

Ramophone, in-fluenced

24 Feb 1942... a crisp californian big sur... crashedout with wave and shore flow...

Anight alarmz piercing out the serenity... wiv Stella Jones undera circaian tree kissin,smoking, dacnging, shrill 37th coastal brigade... flares... lights dazdling out way deep... antheirhigh eyes can nearlytouchem..

They find empty pair of jeans...shoes... shirt...folded azif the bodies disappeared... noted down in the office of unsolved murders and debcuaheryies and runaways across other states, as a unsolved case, possible double drowning.... Marajuana leaves recovered...

Further along the beach... a bonfire... thrown aqueous... shock cutting faces contortial...beef patties wet bleachedout wivsand... the lights pulling out fine arcs of balletic dance...

Alerta light proceeding out across the coast of Monterey... the burgers are unsalvageable when the all clear sounds.... Nerves radiating out, calming, flattening out in waves... Big Sur... crashalsof blue sereniatic... dappled light on cubeobjects... experimental cinematic San Fran... skidrowers...

0144 deepnight radar picking up unidentifiable... theyre everywhere.... Vanishing on sooner... on the operating desk... switching comm signals.. sir wehavea 0242... antiaircraft batteries sighting something...

The chain reaction rippling out like storm currentz... pyrotechnica proceeding... they shootin upinto the sky wiva camera catching the ripples of light... followed by darkness.. swiveeling on trees, the mountain trellisin outward on lone porchlight... light cones stretching deepinto the von karman...

Searchlights pulsing out... flares... tracers.... Munitions lighting up... the cacophony following delayed... beach...fires sparked out...as ifa rain... metall fallen...

Glowing v formation.... Douse-em run shelter... luminous dots... in th enorthwest report... radio signal... iz fluing out invisible obliques...bouncin off an ionosphefer gone kinetic...

Pulling off the road... headlights cutting... on the horizon... red spots of light... zigzagging in a stange manner... ten thousand...twenty thousand feet...

Shells exploding across the bojects.... vanishings... proceedings... tearing outward... some zone... of infernal acreageoutinthe boondockaski... crossbeamed light... catching a sphere... shells appearing not to explode but absorb enter into... another dimension...

Brink for the Chrsitain Science Monitor... a silver dot... greater than cali's greatest aeornautical planes... flynig a 9000 footer in a V... wiv the radar screen empty... appearing to still out... too slow to not stall...

Corroborations of light spotted offshore... Japanese sub lurking outin the deep... or commercial planes flown out by enemies from secret airfields deep in the Californian brush... in Mexcan copper minez... the shimmery glint of anarchst plot... hijavking our godam war... for politiical means...

I saiz we torch it..chaseit ... get that balloonuspfireing...

Deepout in the Pacific, by the same night-light... objects over the Timor Sea... large illuminances of a disc approaching at a speed unknown to human invention... 3500 mile perhous by estimationson the bridge deck... train operators out on the line in the Licking River Valley... abdcted by a powerful searchlight...300 feetabove out of the hillside... See the train never arrived...

What wasit carrying...Soya beans... wuldubelive...

Tracers lighting up the clouds into demons curling out... from some height above... they watch down the apparitional cloudz... the cutting... of small zeke fighting chasing dogfightin... 10000footers... snow.. and all elemtns changin the whirl of the engine to a low thrall... a deep sonorous sound of the south... singing out a tune... wiv the camera.s...cligkin out on the tracerlight...

A wingless obbect....

Eniwetok

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 ona thousand tents in a deep blue array, enginenoise drowninout canei see yuuu,
pyrotecna pullin hiz bodi thru, doowop dance, lizzie turning, Hal's singing overata bar, fading, glass
crashin, blinkin,

the synthesizer, it throbs, currents flowing, blue vastness, red light, thread in, warehouse light, cut
thiz flare, thankz fleeing pygmy eye, limb in, Ur in the radio, ur in the radio, ur in a bluesque,

Squall, radarous askews coriolis,
silent current, flowing
von karman, ionospheric

Energy

liberates the encampment

Heat pressure grows asunder, compressed gas,

Expansions are proceeding, the wave crushes space, Delta

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

Invisible 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, rubbing up against see thiz,

He folds out a long deep cast of negatives,

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

THE DESERT SUN

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

Source characteristics - explosion yield, the time and spectral histories of the radiant flux, the
fireball geometry and the height-of-burst effects . Influencez a deep exposed material....
Then therez meteorological factors, absorption diffusion of cloud layers, fog may be just as
effective as it is with sunlight...

