

ASCENSION

A NOVEL BY ANDREAS INGO



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PREFACE

Ascension was a work that seemingly couldn't be written. It was a work I tried to write countless times. A work where science-fiction share ground with occult science. A science of unity consciousness. It is describing a future where some people have evolved beyond ordinary sense-experience of the physical space/time matrix.

A time of beauty and wonder. A time where imagination share space with occult knowledge. Describing a new form of intelligence operating in the pool of human minds in the far-off future. A work aiming to describe a world much more fantastic than that of the pure imagination.

The realization: That the wonders of imagination pale in comparison to the truth of our own universe.

I had to abandon ordinary sense-experience to leave space for a clean mind. Abandon my thought: "This book should conform to the general patterns of science-fiction." I tried to write it many times but failed. Every time I did it the world became *too fantastic*. The characters became *too emotional*, *too intelligent* and *unreachable* to readers looking for *ordinary realism* in science-fiction.

These were thoughts that had to be abandoned. Abandoned for a *lucid journey* into another mode of intelligence. Operating within the depths of unity consciousness. The story I *really* wanted to tell.

Ascension is that story.

A story of beauty and wonder aiming at *unity consciousness*.

Read and enjoy!

PART I

ONE POSSIBLE FUTURE

The origin of the universe was a hard matter. The expansion of space from a singularity, expanding from a singularity into new configurations. Pure energy took form into more dense matter in a process hard to understand from most scientists point of view.

But it was an interesting journey to some. A story resembling the writing of literature in some sense. A testing of new possibilities. Creation of order from chaos in a random process.

Some theories of cosmology gave attention to the hard problem of entropy. How anything could arise from a state of total chaos. The universe gave rise to atoms, molecules, stars and planets. Later organic molecules and life as most people experience it today.

Ascension was one possible planet existing within this ocean of possibility. A planet deemed a planetary reserve by future interstellar government. It was a planet important due to ecological factors. Existing in a future where mankind had evolved technologically beyond the limits experienced by most people living today.

It was 2708 A.D. Future humanity existed within a larger context of multiple planets, star systems and interstellar space. This humanity had joined together in a future democratic system. Devoid of many errors haunting humanity in the past.

Somewhere in this huge environment a child was born baptized Alice Sipher. She was born by artificial means but was taken care off by two government officials. They raised her to gradually evolve into a knowledgeable intellectual. Someone to care for human interests and to build a better future in a cooperative act.

Much could be said about the childhood and teenager years of this girl. She was continuously shown the richness of the world of Ascension. Not the actual reality but samples of it in terrariums created for educational/recreational purposes. She was shown the world, its lush combination of dark mineral cliffs and multi-coloured vegetation. Where predators such as Neophytes extended the foggy space of the terrariums to display something nasty.

These terrariums had become much more important to humanity as the arc of time pressed forward. Important because they were a link to humanity's past. As the earth had gone industrial to ninety percent and not much of the earth's original environments existed in an original form. The earth had become much more like a terraformed planet. Containing vegetation and natural environments but not so much linked to the past. Ascension was a prime example of a planet contradicting this unnatural scheme.

As a teenager Alice Sipher was introduced to future science, philosophy and art. Even spiritual movements and religion. All these different areas of human understanding had evolved beyond the level they had in the past. Science had (To quote famous intellectuals) "become something more than a belief in materialistic reduction", "philosophy more than an intellectual exercise", "religion more about secular interests rooted in the material world", "spirituality not limited to New Age beliefs" and "art something with public utility."

The young girl was keenly aware of the advances made in these areas. Aware, quite interested in areas of intellect, perception, awareness and much more areas introduced to the girl from young age. Schooled in these areas as a preparation for the future times to come.

Alice's family was a family connected to the larger scheme of things in a special way. They represented a tiny fraction of humanity that was an essential part of the interstellar government and its agencies. The young girl Alice Sipher was thought upon as a child of great talent and rare qualities. She was introduced to the interstellar government from young age. To meet other individuals like Trent

Montgomery, a child of a similar position. He lived a life in relative luxury and cultural abundance to become an informant for the interstellar government in the future. It was about the necessities of the coming time.

Many ups and downs had been seen in the arc of humanity's history. A large percent of humanity left earth in the past due to advances in many areas. The natural will to extend life in special ways due to technological advances was a will that couldn't be neglected. Some people decided to stay but most earth people around 2250 A.D just wanted to reach beyond their current horizon to explore space and new modes of life in a more intimate way. It was also quite necessary due to overpopulation, starvation and countless other factors.

The young teenager Alice Sipher was taken on countless journeys onto the different colonies. She was open for the wonder. The eerie skies of odd planets, the multi-coloured light from remote star-configurations and even the plain surface of large asteroids.

