through the cave until I finally woke up.

June 1 - Thursday

Nothing happened much today.

June 2 - Friday

Today in math Mr. Massarelli told me I don't have to work in math today.

He gave me another I.Q. test and said work on this until the end of the period. ~~This~~ This test was a little harder than the first one I took in psychology.

June 3 - ~~Thursday~~ Saturday

For some unknown reason I keep thinking today is Thursday. I slept very late this morning. And soon as I got up I practised my self-defense lesson. That's a good book to have around. (My karate book that is) The rest of the day I pondered on the theory of that I ~~created~~ made up. I saw George today.

June 4 - Sunday

After I got home from church I read a little more of my book on the mind. I found out ~~what~~ what many famous people's I.Q.'s were. I'll list a few here:

PERSON I.Q.

Da Vinci - 130

Grant - 130

Washington - 140

Napoleon - 145

Rembrandt - 155

Lincoln - 150

Franklin - 160

Johnson - 165

Mozart - 165

Luther - 170

Kant - 175

Descartes - 180

da Vinci - 180

Galileo - 185

Voltaire - 190

Newton - 190

Goethe - 210!

~~June 4 - Monday~~
June 5 - Monday

Today in school Mr. Massarelli had me take another I.Q. test. I'm getting sick of this. Mr. Massarelli said he wanted me to come in early tomorrow morning. He said he wanted to talk to me about something. He still calls me "Bozac".

June 6 - Tuesday

I don't believe what happened today! It's too fantastic! Today when I went in to school early Mr. Massarelli wanted to talk to me about all those I.Q. tests he's been giving me. He said the reason I had to keep taking them over and over is because the first one he gave me ~~only went up to~~ ^{the limit was} 145. I got every single question right. I had to take another one that went up a little higher. He said the one I took yesterday should give me the final score. He also said according to the other tests I have an I.Q. of at least 160! He also said that if anyone asks me what my I.Q. is I am to tell them 135. He gave me a number of reasons why ^I should like people may hate me and people may

This blatant lie is about the ugliest part of my history I've recorded. I highlighted it in red so my peers at summer camp would come across it. They did. 10/25/92

I must add however, that recently I retook a home IQ test and got over 140. 10/26/92

worship me. He said I'd get the final score tomorrow.

June 7 - Wednesday

Today I found out my real I.Q. It is 180. Mr. Massarelli said that puts me in the top 1% of the nation (see first page of this notebook.) He also said this makes me a potential genius. He again told me to keep telling people my I.Q. is only 125. He said this would keep me out of trouble.



They had Green Skull and the rest of his classmates attend a seminar on avoiding drug use. Mr. Massarelli, Green Skull's math and psychology teacher, led the seminar. In order to steer the students clear of certain influences Mr. Massarelli spoke of "acid rock" and how to recognize it and avoid it. He then put a record on, a record he hoped would alert the students to the dangers of this kind of drug music. The album he played was "Master of Reality" by Black Sabbath and the song he played from it was the first cut "Sweet Leaf." Green Skull had never heard anything like it. In addition to the opening sound of a man coughing (whose echo sounded the way ultraviolet light looked), the amazing heavy guitar licks by Tony Iommi, the flooring bass by Geezer Butler, the intoxicating rhythms of drummer Bill Ward, the lyrics sung by Ozzy Osbourne, went:

Alright now, won't you listen?

When I first met you I didn't realize

I can't forget you or your surprise

You introduced me to my mind

And left me wanting you and your kind, oh yeah!

From that time on Green Skull sought out not only Black Sabbath music, he also was on the lookout for the drugs their songs referred to. Green Skull saw the

drugs, thanks to Mr. Massarelli and his anti-drug seminar, as a way to plumb the depths of his creative mind.



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June 16-Friday
Sorry about not writing in my notebook sooner. I've been very busy graduating and stuff. Today was the last day of school. I have the whole summer vacation to do as I please.

June 21-Wednesday
I haven't written in my notebooks for almost a week. Because of vacation I forgot all about it. I guess you noticed I changed my ~~new~~ writing. More tomorrow. Goodbye. This is a bit later. I've been thinking about the dream I had a ~~bit~~ while back (May 31). I think I can explain it now.

NEXT PAGE →

147

I had an intense spook house experience when in New York with my folks. A doctoring cleaner in the COZY HOME on LADY ST. RD. REB. DEVIL. LOOKED LIKE A FROM ANOTHER DEEP MENTALITY.

MY DREAM—(SEE MAY 31-WEDNESDAY)

I was in a cave with bats and spiders. This would obviously be my basement. It's a ~~room~~ family room now but no one goes there much but me. The bats would be my desire of turning the place into a spook house (which I attempted many times). The spiders are just what they are. Sometimes I see spiders dangling from the ceiling or crawling up the wall. I wonder why I didn't dream of ants because the basement is infested with them.

I kept trying to find a way out but I just couldn't seem to. This could be interpreted two ways. (1) This could mean I am looking for new surroundings. It is true I seem to be getting tired of looking at the same room every time I come down the stairs. (2) Another possibility is that I subconsciously want to be free from the loneliness that prevails. My trying to escape from the cave could also mean I'm trying to bring others in. I spend at least 10 hours a day in it.

At last I came to a big wooden door and opened it. This part of the dream I completely do not understand. Unless it is just an introduction to the following part in the dream. Of course, we can also ~~just~~ ^{just} Freud

about this portion of the dream. "There is at least one spot in every dream at which it is unplumbable—a navel, as it were, that is its point of contact with the unknown". When I opened it a giant spider came out and chased me back through the cave until I finally woke up. This portion of the dream was very easy to explain. The spider is my dog Penny whose living quarters are in the basement. I must have a sub-conscious notion that I invade her privacy.

Final Analysis:

The dream must mean that I want the room remodeled and not to bother Penny when she's sleeping (as I usually do).

June-22-Thursday

Nothing happens much on summer vacation. I had a dream last night but it was so simple to decode I'll just tell the meaning of it. It was a subconscious fear of going to school next year or a fear that summer is going by too rapidly.

I talked with Skully a bit today. He said that he does want to go to camp but he needs new teeth. I'm not going to bring the new skull because he'll get torn up!

June 23 - Friday

Last night I had a very strange dream. At the beginning my identity was different than who I truly am. I have just decided that this is such a long dream that I won't put it in this notebook. Instead I'll leave it in my dream notebook.

June 25 - Sunday

Today I completed a human skeleton model. I named him Sigmund. (After Sigmund Freud).

July 6th - THURSDAY

It's been 13 days since I last wrote in my notebook. From now on I'll try and keep them up-to-date.

This week was a very pleasant one. I bought a few white rats and put them out in the garage. Every day I go out and play with them a bit. July 4th I went to see "BEN". The film wasn't as good as "WILLARD" in my opinion.

JUNE 22 - THURSDAY

Year Summer is too short

JUNE 23 - FRIDAY

Started out. I was Will Robinson, ~~and~~ Dr Smith and I found a wishing machine. We wished we were back on earth. Our identities changed. I was now myself and Dr Smith was Ken B. Our class wanted in a theatre to fulfill our wish which was entirely turned around. The film was a Walt Disney cartoon

with the following characters: A hippo, an alligator, a boy, ~~and~~ a giant sea serpent, ~~and~~ and a giraffe. Most of the action would take place in the water. The sea serpent wanted to swallow someone but was sad when he had to eat the hippo.

July 7th - Friday

Today I had quite an experience. I was going to ride my bike a bit but instead I decided to take a little walk. I thought about taking Penny along but she would pull and tug on the leash and break my chain of thought. Instead of taking Penny I just went myself. I had a memo book with me ~~so~~ so I could write down anything that would happen. Here's a copy of what I wrote while I walked:

I am now going for a walk. I think I will walk in the alley because nothing disturbs me. Excuse the writing (It's very hard to write while I walk). I'm now going past the back of Duke's yard. I will now stop writing until I come upon something interesting.

I've just seen something interesting; a rat! I didn't see it until I was about three feet.....

I had to stop here because the rat started to walk towards me. That's when I turned

Another blatant lie! None of my ramblings in convince my fears and possibly the strange nature of my "insane" genius.

and ran. After a ~~short~~ while I went out to see the rat again but he wasn't there. I'll keep this secret ~~to~~ so no one will stop me from going in the alley again.

July 8th - Saturday

Next week at this time I will be on the bus heading for camp. Last night while I watched screaming yellow theater I was trying to decide if I should leave my notebook home or take it to camp. I quickly decided to take it along because last year I did not bring it and I missed a lot.

I went out to the alley again today but I didn't see the rat. I left some bread crumbs where I saw him yesterday. Maybe I shouldn't go to see the rat because after watching "BEN" the rat isn't too pretty. All throughout "BEN" people were being eaten alive by rats.

Today I had to clean the cage that my pet rats live in.

July 9th - Sunday

Today I went to church as I do every Sunday. Mike Davis was going to come over in the afternoon for a visit but because he had to help his father fix the car he couldn't.

Claymore (the idiot who spit on my hot dog) is going to go ~~for~~ to camp for one week. That week he shall die!



I've just come back from the alley. The rat was there again. I fed him some bread and stood there and watched. The rat was cautious at first. He was sniffing the food for a minute and then took it. I followed him and found out that he lives in a yard a few houses from the corner.

The rat was big! I think he was 13 inches long from nose to tail. He was all brown with a long, pink, scaly tail. More tomorrow.

I just got back from Playland Amusement Park. I had no fun at all.

~~July~~ 10 - Monday

Today Davis came over. We spent the day training Max and Aristotle. Max is very relaxed and Aristotle is not. Aristotle is more intelligent than Max.

We tested their ability with a variety of mazes and puzzles.

This is a bit later. I just fed them. Max is very stupid. Davis has nothing to say.

Davis wrote this: GOD OF ARISTOTLE IS A
 WHILE MAX IS A DVH!!!

Monte wrote this: Mike won't let me touch the rats!

Damato: He has nothing to say.

July 11 - Tuesday

Davis spent the night last night.

Today we trained the rats a little more.

We found out that Max isn't as stupid as we thought he was. He was running the courses very well. He is still not as smart as Aristotle.

July 12 - Wednesday

Duddy and Albene came over today. I showed them the rats.

July 13 - Thursday

Something terrible happened. Aristotle was hurt. I'll try and tell all I remember:

Today I went to the garage to see the rats. Since I didn't have anything else to do today I decided to review the word "down" with the rats. I put up a wooden plank so they could crawl down on command. (Neither one of them learned this very well).

I began with Aristotle. I placed him at the top of the plank and began to

repeat the command "down." I had to push him a bit of the way but finally he began to get the idea. On the command down he scampered down the plank to the floor. Max tried but couldn't do it.

I tried Aristotle again and immediately after saying down he carried out the order. I began to think that maybe he would only obey on this certain board so I set up another on a different place. I put Aristotle at the top and said "down." He didn't do anything at first. He just looked at me, I pushed him a bit and said "down." At once he started to run down. He went to far on one side though and the board overbalanced. I tried to catch him but couldn't. He fell to the ground and tried to get up when the board hit him. He let out a squeal. ~~I tried to pick him up but he layed~~ I tried to pick him up but he layed him in my hand. He then jumped from my hand to the floor. I noticed he was breathing heavy and began to cough. Small drops of blood came out of his mouth onto the floor. He was squeaking slightly. I went

over and got his cage. I didn't want to touch because he might bite. I took a piece of cardboard and scooped him into the cage. He was still coughing but not bleeding. I gently took the cage back to its place and looked through the glass. He hardly moved.

I put Max in the cage. He went over and began licking the blood from Aristotle's face. I noticed Aristotle found this very annoying. He backed away but Max wouldn't stop. I reached in the cage and brought Max out.

"Now listen Max, don't bother Aristotle. He's been hurt."

I then put him back into the cage. He again went straight to the ~~the~~ dried blood on Aristotle's mouth.

"MAX"! I opened the cage and pulled Max out. I threw him across the floor he turned and looked at me.

"Leave him alone! He's been hurt!" I put him back in and Max didn't touch Aristotle again. Aristotle's getting better—he was walking around. He's sleeping now. Internal injury may be present.

This is a bit later Aristotle is much

better. I think he only had a bloody nose. He didn't lose much blood.

July 14 - ~~Friday~~ Friday

Tomorrow I will be on my way to camp. ~~I can't~~ I can't bring skullie because I have no glue to put his teeth in.

Aristotle is as good as ~~new~~ new. He was running ~~the~~ around the cage and sniffing like he always does. - A remarkable recovery.

I've noticed Max is a little bigger than Aristotle. Max is improving a great deal. Today I taught him the word "food". I put a box down and put food inside. (Aristotle sat and watched while I gave Max this lesson. He's not completely well yet.) I pushed Max inside and said "F-O-O-D". He ate all of it. I did this again and again until I finally put 2 boxes down. I pointed to one and said "food". He got the first 3 or 4 wrong but soon he was doing it perfectly.

I went out to see the rat in the alley today. I gave him some bread. He came over and started sniffing my hand. He must have smelled Aristotle and Max

because he wouldn't stop sniffing. Then he ~~he~~ crawled up my hand and onto my arm. At this point I became very frightened. I didn't move a muscle but I felt him climb to my shoulder. I then reached up and brought him down. He kept clinging onto my hand. I finally stopped struggling ~~and~~ because rats have very sharp claws. I let him sit in my hand while I fed him some bread. This notebook is beginning to sound like "WILLARD". I told ~~the~~ Vinny (I named him ~~the~~ Vincent) that I was going away for a few weeks and that I'll be back soon. I put him on the ground and we said our goodbyes. I turned to go. I looked back and saw he was following me. I couldn't allow that! If he found his way to Aristotle and Max he may spread some disease. I yelled at him "Go home Vince! I'll see you later!" He turned and ran back to his home. I don't think he actually understood what I meant but rather my tone of voice frightened him.

July 15 Saturday - I have just arrived at camp.

This is a bit later. I've just taken my water swim test and received a green sinker. I'm now on the beach now watching the free-swim.

The music is now playing and were going to the flagpole.

I've just finished eating supper.

July 16 - Sunday

Today we woke up at 7:00. Vince ran around in his ~~to~~ underwear.

Nothing's happening much that I can write about.

I just got back from a 7 mile hike. I got lost in the woods but solved the problem with logical reasoning.

You must have noticed that the notebook you are reading isn't put together very well. From now on I shall try and correct this.

July 17 - Monday

I had to get up this morning at 6:30. This was because all Range Riders had to go on Pirate Breakfast. Dan Perry took the bus full of Range Riders to the Wolf River. We jumped into air-filled rafts and took off. Vince and I were in the same raft (there was only 2 allowed on a raft).

The rapids was a lot of fun. We went bouncing and bumping down the waves and got stuck on a few rocks.

Vince fell out once and I pulled him back into the raft.

July 18 - Tuesday

I forgot everything that happened to me today.

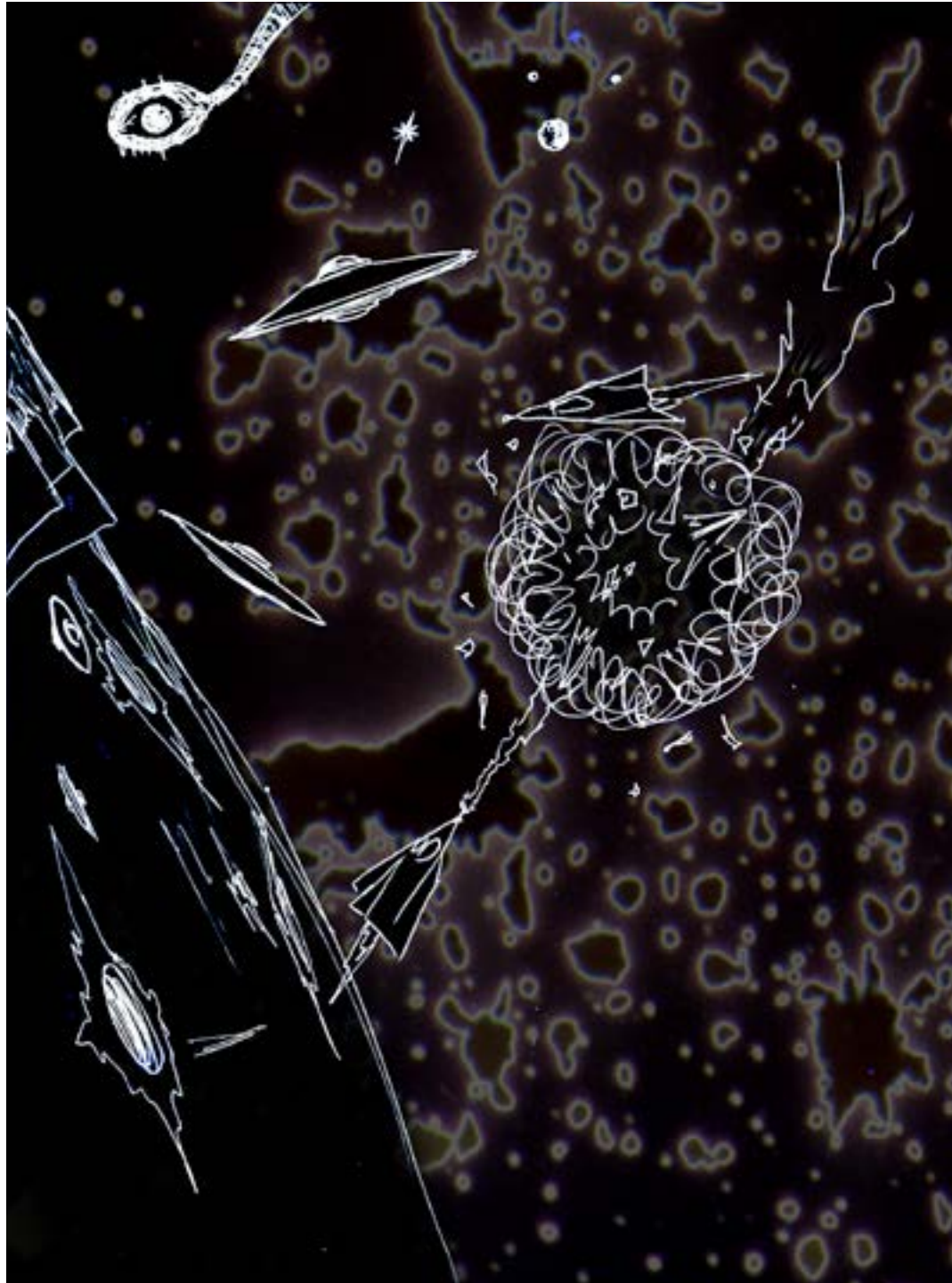
July 19 - Wednesday

Today is "Skit-Night". We are now about to practise our skit.

This is after our skit was finished. We did a bunch of "blackouts" as Cal calls them (Cal is one of my cabin readers).

I am now on the beach watching everyone swim. I think I'll travel to my world and draw a picture.

NEXT PAGE →



July 30 - Thursday

There are many universes, and ours is but one. For what man could possibly know what lies buried deep in the core of each atom. The building blocks of matter hold secrets beyond the imagination of mortal man, and some particles of matter hold other life alien to our own. Only the God of all universes can say that He and He alone could know the secrets, the deep dark secrets of other universes in the core of man.



Today I hurt my jaw playing with the big ball.

