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**T o Z o B - 3 7**  
*THE MYTH OF GREYHUMANITY,  
OR OF THE NUMBER ①*

Chapters K and L

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## K

It is of course forbidden to speak of the great cloud-sickness and the serious infestation of extra-terrestrial creatures. No jabber or prattle on this topic is to be perceived. There is no place on Earth that can be infested by extra-terrestrials. Earth has no history and no memory. What happened yesterday has happened, has never happened. And so no Grey mentions it, and no Grey thinks of it. Only in the protocols of the Scribes Brain, Eye and Ear, and more distantly in those of Scribes 4 to 6 and 7 to 9, are there stampings about measures to be taken.

And yet a change has come over Earth. Fields in the affected regions are now more productive. The Fourfield system in the affected Zones functions with almost violent vigour, even though the way to total Greyness, to the normed Grey and oiling by purely inorganic matter, is still to be approached via an intermediate Onefield system.

The targeted field-squeezings are revealed over long shifts to be not quite suitable. They summon up irregularities in mechanical performance. Unplanned inclinations to aperiodic states of delirium cannot be withstood. But these effects, strangely enough, cannot be utilised for the test tube mixture. At last even these limitations are overcome. The technicians can once again set up their step-by-step experimental sequences.

Cautiously, as if the laws and application conditions of infantile machines such as levers and rollers are being explored, experiments are begun in this scribal period on air-squeezings, aimed at achieving a non-field source of fodder for Greys. A successful outcome will enable unimaginably huge spaces to be utilised to house the Grey species, facilitate their increase, support new hightowns, new production sites and new machines.

At the same time attempts are made, as one final detour, to feed the almost mechanised Greys directly with electricity in order to eliminate the need for oiling, even once the Grey is made totally inorganic. Positive and negative leads are connected as if at a mother's breast.

These stepwise experimental sequences are conducted in seclusion, in specially dedicated shafts. They are not without danger. A rapid transition from one method of feeding to another brings consequential phenomena of paralysis and breakdown. Greys have to be stamped from the lists. The Human-machine is almost achieved. But there is still, as the technicians see, something in Greydom that reminds of the animal!

Outside, in the Earth System Plan, the drying of the seas proceeds.

Just as the machines are about to burst into full capacity mode, a report of irregular conduct at the place formerly named the showprison of the last living creatures is pressured down to the conference cube of the three mighty Scribes Brain, Eye and Ear.

Eye deciphers it, and looks from afar. Ear listens from afar. Brain ponders.

Brain issues wave-instructions. A Mechanic is pressured down the tubes and ejected.

This is the Grey who deals with the artificial spring of water. Upon request his charge is topped up. His number glows. He rattles: "Since no other instruction is in effect, the spring is fed by artificial water. In recent times subterranean water of a different composition has again contributed to the feed. At the same time, particular irregularities appear in this place."

Ear strains to hear from afar. Eye strains to see from afar.

Eye says: "I see, via reflected electrical waves, plant matter without purpose or meaning or use all tangled non-rectilinearly. A provocative green is visible. The place is again becoming colourful, and hence what once, when there was still history, was called 'sinful'."

Brain says, issuing a wave-instruction: "From the point when the next shift comes on duty, the place will be evacuated and free of Greys. Production will be diverted. We are to ascend, to inspect the foe at close quarters."

The three mighty Scribes ascend together for the first time in many shifts, and tread the upper Earth. They travel by grey light-metal car to the overgrown place.

Brain stands motionless by the rusted tangled electrical nets and iron posts. Ear senses. Eye lowers the lids.

Then Eye opens the eyes and says: "Seeing from afar gives only an image. Image is better than reality. Reality muddies judgement. Image provides overview and plan."

Brain says: "Now and then, close quarters are necessary even for one who stamps the protocol, one who does not serve the Step and yet – until self-removal – must consolidate the distant. The brook is babbling again."

Ear says: "I hear more accurately here. It is a repellent sound. It reminds of the rocking words of those rusted fools called the last living poet and last living philosopher."

