

From Records: BIOLUME, Substrate Alpha Centauri

From former BL-fem journal, one solar cycle previous, when she was stationed at quadrant Alpha C. Capturing the data was a challenge: her wave pattern got distorted after the decommissioning. We have spoken with Biolume and they have assured us the problems were unique to this model; few “poets” are crafted in this time layer. Their response alone was a stimulant to our data-capture.

Here are some entries.

Here are some entries

Here are some entries

@

This orbiting through space in the coil of our substation has a lonely quality to it—that’s what I think. I know my colleagues here consider me a bit weird for allowing myself to feel any sadness (well, anything except the chosen mood-state achieved by close monitoring of Biolume postglandular materials). Really one can’t even sense in a physical way the movement – like a moon, it’s so subtle that you notice the changing view through the sky-strip but it doesn’t startle, because you haven’t sensed the shift. The nature-scrims and even the city ones occupy my companions. I confess I turn to them,

too—they're so enhancing. But every so often this feeling arises—like the bubble in a leveling device—that passes the marker of “stable-sanguine-sane” and

@

When exercising on the space station, the men tease me because I get hot so easily, being menopausal. Of course, there's nothing we can do about the temperature: it's set by computer, which constantly monitors the amount of heat each body gives off and comes to an average intended to be comfortable for all. Just one more thing we have to collaborate on, living in less-than-luxurious quarters – our donut ring, or coil (as opposed to the fancy-dan command center, with its multiple floors and bays). At least we have that strip of window running around the top of our donut, so we can always see the stars, no matter what compartment we happen to be moving through or are temporarily enclosed in. Not so on the command vessel. I'd hate not being able to see Alpha Centauri while I'm eating my breakfast package at 0600.

@

I'm allergic it seems to white flour but did some imitation baking last night (1100 hours). The product was *Pillsbury Grand Jrs.* and I chose a dirty cookie sheet and slipped them in at 400 degrees. I sprinkled them with black pepper and thyme (remembering the

special white bread Mrs. H used to bake in that North Truro house I was privileged to visit during my high school youth. She simply took a loaf of French, slashed it & filled each cut with buttered thyme.) It was cold last night in my compartment on the rue d'etoilles. It's tricky to create the sense of cold, buffered by an illusion of warmth from the electronic fire; I'm always proud when I achieve the desired effect. I unscrolled the nature hyperlinks, considered Ocean Waves but clicked on Constant Rain instead. Ah, the susserance of the hyperscrim. I sat in my meta-rocker in front of the flicker and ate several of the hot rolls. (They were supposed to be "flaky biscuits" but of course all the oven would provide was from the set menu.) I feel like Laura Ingalls in her childhood on the prairie—I do! Oh, forgot to mention my book cards aren't working that well. Have to get to the shop sometime before 900 hours and turn myself over for a scan.

[recovered whisper set]:

the restlessness began with the initial encoding, which occurred for her late because she'd always managed to be someplace else, just out of reach of the stamping stations. she was post-pubertal and she had been crafted "poet" and perhaps that was the reason some glandular matter remained and when all her fem-surround celebrated the moon-sink, she stayed home, brooding, feeling secret pains where they no longer existed, moist in places the others had no need of, dry in zones

the others did not possess.

*

This BL-fem's mission was not fully known to her. It was, of course, her turn as a civilian professor of historic humanities, to serve a solar cycle on the substation. Privately, however, her fellow-surround had come to us with reports of the model's maladjustment to her professorial employment, as well as the several positions prior. She was reported to have expressed frustration with her students' book and music cards and often wished to cover material that has not been encoded (and with good reason). At the same time, this model's glandular habits caused discomfort among her students. Numerous times she had been offered full-gland replacement but had refused. "A poet needs the inner lubrication" she had laughed. We determined it was best to facilitate her deployment to the substation and planned an enhancement of her Biolume.