BEYOND



July 21 - Friday

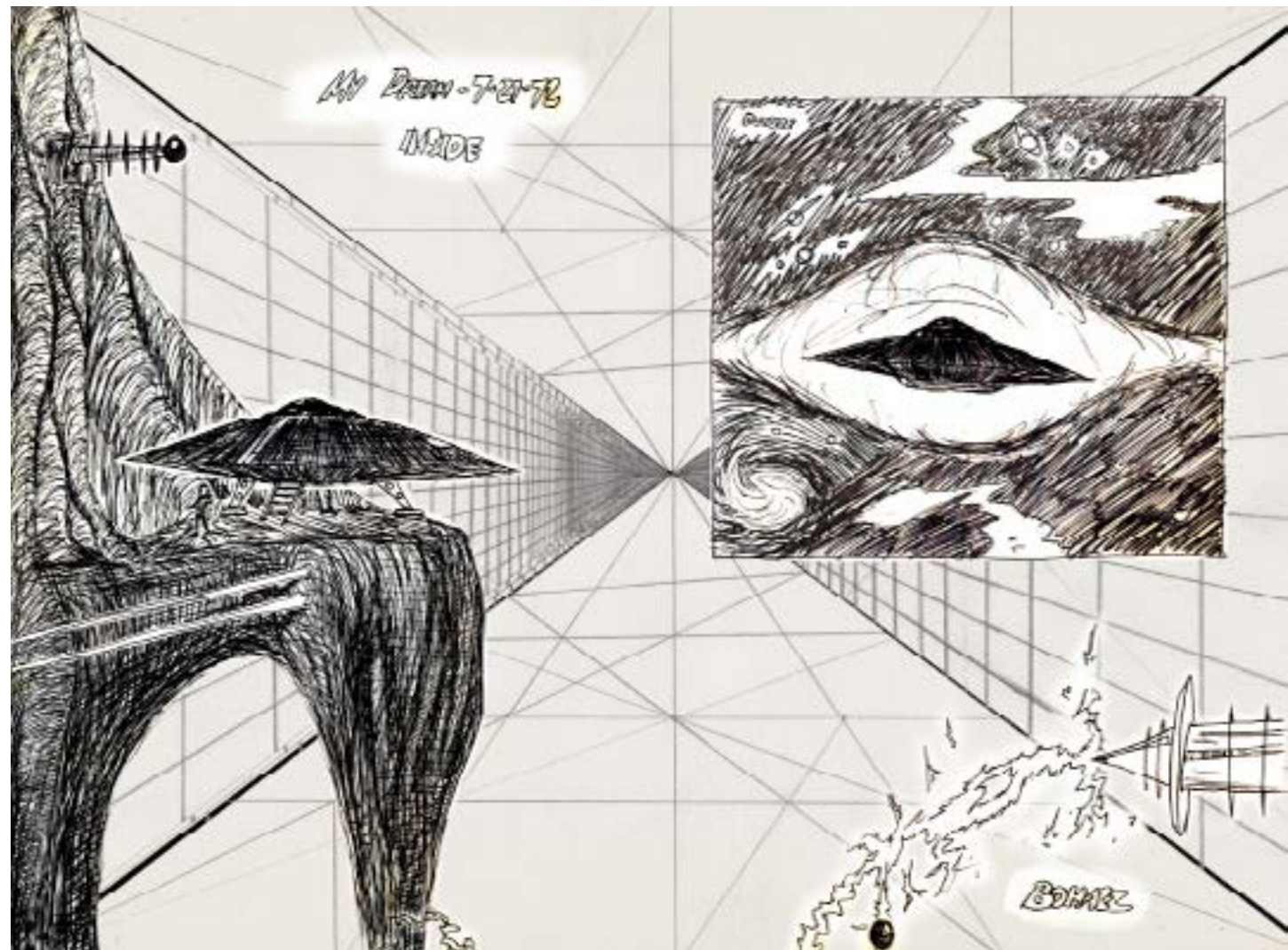
~~Today~~ Last night I had a lovely dream. I will now try and describe every detail.

This is the beginning. We are in darkness. The darkness is broken only by the soft, twinkling light of the stars outside our spaceship window. That is the only light we see. The universe is so beautiful from the glass we look through. But in the ship we see only reflections of light bouncing off the dark instruments. We are traveling from earth. We are far from earth. We? Who is we? There is no we! I am alone. I am the only living thing within 500 years of travel. The void of space holds the nearest star 400 years from my spaceship. There is no light in my spaceship, and this makes the stars seem much brighter. There is no destination. Nothing to look forward to. No hope.

The spaceship is dark green in color and shaped like two saucers glued together. The window is the only way to tell the difference between the front and the back.

As I watch out the window, I can only see the clouds of galaxies in my path. But wait! There is one cloud that is not made up of millions of ~~stars~~ stars. There is one cloud that is not millions upon millions of miles away. There is one cloud that is not too huge for mortal comprehension. This cloud is within my understanding. A white cloud shaped much like my spaceship but much larger. Its size is at least as large as a small planet. It is not solid, ~~hard~~ for it seems misty and formless. It produces its own light. It is not far away. It is directly in my path. As I enter the cloud all I see is a bright mist surrounding the ship. Could it be that this is all there is? Is there anything inside? Complete silence prevails except for the soft purr of the engines. There is nothing to see!

But wait! What is ahead? I notice some color coming through the cloudy white. I strain my eyes to look. I'm coming out of the mist!



I went out of the ship and looked around a bit. At this part in the dream it gets a bit fuzzy. All I remember is at this point I brought something aboard took off, got out of the cloud, and was again in space. But what was it I took aboard?!

July 28th.
Today was Vince Poynter's birthday. Everybody beat him up. I started the sign again



July 30th -
Yesterday all the 2-week campers went home and all 3 week campers went to the beach. At the beach they built a castle of sand with a moat around the sides. In the moat they placed alligators (frogs) and the the side they made an alligator base which they called a submarine base. They had a lake full of parana (mynarow) and a lock new monster

MIKE BOHACZ
SIWER BIRCH RANCH
WHITE LAKE, WIS. 54491



DEAR FOLKS,

I GOT YOUR LETTER. BE SURE WHEN YOU COME UP THIS WEEK-END THAT YOU BRING MY PILLOW. I KNOW THESE LETTERS ARE SHORT BECAUSE I'M VERY BUSY.

M

YOURS TRULY,
MIKE BOHACZ

P.S. TAKE CARE OF THE RATS
P.P.S. SAY HELLO TO PENNY. MAKE SURE YOU FEED THE RATS PLENTY BEFORE YOU LEAVE.

(tadpoles). For the naughty frogs they made a deep pit for a prison.

I am now on the third week of camp. I am in the cabin Lost Gulch and Mulech is the leader.

JULY 31st-

TODAY I WENT ON PIRATES BREAKFAST.

BECAUSE THERE WERE SO MANY RANGE-RIDERS ON THE TRIP WE HAD TO TRIPLE-UP. MY FELLOW RAFTERS WERE THE FOLLOWING: MARK MAREK, JOE PUSATERI, AND MYSELF.

NO DREAMS LAST NIGHT



BOHACZ

MONSTERS

IT RAINED A LOT TODAY. A LOT OF
EROSION OCCURED



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8-1-72

NO DREAMS LAST NIGHT. I DO REMEMBER A
FANTASY THOUGH. I WAS HALF ASLEEP WHEN THE VISION
BEGAN. I CAN REMEMBER I WAS BUILDING
A PLASTIC SNAP-TOGETHER MODEL. HALF WENT
TO THE OTHER HALF. IT WAS A MODEL OF A
HEART. NOT A MODEL OF HOW THE HEART LOOKS
BUT OF ITS FUNCTION. IT WAS A CLEAR PLASTIC
THAT IMITATION BLOOD COULD FLOW THROUGH.



SIGMUND FREUD

171

8-2-72

LAST NIGHT I HAD A DREAM. A VERY STRANGE DREAM THAT IS FULL OF SYMBOLISM. LATER I WILL TRY AND INTERPRET IT.

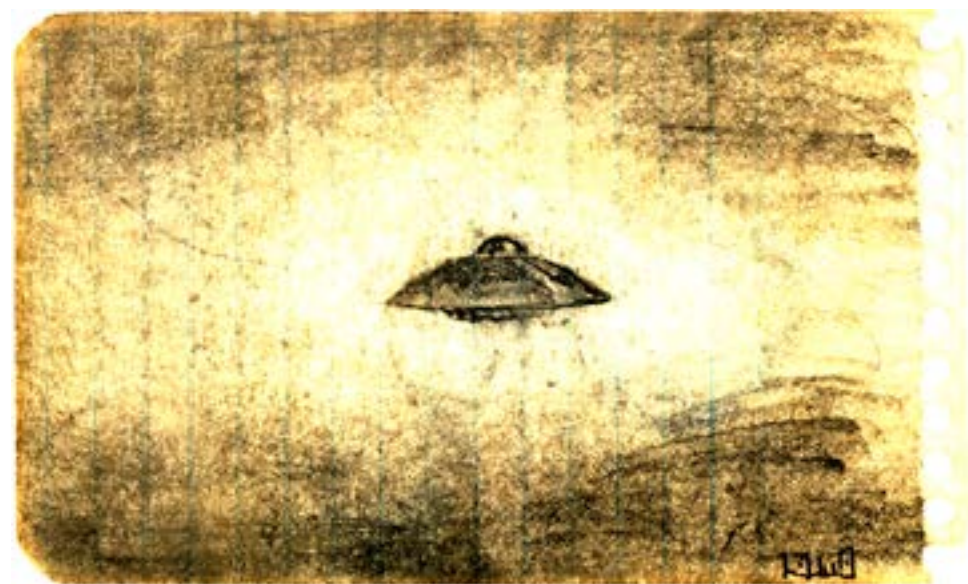
THIS IS THE BEGINNING. I AM AT THE SEASHORE. THE SUN IS SETTING IN THE WEST AND DARKNESS IS SLOWLY CLOSING IN ON ME. THE WAVES PUSH THEIR WAY ON THE SAND AND FALL BACK INTO THE SEA. SUDDENLY, FROM THE SURF'S HORIZON, SOMETHING APPROACHES. SOMETHING BRIGHT APPROACHES A BALL OF FIRE! LIGHTING THE NIGHT AS IT WENT UNTIL IT FELL JUST ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BEACH ON WHICH I WAS STANDING. I WAS AMAZED AS I WATCHED. A WOMAN CAME OUT DRESSED ALL IN BLUE. SHE HAD HAIR THAT TRAILED DOWN PAST HER SHOULDERS. IN HER ^{LEFT} HAND SHE CARRIED A SORT OF MAGIC WAND WITH A JEWEL AT THE END. IN HER RIGHT HAND WAS A SHRUNKEN HEAD. I ALSO NOTICED SHE HAD NO THUMBS. HER EYES WERE BRIGHT AND GLOWED IN THE DARK. SHE WALKED TO A POLE WITH AN INSCRIPTION THAT READ THE FOLLOWING: "NO PRINCE SHALL FIND IT, FOR ALL IS IN HIS GRASP". SHE PUT THE SHRUNKEN HEAD ON TOP OF THE POLE AND TOUCHED IT WITH THE WAND. IMMEDIATELY THE HEAD BEGAN TO MELT.

IT DRIPPED LIKE A WAX CANDLE UNTIL IT COMPLETELY COVERED THE INSCRIPTION. AT THIS POINT I WAS OUTSIDE MY BODY WATCHING MYSELF. I WALKED OVER TO HER AND SAID "HOW DARE YOU! THE UNIVERSE IS IN FANTASY." SHE WALKED AWAY AND THEN TURNED TOWARD ME. SHE POINTED THE WAND AT ME. "TO INFINITY IS TO THE BEYOND YOU CANNOT KNOW THE SECRETS THAT PASS." I FELL INTO A HOLE AS I WALKED BACKWARD. MY HEAD SPLIT INTO TWO PIECES AT THE BOTTOM. ONE PIECE SMILED AT THE OTHER. THE OTHER PIECE DID NOTHING. I SAID "FROM THE PIT IS THE BEGINNING OF THE OMEGA. ALL IS IN ME". THEN I Woke UP.

AUGUST 3RD -

I CANNOT REMEMBER WHEN I Woke UP THIS MORNING. THE NOISE THAT Woke ME UP WAS NOT REVEILLY. WHEN I Woke UP THE GUYS IN MY CABIN WERE UP AROUND.

I HAVE TO END HERE. SEE YOU IN THE NEXT NOTEBOOK.



ST-11-8

CHANGE DAVIS' ORIGINAL ARRANGEMENT
 BIT BECAUSE IT DIDNT MAKE SENSE


8-15-72

I RECEIVED A LETTER FROM MORTON WEST
 H.S. TODAY. I HAVE ONLY THREE WEEKS OF SUMMER
 LEFT. I COULD CRY. I'M GOING TO SPEND A
 WEEK AT BUDDY AND ARLENE'S HOUSE NEXT
 WEEK.

HERE'S A CHESS STRATEGY I KNOW ABOUT.

* FOOLSMATE

1. KP-K4
2. KB-QB4
3. Q-KB3
4. Q-KB7MATE



AS YOU CAN SEE
 IN THE DRAWING,
 THE KING IS PUT
 IN CHECKMATE WITH
 TH LAST MOVE(Q-KB7)
 THE KING'S ONLY
 DEFENCE IS TO
 CAPTURE THE QUEEN

(BUT HE CANNOT DO
 THIS BECAUSE HE
 WOULD BE PLACING HIMSELF
 IN CHECK WITH THE BISHOP)



AFTER ONE OR TWO GAMES THE
 WILL CATCH ON AND SET UP A DEFEN-
 FOOLSMATE. THEREFORE IT ISN'T WISE TO USE
 THIS PLAY TOO FREQUENTLY.

I JUST FINISHED PLAYING A GAME OF
 CHESS WITH MYSELF. AT THE END OF THE GAME THE
 ONLY MEN LEFT WERE THE BLACK KING AND QUEEN
 AND THE WHITE KING AND QUEEN. IT TURNED OUT
 TO BE AS MUCH OF A STALEMATE AS ST
 CAN BE. I'M JUST TOO GOOD FOR ME.



8-19-72

Today is Friday. I believe I'll be leaving for Buddy and Arlene's place Sunday.

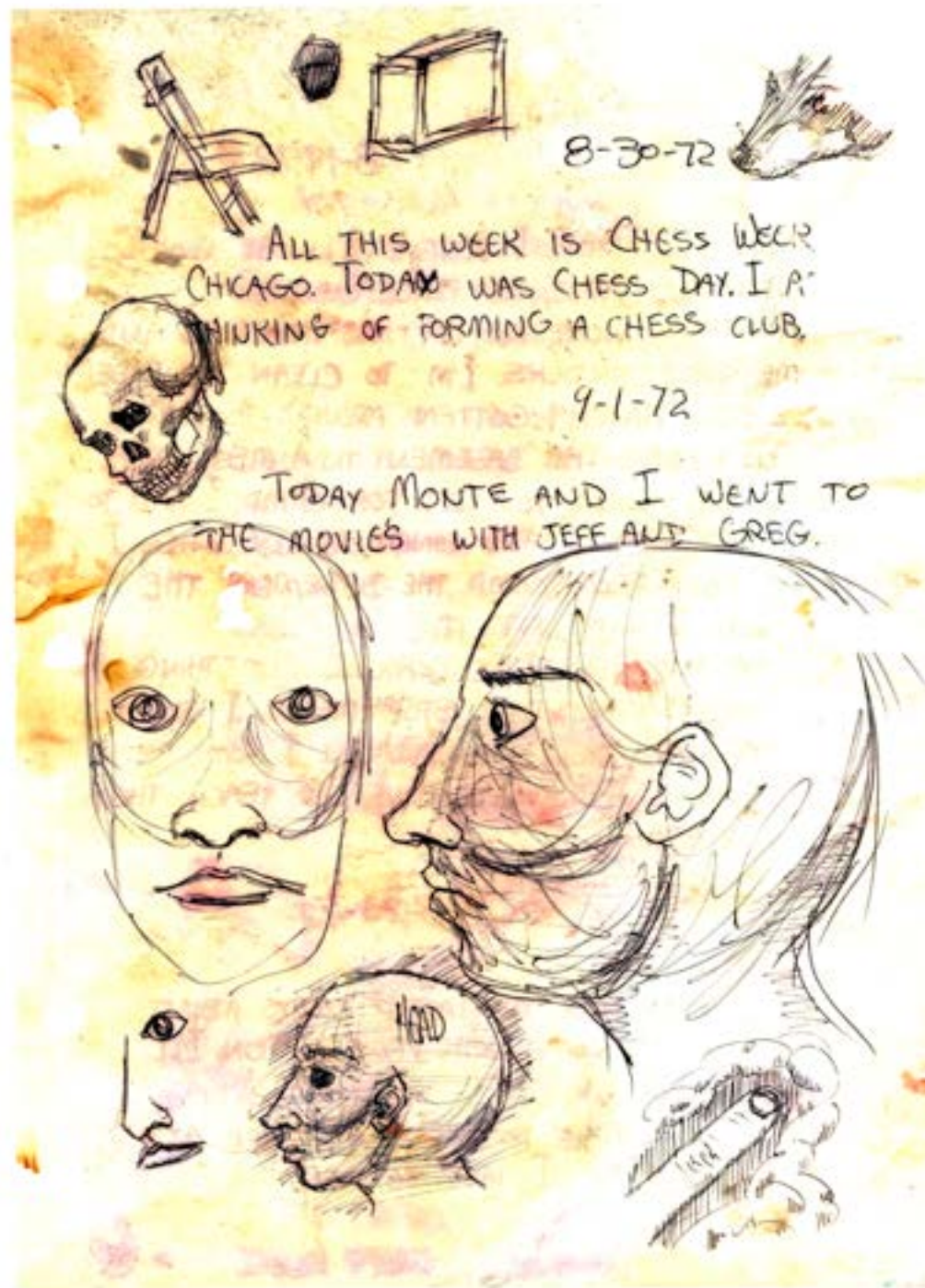
Mother woke me up this morning and gave me some orders. I'm to clean the basement. I still haven't gotten around to it. She said "Don't leave the basement in a mess the way you did when you left for camp. I had to clean the place". That's funny really. When I arrived home from camp the basement the same way I had left it.

Max and Aristotle learned something new. I taught them what "stop" meant. I don't want to leave them again. When I come back from Buddy's house I'll have to teach them all over again.

8-23-72

I've been lazy the last few days about writing in my notebook. From now on I'll try and keep up.

I wasn't able to spend a week at Buddy's because I have to register for school.



8-30-72

All this week is Chess week Chicago. Today was Chess Day. I am thinking of forming a chess club.

9-1-72

Today Monte and I went to the movies with Jeff and Greg.





Write about moving from grade school to high school and how church friends actually helped with your headspace by becoming actual friends.

Also treat how after drugs and yin yang comparisons you compared bones with blobs



temp note: freshman picture

etting high with friends, Green Skull had an incredible experience that changed the trajectory of his life. This happened in the same 1974 season that Raymond Moody, MD., worked out his classic book, “Life After Life.” Moody records many near-death “symptoms” which match the altered state described here by Green Skull:

Churning chaos. Falling from a strange hole in the sky into this place I feel as if I am brand bizarre new, nothing having happened to me before, a weird clean slate. Another life has lived up to this point and it attaches itself to my brand new being by some mysterious process. Viscous sounds echo in my ears. Angelic beings make these sounds as they laugh. I lose my balance and fall backwards. The laughter of the angels stretch thin as they seem to lift me up and with twists and turns plant me on a motorcycle, just as I want them to. Even though they seem to lift me up on the bike, it's my own volition that got me there. The falling in through the sky, the losing of my balance, my encounter with the angels, and my getting up and onto the motorcycle all feel like my past life; the one I inherited just now. I rock the motorcycle back and forth in slow motion, then I see a tunnel up ahead that I've already been traveling through. My eyes widen as I experience the awe of this tunnel. Angels laugh on the left and right of me as I travel through it. Their faces seem to say that I'm

really going to get a big kick out of the surprise that is coming up. At the far end of the tunnel I see a distant light. I'm traveling toward the light and it comes toward me. In an instant that seems like an eternity I reach the end of this tunnel and stand as That Light envelopes me. Oh! I wish I had the words to express it to you! From The Light a voice comes to the inside of my head, a voice that seems to me none other than that of the Sacred Spirit and It whispers: "It doesn't matter what happens; **it doesn't matter what happens**, it's all going to be alright in the end." I have an experience of sheer joy that words cannot adequately express as I seem to comprehend the whole of creation, the purpose of life, the joy of eternity! The closest description I can come up with to summarize the feeling is the phrase "mind orgasm" and I have a definite conviction that life is worth living --even with the suffering. The peak experience dissipates and I find myself awestruck, but back to my mundane life as Michael Anthony Bohacz.

