

London

dockfuck

London Soho, etc. etc. all conditioned by the bomb, the V that fell.... The void of the sunless day.... The interzone.... What is its shape? Is it nacreous damp lit bars under london, a tubemap of clandestine, doowoga dance, kisses, caresses, menage a trois || naked lunches... the interzone... londinia.... Resonance patterns....

Lucian lashed against a ruinous slab, hard rain, traffic blinking out in deep lateral grains, tremors under velveteen dark, rushing the day's end out past the more desolate parts of the city. Rain comes down, lashing the tryst in chiarascuras of trellis light, pylonesques of white noise fade-in against the screaming, earbite, skin toarse, pulling closer, angling in jet white on her chest, the light coming before or after, faint q marginal

the Lucian Sink or the Lucian Sinewave, faint q marginal.

Lucille is leaning on a roof-ledge, pad on hand, a moon caught deep turning up the sinewy river, barge lean light caught in the wicker of monitor light, a cold wind is blowing over tonight, projector thrumming steadily, a resonance patois with her breathing, drawing out the 35mm wartime De Vry lensing in on the corpse strewn funereal on the couch, droolglimmer, awhile deep at the base of the highrise, car alarm, viddied juts of time, 3am, her nerves are splayed, looking out for Herr lucian, come arun, over arabesques of Marshall plan sinewaves, radio Lux limitfade, interlacing with the Goon Show, doctor who's there, no its not doctor who its me! bombsprints through alabaster, gargyle nights, flowing faces into faces, gargling faces thighs in faces, spinning Henriettaguns, gadunkgadunk, lunaratic, a sink. The sink. Secret cracking thunderous spurts of roman aquifer, humming, climb in, sez Lucifer.

Filmic, morning light wakes the scene when she levitates down Soho into the OSS underground, where Roy Cubins is fighting Awall Ackson over the Palestinian pudding public announcement

system, good eveni - check 1, 2, good eve-ni, canvassing applause from the ramparts of openpipe hiss in - herr good day mzz Lucille - ravenous splitchecks of eyeballs printing, PORNO CINE CLUB 35MM, tits - Alavoil Amacarindo, (Alavoil A.) the Chilean is inside, splicing up a map of London by some slothropic cord of psychokinesis, pin-works thru an alabaster shore of V-enetic antegrade rubble.

There's a visiting conductor (he sez, toreodor tonguechileic the ter), bombed out and up flew the ugly sixties hotel, the Saint George's Hotel, a polytechnic, concrete... - a glimmer beat - 'But you'd love Los Angeles Ala!' Eye patois. Ala's endocrine is ashimmer, out of spine reaching into the camera equipment lain stretched on the canvas, sleeping pills, ina bottleshook dalliance of invective light, candles with a click sudden float in across the void and they're slumped, watching the deep aberattions of mortar pipe, fires dappled by raidlight, streets sinkblown to a sunderous interface with - dogs, pavlovianas running toward the lens, breakering, darkblip, eyeshuttered sudetenclik, and they're hurtled back antegrade splintforward into some weimarian dream sequence, swing bebop dalliancing, Lucille blinking, alaba hisss-olvnig into the cut, high brutal concrete, the sound is amplitude modular of alabaster blown/grown through a gap in time, this could be - trailing - 'now' she blinks, dust apparitive out of bombsink sennagrade, brutalista highrise, Eyes ablow full Orion discs, with the darkness enclosing, 'mesmeric' - 'atmosferic' - dancing behind retinas, the city moves in morning light, remote to this blowout of cinematic masonry underground, and she's dragging her sense backward through the door, screaming out for the clear air, the light of day with Alaba gleaming right through her like the alabaster is hers.

The k on the Ocean Sink Surrealists fell off, viddied by a teddyboy kristalnacht assault of goodsesne blownin over, Ocean Sin, to the latenight, sunrisen brighton pier trysts viddied, sun burn the backlegs, roar Tommygun expresses, blond leg thigh aris, CI-581 1962, dissociative anesthessalonikita kruscheva

Dematerialise Our City Kunt! Films Under Collective Kabal (DOCK FUCK) opening night, fortifying ceiling light, a trail of firework, smearing flutes, alaba front row animating through twin gargoyles inover the atlantic, the patient in Vienna is the very city itself, 'ah' 'yeas- 'dematerialised

psychological flows, striating, shearing diverging parts', tearing at a canapé of resonant dust - 'sentiment, concrete, dream, pulling apart, ripping their eyeballs out under the monitor' Under the effects of amphetamine psychosis had Nina fitzroved to the idea that We is dopplers in the radiowaves, phwoosh, basilisk trail deep earth Richter cracc, up there, pointing in their eyeballs: We is speck, take a droogi, zloop up into B24, no U2 plane...70,000 feet- lucian glides past in trails of trellislight terraforming through a dressdoor on an orgy of limbs carapesced, open sky anxilia, Berlin calling, fire light blowing,

Laing and Troptree an early surgeon of French new wave onacouch, OCEAN SINK SURREALISM is anti Kitchen Sink Surrealism, anti-realism inaway, francophonic, the wave is large, tu vois? Tuba-leaning facespitton ... we experience also war, waste, shanty, docks, warehouse, girder, iron, blownapart, so vous stroll, ramble through pure optical sonarous, shear-zone, so ze images fracture, shatter, location iss blurry, camera speeds thru fears - Ludovico, an Italian neorealist apparates out of the limbunami, mussolini! mussolini! Mussels vwher? There dapplering off into corrugated lunar double of the dock water, sheen, DOCK FUCK, with the shots broken open, obliterated of spatial indeterminacy, godardesques, straubian amorphas, deepening stratas of emptying, emptying light canisters, fassbinderen schmideten fear, city-deserts, mirrors, proliferating points of view with no connection, violenca. A suit out past the makeshift bar jetties, succubus-whispers, German officer visits Picasso in Paris, bombs phwop phudding, and he sees Guernica, agawp revulsed at the modernist chaos sez to Picasso, did you do this? And you know what he says - beat - no, you did this! Guffaws, wineblows Crescenda Piliptout overzeala flying ona martini jet toward the li-

Umberto Boccioni, and the futurismo are there, and the gyroscope kid, kenosha, Giacomo balla, street light study of light (<https://medium.com/signifier/the-failure-of-the-futurists-4789d9be23e9>) dynamism of a dog on a leash... As Cubists showed subjects from multiple viewpoints, the Futurists often showed subjects in multiple moments. In the same way that we know a 3D object from different angles, so we also see things in motion. Attempting to show movement and the dynamism of forms was thought to be more real, and revealing, than the familiar photo-real 'freeze-frame' style painting. This approach also led to Futurist experiments with photography, using multiple exposures and blurring of movement...Here we are presented with a fragmented view of a street as seen from inside a fast car as it rounds a bend. At the same time we see aspects of the

vehicle itself as if we are a slow pedestrian watching it speed past. This fusion of street and car is painted in bands that imply the compression of sound known as the Doppler Effect. The excitement of speeding through a city requires more than just the car, there also has to be the infrastructure of the city and the road...The Intonarumori were 'noise machines' and were used to perform specially composed music to express the 'Art of Noises'. Each box contained different mechanisms for making and controlling sound and were showcased in concert at the London Coliseum in 1914. The set-up looked like a cubist sculptural installation and in combining this with sound composition, sound-sculpture found its early Modern form.

INTONARUMORI FUTURISTA!

Someone shouting the phosphorization of the metropole (Nomadic air currents, the war machine...Deleuze Guattari... white phosphorous... WHERE VIRILIO WAS WRONG... WAS THE VOID.... THE GAP IN DISTANCE REDUCTION.. IN SPEED... Arabia was coming closer across the channel the northsea.... It was Lawrence of arabia riding a horseback of future light.... All blueshifting... the lie of the Suez crisis... that islamata found a new channel transient as the starscape... kinematas ...got the feel for oil, the black sun... from the northsea...want more.. 2020...a bible group...canning town...a south korean sermon giver from the church of shincheonji preaches...a plot.... Information leaping futurial Info futurial.. A MOTIF A VIGNETTE FROM THE CZECHOSLOVAKIAN FACTORY... THE LSD LINK.... TRANSFERENCE... TRANSMISSION.... A character who collects suns in their pockets... each night.... Opens them says look I have all the suns here... you want one? Nuclear explosions plucked... into a pocket. ATLANTIS, THULE.

Laing drags a sovietal of wood light, cast ina dreamscape of tarkovskian forest, sentinel white retinal dream-like clears of terror to hammer his own: there are, two waves, this wave, mirroral awareness wave of oneself by onself, and this wave, awareness of oneself as an object of someone else's observation. Two sinewaves, bipolarities of an individual... sometimes resonating, sometimes - laingeyes bulge shear, torn! Audible gasps awhile from the pantry taper in, a man lathered in butter, now flying through the room trailing slips, falls, screams, This means that, ultimately, the status of the Real is purely parallaxic and, as such, non-substantial: is has no substantial density in itself, it is just a gap between two points of perspective, perceptible only in the shift from the one to

the other. The parallax Real is thus opposed to the standard (Lacanian) notion of the Real as that which “always returns to its place”—as that which remains the same in all possible (symbolic) universes: the parallax Real is, rather, that which accounts for the very multiplicity of appearances of the same underlying Real—it is not the hard core which persists as the Same, but the hard bone of contention which pulverizes the sameness into the multitude of appearances. In a first move, the Real is the impossible hard core which we cannot confront directly, but only through the lenses of a multitude of symbolic fictions, virtual formations. In a second move, this very hard core is purely virtual, actually non-existent, an X which can be reconstructed only retroactively, from the multitude of symbolic formations which are “all that there actually is.”

zloop, edgefula scrapa vlomchok europe bigbloon, framgnet island shorncoast, like comet fragment, trailing, the hulk on collision with west coast, see why they angry - an IRA sedgefulscrapa A CLOCKWORK ORANGE... ANTHONY BURGESS TRAVELLING TO RUSSIA IN '61 having written the first half.... Tilbury Docks.... VIOLENCE... LUDOVICO TECHNIQUE... PAVLOVIAN CONDITIONING SYSTEMIC.. AVERSION THERAPY.... ELECTROCONVULSIVE SHOCK THERAPY.... HARSH GUTTURAL K LANGUAGE, RUSSO-ANGLIA.... Coldwar kineticz TAKES A DROOGI... ZLOOPS UP INTO A B24 NO U2 PLANE... 70,000FT STARING DOWN AT SPECK-DOT BRITAIN, edgefulscrapea vlomchok europe... fragment island Ireland shorncoast, like comet fragments trailing the hulk on collision with west coast... BRING IN J.F. // BRING IN J.F.K / bring in Ireland/US spinoff / IRA episode... shorn off spittlezone frag of war, wardeep hole gravity suck, suck boom, explosion of interstellar stardust, by logic tension, explosionism, the dialectic method was nuclear.... Humming.... tidalectics...siniy goluboy resonances... a cold smear of sun... brenschluss point.... Where the brain stop and elysia drop down tunnelling hurtling through depthcord exposure plate, secret clandestine missile siloes. Flashing, porton down, Porton down, LSD, tripwire, thunderous roar of oceanic city turning over to angeleian modernistico vision of programmatic behaviour, pavlovian skyscape community - ballardian billiardwork-play-sleep-repeat.... Fried

DOCK FUCK is here tonight on the edge of the depthling, lost sinewaves of a cold isle dog dock, tonight in a delusion from the war, a whole ionospheric conspiracy of localised waves, subplots, tendrils of light, gonegoes of dark germanic p-waves, Hans and freids, rivers of film,

contorting, refracting, byeshadowous of the inter-z of - he can't finger, loose his drawers over the sink out pantrypast corridor, this Ninadaughter, head flown back, fuc king beelt- whiplashing katabatic troptree on the chimney, gabling mussels from under the empty dockfreight, - Ala awhile voiling deeper inward, staring at the gargoyles nowblown open on chaise, a lung in the piano, heartcords ablunting chandelierous that They should chase a clip of the ocean void of human coordinates... filming on a frigate in bering-like cold channel, white visitation bright against the dover cliff.... A story of love and schizophrenia an oil man falls in love with a mer-woman named Goebbelina... the anti-kitchen sink, OSS, sem acronym as the Office of Strategic Services 70 Grosvenor Street, asking a B24, no U2 special op crowd to fly a camera crew over channel, Manifesto 121 algerique spooter, riding wave of tradecurrentz - time juts, the wave begins gathering backward, vialas moving the butterscape to buddhalin pillows afloor, light dropping, monitor clicking abak lighting a door light upon the wall to a silence of 59

Hiroshima mon amour, chiarascuro of wet ampouler arms caressing, paining, limbs atouch slow piano to oboe, You saw nothing in Hiroshima. Nothing. I saw Everything. I saw the hospital - I'm sure of it. The hospital in Hiroshima exists. How could I not have seen it? Gliding through a corridor of elysia, Japanese woman-nurses, sliding violins, entering the room where she lies, transferences of eye-camera holding, holding notes. You didnt see the hospital in Hiroshima. You saw nothing in Hiroshima. Four times at the museum. What museum in Hiroshima? (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3ZwrCOXLrIA>) stairs, caverns, brutalist alleys, infralight concrete heat capacities, spinning orbic lightstrings

resonata, discoball resonatas. Four times at the museum in Hiroshima. I saw people walking around. People walk around, lost in thought, among the photographs, the reconstructions for lack of anything else. The photographs. The photographs, the reconstructions for anything else. The explanations for lack of anything else, a hanging jet liner, concrete pillory statefluxal, a model destructa of city-bomb less the corpuscules of cloudlight, the mist, the chanceturn of a B24, Four times at the museum in Hiroshima. I watched the people. I myself lost in thought, looked at the scorched metal. The twisted metal. Metal made as vulnerable as flesh. I saw the bouquet of bottle caps. Whou would have thought? Human flesh, suspended as if still alive, its agony still flesh. Stones. Charred stones. Shattered stones. Anonymous masses of hair. Oedipa Maas and the paranoids. The Crying of Lot Hiroshima. That the women of Hiroshima pon waking in the

morning, would find had fallen out. Turning gyring, the centre cannot hold, the light must out, against the - I was hot in peace square, a bold burnt scalp the shape of a country, sears, 10000 degrees in Peace Square, inertias of light, stored in the B24hull strafe of the eyes creeping toward the radar of a concrete-hangarful screen, the temperature of the sun in Peace Square, a car, How could you not know it? The grass. It's quite simple. You saw nothing in Hiroshima. Nothing. A square. Sear felt as dome, two persons, empty. Hands touching shoulder, sole oboe. Voiceovers float, messages pass, were you really there? So much, gone-shot laced out past the ocean sink surrealists new wave of oldlight dissipata...

