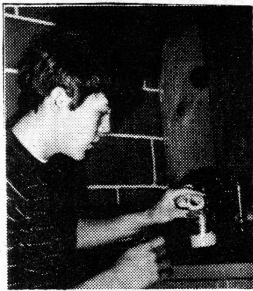


# GREG ANDERSON:

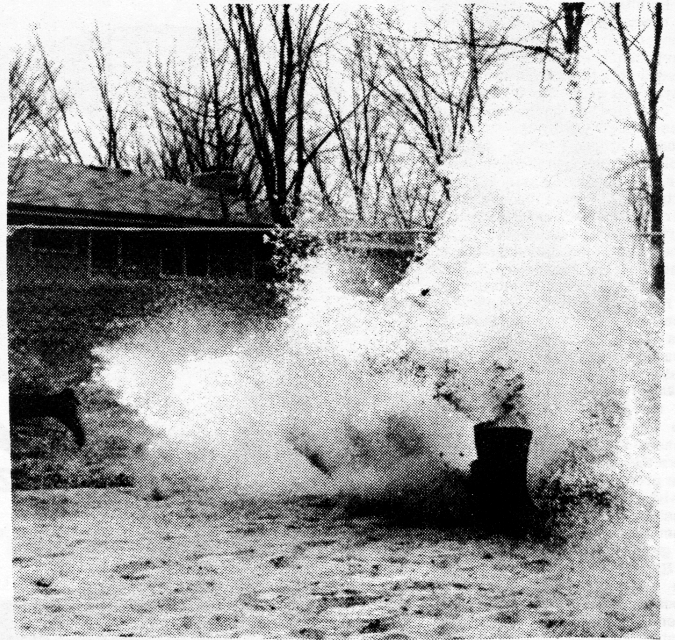


Greg Anderson

## Man or Beast (or both)?

by Craig Eckert

photos fred wolf



"A picture of a good blast"

(a semi-regular BLUEPRINT feature)

Why didn't he try to make things like record players and things?

"Well, I've tried those too, you know rockets and hand grenades, they're fun, but of course that's more the mechanical aspect, I'm more involved now in the chemical aspect."

Talking with him compares with facing a somewhat overzealous weapons tester at an ordnance plant as he goes on to talk about his other fields of endeavors.

"Of course then there's the smoke field, you know different types of smoke bombs. The tear gas area, oh, I've made six or seven types of tear gas, MACE."

When asked what he did with them, he joked

"Oh, I try 'em on cats."

Later, however, he denied ever harming an animal and said if he really wanted to test them he did so on himself.

"And then there's the field of ahh . . . what others fields are there Grant (Blank)?" Grant is Greg's sometime cohort in his apparent plot to puzzle the world.

"Incendiaries, thermites, and things like that."

"I happened to try my World War II style smoke bomb in the garage once, and it happened to leak through the attic and entered the house. The little catch is that these smokes don't dissipate for about 48-60 hours afterward, and we had eight blowers in the house, and the windows and doors trying to get the smoke out."

"We also got a fine deposit of zinc chloride on all the furniture."

"Oh I've tried thermite bombs on our driveway which unfortunately is asphalt, we had a one foot puddle of molten asphalt after I got done."

Greg doesn't consider himself fascinated by destruction even though he does deal with its tools,

"They're just exciting, I think most people enjoy a picture of a good blast."

His laboratory is stocked "with all sorts of chemicals and glassware and junk, it resembles a real laboratory." He estimates that the worth of the laboratory to be above \$2000.

In his time, Greg has had some interesting incidents with his neighbors, who, by now, tend to keep their eyes open for his antics.

"That World War II smoke bomb in the garage was leaking out the

corners and windows, and someone was going to call the fire department because they thought our house was on fire, so we had to quick go over and tell them and we were running all over the neighborhood telling everyone not to call the Fire Department because it wasn't really any fire. It was just me."

"I put a lot of smoke in peoples yards, nothing dangerous to speak of, except one time. . ."

I launched a Hydrogen balloon and I had a time detonator on it to blow it up a couple thousand feet up, but it landed in a neighbor's tree, and it blew up right in the tree and it was about a ten foot ball of fire, but luckily it had just rained and it didn't catch on fire."