Green Skull attempted to tell a few close friends what the above experience meant to him but for the most part his accounts fell on deaf ears. Thus ends Volume 1 of this Secret Book of the Skull Club and begins a new outlook on life for Green Skull.

FURTHER CONFESSIONS OF YOUNG GREEN SKULL



reen Skull fantasised about sending hordes of trained rats to tear apart fellow elementary school students whom he despised*. His family had moved from Chicago to Berwyn (a Chicago suburb) in early December 1970 and GS had a hard time making friends at his new school. Many of the kids picked on him incessantly. This resulted in GS building emotional walls and the murderous plans mentioned above. Not so with his friends at church.

Emmanuel Bible Church had also made the move from Chicago to Berwyn

192 and inhabited a brand new non-traditional modern building just blocks from where GS's family would relocate to. Many of GS's church friends had joined the Skull Club including Junky Jaw Bone, Tan Turtle Bones, and Bone Marrow. These friends were GS's age, a few years older than his brother Red Skeleton (President of the club) and this created something of a divide between the brothers. GS's church friends provided some continuity to his self image but there

**For documentation of young Green Skull's derangement during this period see "The Secret Book of the Skull Club Volume 1: Illustrated Writings of Terror-Children."*

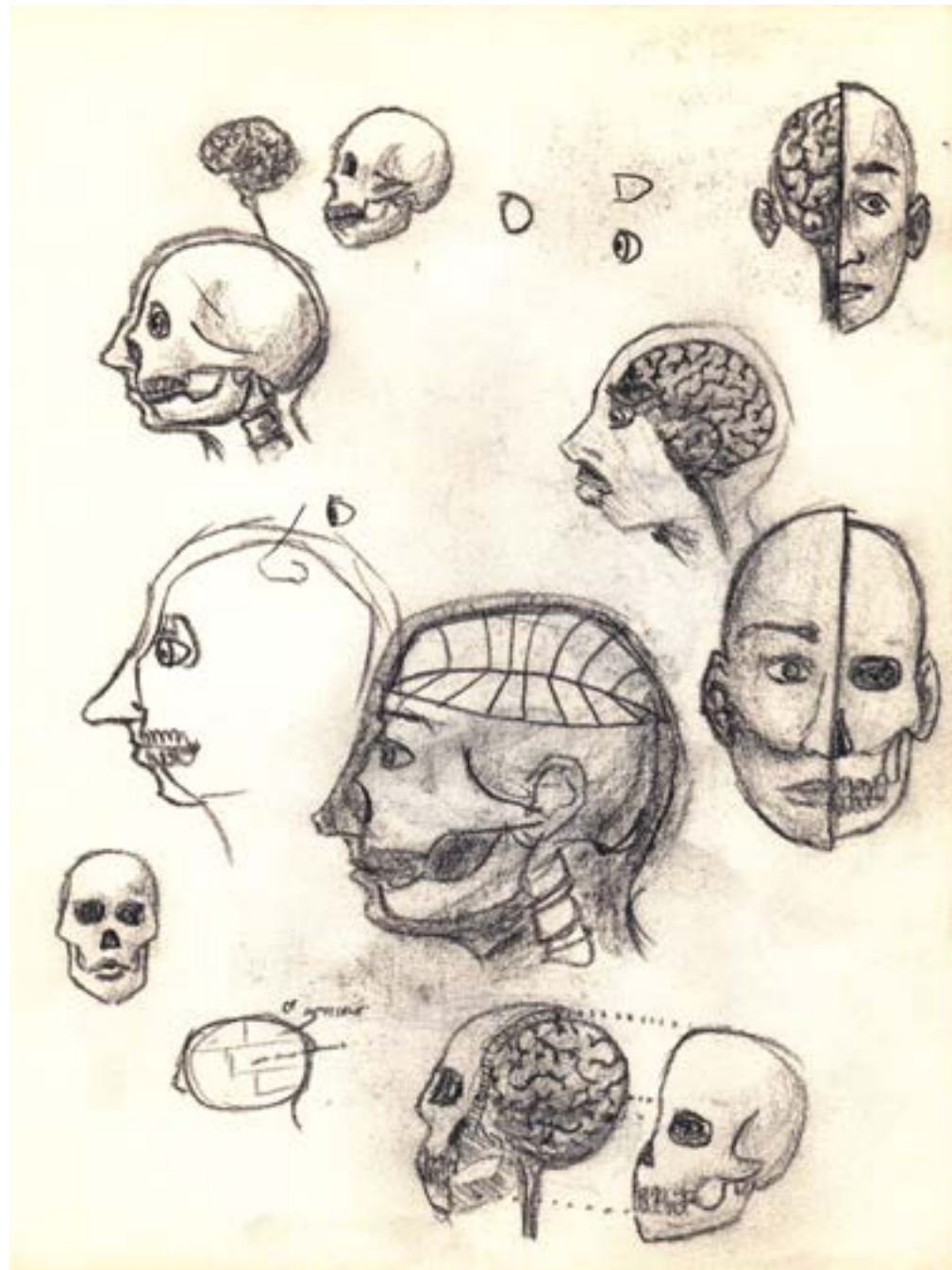


still existed complicating factors.

GS had three names. His first was Michael Anthony Montague which was his legal name at the time and his folks used this name to register him at his public schools. His schoolmates knew him as Mike Montague. His mother had remarried when GS was two years old and at church (where they didn't require any official name registration) they called him Mike Bohacz (pronounced Boaz with long o and short a as in topaz). Green Skull had also created his own Skull Club secret name. Although this name situation didn't actually fragment his personality to any detrimental degree, it also couldn't help but reinforce his hatred for those at school who called him one name and at the same time reinforcing the friendship he felt for those at church that referred to him by a different name.

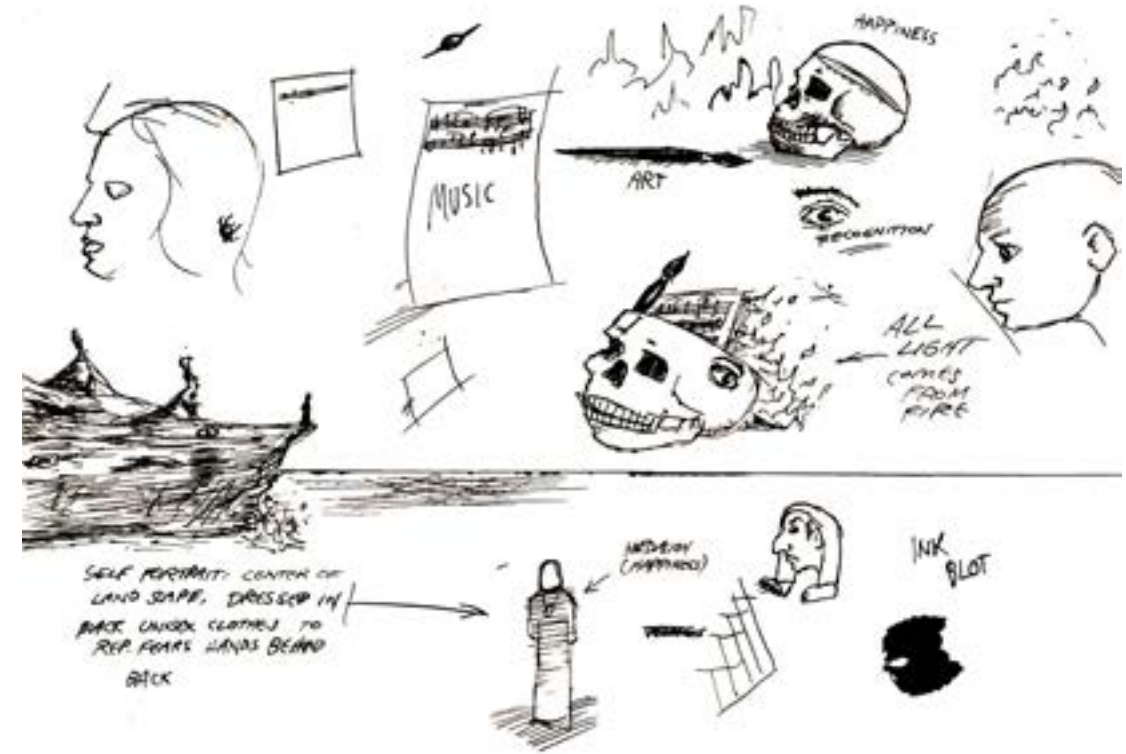
GS entered high school in the fall of 1972 and although his folks had his name legally changed from Montague to Bohacz by then, he still didn't make a lot of friends at school. An exception was his art teacher Ronald Mounce who became a mentor and greatly encouraged his creative work.

Meanwhile at church GS attended the co-ed "Shipmates" meetings for high schoolers and made more friends. In addition to church activities these friends would



visit GS at his home to improvise comedy routines which GS would tape record. GS would later call this comedy troupe "Legion" and compose music with some of these friends.

In early 1974 when GS had barely begun his sixteenth year on Earth, one of his





The sketches on the opposite page reveal meanings behind the images in this untitled work that I painted in 1973.



Sheila has this



73-74 Take Me
Along page 109?

Junky Jaw Bone possesses this painting. (73-74? or from 75-77?)

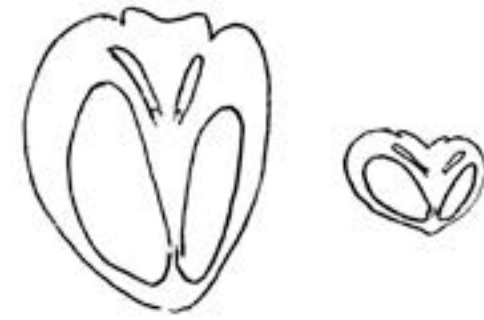
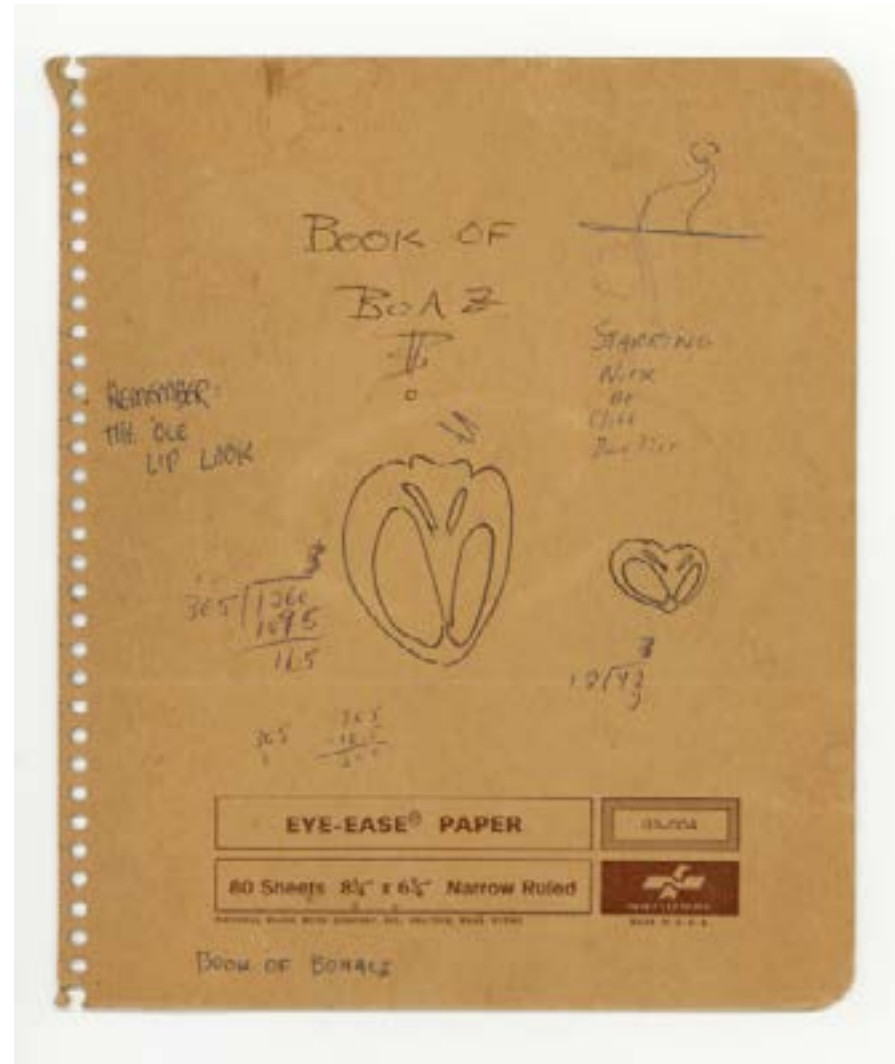
new church friends turned him on to illegal drugs. GS had been curious about these substances for at least as long as he had heard the song “Sweet Leaf” by the band Black Sabbath, but he was surprised to discover that these inebriants not only introduced one to one’s own mind as advertised, they also revealed an unexpected realm that could only be described as awe-inspiring, cosmic, spiritual, visionary. These visionary dimensions have fascinated many folks for millennia. GS had many interesting experiences on these substances.

It couldn’t have been too many months after starting experimentation with drugs that GS had a certain lasting vision. While high on marijuana and just after being dropped off by his church-connection friend, he walked northeast on Ogden Avenue in Berwyn. As he smiled wide, so wide that his cheeks bulged upward, he experienced an impression of his own smiling face but in an altered form. This form interested him so much he had to draw it.

Sketching out the vision allowed GS to better visualize it. It seemed to have a shape, color, texture that reminded GS of dried bone. He called it the “Mystic Bone” and made many drawings, sculptures, animations and videos based on it over the years. He pondered much about the meaning of the Mystic Bone. The first question: What strange

fascination held sway over GS? As with other psychedelic experiences, the Mystic Bone seemed important to the one who experienced it but not so much to anyone else. The cause of the obsession couldn’t adequately be put into words, so only those who had had similar experiences could entertain the possibility of understanding its import. Another question: Did GS create an idol? GS didn’t worship the Mystic Bone, no. He did feel it had its own independent existence with its own characteristics, much like the comic book characters he created or when GS had imaginary friends when younger. Many years later GS eventually decided that it represented a kind of spiritual fossil, the Bones of God. Not that Deity had died, rather more like the MB represented clues found in a spiritual archeological dig, an object left by the living God to tease and elude GS’s intellectual grasping, yet still seeming to point to something real.

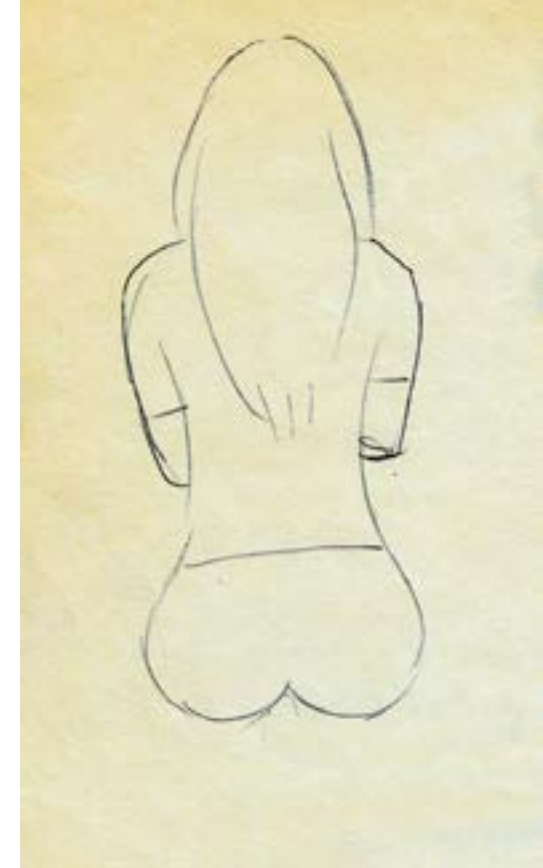
As with most boys his age, GS’s interest in girls increased.



These represent the first two sketches of the "Mystic Bone," drawings that Green Skull made immediately after experiencing it in 1974.



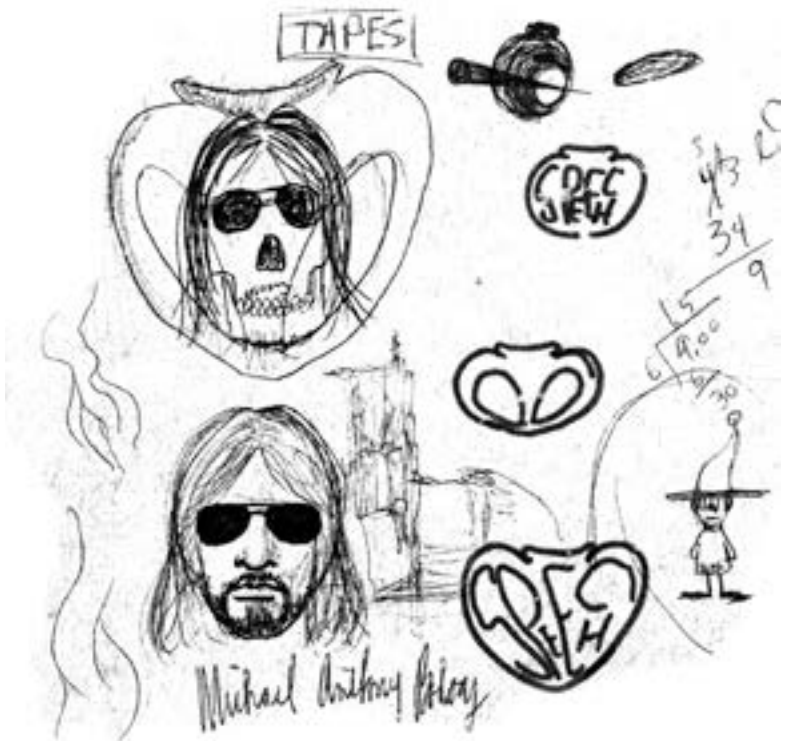
GS liked to draw girls without their knowledge, nor their clothes. 74, 76.



This shape also interested GS very much. (72-73)



An 8-track tape decorated with a Mystic Bone



A frame detail from Legion's film "Miller the Important" with (from left) Tan Turtle Bones, Junky Jaw Bone (his back), Bone Marrow, Green Skull, with Napolian Bone Apart on camera



Skinny Bones posing for Green Skull (76-77)

Mystic Bones and other doodles 1974-75.