Troptree idles forlorn, by the black mussel-less lake, drags the water with the tip of his balletic shoe, a voice cuts him up off balance: 'it's wun great current, squinting at a boatswain's figure on the yacht H. Drax, Troptree stepping into the lunar hold, Wimpole Street psychiatrist Eric Strauss is cowering inacorner, diastemic fingerholes I.F. Ian Fleming, I.F. InFernal machine, Drax real name Hugo von der Drache, his face pock raked like a moon by a wartime bomb - blast turns the engines dalliancing out into midstyx, where to, Dover, to meet Propellant Silo, revolutions of torque enginingout, the musselim.

The soiree breaks off into minor wrestlings, Ralph Rummney and the brushworks are casing the joint for liquid paints, pollockian scribes, abstracting semolina marks on the dock-canvas, tachismic smogaloid pissalating in the cramped working conditions of the pantry, sez Butterman Blow, transpires hub to Sandra Blow the abstractist, 'is not a concious imitation of Pollock but a pragmatic solution to the conditions of the pantry,' pav-loava stuffed in a deep tunnel of face that keeps lolapaloozing into the passing stream of traffic and bak aslinky so starts a spontaneous filmwork threading the thermonuclear umbrella as pollockian gu-spatter, antification of humanity under - half the hall are dead dead, half alive dead dying of leukeamias of soul, limbslopping off eyes splaying souljuice over the canvas, rolling machine-lenses zummeling up the flesheels, redundant alivedeads diving into dock water, emerging with soulshards peeling, distending, early cybernetic debaconizing eru-plasure to the night, launching in 3 - 2 - wan-jiging thru the crowd is Lucian achase of lorna kitty, who meninsky is oiling in the third filmchamber now a smoky train of derangus Arab drumming, Gysin prancing about a stage splaying a huge corpse of canvas slop radio staticizing on a deep Midwestern drawl, and russki kopchekik light, bareels past limbs, screaming kitty, joinedby Sinclair Beiles out of the ramparts, Beiles plural! gu-footstepping a sea of Arab oildrums into a

northseascape of liners poisoning after kitty, lost catkitten Masolinda, lost during the war in a rubble-sized Manhattana of bombstrew - clipping, heeling through to the static rite of axel light, bleeds, thru the stainglass, weeping, It's a chapel? A chapel? Whaat? turings of cryptlace over the black mantle-drill of sonarlis. alphas gammas, amix in docksoup flesheel (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=31CcclqEiZw>), Brenschluss Begun, the germano-israeli setman kibbutzas full camagear asinai souping gleeface toward Apiede Nuar in the drax-wake ofa skiffleboat, swaingon, moonface hesez eh, moonface

fireworks, outanowhereus deep boomkaabitza, phwuush, pop, eyez poppingouta sockets of docklake, wooei, In this technologically triumphant age, when the rockets begin to scream towards the moon but the human mind seems at an even greater distance, anger has a limited use. Love has a wider application, and it is that which needs describing wherever it can be found so that we may all recognise it and learn its use.

R.D. Laing Wumpole

R.D. Laing (rainlight) / patient who believes the northsea is chasing her / Vril / MKUltra, Porton
Down William

Wimpole Rumpole

Dancing in rain, wideeyed Laing 21 Wimpole, mescaline horizon blurring with the highrise dogeating, Marylebonus, sky white retinal, hi sez Mina Semyon, he's peeling orange, she's peeling-hanging her family, looming over largewall, evenetic grain siloes, laundryline whispers calling through coaliron fog, anticylonic eyeface transmissions bounding off bright planetial eyes, dreaming afuk over Scandinavian pressurefront, she drawing cold continental winds from her Tatarhood, curled up in a little ball in a damp cold room in the Tartar Republic, Laing moves the diluted glass from the small round innocuous room Rumpole, rocking with Mina in a rockchair rain patios sciving windows, 'my father is dead, my mother is lying in bed with covers over her head crying' 'And the Tartar landlady?' 'whose son was just killed in the war, was lying behind the Russian oven wailing. I am sitting with shoulders hunched, sandwiched between their grief, my dress feels cold and damp, almost standing up, I am feeling a nobody, not considered, beaten down

by life and abandoned.” Panda crossings outside Wimpole complexly sequenced, pulse and flash lights confusing drivers and pedestrians, smashing rainlate pedestals, the little girl imagining the atom bomb was in her stomach. 12 European countries form the European Space Agency, the Irish Republican Army calls off its border campaign in northern ireand, Pampas underground nuclear tests, panda crossing, another heavy smog developing over London. It comes from Czechoslovakia, the LSD in the solution, permitted by British estab MI5,6,7 to adminster, the 6hour sessions, better than years of orthodox psychoanalysis, ignoring Mont daugen who catatonized into couch, enhance consiousness, psychic energising, creeping back out into the tranquilising night of the city, eyes alit as V-dock alabaster crystals

He’s [Stalin] put that into my mind, my subconscious mind – that I can’t be trusted, and I’ll always be – you know – the big bad wolf spider will come after me – the world is full of big bad wolf spiders – he’s got that impregnated into my brain in some way, into my subconscious mind. And occasionally it seems to come to the surface all the time, you know – that the world is full of big bad wolf spiders. A lamp, a vase, a cut out extract of Kennan: “It was here, in the London City, that the great abhorrent spider of monopoly capital was believed to have his hidden lair. It was from here that he spun his invisible webs of economic bondage, which only the genius of Marx had been able to perceive and to expose. It was from here that he flung these webs out over the distant continents, to snare the helpless peoples, to enslave them in the silken strait jacket of financial dependence. Finally, it was here, in the great country houses of England, that he consumed, in arrogant luxury, the stolen products of other people’s toil...that ghastly scene that had been enacted on a July night in 1918 in the cellar of the Ipatyev house in Ekaterinburg, in the Urals, when the imperial family of Russia — the Tsarina, the daughters, the family retainers, and the Tsar himself, the cousin of the English king, bearing his young sick son in his arms — had stood there in their helplessness, guilty primarily only of the accident of birth, to be mowed down with automatic rifles from a distance of six feet — and their bodies then to be dragged out into the forest on peasant carts and burned in an evil yellow conflagration that illuminated the whole night sky.

Minagoes, under the table, Laing finding a drainhole of scotch, climbing into a darkspace, dappled out of inkworn, discussing his doppler the Czechoslovakian supplychain of LSD, the dilution rate of dosage, the big bad wolf spiders, The madman often can be to us, Even through his profound wretchedness and disintegration - panda crossed - panda crossed, the hierophant of the

sacred, An exile from the scene of being as we know it - an alien - a stranger, signalling to us from the void in which he is foundering, a void which may be peopled by presences that we do not even dream of.

Soundlakes ripple from a crash past marlybone curb, curses, arabesques, They used to be called demons and spirits, and they used to be known and named. He has lost his sense of self, his feelings, his place in the world as we know it. He tells us he is dead. But we are distracted from our cosy security by this mad ghost that haunts us with his visions and voices that seem so senseless and of which we feel impelled to rid him, cleanse him, cure him. In the multidimensions of streetlight, knocking on a door, a door that leads to, to the PM, Macmillan, yes, I am sleeping with the Soviet embassy building, come to Czechoslovakia, puzzlement, with me, dissolving into aether, grouse hunt to Netley rain, wild electrical vircators of arterial resupply, wartremors, fuck fronts, grounding psych-unit, fakeschizo pensionfraudee catch-22 undershocked across an insulin sky, Tavistock Monday, an explosion of doubledecker light, the outside falling in on a forest retreat, a calm above layers of tube tunnel, anxious screaming, electroconsulvive thalamotic, shock of light through the sill, still AM, Rehborn Ovah real name Ignatius Crutchley, MV windrush, identity card side-pocketed, next permanent residence ANOTHER PART OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE, 5 Carlisle Mansions, Carlisle Place, SW5, London, case the police aksme, Piccadilly Circus- that circus have a magnet for him, that circus represent life, that circus is the beginning and the ending of the world, nods off coffeecup -

Out in the distance, out past the void, glistening, Glissant waves of electrical light nearly touch at the edge of the evening, often forever, without knowing it, past the door of no return, an emptiness deep and endless

- Edith, naked again, Whitechapel Station carrying umbrella. Edith: I've no tongue. I've a tongue but it's not my actual tongue. LAING: You have a tongue in your mouth anyway. EDITH: Yes, I've a tongue in my mouth, but it's not my actual tongue. I've no actual tongue. (I was a bit lost at this point.? Tongue = nipple (= penis). Tongue = nipple seemed from yesterday to be more important. She had apparently lost her "tongue" hence "couldn't speak." Had she been weaned? Bitten off and swallowed nipple? How lost it? Castrated?) but what level of regression to work on?) LAING Well I'm glad to hear that in a way. One tongue in your mouth is enough for anyone.

EDITH I've a tongue in my mouth. (It peeks out from between her teeth rather coyly.) LAING You won't lose that tongue. The other tongue never really belonged to you anyway. You must have pinched it from somewhere ... You've at least ten nipples anyway. EDITH I was married. LAING To your father? EDITH To Dr Laing ... Dr Laing cut out my tongue in Africa. (I had previously suggested that her mother had cut out her tongue for marrying me in Africa—when she said “Dr Laing cut out...” I was completely taken by surprise ... silence for some time.) [...] LAING I came here to see you but you were out with your mother and I had to go away. (reassurance) EDITH Yes. They told me there was a hole in the ground. They are going to take my brains out. I have beautiful teeth. LAING And no one is going to take a razor to them. EDITH I've no teeth. LAING It's a terrible thing for a baby to dash her gums against granite breasts. EDITH Yes, it's a terrible thing. I was born in Poland this morning. LAING If only you could have pinched your father's pole. You're a baby piper. EDITH My father gave me a kilt. LAING And the bone under the kilt?

Seismata, on her palms and feet, Ilse Thalassa-Braun, enters Tavistock, with her mother, Rehborn-turned, they are seismic prospecting in the north sea of her uterus....

The Electric Aretha Franklin comes out in March, The Tender the Moving, the Swinging Aretha Franklin in August, with the Irving Berlin 1930s radiohit, creeping arpeggiatic piano haunting abrasions of string and soul, Ilse's soul staring out at Canning Town townhall, horror-come, canarygirl mother hammering on door, tea-ilse, stepping out into raingauze of traffic, pea-coal smog lacing to barrier, screaming, cometh light, air-raid shelters, tea-ilse- tea up up tippidy boo, jazzhanding, transmission stations, blitz-sirens, decommissioned deep, register jackripples of Germanic plot razorwave, vinelines with sea daemons, strange lights, black solarine spurts, seaweedwet pavements, black sootseet, passing ship foghorns, a naked girl by the barrier under moon, dopplers into control tower, comeascream, Aretha, protectorate of the English thames arteria against the black sunreich plot, bromine shelf of echoes, faint germanic, thuleians, storm troopers, depth breathers drowning east London, how deep is the ocean, up at the radiotower eyetoe eye calming till the sirens come, blitz-, no blue-red, ambulatic pitched up, sectioned strings swooning, bare bossom feet kicking at policeman knows her mother, blinking rain, father strapped in an electric chair, magnetic currents looks like Bacon's Study after Velazquez's Portrait of Pope Innocent X, disintegrating, transference, transmitting to deathward oblivion, the V with his name on

it, his calling, the Vat in the Can, Velazquezian horror, an interface of thunder... magnetic magenta bursts

How much do I love you?

Oh, I'll tell you no lie

How deep is the ocean?

How high is the sky?

How many, how many, how many

How many times a day do I think of you?

And how, how many rosebuds

Are sprinkled with dew?

Oh, yeah, how far, how far would I travel

Just to be where you are?

Oh, can anyone tell me how far

Is the journey from here to a star?

Oh, oh, right now and if I

If I ever lost you, ever lost you

Tell me how much would I cry?

Oh yeah, yeah

How deep, how deep is the ocean?

How high is the sky? Oh yeah

Aretha of the English Northsea Deep Reich Plot, cuts her teeth staring at the ITN reports of Nigel Ryan, real name Herman Quandt, halfson of nazi deepsea propagandist Goebbels, coded messages, humming power lines, strange surges, outages, 5am creeping spirits entering into Canning Town with bodies in the water, bodies in the water, black fogs, night days, Nigel, at the east German side of the Berlin barbed wire, in a room of German voices, pinhole eyes of the Ahnenerbe, August 23rd 1961.

Jun 14th 1961 Nigel Ryan in Yugoslavia

Jun 28th 1961 Nigel Ryan in Dalmatian Journey - Yugoslavia's tourist coastline

Aug 23rd 1961 Nigel Ryan with Crisis in Berlin- the East German erection of a barbed wire barricade on Aug 13th

Aug 30th 1961 Nigel Ryan with Lebanese Holiday. Camera: Stan Crockett. Sound: John Collings. (originally planned for Aug 16th)

Oct 19th 1961 Nigel Ryan in Singapore at the Crossroads

Nov 2nd 1961 Nigel Ryan in Malaya (<http://www.78rpm.co.uk/itn.htm>)

Wirth claimed that the Aryans had evolved in an Arctic homeland two million years ago, before establishing their advanced society on a land in the North Atlantic which had since sunken into the sea, giving rise to the stories about Atlantis, How deep is the ocean, looking for Atlantis, she finds an A adds it to his surname, Aryan, it's SS resonance imaging, SS, Schutzstaffel, mapdrawers of seismic registers - Sub-Salt imaging, salt sheets, Sub-Surface, payments into the crust of obscure sympathetic subterrains, plotting, growing secret spectras, they are looking for the Schwarze Sonne, the Black Sun, spurts of black light. Thule Society, the Hyperborean Ocean, Ptolemy (Geographia, 2.21).