Brain says: "Plant growth curls unhindered with many detours. No birds or animals are here. But this is still the foe. It is proposed that we decide to leave the place to itself, tasking the technician to keep an eye on the growth and send down reports of anything notable. The former showprison is a test tube from which the foe can be read off."

Ear and Eye remain silent. But Brain is mighty. So they concur. The protocol is updated.

Columns have assembled along every coastline. All Zones, even those not bordering the sea and not affected by it, have deployed a percentage of material and of Greys.

Test samples of polished stone dust from the defeated parts of Zone B are dumped for special technicians, and will be investigated as to their composition and eventual suitability for purposes of oiling or Grey resupply. But all other spoils from expropriated mountains and hills are stored in vast underground depots, and are now summoned to the surface.

It is fitting that the overthrown presumption and pride of mountains, hills, forests, mud-secretions, and even capricious flooding from the irregular meanderings of rivers that serve neither for demarcations nor for field-production, should be not only broken but, even beyond this, be put to purposeful use.

Endless trains of wagons glide along overhead railways towards the coast, and there discharge their cargo. It is as if every wagon of light-metal gives a laughing rattling grin as it turns and opens wide its maw to spew split crushed ground-up rock, crumbled soil and dried mud. Larger boulders are sometimes preserved and are catapulted as if from a trampoline from special wagons on pneumatic rails, turning as they fall. They splash thudding into the sea.

But first, dunes and embankments are levelled and pushed into the sea. They are unnecessary now, for they no longer have the task of protecting field production from rolling waves and irregularities in the sea's sense of life. The degree of ebb and flood has anyway been greatly reduced and made more modest by the levelling of the Earth's surface shape.

Sea dreams and plays. A short while ago, in the roaring laughter of a rare stormy night, its white teeth bit a chunk out of Zone G. Now it feels full, dreams and plays.

Sea-spiders, jellyfish, sea-anemones, cuttlefish, sharks, rays, flat shapes from the deeps, angler-fish: – in the heavy glassiness of waves is a mighty thousandfold flashing and glinting, a seethe of hunting, snatching, rising, diving, sinking shadows and lights, of lissomeness and predatory greed, of yearning touch and cowering fear.

Fish emit beams of light and seek one another in the loving friction of cool scales. Phosphorescent spots on the fins of deep sea creatures, lantern for catching or flame to show the way, lines of burning craters of greed, of fear, twitch and lick in a glow of shimmering colour. Life and death bite, and couple. Wave-lashed meaningless life rages silently beneath the sea. But Sea dreams and plays in dream. White waves curl, foamflowers of water that build, flash, scatter in the blink of an eye.

Now Greys come to do battle. A single long siren-howl, resounding simultaneously in every spot of the inhabited Earth, signals the start of the main assault. It proceeds by various means to the one goal along every coastline of the threatened life called Sea. Furious staccato shortwave instructions are transmitted via sound-levellers across wide distances. Technicians of the Plan issue soft crackling orders, and see from afar, hear from afar.

In the three underground conference cubes squat the three times three mighty Scribes, unmoving, hearing from afar, seeing from afar. They can also hear the technicians' plan-thoughts, and Eye and Brain can even see the plan-thoughts. Technology has made more progress. If plan-thoughts yield the non-colour impression grey, they are step-by-step and correct. If they deviate by degenerating to colour, then they are false and must be rectified by means of protocol instructions.

Sea pays attention. It senses blows and woundings. The Greys have driven shafts down, planted explosives, and split undersea mountain ranges asunder. They explode with a dreadful roar and come crashing down. The vain green-silvery mirror of the surface is shattered. Whirling clouds of mud, rocks, creatures and water crash together, boil from friction, storm up into air and spatter in dispersed impotence back down onto swirling water. The sea becomes murky, full of mud. Underwater valleys and underwater gorges begin to fill. Slowly, pitilessly the seafloor rises. Sea-adapted life - which in a terrible playful overflowing offhand

way carries within its creatures every machine the Greys have ever attained and could never attain – is concussed, squashed, torn apart. Ground rises, trickles onward, clambers to the surface, and devoid of will composes itself to become continent, field, system plan.

