



NATIONAL TROPOSPHERICS COMMISSION

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Manifesto:



The Commission's objectives are:

1. The investigation, collation, dissemination, categorisation, broadcast and publication of materials of, or pertaining to tropospheric manifestations.
2. To understand the internal and external influences exerted on the human condition by the tropospheric network.
3. To produce reports and guidelines based on their investigations, works and practices.
4. To spread awareness of the troposphere (including, but not limited to morphogenics, sub-resonance, post-cultural premonition, super-context, hive-mind activities and other cross-location synchronicities).

1. Index600

by Ruth Aitken



Knowledge

Lots of information, logged and categorised. Not always well. Generally arbitrarily. It's easier to then grab. If we need it. We rarely need it. lots of knowledge. Information. Data locked away. Without context. No use. Without reason, thought, practicality. No use. Sits in ruled, lined, nervous storage.

Collection and categorisation for judgement by an unknown body is key. burnt in from youth. Large vocabulary. Numbers. clothes. books. songs. art. international borders. species. friends.

Examined and assessed on mass. In primary school. We had spelling and maths tests. The ultimate show of intellectual dominance. The most important thing. watered down knowledge without context, practicality, consideration.

10 questions in 1/30th of an hour. two minutes. one hundred and twenty seconds. 10 answers. pencils. ruled paper. 10 words or numbers. without knowledge, just shapes.

Sound as questions bend on the air. pencil can be smudged and erased. lost and forgotten.

600 stacks of ten pieces of paper. 10 HB pencils. Water (for hydration, nothing else). No erasers. Over six hundred minutes (ten hours, 12000 seconds) I will write down pieces of information (information as a loose term. 'information' being my own memory or lack of, knowledge and experience) which fit into self contained categories, for each stack of ten, known only to myself.

Across the ten hours people will be able to come into the room, look through the stacks, rearrange them into new categories, write down their own categories, correct or alter previous pieces of knowledge.

As an end product, there should exist the 600 stacks of 10, each with different categories written on them in HB pencil. The writing may exist in differing states of legibility, as it may have been erased, altered and smudged. The paper potentially dirty and crumpled. Some of these stacks of ten may remain blank.

These will be made into archive on completion, and displayed, along with photographs, as documentation.

2. Sur La Jetée

by L. Stern, January 2011



I've already started this article about 4 times and everytime it starts to take a specific direction, the whole thing seems to veer off course and lose its point.

So, seeing as its the 'diy' edition of Satellite, I figured it might be worth trying to disseminate the artistic process in some way, to break it down.

We are all born artists, the joy and wonderment of creating, learning, pushing our boundaries filling our early years; paint, crayons, pencils, scissors. The system grinds this out of us, become useful, learn a trade, become a doctor, change the world. No careers advisor in their right mind would ever advise anyone to be an artist. I'm pretty sure my careers advisor in secondary school suggested that I go on to work in engineering or somesuch on the flimsy basis that I got decentish grades in a subject commandeered by a borderline mentalcase whose primary obsession was telling people the ways in which they could be mortally injured by his department intercut with surrealist non-sequiteurs about the varying degrees of intellect shown by myself and my peers. I definitely didn't move into engineering, had I, I might, by this point in my life had some sort of direction, disposable income and stability as opposed to the constant self-questioning state of flux.

Of course, process is a vastly personal thing, our approach to creation, the spark that ignites the chain of consequence. In thinking about sparks, my brain automatically defaults to the fairly surreal falsetto of Ron Mayall singing 'this town ain't big enough for both of us', a cornerpost of my playlist of shame. One of those collections of things that you really shouldn't admit to liking in the face of being all austere and artistic but nonetheless, everyone has. That playlist over the years has become subverted from the initial joyful collection of random and terrible music into something much darker. A long standing tradition would be to get drunk, then get morose and then in an attempt to lift the brevity of the mood, stick on this collection of joyful, cringeworthy music. Unfortunately, extended exposure in this mental state and the subsequent falling asleep during its ploy led to some of the most upbeat music in my collection becoming ingrained as the soundtrack to some of my darkest internal moments. Sometimes the most unexpected sources can end up having a pretty profound impact.