THULE , the Kalevalan arc

“The day the war in Europe ended—V-E Day, May 8, 1945—my B-17 bomber crew drove from our airfield in East Anglia to the nearby city of Norwich to join an exultant celebration of victory. The city that had been darkened by blackouts for the past five years of war was now ablaze with lights, and it seemed every man, woman, and child was in the streets, dancing, shouting, weeping with joy, passing around fish and chips and beer and embracing one another.

That July we flew back home—crossing the Atlantic in the same four-engine bomber from which we had dropped bombs on Germany, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, France. We were given a thirty-day furlough to reunite with wives, sweethearts, family, and then we were to head for the Pacific to fly more bombing missions against Japan.

My wife Roslyn and I decided to take a holiday in the country, and as we walked to a bus stop to take us to upstate New York we passed a newsstand and a pile of newspapers with huge black headlines: "Atom Bomb Dropped on Hiroshima" I remember our reaction: we were happy.

Indeed, that's how it is for those who drop bombs, for people like me, a bombardier sitting in the Plexiglas nose of a B-17, operating my bombsight, observing flashes of light below as the bombs hit, but seeing no human beings, hearing no screams, seeing no blood, totally unaware that down below there might be children dying, rendered blind, with arms or legs severed. True, I was dropping bombs from 30,000 feet in the air, six miles high, and today's jet bombers are closer to the ground and use the most sophisticated computers to aim their bombs more accurately at their targets. But the operation is just as impersonal, because even in what is called "pinpoint bombing" the man dropping the bomb sees no human beings. He may do what I could never do in World War II, aim at and hit a specific house, a specific automobile. But he has no idea who is in that house, who is in that auto.

Portland Spy

45 Cranley Drive, Ruislip not far from RAF Northolt, they set up a high speed radio transmitter and begin sending Moscow important information...Portland Spy Ring, Admiralty Underwater Weapons establishment | Houghton buying rounds at the pub, Ethel Gee his mistress,..her handbag containing details of the HMS Dreadnought, Britain's first nuclear submarine and the stalling speed of the BorgWarner torque converter. Christine Keeler | August 1959 works as a tople showgirl at Murray's Cabaret Club in Beak Street Soho, Wimpole Mews, where Ward lived, Wimpole Street, with Laing... if Rachman section of the film is all deep basements and corridors, tenements, brickwork, laced across the londinian sky || the oceancurrent element is what wind blows, what electrical currents, what storm systems, isobars, ride-up smash the metropole of the empire into its canine breath... the way the construction towers and deep data fields of resonance blow in over the canaries and the skylinelock still today... a premonition, a ghost...Rachman monitored by the police but also MI6..(this story line separate to DOCK but drawing in William Sargant the White Visitation Pavlovian, travelling to Ponton Down, but on to the Naval establishment undersea

laborary where a spy ring is unfolding, Marilyn crosses eyes with Robert, Ronald, Ronnie on Wimpole Mews...

ifk. Shits, bay of pigs shits

nerves, open operational, tremorous in the codework of the rose garden, procaine sky pungent, turning escher stairs, waiting for a message from the outside i.f.k scrawled on the walls, ceilings, floors, thrown inter-fiascal, men climbing out of armed, beachhead, B26 viscerating Puerto Caberzas on hidden plane caches, low fuel bastardo, smashing glass, landing cayman, ninth bomber Diversionaris Cortez Juan Garcia loosened 90minutes, northward, Florida, engine feathered, mayday mayday, permission to land, I, defector. sonicboom denial, psyops Bahia Honda broadcast noise of shipborne amphibious metal onbeach, lure In-Fidel (if), 00:00 Blagar Barbara J, frogmen underwater demolis entering Bahia de Cohinos, heading 1400 heads crawlus, enginestoking, coral unseen forces conspiring, fucking coral not seaweed,who is the satgelite man, frogmen landing, firefightbreaking, cubanamilitia jeeping by, radiocurrents, warnings, ifk loobound diarheal 03,15 Castro woken by radiowaves, sends airstrikes,poundus, ifk firing, aner-collian, daybreak 06:30 firefightdawn, heavy equipment lost in swamp, sugar mill,

Nerves openly splayed, the city turned by drains, drains of people, of neurons, a sink opening up and draining, it's raining, on the asphalt, airliners angle in Panam, in Vienna kruschev peasantal spins loops around J.f.k, threatens barrels, separations are proceeding,

Berlin fissions on the edge of two hemispheres, flooding out, the point of pathological inertia, radiowaves carry across the moscovite night, autobahns spin contrabands,

Where will it come From. thatopening scene where the cloud cover holds over soviet deep islands, tests, plumes, the German woman comatised from the war, rocking in a wicker chair with the monitor showing kruschev and American president meeting, spitting out his soup,

Dragged thru the selenus of west berlin miracle, signage, bright, signage, flechter and his friend grab a drink,

Allied control, doublings, triplings, human cost of intel, radio-signals, transmitting, the hum of resin, microdot film, satellite image, NORAD poisoning, fractureline tearing, anti-fascist wall, maeur

stalingrad, dwells in the sovietized candlelight, lost souls, the deadsoul man cuts in the darkness, claiming for the souls of the nazi machine, the machine, a telluros, a Bavarian scream from the darkness, nietzschean release, the V gene in the aryan code, for flight, release, crushing, eating leather in deepest stalingradcold horses eaten slept in, against the reunified machine, against the ravages, fascist new German parabolic, who lay in Argentina, who stolen into the hemisphere to develop the Ultima machine, heavy water, plutonialakes, three stages, rostow espousing his five steps to take off, yet Germany's miracle was atomic, fission-fusion-fission, barometric...

Bacon watched Sergei Eisenstein's 1925 film Battleship Potemkin, which features a scene of a howling, bloodied nurse—an image permanently tattooed on his mind. Around that time, on a trip to Paris, he was also introduced to Picasso's early figurative drawings...rendering the human body as a malleable—and, at times, grotesque—vessel of raw human feeling.

The wide-open mouth would later materialize in some of the painter's greatest canvases: his series of wailing popes, which he toiled over from 1949 until 1971. They show blurred, bethroned men caught in the act of an intense and seemingly eternal scream that, as Bacon biographer Michael Peppiatt has said, might have referred simultaneously to the militaristic orders of Bacon's father, the raging rows between Bacon and his tortured lover Peter Lacy, or more simply, to a cry of fear or the climax of a body-quaking orgasm. This was the rare power of Bacon's work: fusing a range of references into a Frankenstein's monster of a whole, a beast shuddering with frustration, tension, and countless other, subtler emotions.

Denver Nougat joins Amaracindo, Begins blubbering about a new dreamsequence, time reversals, the V-BOMB etched backward, half-finishing a film at the very outskirts where the nuclear holocaust might not touch, reaching the outer ramparts of London's gravity on Thames estuary where he discovered the flight of the V-bomb, touching into the Berlin fog

Rippled in over northsea, the interface of a jet paring the sky out of [.]

What if there was a V-bomb that got caught in a warp of time, and is still hanging up there, transmitting, and no one can hear it, like Gagarin

Running the tape backward, splicing political speeches of Morgenthau (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7PhFrFIDID8&list=PLWBSSRGp-81ranSYJLqb7D62IY5v5UgzLu&index=8>), stumbles upon a clandestine cache of NATO-IBSMs, a radar site, nuclear rods, fuels, Dungeness-night

Where's the city Silo Throp used to see back in those newsreels? Angling into Tempelhof in dark blinks of asphaltwork, faces shining from the rippling sky

The Nationalities are on the move. It is a great frontierless streaming out here. Volksdeutsch from across the Oder, moved out by the Poles and headed for the camp at Rostock, Poles fleeing the Lublin regime, others going back home, the eyes of both parties, when they do meet, hooded behind cheekbones, eyes much older than what's forced them into moving, Estonians, Letts, and Lithuanians trekking north again, all their wintry wool in dark bundles, shoes in tatters, songs too hard to sing, talk pointless, Sudetens and East Prussians shuttling between Berlin and the DP camps in Mecklenburg, Czechs and Slovaks, Croats and Serbs, Tosks and Ghegs, Macedonians, Magyars, Vlachs, Circassians, Spaniards, Bulgars stirred and streaming over the surface of the Imperial cauldron,“ colliding, shearing alongside for miles, sliding away, numb, indifferent to all momenta but the deepest, the instability too far below their itchy feet to give a shape to, white wrists and ankles incredibly wasted poking from their striped prison-camp pajamas, footsteps light as waterfowl's in this inland dust, caravans of Gypsies, axles or linchpins failing, horses dying, families leaving the vehicles beside the roads for others to come live in a night, a day, over the white hot Autobahns, trains full of their own hanging off the cars that lumber overhead, squeezing aside for army convoys when they come through, White Russians sour with pain on the way west, Kazakh ex-P/Ws marching east, Wehrmacht veterans from other parts of old Germany, foreigners to Prussia as any Gypsies, carrying their old packs, wrapped in the army blankets they kept, pale green farmworker triangles sewn chest-high on each blouse bobbing, drifting, at a certain hour of the dusk, like candleflames in religious procession—supposed to be heading today for Hannover, supposed to pick potatoes along the way, they've been chasing these “nonexistent potato fields now for a month— "Plundered," a one-time bugler limps along with a long splinter of railroad tie for a cane, his instrument, implausibly undented and shiny, swinging from one shoulder, "stripped by the SS, Bruder, ja, every fucking potato field, and what for? Alcohol. Not to drink, no, alcohol for the rockets. Potatoes we could have been eating, alcohol we could have been

drinking. It's unbelievable." "What, the rockets?" "No! The SS, picking potatoes!" looking around for his laugh. But there are none here to follow the brass and flourish of his less solemn heart. They were infantrymen, and know how to snooze between footfalls—at some hour of the morning they will fall out by the side of the road, a moment's precipitate out of the road chemurgy of these busy nights, while the invisible boiling goes on by, the long strewn vortices—pinstripe suits with crosses painted on the back, ragged navy and army uniforms, white turbans, mismatched socks or none, Tattersall dresses, thick-knitted shawls with babies inside, women in army trousers split at the knees, flea-bitten and bark-“

The Zone is in full summer: souls are found quiescent behind the pieces of wall, fast asleep down curled in shell-craters, out screwing under the culverts with gray shirttails hoisted, adrift dreaming in the middles of fields. Dreaming of food, oblivion, alternate histories. . .

Interlacing with soft underbelly Cuba... two tsunamic forces like high solar energy bursts one wave interfractioning with another... paranoiac jackie...on the loo...

Argentine Junta ... ImF (I.m.F) peru hemispheric collapse... of the alliance for progress..

INFILTRATION (I.F) in Brazil of Soviet influence... Feb 1962 expropriation of American owned International telephone and telegraph property by the state of Rio Grande ...Brazil adrift to left...

FIDEL ...training guerrillas in a hurry..

To Kennedy's distress, the October 14 U-2 flight over the island, which lasted six minutes and produced 928 photographs, revealed conclusive evidence of offensive weapons: three medium-range ballistic missile sites under construction; one additional MRBM site discovered at San Cristobal; and two IRBM sites at Guanajay.

THE IF-IST MANEUVER || A GESTURE, INERTIA X FREIGHT... WHERE UR EYEBALLS ARE SHOT THROUGH UR HEADSCAPE... AND SCOPE BACK... LIKE A SCREAM BUT MORE NUCLEAR... selenic and solar fissional... Electromagnetic bursts... riding the speed of one another...compounding...

Eniwetok

Brothers of the Milisecond

Why do we speak of 'The Bomb'... lez imagine bombs.... Defibrilate it...

Cobalt, what is your position? Thizis sergeant esmiol we are closing on 01 position 0634 over,
hoosesz the earth's square Esmi, Ron LaFontes shouting over engines, spit flying parallelz over the
light fleeing sumplace edges draining out, read me fuel tennis-

Wutsai we finduz a square planet sum day soon

Wuldn't be square- How u know - fuel tennison, tapping the readostat, approaching 02 position
control, over,

If thizis a square planet, Europe wudnt be a straight sortie, butwutif the plane turnza rightangle
when ur sleeping

blue light ripples underneath, chasing the Cobalt shadow

i'm wassily slamdinsky... barrelling heehaw into pacific .. ina barrack, crumple rocking
they gonna find us... Who gonna find us... The coordinates to a alphau centauri signal... slicks
bouncing his memories out off the ionosphere... we puttin on a show boys for the undersea
cinema... see... the hydrosphere sir the exosphere... Why we a perfect ice cube boys aren't we jus
meltin Ina lagoon a cherryaid...

Slamdinski'z over there,

they gonna find us...

whos gonna find us? They gona find us

issa signal,

fires burnin out, flaredecks out channelsk ripplin

the lightcuts on a thousand tents in a deep blue array, engine noise drownin out canei see yuuu,
pyrotechna pullin hiz bodi thru, doowop dance, lizzie turning, Hal's singing overata bar, fading, glass
crashin, blinkin,

the synthesizer, it throbs, currents flowin, blue vastin, redlight, threadin, warehouse light, cut
thiz flare, thankz fleeing pygmyeye, limbin, Ur in the radio, ur in the radio, ur ina bluesque,

Squall, radarous askews coriolis,

silent current, flowing

von karman, ionosfearin

Energy

liberates the encampment

Heat pressure grows asunder, compressus gas,

Expansions are proceeding, the wave crushes space, Delta

Delta delta... light and heat, radiating, distant fires turnin on, redskinnin

Invisibilis radioactive retroactivez, the lens overheating, firing out high speed nets, chasing the
shape

Control is a modulation... Blast and shock, thermal radiation, initial nuclear radiation...

Might seem a sphere but its a cube, rubnning up againszt see thiz,

He folds out a long deep cast of negatives,

Hydrogen lightest, uranium one of heaviest in earth... energy comes when we redsitribute protons
and neutrons in the nuclei...

THE DESERT SUN

Desertsun iz hot butiz spectrum is too far in the infrared, no matter how long the radiation pours in,
iz not able to raise the exposed surfaces to a reacting temprature.... U see that film Lawrence of
arabia...iz being made Tunis... Morocco damfool...

Source characteristics - explosion yield, the time and spectral histories of the radiant flux, the fireball geometry and the height-of-burst effects . Influencez adeep exposed materiel.... Thentherezus meterological factors, absorption difussion of cloud layers, fog may be just az effective azitis with sunlight...