Sea rages. It rears up and spits watery mountains of wrath. It gathers for a leap and falls on coasts and over the unnaturally growing field-islands in the midst of the flood. Rubble-trains are sucked in and rusted, machines are seized and overturned as they nod their emptying and spit out their wide-mawed laughter.

But Greys are not among the pummelled scooped-up booty. They glide away in their little cars. Their workplaces are far removed from the coastal battle zone, and they steer remotely according to wave-instructions from technicians. Hence few sacrifices among the Greys are scooped up, rolled and ground to metallic mush by the outraged Sea.

But now from the air comes a counterattack by the Greys. Oil is pumped down and blown, trickled, misted over Sea's uproar. Greys have squeezed blood from shale.

Shale says: "This damned species won't let even rocks go on living! And now I die, a sponge riddled with holes, a marrowless unmanned lump!"

Greys hear no language other than their own yelps and rattles. They extract oil from shale, pump it through pipelines, into blowers, and spray it onto Sea's fury.

Oil says to Sea: "It's no use, sister! Hardness has come, and forces us to be adversaries. We grow weary. We shall have to grow weary! We must calm down. The best peace is in fading away, becoming mist, being sucked dry by nothingness ..."

Sea rears and crouches. It pulls back and listens. Now long sheets of red-hot metal come and turn spray to steam. Plate after thin metal plate pushes out from a seam of ore, ever thinner, ever farther out. It is heated by electric current, and in its intolerable thirst sucks in embattled moisture.

The plates steam and hiss in satisfaction, breathing, cooling. But always more heat is harried into them. Again they drink the moisture, lick, blow steam. In the air above, grabs are brought in. On the head they have suckers, metal mirrors put together in many pointed prisms, they are charged with electricity, floodlit by artificial light, and hurl a redoubled sucking heat over the sea. Heat drinks and oil persuades with tormenting calm. Sea twitches, writhes, fettered torn body covered in an alien skin.

Sea's heart throbs in anger, in fear. Sea calls to the fire-spewing underwater mountains. They have long been asleep. Many have forgotten that once they breathed out heat. Now and then they dream of their power and as they sleep emit waves of sulphur, or they breathe out tamed fire and warmer currents.

Now Sea calls to them in her last extremity. They awake and open their craters. Many have dried up as they slept, and become dead. But enough fire rises. The deeps groan. The ground heaves in mid-ocean. Spring tides, the hounds of giants, hunt along the coasts. Newly laid fields are gouged by their claws.

But many fields remain ungouged. The craters breathe out their last. Their lungs rupture. Shattered mountains litter the seafloor. Sea boils and steams even at its feet, for liquid metal fire rises from deep within the Earth, spreads and solidifies in the flood. Skidding air-filled boulders stray like rockdust over the surface, are trapped to become soil for fields.

Sea draws back for a final blow. A bluish mountain of water is hurled far inland. Thousands of Greys are smashed, buried, dragged out to sea, twitch, lie still ...

But Sea has overtaxed herself. She must recede, bleed away into dikes and channels ...

The Greys have a dreadful deepsleep shift of exhaustion. Their machines smoke. Technicians twitch. But half the sea has been vanquished.

## L

Many-times-many shifts go by before the fielded half of the sea looks as if it too has become what is called land. Mudholes keep forming. They must be choked, sanded firm, the dream-moisture driven out once, twice, three times. Then they lie quietly in their own grave.

Ever and again swathes of sulphur or carbon dioxide break free. Gasses well up heavy, choking, foul-smelling, creeping. Gasses push hissing through the crust of mud, are shimmering twists of colour.

Greys set them alight. Their fiery breath is to dry out the damp field and regularise it. Gas – billowing or creeping – is choked off or captured, investigated and, if usable, put to mechanical use in order that it may be slotted somewhere into the Plan. Stalks, stumps, floating kelp, rotted underwater vegetation, choked confusions of creatures: all is rendered totally inorganic, burned, and helps to dry out the vanquished half of the sea.