But if it bursts beneath cloud layer, scatterings enhanced... the direct beam (i.e. the unscattered radiation) is still likely to be the most damaging since it is not much altered by diffuse reflection from clouds...

razinin scremuz light, darkness embedded in, cloud, beer strafes out into coriolis,

Eliptical Lagoon

Eliptical lagoon, deep water, perimetering, beneath the thermocline, a shimmer, anchorages closing down the night, dreams proceeding, stretching, pulling the encampment apart... dense ground vines brush, Tension brushes out past the treeline, searching for his flashlight, studdina rock, hailing flatshoel godlite, bright cut, baseless, northeast trade winds are blowing a cool 9.6 knots east and northeast, bellying in... tide rising and dropping 3 feet, they out dancing in the canvas structure of the war... this treacherous gasoline diesel drums, anchors chaining dragging buckets, salvagine...

Two ten conductor signal cables 2 15 pair telephone cables, folding out between Eninman island and 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, and Lutes shout in his ear wuya eating ten? Nothin - below is radio comms shooting frequency channels between atoll and continental united states... wuya shootin tonight ten, seein his camera outpoking... nothin, mind us' He raps a coin on the shuttle top, leaping runnin, out into the shoal, reef down where they lay subcables

Holmes & Narver men... are serious...scouting...ground recon... shelter subsistence, power fresh salt water.. recreation, medical, communication facilities.... One day in the Pacific sumplace near China I might have a place like this, Indonesia- gold deposits..paua.... I might build an island wiva chinaman railway did gd, whatu say...ur red eddie.. no im... no ur red eddie u been bit?.. .hizlegz

bulbing...blowing out...proportions...grwogin liekan adenoid poisonfluid bag...grounded nine flights...

Out on the pier and channl...night operations...transshipping 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....

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...Shoootz 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...

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 repair... briefing and operation... guard house...magazine...AF Auxiliary power.. 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... earthquarters....vehicle wash stand... garbage ramp...magazine.... Utility operation...Pershing field parade ground...offices... refreshment stands...weather radar tower...tool room.. slab....quarters B-man... substation... motor pool repair shop...grease rack...swimmers tavern...duffys tavern...hobby shop...library... wimpys...telephone terminal....

Germhaus throws a sharp right... Tennison tailing.. running past thru gawking faces... can'tu see im busy.. boiyoboyoboy... shoving 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...distending... 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 gleaming 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 ina longjacketwhite... he'z thrown downona canvas...mouth opened...liquid entered... eyes optical starin right inona iris dilation...in a rhythm with this elipticallagoon intoa deep blue liquidyorb starin scared...listeni'm jus..

He'z 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..memerial.... Geometric patterns flowing across the surface... circles becoming squares becoming rectagneles...arcs...verticaliz of red...blue purple acid green organge yellow, nenons of velveteen shimmer... mosaics...sunstained glassy mountainz.... Tangier heat turned to cool...dappled light...fresh sharp definition...

The people fan out. Disapprear...

The machine revolves at 78rpm, vivid colors...variations...waves of color...bands..spirals... blue...gasjet vlue scaralet emeraline green orange purple... cloedeyed...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 recene 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 hiz liutenant, standing staring outa shoal of lights in the ocean...thizhere servedus our country against the Jayaponese, pullinout an old map, Amphibious operations against Japanese on the Marshall Islands 1944... convering on Kwajelein... Eniwetok...

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

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 canaldrift, 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...

Argus

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 eardrumz 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...

Brazilian nights.

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

Nights prior, 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

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 artificial war satellite, U.S. of A, weaponz biologik, nuked, 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

He lowers the film into the watery mass, dark room, swaying. Time you loosen your purse and grab, scran, 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, murph 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.

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... ?

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...

He knows that Bloat goes somewhere and microfilms something, then transfers it, via Pirate, to young Mexico. And thence, he gathers, down to "The White Visitation," which houses a catchall agency

known as PISCES—Psychological Intelligence Schemes for Expediting Surrender. Whose surrender is not made clear....

The ocean, breaking up into fine glass shards...

reflectances...

This is all photographic matter

Absorption of light on a film... see it...

Darker patches surrounded the submerged reefs...

Legions of birdlife gliding the surface...

The infernal hour, the sun was closing on the last stragglers...

See it is a film about the war and the ocean, because it is the ocean's fault we're here,

Every battle is decided by the ocean and the sun,

I may have many cameras but you have no soul!

He was tangled up in the ropes of the baydeck, pointing a K-17 down at the ocean, shouting throw it down...

The belly dropped with the plane into a oblique dive...

Strange Lights

A photographic unit on aerial anomalies, flares, meteors, balls of fire...

The room was adrift with photographic negatives... corrections in positive... shapes...blurs...

Geentomen what we are dealing wiv isit a enemy weapon, meteorological or a celestial phenomena? Wipin his moostache of sweatlake...

Eminent scientists piled inona small room beneath the Office of Scientific Intelligence...

