



ALIEN FOREVER

A NOVEL
BY

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INGO

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A novel by Andreas Ingo

PREFACE

Alien Forever is the culmination of a long process of indulgence into the unknown depths of the subconscious. A novel taking inspiration from countless adventures into physical space. Countless travels into different countries, including Cambodia, Germany and South Africa. But it's a long process taking several years with an ever deepening interest in science-fiction films, gothic rock music and horror literature.

The ideas behind the novel began with my initial interest in writing. Alien Forever took many forms over the years. Beginning with a clumsy attempt at writing a short story. Becoming a film script and later another short story. Describing a meeting between two lovers on a desolate planet. One of them interesting in dystopia, one of them in utopia and then describing the conflict that arose between them.

The fluid style of the novel arose due to my trips around the world primarily though. Discovering strange rocks on a paradise island along the coast of Cambodia. Reminding of the style in H.R Giger's surrealist art. A style giving birth to the Alien in the Alien films by Ridley Scott, James Cameron and others. But this fluid sensation of the unknown was enhanced by a discovery of the early works of Salvador Dali in a museum in central Berlin. Where sketches of Alien shapes made me think that H.R Giger found inspiration in Dali for his own designs of the Alien shape that came later. It was a revelation to me.

I went back from my occasional travels with a dark and twisted imagination enhanced by my ever growing interest in the surreal. Pulling me into new directions never discovered before. But I worked on my initial inspiration to discover new layers of understanding inside the subconscious. Look at this book as a means to pull out these layers. To twist the truth and to delve deep into a dark illusion giving birth to a new understanding.

To bend the rules only to abandon them in the end.

PART I

FUTURE EARTH

THE AFTERMATH OF WORLD WAR 3

Heidi De Vare was the front figure of a movement of intellectuals coming together after a world wide crisis of starvation and environmental disaster after world war 3. The buildings of New York came down before these events, huge helicopters sending bombs of utter destruction into the main buildings of the American capital. Buildings crashing into the plain surface of Times Square pavements. People running like crazy along the New York streets. Cataclysmic events preceded these events, earthquakes of enormous magnitude sinking large parts of New York to great depths.

It was a mysterious event, foretelling a future of New Age philosophy described by Heidi De Vare and others. The truth of the world was that the universe was multi-dimensional. The universe was a construct of conscious energy. Creating different scenarios depending of the beliefs of the general population and the earth itself. Heidi De Vare worked on a method to change these beliefs into more constructive ones: Speaking of world peace, environmental sustainability and countless other things. She didn't succeed at first. But she won the hearts and minds of the U.N officials after a long debate between the different members. It was about time as too many had been killed and many sought revival.

But it was a strange time. A strange time indeed. New laws were put to practise. Conflicts were kept down to a minimum due to U.N forces. And people found ways to live more in tune with nature. Describing a philosophy of love, peace and understanding. Not too different from the esoteric systems of enlightenment that closed off groups had talked about before. But it was a strange event as some people didn't accept the new doctrine. They found their way into the depths of sunken New York: Hiding in bunkers, on artificial islands and many other places including the moon.

Questions arose on the subject of good and evil. The holocaust of war was a hard matter. As people wanted to live but also hated the enforcement of world peace that came later.

And a conversation arose between the U.N members.

THE QUESTION OF GOOD AND EVIL

Heidi De Vare was at the centre of the shiny and polished table connecting the members of the general assembly. One individual stuck out among the others though. At that was a chairman of a multi-national company working with space technology. His name was Tengram Williams and was connected to the meeting due to his financial support. He was no real politician. He was just put there due to the richness of his capital. Supporting the politicians financially and the general space-colonization agenda with new technology. Now he had moved into the subject of good and evil as he foresaw a coming turn of world events. The debate took many forms. Some politicians talked about the problem of the outsiders. The intellectuals hiding in the depths of New York, the artificial islands and the closed off corners of the moon. These intellectuals didn't believe in the philosophy of the new world order. They coloured the time before the new world order as a better period than the period that came later. Almost foretelling a future war but being too smart to talk about it loudly.

Tengram Williams was not one of those. He was just an opportunistic corporate leader taking advantage of the general consensus wanting the colonization of space for many reasons. So the moon had grown a rich colony of outsiders finding their way to live alone. These people had adopted a different philosophy of ego, hate and darkness as they saw no other way to escape the perils of the future world.

The debate took many turns and Tengram Williams was questioned about the new philosophy emerging on earth and in the depths of space. He said that the philosophy of Heidi De Vare and others was grounded on the idea of transpersonal psychology. That the human strife was not the strife for pure base needs but a deep social one extending the human will to live for others also. Creating a sustainable world of global interconnectedness working for the benefit of the human race as a whole and also for earth itself. But what if transpersonal psychology was reversed? If the end of human enlightenment would be to affirm ego, hate and darkness to deeper levels finding the light at the end of the tunnel? A process described by past intellectuals on the left hand path. The left hand path affirmed ego, hate and darkness not to end up in hell. But to create a new world order grounded in the nature of human consciousness. The question was the question of human nature. Was the human soul actually evil or was it good? If it was evil the strife to create a world built on transpersonal psychology would fail. And it would result in another world war.

So what was the truth?

“I think you are mixing up elements of truth with a dark agenda.” Heidi De Vare said to Tengram Williams. She was blushing a bit as she had a good manner of empathy and a longing for mutual contact. A blue shirt was put on the attractive body of the U.N informant.

“A dark agenda?” Tengram Williams asked rhetorically.

“Yes.” Heidi said, “We all know about the interests of the outcasts in the depths of space. They are coming from a background of crime and anarchy. They are living by themselves and are not serving the general population.”

“But the argument still holds.” Tengram Williams said, “Transpersonal psychology looks bright on the surface but as science has started to reveal the human soul is egocentric in nature. Finding support in new experiments after the war.”

The politicians were listening to the bearded man. He wore a black suit and a green tie. Wearing sunglasses at times but now sitting without. They all knew about the interests of the smiling jackal. Finding ways to earn money from the egoistical drive of the space-tourists. Wanting to live on the moon to escape the burdens of the general citizens. Never living for others. He came from a background in the financial sector. Learning about society and the psychology of the general population. But man could be reformed he said. This was evident after the events after the third world war. Nobody could believe in him but they had to listen as he gave the politicians financial support. So what about the general man? Was the question of good and evil a serious question or was it just talk to pull the outsiders food for their own survival? The politicians just laughed and the corporate leader left the meeting with a bad taste in his mouth.

Later he talked to the stockholders of the international company and was put to ease by a nice looking woman. Holding his back.

“You lost the competition but you will rise to power in the end.” The woman said, “Think about the money.” She said with a wicked smile, “Think of the entire world!”

IN THE DEPTHS OF SUNKEN NEW YORK

Marillion Sinclair was a pale looking woman. Twenty-three years old and having a strange haircut with greenish lines intersecting the pale white hair with a parallax effect. She was a deep space explorer at heart but rather sitting in the comfort of her black sofa watching horror films on constant repeat. Eating pizza, macaroni and other soft dishes delivered by automatic transport devices. It was a horrific future by any means: At least to her. She watched the films with a nihilistic longing for death and darkness and had a subconscious drive for some kind of inner transformation. But she never could formulate a clear picture of her ideal future.

A repeating signal came from the door and the shape of Marillion's younger brother Trent Sinclair materialized in the closed off space of a teleportation device. The teleportation device connected to Marillion's door which now was opened by her.

"What do you want?" Marillion asked her younger brother.

A shiny blue light came from the inner space of the teleportation device. Marillion actually lived deep down below the earth surface. In an old bunker used by military forces in the protection from world war 3. Now the bunker had been decorated by strange gothic rock icons. Replicas of alien forms were found in the periphery by standard measure. A white light came from the ceiling creating a stroboscopic effect. Marillion was not content by any means. And the emergence of her brother's shape made her angry.

"What do you want?" Marillion asked again.

"I want you to follow me on a bungee jump from the skyscraper of my friend's apartment."

"I want to be by myself." Marillion said.

"Yes, you say so but what do I care?" Trent said, "I had to seek you out."

"You know I live for my dreams primarily." Marillion said.

“Fuck you!” Trent said and went into the kitchen. He collected pieces of a half-eaten pizza, took out some coca-cola from the fridge and just sat down on a broken chair to collect impressions.

“You can’t eat it.” Marillion said.

“I surely can.” Trent said, “You don’t know what you’re missing out.”

“I know about the drill of the dead youngsters.” Marillion said, “But it will lead to nothingness in the end.”

“Why so?”

“Because you are ruining your life with physical activity.” Marillion said, “Killing your inner drive.”

“You’re crazy.”

And Trent went out of the kitchen and entered the teleportation device. A bluish light was lit and the narrow shape of Marillion’s younger brother evaporated in thin air. Marillion walked up to the teleportation device and closed the door. She sat down in the comfort of her black sofa. Putting on the horror films on a strange repeat. She watched shapes of alien forms killing innocents with dreaded acting. To their own undoing. As the heroes always won in the end. Marillion gasped for air watching a fan in the ceiling coming to a sudden halt. And as she drifted into a state between sleep and waking consciousness she dreamt up an image of an alien shape coming out of the bunker’s wall. A black shape of horror and death attacking Marillion in the perception of her own mind. Drowning in a black abyss of murderous thoughts. Thinking about revolution of the darkest kind. And she immediately lost consciousness.

AN EXCURSION ON THE SURFACE OF THE MOON

Tengram Williams walked the surface of the desolate moon closing in on a human habitat. Previously descending down on the moon surface using a kind of technology invented by the technicians of his multi-national company. He passed rock upon rock intersected by grey craters collecting some stones and putting them into his pocket. He was a kind of space-tourist himself using his capital to walk the different planets of the solar system. Some of the planets housed murderers and rapists, some of them more orderly ones. But most of them were peaceful, most of them.

He pushed some buttons on a communication device and homed in on a strange signal. Directing him in unexpected ways. To walk the surface of the moon on a strange trajectory. It was earth-dawn in the remote distance. Buildings with human inhabitants were anchored in the solid moon surface. No winds pulled on the capitalist's nerves. He was tired of Heidi De Vare and the others from the meeting earlier. He wanted to talk to the inhabitants on the moon to gain support for his own ideas. Because a rough investigation of the minds of the general public had revealed a deep interest in the dark. Not a normal investigation. Most of those were superficial and had been conducted with a transpersonal perspective in mind. Tengram Williams had no such philosophy. And the facts he collected spoke by themselves. It was about the will of the younger population not the elders. And he saw the opportunity to get rich by the young minds alone.

He entered a city centre on a broken path. Watching people dressed in space-suits of every kind. They lived in a world of social democracy. But capital interests had intervened and dictated world politics. A stranger walked up to Tengram Williams to greet him with a sudden handshake.

“I heard your call.” The old man said, “Follow me into the main building. We have to talk.”

Tengram Williams followed the old man into an airlock and took off his space-helmet. Others were found inside the building. Eating cheesecake and pepperoni from left over dishes. Tengram observed the others with a respectful look. They were not the usual space-tourists. They had lived for years on the sterile rock. Adapting a strange behaviour of security and having a haggard look.

“Just tell us.” The old man said, “What was the essence of your dark investigations?”

“The essence?” Tengram Williams said with a wicked smile, “The essence is that your dark agenda can be put to general practise. You see, we have found out that the majority of youngsters living on earth want another world order. Not the actual wars of the past but rather a rule of anarchy and freedom respecting the will of the common outsiders.”

And Tengram Williams was offered some cheesecake and was led to a chair to discuss the details. Some of the girls in the room were smiling.

Later Tengram Williams walked the desolate landscape of the moon to find he had run out of resources. He had gotten the thumb up from the common outsiders but he needed new arguments to convince the members of the U.N expert panel of his dark agenda. Mainly Heidi De Vare and her followers. But his mind broke down. He couldn't think straight. He watched the earth traverse on the black sky. A blue spot with landmasses and white clouds. And he started to think in new directions. Thinking big not small. And he foresaw a scientific experiment of enormous proportions to convince the general assembly. Creating a space-mission with countless youngsters to try his theories of ego, hate and darkness in a closed off environment. Schooling the youngsters in cutting edge thought. This thought was grounded in cutting edge science. As the transpersonal philosophy of Heidi De Vare lacked substance in the arc of future history as it only was related to the past.

He went to earth with the space-ship days later.

BACK AT THE CENTRE OF SUNKEN NEW YORK

Marillion Sinclair and the rest of her human companions shared a drink at a local restaurant in the depths of sunken New York. It was a shallow gang of left hand outsiders talking about the misery of their lost lives. Living on early pension funds from the new world government. They talked an easy talk about lost revolutions and the depths of the human psyche. But nobody could believe in these sacred thoughts. Sacred to them. They ordered dishes of mixed potato and grilled chicken. Eating the wings with a delicious smile. They were ordered but ordered in a wicked way. Telling lies and speaking of a future devoid of peace and tranquillity.

“What can one do about it?” One of the young boys said.

“We can do nothing about it.” A black eyed girl said.

“Use your imagination.” Marillion said.

Nobody spoke much more. A male servant entered the food unit and asked for money. Black smoke arose from the depths of the earth. Colouring the cityscape with a dim fog lit by coloured lights. It was something of sadness colouring the whole event. People passing by on electrical transport units fed on simple wage. The smoke arose from the burning ashes of the melting core of the earth. Never stopping with the lava flow after the earthquake disaster.

“What about the imagination?” The black eyed girl asked Marillion.

“The most important thing is the imagination.” Marillion said. “Imagination to unveil the deep layers of the subconscious.”

The whole company looked up to the waiter and put themselves to rest in the black chairs. A spotlight with red light blinked in the ceiling. Soft melodies from the old wild west came out of the soft speakers. Telling about a past time of crime and punishment. They wanted to believe in anarchy but lacked the influence.

“Look out of the window and watch the smoke from the burning volcano.” The black eyed girl said, “This is the end of the world!”

“The end of the world as you see it!” Marillion said, “I never had the time.”

And the others just laughed.

ANOTHER MEETING AT THE U.N

A new meeting was held at the U.N building days later. Tengram Williams had poked Heidi De Vare in the dressing room earlier. He had seen her good looks and felt a strange sensation of interconnectedness. Heidi De Vare had felt it too but shook it off immediately. The meeting took new turns to cover the story of the emerging science that was looked down upon by most of the leaders of the conference.

“But what is your general idea?” Heidi De Vare asked Tengram Williams with a sudden burst of irony.

“The idea of the cutting edge science is that transpersonal psychology has turned an inner drive of survival and reproduction into something quite unnatural.” Tengram Williams said, “You see the base drive of humans is selfish and the quest for unselfishness is just an external display. A firing of static brain transmitters and neurons to create a convincing pattern of goodness. But this goodness is not true goodness as it is firing in a base level of the brain. It is connected to the concept of survival and reproduction creating a good image in the brain of the others. But lacking in substance. For the selfish individual’s own gain.”

“This is quite unconvincing.” Heidi De Vare said, “If people are truly evil, how can one really tell the difference?”

“You can’t.” Tengram Williams said, “The unselfish display is so convincing as to be impossible to distinguish from reality. But an investigation into selected case studies has proven that true unselfish behaviour won’t make it in the long run.”

The people in the general assembly shook their heads in disgust. Nobody could believe the man. It was a question of general decency. The politicians had built a civilization on love, peace and understanding. Recreating the modern world into a sustainable one after the crisis of world war 3. And here comes the capitalist man, explaining evil territory, risking their own reputation.