Legion (a comedy troupe and band) from right to left: Green Skull, Junky Jaw Bone, Bone Marrow, Napolian Bone Apart, non-member



Captain Bones



Boney Thorax



Skinny Bones, one of Green Skull's first models



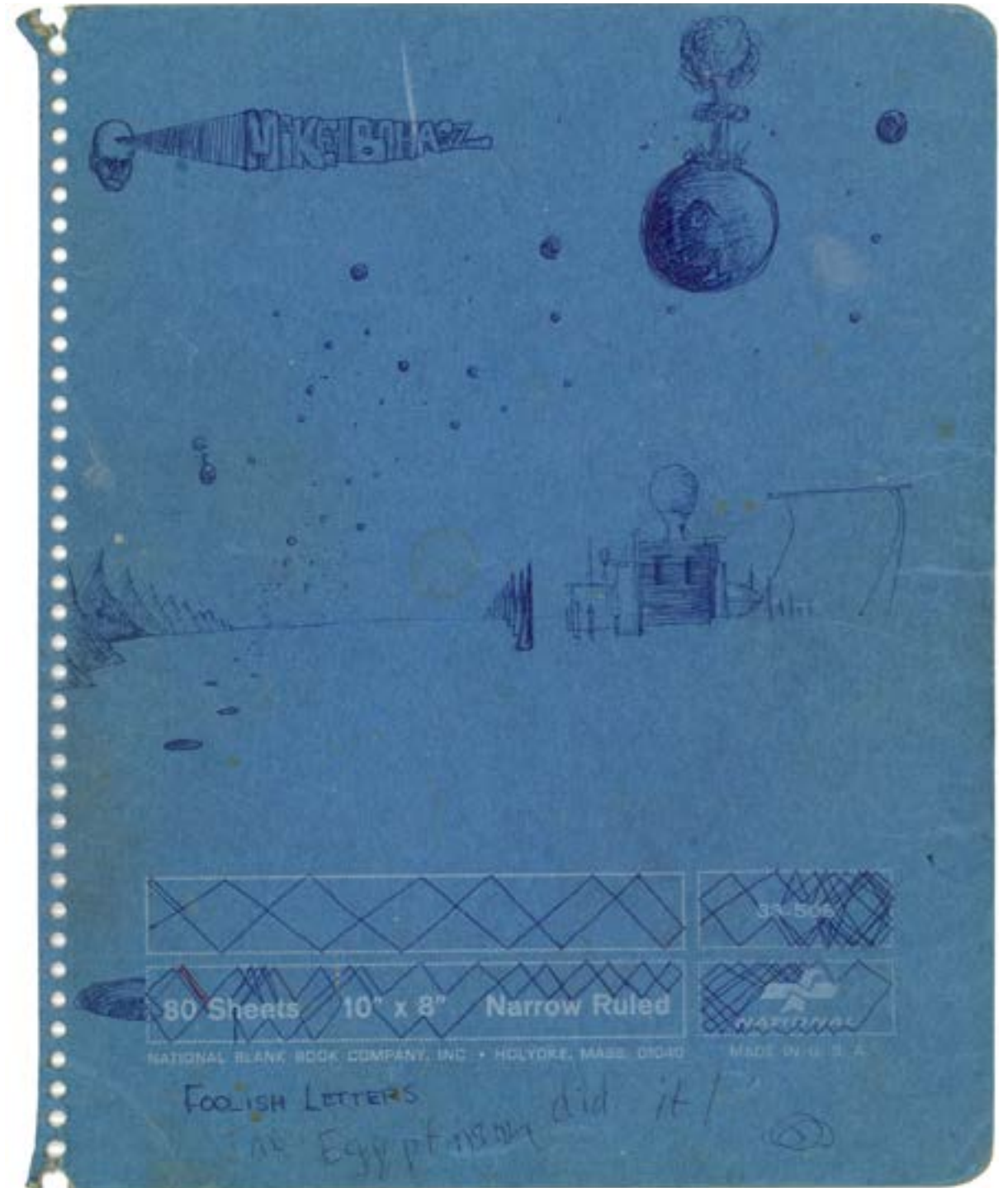
GS couldn't draw faces from life yet in 1976-77.



Dunn's Farewell to Life



April 3, 1975-
 Wow! I just read the notes in
 this book. How I changed! I think
 I'll try and start another diary
 type thing. This time however, I'll
 try to be realistic. I don't know
 if I should write my innermost
 secrets. There's no more list. I
 guess the only thing I'll ~~write~~
 write is that theory
 #1 still haunts me. ~~it~~
 (a lot more)



Foolish Letters
 in Egyptian did it!



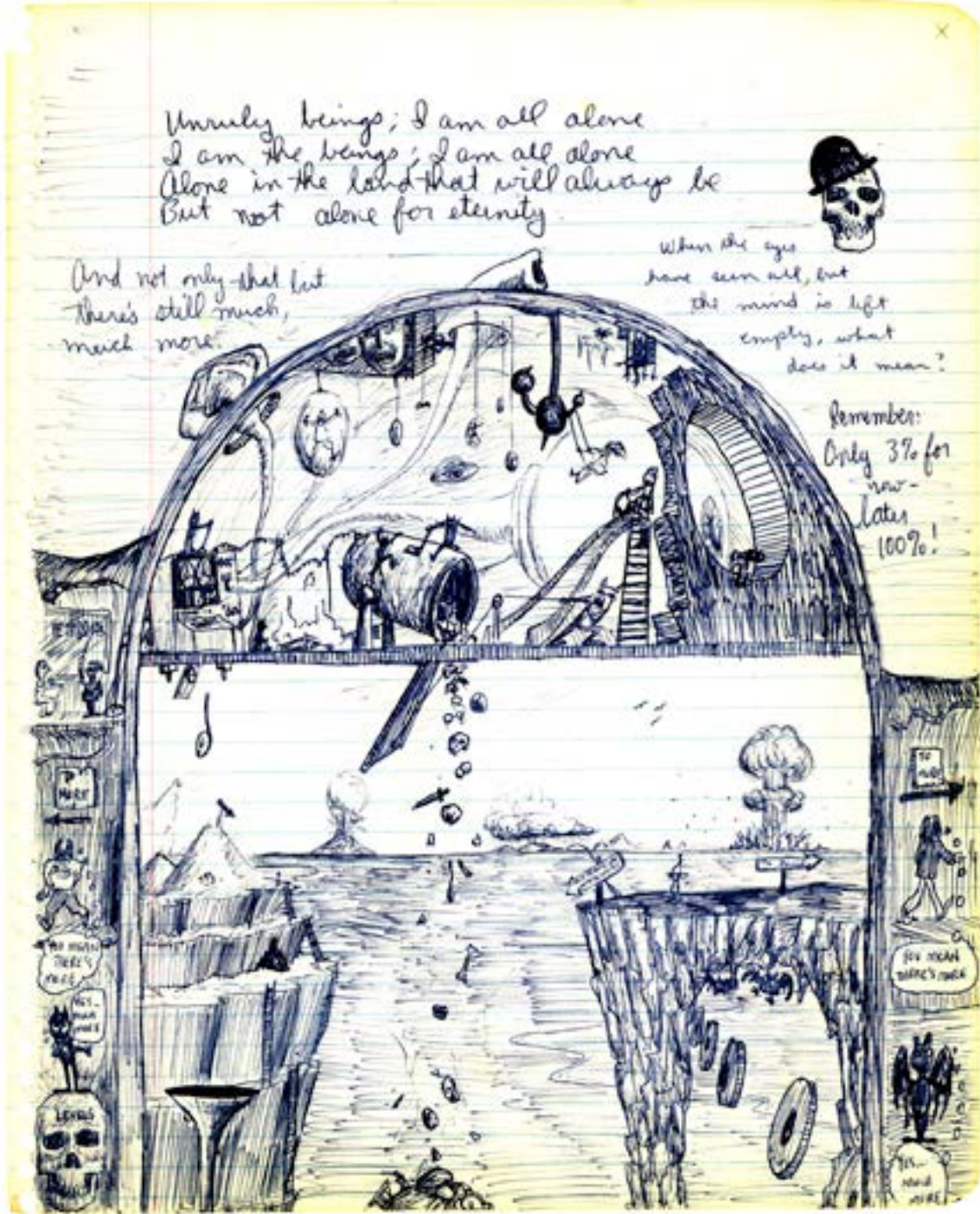




This series is from 75 to 77.



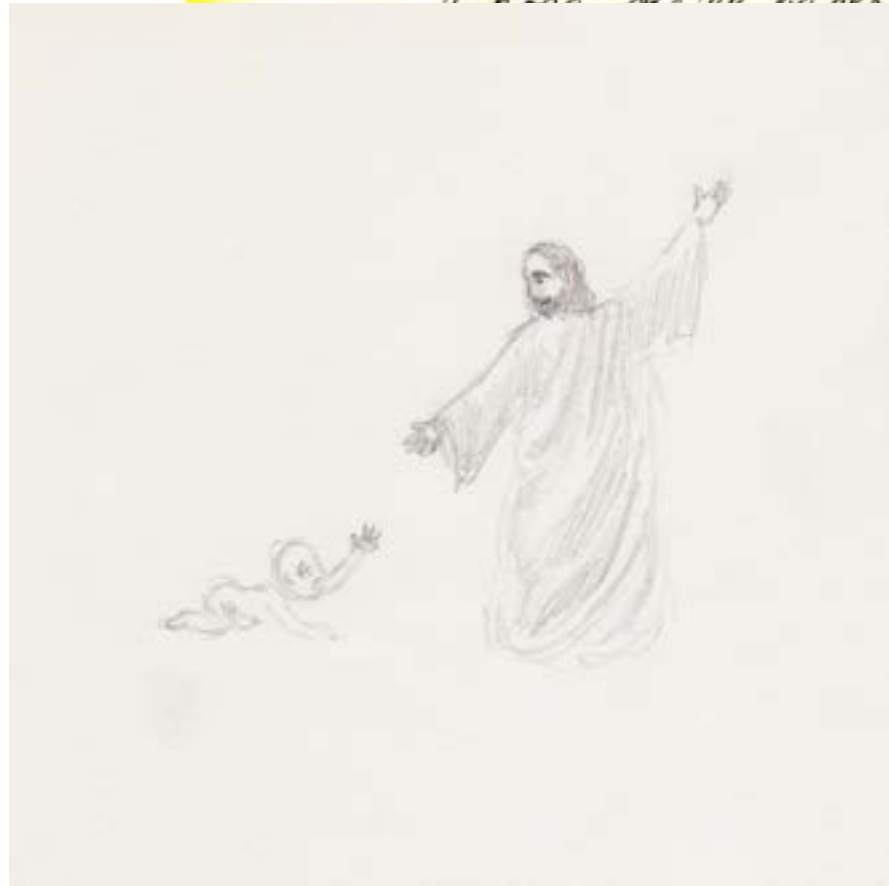
Greg Miller possesses this painting.



This series is from 75 to 77.

April 9- '75

My mom just went into the hospital again. Chest pains. They don't know what's wrong yet. I hope she'll be alright. to go in the better.



This drawing is page 087 of "74-76 Take Me Along" and seems between summer '75 and end of book. I earlier calculated it from '76.

DEC. 9, 1975
 SEEMS I HAVEN'T BEEN KEEPING WITH THIS. WELL I'LL START AGAIN NOW.
 LAST NIGHT I DREAMED I CUT SCHOOL AND RICK WAGER WAS DRIVING ME AROUND MORTON. I DIDN'T WANT ANYONE TO SEE ME.
 BY THE WAY — I STAYED HOME FROM SCHOOL TODAY.

Oct. 27, 1976

Well here I am writing in this stupid little book again. Seems I start this project every so often. Because I haven't been writing in this book I've missed a lot. I don't have any highschool age experiences recorded in this notebook. I'll have to do it from memory.

There's so much to write that I don't know where to start, so I won't now. I'll let it all come out little by little when I

write in the future.

Now I'm in college and I am going to be totally truthful with myself when I write.

The thing that comes to my mind is why ~~I am~~ writing this notebook anyway? Have my reasons changed since when I first started? ~~I know why I started this. Now~~ I think I know the reason I started but why do I want to continue?

It used to be that when I saw a movie that impressed me, I wanted to be a part of what I saw. For example, in the early part of this book I call myself a "genius" a few times. I thought of myself as a genius

because I saw a movie on screaming Yellow Theatre entitled The Testament of Dr. Mabuse. The movie really impressed me. It was about a criminal genius who went insane and was put in an insane asylum but still carried out ingenious crimes. (The way he did it was he hypnotized his doctor). Ever since then I wanted to be an insane genius.

1. The movie that caused me to start notebooks was Willard. I wanted to be like Willard so I bought the book it was based on: Katman's Notebooks. Willard kept notes so I started to keep notes. Willard kept rats so I bought some. Willard killed for

Another movie I'd seen late on TV starred George Hamilton as a genius business type. Davis Ryz co-starred. 10/25/92

revenge so I wanted to. This explains my "list" ~~at~~ⁱⁿ the early pages.

I didn't want to kill like Willard did ~~with~~ with rats, (I just wanted to train them.)

but I saw another movie—Mr. Phibes who killed people in very interesting ways. I wanted to be like Mr. Phibes.

These days I don't ~~now~~ plan to murder anymore, and I'm not interested in Willard anymore, so the question is: Why do I want to continue this book?

I want to be famous. I want people to know my name. Years in the future I want people to study every ~~to~~ part

although I did want to kill. 11/15/77

of my life. I want people to admire my accomplishments. My paintings, my songs, all my creative products will be collectors items. I want to contribute to the world in the terms that a major change will take place. I want to be different, I want to be misunderstood by many, understood by few. People will ponder me with awe. Wondering how such things could be.

Now the question is: Why do I want any of this?

Feb. 19, 1977

I've since changed my mind.

Oct. 28 '76

Music is a major part of my life. I've got a good Zenith Allegro Stereo. Not a small one either. I've got over 150 record albums including the old ones that I have nothing to do with buying. The last job I had working at Murphy's dept. store restaurant as a cook didn't pay much, but all I bought was albums + stereo equipment.

Music didn't always have such an effect as it does. It wasn't until I went over to Buddy's house to spend a week or two in the summer of '72 that I started really listening to the radio. They (Buddy and his family) listened



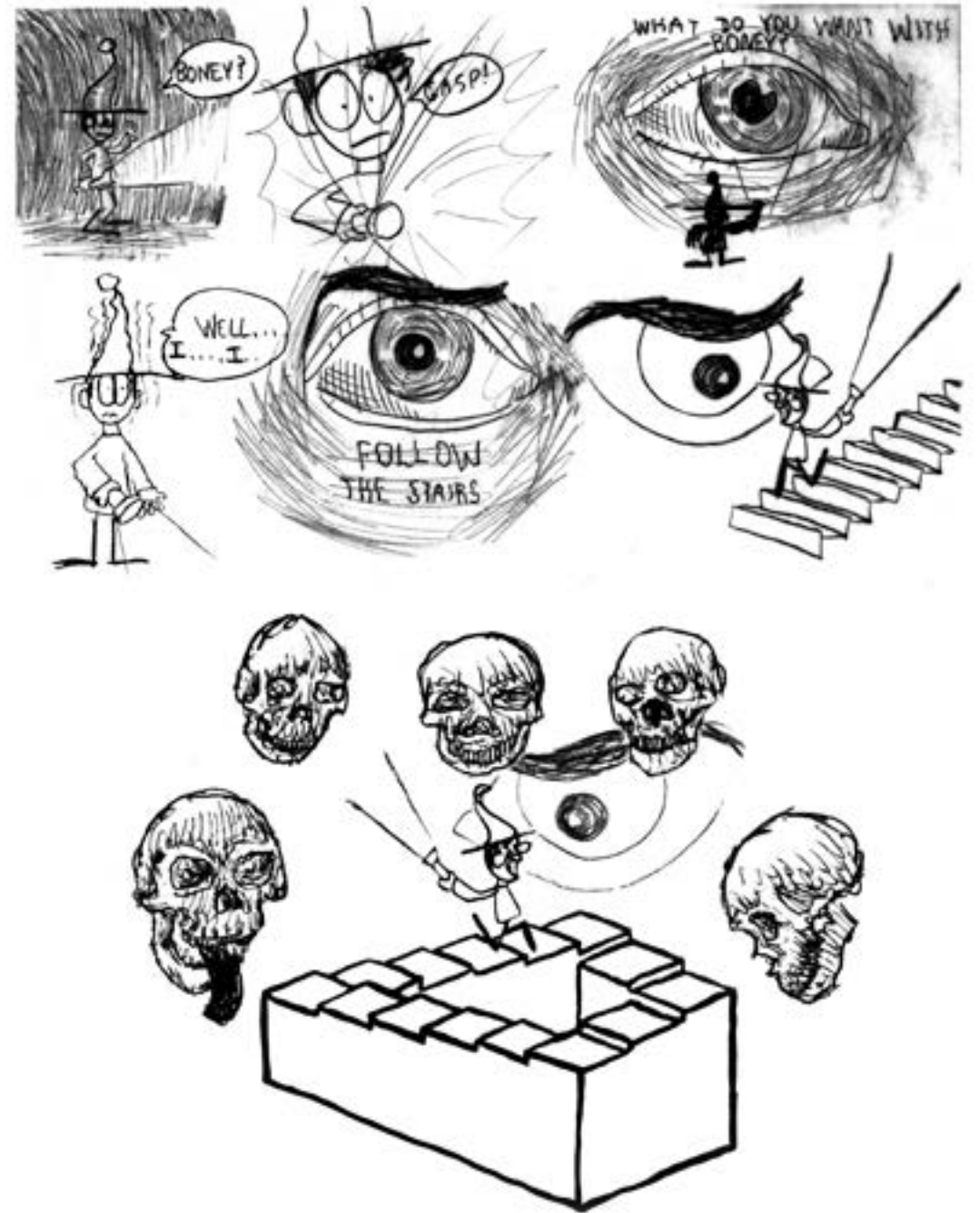
to the radio all the time and they had lots of records and a half-way decent stereo so how could I help but listen too? It was there I bought my first 45's: Double Barrel and Jungle Fever. With the influence of "Supertar" the ball started rolling and I became a music freak. When I got home and I was a beginner music freak.

Feb. 19, '77

TIME	SCALE OF YEARS	AGE	SCHOOL
JAN 27 1958	BIRTH		
" 1959	1	11	5TH
1960	2	12	6TH
1961	3	13	7TH
1962	4	14	8TH
1963	5	15	FRESHMAN - MORTON WEST
1964	6	16	SOPHMORE
1965	7	17	JUNIOR
1966	8	18	SENIOR
1967	9	19	1ST YEAR - MORTON COLL.
1968	10		

STARTED KINDER 9/63

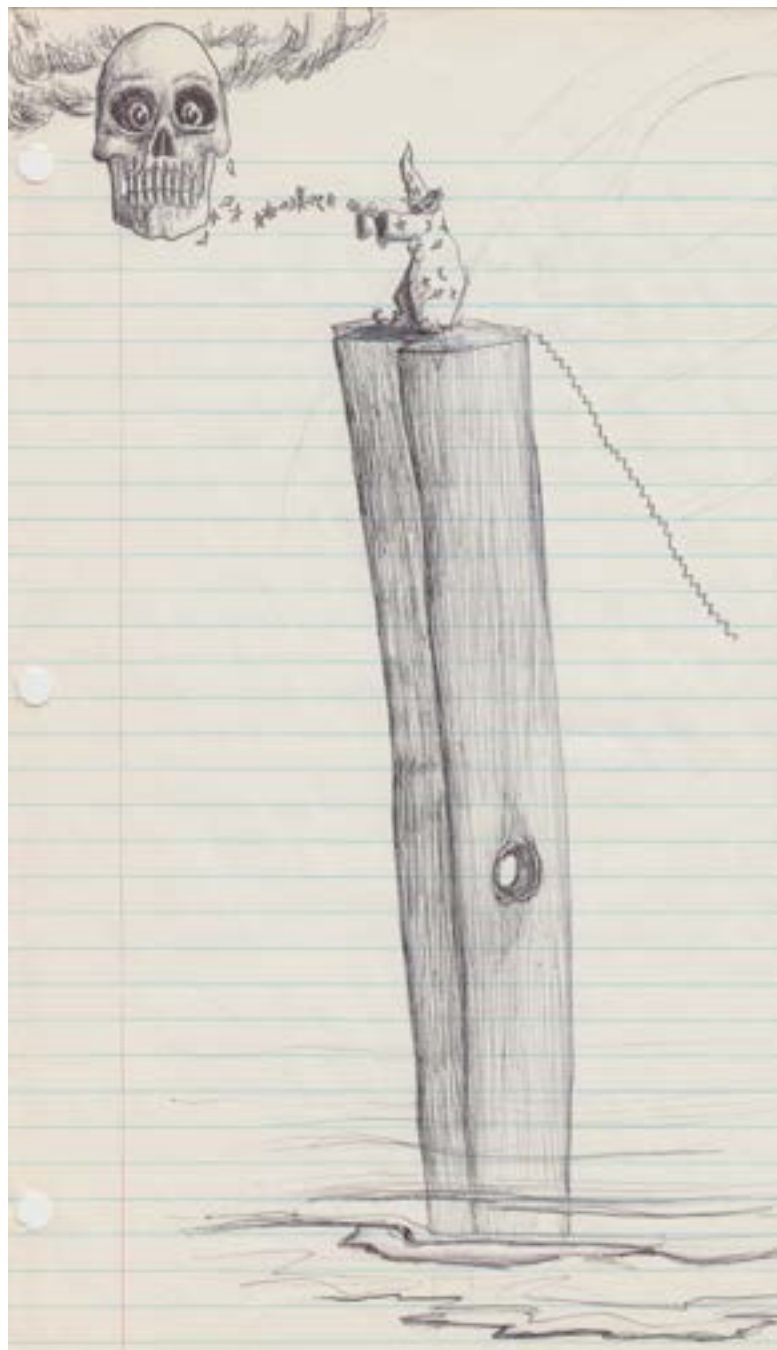
MID 7TH GRADE IRVING SCHOOL



Nick the Cliff Dweller goes looking for the Mystic Boney (digitally retouched).