Electrostatic effects... electromagnetic phenomena... the light reflections from crystals in the air...

Someone is controlling the war... controlling us... controlling them... dam u ever been to Japan watsai they not some synthetic biological form arrived out from some supernovaed ship...

Every godam island iza spaceship... Papua New Guineas goldfields came on a comet... whered u hear such a thing... barrelling into the banana stacks... the ship was swaying in an inclement storm...

He read through the stack of notes, each annotated to a photographic plate...

Blimp crashed near the Ohio River, October 11 1931

Palestine Texas... bright shaft of light suspending vertically motionless in the evening light...

Brazil... snake-like lightshafts at great altitude..

Glowing spheres...

They gonafindus... hoo godamit... we're being observed...

Out of the corner of his eye, the drill sergeant was approaching flailing papers, shouting some incoherence... with the cabin swaying keeping a bullseye straight line for - [] Merseus report to xxx out of the megaphone...

The three incandescent gas explosions on Mars heading towards Earth... landing on a farm in New Jersey... cyliner buried in the impact crater...

...

Earthquake machines, engine-stopping rays, pilotless craft, atomic energy, bacteriological warfare....out past the cliffs, the channel roared... blowing in murmurs from the continent, radio chatter, planes aloft distending ordnance into farmlands past Dresden... if we miss, they'll send someone else...

'Phenomena Connected with Enemy Night Tactics', observed over the coast of Holland and the Ruhr Valley area...

Whistling... Im noh sposed to be here..I'iim not suposed to be here... Im juuz passing thruu... holdit right there son, what is ur name, Wassily.. the room, thick with cigar smoke... drifts of facework... gargled laughter cutting up the smoke... he has the sudden urge to pullout his handheldstarus filming... a dialectical montage cut... of the spirit of smoke... the gaseous perspective...

Kino-optical

Wuts that

Kino-

No need for that son...

Whipping outa tea stained kimono...

They draw back into a labyrinth of bath space,, water splashing, corpselight rippling off chestbared
GIs, and poolitio types cowering down... flashes of light froma shoot outback mildly
pornographiciseai itzlike then omovies, thiz shelter... warmth folding into his kimono..

Flightin past thicksmoke stack... zloops a fine lady.. he tailsher.. yanked back into the smooke path
with an unaccounted assailant.. Willy.. u have been required.. now for a long time... it's actually
Wassil-

Com here...

Plants a firm kiss on hiz head, pull him down into a steam of jacuzzi ordnance...

Fruit is fleeting fighting strawberries, grapes... crushed into cubes of bathwet... cahooting..
candles... orgiastical bodic of the Germanic expressionistic Leni-esque...

For a long time, whatdues he mean, what do u mean.. we only just-

Men, warfallen, in the aquamarinelight, pass driftless the zoetrope...

Outofa door slinks a cmaera crew holding a foghorn doowoper...

Tell us what u saw..

Lights... a grand shaft... falling rightouta the moon... sois radioed into task group...

The skyes near empty for 30000feet...

Amishadowing us...

I duno...pull a bankright.. damit... engines tappingout...

possible misidentifications, hallucinations of combat...

are they just... chewinona tobacco leaf mixed wiv tropics treelife...
rowing ashore...to recover the fallen film...

He handed the blackdeed box... films.. manuals..blueprints... jets... a magnetron affording
advances in ground, airborne, and on-ship radar applications...

September 1941, royal navy crew out on the SS Pulaski, the converted Polish transport ship...
sailing out from Durban, South Africa... after a certain visit by Basil S. Schonland, on lightning
currents in the sky over the Transvaal...

Engine motoring toward the Suez... just off of Mozambique and the island of Madagascar... Mar
Doroba standing watch over an explosion of stars, moon drowned out...from his cornereye, a light
passing at first shimmered... then brightening,... a strange globe glowing with greenish light, a
small moon...

A gunner yelling over the Doroba... wutiizit Mar... eerily still... as if suspended in the cold night
current over Mozambique... theyll think ur godam crazi mar...

Poland, Finland, Holland, Norway, France, Yugoslavia, Greece, Crete, falling... pulling aloft over
North Afrca... perfected bombing runs of terror over Abysinia...whereitall began... he throws a
deep banking right... over Saharan shelter... nomadic markings of the goat herders pulling
concentric bomb like markings...

Saytherez no real difference between desert and ocean... wutd ud rather ditch in...
Oceans sharks, desert, scorpions, sandin the crotch...

SS Pulaski pulling up into Europe thru Suez.. the Japanese blitzing past Hawaii onto Guam, Wake,
Midway...

paranoia growing in a mathematical form about the shape and volume of the ocean... wiv the war
cantuzee... thiz while manning a 40inch flak gun...the moon glintin in hiz mad eyez... the
flightdeck rolling back into Great Eastern pine forest...

