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A REPORT ON THE SPACER PROJECT (1970-2001)

transcribed by Frank F (AKA The Statue)

1) BACKSTORY (1940-1968)

Midway through the twentieth century we arrived in this system with the intention to study the activities of the lifeforms here. Our group consisted of six-hundred sociobiological scientists dedicated to the task of chronicling the idiosyncrasies of Blue Three. After a stopover on Red Four, we set sail for our main objective having discovered the inhabitants were preparing for full-scale war. Our telescopes had detected nuclear detonations on the surface, and we sent emissaries to investigate.

a) Mission 537 (1947)

crashlanded in a desert of the northwestern quartersphere while attempting to study the weapons being tested in that area. Out of a crew of six, two died on impact and four were captured by government authorities. The survivors were able to continue sending signals to our mothership in highorbit up until their vivisection some months later.

b) Our decision

was to maintain a presence on this planet until a further assessment could be made as to its fate. We established a suboceanic base of operations and mined the ocean floor for

materials to build the first of our timetrajectory supercomputers (glowing silver cubes set in the trenches of the ocean floor burbling through data collected by roving saucers across the surface of the sphere), which we used to calculate the likely path of Blue Three's dominant civilization.

c) The initial conclusion and subsequent correction of 1954 are chronicled in our First Transmission, written and broadcast by The Statue from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania in 2006 under the title "THIS IS A CHALLENGE TO THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE."

d) General conclusions

were that intervention should only be taken in cases of the imminent extinction of Blue Three's dominant species (as predicted by the supercomputers). It was thought that the species could back away from its suicidal posture on its own, so we waited and continued to take data.

It was decided that the species' fault was not in its technological advancement but rather in its tendency to follow orders. The authoritarian impulse would hopefully erode as the species increased its informational infrastructure.

2) OBJECTIVES

After the failed revolutions of 1968, we decided a more proactive approach was called for. While it took us some time to decide what that approach would specifically be, it was clear that it would need to be some sort of encouragement to resist the

hierarchical tendencies so prevalent to the species' superstructure.

Eventually we decided a genetic intervention would be the best possible avenue. We would gather reproductive material from a sampling of individuals, modify the genetics to reflect the desired changes, and reimplant subjects with the modified DNA.

3) HISTORY

ABDUCTION #1 (1970)

We wore grey hats and trenchcoats. Our boots bit into the soft Houston asphalt as we walked, skin slick with goo. Hot humid heat in the quavering brightness of pointblank starlight. We trudged past buildings of primitive construction--bricks, cement, and steel. We had been tracking our subject for two years, a NASA engineer named Julian Sanderson. We had decided to target the aerospace industry for Abduction #1 with the thinking that we could shift the scientific focus of the dominant culture away from military applications and towards more useful ends if such subjects could be encouraged to work on their own rather than for the suicidal goals of their government agencies.

We invaded the control center at midday during the customary eating break. Unfortunately, we had not employed substantial measures to conceal our presence and would be quickly discovered. We came through glass doors into the airconditioned lobby and set upon security guards immediately with mindbeams. Extracted information as to the location of our subject and passed through

cold white hallways to the computer labs and control rooms of the complex. The subject was found in the cafeteria, a hollow expanse of blinding white with blue metal tables and crowds of white-shirted workers.

It was difficult to see in the solid white glare, but we recognized the subject by tracing his chemical signal and attempted to carry forward with our main objective: immobilizing him with mindbeams and removing him to recover genetic material. Panic exploded the white room as our subject crashed to the floor. Engineers streamed in all directions--away to escape, towards to attack. Only solution was to take them all down.

We held onto our hats and shot the place full of green light. From the deep black wells of our heads came the scattershot mindbeams. And personnel collapsed in convulsions on the white tile floor. It was horrible. Men shitting and pissing themselves in smears of cafeteria food, their memories fried to black static.

