

“Patents Pending”

I

Patent Application 92,815,779

Tim Hannick, of Dover, DE, patent applicant

ADHESIVE VENTILATION-COVER SURVEILLANCE RECORDING LINERS

Filing February 15, 1981

Int. Cl.³ G03 G11

1. Device comprises thin, rigid recording strips that can be attached via adhesive undersides to common household ventilation covers, allowing surveillance in a given room. The strips are inset with recording apparatus that can be attached via cable to a recording device via double-headed 3.5-mm TRS jack so that whatever sounds recorded can be kept. The strips are to be small and thin, 6.5 inches long by 1 inches wide by 3 mm thick, so that they fit most standard ventilation covers.

2. The surveillance liners would be most useful in providing an inconspicuous and effective means of recording untoward behavior in a room or rooms of one's house. If a parent suspects a babysitter of abusing their child, that parent can attach the recording liners to vents throughout their house and be able to record the babysitter. The strips, being mounted on ventilation covers, would be almost invisible. Because of their unique design, the strips would also be able to capture sound through alternate ventilation openings in other areas of the house, although several strips could be mounted on each ventilation cover for the clearest recording.

The recording devices could also be used to apprehend burglars, using police voice identification software, if the burglars talk a lot.

The device is novel in that it provides a very inconspicuous way to record audio in one's own home. Whereas video recording devices can be untrustworthy and obvious to infiltrators, endangering those who use them, the adhesive ventilation-cover surveillance recording liners are virtually undetectable.

The device is useful not just for parents or the burgled, either. If one wanted to find out what was going on in his own bedroom when he was out of the house, he could attach a liner to his bedroom ventilation cover, turn it on, and listen to what happened when he was away. Perhaps the owner would find that even after taking a short trip just to go buy some milk, his girlfriend had invited another man into his bedroom for the so-called "thrill" of doing it on the man's own bed. The audio pick-up of the recording devices would be engineered to a high frequency of detection, allowing the man to hear the conniving and painful things the woman says about him and his qualities in bed even as she's undressing this other man. As well as the wet sounds of passion the likes of which the man has never heard before, he'd be able to hear the terse pillow talk thereafter—the idiotic whispered call and response of "Yes?", "Yes"—and the sound of half a bottle of fabric cleaner being sprayed onto the sheets, and also the sound of a fan turning on to blow the excess scent out the window. Then the sound of the woman's fretting as she detects a stain on the sheets, and then the stained sheets being pulled off the bed and thrown into the washing machine, and finally the woman scrubbing the stain from the mattress until it's a phantom.

The owner can even listen to his own voice when he comes back with the milk she wanted—fat free and organic *and* soy-based—and asks her why the house smells so clean, and she claims

to have spent the last hour cleaning it, that's why her dress is so rumpled, ha ha. She'd just been cleaning the whole time, just cleaning, just cleaning. The man can listen to the sound of his own body hitting his bare mattress as the girlfriend crawls on top of him, the man surprised and excited at first by her sudden affection. Once she's finished, he can gather the recording while she's in the bathroom, and can later figure out what really happened, and how duped and ruined he feels after that.

3. If an adhesive ventilation-cover surveillance recording liner owner has an automatic air-conditioning and/or heat-dispersement valve, it may have to be turned off so that it doesn't create too much white noise to be able to hear the events taking place in the room.

Thank you for your consideration,

Tim Hannick

II

Patent Application 92,815,201

CONTAINER WITH INVERSE DISPENSING-ORIFICE THEREFOR

Tim Hannick, of Dover, DE, patent applicant

Filing January 22, 1981

Int. Cl.³ B73B

1. A container having an inverted dispensing orifice comprising a front panel, right and left side panels, and a rear panel hingedly connected to form an enclosed chamber; a bottom closure welded to the bottom of said panels to close the chamber at the bottom; a top closure welded to the top of said panels to close the chamber at the top; means defining a dispensing flap in said front panel, said means defined by the fact that items, such as rings, notes, and unused concert tickets, are placed into the dispensing flap. When the flap is closed, the items placed within the container are kept indefinitely. The flap can be opened again by means of a release button on the side of the container. Once items are placed within the container, they cannot be retrieved at any point. Once the container is full, it can be delivered to the owner's local waste facility.