Wiva radioset barking out the nighttime scores...in some radioboat, pirating the Californian coast...
weshudnt be here, but They gotus running... shadow on the aft flight deck... a small light lit... itz'
admiral smoking hiz pipe...shudprolli keepit downsome...

He ridesonup to the topof the flak turret...saius a brightnight...
Constellations asudden in-falling, gathering around hiz eyes...

Gassed out in the Georgian country... wen a star started godam movin... where... it took the car? It
took the car startin chasin this thingout over Georgia toolamuscs...dammusic hammerin out Cash...
circles counterclocking... hehadhiz damdik out over the seat... erection the size ofa Adirondak...
theymaking love under the apparition, the star child....

Utica New York, an electircla engineer stopping on corner of St Agnes and Pleasant Street....
Observed a chrome finish aluminum round sharp object fighting 000 feet off... closing in...a disc
like shape...

Correponsding wiva uboat location off coast of Ithaca...

Corroborations plotted on boards... Japanaese submarines... dipping down hikoyishi into the
Pacific Ocean... just out of the California refinery....

J.F. on the Baja... shutter closing on beer canz glinted off the surf... lining up a rack of
whitepowderus...

U never know whats under u...

Until its too late...

He divin into her ocean legs splayed wiv the moon singin a deep south jazz tap, u footseeing little
bitte-

Up rises the turret... snapping two orbs entering a ripple in space time..

Shells arcing into refinery... causing a great pall of oil slick smoke to rise out over the nearest
town... Mrs... on her porch... preaching some Sundance.. hippie release... getsone snoutov the

refined air an dives straight onto Mr coohei the cat...so the long line of Catmen born on refinery
lust...

The Solomons

Strung between coral and southwest open Pacific, Solomon the king sits on a cluster bomb of
islands... volcanic spray matter... Operation watchtower... assaulting Florida, Gavutu, Tulgi,
Tanambago, Guadalcanal in a pincer movement...

Troops down in the ocean at night... swaying amphibious crafts... waiting without a smoke in the air...
nervousness in a sine wave... Kennedy, pull up beside...

Sun, cloudless, blue, diamondesque... alert rippling... dense column of led cutting into an invisible
craft flashed out on the monitor... cyberneticians pausing over coffee spray... turning on a sharp
speed... circling the fleet... zeroing flak on the unknown... fire the 50s... explosions deafening out
the wake... of wave... I think ... wuuuh I can't they all shout in out barely hear one another...
cacophonies... [] staring through a pair of 750 power field binoculars... it's not Jap or us...
ninety feet diameter... silver... cigar shaped... Oval and flat... round dome top... It looks like one
of Colonel Kurina's... cigars...

Rumors spread his cigar took on a life of its own on a full moon... transmogrifying into a
werewolf-like form... departing the pine deck... into the celestial mechanics of a suborbital
monitoring, picking his carcinogenic abductees into the cigar halls of Zeus and Mars... Colonel was
high upon the list of His Cigar's wishes... for a messianic rebirth in the mess halls of the Greeks...
among men... Fold... throw in up his chips across the quarters...

Noise from the engines drowning out... no visible exhaust... speeds of 10,000 mph...

Tulagi... in a lull perched on the edge of foxhole... cleaning his rifle... air raid sounding... diving
down the fox... sighting a roaring sound echoing someplace distant out... not like the high-pitched
sewing machine drones of Japanese formations... Silvery objects appearing overhead...

Tasmania...Bass Strait... fishermen reporting mysterious lights at sea at night...

Out of a cloud bank... an airfoil glistening bronze... 150feet long...fifty feet diameter... a rippling surface... a dome... sun glinting off of it... flying paraellel... diving straight into the Pacific... in a whirlpool... a mysterious bird...

If we reportthiz they'll putus outa action...nerve strain... out on sickbay wiv the man wrapped in wool...theyll yossarianise us

White light, bursting around the plane... subdividing... circling... mile long radii... orange... falling groundward...

Airborne radar expert in ASV (Air to surface vessel), AI (air incercept) AGL (above ground level), radar altimeters, radar aids to bombing, guided missiles...

An object flashing up clocking thousands of miles per hour on the radar....

Electrifying the calm, still air... nervous 40mm guns.... A blip hovering motionless over the battleship... silvery... sureli is gonna stall... no plane can stravel that dam slow, an it aint a baloon...

Are the japs throwin the book atus... u know they have tunnels...secret weapons.... Balls of fire changing from orange to red... paralleling aircraft fighting the direction of the Japanese mainland...

Messages borne out... send this on to Von Karman...

Nine B24s with 431st Squadron on a night harassing bombing mission over Japanese air installations... just over FALA ISLAND, TRUK ATOLL. Observation of 2 airborne objects at 11000feet, cherry red, orange...white light... cherry red... out of range of the caliber .50 machine guns... B24 over Guam... following the object at 1000 yards.... A silvery composition...