“I don’t want you to believe me.” Tengram Williams said, “I have only come here for a suggestion.”

And a holographic projector turned on and projected images from a 3D model of a futuristic space habitat. Containing large scale models of people walking the habitat in outer space.

“It’s a suggestion for a scientific experiment.” Tengram Williams said, “An experiment to test the cutting edge scientific theories in a closed off environment.” Tengram Williams said, “Conducted in outer space to catch the attention of the general population.”

“You’re insane!” One of the politicians shouted. He was an old man from South Africa with grey hair. “And it’s insane for many reasons! The fact is that the whole world is thriving and most people are feeling good! It’s also quite indecent. To not respect the will of the general population voting for the general assembly.”

“I understand your point of view.” Tengram Williams said, “But this is food for thought for the general people not for selected individuals. Creating a scientific experiment to put the question to rest once and for all. To end the struggle between the general population and the outsiders. Ending the conflict based on the facts of pure science.”

“I see.” The old man said.

But as the people of the general assembly arose and walked out into the space of the front garden most of them were talking angrily. They talked about their positions of power and felt a disconnection between themselves and the new frontiers of science.

“What science?” One of the politicians asked another.

“Fabricated facts.” The other politician said.

“Surely so.” The first politician said.

And the whole lot of politicians and left wing informants went into their hovering cars and disappeared down a long dusty road. Nobody would talk about the enterprise of Tengram Williams in good terms again.

He simply had become too dangerous.

Tengram Williams went into the clothing room inside the U.N building later. He had a lunch in a nearby café and read headlines in a local newspaper. Connected to his mobile reading device. And as he was reading he was suddenly

approached by the shape of a young woman. A young woman revealed as Marillion Sinclair.

“Who are you?” Tengram Williams asked quite horrified.

“Marillion Sinclair.” Marillion Sinclair said. She wore a suitable dress and shook hands with the international entrepreneur.

“What do you want?”

“I have ideas for the coming time.”

“What ideas?”

“That you have to reconsider your plans a little.” Marillion said, “You see, your case studies actually holds but the scientific experiment you talk about is just science. You want to catch the attention of the younger generation. And they want entertainment. I’m sure you will agree.”

The business man looked at Marillion with a haunted face. This was a young woman unknown to him and he couldn’t understand how she could have entered the building. Was she trying to catch his attention and would try to kill him later? Everything could happen in the real world and the politicians of the general assembly hadn’t helped him much. This could be the uprising to a political murder.

“I’m not dangerous.” Marillion said. “I just want to give you some suggestions. Tired of life as I am and wanting a fitting conclusion.”

“Are you an outsider?”

“I surely am.” Marillion said, “But take my suggestion as food for thought and if you feel like it we can talk again at a chosen location.”

“You’re surely interesting.”

“I surely am.” Marillion said, “But take that as a low attempt at humour.”

Tengram Williams laughed.

Marillion disappeared the same way as she had entered. Putting up some credits to a man in the entrance. She had worn a white and blue dress cut in classical style. To convince the mind of the lone entrepreneur seeking suggestions from

the general public. Because he needed more allies in the struggle for world domination. Especially outsiders like Marillion herself. And he was thinking she came from the depths of sunken New York. As she had the right accent. Conquering space was one thing and the earth another. The business man was content.

A MOTORCYCLE RACE IN SUNKEN NEW YORK

The friends of Trent Sinclair had gathered close to the smoking pillars connecting to the lava flows running beneath the plains of the sunken city. It was a smell of burned steel in the air. Dull skyscrapers with occasional lights were seen in the background. Marillion Sinclair was there also. Trent had pushed her out of her comfortable bunker. It was a sad morning. The streets were silent; cracks had formed on the watery road. But somewhere in this dull landscape of concrete and steaming smoke a sense of doom was found in the air: A broken nightmare and a central screen of static.

Marillion was together with the others but she only shared space with herself: Being lost in a sunken dream.

“Why are you so caught up in yourself again?” Trent asked his sister. He was wearing a black helmet and a motorcycle protection unit.

“Life has to amount to something more than a stupid motorcycle race.” Marillion said.

“You don’t know about the race.” Trent said.

“I know what I need to know to not end up like you!” Marillion said.

“Fuck you!” Trent said.

The other youngsters came up to the two siblings to make them line up on a painted line using one motorcycle each. It would be a motorcycle race with a selected price: A journey towards the heart of sunken New York. To speed blindly down the streets and alleys in hysterical speeds. Protected by the helmets and the motorcycle protection units.

“The first one coming out on the other side of the city wins!” Trent shouted. And the others joined him behind the painted line.

“You won’t make it!” Marillion said.

Marillion started her bike as the jet propulsion engine sent waves of energy into the morning air. The sunlight came shining behind the dull skyscrapers. Colouring the black smoke in greyish hues.

The race started and the youngsters disappeared down blackened streets pushing at each other with steely chains and solid clubs. They were also running by themselves. It was not a race for the faint of heart. Going in crazy speeds through the deserted streets casting evil spells on each other. Marillion came racing through the interior of a closed off shopping mall. Others were coming up behind her. Some of them had a brake and crashed into the shelves with rotten food and left over bottles. Marillion was behind her younger brother and hit on his back with a solid club. Trent didn't seem to mind it. The dreamy quality of Marillion's life had just evened out.

"I need to think of other options." Marillion thought for herself. "I will win the race but I will lose my innocence."

And the whole gang of crazy speeders passed a bridge and lined up behind Marillion as a horde of suicide maniacs. Passing a section with huge commercials and crashing through rare display windows. Some of them arose from the rubble to continue the race.

Marillion lined up close to her younger brother. Pushing at him with her pole and getting hits from a white knuckled fist. Marillion went about the motorcycle race with more anger: Pushing the limits of the jet propulsion engine. Running faster with time as she risked her neck for victory.

Coming out on the other side of sunken New York as a certain winner. But not getting a solid applause.

A NEW AGE DREAM OF ENLIGHTENMENT

Heidi De Vare had been walking around a beautiful park close to the U.N headquarters. She was sitting by herself on a comfortable bench. A bit separate from the people going by. It was a sense of future New York. Not much unlike central park that burned down in the aftermath of World War 3. She wasn't thinking much. She observed playing children. Parents playing chess on mobile computer devices. Catching occasional glimpses into a technological future devoid of suffering and pain.

And she just sat there and let the totality sink in. She had always loved the New Age groups of people longing for peace and tranquillity. The endless conflicts of war had come to an end. People were walking the streets of New York replenished with energy and the hope of a new time. Spiritual philosophy had always occupied her mind. And she thought about yellow rainbows, fluffy blue clouds and ponds of white swans taking care of their children.

And as she sat there she just wept: Wept for a world of thunder and a coming neon rain. She was really happy and felt soft winds pushing on her left chin. A tangible sensation of forgotten lovers lost to time. She was content but suddenly something dark took hold of her soul. She just couldn't understand it. The human soul was not perfect by any means she said to herself. And individuals like Tengram Williams used it to his own purposes. The human soul had to learn, to grow, to adjust in great balance and in small doses. And in this process of enlightenment the human soul would mature to give birth to a new consciousness devoid of the errors of the past.

Tengram was not stupid. He was a well educated business man but selfish to the core. Heidi De Vare was the one to stop it.

A CLOSE ENCOUNTER ON PRECIOUS TIME

Marillion and Tengram Williams met up in the corporate headquarters in old Chicago. The city had been saved from the armed forces earlier due to the relative distance to New York. Hovering cars were running around on the crowded streets. It didn't have the polished look of the new capital. But people were enjoying themselves in sunken quarters: With prostitutes, gamblers and people of the same lot. People were walking the streets with portable computer devices. Locked in to the mental grid on the Internet. It was a time of peace, close encounters and the development of artificial intelligence.

The office of Tengram Williams rested in the outskirts of old Chicago. Marillion and Tengram had an enlightening chat about the new philosophy of darkness. But as the meeting took hold of time Tengram wanted to hear about the details.

"It's easy." Marillion said, "You have a great dream of using the will of the young generation to your advantage." She said, "But these youngsters are not so much interested in science. They want a full experience: An experience that will fulfill their darkest dreams. And therefore you need to change approach. To investigate further but offering it in a commercial package: Catching the imagination of the young generation."

"So you are talking about pure entertainment?"

"Yes, interactive entertainment." Marillion said, "To build a world of great magnitude. Letting the youngsters play in it and then do the science: To keep it dreamlike, horrific and fun on the way."

"I understand." Tengram said, "But these ideas are too far fetched. One has to keep down the costs."

"I know." Marillion said, "But the greater the cost the greater the investment."

"I don't think so." Tengram said.

Tengram was ready to leave shook hands with Marillion and went for the exit. But as Tengram went for the exit he stumbled a bit on the way. Saying a couple of goodbyes and sensing a strange look from Marillion Sinclair.

As Tengram left some shareholders stopped him by.

“Listen!” One of them said. “Marillion’s idea is a great one. We have fully researched the market and have discovered the nature of the young minds today. Young people won’t buy a scientific package.”

“Why?”

“Because they are all about the dark emotion not the intellect.”

“I understand.”

“Give Marillion a chance will you?” The young woman said, “We need the support of the outsiders in sunken New York.”

Tengram said that he would think about it nodded and left.

The shareholders didn’t say anything of great importance later. They had a little chat with Marillion and talked about the nature of the multi-national company. Marillion listened and looked around in the expensive office: An eerie aura of high-tech space-technology rested upon the place: Replicas of space-ships, habitats and rovers. She was a bit floored by the speed of the space-program. As many already had lived on the surface of the moon and also on the planets. She just dreamed about it. And she talked more about her ideas: To develop them further. She talked about a journey to the depths of inner space: To another dimension. Where the universe would be more thought responsive as science had started to reveal.

“One has to be cutting edge.” Marillion said, “Cutting edge to catch the imagination of the young generation.”

“Just tell us more.” The young woman said.

“I think about a gothic dream.” Marillion said, “A dream of death and darkness.”

“Like horror cinema?”

“Like horror cinema but fully interactive...”

A JOURNEY TOWARDS THE ATLANTIC RIDGE

It was a revelation. Tengram Williams had listened to the shareholders but couldn't believe in the science. Interested in ideas as he was and thinking about the serious approach of certain intellectuals. He homed in on a floating city in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. Different sorts of people were living there: Outcasts, free-thinkers and people of the same lot. It was a floating sensation of a peculiar afternoon: Where the rays of the sun made the floating city vibrate in a golden hue. Floating waves made the ship rise and descend. It made a turning movement to the eastern side of the city.

Anchored in its position by several jet propulsion engines.

The floating city was a New Age sensation: Devoid of the technological limits of the past. Here strange animals walked mysterious parks watched upon by elders and youngsters. Packages of food were delivered by youngsters on futuristic bikes. An elder woman sat comfortable in a moving chair adjusting to the waves of the ocean.

Tengram Williams was a bit floored by the creativity of the aquatic design. Not so much different from the technology used on the moon. But it was bent on the aquatic side: Adjusting to the demands of the inhabitants.

He walked up a strange ladder leading to a complex of submerged buildings. Watching the construct with the interest of a lone intellectual.

“So you think you have found the key to our success?” A middle-age man asked Tengram Williams. He was one of the aquatic share-holders investing money in the project.

“I surely do.” Tengram Williams said, “But I have thought about a change of plans.”

“Home come?”

“Because we have researched the condition of the young minds today.”

A door was opened and Tengram Williams was offered some space inside the submerged building. A pool of water was found there. Used to enter the submerged building from the actual ocean. Tengram Williams watched as a submarine emerged from the water. A solid hatch was opened and two youngsters came out. They were dressed in blue aqua-units to protect them from a possible disaster.

“What are your findings?” The middle-age man asked Tengram Williams.

“That we have to change approach to the whole business.” Tengram Williams said. “We need a huge project to convince the general public. But we have to convince the young generation as well as the old generation. And we’ve found out that we need to be more entertaining overall. Being entertaining for the young generation and scientific for the old generation. It’s a win-win situation. We’re thinking about horrific games, vivid discussions and logical evaluations. Combining the two.”

“That sounds strange.” The middle-age man said.

“It is.” Tengram Williams said, “But we need to take it to the limit to catch the imagination of the general public. This was suggested by a female outsider in the depths of sunken New York.”

“Not by the share-holders?”

“They accepted the suggestion after a time of solid research.”

“We see.”

The youngsters that arrived from the submarine greeted the lone business man casually. Thinking that the man had found his way. But they didn’t know of the secret plans of the multi-national company man: That the money business was unselfish and that he was thinking about the nature of the common man. To their own gain. He greeted the youngsters as a greedy company man: Putting up a dark image. Knowing of the perils of the modern world.

He left hours later on a journey towards the depths of the floating city. Passing over bridges on clear waters. Sometimes lit by green lights. The sun was coming down. The late afternoon gave birth to night. It was like a celestial dream: A glowing vision of red and violet. And he came to understand the idea of Marillion and the share holders. That the young minds of the day were all about fun and the financial records were there to prove it.

The others also fully embraced Marillion’s suggestion the next day.

A FINAL CONFRONTATION AT THE U.N

Tengram Williams was not the one to be easily deceived. He knew about the reasoning of the U.N members. The politicians didn't think about the welfare of the general citizens. This was the plan of Heidi De Vare and her gang. Heidi De Vare's group was a closed off group of intellectuals working for the benefit of man. The average members of the U.N were rather thinking about their own money, prestige and power. Watching their respectability coming down due to the thinking of the average citizens.

"Things are changing." Tengram Williams exclaimed to the quiet and depressing look of the others. "The scientific studies prove that young individuals will put up expenses to the scientific project."

"But you are talking about adolescents." Heidi De Vare said.

"Not only that." Tengram Williams said, "You see I have support from the outsiders on the other planets and the moon. In sunken New York and the aquatic worlds in the Atlantic and the Pacific. The rest of the elders will surely catch up as we are moving into another time."

"What kind of time?"

"A time of rethinking of core values." Tengram Williams said, "World peace, happiness and general support have to be based on hard science not the wishful thinking of selected individuals."

Most of the members of the general assembly shook their heads. They had adopted a well-meaning display of love, peace and understanding but still doing it for money, prestige and power. Exactly as they had done before and during the third world war. Some of them had changed their minds though.

Heidi De Vare looked at Tengram Williams with a torn look. She had built a deep welfare on ecological thought and constructive dialogue between the different world leaders. Tengram Williams was an outsider, a peculiar capitalist. Not very different from the others living on the moon. But she still couldn't hate the lone business man. She embraced common dialogue as a means for greater understanding. What could she do as the numbers spoke louder than wishful thinking? The money came in from the multi-national company.

Supporting the leaders of the general assembly.

The change that occurred later went slowly and step by step. Several leaders found safety from the increasing financial support from the youngsters and the fully grown outsiders. Tengram Williams was planning ahead. Building a vision of a space vehicle that was developed in a cost effective way. Simulating different solutions from the comfort of modern computers: Learning by trial and error. They found glitches in the general design in closed off laboratories. It was a long process of make and remake: A process taking several years.

The opposition at the U.N was finally defeated. Heidi De Vare was at a loss for words. Tengram Williams was a lone genius and it was only a matter of a scientific investigation after all. The truth of the matter would emerge in conscious debate. The time of war had come to an end and a true intellectual would build on the findings in the new time.

Defeating Tengram Williams in common debate.

Or so she thought.