Corpse-fires glow, smoulder and smoke through many shifts, and bring the skycloud ever lower. Then there is silence. The planfield, expressionless, lies there and opens itself numbly to be used.

Around this time Technician (Air Observation) finds that the seasons are changing.

For many scribe-ages there have never been seasons in the proper sense. Season is a historical concept, hence dead. There is no record of them. Season – or the symbol for it which is yelped now – signifies only an almost systematic, almost periodic oscillation in the air system as warm strata change over. For Greys in their light-metal suits and their standardised mechanical structure, it is hardly noticeable. Because they ignore the disturbance to the shift and readiness for work that was once called *feeling*, a feeling for air, warmth or cold is for them not tangibly available.

The technician for air movement and its monitoring finds only from the path of measurement that discernible differences of temperature in the various Zones are shifting. They are becoming smaller, but also occur more frequently. At least eight air-shifts each plan-year must be taken into account. But this means only Progress for the Field Plan System, which is on the path from Fourfield to Onefield System. Anyway, as noted in the protocol, it is on the path towards abolishing the year as something completely extra-terrestrial.

The mighty Scribes take no notice of this observation. Sun and stars can hardly be seen any more in the smokesky. The sight-slots of Greys are directed straight ahead or down. They never look up. No wheeling constellations are available, and so they can have no influence on earthly concerns. Earth is tucked away separately, that is all. Its surface gravity has shifted. The partitioning into land and water, mountains and plains, has been rectified. Climate is something that has been vanquished by the metallised Greys.

In a doubly-armoured concrete hollow, protected from far-seeing by radiation-proof metal and from far-hearing by dampening filters, there squats the special technician who in a long sequence of experiments treads the path to the Metaller.

*Metaller* is the name of the Ultimate Machine, the goal which will replace the almost perfected Human-machine in dangerous work-processes. The Metaller is sexless, made entirely of metal, constructed seamlessly in accordance with the laws of technology, without consciousness, without will or feelings or anger or desire, without time. It is pure function, the perfected unity of cause and effect, premise and consequence: Progress pure and simple.

The Metaller cannot be damaged, cannot be weakened, cannot go rusty – the inorganic machine. It will have to be filled with electricity, so that it can move and work continuously. It will have to be oiled constantly from the air. For it there will be no weather, heat, cold, damp. For the necessary two or three queries concerning the work process, a slot will open and a response in the rattlespeak of the Greys will whistle out.

The Metaller will function accurately via remote control, remote steering, remote regulation. There will be no resistance, no exhaustion. The expiry of its effectiveness and the need for replacement by a new Ultimate Machine is calculated, and is to ensue frictionlessly.

The Metaller is perfection, the symbol of the Grey species. But since “symbol” is a rusted concept from history, the Greys know nothing of it. The special technician is merely zealous on the path to the Metaller.

Inside the Metaller a central motor must be placed which signifies the drive, the motive force. The construction of this motor is the current task. It is called the Central Motor or CM. The serial number for the experiment of this shift period is CM-11.

CM-11 lies there silently, and waits. Its kernel, the gradually working temporarily installed combination of splitting atoms and the decay of a radium emanation with precisely known behaviour, has not yet been activated by the electric starter. So CM-11 lies cold and motionless on the stone bench, a gleaming skein, barely fist-sized, a confusion of screws and slots glinting copper-red, in some places reflecting violet.

The Metaller stands behind the stone bench, immobile, cold, with no power centre, the complete replica of a Grey in its template combination of cranks, connecting rods, hinges, abutments, cables, plates, screws, cogs, rivets, sumps for oil and acids, galvanising baths. It has sight-cells and a receiving station. The Metaller can be set to a specific wave-array. It has no transmitter. The plan is to use an appropriate Grey technician as the transmitter. And so the Metaller has parts harder than steel, and unbreakable. The wear coefficients of the various

components are extremely small, the operational lifespan very long and precisely calculated in advance. Once the CM is installed, the operational energy and working power of the Ultimate Machine must surely be enormous. Nothing will withstand the Metaller. It will vanquish through work and step.