Confidential message, War Dept. Washington: phenomenon observed by B25 crew.... Two red circles of light growing incandescent a bright yellow... a phosphorescent glow... it matched our maneuvers... moonlight was masked by highclouds... giving off a steady glow... Guam ground-based radar units showed nothing... wut the fuck isit?

Very possible astronomical in nature as light never closed in... when celestial objects start their early morning hour ascent in the sky, they burn brightly with a myriad of colours that can be observed at latitudes near the equator. Note Gilbert and Marshall Islands ops...

Possible unknown type of Japanese aircraft with capabilities of an IRVING [Japanese night fighter] on experimental or obs missions...

Radio silence breaking out into scramble orders, pilots zlooping up into the colosseam of air columns...

The light suspending itself at five oclock, throw a right... the object flying at 300 yards behind the B-29...

May 14 1945... ten German Uboats loaded with caches of war technology... USS Sutton antisub ship captures off New Hampshire... On board were three completely disassembled aircraft: a Me-262, Me-163, and "and a Me-309 single-engine fighter. There was a "high-altitude pressure cabin for the proposed Henschel 130 stratospheric aircraft," an assortment of jet engines, and complete sets of blueprints and documents Luftwaffe Colonel Fritz von Sandrart. Formerly in charge the city of Bremen's anti-aircraft defenses, he was involved with the latest experimental anti-aircraft weaponry.(424) His background afforded him possible knowledge pertaining to the foo fighter mystery.(425)

On May 21, RAF Wing Commander H. Priestley sent the ONI a list of thirty questions for their interrogation team to ask the prisoners of war. Number twenty on the list addressed the balls of fire. Interrogating officer, Captain Halle asked Colonel Sandrart: "Allied air crew operating over Germany late last year reported encountering colored balls of fire. What is the explanation of those

balls of fire? Where they due to use of some secret German weapon? If so, what was that weapon and how successful was its use?"

According to Captain Halle's report: "P/W [Prisoner of War] asserts that the colored balls of fire encountered by air crews operating over Germany were only experimental weapons and later shelved as impractical in operation. It was a weapon used by the air force and not by the Anti-Aircraft units. Planes would climb far above the ceiling of enemy bombers[...]"

B-29s roaring overhead releasing incendiaries over Tokyo... strange radar returns registered... ghosts detected twenty five thirt miles away...

The Galloping Ghost of Nansei Shoto

The USS Aubudon... general alarm sounding...hands fighting to stations... a pip eightmiles out moving starboard side... fuzzy... strong... lookouts sighting nada...

The USS Hancock, northeast of Okinawa... erratic tight formation.... Are they birds..."No such groups of birds had previously been observed in this area, but so similar to the Nansei Shoto Ghost were the radar indications produced that it is believed many previously reported phantoms may be of the same feather. On three occasions since then, this vessel has undergone the same experience."
(463)

Streaming along the string of islands the Nansei Shoto Archipelago... guarding troops on Okinawa from Kamikazes and floating mines... a mass travelling nearly 700mph at 12,000 feet... u.S. fighters approaching.... Radar the mass beginning to break up into tentacles... the old Jap tactic... dive bombers high altitude bombers... topedoes....

But there'z no dam Jap carrier near.... Word from the pilots... nothing.... Loudspeaker breaking out... nothing in sight... control room puzzled... radar screen showing tentacles encircling the ship in a right.... What'z going on down there?

The technical officers who witnessed the radar ghosts offered vague explanations... faults in the radar gear, emanations from other ships, enemy countermeasures.... A Doppler effect....

A nameless enemy... the Ghosts of Nansei Shoto....

Flying on a bombing run over Atsugi Air Field, Honshu.... The C46 suddenly developing trouble in the left engine... dipping... sputtering oil... dropping 50 feet... starboard window... three teardrop shaped objects... size of a dime in brilliant white, burning magnesium... in a V form... intelligently controlled.... No wings or fuselage... no outline of a solid object behind the mass of luminescence.... Not German or Jap Bakas...

Commotion up in the cockpit... we're in trouble dam... sighting thru binocluars...dam clouds are pitch black... roiling 20000feet heaies.... The plane'z erratic behaviour.... Then the objects disappered into the cloud bank...

Schendier a specialist on radar and related electronic equipment and techniques... sent into Japan to discover the organization of Japanese Scientific War Research, together with personalities, programs and laboratories," and to "establish a target list" of "Japanese scientific personnel"

South Pacific... a submarine tender anchored in Buckner bay... four hour watch in the engine room... tired... hot... showers... arrived on the main deck lying down to cool off... clear night stars out... thinking of his girl back in Maryland.... Bluish white... object appearing... suspending itself... falling asleep...