THE BUILDING OF THE SPACE VEHICLE

The days of old space-technology had come and passed. Large chunks of grey matter were extracted from the moon. Using robotics and artificial intelligence. Building an artificial asteroid complete with a dark palace of gothic design. It was not a little bit inspired. Building on the ideas of Marillion Sinclair but taken further. It was a relationship of give and take as the ideas of the young woman had to be put to practical use.

It was a world of darkness: Containing a gothic palace but also external buildings of nightmarish design. Strange creatures would walk upon the huge surface later. A landscape created from the dark imagination of the deep subconscious.

Huge extractors would descend and ascend along the moon surface: Creating a striking image of future engineering taken beyond.

Tengram Williams watched the huge spectacle from the safety of a space-shuttle. He saw the future of space-men, of trained outsiders and the screaming from angered controllers. The building of the space-vehicle was not easy by any means. It had to look right to navigate accordingly and contain all the necessities for a successful mission: Including food support units, sleeping quarters, learning centres and much more. It would not end with a journey towards outer space though. It would be a journey towards the inner depths of space: To another dimension. Where the universe would vibrate on a different frequency unable to see with physical sight.

The receiving vibration of the travellers would be changed as in a radio-transmitter making them able to watch the wonders of inner space vibrating on another frequency.

Taking the whole lot of young travellers into another dimension.

PART II

THE MISSION

THE UNVEILING OF INNER SPACE

The journey was a deadly occurrence. Youngsters sitting in comfortable chairs sunken to great depths by an oval design. It was the birth of a world of diminishing stars, of evil and wonder as the stars twinkled and died on the firmament. Some of them were dreaming and guessing but were pushed back to reality by sudden great trembles: Vibrations on an occult frequency. In a new dimension.

Stars were passing by, the old moon dissolved on a contrast view. Some of them thought they saw the reality of dissolving bodies. Spirit shapes if you like. The disconnection between the physical bodies and the astral bodies. As talked about by spiritualists like Heidi De Vare before. But nobody was really sure about the process of alternating frequencies.

They entered an occult dimension, a universe of blackness. Spiralling galaxies of unknown nature: A miracle of modern science making the leap into the unknown. It was an ecstasy. Some of the youngsters leapt out of their chairs but were put down by surveillance personnel knowing about the dangers. Their bodies went lighter; observations were made of bright encounters. Some of them thought they saw alien space-ships traversing the blackness of the spiralling void. But nobody was sure about their true nature.

Marillion was sitting close to her younger brother. Trent Sinclair felt a sudden trembling, a shaky clarity unknown to him. And Marillion sensed the reality of a sunken nightmare. A voyage described by dreamers before her own time. In science-fiction works of the darkest kind. But these trembles, these shakes were really unsettling: Feeling a disconnection between herself and the coming vibration of the black void.

A falling sensation of being lost to time.

And she sank down deeper, watched the window of blackness displaying the reality of the new world. As emergent layers of new vibrations pushed them all into a new world of peculiar stars, blackness, pink and blue planets of neon design.

White clusters.

It was a dimension discovered by future science. But only seen on dull displays before. And so the vibrations intensified and came to a sudden halt. Marillion's arms were hanging like dead meat on a closed off chamber. A chamber of darkness telling about a coming apocalypse.

The journey had come to a halt.

TOGETHER ON THE ARTIFICIAL CONSTRUCT

Marillion and Trent Sinclair were walking around on the artificial construct in inner space. They watched the gothic palace in the distance going the walk from the sitting chamber to the surroundings of the artificial asteroid. The landscape was drenched in a brownish colour: A dark brown with orange and black shadows. A hint of yellow and a scent of gold. Some of the outcroppings were decorated by shining mosses of green. Silence was hanging in the air. The two siblings had separated from the others walking by themselves with a certain sense of awe. But Marillion and Trent also felt a kind of sadness: A sadness of walking on the construct with artificial gravity. It was the reality of a parallel universe: A dimension where colours blended together to create a soft touch. They were not feeling physical.

They felt empty inside as if the journey had made them leave their physical bodies behind. But their bodies had just altered frequency. Now the colours weaved together as in a hazy dream. They walked a sunken path coming together between two outcroppings. Overshadowing Marillion and Trent Sinclair. A dusty wind sent yellow sand pushing on their soft skins and they gasped for air.

“What happens now?” Trent asked his older sister.

“We have to ease down and adjust.” Marillion said, “The headaches will come soon.”

Hours later they were standing in front of a black lake. A calm lake with certain red spikes coming up from under the surface. A filthy red stain in dark surroundings. Whispers from close by youngsters made them shudder and think of a coming disaster. A disaster they felt as the project had made them realize the nature of the mission.

“I did it for myself.” Marillion said, “We have to improvise.”

And the two siblings left with a space-ship to a close by asteroid. Trent didn't feel well. He coughed and pushed on his pained head as a false believer. The space-ship was moved in precision by Marillion as she had trained for several years before the mission.

Trent didn't love his sister. He felt that the young woman pushed on his nerves: Making all too smart comments. And suddenly they stood on the doomed rock of the asteroid. Watching the world of the closed off outsiders. It was a revelation of aesthetic precision: Reminding the siblings of horrific occurrences.

Suddenly Trent went full with a morbid laughter.

"This is insane!" he shouted.

"It's just peculiar as we have to adjust to the surroundings!" Marillion shouted.

"I don't believe in it." Trent said.

Marillion pushed the hand of his smaller brother but he suddenly let go.

"It's insane for several reasons!" Marillion said, "We still don't like it but it's due to the new experience."

And the two of them just stood on the surface of the asteroid as pale ghosts: Unable to calculate the moves of the future outsiders.

AT EASE WITH THE ALIENS

Marillion walked upon the artificial asteroid with a sense of down temper. She didn't know what she was expected to feel. A dream come true but what was the reality? Blackened ground with the hazy motif of thundering rocks, strange outcroppings and occasional neon grass. She looked upon the gothic palace. A design she had worked and reworked for several years. She was all about the cosmetics. As the blackness of her soul couldn't be described in real words, she had to rely on the images.

Sadness took hold of her heart. She walked upon levelled ground, upon strange stones and glowing blue crystals. And as she walked she came upon a dark entrance: An entrance to an underground cave. This was a sudden surprise, a work by some nerd designer. Or invented by the minds of artificial intelligence. She entered the cave and walked down a dark path, lit by some kind of white flowers. Casting rays of soft light on the grimy walls. Some small flows of water were felt upon her bare heels. She walked the path and came to a place of divergence: A hollow opening with paths going forward, to the left and to the right. She chose the right and suddenly heard soft voices calling for attention.

“It has to be the artificial aliens.” She thought for herself.

She didn't know what to expect. If these were dangerous or if they were there for the sense experience: Living out the darkness within. As she walked she turned, walked around in different layers of the cave structure. Built in different levels. It was like walking strange ladders, going up, going down, going to the left and then going backwards.

Soon Marillion lost her sense of time. Also her timid coordination. She couldn't find her way back. And she started to hear soft murmurings: Cries from a celestial race designed in computers. She arrived at the same spot as in the beginning. The large opening. A hollow sphere where she sank down on the ground with a dark feeling. Black shapes approached with tiny sounds. As she fell deeper down in a begging position the alien shapes approached from a dark entrance.

And there they were: Slimy aliens by conceptual design. Having the shape of past reptilians with a spear for a tale. The aliens she had created from the comfort of her own sofa: Dreaming of night-time warriors closing in from the walls of the bunker.

Protecting the past soldiers from World War 3.

She started the begging and cried.

A BLACK PROPHECY

A group of youngsters had gathered in one auxiliary building close to the gothic palace. Tengram Williams were walking around on a raised platform overseeing the young travellers. It was a dark recollection of past events. The young people needed clarity to not lose themselves in the new surroundings.

“Look at it this way.” Tengram Williams said, “We are here for the science but the science has to be grounded in the reality of your experiences.” He said, “Look to Marillion for education in the dark arts. In sense experience, common dialogue and dark creations. You will experience, talk and write about your experiences. Walking the subconscious path of the lost schizophrenic. But building on your experiences from a scientist’s point of view. Constructing a new model of human behaviour.”

The youngsters were not a little bit interested. They had seen the alien environments and had been having a time of rest before actual work. But they were looking up to Tengram Williams as a kind of future emperor: Building a capital from groundbreaking ideas.

“But it’s one thing I have to mention and this is important!” Tengram Williams said aloud, “We have built a black chamber of pain and suffering. This chamber is never to be entered. Unknown dangers lurks there. Dangers as real as in the physical world. It is put there as a warning to your hidden imagination. You will experience much suspense, much trials and also pleasures. But this room is never to be entered.”

“Why build it then?” One of the youngsters said. It was a teenage girl with locked down eyes focusing on the strange occurrence.

“We want to catch your hidden imagination!” Tengram Williams said, “Building up a dark vision in your heads. The danger has to be real as to unlock hidden layers in the subconscious. An idea invented by Marillion Sinclair.”

“What a find!” One of the teenage boys said.

“I’m just a dark illusion.” Marillion Sinclair said casually.

CLOSING OFF THE BLACK CHAMBER

Timothy Astor was a lone working man. A young man dressed in neon blue clothing. Long black hair was hanging on his shoulders. Coming out of the back of his head with yellow spikes. He was standing in the middle of the gothic palace. A dark entrance was leading to the black chamber. As he had to close it down due to the forbidden pursuit of certain youngsters.

Lost in the black maze never to return.

He worked on a locking mechanism to weld it into place with an ignited welder. But the man was sweating. He stood on a ladder a few meters above the floor. Sensing the experience of hard working hours. Never playing outside like the happy youngsters. And as he started to weld drops of sweat came down from his forehead. He swore of hard burdens and long working hours.

Dropping the welder.

He went down on the floor to catch it and walked up the ladder.

He started to weld and thought about the relative pleasure of working on earth for the multi-national company. What a bright future he once had had! Hitting on girls of the same age! Developed in the air of recruitment. But he got confused and dropped the welder. He screamed. He threw the welding device on the floor and started sobbing. And suddenly he felt a falling sensation: The same sensation as felt in the journey towards the depths of inner space.

Screams were heard from upset youngsters. And he walked up to the youngsters and was greeted by an angry stare.

“What have happened?” The man said surprised.

“Fuck off!” The youngsters said and went.

And the man started to get afraid: A sense of being in the wrong place at the wrong time. And he left the dark entrance with a feeling of tension. Later, at a future ball game a horde of youngsters were crashing into each other. It was a kilometre from the gothic palace. The sport was a little bit like American football but it was more violent and tolerant of the showy tricks of the young

generation: A rumble of dead bodies, crashing into each other in a dreaded longing for pleasure.

Many people screamed and were pretty elevated. But Timothy Astor was feeling low: Full of broken thoughts and hesitant to call this happiness. As he turned around to look he suddenly saw the shape of Marillion Sinclair. Sitting next to him: Watching the game with sadness.

“Marillion Sinclair?” Timothy Astor asked the stranger.

“Surely so.” Marillion Sinclair said. “What about you?”

“My name is Timothy Astor.” The young man said.

“Why are you watching?” Marillion asked.

“I had an experience.” Timothy Astor said, “Or should I call it a lucid moment.”

“Are you crazy?”

“Not so.” Timothy Astor said, “You have to follow me to the dark entrance.”

Marillion Sinclair listened to the man but was not immediately caught by the suggestion. She had learnt to put men down as many young men looked after her in the corridors of the future company.

“Why should I?” Marillion asked.

“I have discovered something but I can hardly talk about it.”

Marillion wondered but she just gave up and followed the attractive man over the black ground to the small pond and then further down the black ground to the gothic palace. The stars were tiny bits of flashing lights in the distance: A stroboscopic effect similar to the light in Marillion’s old bunker. The two of them walked along saying nothing and Marillion felt a strange attraction.

“Why are you doing this?” Marillion said.

“I’m doing it for the end result of the project.” Timothy Astor said, “It might be a dark secret.”

Marillion was intrigued and followed Timothy Astor into the gothic palace. It was decorated with gothic horror symbols from Marillion’s twisted

imaginings: Evil snakes, laughing Santa's and the intricate architecture building on the gothic churches of past Europe. It was a dark revelation of feverish dreams.

Soon they arrived at the dark entrance and Marillion was waiting.

"Here I stood." Timothy Astor said, "I got really angry by the empty workmanship of long working hours! I lost a welding tool! And so I wept. And as I did screams were reverberating in the distance!"

"Why are you saying this?" Marillion said.

"We simply have to abort the mission." Timothy Astor said, "I tried to shut the door to the black chamber."

"I would open the chamber instead." Marillion said.

"Why so?"

"Because it would catch the imagination of the youngsters better." Marillion said, "We have to do it for real."

"To kill innocents?"

"To do it in the spirit of occult science." Marillion said, "And when it comes down to it we don't know of the lives of the lost innocents."

"You're crazy."

"You're crazy too." Marillion said.

Marillion looked at the welding tools of Timothy Astor lying on the floor. She took up the tools and put them in a closed off corner.

"You can't do this." Timothy Astor said.

"I surely can." Marillion answered.

"Give me the tools!" Timothy shouted.

And the situation evolved to a heated discussion: A heated discussion almost leading to violence: As the young man was very tired and almost psychotic. The arguments erupted and both of them became angry. They were hitting each other

as young screams were heard again. Marillion listened. The young man was worried. The both of them gave up and walked up to the youngsters. The youngsters hit them with angry voices and terrified looks. They talked about alien intruders. Of alien shapes hiding in the gothic palace.

“They’re peaceful.” Marillion said. “No need to worry.”

“We see.” The youngsters said. But their empty looks had the twisted nature of dark discoveries.

“Just keep your voices down.” Marillion said, “You need to think logically.”

The youngsters calmed down a bit and was led to a strange exit.

“This is the way.” Marillion said.

A REVELATION OF SCIENCE

Marillion and Timothy Astor were meeting Tengram Williams in the closed off corners of Tengram's office. Huge pillars of papers were lying beside his occupied table: Using plain paper in an event of digital disaster. A red aquarium with artificial fish was hanging around in a yellow corner: Electrified by a strange ignition. It was also a place of dreamless sleep and plans for the future. A mind bent on great income but also the pleasure of cutting edge science.

Tengram Williams just stood there emotionless. Listening to the story of the younger ones. They just took it that far. Coming out into the depths of space to finally encounter a philosophical argument.

"We think we have arrived at a perplexing question." Marillion said.

"What question?"

"The question of good and evil." Marillion said.

Marillion was silent. A scent of male perfume was felt in the air. Timothy Astor looked at the rich employer: Hesitating between thoughts, trying to think clearly but loosing it.

"Just tell your story." Tengram Williams said to Timothy Astor.

"It was something of a strange happening and a dark emotion." Timothy Astor said, "Horror is the best way I can describe it! Like the experience of losing sanity! Resulting in a modification of reality."

"An occult influence?"

"Perhaps." Timothy Astor said.

Marillion went between the two men to stop the conversation with a clear argument. She was quite happy and somewhat eager to continue the conversation. But she was thinking and was thinking hard. Watching the electrified fish stopping in a burst of motion.

"You see." Marillion said, "The voyage into the depths of space took us to a dimension vibrating on a higher frequency." Marillion paused. "The thoughts of

our minds are more creative in this dimension. Having more power over energy and matter.”

“I know this.” Tengram Williams said. “I was previously lectured by Heidi De Vare and others.”

“I know this too.” Marillion said. “But the dark emotion experienced by Timothy Astor transformed his world to a dark and haunted place. And I think he really liked it.”

“Liked it?” Timothy Astor said surprised.

“Yes.” Marillion said, “The horror was a relief to the sunken depths of your soul.”

