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Elephant

A man was on a safari in Africa when he came across an elephant lying on the ground in distress.

Investigating, he found a thorn in the elephant's foot.

He removed the thorn, and the elephant looked him in the eye and trotted happily away.

Twenty years later, the man was standing on a street corner in London watching a circus procession pass by... when the elephants got near him, one of them looked him right in the eye, broke ranks, walked straight to the man, extended its trunk... ... lifted the man gently into the air... slammed him to the ground, and jumped on him...

It was a different elephant!

Sometimes everything is connected by invisible lines of force and influence. Sometimes the world vibrates with causality. And sometimes... it's nothing.

Introduction

Good evening ladies, gentlemen, madames, monsieurs, boys and girls, and everything in between. Wilkommen, bienvenue, welcome. My name is Edward James Dean. I'm conducting doctoral research at UCC [in Ireland] on what I call psycho-physical telepathy, or, non-visual/non-auditory communication.

I know what you're thinking.... Actually, I don't. But, anyhow...

No, 3 Envelopes

In this envelope is a piece of paper. On the paper is a word. And I'm concentrating on that word... as hard as I can.

Ask yourself, could you, at this point in time, say with 100 percent certainty, the word that's written on the paper? Yes or no?

How many of you say no? (Paper says: Know.) Very impressive!

Forgive me for that little joke at your expense. Sometimes I just can't help myself. But I promise, I won't do it again.

I'd like to begin the proper experiments in mass concentrated thought transference at this time. To ensure the fairness of these experiments, I've invited four local celebrities representing the arts, science, sports, and industry, to oversee this evening's proceedings.

Two-time nominee for Munster Senior player of the year, and a member of the All-Ireland League and the Pro12 Dream Team... Please welcome Munster Rugby star lock, Mr. Billy Holland.

Former Miss Pride Ireland, winner of the Cork's Street Style Icon award, and the audience choice award at the Dublin Burlesque Fest. Please welcome producer of the Peacock Parlour, Miss Foxy P. Cox.

Winner of the Presidents Award for Research on Innovative Forms of Teaching and Learning at UCC, and the Student Unions Award for Services to Students... Please welcome clinical psychiatrist and lecturer of applied psychology, Dr. Maria Dempsey.

Winner of the University of Limerick Teaching Excellence award, and co-editor of the European Journal of Training and Development, and over 5 textbooks on Human Resource Management and Organizational Behavior. Please welcome Senior Lecturer of Management Ronan Carbery.

Basically, I've asked each of you to keep a very close eye on me and make sure I behave myself. Is that right? Shall we begin?

In this envelope is a drawing of either a circle or a square. I drew both drawings and flipped a coin to decide which to put inside. So, don't worry about the psychology of which shape I would choose. It's random. Instead take a breath, and while I concentrate on the drawing inside, go with the one that intuitively feels the most 'right.'

(Repeated 2x more with star and a cross and wavy lines and a square.)

Judges, would you agree that star is the most popular choice? Etc.

By chance, the majority should be right 1.5 times out of three. So... sometimes once, and sometimes twice. The odds of the majority being correct 3 times in a row, just by luck is one in eight. Around 12%. To put this in perspective, these are the same odds of having my nine-year old daughter agree with anything I say. [Isn't that right, Lulu? No. Exactly. So well done. It's not an easy thing to accomplish.]

But I have done this with many different groups, and I find that large groups of people are right three times in a row about 85% of the time. How can that happen? What sensory mechanism can possibly explain that?

These are the types of questions that drive my research. These are the questions that I'm obsessed with, frankly. And as for the answers, well, tonight... I invite all of you to be the judge.

History

I regularly lecture around the world on the history of telepathy, and if you'll indulge me, I'd like to share five minutes of that lecture with you...

...Do *you* believe in telepathy?

Creery Sisters

On Easter, in 1881, the noted Irish physicist Sir William Barrett sat with four of the five Creery sisters.

The fifth sister, Maude, was secluded in another room.