She watched these worlds with the eye of a girl growing into her given role in the larger scheme of things. She was allowed free-time, she was allowed privacy and also private interests. But she was naturally evolving into a government intellectual. This happened as she truly saw the benefits of order and cooperation. As humanity almost went extinct in previous years due to countless conflicts on an interstellar scale. She was especially interested in natural reserves, odd art movements and philosophical enquiries made by individuals that pointed out problems and solutions in these futuristic times.

All these things considered Alice Sipher evolved to become a natural government informer. She developed the right skills, the knowledge and the public persona necessary to convince the leaders of the interstellar government. Not as a single event but as a gradual process. She gained trust by many small accomplishments accumulated over time. It was not a linear process by any means and problems were also revealed on the way. Problems that increased as a shift was happening in the interstellar world day by day.

Alice Sipher was disillusioned by the birth of new conflicts. And a schism between different schools of thinking.

She was literally put in confusion about the state of the interstellar colonies and what way to push humanity forward. As an adult she was gradually disillusioned in more than one area. Cooperated closely with the intellectual Trent Montgomery in ways to find new solutions to the problems tormenting mankind.

Hard problems for future intellectuals that were working harder in time. Specific problems raising perplexing questions.

2

COMPLEX INFORMATION TASKS

Alice Sipher, twenty-seven years old, moved steadily into the entrance of the prime government building. The year was 2708 A.D. She was using X-Ray scanners to reveal her true identity. The hall she moved towards was bright with occasional shifts of music from the government centre speakers. She was sharing space with Trent Montgomery. They walked quite worriedly through the bright hall. Said hello to government staff along the way.

When they entered the main unit they exchanged looks with some of the government officials. Also with a robotic helper that served people around an oval table some delicate dishes of organic/artificial design.

Alice Sipher hadn't slept much. She had constantly worried about the impediments of the new time. She described a world coming to face a new crisis. Something resembling the time of the wars before the democratic power shift.

“The situation is becoming worse and the need for new solutions increases every day.” She said to the government officials, “Trent

Montgomery and I have analysed the complex information given by other government informers. It is a load of information impossible to decipher at this stage. This means we need more resources.”

“You know the economic strain of the situation is increasing.” One government official answered. “But we can clearly see your point.”

Alice Sipher was becoming more quiet as the meeting passed on. She was saying yes to some food delivered by the robotic helper. It was a delicious blend of organic substances and an artificial soup of tasty ingredients. It was coming from odd farms on a close by planet. Where people of different colours and ages (Even coloured with a hint of green) worked together to blend the organic with the non-organic. Finding new taste not known by people from old earth.

“Are you sure about the relevance of the new information?” one government official asked Alice Sipher, “Rumours of a coming crisis always circulate this time of the year.”

“I’m sure.” Alice Sipher said, “We know about the tragic events but not much about the causes.”

Alice Sipher looked out on the ground floor exteriors of the government headquarters. She walked a bit by herself as she ate the mixed food. It tasted a bit like union, fresh union mixed with some kind of chicken. Quite strong taste initially but the taste diminished as she chewed the food and swallowed several times. Trent Montgomery took over the rest of the discussion. He had a high forehead. A torn and distinguished face formed by intellectual hardship. Quite a contrast to Alice’s slender form with a high sense of femininity. She was an explorer, an intellectual with a longing for mutual understanding and unity. Trent and Alice wore clothes fit for the role they played as informers for the government.

They wore clothes not too formal, not too casual. As they had to fit into the larger scheme of things.

“If the information you give us can be trusted we will give you some additional funding.” One government official said, “To add some more people to your disposal.”

“Good.” Trent Montgomery said.

The problems described by the government informers were problems raising questions with far greater significance than just the current problems described. They were the problems of highly demanding complex information tasks. Using the subsidiary government informers to build theories of the true causes of the problems at display.

On the surface the current problems were occasional battles between the different planetary races. They were also starvation, new deceases, battle for new ground, contradictions between the different agendas of the colonization of space. The list was endless. Three main problems were to see the *core* of the problems, the reasons *why* these things happened and sometimes *if* they really happened.

The government informers continued to share space with each other for the rest of the day. The coming crisis was imminent. It was a problem that just increased in significance as their conversation continued.

“The main problem is really the problem of consciousness.” Alice Sipher said to Trent Montgomery, “A problem to understand and evaluate complex information. Finding a solution to this problem can not be done by ordinary means.”

“I agree.” Trent said. “What we are looking for is more funding. More people put to the complex information tasks. More agents, more travel agents. As some of the colonial territories are under dangerous rule.”