“Are you sure?” Timothy Astor said.

“Yes.” Marillion said, “This dimension is more receptive to dark emotion but even darker than we initially have guessed.”

“I just felt horrified!” Timothy Astor said.

“Horrified but also strangely alive were you not?” Marillion asked.

“In a sense yes.”

BACK AT THE SITTING CHAMBER

Marillion and Timothy Astor were sitting together in the auxiliary chamber unit used in the inner space voyage. They were at loss of words. Sinking deep down into the comfortable chairs. Fixing their minds on the questions at hand. Marillion had experienced a deep depression earlier. A feeling of not being at ease in the alien world. Along with her younger brother. The world simply felt too unreal. A scientific experiment but without true world context.

“Are we deluding ourselves?” Marillion asked.

“We might have done it.” Timothy Astor said.

“I would think that the conditions are optimal for dark illusions.” Marillion said, “But what about the reality of the thing?”

“I don’t know.” Timothy Astor said.

The chairs of the auxiliary chamber unit were fixed in a circle arrangement: Orange colours with dotted lines. The room had ceiling windows as the youngsters had lied down in the previous inner space voyage. Marillion and Timothy shared green drinks with acid. The thoughts of the horrifying occurrence, the shallowness of the artificial construct and the evil embrace of space made them uncomfortable.

They stared at the blackness of space revealing a sky dotted with blue stars. And they were building worlds of thought with small deviations.

“You see I’m a bit attracted to you.” Marillion said.

“As a burst of irony?” Timothy suggested.

“Not exactly!”

And Marillion bent over to touch the body of the young worker. Completely unexpected.

“I’m just interested in friendship.” Timothy said.

“Friendship!” Marillion asked. “And I thought you were a lone intruder!”

“A lone intruder?”

“Yes.” Marillion said, “A dark soul on his path to hell.”

“You’re crazy!” Timothy Astor said.

“I’m not!” Marillion said.

“Why are you saying this?”

“I just think of sex!” Marillion said, “As an abstract thing in art.”

“I never do that.” Timothy Astor said.

“It’s not a physical thing.” Marillion said, “It’s a dark occurrence! Building a dream of the perfect lover but never getting him!”

“I see.” Timothy Astor said.

“So we pull ourselves together and have sex on the floor!” Marillion shouted.

“You’re joking!” Timothy Astor said.

Marillion denied and laughed an evil laugh. Coming over to Timothy. But the young man put Marillion down. He repeated his previous line: Looking for peace and tranquillity. An escape from Marillion’s dark world.

Thinking of pleasure.

THE DARK SCHOOL OF MARILLION SINCLAIR

Marillion Sinclair had faded away. She stood in front of her class completely devoid of purpose. A huge crowd of teenagers sat before her in the remote teaching room: A chamber. It was a white teaching room with a gothic interior, with alien shapes and huge spiders.

She had pulled a game on Timothy Astor earlier: Feeling the sexual tension between them to play it in the most delicate of ways. As if the chance encounter was a happening with a dark purpose: Revealing the similarity between Marillion Sinclair and Timothy Astor. She was a bit elevated but also a bit torn down. Put down by the pressure of the ongoing project. And a bit sad due to the lack of physical contact.

She taught the youngsters of the most unusual of ways: Of occult journeys, of common dialogue and the creative endeavour of the subconscious. As she went deeper into her own discourse certain youngsters started to get excited: Excited by the prospect of discovering their innate abilities to travel, to talk and to understand.

Keeping contact with each other but living without restrictions.

“Explain it further!” A teenager girl said.

“I will.” Marillion said, “You see, the subconscious is a matter of great importance. Most people on earth believe in science as a way to gather facts and understand. But these scientific theories are built on the assumption of good morality. Watching the facts of human life in the lens of a dispassionate observer. But interpreting the facts in the most childish of ways.”

“What childish ways?”

“That the observation of a good marriage, a friendship or a closed off contact is good proof of the unselfishness of human nature.”

“Why wouldn’t it?”

“It could!” Marillion said, “But the observation of these relationships don’t explain human nature at all. They are just observations in closed off environments. Observing chosen facts in a given time and space frame. The

emerging science has gone deeper and has started to oppose these assumptions. It was founded by lone intellectuals getting confused and drained in the new time. They didn't have the facts at their disposal at first. But they found their inspiration on long journeys, in dark encounters and in emotional moments. The new science is devoid of the bright assumptions of the past and reveals facts of human existence in a larger time and space frame."

"So what shall we do then?" The teenager girl continued.

"Go deeper into the dark!" Marillion said, "You see, we play a game of trial and error. Learning from the trials of the lost connections to earth: To explore forbidden territory to oppose traditional science and finding the way to the heart. This was the goal of my own search many years ago. But someone had to put up the money."

A DEAD END OCCURRENCE

Trent Sinclair had become one of Marillion's students. But he was deeply dissatisfied with the helping hand of Marillion's teaching experience. His older sister had never been the one with a teacher's touch. She had always had the manners of silence: Never talking much, especially in public. But as Marillion went about the discoveries of the new science she had found a way into the minds of the public: Leading to shared goals.

Trent Sinclair went about the following day with a feeling of great depression. He hated the artificial asteroid. He had always chosen his own friends. But as the chosen siblings had no living parents he had to come along.

He took a space-ship to the periphery of the hovering asteroid: A bit smaller than the artificial one: A grey rock with plain bunkers and a dusty layer of sand. He went upon the dull surface with something of the mind of an evil explorer: Doing as Marillion said: Taking energy-units from the space-ship to carry it to the surface of the hovering asteroid.

And he connected the energy-units to a remote trigger device entering the space-ship and flying away.

Marillion watched the space-flight from the security of the artificial asteroid. Wondering about the blackness of space as an explosion detonated on the smaller asteroid.

It was a huge explosion of red and magenta, transforming the inner space to a silent horror film. It was demonic: A huge explosion changing the dull expression Marillion's face.

It created a deviance in the orbit of the smaller asteroid: Coming down, coming closer, rotating in a demonic cycle. Closing in on the artificial asteroid and crashing down upon a piece of the gothic castle: Consuming the empty chambers with a greenish fire.

This was the end of the inner space project.

Alien Forever was the project to alter my perception to the dark domain of the black arts. It arose due to the dark dreams of my first attempt of writing. But the actual content was found in another way.

I went on a previous journey to South East Asia to discover the truth of the human condition. But people I met were much different than I initially had expected.

My encounters with strangers, men and women took me into unknown layers of the subconscious. And I started to think in another way: Thinking about human relations not just as an abstract thing for personal development. And I discovered the pleasure of sex, mystical encounters and the dark light of enlightenment, strengthening my occult powers.

And reality transformed to a dark and haunted place.

It was a darkness that transcended time, a dark hollowness of violent silence that made me break free of the construct of living energy. A construct created by the thought patterns of the average citizens.

Arriving at peace.

BACK ON EARTH

It was an evil homecoming. The vibrations of the inner space construct changed frequency and were suddenly seen from observers on the earth and the surface of the moon. The huge asteroid had collected energy from the downward movement and glowed in the distance.

Heidi De Vare was the first one to celebrate the big event. She just had had a hunch, a bright foretelling of things to come. The days to come were the days of reckoning. It was said that the lone entrepreneur had gone crazy. That the metamorphosis of his companion Marillion was an expected one.

Most people were the ones to agree too. It was talk about the truth of the New Age philosophy: Of the needs to go back to nature. To discover the true human roots beyond the artificiality of ego, hate and darkness.

War World 3 had been the same.

And missions arose to traverse the roots of human civilization: To find people still living as they had lived for millions of years. Not connected to the modern world. Living for themselves in closed off societies. What people discovered was not expected though: The ancient cultures had no concept of modern language, the people couldn't read or write but they were still making war to each other!

This didn't change the general opinion though. Heidi De Vare said that civilized man had passed that pre-modern phase and was completely ready for the unity of the modern world. The science was there to prove it: The deviants, the outsiders and lone intellectuals had deluded themselves badly by living too much on their own. And the youngsters were just immature.

Tengram Williams went about it again as he started to defend himself. He said that the inner space project failed due to unknown factors. The youngsters had to experience darkness but not that kind of darkness! Rather controlled games, common dialogue and emotional writing: As was originally intended! Some people agreed but the average man had lost their trust.

Tengram Williams was met by great scepticism. Many customers were lost and the lonely business man took to liquor.

Heidi De Vare accumulated power and put strain on the dark impulse. Some youngsters were let down, others were put to education: Fighting crime, planting trees and building a better economy. Many rebelled. The threat of war was coming up again.

“We need to think in new directions.” Heidi De Vare said at another U.N conference.

“What directions?” An old politician asked.

“Looking at the war scenario I would suggest we open up ourselves to the need for another scientific experiment.”

“What kind of experiment?” the politician asked.

“To conduct a scientific experiment building on the New Age philosophy.” Heidi De Vare said, “Using an inner space voyage to discern the nature of the human soul. Convincing the rebels of the futility of their cause.”

Some politicians laughed: Thinking of the failure of the past project.

The conference would change world events though: Outsiders, lone intellectuals and many youths rebelled and the armed forces had great resistance. Armies accumulated on the moon surface and on the remote floating islands. Certain gatekeepers took hold of the younger generation on the sunken city and the American homeland.

Heidi De Vare took to power to warn the average man of the coming war. The need for another scientific experiment was alarming. The support of the U.N politicians was declining. At last the politicians were convinced of Heidi’s cause. The problem was that of money primarily. Tengram Williams had built a huge inner space vehicle of great design. The infrastructure was there but it couldn’t be used by the others.

“We can do it anyway.” Tengram Williams said to Heidi De Vare as he was called to another U.N conference, “We can build another scientific project on the findings of transpersonal psychology. But it has to be conducted in the spirit of sound science.”

“Off course.” Heidi De Vare said, “We have to look at the different angles of the problem.”

The days that followed the U.N conference were quite confusing. Many people had seen the failure of Tengram Williams and wouldn't support the man as a front figure. But Heidi De Vare supported him. He would be used to rebuild the asteroid to the new intellectual's vision. Educating the youngsters of sound experiences, common dialogue and true creativity. To find the light of the elevated soul. Testing the hypothesis put forward by transpersonal psychology but extending it into the unknown. The gothic palace and the asteroid had to be intact. As much of the surroundings were too expensive. But it needed refreshments and the actual education had to be different.

Marillion Sinclair was also contacted. She simply knew too much of the project to be ignored. She agreed to do it in the spirit of science. She had her own agenda but also believed that science would reveal the facts. Surprisingly she also had other comments: She said that the common view of human evolution was entirely wrong. That the New Age dream of the peaceful warrior was built on wishful thinking. That the original people were more violent than the average man coming later. She said that man had to evolve, to move into inner space in a thrust for greater knowledge. As the original forest people had moved out of their original environment to build modern civilization later.

Many people would agree.

A NEW AGE DREAM OF ENLIGHTENMENT

They were back on the asteroid in inner space. The journey happened as intended. Strange shudders and the emergence of white star clusters revealing the soft light of a new dimension. No alien space-ships were seen. But the asteroid had been rebuilt to a New Age sensation. Creating differences according to popular belief.

Marillion Sinclair and Timothy Astor were sailing along on a remote ocean connected to the artificial asteroid by fusion energy membranes. It was not a real ocean by any means: More along the lines of the idea of the flat earth: Energy taking hold of the water and pushing it out into space on a flat energy membrane.

The two of them were just floating on the pushing water and an artificial wind was blowing in white sails. Some remote islands were seen in the distance rotating slowly to artificial currents.

They went about on their lonely boat, away from war, away from the harsh undercurrents of the future earth.

“Do you like me?” Marillion asked Timothy Astor suddenly.

“I still look upon our relationship as pure friendship.” Timothy said.

“But this is a special moment.” Marillion continued.

“It surely is.” Timothy said, “That’s why we can’t destroy it.”

“That’s crazy!” Marillion said.

The two of them went down in a sunken cabin. Taking up fresh vegetables and mixing them all together. They were playing new games, thinking about the revelations of the coming time.

“I actually prefer it this way.” Timothy said, “Your sexual lust is due to your inner darkness.”

“Perhaps.” Marillion said.

“You took it too far.” Timothy said.

“But I’m reformed now!” Marillion said, “Don’t you want to have some fun?”

“I simply don’t prefer it!” Timothy said.

They went up on the deck again and watched the emergence of a setting sun. The cloudy sky had elements of pink and violet. Peculiar waves formed silently on the artificial ocean.

“I just feel a drive to become someone else.” Marillion said.

“Do it in the spirit of science then!” Timothy said, “But only the science! Forgetting about the troubles of the past.”

“I won’t.” Marillion said.

“You don’t want it because you have lost your mind!” Timothy said, “But you have to look upon our relationship clearly: Not losing your self to the subconscious.”

“I still want sex!” Marillion said.

Timothy just stared. Marillion sank down in a white chair feeling quite confused. The bright shape of Timothy Astor signalled the threat of a coming conflict. But Marillion put strain on herself. Taking hold of some steering gear and making the boat go in circles.

“Why are you doing this?” Timothy asked quite intrusive.

“I don’t know!” Marillion said, “I just began to think about it!”

THE NEW LECTURES OF MARILLION SINCLAIR

Marillion Sinclair had adopted a new philosophy of transcendence. Being with the youngsters in the recreated landscape of the artificial asteroid. The rust red rocks of the last version of the asteroid had been decorated by strange flowers, green grass pushed along the currents of artificial winds. It was a sight of green hills intersected by sponges in violet.

She was just standing there, like a hollow replica of her past self: As she taught the youngsters a new philosophy of holy discoveries, common dialogue and sound creation: Recreating the dream of past New Agers taken to extreme. Some of the youngsters were really bored: Bored of the light, bored of the burden of the intellectual discourse.

“Why do we need these lectures?” One of the young teenagers said.

“To expand your minds with new possibilities.” Marillion said.

“But why do we have to endure these moral lessons?” The teenager said.

“I will put it this way.” Marillion said, “Don’t think about the morality. Forget the hardships of moral conduct and start to think about divine play.”

The youngsters watched Marillion with a sense of dryness. The instructions from the lone gothic girl had gone in closed circles: Repeating the same things over and over again. As if she wanted to convince herself of the truth of Heidi De Vare and her gang. It was just dark illusions.

“We just want to go out and play.” A teenage girl said.

“Just do it then!” Marillion said, “But never forget the philosophy of transcendence.”

The youngsters just shook their heads.

AT EASE ON A FUTURE SPORTS GROUND

Marillion was sitting upon a raised platform overlooking a green ground of teenage sports activity. The youngsters were playing ball but these youngsters were not hitting each other. They were kicking ball, planning ahead, coming together in a sudden ecstasy.

A girl fell but was put up on her legs by a group of teenage boys.

The game went along as soft winds were howling around. Strange flashes of lightning were breaking loose in the distance. But it was not a time of rain. The flashes were created by a lightning device of future technology: Creating a celestial experience of distant rupture and lightning unknown to men. The game developed to an exploration of cooperation and common victory. As the beauty of the greenish plains, the helpfulness and the sense of heavenly fury led to a shallow longing for another kind of pleasure.

To darkness.

They played differently. Differently from the violent games of the past experiment. Never fighting for individual superiority. They fought for common victory instead. And they watched each other carefully. They sang from the bottom of their lungs. And they put great strain on the used muscles: Projecting their thoughts into the play at hand: Becoming one with the game.

With the joy of the common initiative: Drowning in a shared victory.