2. Sur La Jetée

(cont.)

by L. Stern, January 2011



I guess where I'm trying to head towards is the idea of process and influence being arbitrary points on the same loop. All too often, when not actually doing research for a piece, I'll stumble across something so jaw dropping in its beauty or relevance, that I've already physically produced an almost identical variant of it myself in the past, under no obvious direction from this future first contact. Can some things be so influential that they literally ripple backwards in time and change our then, present before concealing themselves away again, lying in wait for the source of these future echoes to reveal themselves. You could almost argue that it's a Zeitgeist effect but then most of the things I've suffered this synchronous resonance with are usually very far removed from any current timeline fashions and are usually a little too obtuse to have simply bled into generalised consciousness. Sometimes I swear if you 'listen' hard enough and stay still enough, you can hear the Universe grinding under your feet and feel the current starting to shift, time rippling and creating whirlpools of causality and effect around you. Your future life creates the present as much as the past should, so whenever concept appears to start eating itself, embrace it, at some point in the future which has already happened, you've probably nailed it and the completion has sent back supercontext vibrations causing you to question the present.

3. Transgressions In Time

by D. Fyans

What drives the explorer? A desire to feel the past, find the forgotten, to walk dusty corridors, a living memory left to entropy, the feeling of wonder when somewhere in your mind - time becomes a flexible commodity and you can feel all of time spread out and overlaid in front of you. To claim dead and dying spaces, record the past and speculate on the future, to observe as man (through abandonment and vandalism) and nature, work silently together to return once purposeful space to dust.

There is a deep psychological trigger. The best exploring is done alone (perhaps the explorer is a selfish breed), the isolation and solitude become heavy, tangible, a zen moment, the sound of your breath and the blood in your ears mingling with the foreign ambience.

You tune into your surroundings, feeling the resonance of the space acoustically and psychogeographically. The mind goes back, conjecture on the happy or traumatic times, the industrious, the time before this existed, the architect conjuring the topography,

3. Transgressions in Time (cont.)

by D. Fyans



the heaving construction by the kind of men that no longer exist, the residents - each with their own sprawling stories and personalities each spanning decades. Their histories and yours now share this space, separated only by a 4th dimension integer.

A quiet space where their ghosts and now yours stack up, you become a part of the story, quantum in size and relevance but this building, this silent temple is now embedded in your mind.

Sometimes, when daylight fades and time becomes less focussed, you lie there recalling the most insignificant of detail, revisiting your own footsteps, recounting routes taken and opportunities not yet explored. Sometimes you can still smell their plaster and bricks, taste their damps stilted air.

In the age of high premium space and disposable laminated design options, these are experiences to be cherished, treasure these mighty relics, observe their history, breath in the atmosphere, remember.

Neglect and obsolescence has destroyed so many things of beauty and significance, things that took years to construct, cost lives and became the backdrop to a myriad of memories for all whose lives intersected. The recording and sharing of your own experiences serves to reinforce their imprint on time and gives oxygen to Memory.

Buildings may, at the end of the day be simply bricks and mortar but their imprint in the minds of those linked are what makes them exist, even long after they finally turn back to rubble, then dust.

4. On the Architecture of The Drift

by Robinson Sinclair, April 2011



Stop. Stand still. Forget for a moment whatever important bullshit you're blindly rushing towards. Exorcise whatever demons are currently screaming at you; what you're going to have for tea, whether you remembered to turn off the gas, or let the cat in/out of the box it may/may not exist in. Become static, your form sinking in and making an impression in time, not just the usual passing smear. Become, albeit briefly, a fixed integer in the timestream.

Now that you've stopped, now, comes the good bit. Look. Open yourself up to the transmissions that are all around you. Scan your location. How many times have you walked this very route this week, this year, in your entire lifetime? Chances are it's manifold, but just for once, free of purpose, submit to the drift and actually take a proper look around you. Consider the topography. Has this road always been here, this junction? What was it before, what will it become? That building over there, it's clearly a Victorian tenement, think of all the people who've lived, and worked, and died within those very walls. Listen closely, reach out with your senses and your imagination, you can summon their ghosts, place yourself within the context of this timeline where everything that has been, and will be, always exists concurrently, a standing wave hung in the air under its own volition.

Churches have a habit of becoming useful points of mystical and cultural reference when drift mapping. The majority steamroller sites of old worship to long forgotten deities, earth magic, divine, primal sites from long before the ceaseless rise of the Spectacle appropriated and anodynised as a means to control the masses and accrue the wrong kinds of wealth and power. But there, hidden below them, lie the vestiges of focussed geomantic energy. The more grandiose and gothic with gilt and stained glass the better as these have clearly been amplified to either drive away the original worshippers through intimidation or convert the heathen mass with a sense of awe.