The Metaller stands immobile and cold. Its breast location is open. A hollow space with connecting cables dangling loose is visible. Here CM-11 is to be experimentally installed. The special technician for this purpose, ST(CM-7) – he is the seventh, following on from rusted predecessors – squats by the work bench and observes CM-11. He needs only to activate one contact using the errant contact that was once called Finger, and the energy-exhaling decay in the innermost cell of CM-11 will begin.

In another special hollow, normed oiling for Greys from the Onefield System is investigated, and alongside it the experimental sequence for oiling from the air continues. Another special hollow is concerned with the resupply of Greys using no delirium-extract at all and with no confusion of impetus, by means of appropriate action, firm goals, the inorganic, in order to achieve through calculation the last and final abolition of feeling. And so Progress progresses along many paths.

But in the special hollow for the Ultimate Machine, ST(CM-7) squats and looks back and forth between CM-11 and the opened Metaller. The opened breasthole of the Metaller yearns for its heart. CM-11, the bodiless heart lacking connective effect, yearns for its body. But ST(CM-7) knows nothing of this. He looks only at soldering points and dangling cable-veins and has only to convince himself that everything fits together, then final assembly of the machine-creation can begin.

But first another experiment must be made. CM-11 must make a test run. ST(CM-7) activates the contact. The systematic release of stored energy, its step-by-step exhalation and availability for work, begins.

ST(CM-7) knows that such a test run is to last only a short while, as effective energy unconnected to the Metaller will accumulate within itself and will not perform to its normed target for external work by the perfected machine. Accumulation of energy with no release through mechanical functioning is dangerous.

The special technician for the Ultimate Machine, designated ST(CM-7), squats by the central motor, designated CM-11, and observes the initial stage of work. A low humming can be perceived. Cables begin to quiver. A distant rhythmic knocking comes from deep inside. CM-11 begins to glow pink, to light up, to burn red, to darken all over and resemble the colour of saturated blood. The humming is smothered, as if heard through veils. The workhollow vibrates to a strange buzzing.

ST(CM-7) jerks his sightlids wide open. There seems to be a mist before his sight-slot. Then it begins to circle around him. The mechanism behind his forehead loses its designed function, its cold step-by-step; it is touched by a mysterious power and brought to a state of whirling unconsciousness that is not empty but filled with a bat-whirl of dreams and fantastic images of other times and other worlds.



Suddenly ST(CM-7) can see in colour. He hears a confusion of tongues, full, in a rhythm inexplicable to him, all separate and yet joined together. Birds fly through the room. CM-11 is a red vibrating island around which white, bluish, lilac butterflies flutter, entranced by the humming and buzzing from the dancing island.

CM-11 lies on the bench buzzing and panting for effect, for work.

The Metaller with the open breastwork from which wires and cables dangle unconnected stands cold, immobile, without impetus, amid the buzzing benediction of working metal. Its metal face looks grey, expressionless, with slits, a hole for a mouth with a protruding slot for whistled answers. The reflexes of the working CM-11 twitch towards the light-metal coating. The Metaller seems to grin and laugh.

Energy bursts from CM-11 in gouts of flame. The buzzing makes the special hollow quiver and vibrate.

ST(CM-7) recovers from his drunken dreams. He becomes rigid, recognises his dreadful backsliding, and stretches a hand to close the circuit and switch off the exhaled energy.

It is too late. Having not been regulated in a timely manner, CM-11 blows itself up in a demonic fury of unbridled violence. The Metaller bursts apart all at once with a laughter of metallic shards. The special technician for the Ultimate Machine, designated ST(CM-7), touched by an ill-timed arousal of the blood, is rusted to fragments of dust and so rendered inorganic.

ST(CM-8) takes his place.