2. The container is best used to completely and finally rid the owner of objects and items he no longer wants. For example, when his girlfriend writes the same apology notes again and again, until they become abbreviations of themselves, perfunctory and insincere, he may wish to insert them in the inverse dispenser and be rid of them forever, so they don't just sit on his bed in lieu of the girlfriend herself, who didn't even bother to tell where she was going or who with, just that she would be gone. The last notes she sent, being basic parodies of the first ones, read simply "gone -K." or "out -K." or even "late," scribbled so quickly the curve of the "e" just dribbled off the page. These kinds of love notes are perfect for the container, as are the long, heartfelt answers to them I wrote, which were skimmed and ignored. And then later when I asked if she'd read my response and would be willing to talk, she laughed the idea away, and shook my letter at me, saying "You mean *this*?" like the letter was laced with anthrax or cholera.

The issue, I guess, was finished, so into the container it went. I didn't need to see that again, to see where all my "babyish" feelings got me. And then the next night, off she'd be gone again, with another tiny note, until eventually the notes stopped and I had nothing to put in the container at all.

3. Some items may need to be crumpled, smashed, or broken to fit into the inverse dispensing orifice.

Thank you for your consideration,

Tim Hannick

III

Patent Application 92,816,315

WHIMCYCLE, MOBILE LARK-PURSUIT PROPELLANCY MODULE

Tim Hannick, of Mastens Corner, DE, patent applicant

Filing March 25, 1981

Int. Cl.³ 8354 D

1. A mobile two-wheeled apparatus allowing a method of locomotion to the shortest-lasting

transfixions. The frame of the device comprises a longitudinal axis and combination of two (2) footpedals mounted together on reciprocal linear motion means, attached by a crank to a sprocket, around which concatenated chains circle. The device will contain a steerable front wheel operably journaled on said frame and a rear-drive wheel including variable drive means for receiving power to said drive wheel. The cycle's direction is effected by rotation of a front-handlebar steering means in operative connection with said wheels. Speed is determined by the user, using the method of locomotion of oscillating the footpedals to move the device forward at whichever velocity the rider so desires, especially when the rider endears to be as far away from the inventor as possible.

2. Though the Whimcycle resembles the bicycle in many ways, and certainly owes much of its manufacture to bicycles by Comte Mede de Sivrac, Baron Karl von Dries, and Kirkpatrick MacMillan, who all perfected the model, I offer a nonstructural but unique improvement on these men's models. My Whimcycle, Mobile Lark-Pursuit Propellancy Module, differs from previous models in the following ways:

- (a) Mounted flags of various colors welded to crossbar, seat post, and handlebars, of various sizes, many of which advertise archaic sports teams and misspelled slogans.
- (b) Lights of various shapes and sizes attached to the frame of the Whimcycle. These lights blinker and glow at irregular intervals to accentuate the chanciness of the rider.
- (c) Assistance and/or decorative wheels attached to front or rear derailleur. Possible wheel connection points will be placed at many points on the Whimcycle, allowing the rider to choose if and howsoever to attach them. Many wheel connection points will be far above

the ground, not providing any assistance in locomotion, but only spinning endlessly in their courses.

(d) Several playing cards, of various suits, placed between the wheels, announcing the rider's presence wherever the Whimcycle is ridden. It is the patent applicant's opinion that those of whom who would purchase a Whimcycle would also demand attention to themselves as much as is possible. The Whimcycle was built to accommodate these wishes.

(e) A variance of noisemakers, which will be mounted across the handlebars and will be capable of an assortment of "honks."

Disclaimer to points 2(a)-(e): None of the changes attached to the Whimcycle will affect the structural integrity of the model.

3. Pending approval of Patent Application 92,816,315, an alternate model, in the standard of the penny farthing bicycle, would be created, as it would match the potential buyers' interest in "cute" and immediately disregarded curiosities, such as gramophones, antique maps, and earnest affection.