We collected the subject and ran from the cafeteria. Smoke wisping from our blastweakened heads, we dragged him through the halls. Black suits headed us off in both directions. Dart guns from their jackets fired five shots. Deflections off trenchcoats and thunks into skin. Two of us went down before we overtook the agents with mindbeams. We had to leave them behind, knowing they would probably be vivisected.

Outside we rendezvoused with our jump team, beamed to our ship, and headed for the ocean. Scrambled jets chased us out to sea until we submerged.

a) After the problems of the first abduction

it was decided that future interventions would necessitate a more careful approach. Contact would only be made at nighttime, when the subjects were most confused and usually inactive, removed from situations involving other humans. Also, we decided to focus on a more broad spectrum of the society. Future abductions were done with utmost care and thoroughness. Even the subjects were unaware of the details surrounding their experiences. Like a dream.

b) DNA development

took place over the course of the next decade in preparation for reimplantation scheduled to begin in 1977. The modifications we developed included increased energy, independence, and impulsivity. These benefits came in the form of so-called distractions that would enter the subject's mind at random intervals.

c) Reimplantation

was accomplished in a staggered fashion, accelerating through the period of 1982-1992. Initial results seemed positive. Children resistant to parental control, questioning their teachers, resenting the structures/strictures of the educational system. But these signs of resistance to the terrestrial control apparatus were accompanied by difficulties operating in the social realm. We had not foreseen these issues because they were alien to us.

d) Problems

included fantasies about being or becoming aliens, resistance to procreation, cultural exile within the human world, depression, and mental instability. Ironically some of the most successful test subjects were those who had been thoroughly neutralized by terrestrial control. The mindglasses of amphetamine-based medication allowed for subjects to be successful in their society by blocking the stubborn resistances engineered by our program. Many subjects fluctuated between frustration, rage, and apathy.

THE CASE OF JEFF FALER (AKA Rope-Trick) (1994)

I didn't really believe in magic by that point, but somehow I still had this idea I could affect the world with my mind. At least I could in my dreams, the one area I had left. When I was looking out that window my dreams would always blend in before I knew I was asleep. And I could never tell the difference.

I saw a rope rise from the ground and stiffen. And a hole opened up in the blue-grey sky. And through it I could see the glowing red light of the flying saucer. I felt myself rising up the rope, trying to hold onto it and climb with my hands. It had that dream feeling where your muscles don't have to do any work. I was levitating myself up the rope with some kind of power I had forgotten while awake.

The red light washed over me, and I couldn't see anything for a moment. Then, when I had passed through it, I was on my back, paralyzed on the examination table. I knew this part of the dream from before. I was surrounded by a crowd of them, a thousand grey

fingers feeling my naked body. It was the physical inspection that they did every time I beamed up. It always made me uncomfortable, but I knew that feeling was only left over from my human brain. My real mind told me the aliens were sensing if there was anything wrong with my body, which was actually sort of like a diving suit, made for me to survive in Earth's atmosphere. If there was anything that needed to be repaired, they would do it with their minds. Sometimes I would come during this part, which the aliens found amusing. But it was only proof that the human suit was well enough designed to react realistically.

It was terrifying, but I always made it through, my silent eyes glancing around the room, trying to act like this was normal. Then the crowd of aliens would fade away and my real father would step forward. He was dressed in a shiny suit with strange symbols unreadable to human eyes. He wouldn't usually say anything. I just somehow knew he was my father. When he came towards me, all the fear of the examination would disappear and I would be filled with this warm happy feeling. It was the way the human bodysuit was made to react to its creator. He would lean over me and gently touch my forehead.

That was when I would wake up in my room. And I would wish I were back on the spaceship, because I had so many questions for my real father. With the human suit still on, I could never remember anything of my past life as an alien. I couldn't even remember the purpose of my mission. But I knew that if I could get out of the suit, that if I could remove my real, alien brain from its

fusion with the artificial human brain, then I would be able to remember and understand why I was suffering on this crazy, uncivilized planet instead of living with my real family. As I got older, I decided it was just a recurring dream. Just a fantasy I had come up with because I hated Dad so much.