They went to bed with a sense of lost time. They weren't complaining but it was like they had gotten bored by the experience. A sense of euphoria was felt at first but it was a soon forgotten experience.

So they had a dinner and started to eat much more than usual.

AT THE FUTURE OFFICE

Tengram Williams, Heidi De Vare and others were sitting in the comfort of Tengram's office. Heidi De Vare had followed the others on the mission. To speak of the interests of the new intellectuals. A large fan was rotating in the ceiling. Hazy windows were connecting to the rest of the gothic palace. Dimmed by a futuristic cloak device.

"Listen!" One of the new intellectual's said to Tengram Williams, "We know of the interests of the outsiders. We know of the mind of Marillion and also of you. We have come here to observe the methods of your science."

"We just do our part." Tengram Williams said.

"But complaints have been directed towards Marillion Sinclair!" The new intellectual said, "She is doing the transpersonal science but she is still living in the past. Many have thought hard about this."

Tengram Williams stopped the man in the middle of a sentence.

"She is living in the past for sure but we also know about her approach to the scientific experiment." Tengram Williams said, "She believes in your science as a way to get confirmation of the opposite."

"But is she trained?" The new intellectual said.

"She has a great connection." Tengram Williams said, "Connection to the youngsters. She doesn't have a formal education but she knows them and can reach them as well as anyone."

Heidi De Vare arose from the chair and walked up to Tengram Williams. She made a sudden gesture and the two of them went into a close by kitchen.

"What are your interests in this?" Heidi De Vare asked the multi-national company man.

"My interests?" Tengram Williams said, "To speak for the share-holders in my multi-national company." He said, "But it's an unselfish pursuit as I use my capital to invest in future technology."

“Is this to be believed?” Heidi De Vare said.

“And who are you?” Tengram Williams said, “You talk about a grand New Age philosophy but are you true to your actual philosophy?”

The two of them stared angrily at each other. Heidi De Vare was wearing a blue dress and Tengram Williams a black suit. The clothes shared a similar dotted line pattern: A common trend in the future world.

Tengram Williams offered Heidi De Vare a cup of coffee from a coffee machine.

“No thanks!” Heidi De Vare said, “I just do my thing for enlightenment.”

Tengram Williams walked away to a hazy window and put pressure on a futuristic dimming device. The hazy fog of the window disappeared. Light came in: Colouring the kitchen by the rays of the morning sun.

“You should start to think a little about yourself.” Tengram Williams said to Heidi De Vare. “In my view.”

The woman didn’t answer but was surprised by the personal suggestion.

“I’m just here for the questions.” Heidi De Vare said.

Tengram Williams smiled a comfortable smile and went back to the window to watch the coming day. He held a communication device in his hand eager to talk to Marillion about the questions at hand. But Heidi De Vare came up to him as a ghostly figure.

“You shall never make too many statements.” Heidi De Vare said.

A man arrived at the entrance and made a sign to the others to come back into the office. They walked out of the kitchen and sat down in comfortable chairs. A scent of smoke came up from an incense holder dimming the light from a fluorescent armature.

“Here is the final word!” One of the new intellectuals said, “Marillion will continue her lectures but she has to get formal education.” The man said, “She knows a lot but she is too much about dark emotion. This will happen soon or she will be replaced.”

A FORBIDDEN SHORE ON THE ALIEN MAINLAND

Marillion and Timothy Astor came together in a private arrangement later. They were drinking drinks with acid to calm down the surface mind. They did it as a strange experiment, being inside the gothic castle. Getting high and then walking along a path to the artificial ocean. Walking along a deserted shore line in a hazy afternoon.

This was no scientific experiment.

They weren't saying much. The waves came in from the artificial ocean with an alien thunder: Creating strange patterns in the white sand. Protruding outcroppings projected their mass above the ocean seen in the distance. Hollow thunder was heard from the artificial weather machines.

They walked around like hollow intruders making patterns in the white sand. And swimming sea aliens sometimes made an acquaintance above the watery surface.

They were just put there as decoration for the science project at display.

And the two lone intruders walked along the lonely shore wetting their bare feet in the emerald water. It was a new invention, a story of times gone by. Connected to the average illusions of the present time.

Descending a ladder of happiness and pleasure, gaining control of their remote bodies existing in a black void.

Strange noises were heard echoing from swimming aliens. Propagating their heavy weight against a backdrop of shining stars. In green and violet. The young ones ate cakes with acid, sat down in the sand with strange markings. Markings from the inland aliens making their presence felt. A dialogue went overdue. They were exploring a construct of living energy: The common energy of the inner universe. Connecting themselves into a deeper dimension of subconscious feelings. Elevating their closed off consciousness to emergent layers within. It was a strange happening.

"I want you." Timothy Astor said to his fallen lover.

"You don't." Marillion Sinclair said to her newborn friend.

“I want you as you wanted me before.” Timothy Astor said, “How come you have gone tired?”

Marillion didn't answer. She had developed her intellect to a new level building on the experiences and the subconscious drive for renewal. Never saying anything but thinking much.

A couple of strange alien hybrids went up upon the white shorelines. Connected to the spherical landscape by the limited ocean. They were just put there to amaze the youngsters. Building on their ignorance to project them into another dimension. Being more receptive to the strange teachings of Marillion Sinclair. The two ones opened up. Never talking to each other. But just sitting there, raising energy, supporting the dull bodies of the physical. Full of dreams. Dreams of torment and anguish escaping the world of dull encounters revealing the inner world of darkness. But they couldn't say anything. Words were just symbols building on collective illusions never the real thing.

They just sat there and they stared. Stared into a black cloud of unknowing. Reverberating connections to hidden memories. Memories of past lives. Lives lived in pure ecstasy projected down the line of future time. Loosing their innocence. The hidden layers of knowledge. To accomplish strange tasks. Recurring events, hitting each other in surreal encounters. Always knowing each other at heart but never telling.

“Think about the quiet moments of peace and tranquillity.” Marillion said.

“Think about the lost connections and the world of pleasure and pain.”

“What pain?” Timothy Astor asked.

“The pain of losing the soul.” Marillion said.

“What soul?”

“The soul of the lived and long forgotten.” Marillion said, “The journey towards the birth of time. Devoid of war, peace and struggle. Devoid of suffering. Devoid of tranquillity. To ascend a ladder of enlightenment. Remembering the past lives and the dull encounters on earth.”

“I see.” Timothy Astor said.

“But what about these worlds?” Marillion asked in a downbeat tone. “I think they are all away and dying. As the people on this hollow rock have forgotten their true essence.”

“I see your point.” Timothy Astor said.

“It’s all about the darkness.”

BEYOND THE MURDEROUS CAVES

A group of youngsters were walking across the greenish planes. In a mysterious quest for greater understanding. Their clumsy steps going into sunken traps. The ground giving way for heavy weight.

They had been having a steady dinner eating cheesecake with cream and lightweight salad. But beyond this artificial encounter with people like Heidi De Vare and others of the right hand path (A sophisticated unity of enlightened souls) they were also having dreams of their own.

Thinking about the pleasure of the opposite sex and their adolescent struggles to arise contrary to group pressure.

Heidi De Vare was leading the group. Tengram Williams was following along. They had been having a lecture by Marillion Sinclair previously. A teaching to make them comfortable in their own shoes. The asteroid had seen the birth and death to many days. The games of the adolescents had seen a turn of events. As the youngsters sought something more exiting.

And this day was such a day.

Heidi De Vare led the youngsters into the alien caves. The same ones as visited by Marillion before. And they entered the dark opening. Stood in silence to watch the unholy walls. Pushed along by Heidi De Vare and Tengram Williams.

Walking dark paths lit by fluorescent mosses.

They came to the divergent place, turned and looked. Some of the youngsters were caught by a sudden suspicion of never being alone. But they had to complete the mission. They turned and went down a path of slippery water. Running on fluorescent liquid glowing from within.

They found a deep underground path leading to chambers burning with red and evil. These chambers had never been visited before: Made by the unknown creativity of artificial intelligence. The youngsters became frightened but Heidi De Vare made them march on believing in the information given by Marillion Sinclair and Tengram Williams.

They walked for thirty minutes, sometimes in pure darkness, hearing soft voices from the alien intruders. But they didn't see any actual shapes. And the path diverged on several places and the youngsters got a feeling of being back in time. Some of them were talking with a grasp of otherness but most of them fell silent by the majesty of the sunken caves.

At last they arrived at the other side of the asteroid! A drunken landscape of flying butterflies large as beating carnivores but being at peace. So large was the imprint of the unknown scenery that some of the youngsters burst out in cries and laughter.

They had seen the light.

The afternoon descended toward a white pale evening. The grey contours of the opposite side reminded of the moon. But blue rivers ran across the saturated valleys and along those valleys the alien creatures had settled. They drank water from the blue rivers.

Lit from underneath by fluorescent candles of organic matter.

“This is the end of our journey.” Heidi De Vare said not being able to guess the impact of the unholy event.

The youngsters made a camp near one of the rivers. They swam in the tranquil waters: Putting their troubles behind.

Some of them were talking, others fell silent.

“We have to understand these creatures.” Heidi De Vare said, “It's part of the scientific experiment.”

The youngsters were put to work: To communicate with these creatures never making a sound.

Heidi De Vare and Tengram Williams left the youngsters to walk by themselves in a strange hollowness: To another cave close to the river. The cave was built in different layers: Layers of metal, some larger, small smaller. Creating a dark and spherical symmetry.

“This is beautiful.” Heidi De Vare said to Tengram Williams.

“I'm not trying to hit on you.” Tengram Williams said, “But you're surely looking good.”

“Bullshit!” Heidi De Vare said, “It’s due to the lack of sunlight.”

“Joking aside.” Tengram Williams said.

They were settling down on the ground to smoke a couple of cigarettes. It was cigarettes of a new design. Never hurting the lungs and using strange attractors. These strange attractors created symmetry in the brain activating unknown patterns of intelligence. They just sat there and had their smoke. Water rippled down from the walls of the cave.

Creating soft echoes in the small space.

“I still like you.” Heidi De Vare said, “But only as a close companion.” She said, “We must work on our communication.”

“I understand.” Tengram Williams said.

But his temper sank as he started to look upon the project in a new way. Thinking that Marillion had been right all along. The path of darkness revealing mysteries in the human soul himself included. He thought of Heidi as a means of a great distractor. But an opponent with great intelligence. Leading to his personal development.

The drill of strangers coming closer to war.

The youngsters went about their mission in the most childish of ways. Never understanding the working of the alien intruders. Never understanding the thought of the artificial intelligence dreaming the aliens up with chosen parameters. They were creations of Marillion’s dreams but the biological computers had built on these dreams to create deviations.

Many were exhausted.

And they continued to play with the alien shapes in a game of greater understanding. Building patterns in the sand and getting no clear cut answers. But as the night descended upon the closed off ground one alien shape saw the patterns and started to dig in the sand. It painted a landscape of planets, stars and space-ships. Travelling the void of space to confront the inhabitants on the asteroid. The biological computers knew about the living alien race. Living in space-ships and the biological computers had homed in on their alien communication. Building the artificial aliens by a combination of Marillion’s dreaming mind and the information from the alien communication.

The youngsters were floored.

Heidi De Vare, Tengram Williams and others were looking upon this piece of information realizing that the aliens were very smart indeed.

As the late evening turned to night the closed off group walked back to the caves. Navigating within with a homing computer.

Tengram Williams tried to hit upon Heidi De Vare to no avail.

It was his blind male behaviour.

And Heidi De Vare had had enough.

THE ONGOING LECTURES OF MARILLION SINCLAIR

A murmur of young voices was echoing throughout the chamber of Marillion Sinclair's strange school. They sat on blackened benches. Lost in the common debate. Some of them were screaming and others were sitting silently to take it all in. They had arguments and counter-arguments. Some of them loved the peaceful worlds of Heidi De Vare and the new intellectuals. Some of them were longing for the black undercurrents of Marillion's subconscious.

What was the truth and what could be done about it?

"You must go deeper within." Marillion said, "These matters are hard and need great concentration." She said, "So I leave the debate up to you."

Marillion left for a tasty sandwich. Sitting for herself in a closed off corner. The youngsters were playing with the full concentration of their minds. Some of them said that the new world of light was tasty at first but becoming dull and boring later. Others said that the black arts were more challenging but becoming more interesting in time. Some of them were thinking in between as they had endless arguments.

"Let's put it this way!" A teenager girl said. "We can't know about the truth of the dark outsiders! We can't know the truth of the new intellectuals. We have to find the dark voice within."

"Why darkness?" A teenager boy said, "I have just had a bright mystical experience!"

"It's due to the depths of your soul!" Marillion said, "Some of you have gone deeper into darkness. Some of you have chosen the other path." Marillion said, "But time will reveal a great difference."

The youngsters digressed into the facts of their actual experiences: Projecting their minds into an art of a new display. And they were observing their memories and thinking out loud. As the lessons of Marillion Sinclair were about the questions not the answers.

Pulling the youngsters into the new frontier of pure observation and logical thinking. Never forgetting the deep layers within.

“Some of you can’t understand the philosophy of darkness.” Marillion said, “As some of you are vibrating on a frequency of light. You are coming to different solutions depending on your own perspective.” Marillion said, “Therefore you have to think with more depth including the different perspectives of your own companions. Not only thinking about of your own souls but greater utility. As you can change your perspective to a working one. This is the art of personal development.”

The youngsters went silent and were soon starting to talk again. The common discourse was feeding on the possibility of lost time: Of ancient wars, of peace and struggle. Some of them were thinking in new directions. Thinking that they had to adjust their thinking to the models of human evolution. Thinking large, not small, changing their outlook in the mode of utility. As the soul of some of the youngsters vibrated on a bright frequency but lacked the depth of experience described by the others.

“It’s due to surface illusions!” Marillion said, “Your thoughts, your feelings and your perception arise due to collective illusions.” Marillion said, “You have to move beyond them to find the darkness within.”

“But you recently talked about the light?” One of the teenage boys said.

“I did but it was due to the scientific project.” Marillion said, “Truth will emerge as a winner in the end.”

The strange group of chosen adolescents was calming down. Going on the intellectual debate with a sense of becoming smarter. They had started to choose their slavery for a greater end. As these matters were starting to get interesting. Due to the victories they had for themselves.

Now being able to gain great power by the knowledge attained.

“Let’s put it this way!” Marillion said, “You will go down the path of unselfish service.” Marillion said, “Done to evaluate the New Age thinking model. Ascending a ladder of enlightenment only to abandon it in the end. This was not the goal to the new intellectuals.”

“But how can you be sure?” A teenage boy said.

“I know the will of my heart.” Marillion said, “And the emerging science has started to prove it.”

Some of the youngsters were smiling.

*After my trip to South East Asia I had a time of work and great consideration.
Consideration of the meaning of my past travel experience. I found greater
depths of ego, hate and darkness. Moving on a chopper on the inland roads of
modern Sweden.*

Nourishing ego, hate and darkness not separate from love but including it.

*I took on ordinary jobs, trying to fit them in with my new mode of
understanding. A process that failed as the workers couldn't understand the new
depths of soul I represented.*

*I had to travel again: A journey towards the heart of Europe. To frightful nights
in the surreal parks of central Berlin. To taste the forbidden fruit of death and
darkness.*

*These experiences were enhanced due to the discovery of Salvador Dali's
surrealist art. Altering my perception to an occult reality filled with alien
intruders and sudden kills.*

Becoming somewhat of an alien myself.

*It happened in my mind as a dark illusion freeing my mind of past concepts of
space and time.*

I was transformed again.

Alien Forever and my travels are intimately connected.