“We have to look at it as a new problem of information.” Alice said, “In a land of dysfunctioning governments new rules have to be invented to counteract a greater threat.”

“What threat?”

“The lack of true knowledge.”

Trent Montgomery nodded and hesitantly agreed.

3

A JOURNEY INTO FORGOTTEN LANDS

The origin of the problems went back in time by several years. Many years to be exact. Trent Montgomery and Alice Sipher had been exposed to them from the time they were kids. But the problems took shape and become more conscious with time.

The first time they surfaced was when Alice Sipher was seven years old. She was going along her foster parents on the surface of a terraformed planet. Watching a parade of people using gene manipulated animals to conduct a living spectacle.

People were riding the animals. Demonstrating their glory and power. Using artworks to decorate the bodies of the animals. Looking like remnants of giraffes and elephants but much more adjusted to the planet at display. They were coloured in pink and hazy green. They were making sounds that reminded Alice of alien jungles. As the parade steadily made its way forward an explosion detonated within the moving line. Smoke came up. Police officers were called in to find the cause of the explosion.

As the police officers went into the smoking inferno they were hit and shot down by invisible enemies.

No real cause was found to this explosion. Not a hint of a cause to the following violence. Groups of revolutionaries were pointed out as the cause of this hideous act. Dissident groups of outsiders, insiders and other government forces.

The situation was too complex to find a true enemy. The enemy was hidden behind talk and counter-talk. Different groups of people with their own glasses and agendas.

In later years Alice was following her foster parents on a journey to a remote space-station. In reality a malfunctioning star-ship where repairs were conducted to fix the hull.

Alice didn't know why but the electrical current went out in the entire space-station days later. People were running around in black corridors. Not knowing if they would get enough oxygen. They didn't know who to turn to. Who to ask for the solution to this problem.

Was the light temporally out or was it due to terrorist attacks?

The situation saw no clear solution. The following weeks were a nightmare scenario as the space-station staff tried to ease down the people on-board. But no one knew about the cause to the electrical problem. Most people left the space-station to find shelter in other places.

And suddenly the space-ship went up in flames.

The hard part of the problem came up again and again in the education process of Alice Sipher. Solutions could look like solutions on the surface. But most of the time these "solutions" were talk from simple minded people that demanded fast and easy answers.

To make them feel better about themselves.

Alice saw new generations of government officials come and go. Saw their "truths" become evidence of general disinformation. No one seemed to have the answers and things just got worse in time. It became a psychological problem for Alice. A hard problem of knowledge and/or lack of knowledge.

How could an intelligent government informer work in these problematic times?

Alice took to the terrariums simulating the untamed wilderness of Ascension. No information was whispering truths or lies into the young girl's ears.

Her eyes saw only growing trunks of trees. Black cliffs and odd life forms living on these. One of them was the shape of the blue Riotor. Who moved in pools of flowing water to suck the water clean from miniature life forms. It was also the Hydrealexa who crept on the slippery surface of the black rock to ingest miniature life forms from the slippery surface. Making the rocks wiped clean. So important was the exotic world for Alice that she became a part time ecological supporter, part time information theory expert.

She viewed nature as a good resort to escape the burden of her coming mission. A mission she gladly held of importance (Someone had to do it) and the pay was good.

Sometimes she also saw hints of other spheres of human understanding: Odd philosophers, strange occultists and artists from another sphere of human society. They were not contradicting the young woman with her strange theories and conclusions. Rather supporting her, diverting her away from the government policy.

Alice went nature minded.

Trent Montgomery became an avid inventor. Inventing new models of space-ships, planetary rovers and things of the same kind. He thought of new solutions. Beyond the simplistic new generation of technology used on most human worlds. He used them to find simplicity and constant feedback contradicting his future mission as a government informer. They were practical, obvious and clear.

What did all of this mean?

It meant that the problem of knowledge could be approached from a new angle. That complex information tasks could be counter-intuitive and that the opposite side of things could be needed. It was just a theory. A theory Alice Sipher and Trent Montgomery found a way to test in the manner of time.

One day it crept into an important government discussion.

4

A SUDDEN CHANGE OF EVENTS

2708 A.D, a couple of months after the rise of the new crisis.

Alice Sipher and Trent Montgomery entered a new and cumbersome situation. In addition to the complex information tasks they had to share space with additional government informers. Night and day. In Alice's and Trent's private apartments. It happened due to new directives by the interstellar government.

The government informers used the limited areas of Alice's and Trent's apartments to map out and decipher the meaning of the complex information available.

They occasionally sat down in comfortable sleeping bags, occasionally ran into each other when visiting the toilet or using the kitchen installation. Sweat ran down the government informers cheeks. They were arguing.