But this time I didn't wake up. My alien father reached to the back of my head and spoke to me. He didn't actually speak out loud, he thought the ideas to me and I heard them in my head as a single word:

"Strange." Only strange wasn't quite the word.

Like I said, he wasn't speaking out loud in English. I could sense the meaning, and by strange I actually mean something between strange and scary and real. Something I knew was strange all along but now became scary because it was real. And I didn't know if he was talking about my life on Earth or about me being an alien or about both. I couldn't really understand while I was still in the suit.

His fingers found a spot on the back of my head and scratched an opening. Then, he pulled some kind of zipper over my head, down what I thought had been my face, down my neck, chest, and to my groin. And the suit peeled off my real body and I shivered, slick with some kind of goo, and looked up at the huge black eyes in his face. In his eyes I could see the reflection of myself, big head and same blank stare. People always talk about how those eyes are so cold and terrifying, but I realized then that they can take on whatever expression they want them to. We want them to, I

thought. It's all done telepathically. And my father, this grey thing above me, was sending me signals reminding me of his love, and I could pick up the signals better when I looked into his eyes. Signals that he was proud of me, that I had been very brave in my mission.

And when I looked up at him, the reflection of my own alien face reminded me I was like him, after so many years trapped in that suit. And I realized I was acting strange for not sending back any signals. I hadn't done it in so long I had almost forgotten.

I told him the mission had been a failure. That I had accidentally been placed in a family that was not normal.

And the same word came back from him: "Strange." It had even more meanings now, telling me that was the whole point, that this idea of normal doesn't exist, that it was impossible for my mission to fail, that these were all silly human ideas.

I tried to climb out of the human bodysuit, but I was too weak. He pulled the suit off me and sat me on the table. Slowly, I stepped onto the cold metal floor below, keeping as still as possible so I wouldn't slip from the goo on my feet. But when I stood, I realized the goo wasn't slippery at all. It was a sticky film that glued me in place.

I lifted first one foot, then the other, and tried to walk. My body seemed somehow familiar, about a foot shorter but with longer arms and legs. I moved in a way completely different from how my human body worked. It was because my brain controlled my

body directly. Looking at my skinny arms, I remembered that muscles are only the way less-advanced lifeforms move around. With a little concentration, I was able to make my whole body move forward, back, side to side, and even up and down.

I knew I was supposed to say something. To sum up the humans as simply as possible.

"I do not understand them. They do not think. Not the way we do. They talk with their mouths and act with their muscles and show emotion with their bodies."

He was not disappointed, but a little surprised.

My alien body should have seemed natural, but I was so used to wearing the suit I felt naked without it.

He knew this. "Have you become one of them?"

"I had to. It was part of the mission."

"Do you wish to return?"

I thought about this a long time. I tried to say no, but I wasn't entirely sure. He could sense that.

And then I woke up in bed, my body sticky with sweat. It had only gotten hotter since nightfall. From the dark of my room, I could see into the lit hallway, and a shadow moved from my doorway.

I had seen that before. Dad would stand in the doorway at night and look into our rooms. He'd be drunk as fuck, ready to shout at us if we weren't asleep. I still wasn't sure if I was dreaming. I never was. You see things so many times, you wonder if you've been imagining them all along. Like that familiar-

shaped shadow. Like those round-faced aliens.

It was a dream. I knew that. But still, my mind grasped at something of it that must be true in some way. Something about the dream or whatever it was must have had something to do with reality. I'd seen these things before, but the dream had never finished until now. It gave me the feeling that my whole life had been leading to this point, even if it was only my imagination.

I lay in bed, wearing only my boxers, thinking about those thousands of grey fingers massaging my body. Thinking of the terror. Very real, very strange, very scary.