THE HABITUAL THINKING OF HEIDI DE VARE

Heidi De Vare was a lost soul living on a remote continent of brightness. But this brightness had merged with the dark. Strange alien spheres were occasionally seen on the black palette of the night time sky. Strange space-ships that sometimes blinked with intrusive occurrences. She was thinking about the group of youngsters but also about herself. Seeing her opposite in the grim presence of Tengram Williams. Being put back by his endless attempt's to convince the general public. But feeling a bit of an attraction too.

“What was the truth of the company man?” She thought.

And she remembered he had risen to power by intellectual discourse. Of scientific investigation into the minds of the public. Space-travel arose due to those efforts. Taking advantage of the young minds of the current day. Lacking hope, context and a habitual place among the stars. She was very different: Supporting the space-program with funds from the world government. Trying to change the world. To change it over time and in small doses. To build a paradise from fragments of her own mind. But the world didn't want to be saved.

She sank deeper down in a dune of sand surrounded by red enveloping bushes. Taking shelter, losing control.

LOST IN THE MAZE OF THE GOTHIC PALACE

Marillion Sinclair walked the dim surroundings of the gothic palace: Unearthed, alien, deserted. The past project was a passion for sure: Leaving the security of sunken New York behind to meet up with the dark rulers of the world.

Becoming different.

She had made it by doing the opposite of everyone else: Dreaming aloud from the depths of the subconscious: Formulating vibrant fragments from a lucid mind. Of evil surroundings. Smoking crack, drinking poisoned liquid. Putting her mind at ease to remember the past dreams of horror author's.

Of banal science-fiction films consumed on a heavy diet.

And she walked there as a hollow ghost: Dressed in a white dress, lushly swinging in a timid embrace. Remembering the call of death and darkness, a wretched queen in a shallow disguise. She was a dark princess, a hollow intruder, building landscapes, palaces and creatures from the depths of her morbid mind.

Nobody could understand it.

And she hardly understood it herself! She had times of heavy thinking, connecting the subconscious layers with the surface mind. But thinking only led her so far: To a fragile terrain of overused intellectual powers. She would rather project herself into a black hole of sunken dreams: To money, sex and power. Money to build a future from a bare scratched surface. Living on early pension funds from the world government. Sex to survive in the face of lonely hours. And power to control the elite of the prevailing society.

Thinking of nothing else than goodness.

This was her reality: A dark princess taking shelter in a forgotten kingdom. With a love burning with dark illusions but being impossible to understand. She simply knew too much: Too much to be ignored. And too much to be taken seriously.

Only time would prove the errors and victories of Marillion Sinclair.

Suddenly a dark shape pulled on Marillion's heavy shoulders. Fingers from a middle-age man caught up in dark convictions and heavy drinking. This was the fingers of Tengram Williams.

"Come into my office!" Tengram Williams said. "We have to talk."

The two of them walked the lonely walk to Tengram's office. Heavy screaming was heard from dead and newborn youngsters. The violence had erupted again and Marillion's time had come to a strange turning point.

A point of no return.

They were walking into Tengram's occupied office. The electrified fish had been ignited alive burning with red and evil.

"Listen!" Tengram Williams said, "I know what have happened and our time is running out!"

"I know." Marillion said.

"The New Ager's have discovered your dark secret." Tengram said, "War is breaking out!"

They sat down in empty chairs thinking about the bravely burden of intellectual discourse. But they rarely said something. Rather dreaming dreams of a kingdom long forgotten.

And the barren shape of Tengram Williams searched for words and put his shaking hands upon his black trousers.

"We are killing ourselves!" Tengram Williams said.

"I know!" Marillion said, "But things are working out as planned." She said, "The youngsters had arguments and counter-arguments. The dark adolescents have won! This was always the way according to my own calculations."

"Why war?" Tengram Williams said.

"Nobody can understand the depths of the subconscious!" Marillion said, "The youngsters had to learn by countless trials and errors. Everybody believed in love as a simple thing. But they would have been better off by following the dark impulse of the subconscious. Being love but ending in death. That's the paradox of dark enlightenment."

“So this was always the plan according to you?” Tengram Williams said.

“Yes!” Marillion said, “I made them learn about the false light in order to drown in a covered illusion. Hinting at violence and death between the sentences.” She said, “This was always the way of the dark occultists.”

“I see.” Tengram Williams said.

“But what about you?” Marillion said to Tengram Williams, “Have you chosen the light or the darkness?”

“The darkness!” Tengram said, “The darkness as a way of personal power! I saw the futility of the general cause. I was unselfish at first but the artificial mind of Heidi De Vare made me reconsider.”

“You didn’t believe in your personal power?” Marillion said.

“Never!” Tengram Williams said, “I talked about it to inform the masses but it was rather a product of the intellect!” Tengram said, “I held other beliefs deep inside.”

“It was the same for me!” Marillion said, “But I lost my innocence and started to explore the dark domain of surrealist art in sunken New York.” Marillion said, “And I discovered that everything generally believed is quite the opposite. I made it out and uncomfortably endured.”

“So this was the end!” Tengram said.

Horrid noises erupted in the close proximity to the office. Screams from youngsters. Noises from several explosions. A dark entrance to an occult dimension vibrating on a blinding light.

Marillion and Tengram Williams discovered that several youngsters were fighting each other. They had taken physical precautions to discern the nature of their sunken souls. A strange fire erupted from energy weapons.

Some youngsters were lying on the floor gasping for air.

Timothy Astor emerged from an open portal. He was running towards the youngsters to stop them in their dark descent. Recreating the general impressions of the gothic castle: Burning with evil making the dead statue’s come alive with horrid motions.

The laughing Santa's, the strange lizards and the Alien shapes were crawling down on the floor. Blindly recreating the thoughts of Marillion Sinclair. As the lone intruders had come alive in Marillion's apartment. Now they were doing it again but as a non-physical manifestation hinting at violence. Working in a dark domain of deep held illusions building on the state of the subconscious.

Projecting their innate will to take shape and reform.

"Help me!" Timothy Astor screamed to Marillion who stood alone as a pale recipient.

"I won't!" Marillion Sinclair shouted, "This is the life of the youngsters!" She screamed, "This is the end result of their darkness!"

Some youngsters were projecting their energy weapons towards remaining intellectuals who were running for their lives. But these lives had gotten stale and overused. Now they took to violence too. Timothy Astor was horrified. The whole structure was coming down. Pieces of it were hit by several explosions. Marillion Sinclair and Timothy Astor ran for the exit. They were running faster with time as they were hunted by the forces of the young adolescents: Tired of life, tired of waiting and longing.

This was the path of youngsters led by Trent Sinclair.

"I love him!" Marillion shouted to Timothy Astor. "I love him for obvious reasons!"

"He hated you because of your intelligence!" Timothy Astor shouted, "Take shelter in the outside plains!"

The two of them were running as the remains of the gothic castle were coming down. Youngsters were running at ease, some of them were killing each other. But it was a dark descent into a nihilistic observation of the past light. Only now they had found the dark essence within: Killing for pleasure, killing from the death and darkness.

Progressing on a time-line of intellectual progress. Realizing the futility of the previous escape.

They had to be enlightened.

The remains of the gothic palace were burning with red and evil. The stars were coming down. Countless New Age sensations of pre-memorial design: Coming down as an act of evil and surrender. Heidi De Vare had reconsidered and found the errors of her way. Observing her life from another perspective: To find an empty life devoid of meaning.

Joining the youngsters in their dark descent.

“What about it?” Timothy Astor asked Marillion Sinclair, “The world is burning!”

“It was the will of the youngsters!” Marillion shouted, “One has to respect the evolutionary impulse of their burning hearts!” Marillion shouted, “But I also found great suffering in you.”

Timothy Astor looked upon the white dressed woman. Scents of female perfume were sensed in the air. And the pale face of Marillion Sinclair had been painted white with royal powder.

“You also love me?” Timothy Astor asked.

“I surely do!” Marillion said, “But you had given up yourself for a bright mission.” She said, “And I only hated you for your conformity.”

Timothy Astor was changing.

Marillion took hold of Timothy Astor and pushed him to the ground. Grinding her teeth. Looking into his black hole of false love and lack of intellect.

“You always were a lone intruder!” Marillion said, “A man with a penis.” She said, “You simply had lost yourself!”

“I did!” Timothy Astor said reluctantly.

The two dark intruders looked back on the fallen palace. Youngsters were running around with a sense of victory. Some of them were dying; others were leaning close to the ground. Some of them put up smiling faces feeling the decay of blood and torment.

Loosing themselves in a final victory: Taking control of their boring lives.

Truly ascending.

THE DARK DISCOVERIES OF MARILLION SINCLAIR

The gothic castle had seen its better days. The time had run out for some of them. But the end of war was the beginning of a sunny day. The smoke of the ruined palace was coming up in swirling clouds. Meeting the rays of the morning sun with a timid embrace.

Marillion talked to the others in the protection of a sunken valley. Most of the new intellectuals had reconsidered. They knew that nothing could be done about the youngsters. Not even about themselves.

Marillion had a final word: To explain the details of her dark discoveries.

“The light of the people of the general assembly was always good in theory.” Marillion said, “Heidi De Vare was building a world of love, peace and understanding. But these theories were grounded in hate. A hate towards the general will of people. People were never seeking the peace of the peacekeepers. They were seeking another kind of silence: A silence between the horrors of intellectual discourse. The peace was grounded in a false concept of reality. Resulting in war. The solution was neither peace nor the horrors of war. But a peace built on the seclusion of the enlightened soul: The soul knowing of the perils of modern society. The big lie of modern society was the concept that humanity needed a well delivered solution. But this solution bored the masses to death. True peace is building on ego, hate and darkness. A silence being silent as in a waiting for war. It has to do with the nature of the human soul. Wanting peace just in an act of self-preservation. Building theories of human evolution seeking to survive and to reproduce. Ending in death. War is never a good thing if not by necessity. People need silence. Silence to quiet the mind and to think of better solutions. The war we have seen broke out as a reaction to the peacekeeping intellectuals. A good solution is a solution speaking to the human heart. Ending in true peace as everything is attained.”

The new intellectuals were listening. Some of them were not enlightened. They spoke of a coming experiment to test the theories of Marillion Sinclair. Taking shape on the construct of the artificial asteroid.

Returning home with a sense of victory.

A SEXUAL UNION

Marillion Sinclair and Timothy Astor were befriending each other in the lost sitting chamber of previous design. They knew of the death of the youngsters. At least for some of them. But as Marillion explained they rested among the giants of the remote stars. Being free.

A lash of blood to cut away the instinct of pure survival. Making the soul conquer the shallow restraints of the flesh.

“You want me?” Timothy Astor asked hesitantly.

“I surely do!” Marillion said.

They were sitting comfortably in the sunken chairs of the sitting chamber but rising slowly. Feeling the currents of violent mystery in the air. Going down between the chairs of the remote sitting chamber. Never touching each other. Just leaning silently towards the emergence of a black void. To never touch, to just think and to explain.

Hinting at violence. Recreating the hidden arousal of sexual union.

They just lay there stroking each other as the whole sitting chamber began to shake. Vibrating on a bright frequency. Opening up doors to their inner universe. Travelling beyond the speed of light.

To a universe of sex and violence. Creating conflicts for sexual discovery.

They were having sex and they were coming together. Closing in on the matter of life and death. Feeding on each others energy. Distorting time and coming to a new understanding: Knowing that they always lost themselves but finally endured.

Closing in on past lives and their endless struggles.

And their love was restored.

PART III

THE BLACK CHAMBER

DEATH

She was the only one. The only one capable of madness. A madness projected down the harsh undercurrents of human society. She saw a dark void of suffering and madness. But a madness resulting in a sudden revolt.

She had it and she had it in great measures. But the nihilistic longing for a new awakening had put great scars on her soul. She wanted union but this union was a thing of personal indulgence. Not the dark necessity of a dark soul wanting transcendence.

The gates to the black chamber had been dug out from the rumbles of the gothic palace. The entrance was there and it was put there to feed the dark imaginations of the adolescents. At first she didn't know she had to enter it herself. She did this not as an act of will. It was rather a longing for closure: A dead end corner of a woman that had seen too much.

She looked upon the digging machines finding the door to the black chamber. Scents of violent rupture torn of the inner workings of her mind. She would go there risk her life and lose the connection to the others. She was the only one to do it.

The only one with these dark undercurrents of madness.

She said goodbye to Timothy Astor. Her friendly lover going further down the path of darkness. He was crying knowing it could be the end. He also knew Marillion was too special. The only one to really enter.

The gates opened and a flow of fresh air broke loose and pushed on Marillion's flowing hair.

Marillion looked into the black void: An entrance signalling the loss of innocence. Loss of good values and the future call of things forgotten.

She had endured.

Marillion stood in the opening to the gates of hell: Looking past her forgotten lover. And on his eyes, his knees, his mourning body of take and release. Marillion walked in and the doors shut close. It was a loud bang echoing

throughout the entire chamber: Echoes of dead heroes, of youngsters buried in close proximity.

Coming alive in the depths of Marillion's mind.

She was the only one: The only one to say no to future society now working on other terms. Hinting at violence but being at peace as the dark longing of the morbid youngsters finally had evened out.

She disappeared in the black void: Walking on shaking knees. Feeling the surroundings with a heightened sense of occult powers. Delving deep into the domain of heightened hearing and touch.

Finding her way to the black chamber.

And she just stood there like a pale ghost: Watching torture devices. Spikes of steel coming up from the bottom of the floor. A dead current was hanging in the air. The black chamber was decorated with the bodies of dead heroes.

Giving up their life for the mysterious touch of the unknown.

She kneeled. She obeyed the law of past remembering. Sitting silent in a corner of tranquil statues. Going up a ladder to a future torture device. Entering it sitting down and resting as nothing happened.

This was the nature of the future torture device. Just sitting still as nothing ever would happen. Being confronted with the emptiness of the human heart. Sitting for hours days or weeks in this fragile condition.

The condition of the dead and the living.

She just sat there. She wouldn't even dare to think. As these intellectual matters made the journey quite comfortable. She would just silence the mind and die away: In an act of nihilistic torture.

She had to give it up in the end.

She went back to the others in the close proximity to the entrance. The door was opened as she came out pale as a hollow ghost: Never even sensing the reality of the others.

"What did you see?" Timothy Astor asked Marillion.

“Nothing!” Marillion said, “This was the horror of the ultimate evil! That nothing ever exists!”

“A dark void?” Timothy asked.

“A black plate of nothing!” Marillion said.

“Will you go back?”

“I want you to follow!” Marillion said, “We have to do this together!”

“I can’t!” Timothy Astor said.

Marillion sank down on the ground in a sense of shudder. She would not even look upon the body of her previous lover. Instead adopting a philosophy of nihilistic longing she arose: Longing for a sudden closure: A path towards the depths of her self. Abandoning love abandoning torment.

For the final closure to her own self.

She entered the black chamber and was never seen again.

She walked through the dark tunnel and saw the bodies of the previous adolescents. Struggling through the black void only to die away. This was the essence of Marillion and also the others.

To die away: A silent death.

Confronting the disaster of the eternal recurrence: Dying, living, dying again.

To find the answer at the end of the tunnel.

And she walked the black chamber of suffering and death. Homing in on a signal of Alien intruders. These were dark ones escaping the light of the previous intellectuals. Discovering their true nature and turning around to greet the black void: Changing perspectives.

Dissolving their bodies with a cloaking device.

But some of them were also crying: Crying for violence as they had lost their sunken depths.