Itmuztbe sum kind of technology, neutralising gravitational and inertial forces, thereby permitting travel at velocities and maneuvers undreamed of...

radar... the emission and reflection of radio waves...

The zone is blocked off... marks and surface changes on the ground, damage to vegetation, residues and/or artifacts found, surface effects...measuring photographing...

High over the Atlantic near Labrador, Canada.... A swarm of geometrical forms.... Ground-based radar...scrambling F86s...

Frenzied animal behaviour... in the island atoll... they were reacting to some kind of sudden, dramatic change in their physical environment...

A group of birds started squawking, flying, into the air... they stopped the game and watched them spread out over the horizon... chasing invisible magnetic lines of referent.... Below [XXXX] wiv hiz metal detector and tinhat on was headed the same way... whistling...

Green amonations, discs moving at high velocity... aerial phenomena as meteorites...

He was in the corner of a dark room, books flowing around in a grotto-like wet dripping feel... Dr Lincoln La Paz of the Institutus of Meteoriticts, New Mexico...

Discs launched from the Ural Region to New Mexico below 15 minutes....

... someone is intent on conducting repeat, unauthorised over-flights of the U.S. governments top secret atomic weapons sites...

Wutz that... lolling on a fresh leafpile of salads...dollops of sweet honey, cream... revolutionary design... spherics, cigars, diamods...

On the board behind the filestacked study... a map... microfiched film... Los Alamos Albuquerque...Oak Ridge.. White Sands... a photo of the bomb drawers at Los Alamos Lab with crosses out across their eyes... engineered weapons sent onto Manzano underground storage facility... and on west to Kirtland, loading onto strategic bombers and cargo aircraft flying out to test sites in Nevada and the Marshall Islands... to continental US of A and Alaska...

Oak Ridge, Tennessee, plutonium, uranium at weapons grade... White Sands testing rocket heads... intercontinental delivery systems...

Hanford plant Washington, a pilot and radar observer in n F94, spotting light at 26000 feet....make a dam call to ground control... no planes in the area affirmative.... Closing on the object... it was large round... white with a dim reddish light emanating from what appeared windows...

Hanford produced the fissile that destroyed Nagasaki... now are we looking here at a Japanese conspiracy or something altogether....

...darker.... His lips pursed and gave out a wrasp of smoke... cutting now across the Savannah river on a navy frigate... light breeze of siltwork and mudflats... fires of barqbued shrimpheads... the delaminating hour, when the sun turns the trees shades of pink... the din of insects rising...

AEC facility perched on the border of South Carolina and Georgia state.... Next to a Dupont industrial facility... observed objects moving erratically at high speed over the plutonium processing storage tanks... high rate of speed altitude and noiseless... that waz the mos disconcertin...

Mysterious flares erupting over Camp Hood, central Texas in the dead of night... correlations of flares with the sudden rampup of nuclear weapon production...u tell me Tenn there'z no goddam connection

Kileen Base... flash of blue light in the northeastern sky... turning white... orange tailed.. a small glowing object flying silently below the tree line...

The civilian suits.. why They from Air Force Office of Special Investiagations, Afosi... the two apparate next up im Afosi, andu, Agoodto meeting.. gotabe...

Out the door, shotup past the pantry Wiv the canapes outflopping the shorehed... a flute in transit trailin champagne bubblewake...

The special weapons project reps... these sightings are an as-yet unexplained natural phenomena...

Z Division, Los Alamos... out in the old disused Oxnard municipal airfield... east of Kirtland out near the Sandia Mountains... Oppenheim on horseback... breathing the cool air of sunset desert... dropping out somplace pacific...

Security officer driving out west sighting a green emanation... Northwest arcing like a halfmoon...

A light suspended over the Kirtland Ordnance area...

Cigar shape... a magnesium flare sighted from the Air Traffic Control Tower...

can't see... we enter a different dimension at the delta-Vs of speed experienced in flight... an itiz there in that other world...in the infra-dimensional.. that we see them... an they see us...

Wutweneed iz speed tenn... speed an rapatronics... shootin... filmin...flightin... kino... kimonoeye....

An old time industrial photographer of the Panama Canal works...West Indies born... toiling wiv a dynamite stik... anarchist intent growing like sunbuds... in the hot tropic sun.... Breaking out after a long days toil into dusklight... thinning out...scattering into the bars... layin on the colon or pacific side...culebra cut left holed in... wiv the crocodiliusz lurking out the river system... searchin for fish stunned dynamital... ina symbiotics of species... dyno-crocs... an us black folk... feedin the white man ... in... hehe ... sais we blow open a new hole... an put the canal in a vertical dimension thru the earth...we might come back out on the side of Afreeca... folk from the west coast.. Niger... jazz breaking out...pianist... saxophonist... singer.... A dark bar scape... swept thru wiv hardworn workmen... separations from the living quarters of the white Mosquirto board...