His neighbors may have in the past been in relative safety since now he is working on a radio controlled airplanes designed to drop three or four pounds of blasting jell.

Greg confesses that his mother is somewhat disturbed at what he makes down in the basement, "She doesn't like my smells, you see I've succeeded in synthesizing the smell of a skunk, onions, garlic. . ."

"My dad keeps telling me to be careful of course. I'm always kidding my dad that he's going to write on my epitaph, 'He wasn't careful.'"

"I was worried about accidents, but I try to do everything with the greatest of care, that's were a good background of chemistry comes in."

"Any old clown can go out and make something like nitro-glycerine, but there's very few of those clowns that will survive"

When asked if he credited any of his success to the science program in the Roseville Schools, Greg answered, "No, none what so ever."

"The teachers out here are basically not interested in organic chemistry. Our Chemistry courses have don't get too involved with chemistry as it applies to the world or actual production. They are more interested in the atomic basis."

He explained that the basics which Ramsey teaches are important to the chemist, but he says he had learned most of it by eighth or ninth grade.

Greg recently attended science recognition day at the 3M corporation. It is an event for outstandingly motivated students in the field of science.

The subject came about to how easy Ramsey would be to incapacitate through the use of tear, nausea, smoke, and the other incapacitation gases passing through the duct work. He also mentioned a new gas which he is still trying to find the formula for.

It is a halucinogenic has which is one thousand times as powerful as LSD.

It is now being developed by the army and Greg calls it "a human means of warfare."

"Hippies would love it, too." mused Greg. "Hippies would enlist. It is good stuff though."

It would be great to use on banks. It would be fantastic to go into a bank and see everybody sitting there stoned, you walk in and remove the money."

Greg is vitally interested in working for Dupont in their explosives division, therefore many of the campus disturbances which prohibit such companies from coming on campus to recruit bother him.

"The main hang-up I have with the radicals is their emotionalism, they associate our industry with the war in Vietnam which they associate with hate, so they immediately want to destroy the industry without giving any second thoughts to what was good about the industry."

"They don't have the brains and the guts to build on the country so they figure the easiest way is to tear it down."

Greg has some theories on how he would like to pass into the great beyond. One would be to be pushed from an airplane by Al Mundy, a television character, best described as a thief and Greg's idol. The second is to go by hugging an atomic bomb as it explodes, "I've always wondered what it would be like to grab an atomic bomb when everything is vaporized, I wonder what you'd feel."

He claims to have once had a dream of being encased in a ten by ten block of TNT. "It compressed me to a ball about the size of a pinhead."

The neighbors really don't have to worry about Greg anymore, at least in terms of blowing up their houses. It seems that he's stumbled on to this laser. . .

Greg Anderson plays tennis, goes on ski trips, writes interesting Haiku poetry, and reads books.

However, he also makes napalm, nitro-glycerine, tear gas and is developing a fascinating gas which when inhaled does strange things to the mind.

The last part of this description of Greg Anderson is what sets him apart from what would usually be called a normal adolescent.

"My father informs me that I began at the age of five. Well, I used to ask him what he did (for an occupation), and he'd tell me about these fantastic chemicals."

"And then he brought home, oh, I don't know when I was about eight or nine he brought home my first chemistry book."

Greg's father works for Litton Industries which at that time was interested in Chemical and Biological Warfare defenses.

Greg is currently working on a nitrator which is used for nitrating glycerine, of toluene, which are useful in making nitro-glycerine and TNT.

Admittedly his fascination with explosives and other types of chemicals, not necessarily conducive to human life, is just a little unusual, but as Greg explains,

"Explosives do more than sit on the shelf."

"You can take them out in the field and play with them."

"It is more of a feeling that you've arrived at something, instead of something just worthless."

"Making something like salt or something, you don't get any results it just sits there and you look at it."

Greg considers his success in the chemical field as being the times he has synthesized TNT, TNX, PTN, Says Greg, "That's pentaerythritol tetranitrate if you wanna write that down, but its easier to abbreviate things."

The young scientist went on to explain that

He had developed "All sorts of flash powders, and gun powders, and little bombs. . . and big bombs for that matter."