

NATIONAL TROPOSPHERICS COMMISSION

Date:
04/11/1977

PRIORITY ALPHA

FROM: Director of Operations R. Benjamin
TO: ALL ACTIVE OPERATIVES

Assignment 4036: Island of Chronacair

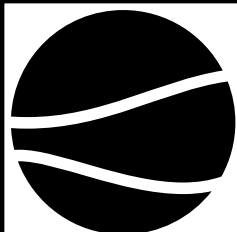
As you will no doubt be aware, we have had the Wow Signal under scrutiny since Dr. Ehrman's discovery at The Big Ear in August. Our Audio Research Division has recently made a startling discovery, as previously suspected, the 1420MHZ signal was acting as a frequency modulated carrier wave and using spectral timeshifting and reconstruction, we have discovered a broadcast, compressed by a magnitude of 8.33 times contained within it.

This 10 minute broadcast bears signature harmonic remnants of our standard interzone communications system and appears to have been a transmission by Field Agent Robinson (NTC#171) who has been M.I.A since his field communications ceased in April 1977.

While we are still analysing the broadcast, we currently have no solid theories as to how this signal originated from within the constellation of Saggitarius (or indeed if this was simply a mirror conduit), the broadcast contains some startling claims with regards to the super-context and Robinson's current whereabouts which, if true, give us an insight into extra-dimensional theory, time and collective acts of will.

A transcript of the message follows, I ask that all active operatives consider this a priority situation, study the transcript and include any additional theories, disseminations/debunk or speculative studies with your weekly reports.

R. BENJAMIN
Diretor of Operations
EXT No. 0949930



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THE ROBINSON TRANSMISSION (1/3)

And so, from somewhere outside of space and time as it came to be understood, i shall endeavour to relay the account of my last research post and my subsequent observations from the supercontext.

This is Robinson, formerly field operative designate NTC171 for the National Tropospherics Commission (I say formerly, but as you may come to understand on receipt of this transmission, this means very little).

It would be impossible to explain my current whereabouts as, I exist in no fixed location, either geographically or temporally. As far as I can ascertain, I have become 'consciousness' itself. Perhaps the illusion of this recording stands as an example of death or some mental break or disconnection, but still, an awareness of consciousness endures and in the line of duty, to the Commission and in some respects to anyone willing to open themselves to a wider understanding of the shape of things.

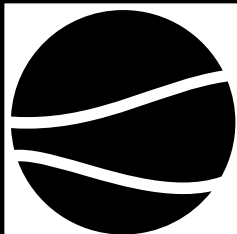
I am still uncertain as to the nature by which this message may be received but I have always been the type of person that is compelled to conclude my affairs and, have faith in the curious nature of mankind, the constant scanning of noise for signals, that this will arrive in some format, somewhere, at some point in the 4d timeline.

I should probably start by attempting to explain how i came to be in the state I currently inhabit although, the more you see of extradimensional space, the less relevant and more difficult to pinpoint specific events become. If you can imagine focussing in on a map of the world to the street where you currently live, and then panning out to see the town, then the country, then the planet, then the universe. Well, you still have a rough idea of the direction of the specific place, but detail becomes impossible to distinguish and you are left with a vague direction to point towards.

At some point in, lets call it the past, to make matters more understandable, I was posted to the island of Chronacair, a remote Scottish island. There had been some evidence pointing towards temporal and other tropospheric anomalies which had been picked up across various sources. There was nothing big. No hard evidence but as with many of the fields the Commission deems worthy of investigation, things only become obvious when you collate different types of data across the board. A small blip on a radar here, an electromagnetic spike there, some inexplicable transmission, filed under 'unexplained/equipment malfunction/interference' by various agencies.

So anyway, I digress, digression itself seems to be so inexorably linked to time that its relevance could be considered moot at this stage, but I'll go into that further in this communique.

I had come to the Island by sea, a journey which took some 6 hours in a North Westerly direction from Stornoway across some fairly rough seas. On arrival, I was immediately struck by the natural beauty and solitude of the place. A great volcanic peak rose from the sea with a formidable set of cliffs on the south westerly coast which I could see teaming, even from some distance with seabirds. High above the cliffs, on the westerly peak of the island, I could make out a large needle obelisk extending skyward.



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THE ROBINSON TRANSMISSION (2/3)

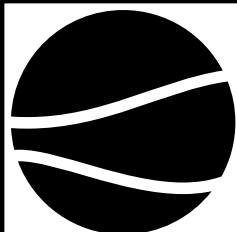
Although the population was small, only around 30 or so indigenous residents, I decided that it would be best to carry out my investigations in a remote place. From the satellite imaging, I had decided that the South East coast would be an ideal location to set up basecamp near the beach along the coast. In the first weeks, I undertook my usual sets of baseline tests measuring and recording various aspects of the flora, fauna, the biology and geology for any possible sources of the distortions which had been picked up. Scientifically speaking, I found nothing apparent in my tests but sent back my initial reports and samples along with various other artifacts which had come into my possession to HQ, as per usual protocol, so they could be tested beyond the limited capabilities of my field equipment.