Special Agent M.E. Neef...

Manufacturing the explosive lenses used on the tower-mounted device detonated near Alamogordo, New Mexico.... Disc lenses focusing conventional high explosive blast inward, crushing together two halves of the bomb's plutonium core into a single critical mass triggering a nuclear chain reaction...

See iz not too damdifferent from society... u crush the black an the whites together an what u get... a dam near critical mass of nucleonniic chain reaction...thaz why we needuz a cyberntic system of

control... control the n-body reactions... direct the proceedingz so that the critical mass iz always subcritical until the conditionz are correctus...

Thisiz simple dialectics Selfred, consciousness derivative from the collision of matter... wutwe must do iz realize there are shades of colour between black and white... white light Iza spectrum... cutz. Right Nelly thru the skin... bones....

Lytle... now working on fabrications of underwater munition storage lockers intended for anti-Castro Cuban guerrillas... we gona ship them one way down under Cuba... ship cocaine... back the other into Miami... gota keep the stock market... roaring... sai u hear of this Omaha Oracle... the Oracle of Omaha... I need stocks [] like river needz water replenish out the delta... we all get fed...

Watching the weapon slowly jacked up into the bomb-bay... lights hovering out in the southeastern sky... distance out near the Manzanos.... Brighter than starz... where'z the dam binnoculars... producing in their wake, a small technical telescope a theodolite... peering out at one of the lihts... sprinting off to log a pphone call... with [] squinting in the scope.... Silver disc... with a central dome-like structure.... He took a step toward retraining the theodolite...when all three sped off at high speedsouth.... Flighting well above mach 5 at 3500mph...

On the other end of the line... after the logging... this incident should be treated Top Secret

Radioactive clouds hanging drifting moving across the American southwest... blown outward from the Yucca Flat dry lake bed near indian Springs Air base.... A formation of 18 silvery roatating dics... vanishing... early morning October, sun just about peering outward... sun at his back glancing up a three eliptical objects.... 30 seconds to a minute....

Streaks of light... a Fallout Monitroing Network on high alert out across the midwest... isolines showing areas of contamination.... Weather Recon squadrons sampling the drifting cloud-work...

26,000 feet above Albany New York... a shiplike flare off the left wing burning out at 25000 feet...

A flight to Los Angeles to Tulsa by way of Dallas...

Debris drifting out over Arizona... over the San Gila mountains into Southern New Mexico, west Texas.... Fireballs streaking out chasing the cloud... sightings at Cloverdale and Rodeo, New Mexico; Sierra Blanca, Texas; Tucson, Arizona; Guzman, Mexico; Los Angeles, California

a link between the recent burst fireballs and atomic tests

Perhapz itz an electrostatic effect...

new type of natural phenomenon, a secret U.S. development, and psychologically-enlarged meteors. When the possibility of the green fireballs being associated with interplanetary vehicles came up, the whole group got serious. They had been doing a lot of thinking about this, they said, and they had a theory. The green fireballs, they theorized, could be some type of unmanned test vehicle that was being projected into our atmosphere from a 'spaceship' hovering several hundred miles above the earth.

manned vehicles were venturing down to within 100,000 or 200,000 feet of the earth, or to the altitude at which atmosphere re-entry begins to get critical

1952... it would be almost six more years before the first man-made satellite, Sputnik, was launched by the Soviets. In the early 1950s, space flight was a new, unproved, exotic proposition... all still rudimentary...the amount of thrust required to leave your own planet, the degree of braking necessary as you entered the alien planet s atmosphere, so that your spaceship didn't burn up, and so on.

"There's somethin' happening here. What it is ain't exactly clear..."

Cigar out over Las Vegas... hanging in the still darkness... with the casinos pouring out filth an detritus an one Tenn Kane... off of duty an blowin out on a highrise open Cadillac... Sandi on his side... music flaring.... The crisp desert night cutting past in dappled neon signlight... shuttering up for the eve... speakeasies roaring out prohibition grade whisky... driftin the highwayz...

Clinton Iowa... an oval object descending...

Madison Wisconsin... a phosphorescent glow..moving at terrific speed...just after sundown...

The Belmont Hotel... radioactive fallout dropping out over Clinton and Madison.... Mrs Wright in her yard... sighting a clear ball of fire zoom out west over Albuquerque....

A storm of phosphorescent objects raining out over El Pas for 5 days straight in April...

Startling motorists out on the interstate... sky light up east of Shenandoah around 1am... airliner dropping a flare looking for an emergency land... bright arc-welding light... I pullin over ... icant see those dots jumpin out... lights...emanations blinking out in brilliance... hurtling earthenward...south of Waverly pulling over screeching tires on a flash ungodly...