Barrett wrote down the word hairbrush.

Then, he and the four sisters concentrated on that word.

A moment later, Maude Creery entered the room holding a hairbrush!

Lucky guess?!

I'd be tempted to say yes, were it not for the fact that she also correctly retrieved a wine glass, an orange, a fork, an apple, a knife, a tumbler, an iron, a cup, and correctly identified 9 out of 14 playing cards randomly drawn from a pack.

To be fair – it did take her two tries to bring the iron, but nevertheless – on the basis of these experiments, the Society for Psychical Research was established.

Barrett describes his experiments with the Creery sisters in his book *Psychical Research*.

His conclusion? The Creery sisters constituted “clear evidence of thought transference.”

Mental Radio

On July 13, 1928, at 11:30 am, a man in Pasadena California randomly drew a picture of a fork...

Not so impressive. Just your basic arts and crafts skills right there. The impressive part was this!

At the same time, 40 miles away, in Long Beach, a woman was reclined on a sofa, deeply concentrating, trying to receive a mental impression. She wrote on a small notepad: “See a table fork. Nothing else.”

This is only one of the hundreds of successful experiments in telepathy conducted by the renowned investigative journalist, Upton Sinclair, with his wife, Mary Craig.

Sinclair published these experiments under the title, *Mental Radio*.

His conclusion? “Telepathy is real; it does happen.”

Sound a little crazy?

A little lacking, maybe, in scientific rigor?

The preface of the book was written by Albert Einstein, who was deeply interested in quantum entanglement.

Einstein wrote: “The results of the telepathic experiments carefully and plainly set forth in this book stand surely far beyond those which a nature investigator holds to be thinkable.”

These experiments have been neither exposed as fraud, nor satisfactorily explained.

Rhine

The next year, the department for parapsychological research was founded at Duke University under the leadership of Dr. J.B. Rhine.

Rhine, along with his associate, Karl Zener, developed five distinct shapes to test for what Rhine called, extra sensory perception, or, ESP.

The shapes were the Circle, the Cross, the Wavy Lines, the Square, and the Star.

After over 90,000 experiments -- Rhine published his findings in a book entitled, *Extra Sensory Perception* concluding that ESP is “an actual and demonstrable occurrence.”

In fact, I'd like to demonstrate it for you right now.

Zener

I have performed these demonstrations in laboratories after being stripped and searched by nurses and scientists. (nostalgic sigh.) We probably don't have time to do the strip search this evening.... We'll make time... I'll put on some tunes. I do ask that you keep your hooting, and your hollering, and your catcalling to an absolute minimum, as I'd still like to crawl out of the room tonight with a little bit of dignity. (Elvis. Strip.) I ordered these from the Justin Beiber, *I'm a Beleiber* catalogue... I only read it for the articles.

Would you also please verify that I don't have any earpieces in or near my ears? Thank you.

(stopping music and loading Ramones.)

I'd like to point out, right up front, that I don't use any form of confederates, stooges, secret accomplices, magic tricks, or concealed electronic devices in any of my demonstrations. In fact, I have a standing offer of 10,000 Euro to anyone who proves that I receive any form of outside assistance *whatsoever* during any of my demonstrations. And that is serious business for me! All right? Because I don't have 10,000 Euro...

Tre bien. Allon-zy... I also speak French... (wink)

These are sort of a prized possession of mine. These cards were used for parapsychological testing at Duke University. You can look at these. I got them on eBay for pretty cheap, really, but they are a collector's item so please do be careful with them.

An experiment in mass concentrated thought transference. I'll turn around so I can't see. When I'm facing away please hold up one of the shapes and show it around so that everybody can see the shape you've chosen. I'd like everybody to visualize that shape; fixing it in your mind --. Relax and breathe and attempt to see the image in your mind.

(If I miss) This isn't a magic trick, so your sincere participation is critical...