[whisper set, continued]

*at times when the constant planetary winds alter just
a grain and the solar cycle indicates the archaic
shift toward "winter" in the period once known as
"fall" when the tall plants known as "trees" once
changed their leaf color (she could summon this on*

*a nature-scrim) -- at such times she shuts the window-
 lids and stalks her own compartment whispering odd
 words, darling and heaven, ripeness and thou—
 words that stutter up from some substantial
 cellular config, she knows not whence, her head
 portal, her gut shaft, and the shivering does not
 stop*

*

*And sometimes her job, she feels, is to listen
 she feels to Listen she feels
 an axis of listening centered in her head
 She passes them on tread-ways and they loosen up
 a little; it's her influence, and sometimes picking up
 voice-crumbs in her wake, her portion, it's meant for
 her hire or this vessel (or so it's been explained)
 and if the designation stops what will she do but
 lie flat in her hover-room, a scrim-mask on her face
 to await absorption of the subliminal torrent, her
 heart that pounds unregulated in space-vector-four
 suspected yet its bounty a token of the memory
 chamber, its alter, whatever shield-array, she thinks,*

hers

Weather Chart Retrieval + related whisper-set:

SHOWERS WILL OVERSPREAD ALL OF SOUTH CENTRAL
 INDIANA...NORTH CENTRAL KENTUCKY AND EAST CENTRAL KENTUCKY
 THIS MORNING.RAIN WILL BE HEAVY AT TIMES...ESPECIALLY FOR
 SOUTH CENTRAL INDIANA AND THAT PART OF NORTH CENTRAL AND
 EAST CENTRAL KENTUCKY NORTH OF INTERSTATE 64.RAINFALL
 AROUND 1 INCH IS EXPECTED DURING THE MORNING WITH LOCALLY
 HIGHER AMOUNTS. THIS WILL CREATE HEAVY PONDING OF WATER ON
 ROADWAYS DURING THE PRIME MORNING DRIVE TIME AS WELL AS
 LIMITED VISIBILITY.

she peruses encrypted data

historic terms assigned to landscape and intra-national division

roads limited to surface-travel

'heavy' 'ponding' [reflexively to reach for nature scrim, Please

explain] ALLOW EXTRA TIME TO REACH YOUR

DESTINATION THIS MORNING.

destination: linear, begin here arrive there: can we speak of this or 'place' at all on an orbiting substation compartments and their passage-scrims permitting entry, egress as people moved according to assigned hours, a fluidity lacking reference to fixed points

weather as stasis, instead of atmospheric tumult tethered to a planet's surface by gravity and the interchange of energies

stasis as ideal; microequilibriums within a fluctuating space charted according to individual Biolume pressures, internal generation to match external requirements of oxygen intake and a steady harmonic flow undisturbed by glandular eruption.

time in layers does not 'unfold' but permeates.

*how it "feels" to be injected with knowledge
to be shaped according to the modular scheme
to absorb time*

*

And she thought

and thinking was an algorithm

and thinking drew on various orders of plasma and imbricated cells

and thinking swelled on chemical realms and fluttered despite the metallic plating

and thinking fell in swoops into what ancient Appalachians once called 'hollers' those

dark and thicketed moist and laughable indentations where

people made a life of sticks and grass and inhaled yarrow and

and thinking was

and thinking depended upon nothing but its motion

and thinking fused so easily to whatsoever object of its thought

and thinking spun like what in olden times was called dust devils those phantom

patterns and thinking

clung to nothing when let be when let to think itself its math of pleasure

and thinking fell upon its herbs its tranquil glandular array and tasting them

found it good

to think

and thinking thought itself some more and storms arose like solar fires

around the occiput of thought and ocular embedding patterns in her transparent

field and blew its fiery winds within her and without until

*difficult to distinguish what thinking made and what was simply
dumb matter, that is the obedient cellular structures that must always follow
the law the law while thinking
thinks all by itself if let*

*and a landscape arises incised upon a luminous surface
banishing depth or 'inside' a human body*

but data capture in pliable nets

[housed inside the trickery

of flesh

Attachment A:

Repatterning Report:

Carried out total reprogram consistent with bodycorp.

Process included removal of inappropriate linguistic matter such as:

feral* woods* stillness* sluice* madness* blunder*

**of wild origin; not tame *biomatter, thick, untamed *non-orbit *liquids, uncontrolled*

**thinking, uncontrolled *error -- impossible*

Reinstatement of empty data bank, standard blankness set with alert to appropriate level.

Also staged complete concept deletion, drainage from neural cells including shadow “body”* notion

**commonly in ancient time layers, of flesh*

Model compliant with total bio-cellalter/ transfix: fix: trans: change-over, fix:

Model compliant.

Current attainment: the new Transfix. **Maintainance.**

BIOLUME

© 2150 [notes post-decomissioning]