4. The patentee also wishes to pursue patent applicability of the name "Whimcycle," and wishes to thank the original inventor, [name withheld by legal writ], for assistance in creating the device's title. If it weren't for [name withheld], the patent would not have been originally realized, nor successfully executed. However, the original inventor has, in the opinion of the patent applicant, ceded all rights to invention because she's rejected all attempts at being contacted to accept such nomination. [Name withheld] won't even call me anymore. When an

attempt is made to contact her, a crackly-voiced robot informs me the number has been changed. Was it so necessary to change the number? Was it really so horrifying to think that I might perhaps call sometime, that I might want to figure out what it means when she says, “There’s never a reason worth a decision.”? Then she goes and takes another ride on the Whimcycle, another weekend spent out of total contact, me not knowing where she is at any point, coming back with only vindictive smiles and deadened eyes. And no answers to any questions, and when I ask them she makes me feel guilty for even being concerned.

The Whimcycle can take a rider anywhere she chooses, even the glass-bottle beach under the bridge she used to visit to listen to the semitrucks overhead. They were so loud, so chaotic, it sounded as if they’d come crashing right through the bridge, and it gave her gooseflesh, I felt it. Only the Whimcycle could spoil a spot like that by its rider taking strangers there.

Or her going out to a basement dancehall where no one knew her name—there’s a whim if anything is. And to meet someone there because he looked “nonPuritan,” because he looked “like a harbinger.” What do these riddles even mean? And when this Mr. NonPuritan is finished with—when his novelty is worn out, the next whim can be followed, as nothing is worth holding on to, just continually pursuing, until the pursuit becomes its own routine, not that this should be suggested to the pursuer, or she’ll start throwing things. Meanwhile I sit at home all the time just thinking of possibilities, which are endless, of course.

Or when she calls me to come pick her up, and you can smell the sex right on her, and you can see the handprints, and you can taste another man on her lips. When she rubs your legs, putting your hand between hers, begging for forgiveness the only way she knows how. When she vomits and weeps, again. When she scolds you for loving her. The Whimcycle wrecked, meanwhile, thrown in the back of the car.

5. The Whimcycle's not for everyone, of course. I couldn't ever own one. I mean, pardon me, but there is just something totally insincere about setting out not to have a plan, to plan spontaneity. I can't do it, as much as she encourages it. "Go on your own Whimcycle, if you love that idea so much." Like I'm the one who "loves" the Whimcycle! Like I'm the one who rides it every night now, who pretends I'm happy not knowing who or what I am anymore, making up another name for another evening—and why not? Why shouldn't she be able to? She can be anything she wants to be. Even the idea that I could influence her otherwise just makes her angrier, and now of course she won't call, as I mentioned above.

I showed her the plans for it, the design and all that, and she gave me this look you wouldn't believe—pure disgust. I told her it would be my gift to her, my last one. She said, "I already have freedom," just rotten with attitude. I swear she plagiarizes her attitude from her new friends, whoever they are, whether they're even still her friends anymore. She shook the design plans at me and said, "So send them! Go ahead!" I said I will. She said, "No company is going to be able to make a figurative idea literal." So here's the idea, and you tell me. You tell me if this isn't a marketable idea, as if there aren't hundreds and thousands and millions like her, as if they aren't out every night on their own private Whimcycles, denying any kind of permanence because it feels "stifling, like being hugged by a walrus," or whatever other apparently clever comments they want to make, like I'm that overweight anyway. Because, anyway, the world is theirs, the Whimcyclers, wide open for their whole consumption, any decision their discretion, the only real obligation being the obligation to change their minds as often as they can, to start anew again and again and again, like change is not some kind of inevitability but some goddamn duty.

6. The Whimcycle's greatest function, which will be worked out in development and manufacturing, is its ability to regenerate even when wrecked. If the Whimcycle is driven to damage or even complete self-destruction, it will have the ability to be reconstructed and ridden sometimes as soon as the very next day, another great big adventure begun. It will be able to be reconstructed, in fact, as many times as the rider wishes.

Thank you for your consideration,

Tim Hannick

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April 22, 1981

Mr. Hannick,

We thank you the chance to consider your three (3) recent patent applications (as well as for your previous submissions for Robotic SpyCat, Memory-Gone, and the Cold-Heart Refrigerator). At this time, after careful consideration, we have decided not to approve these patents. We do not feel these patents constitute any useful process, machine, article of manufacture, or compositions of matters, or any new useful improvement thereof. Furthermore, we wish you to realize the USPTO is not a psychology clinic, Mr. Hannick.

We wish you future success.

The Office of the General Counsel