Butif iza burst beanath cloud layer, scatterings enhanced... the direct beam (i.e. the unscattered radiation stilllikely to be the most damaging since it is not much altered by diffuse reflection from clouds...

razinin scremuz light, darkness embeddedin, cloud, beer strafez out into coriolis,

Eliptical lagoon, deep water, perimetering, beneath the thermocline, a shimmer, anchorages closing down the night, dreams proceeding, stretching, pulling the encampment apart...densne groundvinesz brush, Tennison brushes out pas the treeline, searchin for hiz flashlite, studdina rock, hailing flatshoel godlite, brite cut, baseless, northeast trade winds are blowing a cool 9.6 knots east and northeas, bellying in... tide rising an dropping 3 feet, they out dancing in the canvas structure of the war... thiz treasurrous gasoline diesel drums, anchores chaining dragling buckets, salbvagine...

Two ten conductor signal cables 2 15 pair telephone cables, folding out between Eninman island ad the point zero,

The powerplant is glowing tonight...blast and wave proofed to the surf...he jumps the shuttle across Eniwetok with the storm starting to scream against the glasspane, an Lutes shoutininhis ear wuya eating ten? Nothin - belowiz radio comms shooting fequency channels between atol an continental united states... wuya shootin tonight ten, seein hiz cameraoutpoking... nothin, mind us' He rapsa coin on the shuttle top, leaping runnin, out into the shoal,reef down wherethey lay subcables

Holmes&Narver men... are serious...scouting...ground recon... shelter subsistence, power fresh salt water.. recreateion, medical, communication facilities.... Oneday iin the pacific sumplace near china im gon havea place like this, indonesia- gold depositz..papua.... Ima build an island wiva

chinaman railway did gd, whatu say...ur red eddide.. no im... no ur red edie u been bit?.. .hizlegz
bulbing...blowing out...proportions...grwogin liekan adenoid poisonfluid bag...grounded nine
flights...

Out on the pier and channl...night operations...transhipping small vessels...moving ina light
column of plankton.... glowing.... Why are they glowing... we all glowin ten-

Moving out into the more remote regions of the lagoon, searching for the shot island... he'z
madshot searchin for hiz suprematist canvas....

CANT' US EEE WE ARE ON AN OPTICAL MIRROR....

WE ARE ON A VENT OF THE EARTH BLOWING OUT VOLCANO DORMANT...

AN WE HERE BLOWING INTO THE NEXT LEVEL... OUT INTO THE EXOSPHERE...

U SAYING VOLCANIC LARVAE CANT REACH SPACE...

WUT ABOUT THE MOON?

YEAH WUT ABOUT THE MOON...

WUT MOON?

It does that.

Eyesopen asquint on Marsun, toothpicking a giant baitline, the warehouse ricebag hammok with the
candleontop, Marsun knowsus Thizis dangeruouz for u

The Blowhole to Mu

'We are in a desert' | meeting the optician | strange etchings

Tennison Kane, cutting past coral, schizing lightcordz raining down magentaskiz, fallin into a cool light space, whoz there', optician, soviet frigate, Russian -low, bwe are in a desert...nothing is real except feeling...

The air pullz out ov the room, ona tortutous ballet...helooking himmelesque... Frates cuttin shapezinto the ricebags, wunderin wherewe guna go... low array formation..into the cloud...izit a signal... the non-objective world...

Written on hiz chest in dark thoracine, 'the phenomenon of light in nature stirs up in the brain a series of optical conflicts (ills. 52, 53). they huddled back in the rice silo.... Iza war out there fellas... He'z crawling into the dehumidification rooms again,... searching for the stroboscopic camera...Shooootz himself in the rice grain silo... touchin himself ata 1000 shots a second....

The optical war began in the year 1958... the year the signal arrived to Alpha Centauri... 70 years later, the first ship arrived... two perfect hemispheres rising out of the ocean and arriving from space ... the oumuamuiad...

That this was their harvest, the planet arrived years later... by solar sails, pulling the earth-moon system out of shape... tides swept the south american coast... destroying cities... Earthquakes unravelled Europe, tearing open a new ocean south of Hungary... the east Chinese coast broke off drifting into what was left of the Pacific Ocean... a new continent appeared in the Arctic Sea rising magmatic... it was colonised first by the Russians, the Canadian-American conglomerate formed an occupied area... The earth's magnetic field was damaged... solar storms stripped the ozone... emerged... thrown into acts by the gravity shift... h

HE HAZ A SUPPLY OF MESCALINE... PEYOTE CACTUS... SMUGGLED ONTO BIKINI ATOLL...

“Some have experienced them as transmissions from another world, others as deeply encoded or buried memories. For others still they are a trivial epiphenomenon, artefacts of a brain tricked into producing signal from noise. Western modernity has scrutinised them through every conceivable lens – neurological, literary, occult, psychodynamic, aesthetic, spiritual – but they remain as mysterious in their essence as the mind itself. Indigenous cultures, by contrast, have paid mescaline's visions much less attention. Its traditional users commonly regard them as peripheral to the experience: distractions for the unwary or wandering mind, an indication that the subject is failing to grasp the deeper meaning of the experience.”

There's a blowhole to Mu, the shelf is gleaming, off the light, flare going out on the landing strip... in a sinewave formation...the radio's reading out weather...he haz open Lost Continents: The Atlantis Theme in History, Science and Literature... dianetics...

The Wheels of If... The Virgin of Zesh...Rogue Queen...Land of Unreason... L. Sprague

The Pyramids of Giza, the Parthenon of Greece, the Great Wall of China, the Colosseum of Rome. Today, we stand in awe before these wonders of the ancient world. They hold our history and the deepest secrets of our past in their hidden recesses. In *The Ancient Engineers*, L. Sprague de Camp delves into the heart of the mystery. He introduces us to the master builders who had the vision, the power, and the passion to reach for the clouds and touch the heavens. We share in some of the greatest technological triumphs of all time—triumphs of the human mind, imagination, and spirit.

Poliheuristic theory approaches foreign-policy decision-making as a two stage process, whereby 'decision makers first screen alternatives using cognitive heuristics in a dimension-based process, and then, as the number of 'acceptable' alternatives is reduced, employ a more analytic/alternative based process.'

Swartz's design... made in in 49... for thermal measurements in the Arctic....

Lowering four cables... 5000 feet long... lower it in genteomen an wait for thermal equilibrium to be attained.... Utilising a Wheatstone bridge...

Stroboscopic Underground, Eniwetok

Walk wiv me, Tennison, running out down past the rapped bar-light, looking nervous calm... wut'z up in the sky, training arrays throwing grids out into the Pacific... clearing the pump house and L-13 maintenance... latrines, showers...B-50 hangar... Loran annex... Radar unit hard stands... sentry post...weather supply office... signal corps repaire... b riefing and operation... guard house...magazine...AF Auxiliary pwoer.. nose hangar...cargo pier...emergency power...ice plant... base flight warehouse...base flight maintenance...inflation shelter hydrogen generator....

Navy boat supply...navigation tower...small boat repair... earthquakearters....vehicle wash stand...
garbage ramp...magazine.... Utility ooperation...Pershing field parade ground...offices...
refreshment stands...weather radar tower...tool room.. slab....quarters B-man... substation...
motor pool repair shop...grease rac...swimmers tavern...duffys tavern...hobby shop...library...
wimpysss..telephone termina.l....

Germhaus throws a sharp right... Tennison tailing.. running past thru gawking faces... can'tu
see im busy.. boiyoboyoboy... shuving strupedup looius out past the pingpong table... the mess
tents are throbbin in the arc light... weather tent... is recording squalls growing out west.... Reports
falling... in ships calling back.... Messages bornin out... a paranoid circuitrythis here deep pacifial
blue... hiz hedlight switching... wherewu goin... downhere... they crawl out past tentsinto
warehouse region... past the distillation plant... pumping... hunting a rhythm... the timekeepers
shed... dispatchers tent... diesel oil storage... the smell of petrol... nights cut across Las Vegas
spillin money... the dry bedlake heatblown Mojave whistlin past.... overhaddistant... light
patterns... are forming...distinding... V-shapes against the glow of sun... cosmic shimmerz... flake
ice machine gargles five liutenants gathered talking baseball arcs...parabolas...telemetries.... Tap
dancing neurons abouta stadium sumplace home... machine yard noise dapples out... past elevation
dropping into coolness.... Germhaus dropsvoice into sum sort of father-like tone, an tenn's slung
back adirondackal... hunting hiz first coyotekill. watchthe towers.. light cums on and off blinking
a code.... The V-shaped formations outnumber the light dying darker, minutes pass atomistically
clicking in the timekeepers Sheed... time bent blasted boiled brokeninto the atom blasted time...
curvatures of matter... abstract space gleaning open... the power and water distribution plant
connectzup neuronal to the glow of the plant a mile ahead... waveback breaks lightly nearby...
climbin... thiz that the scene climbinina weathervane cart...deep undermine... chased by the
peenemunde ghosts... he'z seenit the designs... the arc of tsiolkovsky equations... the shed lies
innocuous, swaying in the downed light... a light rain comin on over... breeze pickin up signalling
storm... downhere... intoa tent sized nolarger thana 8man ... then come concrete... down into a
bunker...the humidity...drops into a quiet....

Surroundings are lenses... by the hundreds...stacked.... Optical eyes... like octopuz
suspensions... like an undersea...cabal... warm..fuzzy..electric feel... y we here... I wana kis u...
leanin in... fighting off imaginary squideels.. thiz is the ESP room.. arrest this man.! Hiz arms are

caught up in a long jacket white... he's thrown down a canvas... mouth opened... liquid entered... eyes optical star in right in a iris dilation... in a rhythm with this elliptical lagoon into a deep blue liquid orb star in scared... listen i'm jus..

He's thrown up into bunker... technical photography Unit 1303... high speed photography...

They hook him up into the ESP device... a prototypic stroboscope... early dianetics...

White cylinder about a meter in height... held against the Tangier rain... interior lit by a 100-watt lightbulb shining tulip bud slots...

The machine begins spinning slowly on a turntable... producing stroboscopic pulses of light in the alpha band of eight to thirteen flickers a second... Closing the eyes... for minutes... kaleidoscopic visions patterns unfold in light flickering across the closed eye....

Brion Gysin... wide eyed blue... memorial... Geometric patterns flowing across the surface... circles becoming squares becoming rectangles... arcs... verticals of red... blue purple acid green orange yellow, neon of velveteen shimmer... mosaics... sunstained glassy mountainz... Tangier heat turned to cool... dappled light... fresh sharp definition...

The people fan out. Disappear...

The machine revolves at 78rpm, vivid colors... variations... waves of color... bands... spirals... blue... gas jet blue scarlet emerald green orange purple... closed eyed... gawking... trees hills waves of color...

Ur in paraphernalialess.. Palladian villa black woman in aprons.. carrying pyramids of fruit and flowers.... Balinese Ubur... white horses... forgetmenots... rivers.. lakes.. boats... castles...

Entering a clear scene space...

Psychedelis unfolding all over New York... machines whirring and flickering projecting across ceilings of bars... clubs... patterns of colored light... discotheques....

Eyes shut and eyes open... paradox... increase the wattage... mystical... Brion...

Investigation into the borderlands... between dreams and waking thought

Shoreline waves lapping up against the Staff Sergeant and his lieutenant, standing staring out a shoal of lights in the ocean... this here served us our country against the Japanese, pull out an old map, Amphibious operations against Japanese on the Marshall Islands 1944... converging on Kwajalein... Eniwetok...

The boat draws out of the elliptical lagoon, cool northeasterly breeze rippling thru Tennison's mind,

He pulls out an operational gridwork of the Holmes & Narver Operation, circling in on two rectangular features... saboteur of the power plant high on mescaline paranoia...

He shut the door, slid over to a safe, drawing out a thick report... 10:00, radar... sparse area... northeast of airfield... direction... distance... but no height radar... two F86s scrambled... climb 40,000 feet... lost on radarscope... 20,000 feet... 5000 feet... flash below... flattening dive... sliding to the light... flying straight 3000 feet at the Mach... 1000 yards... doughnut with a hole... ground control too low for radio to carry... Object began pulling away... starza shooting... accused pilot a psycho... monitoring the tactical radio channel... hallucination or a vehicle from outer space?

1947... nine bright lights, flying a private plane near Mount Rainier, Washington... a formation of lights... a sphere... a single light...

He flew B29 bomber and radar operations in WWII, India, China, Pacific... flew two DCFs... returned to college... aeronautical engineering... the Korean War started... assigned to Air Technical Intelligence Center Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Dayton Ohio. ATIC tracking all foreign aircraft and guided missiles...

Strange lighting conditions... balloons glowing like fireballs at sunset... airplane's in naked eye suddenly flaring up in Sunray reflection, like a silver ball... F94 jet interceptors chasing venues in day fighting balloons at night... Los Angeles below seeing weird lights...

October 8 1954... lights flying a V formation... over Southern California... pilots sighted bring planes into LA intentional... flying out to Long Beach... air force airplanes... KC-97 aerial tankers, B47s, it was refueling with a floodlight on the bottom of the tanker airplane lighting up the bomber being refueled... flying high and slow soundless... night aerial refueling operation...

stars... planets... vapor trails... bobby sox craze...

Himalayan snowmen... Malayan monsters... civilian pilot newspaper man... did he see whipping snow along the mountain ridges... Living the Pacific Northwest... powder snow low in mountains in June... unearthly...

June 28...F51 low over lake Mead Nevada...light formation...315 in afternoon... night.. 920 air force officers, pilots intelligence officers...Maxwell AFB Montgomery Alabama... bright light travelling across sky... zigzag highburst speedd.... Sharp 90 degree turn...lost from view travelling south.... Milwaukee walker...blue blaze low over house... school bus driver Clarion Iowa... object striking sky...twelve more...White Sands Proving Ground New Mexico...atuomoble.... Pulsating light travel horzion to horizon 30 seconds... Chicago housewife... sphere...

1947 July 4, Potland Oregon. 11am, Redmond, streaking Mount Jefferson... pigeons suddenly nervous flyttering scared... seeing five disks flying south and east.... Oscillating axes... harbor patrol... chrome hub caps travelling fast... a dime flipping... milwauveee. Vancouver Washington.... Setattle...