Greeting Marillion with the grasp of horror and death.

Marillion used black magic. Black magic to touch their sunken souls. Creating a time for them as hunters travelling the void of inner space. In space-ships. In future projections of nihilistic thought.

This was their black undoing.

Marillion walked along the black chamber. Confronting the future torture devices. The silent cry for endless longing. Longing for the light of the other side of the tunnel. And Marillion stepped: Stepped up a leaning ladder to a platform above. Looking out on the enormous installation. Buried beneath the surface as a strange revelation. It was a dark world of strange haunting. Decorated with evil symbols found in old horror writings. More evil than the worlds described by occult explorers before.

Marillion was alone. Surely alone. And she stepped up to the edge of the nightmarish platform. Made in iron. Looking down upon the ground decorated with metal needles. She would jump. She would fly. Killing herself on the needles below.

She just stood there to take her sunken breath. Sinking deeper into the depths of the subconscious. Breathing and thinking about her coming death. Realizing that this was the end of her dark journey. To confront a hollow sphere of nothingness. Ending life as a chosen protest.

And she jumped.

She flew through the air as an evil ghost. Landing on the spikes to tear herself apart. She died in a sudden moment.

But she woke up. She went up to the floating sensation of her astral body. Glowing with a light pristine. She yelled. She yelled upon the life of her chosen lover. And he was the one to accept it. He went into the dark tunnels of suffering and death: Watching the corpses of the youngsters with the use of a future flashlight.

Discovering the body of Marillion Sinclair and sinking down on his knees to scream and yell.

“You should never have done it!” He screamed. “You were never evil!”

And Marillion walked up to Timothy Astor. Touching him with her glowing hands but seeing the human shape going through the shoulders of her lover. She

had entered the black cave. The source of life and death. And Timothy screamed from the bottom of his lungs: Impossible to touch, impossible to inform.

The dead body of Marillion Sinclair was still lying on the floor. She grasped a word from Astor's subconscious mind. That Marillion was not dead. She was alive at last: Transcending the physical world for a new life.

She was dead but death was the opposite of artificial life: Death to the wrong values. Death to stale emotions and the fabrications of the intellect. She had died but she had also had found herself.

This was the nature of Marillion Sinclair.

THE END

PERSPECTIVES

A novella by Andreas Ingo



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PREFACE

Perspectives is a sunken dream. A project I began to dream about a long time ago. These dreams were always about a reckless adolescent suspecting a great evil in the future. He was into great myths, dead heroes and the prospect of a colonized future. But it was not a world of comfort, of old habits and the predictability of a secure homeland. Rather the opposite.

This was a story that never could be told. This was due to the common themes shared by many works of science-fiction. Things I wanted to tell had already been said countless times before (and better) in other works. Science-fiction works by authors like Frank Herbert, Arthur. C. Clarke and Robert Heinlein.

I had to go back to basics. The general content had to be reworked, retold and reworked again. I dreamt about it many hours. I never was content. I thought I had solutions but these ones faded in time. I had countless walks in nature, sitting exercises and several moments where I thought I saw beyond. I just knew I had something but the story had to take shape in an original manner.

The story is a natural continuation of my previous novel *Alien Forever*. Exploring similar themes of ego, hate and darkness. But extending this to an exploration of life beyond death. Which is the place of hell. A nightmarish vision of trials, suspense and horror.

To build on the myths and legends of the past, rewriting history and coming forward with a new vision for the future. A world where realism share space with the sudden burst of the imagination. The second life of my lone intruder Timothy Astor. Now reborn as Adrian Centipede a hundred and fifty years into the future.

To open up the gates of hell.

PART I

ORIGINS

ON THE FAR EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE

The birth chamber was cold, desolate. Rows of infants sleeping in their birth-capsules, taking shape by organic feeding devices. One of these belonged to a special infant, an infant growing fast with the seeds of an old breed. Growing with a genetic history of time gone past. Reworked in precision with the help of future science.

What about this boy? What about the history of his ancestors?

Nothing could be known. His past was a thick fabric of modulated theories. Theories about his unknown heritage, about the special kind of genetic material he represented.

Screams were heard in the blue crystal light from the interior of the birth-chamber. Rows upon rows of infants waiting to be born. The interiors were shining with the blank surfaces of polished metal. Calls were heard among disinterested workers. Never watching the screens in the kitchen installation where they held ground. Failing to comprehend the importance of the moment.

And the infant sank down upon a blank plate. Cut from his feeding device by a robot arm and transported to a sleeping chamber by automatic transport devices. And he saw the white blinding light from a ceiling armature. Screaming again, torn between his will to live and his nightmarish fear of robots.

This was the first day of his life.

NEON REFLECTIONS FROM A DYSTOPIAN FUTURE

The city was a doomed cupola of green glass. Rays of light bent by the prism of altered frequencies. The buildings were set upon each other bending the rays into different directions. Reflecting the progress of design hundreds of years into the future. Somewhere in this strange cupola a spherical school was found. It had strange cuts and corners decorated by future symbols. Some of them were glowing in red from within. Some of them were yellow.

Adrian Centipede was walking by himself in the future schoolyard. He lived on a remote planetary system colonized by future colonists. Envisioned by a certain kind of post-modern intellectuals. Building on ideas from the past.

The teenager boy watched the tranquil surroundings with a hint of despair. The world outside the doomed cupola was an arid desert connecting to a purple forest with poisonous trees. He was just walking on the school yard with a safe space from other teenagers. The school yard was clean, raised above the lowest level with several pillars. It was almost like the teenagers were completely insignificant.

The bell rang and the students were called back to the lessons. The teachers were talking about the failure of future imagination. About the common myths and stories pushing humans into the far edge of the universe.

The teenager boy was dreaming.

A PRE-MEMORIAL DREAM OF DARKNESS

The lost teenager was walking in the purple forest. Dressed in a space-suit with a suitable helmet. He was actually walking there, came and went as a skinny ghost. The skin of his body was arid, pale and smooth on the surface. His face was the face of a depressed adolescent. Having inner turmoil. He thought about the pros and cons of future colonization. About the endless possibilities and the dark realities.

The nightly forest came alive with a greenish glow. Glow from plants and blue reflections from strange water. Adrian Centipede was thinking about the myths and stories from the previous lessons. The teacher was talking about the ideas formulated by the post-modern intellectuals. The ones who had lived and died on earth before. In the period after the discoveries of Marillion Sinclair.

Marillion Sinclair had been an extraordinary woman, a post-modern sensation of fluid dreams and dark science. But the ideas of the woman had been tried and tested earlier. She had died a timely death in a black chamber built by the group of Tengram Williams. In inner space. Adrian's world was different.

The lost teenager sensed with a heightened sense of vision and hearing. But he saw beyond these impressions into the sphere of the unconscious. Into the myths and stories of the previous lessons.

Not many put great effort in understanding these ideas. They were too far-fetched and didn't work in practise. The post-modern intellectuals had formulated the past ideas of Marillion Sinclair to a coherent whole. Building on the dark science and the forbidden dreams of the lonely outsider. Projecting these thoughts into a revelatory future. To merge with the new frontiers of science. To try and test the bounds and limits of human reason. Settling down in a new planetary system beyond the earth.

The idea was not only to live a fuller life externally. But to think about the meaning. About new relations, about other modes of thinking and feeling. A deeper sense of total experience. But humanity confronted the harsh conditions of the future world and fell back to pure survival.

This was the truth of the city reflecting alien light.

THE STRUGGLE OF A LONE OUTSIDER

He was walking the outside perimeter of the future school. Light came shining from the transparent glass reflected from the surfaces of the shining buildings. He felt like he was hovering on an alien platform. A platform raised above the ground to project itself into outer space. But the platform didn't move. Adrian Centipede moved. He moved inside the intellectual sphere of arguments and counter-arguments. As he wished to sense the reality between the physical world and the forgotten mythology. He went back into an occult sphere of the past intellectuals and combined those ideas with his own observations. Thinking of the passionate quest for renewal and the ruling emptiness of the future city. Building on Marillion's science and projecting her will into the unknown future. It was a desolate place. A place for the wicked outsider. The one losing grip on reality: Of girls, of group pressure, of the ongoing conflict between the dreamers and the ones of action.

He confronted his sworn enemy minutes later. Watching a guy in black clothing. A guy he had fought with countless times before. This was the thin shape of Ray Fitzgerald. Confronting the lost adolescent with conflicting ideas.

"So you think you have fooled the teachers?" Ray Fitzgerald said to Adrian Centipede. "Fooled them with your stupid comments!" Ray said, "You better put yourself together!"

"I don't care about you!" Adrian Centipede said, "I'm into my own thought for my own survival!"

"For your own survival?" Ray said.

"Yes!" Adrian said.

Adrian Centipede was pushed to the ground by Ray Fitzgerald. Overshadowed with the thin but stronger body of the latter. Ray had a striking physical presence. But couldn't win the fight by intellectual discourse.

"I have seen your free-time discussions with our mythology teacher." Ray Fitzgerald said, "Are you trying to get a better grade?"

"Why do you care?" Adrian said.

“Just so I can put your mind at ease!” Ray Fitzgerald said and laughed.

The two of them hit each other and wrestled on the ground until the bell rang in the close distance. It was time for a reading of past legends, myths and dead heroes.

A precarious subject for Adrian Centipede but not for many others.

THE OLD MYTHS OF FUTURE HEROES

Adrian Centipede read the mythological texts completely taken by surprise. Those were the texts written on earth before the colonization of the planetary system. The past intellectuals were dreaming aloud combining the investigations of occult science with the currents of the time. They knew about the earlier investigation on the artificial construct in inner space. The investigation conducted by Marillion Sinclair and the rich capitalist Tengram Williams. But the whole business of pre-memorial descent ended in the sudden death of Marillion Sinclair. Committing suicide in a black labyrinth of emptiness and a mysterious celebration of future heroes.

Death was a hard subject. A subject subjected to countless nightmares and taboos. But what happened later? When everything was attained?

Many speculated.

Adrian Centipede was reading the texts and he started to feel transported to the surface of one of the moons. The intellectuals had envisioned a life very different from the life on earth: To colonize a moon with a horrid environment. Of dust-storms and thick atmosphere. To move beyond the concept of death to arrive at the gates of hell.

The moon was called Apocalypto based on the prospect of a coming apocalypse. It had housed alien life but life had been sucked out of it and the post-modern intellectuals saw this as a chance to explore Marillion's mode of darkness even further.

"As death could be too easy of a relief." they said, "A hindrance on the path to a richer life."

"This is insane!" Adrian Centipede said to himself as he read the texts. "They were trying to enter hell but saw no way out as the need for survival took hold in the end." He continued: "They ended up on my planet, away from the moon, walking on stale legs supported by future technology. As the gravity of the central planet was pulling on their knees."

He read the mythology of the entire collection. Closing in on one special kind of future hero. A hero that would colonize Apocalypto with a large force of others. A hero that was fictional but also later real. Chosen carefully to colonize a real

moon in the future. So different from the people inhabiting earth in the earlier days.

He was to be (As the texts describing the real event said) a reckless hero dominating his team of explorers in the colonization of the real Apocalypto. Existing in the outer perimeter of the known universe. Reachable with a sudden space-jump.

At one time the colonists were coming close to a sudden dust-storm. The entire facility of the colonization had been subjected to several storms earlier but the new one threatened to push it into oblivion. The team was going crazy with fear and anxiety. They were trying to find their way into the nearby caves to find shelter for the dust-storms. The hero was out to investigate the caves by common request and the team was pulling arguments between each other. To stay put in the facility or to leave for the caves until the storm had blown over.

What was intricate was how the post-modern intellectuals actually had foreseen the coming of such events. It had to be that way as the hardships of a desolate moon would push the intellects of the survivors into new frontiers of clarity and logic. Overcoming the mistakes of the past.

Nothing was to be left to chance and suffering had to be accepted as a key to life.

But the team of explorers was left in the facility to fight each other. The prospect of a sudden death made them go completely irrational. As the storm came closer and the facility started to rattle they were hiding themselves in cabins to protect themselves from disaster. A dog was there with them and they were feeling like fearful animals. They were almost trying to end their lives as the future hero entered the facility.

He didn't preach. He didn't have a bright prospect or the vision of sage. But he said they just had to accept it. That the problem couldn't be solved by intellect alone. They had to go out there. Find their way to the cave entrance for better or worse. Confronting death and moving beyond it. It was an irrational choice of innate power. To never abandon the evil undercurrents of the unconscious and to leave the facility for the space of the caves. Saving their lives or ending them.

That was the final conclusion.

No one knew what happened to the colonists in the end. But this story was said to be true from several accounts. Other said it was pure legend. But somehow the colonization forces had colonized the desolate moon and lost the battle to

return to the central planet. “Green Eteria” it was called. Where they had found greater security. A dream cleaned from its true purpose.

Adrian Centipede put down the reading device and felt content.

*Perspectives is a cold reflection of unwanted security.
A life beyond travel and mysterious encounters with strangers.
A world I had to leave behind to save my life.*

*It has been an unending journey of work, of investigations into human history,
politics, science, philosophy and art.*

*Connected to the philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche.
But transcending his values of the over-man in an attempt to write a clean story.
A story where hell can be seen as the path to transcendence.*

*Finding life in the Dionysian aspect of human existence complemented by the
Appolonean impulse of the intellect.*

A dark descent into oblivion.

THE DISCOVERY OF A NEW STUDENT

Adrian Centipede had come to his senses. The revelatory power of the stories, myths and legends had pulled him out on frightful territory. He was feeling a great power but this power also kept him isolated from the world of people, objects and sense experience. He found his way around the school yard, meeting his teachers and also an old caretaker that mysteriously went around the place absolutely silent.

One day a mysterious girl dressed in black clothing came to the school. She just sat there, amongst the others and no one knew from where she came. She didn't want to talk about it. She said she had the papers and everything was taken care of. And as the lessons progressed into the disciplines of math, language and logic the girl distinguished herself as a true talent. She knew about the natural sciences but preferred the social sciences as she said they were more revealing.

“More revealing?” The teacher asked.

“Yes.” The girl said, “Natural science is not about thinking and feeling, only body-consciousness.”

As the lessons evened out towards the evening and blue light were shining through the green cupola of glass (As it came from a secondary star in the distance) Adrian Centipede ran into the shape of the mysterious girl. The both of them fell to the floor and Adrian lost a couple of papers he had kept in his hand.

The teenager girl, called Samantha, was not especially angry. Rather dispassionate. She picked up the papers and gave them to Adrian. And as she did she saw the bold imprint of the characters of past mythology.

“You read that?” She asked.

“Yes, I do.” Adrian said.

“You are surely one of a kind!” Samantha said, “As the world of security is coming to an end!”

“What do you mean?”

“That the world you see is pulled on your eyes as a work of beautiful fabrics.” Samantha said, “It’s a false security leading to death in three continual steps.” she said, “The first step of degression, the second step of recognition and the last step of total annihilation.”

“Why?”

“Because this world is built on lies.” Samantha said.

Adrian was amazed as Samantha gave Adrian a hollow look and continued down the corridor.

A WORLD OF BEAUTIFUL FABRICS

Adrian had never thought about his world as a world of deterioration. He felt lonely and sad for sure. He wore a mysterious emptiness, a longing for something he barely could understand. But total annihilation was surely to take things too far. From his own perspective.

He went by himself into the central part of the future city. Where interconnecting railways took him to strange cuts and corners. To open areas populated by the dark shapes of future inhabitants. Some of them were also dressed in white clothing. Others in red costumes with orange cotton.