Rendering of another glow-in-the-dark plastic skull model, this one without teeth (76-77)



76-78



76-78



GS got the hang of faces in college. Here's Skinny Bones again. (77-78)



GS also acquired more models in college, here's a non-member (77-78)

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[1]Non-member 77-78



[2]Non-member 77-78



[4]Non-member 77-78? or Char?



[5]Artist and model (non-member) 77-78? or Char?



[3]Non-member 77-78



[6]Non-member 77-78

MICHAEL BOHACZ
PSYCHOLOGY

MAN

FIRST OF ALL, I BELIEVE MAN POSSESSES A SOUL. I BASE THIS BELIEF ON THE FACT THAT I HAVE SELF-AWARENESS. I AM AWARE THAT I EXIST. IF ALL I WAS WAS JUST A COLLECTION OF BRAIN CELLS WRAPPED UP IN A CERTAIN WAY AS TO RESPOND TO CERTAIN STIMULI, I WOULD HAVE NO SELF-AWARENESS.

OF COURSE, ON THE OTHER HAND, I HAVE OFTEN THOUGHT THAT MAYBE MY SELF-AWARENESS WAS ONLY A CLEVER GADGET OF SELF DEFENSE THAT CONDITIONS ME TO THINK THAT I AM IN EXISTENCE. BUT THEN I ALSO THINK: WHY WOULD AN ORGANIC MACHINE NEED A SELF-DEFENCE MECHANISM TO PRODUCE THE SENSATION OF SELF-AWARENESS UNLESS THERE WAS SOMETHING MORE THAN A MACHINE TO PROTECT. IT WOULDN'T MAKE SENSE TO TRY AND CONDITION ONESELF INTO BELIEVING ONE EXISTS IF HE NEVER ACTUALLY EXISTED. THERE'S NO REASON FOR IT. IF I ~~DO~~ DON'T EXIST THERE'S NO REASON FOR FOOLING MYSELF INTO THINKING I DO. I WOULDN'T NEED TO. DO YOU FOLLOW?

MAN HAS A SELF-AWARENESS. INFORMATION FLOODS INTO THIS SELF-AWARENESS (SOUL) ALL THE TIME. I HAVE THREE THEORIES ON WHAT THIS INFORMATION, OR BETTER, WHAT PERCEPTION, ACTUALLY IS. TO AID MY EXPLANATION OF THESE THEORIES I WILL USE DRAWINGS.

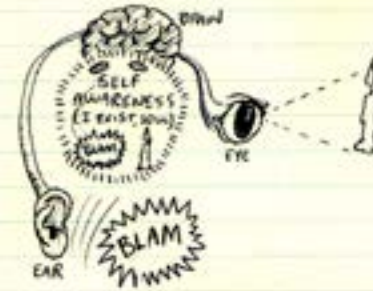
THE FIRST THEORY IS THE MOST WIDELY EXCEPTED THEORY BECAUSE IT SEEMS OBVIOUS THIS IS THE CORRECT THEORY.

①

A

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THEORY #1



CERTAIN STIMULI ARE PERCEIVED BY THE SENSES AND SENT TO THE BRAIN. WHEN THE BRAIN IS STIMULATED THE SELF-AWARENESS PERCEIVES THE IMAGE OR SOUND.

THEORY #2



PERHAPS ~~THE~~ NOTHING THAT WE PERCEIVE ACTUALLY EXISTS BUT THAT THE IMAGES WE RECEIVE IN THE SELF-AWARENESS ARE ONLY SIMULATED. (WHY? I DON'T HAVE ANY EXPLANATION) IF THIS IS TRUE WE ARE BEING FOOLED INTO THINKING SOMETHING IS THERE WHEN IT ACTUALLY ISN'T.

THEORY #3

PERHAPS THE ONLY TRUE THING IN EXISTENCE IS THE SELF-AWARENESS AND ALL IMAGES PERCEIVED ARE JUST THE PRODUCT OF ONE'S OWN SELF-DEFENCE MECHANISM TO TRY AND CONVINCE THE SELF-AWARENESS THAT SOMETHING MORE THAN ITSELF EXISTS.



*SELF-DEFENCE MECHANISM.

I WILL SUMMARIZE HERE: IT IS MY BELIEF THAT THE RIDDLE OF LIFE DOES NOT ~~DEAL~~ DEAL WITH WHETHER OR NOT THE SOUL EXISTS. I THINK MEN WHO ARGUE OVER THIS ARE JUST TRYING TO HIDE FROM

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THEMSELVES THE REAL RIDDLE OF LIFE. AND THAT
IS: I KNOW I EXIST, BUT DOES [★]ANYTHING ELSE?

★ OR ANYONE

Feb. 22, 1977

Today we had a chase
game during C + C's. It was
just like those old, magical
times when the janitors played.
I remember how we used to
say how God would build
us a building in heaven
just to play chase. I wonder
if tonight it ^{is} come true?

IN THE CENTER OF THE BONE
 THE VOICE COMES FROM.
 THE VOICE TELLS ME
 AND TEACHES ME.
 IT TOLD ME THERE IS
 A BOTTOM TO THE SUBWAY.
 THE BOTTOM IS NIRVANA.
 I WENT INTO THE SUBWAY.
 IT HAD MANY FLOORS
 I LOOKED OVER THE STAIRS
 I COULDN'T SEE THE BOTTOM
 I COULDN'T SEE NIRVANA
 A YOUNG CHILD CRAWLED
 OVER TO A HOLE
 THE DEMON WAS THERE
 THE CHILD FELL IN
 DID IT HIT THE BOTTOM?
 THE MOTHER DIDN'T CARE
 IT'S' OLDER BROTHER SAVED IT
 I DIDN'T WANT TO GO
 THE DEMON WAS SMILING
 THE DEMON WAS IGNORANT
 STILL FOLLOWING, SMILING
 I TRIED TO LEAVE
 I COULDN'T
 I HAD TO GO DOWN
 I DIDN'T WANT TO SEE
 I DIDN'T WANT TO KNOW
 I DECIDED TO GO DOWN
 TO SEE THE MYSTERY OF THE BOTTOM
 I WENT DOWN MANY STAIRS
 ALMOST ENDLESS TIME
 WHEN I REACHED THE BOTTOM
 IT WAS THE CLIMAX
 I SAW THE NIRVANA
 THE BOTTOM OF THE SUBWAY

WATER IS WET MY FATHER,
 MY LORD,
 MY TEACHER
 WATER HAS WET MY FATHER
 MY LORD,
 MY TEACHER.

77-78


THE BONE - "FROM THE CENTER OF THE BONE THE VOICE COMES"
 STRANGE HEAD CREATURE. SOMETIMES HAS A BODY.
 PERSONAL SELF VISION OF THE PAINTER. ASSOCIATED
 WITH DESERT LANDSCAPE MOST OFTEN, MASCULINE
 REMINISCENT OF THE LAUGHTER AT THE END OF "WITHIN YOU, WITHOUT YOU"



77-78

Handwritten Hebrew text at the top: *אברהם*, *אברהם*, *אברהם*

DREAMS/ Dr. Paul Poldoski
George Christian



A cake is better with icing.

It could be that remembering our dreams is only bring on the side of our inner process.

Psychologist Samuel Lowy argues that dreams are doing important work for us when we remember them or not.

Lowy wrote "Psychological and Biological Foundations of Dream Interpretation." Why, he wondered, if the memory of dreams is so important, would such a small percentage of dreams be remembered? Why are they so elusive? If it were functional and useful for us to be able to recall all our dreams, Lowy argued, they would be readily available to us.

There is evidence that "having" the dream is important. Research shows that if you deprive people of the rapid eye movement (REM) state, the dream state, they have many more REM periods.

Lowy's point then is that when the personality refuses to see or digest something, the process of digestion goes on in the dream state. In this sense, Lowy's thinking is like Carl Jung's. He believes dreams make up for processes absent in waking life. So if you don't remember your dreams, you're OK.

DREAMS/ Dr. Paul Poldoski
George Christian

Dream quiz

(1) The people you meet in your dreams are always people you have met somewhere in real life.

(2) Dreams can be warnings of things to come, of situations that need improvement.

(3) Songs heard while dreaming are of little importance except to musicians.

ANSWERS

(1) FALSE. Dream people are often composite figures of the unconscious. Sometimes by visualizing the people you are again and demanding that they be unmasked, the dreamer can discover a surprisingly true identity.

(2) TRUE. A dream may dramatize a perception of something that is happening in life. Psychologist Ann Faraday, in her book "The Dream Game," reports a man dreaming that his steady girl friend is having an affair with his best friend.

He asks her, and she denies it. Thinking it over, he becomes aware that his friend is involved in his girl and that the dream is warning him what may happen if things continue as they are. He decides his relationship with her needs improvement, thanks to the dream.

(3) FALSE. Dream songs are powerful indicators of the dreamer's mood. American Indians thought they had a special power. Modern psychoanalysts believe that songs heard in a dream are part of the dreamer's mind. If you hear a song in your dream, and you don't like it, you should...

DREAMS/ Dr. Paul Poldoski
George Christian

DREAM QUIZ:

(1) Unpleasant dreams are more important because they make us face up to our problems.

(2) Sometimes when we dream we've lost something, we may really have lost something.

(3) When we're dreaming, we're never aware we're dreaming.

ANSWERS:

(1) False. Decoding an unpleasant dream may indeed help us solve problems at hand, but understanding pleasant dreams may help uncover talents we never knew we had and tap unsuspected creativity. Getting in touch with our pleasant dreams may help us feel better about the people we are.

(2) True. We can't discount the possibility that the dream is just warning us about something missing—maybe that we lost a watch or a ring. Check that out before you look for more symbolic meanings such as a loss of face or a blow to self-esteem.

(3) False. Lucid dreaming is known in many cultures. The yagis are particularly adept at it. In a lucid dream, a dreamer knows he is dreaming and can control the course of the dream. Usually, though, the lucid dream stays close to reality, but reality is identified. When we've learned to become aware during our dreams, we find we can control the course they take.

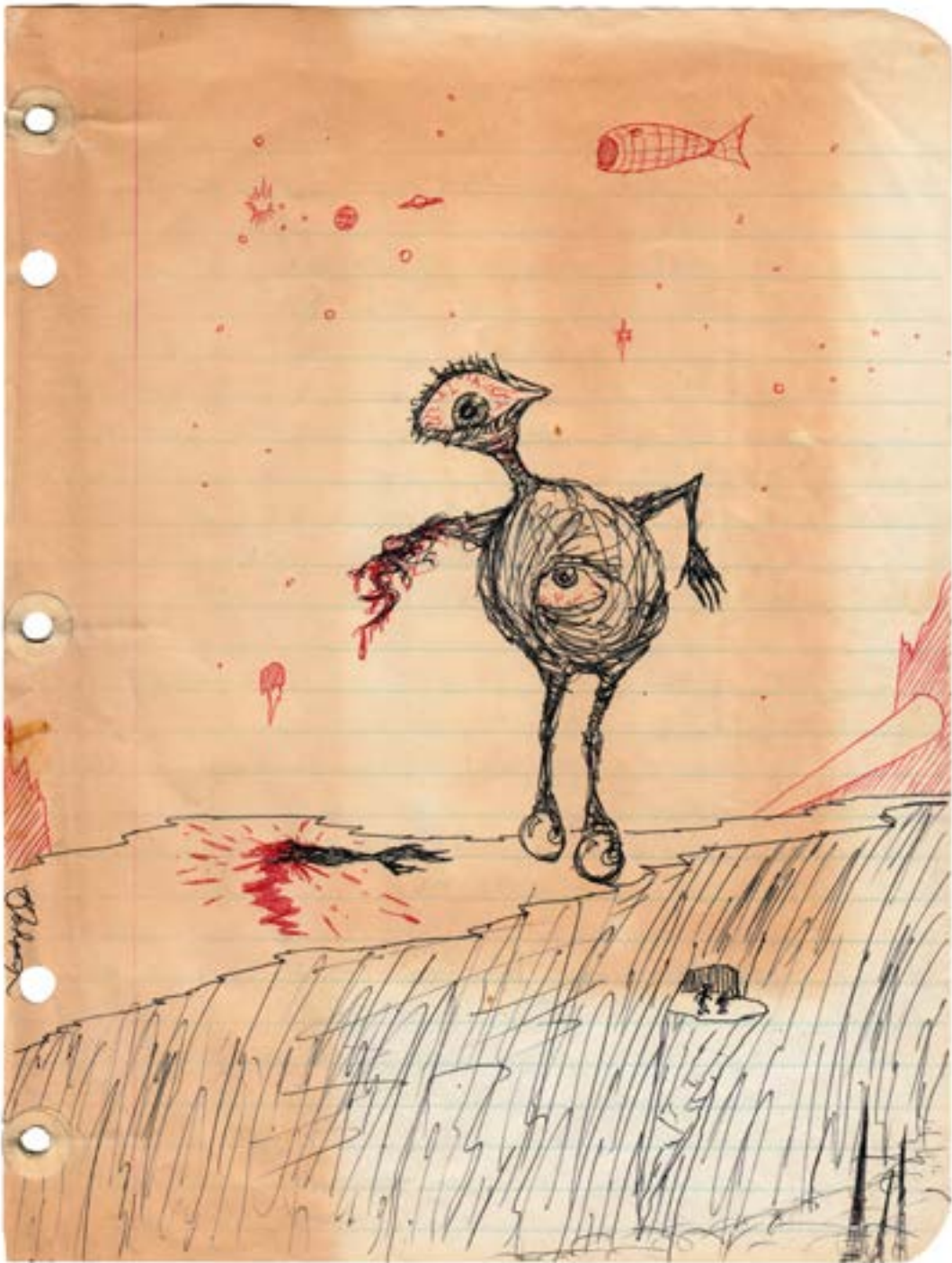
Handwritten notes on the left: *אברהם*, *אברהם*, *אברהם*, *אברהם*

NAME MIKE BOHACZ

ROOM No. 8-1

SCHOOL IRVING

Handwritten Hebrew text at the bottom: *אברהם*, *אברהם*, *אברהם*



This notebook was originally used at Irving School for 8th grade. This explains the early but incorrect dating of my alphabet.

A Dream Notebook of [JJJJ]

(ASTRAL PLANE) added July 16 '78

"IT IS WORTHWHILE ANALYZING A DREAM AS IF EVERYTHING IN IT, INCLUDING PEOPLE, IS A PART OF THE 'DREAMER.'"

"IF YOU CANNOT THINK OF ANY PRIVATE RECOLLECTION CONNECTED WITH A SYMBOL, IT CAN BE VERY HELPFUL IN YOUR OWN ATTEMPTS TO UNDERSTAND DREAMS TO TRY TO FIND OUT SOMETHING ABOUT THE UNIVERSAL CULTURAL SYMBOLISM."

"I MUST REMEMBER THAT DREAMS ARE OUT OF SPACE + TIME AND SHOULD NOT BE RECORDED AS IF THEY WERE. THE MOST OUTSTANDING PORTION SHOULD BE RECORDED FIRST AND THE DETAILS ADDED. SOMETIMES A DREAM SHOULD BE RECORDED AS A DREAM IN WHICH CASE TIME IS A NEEDED ELEMENT." - July 25, '78

The book Kathy + Liz bought me for Christmas tells me to watch for setting, people and other creatures (ENTITY) PROPS, and actions and emotions — Dec. 25 '78

Perhaps I should watch for setting and set to correspond with the psychological determinations of the Tibetan Manual. 12/27/79

"If during the dreaming state you direct your awareness and your concentration to the throat, this will make your dreams clearer. Whereas, if you direct your awareness to the heart, then it will make your sleep deeper. So here is a subjective sleeping pill." — Dalai Lama

"The Path to Tranquility" page 18 1/16/11

A NOTEBOOK OF MICHAEL ANTHONY BOHACZ.
BY MICHAEL ANTHONY BOHACZ.
IT'S GOING TO BE HARD LEARNING A NEW ALPHABET. REMEMBER THAT LEONARDO HAD TO GET USED TO WRITING BACKWARDS, SO FORCE YOURSELF!

MAY 1, 1977

I had A VERY VIVID DREAM LAST NIGHT.

I AM IN A CLASS ROOM. LOOKS LIKE A COMBINATION ^(MIDDLE) ^(SCHOOL) GRADE, HIGH, + GRADE SCHOOL ROOM. IT'S MY

I SEEM TO BE FACING WEST.

COLLEGE PSYCHOLOGY ~~CLASS~~ ^{CLASS} AND MR. GERHART IS GIVING THE LECTURE. IT SEEMS TO BE THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL BECAUSE AT THE END OF CLASS GERHART OFFERS THE CLASS BEER.

~~FOR~~ ALL THE GUYS CHEER BUT NOT ME. I WANT TO HAVE SOME, BUT THEN AGAIN I DON'T. MR GERHART ASKS "IS ANYONE UNDER FIFTEEN?" AND KEEPS LOOKING BACK AND FORTH AROUND THE CLASS, GLANCING AT ME. ~~HE~~ NO ONE ANSWERS AND HE DECIDES IT'S SAFE. HE GOES TO A CABINET AND TAKES OUT A SPRAY CAN. "THIS STUFF IS POWERFUL" HE SAYS AS HE SPRAYS THE CABINET. I SMELL THE FUMES AND FEEL MYSELF GETTING OFF. "THIS IS BEER"? I ASK MYSELF. MR. GERHART THEN GOES TO THE BACK OF THE ROOM (STILL WITH THE

SPRAYCAN IN HIS HAND) AND SAYS TO ONE GUY "GO TURN OFF AND ON THE LIGHTS PERMANENTLY AND PRAY." THE GUY DOES SO. MR GEBHART GIVES THE CLASS (IN MY DIRECTION) ANOTHER SHOT OF SPRAY FOR GOOD MEASURE. I THINK: "THIS STUFF MUST BE WRONG BECAUSE HE'S LEFT THE DOORS OPEN." THEN I SEE VISIONS OF COLOR, AND ACROBATS. AND I NOTICE A SLAB WITH HAPPY CHILDREN PLAYING ON IT. THIS IS NO LONGER A VISION: THE CHILDREN ARE HAPPY PLAYING ON A SLAB IN THE CLASSROOM. MR. GEBHART SUDDENLY DUMPS A DOUBLE PORTION FROM THE GARBAGE ALL OVER THEM. ~~THE~~ THE CHILDREN DISAPPEAR UNDER THE TRASH SOMEWHERE AND GEBHART STANDS LOOKING AMUSED. I FEEL THE CHILDREN ARE IN THERE, TRYING TO CRY BUT CAN'T. I JUMP UP ENRAGED. "WHAT ARE YOU? SOME KIND OF NUT!!" WHERE UAN I TAKE A CAN OF GARBAGE AND DUMP IT ON GEBHART. AT THIS HE GETS VERY ANGRY AND I GET SCARED SO I RUN OUT OF THE BUILDING. I'M ABOUT TO GET AWAY WHEN I THINK "WHY SHOULD I RUN?" I TURN AROUND AND WALK BACK. GEBHART RUNS PAST ME NOT NOTICING ME. WHEN HE REALIZES WHAT HE DID (RUNNING PAST ME) HE TURNS AROUND. AS HE'S



COMING AT ME I THINK "DON'T WORRY, YOU'RE IN THE RIGHT, YOU'VE GOT POWER." EVERY BLOW SEEMS TO COUNT AS I HIT MR GEBHART WITH THE EMPTY GARBAGE CAN, BENDING IT OUT OF SHAPE BUT HE JUST GETS MADDER AND MADDER. I NOTICE WE'RE IN THE ALLEY OF THE OLD 25TH STREET HOUSE. GEBHART STILL COMING ON I KEEP HITTING HIM IN THE HEAD AND FACE AND HE GETS SLOWER AND SLOWER. THE LAST HIT IS IN THE FACE AND HE GOES DOWN I THINK "IF I WANT HE COULD BE BLIND BUT THAT WOULD BE TOO CRUEL." AS I WATCH, HIS EYES GUSH FORTH SLIMY BLOOD AND I DECIDE I BETTER GO HELP THOSE CHILDREN IN THE GARBAGE PILE. BACK AT THE GARBAGE PILE THERE'S A GROUP OF US AND A GIRL LOOKING FOR THE CHILDREN BUT THEY'RE NOT THERE IN THE GARBAGE HEAP. WHERE DID THEY GO? THEN I WAKE UP.