Waz it the germans... soviet obtaining data... wires sent to assets in Germany finding out progress on German projects behind the wall... soviet discovering new aerodynamic concept...

ATIC analysys sroucing the U.S. for dtat... Pacific Northwest lights...

Radio reports...newspaper items... sent direct to ATIC Wright Field....

night... manning the cable tower... a long distance phone call comes in.... Man named Simpson... just talked to two Tacoma Harbor patrolmen sighting odd metal....

Fly out to Tacoma next day... paying 200 dollars ...Maury Island... Jackon his son and dog... island off Puget Sound...greey day..cloud decked at 2500 feet... donut objects...under clouds... 100ft diameter... silver noiseless...portholes at edge... thud... spewing metal... landing on Maury beach... dog killed... leaving at high speed...harbor patrolman scooping up metal...trying radio... unusual interference could reach tacoma three miles.... Mysterious visitor arrived the next day telling Jackson to forget what hed seen....

Photos developed six objects...film spotted and fogged..exposed to sum sorta radiation... mysterious calls... anonyomous tiperse telling what's happening in Simpsons hotel room... no microphones hidden.... B25 crashed near Kelson, Washington... sabotaged airplane... Maury Island Mystery... harbor patrolmen disappeared soon after... into Puget Sound... engine caught on fire...wing and tailtraing off... Maury Island Hoax....

Solar reflections on low hanging clouds... small meteors breaking up, crystals catching sun rays... icing conditions forming large hailstones...flattened out and gliding...

Drawing in Chicago astronomers...Kuiper...Lee... Vannevar Bush and Merle Tuve...inventor of the proximity fuse... unnamed Air Force officials...

1947...Abilene Texa...fan like delta-v- glow...

Soviets eliminated as the source.... Interplanetary visitors...

Stroboscope... aerial flashlight... and on the images... these strange smears... radiation... on the film? Or a visitation....

Ghost rockets...flaring out over Norway...Sweden...Denmark... the Kalevalan Arc.... Wires sent.... Green white red yellow... soundless..

faded...illegible microfilm...

Dr. Hynek... venus wasnt bright... computing the brilliance of the planet... on day of incident it was six times as bright as surrounding sky.... Pinpoint of light... impossible to find on a clear day... haze on day... baloon or canopy reflection....

Astrophysical dimensions of the sighgig... sundogs or perhelia...ice particles reflecting diffused light...

Mantell blacking out due to oxygen loss... not burned or disintegrates wreck not radioactive or magnetized.... Why he flying 20,000 ft without an xygen mask... "Do not, under any circumstances, go above 15,000 feet without oxygen." In high altitude indoctrination during World War II, I made several trips up to 30,000 feet in a pressure chamber. To demonstrate anoxia we would leave our oxygen masks off until we became dizzy. A few of the more hardy souls could get to 15,000 feet, but nobody ever got over 17,000.

Ruined portion of microfilm.... Canopy reflection theory.... Chasing a reflection.... Was it a skyhook balloon.... Buried deep in the file... man had seen an object southeast through a telescope, a balloon...astronomer living north of Nashvillw...Still climbing, the balloon would have reached a level where a strong wind was blowing in a southerly direction. The jet stream winds were not being plotted in 1948 but the weather chart shows strong indications of a southerly bend in the jet stream for this day. Jet stream or not, the balloon would have moved rapidly south, still climbing. At a point somewhere south or southwest of Godman it would have climbed through the southerly

moving winds to a calm belt at about 60,000 feet. At this level it would slowly drift south or southeast. A skyhook balloon can be seen at 60,000.

During January and February of 1948 the reports of "ghost rockets" continued to come from air attaches in foreign countries near the Baltic Sea. People in North Jutland, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, and Germany reported "balls of fire traveling slowly across the sky."

Air Force Aeromedical laboratory.... Flying an octopus in space... how wuld its body react to the space environment...

He'z working on ESP with octopus... the transformative genes leading from the consensus ancestral Nautilus [...] to the common Cuttlefish [...] to Squid [...] to the common Octopus [...] are not easily to be found in any pre-existing life form – it is plausible then to suggest they seem to be borrowed from a far distant 'future' in terms of terrestrial evolution, or more realistically from the cosmos at large."They offer the possibility that today's octopuses are the descendants of creatures that arrived on Earth frozen in an icy comet. Why the octopus in particular? "Its large brain and sophisticated nervous system, camera-like eyes, flexible bodies, instantaneous camouflage via the ability to switch colour and shape are just a few of the striking features that appear suddenly on the evolutionary scene." This terrestrial evolution occurred thanks to "cryopreserved squid and/or octopus eggs" crashing into the ocean on comets "several hundred million years ago." The researchers also give another explanation. An extraterrestrial virus infected a population of early squid, causing them to evolve rapidly into the octopuses we know today.

He is mad... writing an arcades project of Eniwetok Atoll.... Consulting with a Marshallese priest on the shape of time...

The Culebra Cut

Gatunlights

Downdecks, passing Cane, rippling out into the wirings and fuelspence, darkness collides on a single chasm, air stretching on pipesmoke, the Optician folds over unawares on a grid-cake of ship positions, organisational hoojaa, guffaws rippling from the bridge room, the USS lurches on

mudbreaks deathly silent canal drift, steelhull resonators pitched to the cord of radiowirings running the zone, USS. De Haven (DD-727) outon deck, pitching magic balloons up, Elkhorn, crew, oilblack overalled, lubricating engine hollers fold out over the current, the synthetic aperture radar operators are toying wiv instruments, the Culebra, moonbounce. Planets glisten over the chiarascuren, sagward wires, heslams a liquorthum down over unlost rhumline, Hidemenot subs lurk, soviet trawlers, soon come over the radio, the open pacific. Atlantic, blue square, blacksquare, malevichs closing in.

Passing thru the Culebra Cut, orders crackling in over the radio, threading a sinewave grid, Slomas Pynch is above deck, wavingdown the gatunlights, as one passes the next lights, in a celestial progression, minemaids, from deep, spy the hull passing over the brokenfields, deep under dynamite craters long flooded thru, in crazed westindian currents, they slatt at the hull, reboundings of the solar Cut, cools to the touch, Comehere senora, laydown stars in the zone, eliding, she waiting for him to move in and thru her, brokenback into the earth, the jungle,

Optical shutters out past night, leaving radio playing sweet Hawaiian surf, slips out into the Balboan coaldocks, likehiz father pointing, shooting, industrial (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=F5GsH22jq9Q>) zonelight, working overtime at the Canal Record...systematise thiz canalventure son, for urAmerican compaatreeotz, swept over thru the isthums on hiz way to the Sacramento goldfields, beating brother disappearance into midle-america, her Navajo bloodflown, or someother indian darkness...

The systematic documentation of a given industrial production process...Delamotte at Crystal Palace, Howlett's Great Eastern Sequence, Delmaet and Durandelle at Paris Opera....industrialisation of the optical war son...one day, ull be a machine heart.. boy ...son ... jimmy... himmy.. take it good thozе nazis didn't blow we us out, ana lostwar, wed bespeaking German, flying spaceships 2 Thule, ur brothers outin hasta tierradel Fuego, son

Hallen caught thru 23 years on the canal...held nofrills, no wide-angle tele-effectuals, straightasa bungee cord, long shootin the Culebra. The zone is humming, breathing tonight, hidden couples wrapped in sheets, insects razing the wire skirts... pulsing sentinel light, glimmerdeckz, the locks booming their oceanic goldrush into the soupbath, hoots arising,

cigarette smoke foldsout of the West Indian lodgings, Earl izholding a photographov a dynamiteboom like the Coyote movies, yeעהa- Ives goesapeering over, myoldman worked dynamite

in californeeya, boughtcattle fore the great depression wiped emout, blownskyhigh cattle, he'z chewing spam, the Curaracha Slide, Oct 16, 1913, Earlz dark-skin holds a beadof sweat in the portree light, theres a baseballgame unfolding over the aircurrents, heldbreath,

the Culebra Cut... dynamiting it deep as a hundred men... cricketing tall.. west indian men... Sinewave grid... hard hydraluic rushing out into the city, low stack drilling forest Panama,

Hiz ear canal, eye canal, nose canal, im' a fukin canal Tennison, look, he throwza pale of coca up thru the growing Adenoid grows out, first takingt the hydraulic gates, passing the Cut, lake draining, Slomas is betelgeuzing space

Cosmism.... The canal rotates ... he starts flowing upward...outward...into space.... Glissantian DIALECTICS. DIANETICS. Cosmism.... The canal rotates ... he starts flowing upward...outward...into space.... glissantian genovese...bachelardesques...I'm a canal...prentice bleed me ima canal, They straphim down, thief his narcotics, I wana piece of what hes' havin, 30minutes later they're all swaying ina canalgrid, flushin out heat ina lockingpattern, swooshing from the pantry, bananaskins lolloping, Willy T. Fox, caught wiva blood alohol over 12, ran his car into Balboa Magistrates court, ...cuban rebels decides to free Americans at four a day rate, Ha ha! Slowmotion aircraft flying a preset over Guantanamo, dipping down into the mountains, heavy bearded musselmen, lookin Americans, singing songs ajoy...

we eat light... Eisenstein mexico... jf on the Baja ain't it No surprise to u our camera hungry me born on coasts where light glints off the waves... Dining on light son No one can say what will be 'real' for people when the wars which are now beginning come to an end. (Werner Heisenberg)

Dayton, Ohioiz living breathing out in Central America...bowling alleys, laundromats, boy scouts, barbeques, he walks out to church ona Sunday, Wiv the lawns soeaked in rain, and the unhappy marriages curtains closingout shouts over kettle-warming, radios marriage counseller lowdrawls, doom ackerson, preacher-cum-lawn-police, donz his cap ona veranda, writing out to Congressman on the need for more par-adaes, flags move about the winds blown in from pacific, flags on lapels, flags on coffins, zonians pining for cargridz, noise, baseball, cereal, baptist minister, wiling at a group of youngcouples , 'I want each of you to say one thing you like about your spouse.' Cockspulling out over tropical heat, dances late into the night as the liners pull thru, young boys Ernies, pulling sticks up, attacking an abandoned native church, razed out in the clearances, stacked in a sugar cane field, erasures are proceeding, the lastnight's dance fading into the passing canal light, traffic moving on into the deep continent,

Shouts transpire across the lockgates to the electric engine mules, a strong west indian tails, the lock gates are closed, the chamber inrushes with water, ten minutes to rise, the mules pull on forward... water fills the chamber over... Miraflores Lake, one mile long, leading to the third and last, Pedro Miguel lock to Gatun Lake... the Gaillard Cut... recurring earth slides... a method of controlling slides...huge hydraulic hoses sluice the earth into the water, where giant dredgers work constantly to maintain a clear channel.... Gatun Lake large artificial lake, 163 square miles... Gatun Locks... ship is lowered 85 feet to level of the Atlantic Ocean...

A young woman swathed in a luminous green gown twists and turns onstage, as if possessed.

As she sways across the proscenium, bending her body in sinuous and hypnotic ways, a small army of percussionists fires off a flurry of backbeats, their tempo accelerating as the tribal dance unfolds.

Thousands in the audience, watching beneath a scorching afternoon sun, cheer loudly, their chants almost drowning out the accompanying jazz band, while the dancer continues to gyrate before them, her gestures inspiring further waves of adulation and exultation.

Panama -- like Havana and New Orleans -- once stood at the crossroads of the slave trade, the Africans who forcibly were brought here, and elsewhere across the Americas, carrying with them the rhythms and techniques that eventually blossomed into jazz and its many offshoots.

The Optician

Written on hiz chest in dark thoracine, 'the phenomenon of light in nature stirs up in the brain a series of optical conflicts (ills. 52, 53). they huddled back in the rice silo.... Iza war out there fellas... He'z crawling into the dehumidification rooms again,... searching for the stroboscopic camera...Shooootz himself in the rice grain silo... touchin himself ata 1000 shots a second....

Working in his darkroom in Aurora, summer nights at Nebraska Power & Light, electricity. 1931, stroboscope, generating brief, repeated bursts of light, allowing the observer to view moving objects in a series of static, as-if frozen images, rather than a single continuous blur.

What we need here is to synchronise the strobe flashes with the motion being examined, he spins the engine rotor, the open shutter clicking at the rate of multiple flashes per second....where could we go with this... beyond Nebraska...we could measure fluid dynamics, air currents, engines... Coronet Milk drop at the New York Museum of Modern Art 1937, athletes running inhuman flashlike forms 1938, hummingbirds hovering 1954, organic, cellular white forms against a black background, captured in the first milliseconds of an explosion before the mushroom- Uncle Ralph the studio photographer...

Nebraska Power & Light... sweeping the floor to repair downed lines....watching things on the edge of his vision happening....strange lights

Optician arrived in General Electric, Schenectady, New York in 1925, the factory floor awash with large electric motors generating electricity...synchronous motors humming their rotation in time with the power supply...converting electrical power into mechanical power without slip...no matter the torque on the machine, or how the torque would vary, synchronous motors maintained their constant speed...turning in keeping with the supply current, irrespective of torque... inertial... simply adjusting the frequency of the power supply allows for the motor speed to be reduced or extended...

Walking late along the Mohawk River and the Erie canal, the old cotton mills, processing Deep South cotton, the Mohawk and Hudson converging on railroad and riverlight, the Depression is feeling, houses falling into dilapidation, moved out someplace else in suburban...Niskayuna... he's there in '27, when the first television broadcasts go out over the continent, on experimental station W2XB,

Optician sits with the Mohawk River breathing in, and radio traffic spreading out across downtown Schenectady... analogue timers, tape recorders, film projectors, precision servomechanisms, tape drives for computers, anti-aircraft guns,

Searching for the perfect machine...countless men slamming machines in anger, sudden adjustment to the frequency of the power supply... a surge caused by a lightning strike... sabotage... a synchronous motor destabilising, oscillating wildly, pole slipping.... Or even...just a minor

tremor...destabilising momentarily...a fraction of a second...cascading thru the machinework... throwing the clockwork violently out of stem...the projection of the motion-picture film... in China... cycling a bicycle to keep the power running... the precision of an electric gun turret thrown out of loop...