The locals had an interesting amalgamation of theologies. Their religious movement, known as the 'half-born', would be considered by the outside world as largely of pagan design but incorporated distinct elements of other, older ideas. While they worshipped equivalencies of Selene, the roman moon goddess and her brother Helios, the Sun, their prime deity, was Chronos, the god of Time and it was he who the obelisk atop the west peak was dedicated to. The Half Born, or Half Born Of Chronus to use the full title believed, and as it transpires, somewhat correctly, that the lives which their present consciousness inhabited was not their true destination and that they had become trapped in the linearity of 4d space/time.

It was their Beltane ritual at the turning of May which, having been on Chronacair for several months, I was invited to observe which led to my current position. In fact, it is known to me that I am not the only one who was affected, it transpires, that during the course of this ritual. The entire island, slipped the constraints of regular linear time and now hangs in a peculiar quantum state, outside of physical space in what is widely regarded in popular physics as The Supercontext. The only given explanation would appear to be linked to a massed, focus of pure will as a result of this ritual.

I will do my best to explain my situation as it is entirely possible that this transmission may arrive with you at a point in time before such things have come to pass. Imagine if you will, the analogy of a vinyl record (I am working on the assumption that the technology required to receive this message, in its earliest incarnation, will exist in your timeline at a roughly similar point to the use of vinyl as a medium). All the information from the start of the song, to the end exists concurrently on the surface of the disc. All the necessary information is there but given the way in which we, as humans, experience time, it can only be accessed in a linear fashion. We are the stylus caught in the groove, playing the song in a forwards direction at a constant rate. Life from the supercontext is like having direct access to this entire arm the stylus is on, there is an awareness of the groove expanding outwards in all directions, at any point, you can lift the arm, and see the record as a whole you can access any point in, not only the song, but you can see and play all the songs either side of the current track.

From this point, outside of time, everything is both alive and dead and every possibility exists in the same instance, every fleeting moment a crystalised point. One of the more remarkable outcomes of this is the ability to observe geographical



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THE ROBINSON TRANSMISSION (3/3)

features. From here, I can watch an entire forest at all stages of progression. Hundreds and thousands of years worth of transparencies all stacked up and I can look at an oak tree as an acorn on the forest floor, a magnificent king towering over the forest and a decaying hulk reverting back to organic matter all in the same instance. Beaches churn in perpetual motion, encroaching and receding, and geology ripples like a sheet on a washing line. I can still see myself playing with for the first time with Billy, my childhood best friend in the back garden of the house I did and have still yet to grow up in.

Within my own timeline, which I am curiously now more observer than participant in, I can find myself inhabiting any point, when I first got over the shock of seeing everything at once, It became interesting to focus in on the microscopic strands of human life. On first look, it appeared that a life was a predetermined set of movements through time, you could see the distinct lines spanning out from mother to future generation. 'Destined by who or what?' was my main question then, but on scratching the surface and observing further, it becomes much more apparent that we have predetermined our own futures. Every decision which we have ever made, we had always made. No guidance other than our own self volition leads to whichever outcome. The human mind's reliance on ideas of cause and effect become very blurry around this point. We make certain choices because we always made them, our future was always there, but it was directed by us. One thing which added to my surprise, was the occurrence around certain individuals who seemed to be able to retrospectively influence their own past. Visually, you can see feedback loops building up at certain points on certain strands. it would appear that these are individuals who already have an acceptance of the shape of time.

It has become apparent through acceptance of time as a larger, stranger thing than the passage of discreet moments, certain people appear to be able to influence their own pasts from the future. It's a phenomenon that I'd experienced before, albeit in a very 4 dimensional way, a term I'd previously coined as Post Cultural-Phenomenon. Something experienced at a very basic level by many artists who, years later, discover someone who appears to have been instrumental in their own works, although they have only become aware of long after the creative act. If you could imagine a slinky, stretched out, it would stand to pass that if you shake the future end, the movement will reverberate backwards to the end that lies in their past. It takes a certain subconscious sensitivity to receive these vibrations of course and it makes sense that it is artists and shaman figures throughout that seem the most predicated to this redolence.

And so I conclude this final transmission in the hope that it reaches back into the linear world and the agency who commissioned me to undertake it, a final responsibility, a hopeful resolve to what I expect has been a fairly confounding incident, certainly when the data appears to have obscured itself.

This is Robinson, NTC#171 signing off, indefinitely.