(4 more attempts)

Before I attempt this for the fifth and final time, I would like to point out that the odds of guessing correctly three times out of five is one in 5 to the 3rd power, or 1 in 125 (etc.). I point this out so that you'll understand that my demonstrations do build, statistically, if not dramatically.

Playing Cards

For our next experiments, we'll use a pack of cards.

Better than that. You will become that pack of cards!

As with any pack of cards, you'll need to be shuffled.

So, please pass these in front of you, behind you, to the left, to the right, across the aisle, you can switch cards with someone on the other side of the room.

Any way you like, just as long as you are shuffled.

Take 10 seconds to finish shuffling yourselves off...

(crash)

Stop! Believe it or not, you've just broken a world record...

Did you know that no deck of cards on Earth has ever existed in this exact order before.

You think I'm joking, but mathematically, it's almost certainly true. The number of combinations a pack of cards can occupy is 52 factorial – or 52 times 51 times 50, all the way to 1...

The resulting number is so large that to put that in perspective: If on a trillion planets,

there were a trillion people,

and each person had a trillion hands,

and each hand simultaneously shuffled a trillion packs of cards,

a trillion times a second,

it would still take 2.5 billion years until someone one of those packs of cards was likely to be shuffled into the sequence you've just created.

So, I think this calls for a celebration... (confetti gun, blower, etc, awkwardly late.)

It may seem like a long way to go, just to prove that deck was shuffled, but it's important to me that you realize that these cards are fairly mixed... Please hold on to your card. We'll come back to those in a moment.

Murder

And now, I'd like to take things one step further. (take step forward)

What would you do if you knew that someone was going to commit murder?

If you knew who was going to be murdered...

And who the murderer would be...

and what the weapon would be...

Would you squander that ability? Or would you do what I've done, and use this knowledge to always win at games of Clue(do)?

Before I continue any further with my little game of murder, would you two _____ be willing to serve as guards and – in a moment – escort me out of the building?

Thank you. I'll ask you to watch me carefully to make sure that I can't see or hear anything that takes place inside.

While I am out of the room, would you, _____, mind acting as our master of ceremonies? After I've left, I'd like you to name a playing card. The person holding that card will play our murderer. That person should name a card, and the person holding that card will be the victim. The victim should then announce the means by which they would like to be murdered. They can be creative, but it should be an *actual* murder method. In other words, shot to death is fine, but tickled to death would confuse me. Fair enough?

When the foul deed is done, please open the door and clash these symbols. Is that clear? Very good. Let's go. [I'd like to thank you in advance for your sympathy and your support.]

Ladies and gentlemen, the game is afoot!

While we were gone were you both with me the entire time? Could you, at any point, see or hear anything which took place inside the theatre? Thank you.

I will begin by locating the corpse. [Process in audience]... Are you the corpse? Sorry about that, and with your whole life ahead of you...

Now I will attempt to locate the murderer. [Process]. Are you the murderer? And he looks like such a nice fellow.

[Returning to stage] Now I will identify the means by which this nasty _____ has put away this kind and charming _____.

Is that close enough for you Ladies and Gentlemen?

Thank you! (pacing) And I hope this goes to show that it does not pay to commit murder when Eddie Dean [karate chop] is at your dinner party!

(Regain composure at record player)

Shatner

Please understand, I could play psychic parlor games all night long and have a great time doing it, but according to my director this is the part of the show where I should tell a story about a time I met a famous person, and ideally the story would be funny and self-deprecating but also curiously self-promoting

Well, luckily I happen to have a story JUST like that!

Last year I gave some demonstrations in London that were hosted by the 90-year-old legend David Berglas. During the 50s, his psychological mind-reading demonstrations on BBC radio had about 15 million listeners per broadcast, making him one of the most recognized voices in Britain. He's a hero of mine and it was an amazing experience to work with him.

A few months later I got a phone call from David's agency saying that David wasn't available, and he had recommended me, and was I available to take a one-hour job in the states, tomorrow?