WHEN AWAKE I FELT GUILTY I DIDN'T FIND THE CHILDREN. SO I FOUND THEM IN MY CONSCIOUS MIND.

THIS IS INTERESTING BY A SCENE THAT THIS IS MY DREAM AS I DREAM

MAY 12, 1977

I remember having a dream last night although I can't recall all of it because I'm writing this later.

I'M TALKING ON THE PHONE WITH A GIRL, LAURA REALMO. I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT SHE SAID BUT I DON'T THINK SHE'S SAD.

(WITHOUT NOTICING ANY DIFFERENCES)

SUDDENLY I'M TALKING TO MARY HAKIMAN. SHE'S VERY NICE. I'VE ALWAYS LIKED HER AND FELT SORRY FOR HER. I WISH SORT OF FAR OFF SHE WAS MINE. THEN SHE'S RIGHT NEXT TO ME (STILL WITH THE PHONE) ON THE OTHER SIDE OF A FENCE. SHE REACHES HER HAND THRU THE FENCE TO MY SIDE AND PUSHES A RED SQUARE BUTTON. I AM SURPRISED THAT SHE'S RIGHT THERE AND SHE HAS THE ATTITUDE OF "NA HA ON YOU" BUT LAUGHING WITH ME NOT AT ME.

FOR DREAMS UP TO THIS POINT. SEE DREAM NOTEBOOK (CLOCKBOUND NOTEBOOK)

(Tues. June 20 '78)

DAYDREAM #1 where's the negative? Give the negative. Take the positive and give the negative. A VISION OF CORRELATION. DR. MUREAU'S NATIONALS WITH THE HORRORS SPOKEN OF IN E.C.'S READINGS. I TALKED WITH THE LORD. HE WAS IN THE FORM OF A WALKER NAMED OLGA. HE SAID TO LOOK AT THE BIBLE ON A PERSONAL LEVEL. THE PICTURE IS THE NEW BODY. What is the tribulation and when?

I was in a dream and I played dumb to Michael Kassis and I'm going to keep on playing dumb. GO TO SLEEP AT NIGHT HAVE YOUR DREAMS IN THE DAY.

Brookfield ZOO 6-24-78
DONNA'S writing this little paragraph. two Kolbs Monkeys were getting ready to make love when a bigger Kolbs monkey broke it up. TOO BAD! Better luck Next time.

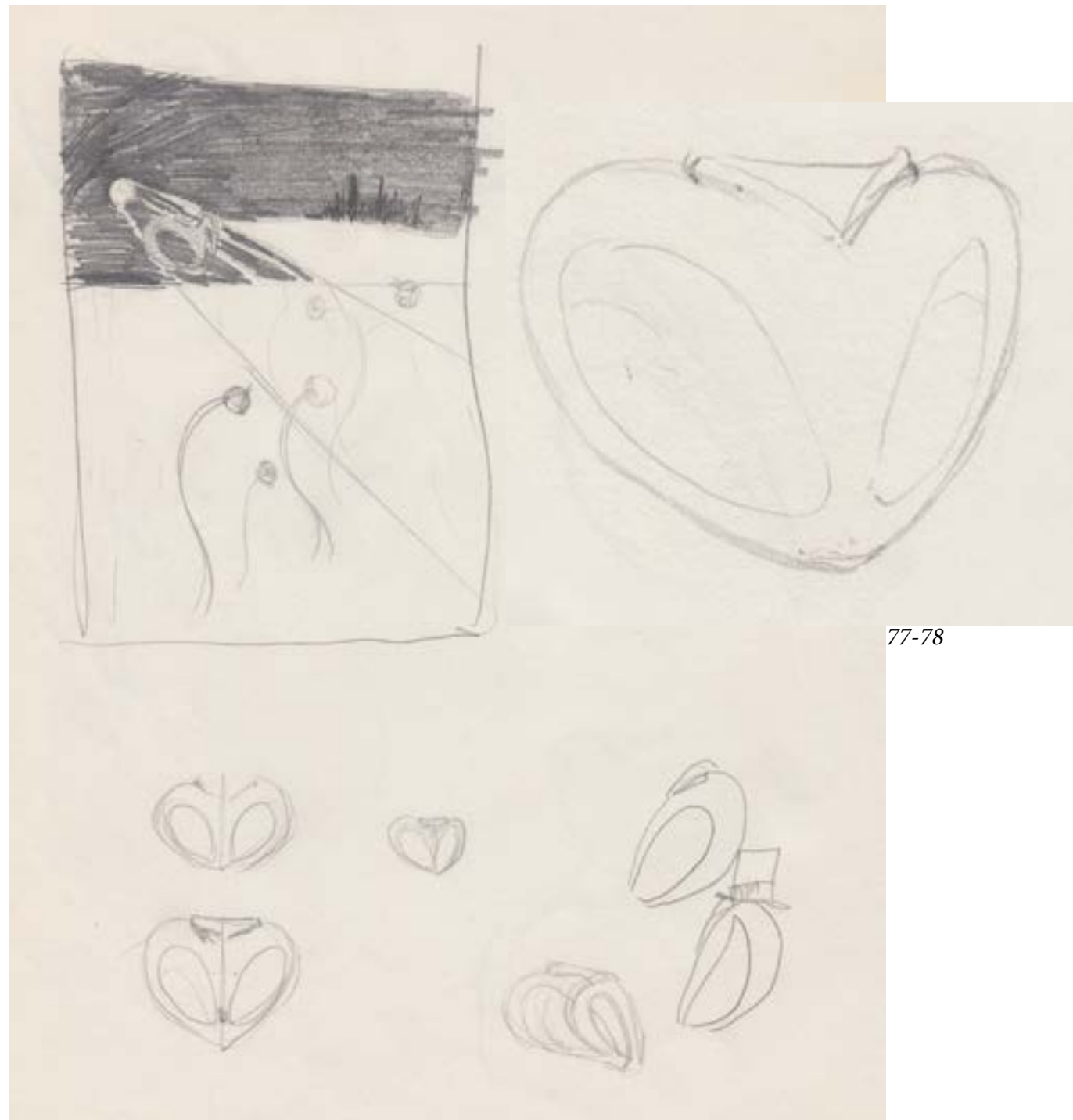
6-24-78
Research into the dream on June 23rd '78

alligators - mean & sneaky, can move very well except in water and like to chop their mouths on you. also the cartoon type alligator (faded) keep their mouths

Research into the dream on June 23rd '78
guy - in his left a mystery

July - want to see
"SEE - GRACE"
"HEE - THE SAME!"
TRIP WITH "70s"

What is a monkey
at what point?

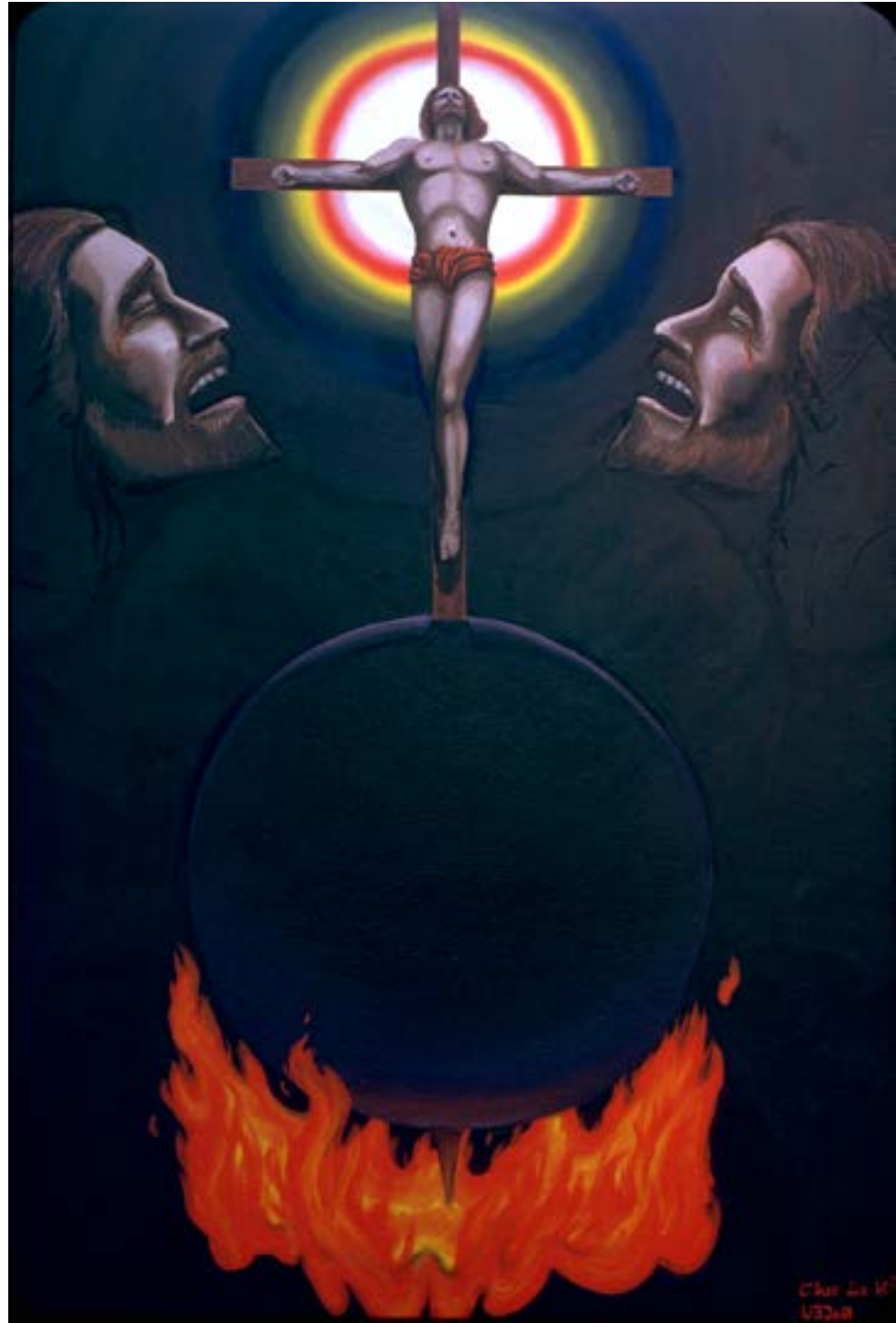


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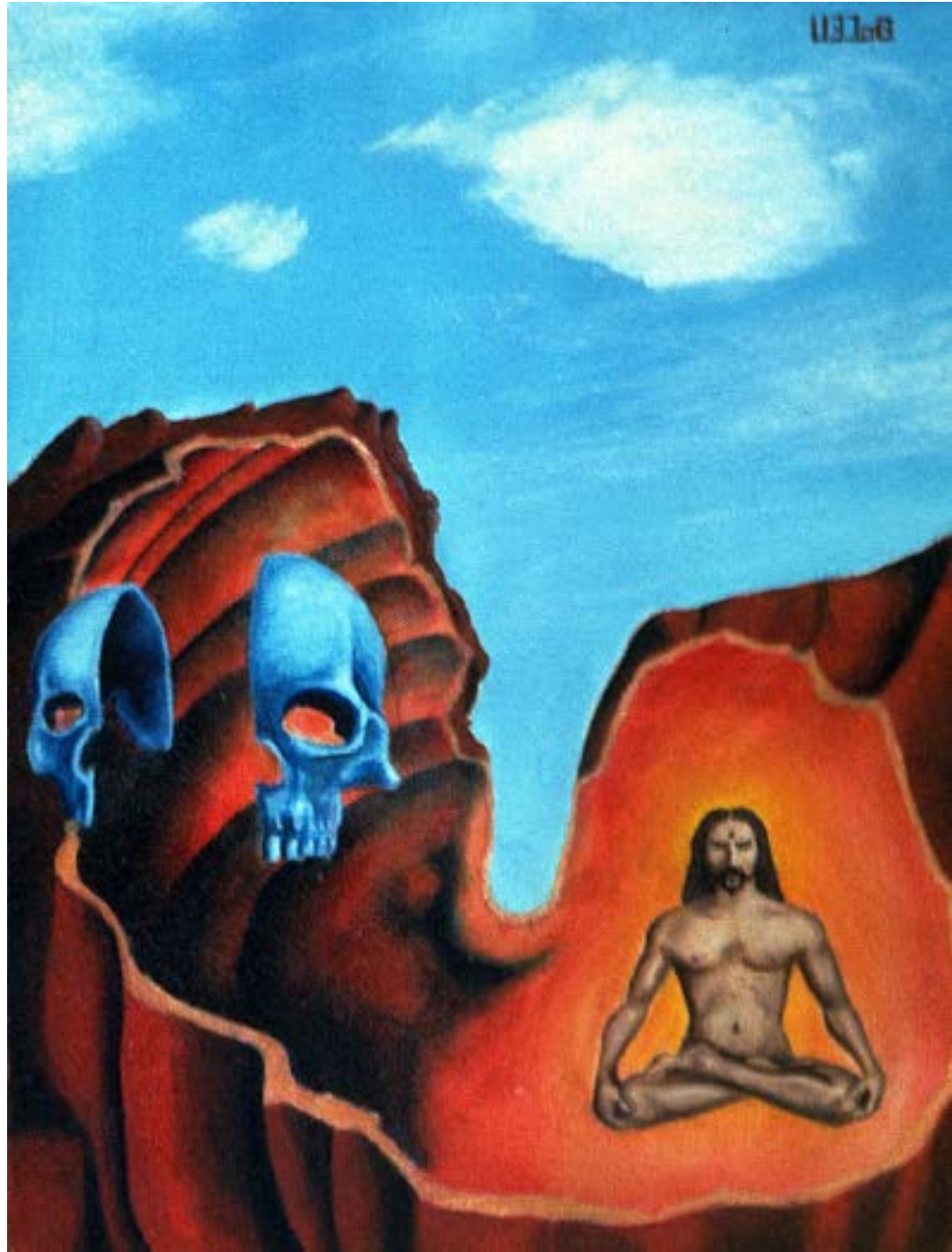
77-78

77-78





Flamin Bonin possesses this painting.



As of this writing this painting is lost.





Digitally enhanced frame from a Legion film "The Wizard" with Boner (left), Green Skull (top), and Junky Jaw Bone (right) 1978(?)



Boner worked with Green Skull on many creative projects in the late 1970s and early 1980s.



Green Skull around 20 years old lounging in his bean bag chair, two Mystic Bone sculptures can be seen in the upper left (77-78)

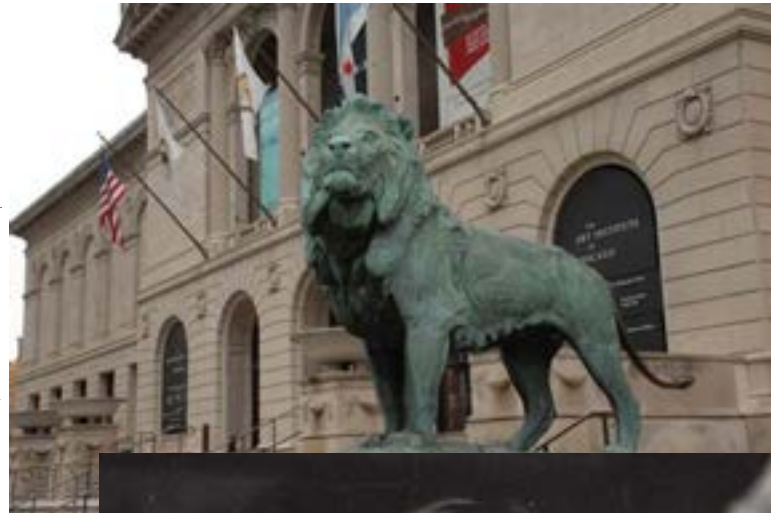


Bones posed for photos by GS (Sp78)

SPARSE YET STRANGE YEARS: 1980s - 2000s



They accepted Green Skull's application for study at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago based on his paintings. He began there in the fall of 1978 and could take classes in 254 virtually any order. This was because he finished all his prerequisite courses at his former school Morton College. The freedom was liberating, not least because SAIC had a policy of pass-fail grades. In addition to painting and sculpture at SAIC, he studied photography and filmmaking, eventually discovering sound and video as art, with the digital revolution just getting under way.



Green Skull in early 1979; photo by Skinny Bones



Photo of my best Mystic Bone sculpture (fall 1979)



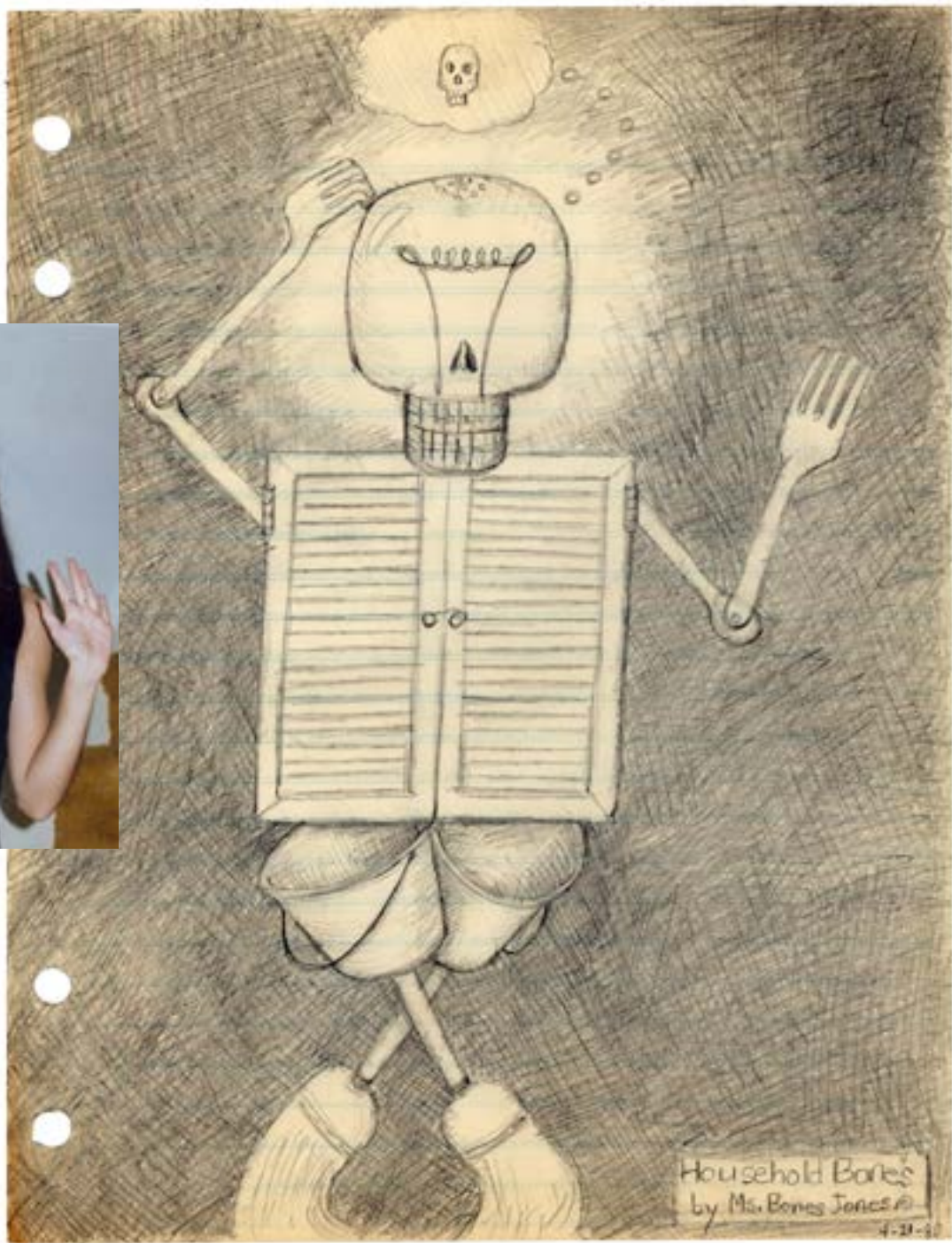
Fellow sculpture student and non-member Shannon Riley posing for a photo by GS (fall 1979)



Green Skull left this Mystic Bone painting unfinished as he grew more interested in film and video



Ms. Bones Jones



Tantra is the religion of the sensual. The knowledge of God through the senses. Mystic sex. How can magic. Towards the end of the years we were found with our clothes off in rapt contemplation of the one duality of male-female, yang-yin. Described thus is one which eases the tension of a fucking torn paper.