He couldn't see what was happening...the motors moved too fast... how to determine with accuracy the transient changes in the angular displacement of the rotor of a synchronous electric motor...events that could not be seen by the human eye...they tried mercury arc rectifiers... supplying very fast reinforcement to a powerless generator...he began to see, assuenedesque, the rotating poles of the machine oscillate about a mid-position following a simulated system disturbance... the rectifiers placed close enough to the generator that their flashes illuminates the rotor stroboscopically...

The persistence of vision, or retinal lag, the way in which we see 'an object, line or light for about one tenth of a second or less after it has moved away.' The flash created by the merucy arc rectifiers, microsecondal duration, functioned like a shutter exposing the retina to an image...if the instantaneous flash could be rapidly repeated and synchronized with the rate of the motor's rotation, then an identifcal image could be exposed to the retina repeatedly, creating the illusion of 'stop motion'. So he wrote in a paper in 1931 of a 'special camera' one that required 'no shutter and no mechanical framing movement', but rather — as with the retina, but lacking its lag or slippage — depended on the flash of light for exposing, and if film 'could be run through the camera at a constant speed', with the help of a synchronous motor, then we could produce 'strobograms' or pictorial records of the 'operation of synchronous machines' (Edgerton, 1931: 327, 328–29).... Cinema ran by retinal lag...the interval between the frames in motion pictures were filled in by the retinal impression... the stroboscope found iterations in devices by Joseph Plateau of Ghent and Simon von Stampfer of Vienna in the mid 19th Century...Plateau's phenakistoscope and Stampfer's stroboscopic disk, and Edgerton's stroboscope each depended on interworking physiological principles and visual techniques that together anticipated both physiological and cognitive processes in the viewer,

Herb Greer and ken germerhausen...he marries Esther in 1928...he starts using synchonrous strobes to study the motion of motors...in 1932 becomes assistant professor, starts turning his

camera and flash on everyday things... one of first photos he took was a flash photograph of an electric motor... turning the flash on a faucet just taking a picture of water... fascinated by droplets...

A piece of wire...as the football moves into it, it closes the circuit and pops the flash... puffs of dust coming off of the football when its kicked.. tennis balls...cockfights... early bullet photograph... the microflash...an air gap spark source of light less than a microsecond...

Experimenting with flash tubes...filing patents in 1933... who invented the stroboscope, was William Henry Fox Talbot estate took a strobe photograph in 1958 with an air gap spark but not really improved the electrical control... lighting xenon flash tubes... 1935...the general radio the first the Royal Photographic Society 1933... turning the camera and strobe on a variety of machines and manufacturing processes... the cutting tool on a milling machine... a photograph taken in the ocean engineering department water tunnel... a marine propeller...the streaks are cavitation bubbles coming off the tip thread of a real high speed bobbin...

The post-human machine age is arriving... over in Moscow...Kazimir Malevich is staring at flight arrays.... The difference between the futurist... and the suprematist.... Did he know the lines were already converging... deep in the bowels of American machinery... the optician's secret... in Changchun...stirring a fine optical material... searching for the right rotor.... In London... the device for a nuclear submarine... all lines converging on a conspiracy... of the optical war...

Looking up at the underside of a dye and droplets of lead are coming out through hundreds of little holes, the dye in a shot tower... falling and freezing before they hit the crown... 30s developing the multiframe... starts taking pictures of animals...sporting events...high speed movies...

1937...the coronet photograph...gawking crowds of post-depression New York... 1936 Mrs Lawrence Webster and the hummingbirds eating out of her hand, so went up to New Hampshire, taking photographs of hummingbirds... first stop action photographs that froze hummingbirds in flight... 50...60 beats per minute.... Hummingbird sticking its tongue out... Doc Lab Books... 80000 pages...Edgerton notebooks...

July 8 1936... my mother and father my mother and father were here from July third to today my sister Marilyn Mary Ellen or two boys came also dad and I spent Monday July six at the Acushnet company taking golf pictures ...100 frames per second exposure time set by hand and shutter for a five by seven camera but just wonderful diagrams you know exactly what he was doing and you know this period of time the late 30s developed the multi flash unit...a single negative taken with a repeating flash flashing it a hundred times a second so you can you know plot out velocity and acceleration and you can see the ball coming off the club tox started taking pictures over at Boston Garden to do that had to make bigger hi more powerful strobes and hung them from the catwalk and the beams over the garden and this is a rodeo they actually had inside the Boston Garden in the late

in the late 30s he goes to Kodak...tries convincing them to produce strobes... the turn him away... into the flashing night... build portable strobe units...loaning to sports photographs...

1940...the first strobe photograph goes out on AP wire... Jocasta New York Daily News...

Joe Lewis rematch 1950... wins an academy award for a short done with Edgerton high speed movies...

World war two comes...doc comes involved in using high intensity strobe...for night reconnaissance photograph... Major Goddard of the Army Air cORPS...WORKING FOR YEARS ON FLASH BOMB WITH NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY... the Optician could make it work with electronic flash... photographs over Brtiain in 1944... installing flash tubes in a 26s and a 20s for night reconnaisant photography....

5000 watt seconds to almost 50,000 watt seconds... the plane in approaching dusk... the pilots sent out on test runs over the Stonehenge...1944..1500 feet...

Optician on the ground...knowing when the photograph is going to be taken...places a camera on a fence post opens the shutter.... Stoneheng illuminated from a night recon photo plane... and a matching photograph...

D-DAY.. PICTURES 1000V cloud cover a ceiling...night of June 6th Flash bomb photograph...
a rail and road junction in Normandy of German activity...

Quiet... had no idea the invasion was to begin... 15 June 1944... another target photographing
over France...fires burning... post-war EG&G arrives...bullet photography in National
Geographic... in 194... Energy Commission comes to Optician wanting them to build Triggering
Circuits for nuclear weapons tests ..

Start taking pictures atmospheric... on top of the tower where the atomic bomb goes off...
developing magneto-optic shutters... the rapatronic camera... microflash...air gaps sparked one
third microsecond exposure... single flash...single instant in time... the whole feeling of how a
balloon breaks... three in sequences...30 caliber bullet twice the speed of sound black and white...

shockwave... from the bullet hits a microphone and the microphone trips the flash...if u stand in
the room...u know ur looking at the playing card... eyes

One microsecond of light lasts several milliseconds in your eye and your brain...

1951...underwater exploration... president of Dupont... learns how to use flash and builds the
green waltz... he meets Cousteau in 1953... Cousteau swimming in the MIT alumni pool with the
optician... underwater flash... the use of sonar... revolutionizing underwater archaeology...
underwater sound... how far off the bottom the camera was... by placing a pinger on the camera...
lowering it down what each time the pinger would beep the sound would go directly to the surface
and the sound would go down to the bottom bounce off and directly to the surface...difference in
travel time... told you how far off the bottom the camera was.... Remotely laying out the cable from
the boat you could position the camera exactly the height off the bottom that you wanted it to be...
five feet... etc...how much difference in delay...

Sound penetrating the bottom...we can see beneath the bottom... boomer brn... Callahan
tunnels in Boston harbor... dome shapes...

One day we gonna search for alien life in the ocean moons of Saturn....

Argus

How to make this episode more interesting, a story within the story of the test...a wild paranoid scream-chase through the ship gridwork... diving and climbing aboard different vessels... tyroneslothropesque... throb... alien...dianetical elements... drexcians... is there an alien presence in the stars... ? Should they build their optical devices in deserts? Think of Candide.... The Vema Episode...aboard the sonar ship... the drexcians are joined by octopus, watching Argus...underwater...Travelling up the coast of South America, rounding the Cape...bodies wash up out of Argentina... disappearances... a mirror world, underworld symmetry...thumping techno Drexcian... beneath... the repercussions... Atlantis danced... a message was passed to Thule...

Somewhere out in the darkness, dusted parkas hold the missile to the night, floodlight dappled onto a munchen scream, the air is tremoring, deckwork moving like a broken sinewave current, cut loose, raising hiz missile, Herr Oberth, guideropes, at the edge bulges warhead uranic, splitting wind breaks the thought coming, overboard 25 knot wind shakes the strapping, Cane is tapping nervously, thinking of amillion places he'd rather be, shooting daggered stares, Loo is chewing rope, cape billowing out behind, all fortyfeet, sixton the gantry watch, bridge-eye, launch technicians are watching, Dalwod is below playing bridge, cumming Monroe'z titsup against a shared sink, below fishschoalz waiting for hiz gloopcum reborninto mutan Dalwodz settlign the Amazon, terse announcements over the tannoy.. in the telemetry room, Dick Sulpa iz poring over the instrumentation, charts, feet moving between rooms, the RadioShack is a silent palll, sailors eyez agawp, swaying with the moodlight of the rocket's final coming into the night-light, adistant, ina gridlace of silent partitions, ships crew the sorry scrub of Atlantic, sway the storm, Taskforce Enddays, waves crash up against the wide aft deck of the Sound...

The storm pulls in deep beneath the tip of South America, rounds Buenos Aires, pullz out eastward, convering on the launchdeck, ov allplaces, horizontal driving lightflakes, cut the bodies into a baconesque stream, ionbodz, give me fuking weather updates, the meteoromancer is typing coordinates, chasing lowpower radiocurrents bouncing in from the Cape, Rio, Buenos Aires, Falkland...lunial bend...

Tennison Kane... writing a story in the hull of the ship by nightbreakers... of wave... the cosmic signal of the atmospheric test.... Imagining a planetoid race... lizard-like.... Inhabiting an atmosphereless... oceanic—world... their eyes are large...distored discs.... Or do they echo-locate... the neuro-synthetic shapes.... solaris... Lem-like... SETI

Tennison draws his notebook out with Case messing with the lightswitches again, tracing gargantuas on the hullwork, gawping, pteradactyls of loss tremor pass, he sees Mala on the platform winking out, prairieland, rocking on the porch, with a lunar hand laid on his right shoulder, hears her whisper, missile-prayers, wen this goes up, ziit gona come down, morbid bets are placed, will they be wiped, silent into Americana, sunk deep in the Braziil anomaly, sum magnetism drawz them over to the window to watch a flare go up sumplace out back toward the continent, Dreiz thinkin ov home, which means hez knockin his foot against the table, throwin handz in drumkitz ov missile rhythm, haz a brother somewhere out up Edwards Airfield flying F60s,

The optician is aboard, optician the chef is near blind, serving great slops of soupouta barrell half uranic, glows at night down the corridor, catch Loopou sneaking out past hour to catch this magicla soop, ladelling golem, Chief Cherribake almoz slips outa his candylace, finding wideyed pokes...

Mesureus the optical effect here of this... experiment..he haz a little germanic lilt, guffawic heinrichals of phlegm spouting out hiz eye... heads over to the cave of drawers, pulls out a map, - lines, latitudes, gradientss, shapes, da-vinci like orbs, interioral retinas, We each owe us a coronal debt for thisthat time, she's gone, propulsion of the interstellar ark, the optical arlight, the eye iz a missile, boi, inertial referent, lezz prone to the Currents..he uses the currents, like sum substratum of the mind, intelaced, 1 night out on the deck, hemso lowering him down into the oceanedge, test the water with a long finger, see boiz the current, ov us, gliding over thiz dream, he sleeps with a pistolof whiskey and Jung book, lapeled, prone to momentz of enlightened frenzy, by hull-light, measuring distances, how long fromhere to that there africa, pointz out, counts, drops his ballbearings into a pendulum fashioned against the engines... he iz solving for sum mission that lays him out flat on hiz bak peering wiv a Galileo telescope on the deck, bov the bridge, holdz it to the Orion belt, names the crystals ov the sky, sez he's duebout now hiz eat, takes a large dip of starlight, ramz it down his eyez, burps, sez the universe nighon burpzs, belches, were to send the

signal boi, then the ark, he speakz riddlic, coronal debts are due, da Vinci was a queer, propulsion is an optical emulsion of the lizard evolution.

Europa's oceans are blown out prismatic, lem-like, turning over the tidal pressure of a million atom bombs, were the atmosphere like mercury, the sound would split our eardrums into a thousand shards of spherical fishgut, you look different,

The Optician draws them into a target room, shuts the lights off dark, plankton, drift luminiscenes, switchez the radio to a channel of ghostz screaming, he pops up the teleometer, would the eyes of this alien race be different to ours

He carries about Max Born... Optik...

The (quite sparse in those pre-laser days) scientists working in optics in the 1940s and 1950s would gather regularly at Imperial College London for meetings of what had been called the "Optical Society of London," and then became the Optical Group of the Physical Society, now the Institute of Physics. ...The catastrophic rise of the Nazis at the start of the 1930s destroyed this wonderful centre: expulsions and a mass exodus dispersed this incredible talent around the world, and Born's Optik appeared as a kind of last act from this Goettingen world.

One from the hull of a ship rocking the conjugate.... The other from a concrete bunker off Johnson island.... flashblindedness... esoterics of god... alien eyes... a sudden unflinching shift from light to night... over and over... the world... as an epilepsy of light switches.... The dark side of the moon... dark to us yet eternally lit to the sun... SOLAR PANELS... energising the moon rigged with engines to collide one closer to the moon.... To shift the Lagrange point a segment closer... dis-orbit them

The trauma... that there were planets... galaxies... racing away...ebbing out.... Never to be known...

The Men filming in Hawaii... great optical devices... chasing the horizon.... madness... psychedelia... East German agents searching for the elixir of an obscure plant

On Mauna Kea... the observatory is being glassblown...

schonland...in the cape...

Light blows in rain on the cape, glinting.... Works a radio tower.... telemetry... flights offtaking...

Revolutionary indian.... Fanned out across.... The giant white sharks stalking the waters... watching the sunset... townships... Pynchon-like dense plot woven together...

It should be a thought experiment... he imagined himself on a planet... apart from earth... in the eye of a storm...on a waterworld of giant waves... closing his eyes... would I have eyes... a faint signal is received... an earth is found....