So, I said what I always say: Sure. They told me how much it paid, and... I've never made that much in a year. Maybe even combined.

I was told that I'd have 50% of the money before I got on the plane and the other 50% before I got into the limo. But they had no further details...

That should have worried me, but it didn't, because I was just daydreaming about all that money, you know, and having a life in which I could afford to do things like... no longer shop at Lidl.

I was at the airport and the agency called: DO NOT get on the plane.

I'm an introvert. So, having things get cancelled is pretty much my drug of choice. Easy come easy go is my mantra. I'm heading toward the exit when the phone rings again: 'Get on the plane.'

So, I ran back and made it through the gates just as they were locking the doors.

...and I am SO never going back to Lidl.

When I landed, a limo driver was holding a sign that said Eddie Dean.

We all want to see our name in lights, but I'd like to tell you, marker on whiteboard feels pretty dang good. The agency said to get in the limo, so I still didn't know what I was doing, but I did figure out my price for doing whatever the hell I'm told to do.

The driver worked for a limo company, so he didn't know anything except that he was taking me to a farm.

This was in Kentucky, by the way.

So... it was Racehorse people, I figured. That, or I'm starting to wonder if this might just be an elaborate scheme of David Berglas to eliminate the competition?

We arrive at the farmhouse and I went in and nobody greeted me... Now... the way I saw it was that I had already been 100% paid for this gig. And sure, it was 99% more than I had ever been paid for anything, ever, but unless someone told me what to do, it wasn't my job.

So, I'm just mingling with the guests. I don't know much about horses, but I am a big fan of unicorns... so I was blending.

I was blending over at the snack table, when the front door opens and in walked either William Shatner or a fat dude that looked a lot like William Shatner. It turned out to be the actual William Shatner.

He was Captain Kirk, of course, on Star Trek, but Shatner is a racehorse owner, a celebrity poker player, and an investigator of the paranormal. A few months after this, he'd have me on his show on the Discovery channel, called *Weird or What?*, but I didn't know any of this at the time.

I was just over at the snack table, blending in, and I was about to shove a giant chocolate covered strawberry in my mouth when Shatner goes, 'where's Eddie Dean?'

Well, I'm Eddie Dean, but I had just shoved a giant chocolate covered strawberry in my mouth...

So, I had to do the thing where I make him wait while I finish chewing and swallowing it. I like to think that it was the sort of dramatic pause that only William Shatner himself... could.... properly... appreciate.

I introduced myself and he launched right into a very specific question about telepathy. Was it possible to do telepathy through metal – like a steel or a lead box?

And well, I haven't tried it, you know... But I tell him that, in theory, things like obstacles and distance don't seem to matter. And it's probably not a transfer of energy but of information centered on entanglement in a mutual outcome, and blah blah blah.

He seemed really happy to hear that. And it turns out that I've been flown in, not to entertain, but to settle a bet. And with the amount of money I was being paid to settle this bet, I can only imagine the size of the bet.

But I was also slowly figuring out that wasn't that I wasn't just there to settle a bet as much as I sort of WAS the bet.

This is what unfolded: There was a large gun safe in the bedroom. All of the hunting rifles had been cleared out and were lying on the bed. Which I don't even think is normal thing to do at parties in Kentucky...

Shatner would choose a random guest.

The owner of the safe would give that person a flashlight and a sealed envelope containing the combination to the safe.

Once they were locked inside, the person would switch on the light, open the envelope, and look at the combination.

I had one hour to read the person's mind, and open the safe.

But... This is not how telepathy works...

It's isn't perfect like that. It's more of a probabilities thing.

The person Shatner put in the safe was a little old lady and she went in with the light in one hand, a cocktail in the other, and the envelope in her teeth! I'm not even joking.

Everybody is watching.

My attitude with telepathy is: it never hurts to try, and you just might surprise yourself...

But I had no communication with this lady.

I didn't know if she was concentrating on the first number, the last number, the middle numbers, drinking her mint julep, or dead.