And what if it was true? What if he did more than just smack us around when he got drunk? What if this whole dream I'd made up was just me trying to hide from the real scary truth? Those grey fingers. The shadow in the doorway. The spaceship's disinfectant smell like vodka and cheap cologne.

e) The Rope-Trick case

is exemplary because it illustrates some of the major problems subjects had with their reimplanted genetic material and shows why the Project was eventually discontinued. Individuals were torn socially between terrestrial and grey tendencies, often feeling the "body-within-body" effect described above. More information on this disorder and its consequences can be found in The Statue's full-length study entitled *American Rope Trick*.

4) TRANSMISSION (2002-2006)

The DXM hit me walking up the stairs, pulling lead legs

klunking on warped wooden boards. To throw back the door to my room (the floor sloped upward so it stuck squeaking scrapes on the floorboards once it opened). To slog through the dim light. To fall into a half-broken easychair.

The itching was gone. The nausea was gone. The nervousness was gone. My friends had gone to sleep or at least gone comatose.

My muscles were gone.

And whole universes in my head that could never come out. The plastic models of a frozen mind. Ideas for stories and novels I had never written. Locked in waiting between ears stuffed with the world's confusing radiowaves of distracted nausea on half-broken easychair.

Calm on green half-broken soft chair.

And cold still nothing for twenty minutes. Eyeballs rotated to the clock face watching the seconds tick slow. Eyeballs scanned the trashed room for signs of life.

There must be a reason. I had told myself that millions of times. My only excuse for those years I spent locked in cycles of nonsense. That those moments of clarity might somehow later be taken down into something someone would read and understand.

Of course, I had been cursed from the start. Born with some perversion of mind that made me do ONLY WHAT I WANTED TO which was sometimes NOT what I wanted to. Some kind of split I that even rebelled against myself. That's what got me doing drugs in the first place.

"Frankie, did you remember to take your medicine?" my mom

would say, meaning Dextroamphetamine. Fifteen milligrams a day to a fifty-pound boy. I was a stoner even in elementary school. Zonked staring straight through my teacher, the words telegraphed straight to my brain. Grinding teeth, smearing pencil onto paper. But I could do math.

There lay I on half-broken chair I lie staring into Space. Become a figure in a wax museum by the mindglasses' dark opposite-Dextromethorphan.

And if they had led a tour around my sprawled motionless body I would have watched with eyes rotating in a frozen solid face and been amazed. Brain reeling with a million indescribable thoughts.

"This is The Statue of Frank Fucile. Nobody knows the thoughts locked inside his brain. They say he could have been...something, but he just sits there...thinking. And he never says or does anything."

And as if I had made it happen with my mind, a figure in a grey hat and trenchcoat creaked up the steps and through the door. Not human. A grey man in grey clothes. Huge eyes glowed and fixed on me.

I still could not move, frozen as I was by drugs and eyes. But I was pulled back to my past. To the figure in the dim hall outside my childhood bedroom door. Someone standing there in a grey coat, hat tilted to shade his face.

Words vibrated my skull from those glowing eyes. "You have been waiting for us."

The shadowy figure paced around my chair.

And the words came rushing through my head, requiring I set my hands to a keyboard and type the glowing green thoughts that were being piped through my skull.

But I was frozen. Still.

Four years later I would remember that moment and call to the smog-choked sky of Philadelphia for help. Would be taken aboard their ship. Would sit wired into a vast grey data collection system and, fingers shaking on the translucent plastic of this computer, tap out what I could.

This fragmentary account is a question, not an answer. It is to demonstrate and explain rather than to propagandize. We (and this time I mean Us Humans) have a powerful untapped resource among us tucked away as reckless/confused/hyperactive. And counteracted with drugs and forms and rules. Call me insane. I have what you dirt-doctors call ADD. Ever since I can remember, this jumping ricochet brain. The Greys were the first ones NOT to tell me there was something wrong with it. The first to say, *just plug in and let your thoughts spill in all directions.*

I can stare out to Space. Can SPACE OUT. And even if I can only write in one direction, my thoughts can go every which way.

-- *The Statue*
Philadelphia
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