These apprearenace it wuld appear follow a correlation, both chronologically an geographically wiv the rain of fallout.... Hence we chasin the tails wiv the rapatronics... lined up K17 oblique side cameras.... We are thegodam camera here geentomen... an we Aint no anarchisticas..but patriots of the rreborn christian light... where we gnuan findus a god... creatures...

North Sea newspaperman was out on the Willemoes danish destoryer, photographing carrier takeoffs in color... when he sighted down the flight deck... pilots... staring out pointing hollering at something... bugeyesd.... A silver sphere moving across the sky just behind the fleet... large... shooting hiz pictures... developin them righthaway... superstructure of carrier in the still of sundropping yellows and pinks... the object rearing out.... Pilots flying a formation of jets over North Sea... noting a spheric object...

[CONNECTION TO THE THULE CONSPIRACY... IN LONDON...]

Over Topcliffe Aerodrome... round silvery white roaring a vertical axes wobbling....

Out over Bikini and Kwajelein... signalmen.... The clouddrift rolled out over thousands of miles of open ocean...

Weather Observer... out on the open deck holding a high-speed atmospheric pressure recorder... wearing dark dark glasses... looking away in the first few seconds of each blast... following the spectacular view of the mushrooming cloud... prior to the test... nighttime black quiet out at sea... litten into morning sun....

Mike blowing out huge... thermonuclear... blocking sunlight for months... chain reacting large scale agricultural crop death... starvation... flight to the tropics... We'll start a colony deep in the Amazon... in dialectics... survival of life... medicinal products.. amphibious vessels... plying on crocodile meat... crocs survived the Yucatan bomb... we'll condition dolphins to locate other species of man...

A movie out on the ship's fantail... with all quarters gone on down below... they were stowing up the mess benches... when an object appeared overhead soundless round... a dime at arms length... zig zagging off...

At a g-force that'd kill a man...

Perhaps the visitors are octopus like invertebrates... in communication with octopus beneath the ocean beginning with... a revolution.... Rising out to climb on men's sleeping faces.... So they made a point of sleeping out on the rice silos...

Rice was drying... octopus couldn't come near for fear of drying dying... he carried with him a satchel sporran of rice... in case a night invader walloped out the sea.... Thazz when it transpired... sneaking up breaking out of a small confine in the hull of the sleeping boat... tentacles reaching out across his zippers undoing his flies... searching out for the scrotilliusz... an interspecies breeding for the war...

He led her out onto the dock... with the moon rippling in cords of silvery light... dropping out down into the lagoon water... in the darkness of depth ingrowing,, they made love tentacles spreading over limbs... his nostrils plied with fresh salty tentacles suctioning... kissing... a city beneath the

waves... alight with the interloping couple... colours refracting changing with the passing coral... reef sharks bowing their dues... joinin in a chorus wiv the coral.. ..

Firemen offduty leaving the engine room... wutz up why we goin so fast... sonar contact? They were looking up... no itz that light up in the sky.... round... white... descending at ever growing speed... hanging suddenly...

Captain bareelling out ina bathrobe... rubbin sleep from hiz binoculars... wut dam hellizit... there's no radar sir.... lookouts... staring up on out in clear night... sea at a small cutting motion... mirroring the lightout... a slight wind...blowing from the ship motion.... The binoculars field of view knocking out against the pitching ship at full speed.... No flame no tail... just a roundness... hanging supsnedned in the pacific night...

It suspended itself in the same position neither moving ahead nor falling behind as the ship moved foward... wasnt chasing us... jus observig... it was observing us...

Then it took off... at some speed... yoyo-ed up n out..like a spider on a silk thread.... Weird as hells water...

The logs were handwritten... in the type up the originals were destroyers...

The Combat information center guys were down in the dark room with the radars... they were out by the K-guns depth charge guns... round light... hovering...this was a week before the Mike Shot...

The one with abnormal release of energy... that was in some way connected?? Perhaps it waz... write that down... tenn...

Radar contact... weather or ionised clouds.... Cantbe iz clear as night..out there...

Adamski met a man from Venus Orthon out in the California Desert....

Castle /Bravo contaminating 7000 square miles of Pacific...

Kurchatov in Moscow, 100 blasts will end the human species...

Unidentified luminous object...

We all got Q clearance....

He was with headset on out monitoring radio traffic, verbal discussions... information flowing in and out of Eniwetok... across the base camps messages rifling out listening just above the lagoon lake....

In-flight technician... radiation sampling clouds... the Q24 radar system out at 40,000 feet... objects at 60,000 feet... affirmative they are Canberra craft from the Australian Air Force...

Later turned out there were no flights that day....