I was just sitting on the bed wishing I was back in the spacious aisles and delicious smelling bakery section of Lidl...

I was also starting to wonder if it would be funny to stand up and shout, *Good god Jim... I'm a doctoral researcher, not a magician.* Which I didn't do.

But I was staring to wonder if Shatner had a plan? Were there clues for me somewhere? Was this a puzzle I was supposed to solve?

Was it really just me and a little old drunk lady versus the laws of the nature? And it seemed to be.

When I was little, I read a book by a Nobel prize winning quantum physicist

-- you know, like *normal* kids do --

It was *Surely, You're Joking Mr. Feynman* by Richard Feynman. And one chapter was about how Feynman, when he worked on the Manhattan Project -- went around stealing documents from people's safes just to prove that the security was too loose.

One of his tricks was knowing that people often don't change the combinations of their safes from the factory settings, and now, as far as I could see, that was my best hope.

But it's not like I have a database of make and model and factory settings in my head...

But most of them follow pretty obvious patterns like 25-50-75 or 10-20-30...

I had about 45 minutes left and I knew I could try hundreds of combinations. But the tough part would be the acting because I'd have to pretend I was using telepathy and not just furiously dialing random combinations.

Now... and, this is the strange part. And a lot of people tell me that this is pretty strong evidence of telepathy, but I wouldn't necessarily go so far. But here's what happened.

I start with 25 – 50 – 25.... And the handle turns...

The !@#%& handle turns.

There's Grandma. She bounces out and gives me a big hug and a kiss and.. she's off for another bourbon.

Everyone was super impressed. They clapped and cheered. But me... I collapsed. And I wasn't acting.

For them it was impressive but I had just experienced a miracle.

So, Shatner. A big bear of a guy gives me a firm handshake that completely swallowed my little trembling hand. He put his other hand on my shoulder like a clamp, looked me in the eye and said, 'You're gonna' be a rock star.'

I have no idea how much money I won for William Shatner that night, but it must have been a lot because in that handshake he slipped me a packet of cash so thick that I'm still spending it.

My flight was in a few hours and the limo was waiting outside and I had to go, and for me it was over as quickly as it began.

When I left, I saw Shatner's car parked out front. It had a license plate that said DIVA19.

And that's the story of how William Shatner and I both enriched each other one night at a farmhouse in Kentucky.

I made him a lot of money and he made me... into a total diva... and I've NEVER gone back to Lidl...

Well... except for when I really needed one of those chocolate chip cookies.

(Bow)

Let's play some tunes. (Ramones.)

Couples Tests

Please partner up with someone sitting next to you. Make groups of three if you need to.

It might work even better at first if you have a little physical contact, so one person please put your hand on top of the other person's.

At least, it's more fun that way!

Choose one person in the group to be the sender. The others are the receivers. Do that now.

When I clash these cymbals, I would like the sender to send an impression and the receiver to try to receive that impression. Go with your intuition and stick with the first thing that enters your mind. *But please, nobody say anything out loud.* Send an impression of a number between 1 and 10, now!

(clash)

Now compare your answers and see how you did...How many got it right?

Let's try something harder: Form an impression of a verb, an action word. Quickly! Do that now!

(clash)

Compare your answers....Did anybody get it?

That's amazing! If you got it right, please keep your hands raised high as I come amongst you. and distribute these certificates of Amazingness. You can touch me if you want – These certificates certify that you have been tested for telepathic abilities by EDDIE DEAN and have been found to be certifiably amazing!

Now switch roles... The sender becomes a receiver... I'd like the new sender to send an impression of a color, now.

(clash)

How did you do?

Now something more complicated.

Sender... think of a playing card. Any playing card. It could be a spade, a heart, a club, or a diamond, it could be a Jack, a Queen, a King, or an ace, or any of the number cards two through ten.

Mentally picture the card.

Now start with the color. Red or black. Form an impression of the color of the card, now.

(clash)

How many got the color correct?