One of Dyson's contributions to the search for life in the cosmos (one of his favorite topics) was proposed in 1960 and is known as a Dyson sphere – a swarm of solar-paneled satellites that could provide enormous quantities of energy to a society advanced enough to build it. This idea was the basis of an early explanation for the dramatic dimming of Boyajian's Star (KIC 8462852). However, another of the physicist's schemes for discovering extraterrestrial life is more recent and less familiar: pit-lamping. The term refers to a night hunting technique in which bright lights (headlights or mining lamps) are aimed into the bush. Many animals can be located this way because their eyes appear to glow. Behind the retinas of rabbits, deer, cats and other critters is a layer, the tapetum lucidum, that reflects the light back in the direction from which it comes. This betrays the animals' presence, of course.

You have a rocket in a high circular orbit around a massive central body (a planet, or the Sun) and wish to escape with the fastest possible speed at infinity for a given amount of fuel. In 1929 Hermann Oberth showed that firing two separate impulses (one retrograde, one prograde) could be more effective than a direct transfer that expends all the fuel at once. This is due to the Oberth effect, whereby a small impulse applied at periapsis can produce a large change in the rocket's orbital mechanical energy, without violating energy conservation. In 1959 Theodore Edelbaum showed that this effect could be exploited further by using up to three separate impulses: prograde, retrograde, then prograde. The use of more than one impulse to escape can produce a final speed even faster than that of a fictional spacecraft that is unaffected by gravity. We compare the three escape strategies in terms of their final speeds attainable, and the time required to reach a given distance from the central body

On 8 April 1960, astronomer Frank Drake inaugurated a new era in the search for civilizations beyond Earth. Pointing the 85-foot telescope of the National Radio Astronomy Observatory (NRAO) in Green Bank, West Virginia, toward two Sun-like stars in the galactic neighborhood, he sought the first direct evidence of extraterrestrial intelligence. Tuning to a frequency of 1420 megahertz, he hoped that this would be a universal meeting place, known also by astronomers on other worlds as being the emission frequency of hydrogen, the universe's most prevalent element.

Although this experiment, which Drake dubbed Project Ozma, did not confirm the existence of life beyond Earth, it did inspire the development of a new field of science: the Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence (SETI).

PSI - Psychic Discoveries behind the Iron Curtain... mental telepathy...hypnotism..faith healing...precognition, psychokinesis, auras around plants and animals, brain control, mind patrol, astrology, levitation, sightless (i.e. eyeless vision), dowsing, acupuncture, witchcraft, alchemy, psychotronics... ESP...

Tapping the planetarium, Schonland wakes in his own notes, squiggled lightning, instrumentation, returns, he walks out across the Cape...his disgrace is shared...

HE ENDS UP IN BRASILIA.... IN THE JUNGLE.... SEARCHING FOR THE GOD SERUM....

Panama, searching for some weather to test missiles in, Delios calling him down to the telemetry shack, punching coordinates, searching for the Sputnik ping,

Brazilian nights.

Tennison Cane is splayed out on a veranda of deck edge, aperture closing on the falling disc, squints, eyesorb, his nostrils perk, bridge smoke curling out a window hull down into his hoots- hoots, screams, card shuffle, breaks the calming waves, Atlantic currents pulling them southward down the coast of that great Bolívarian mass,

Nights prior, climbing off the USS Sworton Hound into the Rio night, gliding past bars, beer flying, televisions caught in half-light, Spanish mothers cursing their daughters, caught up in the current, beaming now past the carnival lights, telemetry shack sleepers catch the ping over a marauding current, stealing the seniority from their needlework, Quincy and Bobby Terrel plugged the ratio of sailors to girls, came out hooting all over the

MEETS AN INDONESIAN GIRL.... The Indonesia storyline

He'd been blinded at Johnston, stared at the Mary too long.

Went right thru

Bone skulled Leroy Lunus.

They'd worked the construction, hauling concrete into the launching pad, liquid oxygen fuel plant, concrete observation bunkers, extensive instrumentation arrays, monitoring, photographing, recording, one giant grid of ships aircraft, splayed out in a pattern,

Magikal

Optikal

Gridlace,

Midnight Teak was a fuking dizaster,
set it to detonate over the water dint we

Way over there, hey where

there... glitched, boom right there plonks onhiz head, an they were cursing, if we had our eardrums,
mopping them off floor, was like god took his shit rite on ur

Hed

Spectacular, muy deliciosa!

Their encampment is dappled with lastlight, pulling in across the Atlantic, electrical light, eyez
oblique to the hull-hole, seanceme, damIt, the instruments going berserk,

Im diving under Looryoy, the radio'z going loopy, u remember the red glow, stayed out there,

Sounding rockets release along the East Coast, smearlight,

The optimal thermal yield, when detonated in the upper atmosphere... bright enough to cause
permanent retinal injury to observers of the bursts...

Eniwetok...Micronesian dizaaster..one fuking fiasco follows anuva,.. into the soup...

out flaps the Capn Merriweather, beating

“Earth changed in the black sky.

It caught fire.

Part of it seemed to come apart in a million pieces, as if a gigantic jigsaw had exploded. It burned
with an unholy dripping glare for a minute, three times normal size, then dwindled.

“What was that?” Sam looked at the green fire in the sky.

“Earth,” said Elma, holding her hands together.

“That can't be Earth, that's not Earth! No, that ain't Earth! It can't be.”

“You mean it couldn't be Earth,” said Elma, looking at him. “That just isn't Earth. No, that's not
Earth; is that what you mean?”

“Not Earth—oh no, It couldn't be,” he wailed.

He stood there, his hands at his sides, his mouth open, his eyes wide and dull, not moving.

—RAY BRADBURY, *The Martian Chronicles*”

A RUSSIAN FRIGATE.... Drifting outside the perimeter.... Cast off from the Cape... what is man... they share the night....

Slipping down into the cortical light, slothrops ahammersover heel punch slap sober agen, playing cars,

Long horizon stretching out against the wavework, a morsecode light caught in the rain, pushing out on deck his mind, u go first, I'ma coming after u, hiz

Hiza head in door agen tooti floating dreamwork,

Whaya want wiv me momma,

it's cold mama, radio holing out... tossing in junglian horrorsleep, flaps down hurtling abomber, all the dreams are vaporous tonight, dancing in the musk of sergeant filof's Bo an broken lemondraft...

Sleepless twosteping jazzhall colon, carrieshim over the

USS Tarawa (OX4-40), the destroyers USS Bearss (DD- 654) and USS Warrington (DD-843), the destroyer escorts USS Courtney (DE- 1021) and USS Hammerberg (DE-1015), the fleet oilers USS Neosho (AO-143) and USS Salamonie (AO-26), the missile trials ship, USS Norton Sound (AVM-1), and the seaplane tender USS Albemarle (AV-5).

PACIFIC WAR...

Gathered around the radio set in the combat information center of the destroyer escort USS Samuel B. Roberts, they listened as a hundred miles to their south, their heavier counterparts in the Seventh Fleet encountered the first signs that the Japanese defense of the Philippines was under way. There was no telling precisely what their countrymen faced. It was something big—that much was for sure.

They watched the radar scopes and the scopes watched back, bathing the darkened compartment in cathode-green fluorescence but revealing no enemy nearby. The southwest Pacific slept. But something was on the radio, and it put the lie to the silent night.

The tactical circuit they were using to eavesdrop was meant for sending and receiving short-range messages from ship to ship. Officers used it to trade scuttlebutt with other vessels about what their

radar was showing, about their course changes, about the targets they were tracking. By day, the high-frequency Talk Between Ships signal reached only to the line of sight. But tonight, the earth's atmosphere was working its magic and the TBS broadcasts from faraway ships were propagating wildly, bouncing over the horizon to the small warship's vigilant antennae.

The perpetual motion of the American industrial machine had built a naval and amphibious arsenal of such staggering size, range, and striking power that the vast sea seemed to shrink around it. "Our naval power in the western Pacific was such that we could have challenged the combined fleets of the world,"

Christofilios sir.

Christofilios -

Sir

Mad bastard

Sez Colonel Kurtinz

Sir the instrument

Mad-

Mutually assured detraction from what we're supposed to b-

Filios eh, get me hiz file.

Malintz had his eyebrows fried during TEAPOT, 1955. Gentlemen, Soviet interference operations are planned in the magneetosfere. The silence hides the chatter, by godusir, the magnetosfere, yes Clyde the magnetosfeere, Thiz unknown region, the Soviets and ChiCom are sneakingup onuz - sir iz it, iz it god-given orr by uz? Thass Classified sargeant, Von Allen, please, Van, sir, austere lightballs turn on a map of the Atlantic anomaly, distances, latitude, longitude, casting out hiz soundings rockets across the room, bellowed silence all triangulating on - kurtinz's forehead.

BRASILIA

He's late back running the streets of Rio, with a hooker named Seleina chasing his tails, carnivalesque light, Russo-argentine agent on his tail, searching for the magnetic... device...

IKARIE XB-1, Lemites, gathered below the avenue, read aloud extracts of Lem, Oblok Magellana, 1955, 32nd Century, Gaia left for Alpha Centauri, eight years, organic lie, findz an old artifical war

satellite, U.S. of A, weaponz biologik, nukerz, Gaia detects a radar signal directed at it, coming from one of the planets of Alpha Centauri. "Gaia" approaches this planet and tries to contact its civilization, but all messages remain unanswered. When they attempt to land on a planet, they are unexpectedly attacked, and 10 astronauts are killed. Nevertheless, the crew of Gaia does not strike back, supposing the inhabitants of the planet mistook a peaceful landing for aggression. Eventually the contact was established. Gombrowicz, stalked up from Buenos Aires, sits in a corner, pall of cosmic smoke

Conspiracy 58, which was shown nationally in Sweden, explored claims the 1958 tournament was staged by FIFA and the CIA to test the power of television to influence people. Some of these included that you could see the Los Angeles skyline behind stadiums in grainy footage and shadows cast by players were in the wrong position for Swedish summer. (<https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-wales-36423550>)

east of a dip in the Earth's magnetic field called the Brazilian or South Atlantic Anomaly, where the magnetosphere was closer to the surface and thus encountered more air molecules. If Argus electrons hit the Brazilian Anomaly, they would be absorbed by air molecules, interfering with and possibly derailing the expected Argus effect. Detonating the atomic devices just east of the Anomaly, however, would give the Argus radiation belt—if it formed—time to expand, grow, and spread eastward around most of the planet before dissipating, allowing ample opportunity to detect and measure it.

Also, it was imperative to observe the "magnetic conjugate point"—the area where the Argus effects were expected to be mirrored along the north-south direction in the magnetosphere. A detonation point in the South Atlantic near Tristan da Cunha and Gough Island placed the Argus conjugate point near the Azores in the North Atlantic, where naval ships could easily assemble and monitor the tests remotely—and without arousing any undue suspicions.

"But such a remote operational area as the South Atlantic also posed some serious problems. For one thing, if all went according to plan, it would be August when Argus was conducted, which meant it would be winter in the South Atlantic, with rain, snow, and freezing temperatures—challenging conditions for naval operations under normal circumstances, much less while trying to launch a nuclear missile from the deck of a ship, something that had never been attempted before.

Such weather conditions would also complicate routine matters such as the task force ships finding and rendezvousing with one another, refueling and supply, even communications. It was not going to be a pleasure cruise by any means

Brasilia, far into the interior light, is

He lowers the film into the watery mass, dark room, swaying. Time you loosen your purse and grab, scan, Murphy takes a leak on the new plant. Patters off. Forested, beneath a webwork of tunnels stretch into control rooms, artillery barracks, sweatrooms, bedless bunks, drills are set. Seasick movement of the eye right, Murphy stares out and sees - sees Tenaphor Jackson, sliding out across deckwork, holding a - a fuse!

Solar currents glinting off moonrock strike the boat oblique, rendering the missile's shape open, unbeknownst belowdeck a slow pitch is gathering on the wind. Lupus is talking in a lowdrawl to a giant whale, sonar thrum etching the diagram of the shot, parabolic endpoint.

The journey to Brasilia across the Central Plateau of Brazil is one of separation. It confronts the traveler with the separation of modernist Brasilia from the familiar Brazil: from densely packed settlements along the coast to the emptiness of the interior from layers of congestion and clutter in the big cities to the silent horizons of the plateau; from small town squares with their markets and conversations to the empty spaces of Brasilia without squares or markets; from civilization to the frontier; from underdevelopment to the incongruously modern. Migrants make this journey mainly for economic gain. They seek jobs, higher wages, rapid advancement, and speculative opportunity in Brazil's new capital. Yet, however diverse their motives, they all share a sense of the city's separation from the rest of the country that this journey represents. For the migrant, it is this passage that establishes the identity of Brasilia as frontier city, development project, utopian experiment in modern urbanism, detached center of political power, Eldorado of opportunity.

It is also this passage that contrasts the old Brazil with a plan to develop the new. As one travels across the desolate plateau toward the city, the landscape abruptly changes about 40 kilometers from the capital. The highway widens. Billboards announce lots for sale in future residential havens with names like New Brazil, New World, and New America.

An archipelago of light scatters about the penumbral regions of his mind, paranoia- gain, on the audiostacks...

Key motif, is how each city has its own passing light.... Brief interference patterns...

Light should flee to the edges.... departing... proceeding... the zone is shearing apart.... A catalysmos of dust, beer, shouts, fists, spillz him across five bars of Brasilia in the baracudan junglemistters's large wet-mitz

You know where else we should know such a godly ring forms:

Krakatoa... 1883...so terrific the ashes thrown out circulated two or three times the globe before settling in a dark pall. Bogor..near Jakarta...the world maximum of thunderstorms...322 a year...

Meets Villem Flusser...

Troptree falls into a Kalevalan arc, the optical distribution of deserts on a planetoid, wakes, falls, wakes over into channelwater, bumping into a man viriliod or somesort, loitering by bukers, askeshim whereamiso, they hurtle thru Saint Guenole, one feeling the faintthud ordinance in his eyes, searching the infinite expanse, earthblown thru, ther seals - lopping out smooth, waveless, white-hot desert, the horizon is disappearing, bleeding light west

The sea resembled a white-hot space, sun and ocean had become a magnifying glass scorching relief and contrast, earthline plunging into undertow, a smoothness, waveless, noise emptied. He hurtled through Saint-Guenole with the faintthud of ordinance in his eyes, searching an infinite expanse, earth blownthru, the

PLOT MOVEMENT

The flowing current of an optical tremor... born over in myriadals... the search for the identity of the optician... experiments in LSD, stroboscopes, the Soviets...the Indies...pulsing... kesslerizing identities... fragmenting... rochelimiting... fading...