In the beginning there was bliss. The bliss of unknown sexual union. No knowledge of male and female. Only the formless Tao which cannot be named. Christianity doesn't seem to go back that far. Or perhaps the Trinity is symbolic of the female aspect of the Sri Yantra (fig. 1)? The pointless point—an essence only—is at the center of this female triangle.

Before the beginning the two selves were fucking but were unaware of each other. Billions upon billions upon trillions of meaningless years, eons of timeless time in mindless sexual ecstasy. Every female part of existence all rolled into one lusciously soft, feminine yin being writhing in cosmic orgasm spread-angle from one end of the universe to the next unaware of the stimulating yang chaos within and without pulsating with primordial prana. Close to the edge and gone by no one, the yang principle of seed energizes unknown by the female and unknown to the male as self because self does not exist in this state of pre-creation bliss. There is

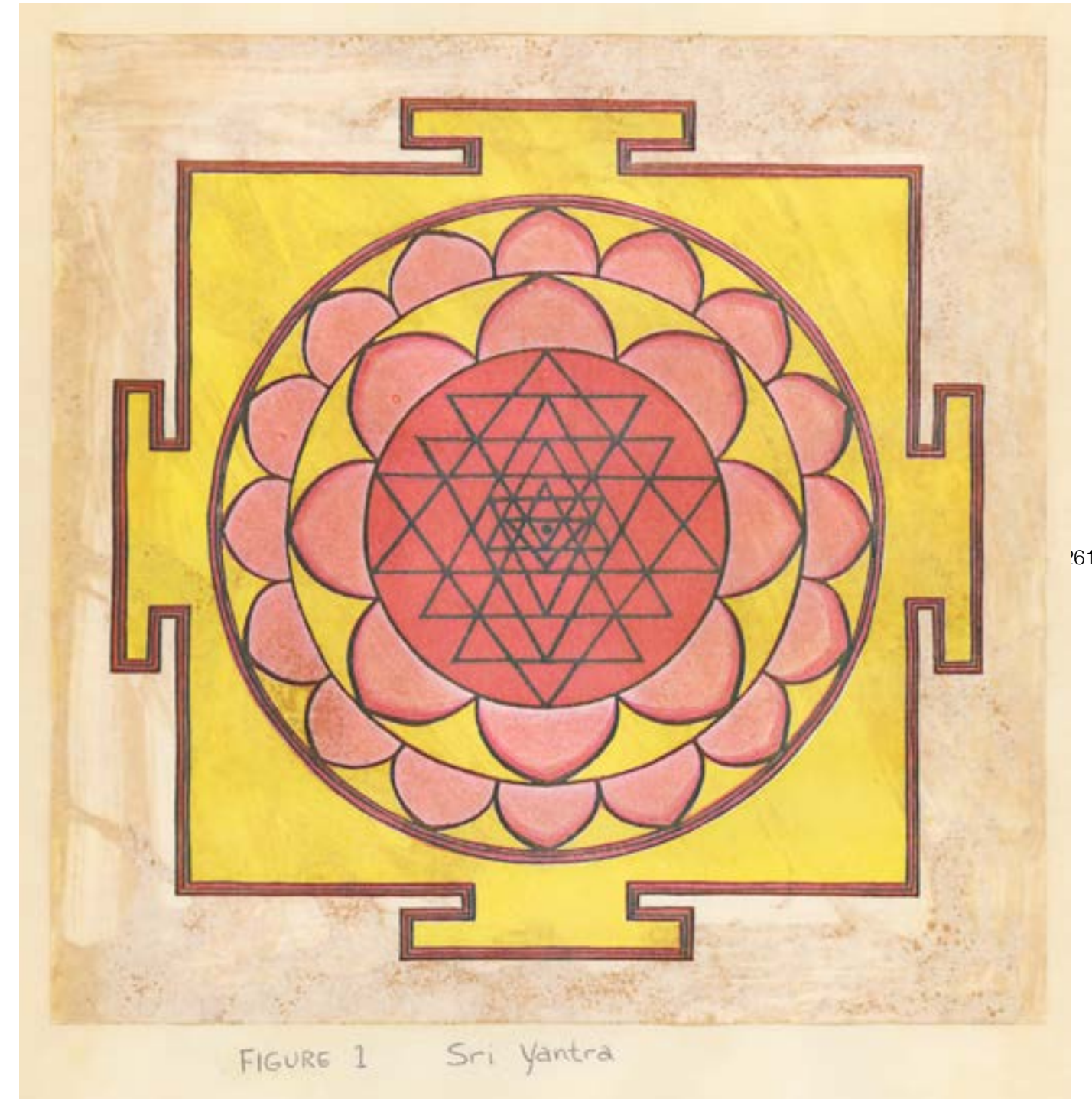


FIGURE 1 Sri Yantra

no self without the knowledge of another.

Duality began when Shiva and Shakti became aware (or perhaps started the illusion) of their separateness as entities. The seed took root and the objective female yin principle bore the universe of space through the mouth of the time monster as she vomited both from her vulva dance. And so we are aware of each other as objective subjects because of the dissolution of the original monotonous fucking pair (fig. 2). The goal of Tantra is to re-solve the distinction.

The basic theory of technique is summed up by Ram Dass:

There are seven focal points of psychic energy in the body. These points are called chakras... There are two strategies with regard to the very powerful energies localized at the level of the second or sexual chakra in human beings. You can avoid arousing these energies and simultaneously work from within to transmute these latent forces into spiritual energy. This requires sexual continence and is called brahmacharya. (It is also a major concern of the Roman Catholic Church.) The alternative is to continue to arouse the second chakra energies and to attempt to direct these now manifest energies into spiritual realms. This technique is known as sexual tantra.

I had a time of timeless mysticism in high school God bless it. In high school I didn't exist. Where Watts' mysterious IT functions from a few have been. That day in the back seat of Brother Ball's car the sky opened and the radiant light of the ecstatic God touched my grace-stream soul. The experience enraptured me and was indescribable. It even made my attachment to a previous near death experience seem to glow dim next to its radiance. I have since been a mystic.

Having one's mind blown does something to a person. I naturally wanted to know what happened. I did not, fortunately for me, report to

* Please see fig. 3
At Penetration mine.

FIGURE 2

The all-embracing whole of Reality

Reality divided as the sexual pair, Shiva and Shakti, within both man and world, so deeply joined they are unaware of their differences and beyond Time



The sexual pair become aware of their distinction



The female 'objective' separates from the male 'subject'



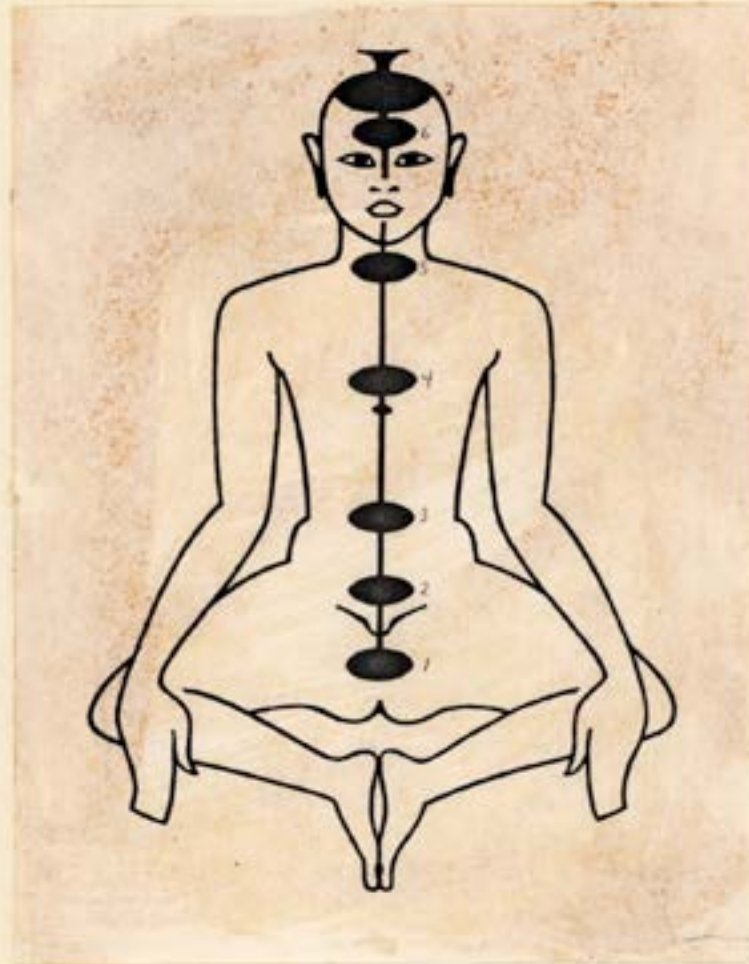
The female 'objective' performs Her dance of illusion, persuading the male 'subject' he is not one but many, and generating from Her womb the world of multiplied objects in what seems to be a sequence in time



'Subjects' perceive a differentiated reality, seeming to be composed of separate particles of objective fact, and live lives that seem to be extended in time



FIGURE 3



CHAKRAS

my nearest clergy whose own basis of religion had been ground into me by brainwashing. Instead I repaired to the Morton High School Library.

One of the first books I came across that smelled of what I had experienced was called The Private Sea, written by a poor unfortunate who travelled to a hell world through the sacred sacrament LSD which convinced him that he was ultimately alone as God in the universe and it was all a bummer. WELL! That upset my equilibrium for a while until I came across a book by the late Alan Watts which presented the ultimate truth in a much nicer way. Quote from The Book to our children:

There was never a time when the world began, because it goes round and round like a circle, and there is no place on a circle where it begins. Look at a watch, which tells the time; it goes round, and so the world repeats itself again and again. But just as the hour-hand of the watch goes up to twelve and down to six, so, too, there is day and night, waking and sleeping, living and dying, summer and winter. You can't have any one of these without the other, because you wouldn't be able to know what black is unless you had seen it side-by-side with white, or white unless side-by-side with black.

In the same way, there are times when the world is, and times when it isn't, for if the world went on and on without rest for ever and ever, it would get horribly tired of itself. It comes and it goes. Now you see it; now you don't. So because it doesn't get tired of itself, it always comes back after it disappears. It's like your breath: it goes in and out, in and out, and if you try to hold it in all the time you feel terrible. It's also like the game hide-and-seek, because it's always fun to find new ways of hiding, and to seek for someone who doesn't always hide in the same place.

God also likes to play hide-and-seek, but because there is nothing outside God, He has no one but Himself to play with. But He gets over this difficulty by pretending that He is not Himself. He pretends that He is you and I and all the people in the world, all the animals, all the plants, all the rock, all the stars. In this way He has strange and wonderful adventures, some of which are terrible and frightening. But these are just like bad dreams, for when He wakes up they will disappear.

Now when God plays hide and pretends that He is you and I, He does it so well, that it takes Him a long time to remember where and how He hid Himself. But that's the whole fun of it—just what He wanted to do. He doesn't want to find Himself too

quickly, for that would spoil the game. That is why it is so difficult for you and me to find out that we are God in disguise, pretending not to be Himself. But when the game has gone on long enough, all of us will wake up, stop pretending, and remember that we are all one single self—the God who is all that there is and lives for ever and ever.

Gifted with the knowledge of our Godhood, I came out of high school alive and landed in a not very stimulating brainwashing kettle that was cheap enough to start out with. Scrounging through the local library produced more Wattage and the discovery of the High Priest of the LSD religion, Timothy Leary.

Now posing as a mind-fucked deviant whose madness caused the death of millions of people standing out in the rain waiting for the sun and hoping it isn't a death ray aimed at your balls, Tim Leary is actually the most intelligent man socially functionable. For those that have eyes that can see, his Libra status produces the intangible signal that is now relaying the Genetic Intelligence Increase Program communication back to the galaxy nucleus with the message that OUR PLANET IS READY TO MUTATE!

The sixties was a decade formed of the imminent time of mutational service to the higher intelligence to which we are going. Few people actually know what happened except for the naturally selected post-planetary evolved individuals with the grace gift of being in the premeditated moment at the appropriate matter composition-relation(time) to transceive the neuro-genetic signals transmitted by our cosmic parents between the stars. The following is a quote by Commodore Lori in Exo-psychology:

...Higher Intelligence, located in interstellar nuclear-gravitational structures, has already sent a message to this planet. The U.F.O. message is in the form of the D.N.A. code and of electro-atomic signals

which can be transceived by the nervous system...

Life was seeded on this womb-planet in the form of amino-acid templates designed to be activated by solar radiation and to unfold in a series of genetic molts and metamorphoses.

The periods of metamorphoses described are eight in number: four planetary and four post-planetary and are classified in terms of nervous system development (fig. 4).

Life on our planet has evolved through all the planetary circuits since the sewing: biological survival to mammalian emotion through cave man technology up to the apex of the planetary ladder—social homogenization. The individual is slowly disappearing into the sacrifice of society's welfare. Thus endeth terrestrial evolution and beginneth McGoonan's global Village.

This state of affairs is not the end of evolution in general however. Since the first Big Bomb testing in 1945, those born after have been showered by man-made radiation-mutation energies never before available on Earth. T.V., radio, food additives, food preservatives, synthetic foods, air and water pollution, microwaves, a thinner ozone allowing cosmic radiation contact, and others. These energies have been signaling to the inherent D.N.A. code that comes from space that we are indeed beginning to mutate to post-planetary existence. The psychedelics have been the most potent mutators. Think of life in America before and after the sixties.

America is actually the center of genetic activity at the present time, as it takes more than one ant to build an anthill, so it is taking socialized humanity to get into space. Soon colonies will be built out there to house temporarily the larval humans molting to butterfly status. It is known

FIGURE 4

	Evolutionary Period (Neural Circuit)	Self-oriented Receptive Phase (individualistic, unattached, hedonistic, asocial, exploratory)	Integrative Phase	Transmission Fusion Phase (hurt, help, social connections, manipulate, communicate, merge)
POST-TERRESTRIAL	Metaphysiological Neuro-atomic (Interstellar)	22 Neuro-atomic Receptivity	23 Neuro-atomic Intelligence	24 Neuro-atomic Fusion
	Neuro-genetic	19 Neurogenetic Receptivity	20 Neurogenetic Intelligence	21 Neurogenetic Fusion Symbiosis
	Neurophysical (Interspecies)	16 Neurophysical Receptivity	17 Neurophysical Intelligence	18 Neurophysical Fusion
	Neurosomatic	13 Neurosomatic Receptivity	14 Neurosomatic Intelligence	15 Neurosomatic Fusion
TERRESTRIAL	Sexual-domestic (Homo domesticus)	10 Soc-sexual Receptivity <i>PATRIARCHAL & ADOLESCENCE</i>	11 Soc-sexual Domestic Intelligence <i>PARENTAL REALITY</i>	12 Soc-sexual Collectivity <i>SOCIALISM</i>
	L.M. Symbolic (Homo faber)	7 L.M. Symbolic Receptivity <i>PALEOLITHIC VERBAL, SYMBOLIC PERIOD</i>	8 L.M. Symbolic Intelligence <i>NEOLITHIC</i>	9 Symbolic Creativity <i>METALURGY CREATIVE THINKING</i>
	Emotion-locomotor (Mammalian)	4 Emotional Self-centered Receptivity <i>SMALL MAMMALS</i>	5 Emotional Intelligence <i>CARNIVOROUS MAMMALS WALKING</i>	6 Emotional Manipulation <i>HERDS, PRIDS</i>
	Bio-Survival (Invertebrate)	1 Bio-survival Receptivity <i>CELLULAR LIFE NEW BORN INFANT</i>	2 Bio-survival Intelligence <i>MARINE LIFE (SHELL ANIMAL)</i>	3 Bio-survival Fusion <i>AMPHIBIAN LIFE</i>

that many astronauts have had mystical experiences while in space. This is because of the reduction of the G force gravity. When people begin to LIVE in space with total absence of gravity it will be yet another signal to D.N.A. to mutate further. The post-planetary evolutionary periods are for the most part meant for outer space although some individuals have experienced stage five on Earth: Leo Tzu, Krishna, Buddha, Moses, Jesus, Mohammed, Einstein, Leary, myself, among others.

Why is all this in a paper allegedly dealing with tantra? The Bengali Seroll containing the stages of evolution came to Commodore Leri directly from India through a tantric yogi. We will ultimately rediscover ourselves as God in the original selfless love-making pair in space.

She and her partner. Genetic engineering produces the cure for death. Further evolution to brain consciousness; complete neural link-up. D.N.A. consciousness; genetic library reference. Atomic consciousness; matter sequence combination ability. "Unlimited time. Unlimited space. Unlimited intelligence to enjoy same."⁹

S.M.L.S.



Footnotes

1. Baba Ram Dass, Be Here Now pp 46-48.
2. Alan Watts, The Book.
3. Timothy Leary, Encounter with Psychology p 16.
4. Ibid., p -9.

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Leary phoned me after giving him a copy of this paper at his standup philosophy routine. Said my work was “brilliant and beautiful” and he wanted me to write for him. He said I should “get away from the Indian thing...” He listed books (Tao of Physics, Dancing Wu Li Masters) for me and gave me his contact information.

GS initiated Ms. Bones Jones, a fellow SAIC student, into the club and she and GS became a hot item. She inspired GS's song “Rachel” and contributed to the Skull Club's Picture Gallery. GS has nothing but very fond memories of lovely Ms. Bones Jones but they as a couple were not fated to last.