If you got it, now try for the suit. If it was red, it will be a heart or a diamond. If it was black, it will be a spade or a club. Form an impression of the suit now.

(clash)

How many got the suit?

If you got this far, let's see if you can go one step further. This is the step that I call the tricky step. Try to get the exact identity of the playing card now.

(clash)

Did anyone get close? Did anyone get it exactly right?

If you got it exactly right, or were just off by one or two, Please keep your hands raised high as I distribute the certificates of amazingness. Not only do the certificates certify you as amazing, but bearers of these certificates are

also officially declared to be lifetime members of the official EDDIE DEAN fan club™ and are entitled to all of the rights and privileges afforded to such people, which are numerous, I assure you.

Dice

When I begin working with people, I prefer to work with groups, as things can sort of average out and cover up some of the weaker spots. But I do believe that almost everybody can experience intuitive or telepathic-like flashes of insight. To prove this I'd like to try some one on one tests.

(Dice process. 2 x 6 attempts. 3 of 6 = 1 in 216. 4 of 6 = 1 in 1,296)

Poison

I could blow your mind all night with statistical anomalies such as these. But according to the script, this is the time in which I'm supposed to do something scandalous... and, dangerous.

I'd like to take just a moment to promote my latest pulp telepathy thriller, "It's the Thought that Kills!" This book is not about me, by the way... it's about, uh... "Robert Errol Flynn..." And I'm Edward James Dean... He's a fictional character. But he is based on me, so, it's easy to get confused... I'll just....

ONE man, TWO women, THREE glasses of water, and one glass of MURDER: A high-stakes game that leaves them all fighting for fame and fortune. . . and THEIR LIVES!

POISONED! By TWO women at ONCE. Helen poisoned him... with her mind. Molly poisoned him with poison...

And I was thinking, maybe you'd like to hear me read a little bit of it? Well, no, that's silly I guess. I'm sure you wouldn't want to... Really? Oh gosh! Well, I suppose I... I do just have the page marked so...

Cup number three. Second from the left. Easy as breathing. The tension in the room was intoxicating.

Robbie Flynn, blindfolded, lifted the cup, and drank.

He experienced a moment of disorientation as the audience responded not with a cheer, but a horrified gasp. And then the poison seared his mouth and throat like fire and he understood. He dropped the cup, but it was too late. It fell to the stage, empty.

Had he made a mistake? No. That wasn't possible.

Then how...? (virtuosic method acting)

Molly!

Thank you. I hope that was as titillating for you to listen to as it was for me to write!

Now that the stage has been set for murder, I'd like someone to join me on the stage, that has been set for murder. Judge, would you please name a playing card? Are you over the age of eighteen? Are you intoxicated? Would you mind assisting in my next demonstration?

Please give her a nice round of applause...

My name is Eddie. Your name? Thank you. The way we'll do this is pretty straight forward. You don't happen to be allergic to latex do you? Oh good. If you would please put these gloves then, for your protection. Pink or black, which ever pair best suits your individual sense of fashion and style.

This demonstration uses nothing but these glasses, this cotton bandage, this bottle of Sunny D-light, this bottle of drain cleaner, and my ability to know what you all collectively are thinking. I call it: It's the Thought That Kills!

Isn't it amazing how far I'll go, just to promote my novel?

This is a bottle of room temperature Sunny D-light, it's delicious, though I probably don't need to prove that to you. And this is drain cleaner, the active ingredients are caustic soda, also known as sodium hydroxide, or lye, sodium hypochlorite, and propanone, an ingredient found in nail polish remover. This substance is highly corrosive and the ingestion of as little as 5 grams has brought about death in adult humans. This bottle contains 500 grams.

Please verify that the inner foil seal is also completely in tact, and has not been tampered with. Please watch closely as I break this seal as well... Fair enough?

Would you please hold this stainless steel basin here, like this.

To demonstrate the lethality of this poison I'll pour a small amount into this Polystyrene cup. [demonstration – dun dun duuuunnnn!]