Come closer to the present, pick up the cues and decode. The recent markings, crude graffiti scrawled in sharpie on the architecture, posters for nights already long forgotten in clubs that have since burned down or been turned into battery farm student accommodation, the chewing gum welded to the pavement in the likeness of the pope, or the devil, or your primary school teacher's face all form a symbolic network of memory and conjecture rife for exploration. Lines drawn between single points form shapes, shapes form patterns, the patterns a new map of conjecture and thought. We must instigate new mythologies. Imprint our own beliefs, understanding and apophenic patterns on our world around us via the cartography of these

4. On the Architecture of The Drift (cont.)



by Robinson Sinclair

curated artifacts. Walk between two newly established points and the chances are you'll find a wealth of new material, tributary roads of thought leading off into the newly created suburbs within thoughtspace.

Once you begin to let go, it can become obsessive behaviour. A new spin on the figure of the fugue walker, surfacing for air at some indistinct point in the future, journey undertaken, data and purpose catalogued, stored, amnesiac clouds of purpose dissipating reason like har in the sun but travels and trials undertaken and nevertheless, some greater understanding of the urge that drove you is retained, space and self becoming one and the same, interchangeable.

And what of internal space? Whole cities built entirely within memory? Your childhood bedroom, the place you had your first kiss, all the pubs and parties that left some formative mark on your psyche, the places your heart continually breaks over and over, they all hang there, populated by everyone you've ever met (or at least subconsciously can remember meeting), connected, non-linear in their topography but still connected, and mappable. Locations connected by odd streets, underpasses and shortcuts of memory, constantly reconfiguring and shifting, a city in motion, the perpetual architect your own id.

When you look at our interpretations of space from a physics point of view, our experiences are all comprised of waves of light and sound reflecting and refracting from the surfaces of the structures around us. By this approach, time and memory can also be perceived as waves also vibrating around us, skewed by our surroundings before reception, the ghosts and future spectres of human transience and (in suitably ironic scare quotes) 'progress'.

5. Abney Park Scrying :



An instruction

by R. Law, originally published in the liner notes for The Village Orchestra - Amid The Blaze Of Noon

Be relaxed but stay alert. Turn off thoughts in your mind. It will improve with practice. Try not to think of anything at all. Let whatever is trying to make itself known to you appear without hindrance or judgement.

Now let your eyes lose focus and gaze into the mirror. Look at the depth within as though you were looking at something far away. At first you may not see anything or you may just see a cloudy interior. It doesn't matter, just look. You will find that even at the times that you do not see anything you will come away with a feeling of having rested and are now re-energized

Eventually shapes will begin to form.

6. Séance/Requiem for Dead Air

by D.Fyans

The troposphere is rich with information. Data streams are manifold across nearly all available spectra. This investigation concerns itself with the random interception, collection and collage of waves in the lower ranges of the frequency spectrum. Improvised interventions were undertaken using a radio receiver as source material and effects units to build loops and rhythmical passages live from the dense uncontrollable maw of longwave interference as they are picked up. Séance uses 8 bands of shortwave while Requiem uses the longwave range.

Audio evidence of both interventions can be heard at www.soundcloud.com/d-fyans



Troposherics 101: A Primer for Troposnauts

The troposphere is the lowest portion of Earth's atmosphere. It contains approximately 75% of the atmosphere's mass and 99% of its water vapor and aerosols."

The Troposphere exists as the space between people and things. Within it, a number of discrete systems co-exist and exert influence on their surroundings, both scientific and psychic. Below we will outline a few of these systems and activities that Troposnauts may enact.

Morphogenics - The collective morphic field in relation to synchronicity eg. the phenomenon where someone calls - just as you were thinking about them.

Psychogeography - The collision of psychic and geography. The study of space, social behaviour, myth and legend, history, symbols and signifiers and remapping and recontextualising of extant information.

The Supercontext and Post Cultural-Premonition - The theory of all of time existing at all points and influence as a non directional-specific 5th dimension construct

Network Behaviour - The study of collective thought, identity, influence and hive mind activities.

Our members produce reports and studies in a variety of formats, we are happy to accept text, audio, image and video evidence.

Appendix 2:



Members/status

Membership is automatically inferred by the submission and publication of research materials and evidence to the NTC. Research may be undertaken without prior NTC approval for independent means. Submitted research and evidence remains the sole property of the operative.

D.Fyans (active)
Erstlaub (missing presumed active)
L. Stern (unknown)
R. Aitken (active)
R. Law (active)
G. Cameron (active)
R. Sinclair (drift agent/active)

Society For the Hesiarchs of Autonomous Art research partners incorporated as full members:

M. Ranson (foreign agent/active)
T. Sideb0ard (active)
M. Nathan (active)

nb. NTC operatives remain members of the commission indefinitely, even upon death, until the official dissolution of the NTC.