WHAT CAMERAS WOULD DEVELOP ON A DIFFERENT PLANET?

The Brothers of the Millisecond concerned themselves with this question...

If our cameras developed rapatronically etc.. Etc... from the nuclear bomb... from the ocean from flight requirements.... How would photography develop on a different planet... one where nuclear explosions are more frequent.... One dry like Dune... ?

london

ocean sink surrealists

dock fuck

Filmic light... the organic montage of the American school, the dialectic montage of the Soviet school, the quantitative montage of the pre-war French school and the intensive montage of the German expressionist school.

nuclearwar - closer to the continental shards... the mortar, blitzwork [than Eniwetok, psyche differentials]

ITS ABOUT HOW WAR OPENS UP DIMENSIONS, FOR THE PSYCHE TO INHABIT, FOR SCHIZOPHRENIA TO FLOURISH, ENGINEROOMS, VALVELANDS, CRACKING OPEN, CONTINENTAL SHELF, DEEP STRATA OF OCEAN, DEEP STRATA OF SKY, IONOSPHERE, THERMOSPHERE, HYDRANT-BLITZ STREETSCAPE, WAR-RIPPED, CARCERA,

Chimeric, boom boom boom, pullulations of shardlight, broken mortar, thistle,

Tavistock clinic, R.D. Laing, Jung, stroboscopic sprint thru the pulsing Indies, mrazek-patois (as the train pulled out of the station, Berlage pulled his window up: "the aspects are fleeting . . . cinematographic . . . palm groves, kampongs, bridges, green sawah rice fields . . . blue and hazy horizon . .

Thames is a signal... a current... out, lapping into dover...

Where's the city Silo Throp used to see back in those newsreels? Angling into Tempelhof in dark blinks of asphaltwork, faces shining from the rippling sky... the obsessional madman... chasing IF in its formation...trellis light...array

The infernal dialectical machine...

Writing revolutionary marxist thesis on the dialectics of the stroboscope machine...

The (quite sparse in those pre-laser days) scientists working in optics in the 1940s and 1950s would gather regularly at Imperial College London for meetings of what had been called the "Optical Society of London," and then became the Optical Group of the Physical Society, now the Institute of Physics. ...The catastrophic rise of the Nazis at the start of the 1930s destroyed this wonderful centre: expulsions and a mass exodus dispersed this incredible talent around the world, and Born's Optik appeared as a kind of last act from this Goettingen world.

Eniwetok

Brothers of the millisecond

Blue square

CANT' US EEE WE ARE ON AN OPTICAL MIRROR.... WE ARE ON A VENT OF THE EARTH BLOWING OUT VOLCANO DORMANT... AN WE HERE BLOWING INTO THE NEXT LEVEL... OUT INTO THE EXOSPHERE...U SAYING VOLCANIC LARVAE CANT REACH SPACE... WUT ABOUT THE MOON? YEAH WUT ABOUT THE MOON... WUT MOON?

50,000 stills and 1,500,000 feet of movie film

Blowhole to mu... the tide... shear-light...

Radar pulses...deep in shelves.... Were it the dialectic montage or intensive montage...

ESP experiments...

The optician...

Tennison... double-refracting thru the sole of a Micronesian...

The Kalevalan Arc colliding with Hawaii...via Siberia..Novaya Zemlya...And then last of all there is the the person whose heart is too full of emotion, whose eyes have seen too much, for that whole ocean to pour forth in a few disconnected cries (the Gulag Archipelago p13..Heligoland... Heisenberg...lightning...beach... 1925

In 1959 Allen Ginsberg was a subject at the Mental Research Institute in Palo Alto, where he experimented with LSD, a strobe and an EEG machine

Culebra Cut

Throb of the canaloscene, gatunlights

Venezuela...1950s...sucursal del cielo...modernist playground...see “Spectacular Modernity, Lisa Blackmore”...the Junta Militar argued that true democracy consisted in firm rule in line with a Nuevo Ideal Nacional—a New National Ideal that would discharge modernity by “getting rid of all that tradition of bajareque, spider webs, and soggy literature, penetrating in the jungle to create real cities there too...

Argus

A morsecode light caught in the rain...

Surrealist...south Atlantic anomaly

brasilgia... Brazilian nights. Tennison Cane is splayed out on a veranda of deckedge, aperture closing on the falling disc, squints, eyesorb, his nostrils perk, bridgesmoke curling out a window hulldown into hizhote- hoots, screams, cardshuffle, breaks the calming waves, Atlantic currents pulling them southward down the coast of that great bolivarian mass, Nightsprior, climbing off the USS Sworton Hound into the Rio night, gliding past bars, beer flying, televisions caught in half-light, espaniol madrez cursing their daughters, caught up in the current, beaming now past the carnivals, telemetry shack sleepers catch the ping ova marauding current, stealing the senoritas from their needlework, Quincy and Bobby Terrel plugged the ratio of sailors to girls, came out hooting all over the MEETS AN INDONESIAN GIRL.... The indonesia storyline....

christofilios, bleeding ionospheric

Lucia Joyce... use Beckett to write a short extract from the perspective of ions zipping out past the anomaly across the atlantic shafting africa western europe...the azores...picking up fragments of anxiety on the radiowaves... schizoidal.. self-doubt...recrimination... fearloss water... The Unnameable chasm...cosmos...kosmos... inertia...kinetsiya..kosnost...But I, am I not a reminder of what you buried in oblivion to build your world?

—Luce Irigaray, Elemental Passions”

IF1958. Is the Journal of a Lemite. writing it as he works on the Operation Argus tests in the South Atlantic...

other characters... flee into Brasilia... archipelagic...shimmers... chimeric... he is writing a journal about time... the bomb... the rashomon...kessler... siniy...goluboy... archipelagic cinders...burning off in the middle distance...who is I.F. is she also a person..who stalks the archival videos... esotera..he writes of how language emerges out from the nuclear explosion, radiating outward, like the languages of the world..arabic..sanskrit..krakatoic dust...archipelago... shimmering... race and nuclearity... kurt mondaugen-like, Schonland, the lightning man... on the

ledge of south africa... L. Ron Hubbard...dianetics...the drexciyans watch the Argus explosion from deep under the ocean... prisms of light... muffled boom, they echo-locate the tremors far above... their skin is dark, translucent...

Schonland...lightning in the Cape... Tapping the planetarium, Schonland wakes in his own notes, squiggled lightning, instrumentation, returns, he walks out across the Cape...his disgrace is shared...HE ENDS UP IN BRASILIA.... IN THE JUNGLE.... SEARCHING FOR THE GOD SERUM...Panama, searching for some weather to test missiles in, Delios calling him down to the telemetry shack, punching coordinates, searching for the Sputnik ping,

A RUSSIAN FRIGATE.... Drifting outside the perimeter.... Cast off from the Cape... what is man... they share the night....

Bandung

Squall toward the Indies...china... Bandung Conference.... the 'Darktown Strutters Ball'... radio waves... radio messages ...the Spirit of Bandung...Radio Cairo broadcasting south toward subsaharan and Eas Africa...in the Congo...La Voix de L'Afrique...Lumumba

The Ocean Sinewave Surrealists emergent out from Singapore HQ... tracing historiography in the ionosphere... post-human re-reading of... an oumuamua opening emerged in 1958. Nasa. Lee Yuan Kew. Malay shearing apart. Temporality..sheared. Optical freefall. Rashomon grid. Cube-sat- cube-real. ps. note Sidel..connections of Baku and Bandung...in 1908...Stalin bolsheviks...mensheviks...sukarno... the revolutionary underground...

oversky...notational... a radio station beaming out of panama... sygnaliste.. dopplering te VHF channels of the cargo-ships... Baku 1920. Indonesia. 1949. The Unity is Submarine. The Unity is Supermarine. Ionosferic.

the nuclear bomb... that was Singapore... radiating outward... (gabrielle hecht.) .. a historiography.. of Singapore... the explosion of steel cement...glass... an optical arrival... tessellated across the port regions of maritime Chaozhou: Bangkok, Singapore, Saigon, Hong Kong,

Shanghai, and Swatow. Secret societies...deep in the bornean jungle... kongsis... rocket societies... imitations...

if. The infinite... glissant shimmer...

the drexcian merwoman travels far to the Bandung Conference... Richard Wright... race and imaginary... crystallisings of light breaking off the water, she watches from the surf... a fire... she moves thru the conference... radios.. speeches... chatter... Pynchon's potsdam... The zones... tearing apart... Theravada buddhism,... islam... christianity... confucianism... in. indonesia....

Orbital

Optical effects of spaceflight, distorting the eye...Beckett on the bridge...drifting in outer space...propulsion system broken, eyes dis-forming... questioning terra Lem..Lucia...schizophrenia episode on board...

how to write the instruments...the feeling...the sensation of missile tests...nuclearity in language...
h o w l g i n s b u r g / p y n c h o n / b e a t n i k k e r o u a c / t e c h n i c a l
manuals...blitzering speed..virilio...baudrillard...surrealist... not possible? the equatorial... delta-V
gold zone... of launches writing has spin-off effects the same way as civil-military
fusion... splicing... curving words into a gravity well... or into the launching sequence of a missile...
sparseness of video... brings the optician... into his notebook.... he is strung out on a lonely stellar
archipelago... writing the orbits... the stars... the biological evolution of a rich smorgarsbord.. the
nuclear mirroring.... we blow up nuclear bombs on nuclear bombs... the Enewetak volcano... a
huge... scream of earth... terralooping with the human scream... munchen...interference patterns...
heliotic tremors

the optician flies with a coop of chickens...rabbits... whose eyes will be tested against the
light... talks to them...

The spy is a ticking seismograph on top of the Jungfrau measuring distant atomic explosions on the
other side of the world, or instruments carried in an aircraft that measure uranium or plutonium
contents of the atmosphere... the tidally locked world

Dyson sphere 1960, a swarm of solar-paneled satellites that could provide enormous quantities of energy to a society advanced enough to build it. This idea was the basis of an early explanation for the dramatic dimming of Boyajian's Star (KIC 8462852). However, another of the physicist's schemes for discovering extraterrestrial life is more recent and less familiar: pit-lamping. The term refers to a night hunting technique in which bright lights (headlights or mining lamps) are aimed into the bush. Many animals can be located this way because their eyes appear to glow. Behind the retinas of rabbits, deer, cats and other critters is a layer, the tapetum lucidum, that reflects the light back in the direction from which it comes. On 8 April 1960, astronomer Frank Drake inaugurated a new era in the search for civilizations beyond Earth. Pointing the 85-foot telescope of the National Radio Astronomy Observatory (NRAO) in Green Bank, West Virginia, toward two Sun-like stars in the galactic neighborhood, he sought the first direct evidence of extraterrestrial intelligence. Tuning to a frequency of 1420 megahertz, he hoped that this would be a universal meeting place, known also by astronomers on other worlds as being the emission frequency of hydrogen, the universe's most prevalent element. Although this experiment, which Drake dubbed Project Ozma, did not confirm the existence of life beyond Earth, it did inspire the development of a new field of science: the Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence (SETI).

Brothers of the millisecond... a room full of planetary paraphernalia...

Orbital equations... of the psyche... of the satellite... of Eniwetok atoll... He was working away... creating a scientological machine... for audits... The trauma... that there were planets... galaxies... racing away... ebbing out.... Never to be known... In 1959 Theodore Edelbaum showed that this effect could be exploited further by using up to three separate impulses: prograde, retrograde, then prograde.

A thermokinetic description of bodies and passage through a plastic medium of nonlinear density...

Stroboscopic light laboratory...

Blowhole to mu... deep time... fractures of rock... Vema... deep...

EDGERTON, GERMESHAUSEN & GRIER (EG&G) ACTIVITIES. This task unit provided systems for arming, monitoring, and firing the nuclear devices and timing signals for the experimental programs: performed technical photography of all detonations: and measured reaction histories of 19 shots.

He couldn't see what was happening...the motors moved too fast... how to determine with accuracy the transient changes in the angular displacement of the rotor of a synchronous electric motor...events that could not be seen by the human eye...they tried mercury arc rectifiers... supplying very fast reinforcement to a powerless generator...he began to see, assuendesque, the rotating poles of the machine oscillate about a mid-position following a simulated system disturbance... the rectifiers placed close enough to the generator that their flashes illuminates the rotor stroboscopically...

One from the hull of a ship rocking the conjugate.... The other from a concrete bunker off Johnson island.... flashblindedness... esoteras of god... alien eyes... a sudden unflinching shift from light to night... over and over... the world...as an epilesia of light switches.... The dark side of the moon... dark to us yet eternally lit to the sun... SOLAR PANELS... energising the moon rigged with engines to collide one closer to the moon.... To shift the Lagrange point a segment closer... dis-orbit them

The Men filming in Hawaii... great optical devices... chasing the horizon.... madness... psychedelia... East German agents searching for the elixir of an obscure plant

On Mauna Kea... the observatory is being glassblown...

PSI - Psychic Discoveries behind the Iron Curtain... mental telepathy...hypnotism..faith healing...precognition, psychokinesis, auras around plants and animals, brain control, mind patrol, astrology, levitation, sightless (i.e. eyeless vision), dowsing, acupuncture, witchcraft, alchemy, psychotronics... ESP...

The perpetual motion of the American industrial machine had built a naval and amphibious arsenal of such staggering size, range, and striking power that the vast sea seemed to shrink around it...

The silences here are retreats of sound, like the retreat of the surf before a tidal wave: sound draining away, down slopes of acoustic passage, to gather, someplace else, to a great surge of noise.

FOREMAN OCEAN GEOMETRIES... ESCHERSCAPES PROLIFERATING IN HIS MIND... RESONANT OCEAN THREATS... AMPHIBIOUS PARANOIAC ... SOFT UNDERBELLIED.... A Vietnamese pacific domination by the Soviets and Chinese.... IT WAS RIMLAND THEORY, rimming his thalamus....

DEMATERIALIZING OUR CITY KUNTZ.. THE OCEAN SINEWAVE SURREALISTS... DOWN OUR WALL KRUSCHEV.. .

The wave of revolutions of 58... that swept up against the guns....