Nasty stuff. Will you please look closely at this cotton gauze? Hold it up to the light, etc., Please make sure I don't have anything in or near my ears. In a moment, I will ask you to hold these over my eyes while I blindfold myself with this cotton bandage. When you are 100% certain that I cannot see, please pour some of this drain cleaner into any ONE of these four glasses, and pour an equal amount of the Sunny D-light into the remaining THREE glasses. Is that clear? For my safety and for your own, please handle the chemicals with extreme caution.

I recently did this demonstration for Heineken, using glasses of Heineken and human urine. Something went terribly wrong and I accidentally ingested a small amount of Heineken.

I will now play _____. I always play this song at this point in the demonstration, so that if I should accidentally ingest drain cleaner, this song will be among my final memories.

When you've finished pouring, please place the bottles out of the way and take off the gloves (unless you prefer to keep them). Finally, I'd like you to return the needle to its resting place and then you may return yourself to your resting place.

This is my Barbie Dreamhouse turntable, by the way. I'm saving up for the car.

(Process)

I will now select a glass at random and I request that you all silently think either "SAFE" or "DANGER" at the appropriate time...

When I declare a glass is safe, I will swallow the contents of the glass quickly and decisively. I will have no opportunity to smell or taste the liquid. You will have no opportunity to stop me.

Please do not make any sounds which might betray the location of the poison.

At this point, I would like to declare PUBLICALLY that I PERSONALLY, accept full RESPONSIBILITY and LIABILITY for tonight's performance of the Poison Game!

Obviously, I insist that you do not attempt to recreate this demonstration. If you try it, you will probably die.

May I have complete silence please?

[process] Safe. Safe..... Safe.

Thank you very much.

Cocktail anyone?

And be sure to keep an eye out for my telepathy thriller, coming soon to a bookstore near you: "It's the Thought

[gunshot]

that Kills!”

[barrel smoke]

Project Viola Ten

I'd like to take a moment to discuss something that's very near and dear to my heart. As many of you know, I am part of a – you might call it – a non-profitable organization called Project Viola Ten. The aim of this organization is to promote healthy minds and healthy bodies – particularly amongst Irish youth.

To raise awareness for this project, over the past 6 months, I've been collaborating with the school of applied psychology at UCC in an attempt to prove, under controlled laboratory conditions, that psycho-physical telepathy is possible.

Additionally, I have spent thousands of dollars of questionably obtained American government money in order to create a documentary about this laboratory testing. The documentary is still in production, but I have been given a clip. I haven't seen it yet, and I'm told it's a little rough. But what the hell. Let's roll it.

If you'd like to support Project Viola Ten you can do that by making a donation or by buying merchandise after the show. With your support, we can document Project Viola Ten and show the world just what it is that makes human bodies and human brains so dang beautiful.

Word

One of the most difficult tests designed by researchers to test for telepathy involves the transference of a word selected at random from a dictionary. Would you please name three playing cards?

(Book test process)

This is an oil pastel crayon. In the past, it's been suggested that I am able to hear the sound of a word being written on a board, even while in another room. Which is absurd, but I'm sure you'll agree that the oil pastel is completely silent. I get accused of everything... just this morning I was buying a coffee at Starbucks and the guy there told me that I was... it doesn't matter. I'll tell you after the show.

Final Thought

Thank you very much, everybody, and I'd like to remind you that you are the judge.

Now before I conclude this portion of the demonstration, I'd like to leave you with one final thought.

Drawing

I am feeling a very positive energy from all of you and if you'd like, I'm happy to try one final experiment. I wasn't going to do this, because it is very difficult and I don't always accomplish this perfectly correctly, but if you'd like to see me try, I'd be willing to give it a go.

Perhaps the most difficult test ever designed to test for telepathy involves the transference of a random image or design. Would you please name a playing card?

(Drawing process)

Ladies and gentlemen, you are the judge!

Thank you and I'll see you at the merch table after the show!