He came to stand close to a bluish pond with statues of past heroes. Kneeling in front of them as a kind of forgotten gesture. Thinking about the mythologies and hidden knowledge from past generations living on earth. The mystery had ended with the colonization of the planetary system. Green Eteria was surely a monument of human progress. Progress in the arts, the sciences and also great architecture. As the statues he kneeled before wore the history of man and perhaps his future.

But was it the truth or something strangely inverted?

Suddenly the caretaker from the school yard approached Adrian as Adrian sat on his knees and prayed.

“Why are you not at school?” The caretaker asked.

“I’m dreaming.” Adrian said, “Dreaming of past revolutions but also to watch the monuments of human history.”

“Human history?” The caretaker said.

“Yes.” Adrian said, “We were living on earth a long time ago.” Adrian said, “But those times have come and gone. I guess it’s time for a moment of clarity.”

“I think you are wrong.” The caretaker said.

“Why?”

“Because the civilization you imagine doesn’t exist.” The caretaker said, “My name is Grape Nemesis by the way.”

“Grape Nemesis?”

“Yes.” Grape said, “Civilization has come and gone. In a substantial sense. And what you see is your own imagination. This city is just an imaginary shell. And humankind had it better on earth.”

“I see.” Adrian said.

The two of them were walking into a close by restaurant. They ordered blue dishes from vegetarian descent: Eating, thinking, feeling with a heightened sense of clarity. Much could be said about the fabrication of human history. Of the alteration of the myths, legends and stories that Adrian had read.

“You are a good reader.” Grape Nemesis said, “But a good mind has to be cultivated from the right angle and to be built on facts, not pure mythology.”

“But the physical world was too shallow.” Adrian said and looked down on his plate.

“It was!” Grape Nemesis said, “But you have to have another angle.” Grape said, “Offering critique of the heroes and the past legends. Not prayers. As those stories never were true.”

Adrian was silent.

They were ordering a beer and were watching the manners of the male servant. He wore a white shirt and a black jacket. Having a green tie oscillating with yellow buttons. It was a time for a future desert. This desert was having the taste of times gone and forgotten. But was it a real taste of earth or something entirely different? Was it the same as the myths written and rewritten? And what was the truth of man?

“I guess death lurks around the corner.” Grape Nemesis said, “The so called civilization you see was dreamt up by past intellectuals. But the actual conditions changed as man saw his own futility. This futility is caused by the impossibility to integrate the mind and the heart. The heart wanting transcendence but the mind thinking in logical terms. One can not live the one life or the other. As the life of the heart reveals great happiness but ends in death and destruction. And the life of logic extends life but ends in boredom.”

“But what about to combine the two?” Adrian asked.

“This has already been tried and tested.” Grape said, “Surely by the post-modern thinkers. You will realize this in time.”

Adrian was silent.

EXAMINATION

Adrian Centipede was a lone outsider. He was thinking for himself, talking with several teachers and having arguments with his teenager companions. He didn't succeed with convincing any others. He made good on tests but were always writing the "wrong" answers. Still he succeeded with good grades. This was due to the intellectual depth he represented. Writing the "wrong" answers but convincing the teachers with his good manners.

Presenting a view of mythology and future possibility in a way nobody ever could imagine. This irritated the temper of his sworn enemies. "Normal" teenagers were never doing homework or thinking like him.

One day Adrian was walking along the corridors of the school in isolation. He thought about the mysterious girl with the dark prophecies. He wanted to check if the lone outsider saw something of substance in his own ideas. But as he came to her room nobody was there. The room was completely empty and a window had swung half-open. Adrian checked the exterior of the room from this elevated position. He saw an empty plateau lit by red armature. A black cabin with first-aid was seen below. A couple of kids played around it. But no girl was seen and nothing was left on the furniture. Adrian felt as if something bad had happened but he couldn't think in straight lines.

As the lessons continued no trace was left of the teenager. The girl had come to the school for a couple of months and left without a trace. Some of the kids thought she had been kidnapped.

Adrian felt a sudden rush of panic: A distress signal from hell. But the girl wouldn't return later. Soon it was time for examination.

Adrian was graduating with the highest possible grade. Highest possible grade due to sharpness and originality of thinking. Never being right, always being wrong, but suspecting, longing, yearning for an understanding of mythology and human history. And thinking about grand visions for the future. Built on these ideas. Never lacking intellectual depth. Also being friendly. Yearning for mutual contact.

Adrian had succeeded on the surface but felt a sense of inner deterioration. As if the graduation couldn't change the innate yearning of the heart. He would

leave school for a journey towards the moons around the central planet later. To settle the question of human mythology and possibility once and for all.

It seemed impossible.

PART II

THE JOURNEY

A DEEP JOURNEY TOWARDS GATEWAY STATION

He was leaving the school compound unwary of space and time. It was like his past innocence had coloured his entire consciousness. Striving, bending and projecting his innate ideas towards an abstract goal. This was the goal of the unravelling of myths, legends and past heroes. But these heroes were alive only in the depths of his soul. He thought he knew a few things about the world. He had seen the reality of external Green Eteria. He had seen the turn of events as history progressed further. But when the road towards the space-harbour opened up and closed in on the target Adrian became conscious of a certain panic: A rush of adrenaline and the push of hormones. Leaving the past self of necessity and security behind.

Gateway station was another matter: A place for hardened hermits, restaurant workers and egocentric cooks. People that worked for credits and not much else. He was met with an overpowering insight into his beginner weaknesses. From the others. The comments from the restaurant workers revealed it: Their penetrating eyes, their smirks and their violent gestures. Adrian was never made for outer space. Only for the city of Green Eteria and the colonists of the central planet. He was instantly rejected by the others. And he stood at a window and looked out on the majestic globe of Green Eteria. A planet that wasn't green by any means. It had purple forests, strange liquid rivers, mesas and grand canyons. And an arid desert between them in golden hues. The oval shape of the green glass city was seen as a small bulb in one of the protected valleys.

That was the place where he had been born.

The night was spent in a cold transition between sleep and waking consciousness. Adrian couldn't sleep, he couldn't think and he felt like he was losing sanity. So many sounds, so many sights and new impressions. Nobody loved him on gateway station as he never was loved on Green Eteria in turn. For his strengths and weaknesses. But he had had his dreams and the safety of a lonely room.

In the middle of the night he arose from his bed and went out into the restaurant again. Not many guests were left. Red lights were seen in ceiling, the "evil" cooks were out and he had a time of his own. Sitting there as an exercise in self-control when an alarm went off moments later. Adrian was struck with a sense of panic: A fire alarm, golden lights rotating in the ceiling and voices of screaming.

“What is it?” Adrian screamed towards the waiter.

“An exercise!” The waiter said and returned to his business.

And Adrian sat down on his chair and looked darkly into a menu with alien dishes. He wouldn't order any food. Just a couple of beers to calm his senses. And the waiter came out with the hazy liquid and smiled a wicked smile.

“Going back to Green Eteria huh?” The waiter asked.

“I don't think so.” Adrian said.

He was very angry. Adrian returned to his room to recollect impressions and to calm down from the horrid moments.

“Was this the truth of space travel?” He thought, “An impossibility? A way of life and death? And nothing to be conquered?”

The alarm went off again and Adrian put a pillow around his head. And he heard high noises and great screaming. Even a hint of smoke in his half-closed eyes. A fan was rotating violently in the ceiling: Squeaking, calling for attention as the night gave way for hidden nightmares. The opening up of his door by strange police-men. Talking about a violent fire. Of hellish flames in the far end of the gateway-station. And he was led by strong arms in a protected vault. Sitting for hours to wait for the end of the fire. A girl had been consumed by the flames it was said, a lonely girl in black clothing.

A victim on the pillar of flames and the hellish gate of deterioration.

This was the final thought of the teenager before he decided to continue.

A COLD REPLICA OF FUTURE ENFORCEMENT

The journey towards Apocalypto was not something Adrian had felt and dreamed about. The travellers were sitting in chair modules. Sunken low into the fabric of future furniture. Wearing belts to compensate for zero gravity. The looks of the travellers were haggard, tense and barren.

Adrian had to look elsewhere, watching the interior of the miniature space-ship. Closing his eyes to concentrate on the reality of his journey. To find energy, courage and to counter-act the endless thoughts of his fearful imagination. His throat went dry and his stomach had several problems. But he couldn't do anything about it. He felt as if his inward energy were coming low.

Hours later he was served some liquid from a closed-off bottle. With the help of a thin drinking pipe. And he saw the practical smiles and manners of the serving personnel. Thinking about their positions, housings and wallets.

Adrian asked them for something to counter-act his stomach problems. But the personnel said that eating was forbidden. It had to do with the reality of the journey. People were puking in the air which gave rise to many problems. Adrian had to confront the fact that he had entered this zone as a lone intruder. An intruder into forbidden territory. Into a hellish realm of darkness. That realm was not an imaginary dream any longer. Just a surreal descent into alien existence.

Memories of past lives came up to the surface. As he had lost Marillion Sinclair in the black chamber in his earlier life.

Confronting disaster.

THE ARID DESERT OF FUTURE APOCALYPTO

The moonish transport vehicle pushed along yellow gravel roads and dunes of sand. Nobody talked aloud concentrating their haggard looks on the arid desert. And visions of haunted animals took shape and reformed in their fragile brains. Remnants of a past in earth forests. Fighting for survival and reproduction.

A complex of buildings was seen in the close distance. The transport vehicle slowed down to give way for the passing shapes of men and women. These ones wore space helmets and lots of supplies. Some of them had weapons.

The transport vehicle stopped and the group of travellers was escorted out. They were directed to one of the buildings. A torn restaurant was found here and also a hotel with available rooms. Adrian checked the credits of his credits unit. He had the cash but was suspicious of the reality of the thing. "Why?" He thought for himself. It was the anxiety! Without credits no room and without room he would surely have a nightmare and a coming psychosis. The numbers had to be trusted!

As day gave birth to night he was sitting by himself to watch the haggard faces of the locals. He had a fresh face but his look had deteriorated due to the past events. Now he tried to hide his fear and anger. An anger that protected him from disaster. As he had to move into the territory described in the myths of old or surely lose his dignity. A couple of men came forward to make a face and ask him about his business. He said he was looking into the colonies long abandoned and forgotten. To reveal the truth of the common stories.

"Insane!" One of them men said aloud and condescending, "You will never make it!"

"I surely will!" Adrian said to hide his anxiety.

"You need lots of supplies and an entire caravan to drive to the colonial centre." The man said, "And you will only find lots of sand!"

"How come?"

"It's deserted and empty." The man said, "The sand has overrun the entire facility!"

“Then I have to see it by myself.” Adrian said.

Adrian was thinking about what had been spoken and had fooled himself into believing his own words. “Will I actually make it?” He thought as he arose to take those words very seriously. His options were two only: As nobody went to the remote colonial place. He had to settle for a possible death in the desert or to return to Green Eteria.

He had already conquered death he thought: In pure anger. He lived with death and had seen the futility of a “life” on Green Eteria: “Death as death!” He muttered to himself. Just two identical outcomes of different scenarios.

He went out to explore the close by area. Darkly yellow gravel surrounding a metal compound lit by fluorescent armatures. Builders of rocks were found in the area between the outer compound and the inner core of the village. These rocks had a golden hue to them. Like golden spots revealing a kind of metal. They were shining like fool’s gold glimmering like imaginary crystals. Something to be kept for oneself and never for others.

Adrian didn’t sleep much that night but lost consciousness early in the morning and was found sleeping by cleaning personnel.

“You can’t sleep here in this hour!” The helper said, “You better move downstairs to the restaurant!”

Adrian had to do as the helper said and left his room for the restaurant where he fell to sleep almost instantly. He was pushed awake by the threat of several locals trying to steel the credits in his wallet. Adrian screamed aloud and ran for his room to collapse in his bed sobbing.

He left for the desert the morning after.

* * *

The journey towards the heart of the desert was an alarming descent into pre-memorial darkness. The alien life that had thrived before the great drought was long dead and forgotten. But the innate suspicion of Adrian’s consciousness gave birth to several theories transcending the ideas by the prior colonists. These aliens didn’t necessarily die involuntarily: They might have followed the path of Marillion Sinclair to end their lives with great clarity.

“It’s just a theory.” Adrian thought.

But the journey was long and hard on Adrian's body. Winds came about and swept around his fragile shoulders. Builders of rock and strange surface formations were a staggering sight of alien life. Or completely otherwise. Looking almost like surface inscriptions: The tearing of a claw or something entirely different.

Soon Adrian was caught in a violent storm. He pushed along the winds but was forced to lie down listening to the howling currents. Thirst kept him conscious. But he couldn't drink due to the low atmospheric pressure. He didn't know why but he soon found himself in a great ravine.

"This must be due to lack of sleep." Adrian thought. "I must have walked unconsciously!"

He sat down on a cliff to watch a spray of water ascending from a crack below. It felt supernatural. He wanted to but he didn't dare to remove his helmet. So he just sat there and walked up towards the spray of water as he remembered someone had talked about a small shelter.

"A small shelter inside the depths of a ravine."

He had multiple memories from his visit to the former village. A memory of someone talking to him in his hotel room while he was asleep. He saw it clearer now. He had slept too little and worried too much. And as he turned his face he saw the shelter.

* * *

Time didn't mean much. Adrian had been drinking a lot of water and had been having a steady dinner. He walked the desert now calm and free of dust-clouds. And some shape materialized along the steady horizon: A future installation, a colonial installation of staggering sight. This was the place for the dead workers and the future heroes. Something to be seen and beheld.

The buildings had been covered with a great dune of sand. Covered, buried but also seen with the naked eye. He walked around as a lone investigator. Fulfilling his dream of the ultimate adventure. And also seeing the great falsehood of past rumours. These buildings were intact. Looking like replicas of past technology. Talking about an era of lost science. A science used and technology mastered by past intellectuals.

He was kneeling down in the arid sand, grabbing sand with his bare fists and letting it drop down on the ground like liquid.

The interior of one of the buildings was the revelation of times gone by. Dead people lying in glass coffins. With the same green colour as seen in the city of Green Eteria. A green protection from alien air. Keeping the dead bodies intact no matter times gone by. Preferably lacking oxygen.

Adrian went about the whole compound exploring building after building. So the mythological “nonsense” where actually true! The place surely existed and the people living there had a special kind of culture! Not much unlike the old Egyptians, a cult of death. Surely also affirming hell! He thought so due to the impact of the green glass coffins.

People had lived there and they had thrived.

Until...

Until the storms came by.

Until the howling god of the alien environment took hold of their lives, their sunken dreams, hope and aspirations. To pull them in another territory on Green Eteria. Adrian read the colonial texts aloud. He saw the coming of a disaster. A story of a future hero exploring the caves in a final story of redemption. But this story was just a story to keep the colonists hearts alive. A vivid illusion of grandeur design.

To quench their thirst for knowledge.

Adrian left the building for an exploration of the alien caves. And he found them. He found their dark entrance and entered the caves as a lone intruder. Seeing the shape of Marillion Sinclair in the space of his own mind. This was Adrian's turn now. This was his “dark entrance”. The path of blackness Marillion had entered before.

But he had to move beyond death! Beyond the comfortable silence of heroes dead and long forgotten. To enter the realm of life!

And he had visions: Visions of the resurrection of the future heroes. Rising from the green glass coffins to greet Adrian on his journey in the land after death. Which was the place of hell! Of evil and nocturnal recurrence! Building a vision of love and hate.

Adrian left the arid moon later, enlightened and without a call for help.