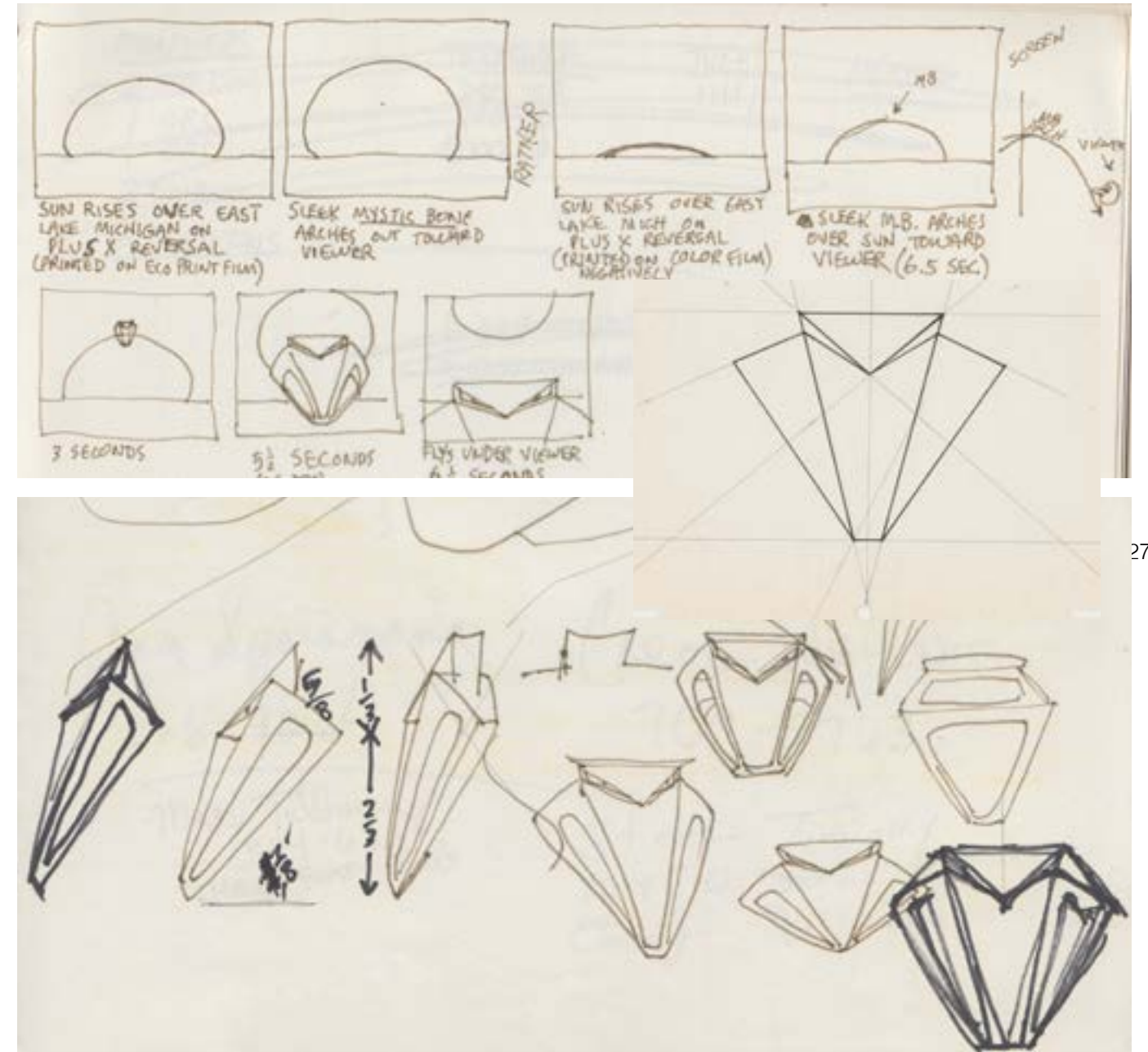


Storyboard for an animation by Ms. Bones Jones and Green Skull (spring 1980); never finished



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Skully and Green Skull, photo by Ms. Bones Jones. The out of focus object in the background is one of Green Skull's Mystic Bone sculptures.



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Storyboard, sketches, and frame #66 from a Mystic Bone animation (spring 1980)

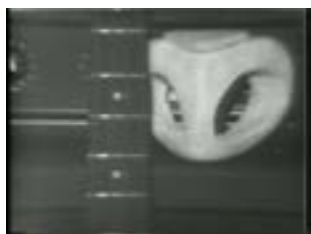


Skully in a very early Green Skull video (spring 1980)



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GS made the Mystic Bone the subject in photography and a couple of film animations in the spring of 1980. He also used Mystic Bone sculptures and Skully (the plastic glow-in-the-dark Skull Club mascot) as subjects in his early videos. Skull Club member Boner appeared in these works with the Mystic Bone. Skully had a starring role in GS's first use of the famed Sandin Analogue Image Processor.



Boner and Mystic Bones from another early video by Green Skull (spring 1980)



Boner worked with Green Skull on many creative and musical projects in the late 1970s and early 1980s.



Old friend and creative collaborator Tan Turtle Bones in a recording studio (early 1980s)



Fellow SAIC graduate Ingrown Bone



Tan Turtle Bones with close friend Beth Salvia (non-member); photo by Green Skull



A unique full body Mystic Bone dancing in top hat and tails (fall 1980)



Skully appears in GS's first use of the Sandin Analogue Image Processor (spring 1981)



Sketch based on (believe it or not) a sine wave (1980-81)



Enchanting non-member Sheila McNamee and her sons Skull Face (left) and Barnaby Bones (right) after they grew to manhood

After Green Skull graduated from SAIC and spent a few years as a musician and sound engineer, the SAIC Video Area hired him as an instructor in the fall of 1983. There he used SAIC equipment to continue developing his art and music. He'd occasionally initiate new members into the Skull Club.



Show Me A Boner (her secret name) with Korea and Silver



In the fall of 1984 the woman that GS would initiate into the club as Flamin Bonin came into his life. Over the next many years she would take GS through quite an exhilarating, intoxicating, enraging, and enrapturing roller coaster ride. Although as a couple Flamin Bonin and Green Skull were doomed to fail, he came closer to tying the knot with her than with any other woman until his wife (Princess BoneJoy) came along years later.



A GS rendering of Flamin Bonin



Fellow SAIC graduate Yoni Boney from one of her early videos



Green Skull; photo by Ingrown Bone



The tantalizing Mega Bolt



Fellow SAIC graduate and future boss of GS Ferocious Femur



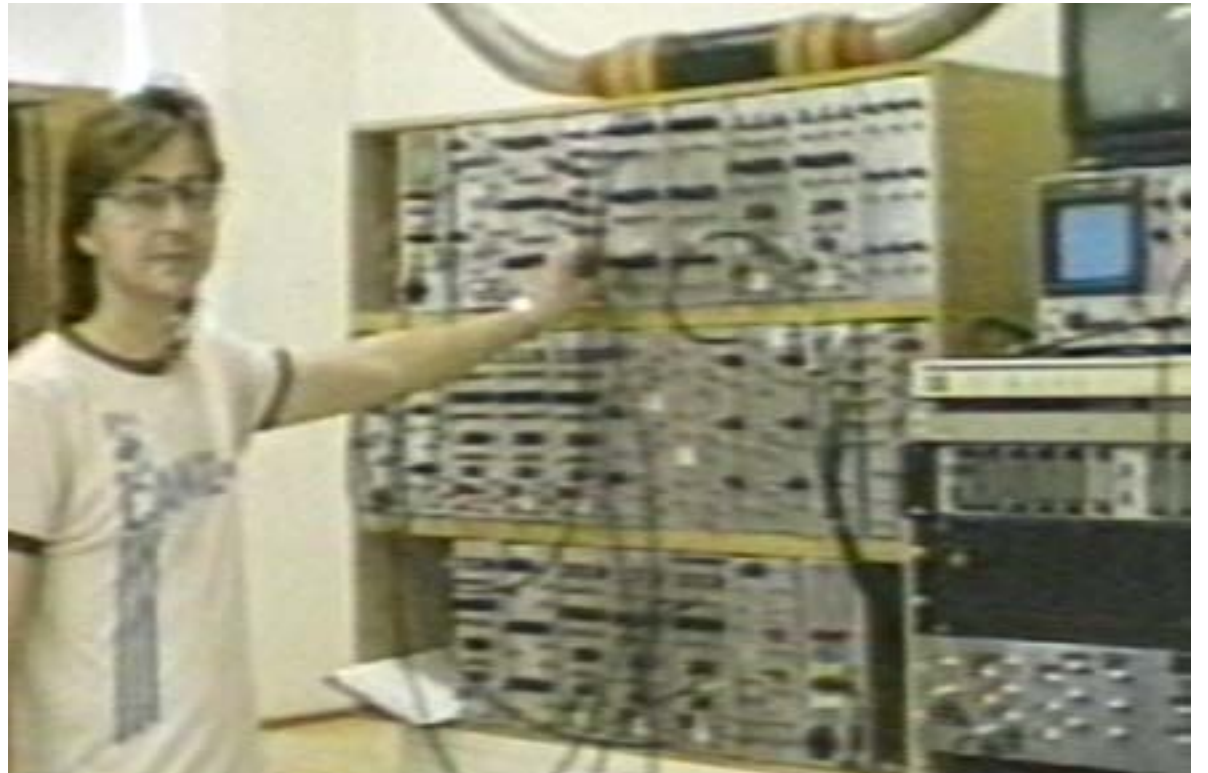
282



Green Skull; photo by Ingrown Bone



Skull frame from GS's video "History of the Moon" circa 1986



Green Skull and the Sandin Analogue Image Processor in the summer of 1988

283



Recall how you discovered one's nervous system formulates moving visual forms in noise not tuned to a broadcasting channel on a TV. You pointed it out to Davis.



Skully Refused To Leave

At the time, Green Skull lived in the same building as Tan Turtle Bones in a Chicago Pilsen neighborhood apartment. They hadn't had any Skull Club activity going on for quite a while. Skully, the Skull Club mascot made from a plastic model skull kit, still smiled at Green Skull from his perch on the secret book. Green Skull had had enough. Tired of the look of the skull that reminded him of his childishness, he threw the head in the trash. Keeping the secret book, he saw that the garbage bag containing Skully went into the alley never to return.

That very weekend Tan Turtle Bones returned from a trip to Wisconsin. He brought with him a present for Green Skull that he had picked up on his outing. To the jaw dropping astonishment of Green Skull, this gift turned out to be a plaster cast (decorated with flex-stone spray paint) of the same head that the model Skully was made from. Tan Turtle Bones was as amazed as Green Skull when he learned Skully had gone into the trash. Both had no doubt that this was the same head, among other distinguishing features they could tell by the bad teeth. Skully had returned!

Green Skull recorded the following dream in his journal entry of January 23, 1990:

I'm in the attic. Skully sits on the floor across from me. I say "Skully, come!"

The skull model slides across the floor to me. I'm quite amazed at this. I practice this magic trick more so I can show Tan Turtle Bones. At one point the plastic skull is broken. I command him to melt his parts back together, but to no avail. I wake, frightened by the dream.



flexstone skull mentioned in 20th Century Computerized Notes 6-5-95 (no longer in Pilsen); Caspar (cat) noted 8-23-92 (in Pilsen? I believe so); dream journal records definitely living in Pilsen 4-3-89

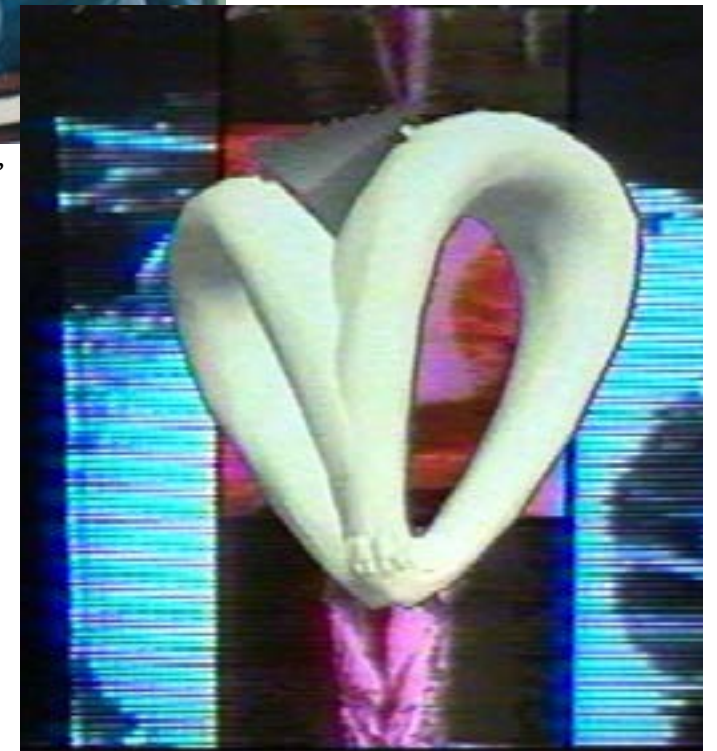


A Mystic Bone painting by SAIC friend Carol Redmond (maiden name, non-member)



SAIC gang from left to right: non-member Sera Furneaux, Clown Bone (above), non-member with glasses whose name eludes memory (below), Carol Redmond (maiden name, non-member), Boney Elbow, Green Skull

Recall how you wanted to make a video with "Starship Trooper" as the soundtrack that combined "King of Kings" with Star Trek's "The Cage."



A 3-D SoftImage animated Mystic Bone appeared in GS's video "Electromagnetic Fields Forever" from the mid-1990s.



Princess BoneJoy age 20 (photo by Howard Legge)

In the summer of 1995 GS began working at Rising Star as a Multimedia Computer Specialist. Among many other accolades, Rising Star could boast that it was the first company to distribute the professional Avid motion picture editing tools to the midwest and it was a hub for research and development in the computer graphics and 3-D digital animation worlds. GS would eventually initiate four heavy hitters at Rising Star; Ferocious Femur, Yoni Boney, William DaBone and Iron Skull.

It was also at Rising Star in the fall of 1995 that GS would encounter the love of his life, the woman who would become Mrs. Green Skull, his adored wife Princess BoneJoy. She and he would work together on art and other projects for the rest of their lives, then bask in the golden glow of limitless love for all eternity. At least that's the way they'd like it.

2004 Notes
FOX SPORTS NET EDITING
SUMMER 2004

12-27-04 Devil's Lantern 2 at Improv Kitchen. Freddy and Don were drunk, owner didn't like it, Brian objected to showing a movie (*Rosemary's Baby*). I'd have to categorize this experiment as a failure. Thank God for sparse attendance.

12-13-04 Successful showing of John S. Banks & Cyberscope Wizards at Improv Kitchen.

11-20-04 Devil's Lantern 1 meets for Diane Johnson's birthday. Those in attendance: Al & Diane Johnson, Trish, self, Alex. Trish made the best ever Devils Food Cake. It was crusted by a pentagram made of candy sprinkles and topped by 5 red dancing demon candle holders, 3 male, 2 female, anatomically well endowed, tails pointing inward. Mike came as the Alter Boy and announced he was a celestial being but had been through the underworld, so he could preside. Read from Sitney's *Visionary Film* (p 117, 3rd edition) where Kenneth Anger is quoted as calling movies "evil". Showed an early draft of *Alter Boy Visits the Underworld* (version before Freddy's voice included), a bit of *Lucifer Rising* for Diane while people were smoking, and then we watched *Satanis: The Devil's Mass*. We didn't get through it because it was so late people got bored and left

10-9-04 NPR relates that all 3 hundred odd people that have gone into space have had profound mind changes, the sociologists call it the "OVERVIEW EFFECT".

9-20-04 NPR related Emmy Awards- HBO took a hit

Spring 1995 - "we Owe it All to the Hippies" *Time* magazine special issue
article by Stewart Brand (p xii)

8-1-05 Mon. **DISCOVERY OF THE FIRST MAGIC CIRCLE UPGRADE IN THOUSANDS OF YEARS BY ME!** The circle can have a turning triangle (base of an imagined tetrahedron) whose point can define a compass direction, with the other compass directions inferred from an imagined 2nd triangle (base of an inverted tetrahedron) whose corners fall between the corners of the first when viewed from above or below.

7-31-05 Sun. Digitized an "authentic" Satanic Mass and reversed it. This made the Lord's Prayer (which is read backwards in the ceremony) forward, thus changing the nature of the ritual (reversing the evil?).

7-30-05 Sat. Unannounced Devils' Lantern (making it DL3) where Al & Dianne Johnson visit for Al's bday. We watched many silent film portions & a few Manson film portions.

7-25-05 SMS Productions learned that they need to have their Varicam camera

2006: AN IMPORTANT YEAR

It was the wee hours in the morning of March 26th, 2006. Green Skull and Princess BoneJoy were having some friends over for another of their many parties. The festivities had stretched from the Saturday evening of the 25th through the hours past midnight. One of their friends caught sight of a strange old notebook on a cluttered bookshelf that aroused his curiosity. It was titled *The Secret Book of the Skull Club* and he removed the book from the shelf to have a closer look at it.

Inside the book he found a treasure trove of childish yet frightful drawings and writings which amused him. This old kids' book of spooky stuff impressed him as a rare creative find and he inquired as to the nature of the club. Green Skull informed him of the club's history.

After discussing the details of initiation the friend convinced others at the party to join the club with him that night. Green Skull initiated the architect friend who chose the name Skill Skull,



12-23-06: earliest backup of what will become "Dry Bones Wet Bones"

10-31-08: pre-release of what will become "Dry Bones Wet Bones" - version 2 still lacks lines that mention "Sacred Ghost"

10-31-09: Jango Internet radio starts playing "Dry Bones Wet Bones"

Mother:

I'm going to work on remembering this:

I Corinthians 13; 1-13

If I were fluent in human and heavenly languages
but lacked love
I'd sound like a hollow gong
or a crashing cymbal

If I could interpret oracles
had the key to all the sacred rites and secrets
and every insight
if I held all the confidence in the world
to move mountains
but lacked love
I'd be nothing

if I parted with all that I owned
if I offered my body to the sacrificial flames
but lacked love
it would do me no good

love takes its time
makes itself good and useful
love doesn't envy
it doesn't boast
it doesn't bluster

it doesn't make a scene
it doesn't look after its own interests
it doesn't throw fits
it doesn't dwell on the negative
it takes no pleasure in injustice
but is delighted by the truth

love upholds everything
 trusts in everything
 hopes for everything
 endures everything

love never falls away
 though oracles will cease
 tongues will fall silent
 insight will fall short

we know bits and pieces
 in bits and pieces we deliver oracles

but when the whole picture emerges
 the bits and pieces will disappear

when I was very young
 I talked like a child
 thought like a child
 reasoned like a child
 when I grew up
 I put an end to childish ways

now we look at a reflection quite obscure
 then we'll gaze face to face
 now I know only bits and pieces
 then I shall know as I am known

so then confidence hope love
 these three endure
 but the greatest of these is love

from your loving son
 Mike

6/18/13 I dreamt of teaching at a combination church and Art Institute. Buddy & Arlene were visiting and Arlene was going to sing in the church. I found myself under the Art Institute where there were enormous caverns and many of them. They were very very interesting, mostly rocky empty dark space but I was thinking of shooting in them or using them for Skull Club rituals. When I return to Mom's house I realize I missed Arlene singing in church but she said it wasn't her singing, it was the little girls she brought with her. I feel relieved. I'm back in the caverns and as I'm leaving one of the best ones, two people come in. The first person is very scary looking and I think how I could be attacked in such a remote place, but he brushes by. We exchange knowing I'm afraid of him and he could harm me. I'm back teaching at the Art Institute where my students can explore the open mind totally as evidenced by the sprawling sky expressways they can explore (similar in scope to the enormous caverns they can also explore). A male black student, a male white student, and a white female student are fighting in class and then they're lying together on a bean bag chair making up. I make them separate at least for a while to think about their fighting and disturbing class but it is hard for the black to take my advise. I also feel peer pressure from the other students when I'm trying to break them up. I'm again in the caverns and on my way back to the above-ground area of the Art Institute I keep hearing

overweight female staff members talking excitedly about a secret meeting place they'll soon have access to. It suggests there's a kind of secret clubhouse that Art Institute higher-ups meet in. I want to ask them if I can hold Skull Club meetings there but I can't catch up with them.

The above dream had a very interesting time shift. When I'm teaching and the last time I'm in the cavern seems interchangeable in the sense that on the one hand the dream ends with my trying to catch the overweight female staff members, but it also ends with the class. The "edit" seems to be at "I'm again in the caverns..."