Using harsh words, bad temper, even yelling.

So tense was the heat of the moment that these people more or less broke down from the intellectual burden. A war of different races, economical collapse, breach of interstellar government rules. So many factors to unveil, so many problems to consider from a subjective information viewpoint.

Alice left her apartment to walk two kilometres to a close by library. A library resting on common ground in an area close to a space-harbour. This library had huge walls of digital/physical books containing any topic one could think of. A huge collection of books, magazines, music recordings and much more of the same kind. The

digital books worked like holographic movie displays. Containing a narrator, a female/male narrator voice.

Alice wasn't interested in the books themselves but rather the peaceful atmosphere. The silence. The huge gallery of modern art that decorated the empty walls of the library unit. She was just walking there. Gazing around. Watching elders and teenagers exchange looks and short sentences.

“There has to be an escape somehow.” Alice thought to herself. “A way to leave this world of heavy concerns.”

She walked the silent corridors, the open areas and suddenly felt a large pressure upon her chest. A desire to stop there and puke on the floor. To leave her world of complex information tasks and choose tranquillity instead. Some old man with an artificial walking leg saw the anguish in Alice's eyes: Her torn look, her intimate love affair with silence.

And Alice thought of the remote planetary reserve of Ascension. Where there would be fine air to breathe, an air composed of some oxygen but also alien gases.

It was a topic that finally came to the surface in another meeting at the government headquarters. The government officials sought new solutions, not new questions. Not the private anguish of a female government informer. Not the torn forehead of a male inventor describing the imminent crisis.

Alice adjusted to the situation by assuming a public response. It happened in confrontation with the government officials.

“I have a suggestion.” Alice Sipher said to the government officials, “We need a new approach to solve these problems. Some scientific method to approach the complex information tasks from a new angle.”

“What angle?” one of the government officials asked.

“A creative angle.” Alice said, “You see this complex information overload is driving all government informers crazy. It is too many

factors to consider. Too much uncertainty concerning the validity of the information theories.”

“But we can’t afford to test new solutions in these times.”

“We must.” Alice said, “Cutting edge science theories points out the fact that heavy information overload shuts down important brain functions. For the brain to work properly ease of mind is needed. Brain exercise is needed but also sometimes overrated. A fusion of left brain/right brain activity is necessary. Stimulating creativity. It is about new connections between the two hemispheres of the brain.” she said, “What also is needed is a natural environment where the human psyche can return to its roots.”

“We don’t have the time.”

“It’s necessary.” Alice said, “Science points to the fact that a pure environment can free the mind from confusion and make it easier for people to find creative solutions.”

“It is too far-fetched.” The government official said.

Alice Sipher and Trent Montgomery were on the brink of madness. Of exhaustion. The remaining information theorists didn’t find much common ground. The heated arguments increased. They were almost killing each other with odd proposals. So Alice gave up and started to think about fake answers. Random solutions. Simple ways to avoid the problems and find fast answers.

But as she did she started to think about the future of the human race. Fake solutions to a fake complex information process. It would be easy to escape the heat of the moment but it would be harder to endure the coming crisis.

Alice decided to resign. End her job to live on cheap pension funds. A big decision coming from a slender woman.

She talked with Trent Montgomery that decided to work hard to the bitter end. It was a bitter diversion. A guessing game of the true intentions of the woman at display.

“So you took the easy way out.” Trent said to Alice.

Trent was angry but as he said this he also saw the situation from Alice’s perspective.

The coming days were a chock to the interstellar government headquarters. A pack of military space-ships flew by the centre of the installation and attacked a close-by government unit. They were using ships used by the local military forces. Sending loads of hot plasma upon different targets.

The whole compound went dark with thick and poisonous smoke.

It was the end of comfortable government discussions. The threat of war was real but it was unknown in origin. People talked for weeks about the unexpected attack. About the military ships shot down by aiming missile turrets.

Alice was called in again as she was the main government informer. Known by the people. Known for her bold resources. For her creative approach to problem solving.

“We will give you a new chance.” One government official said to Alice Sipher, “You will get the chance to enter the planetary reserve of Ascension for a new change of mind. To work on the complex information tasks by your own means and end the imminent crisis. To find the causes of this clouded war. This time of information and disinformation. With double pay.”

Alice agreed.

She didn’t give herself much time to think about it. She met the desperate government officials with a bold compromise. This was due to the great opportunity. It was her adult life dream and the interstellar government could chance policy any hour.

The government officials felt a sense of relief. They celebrated Alice’s return as an annual party event. Having local dinners and entertainment despite the imminent crisis.

A colourful event containing easy times and consumption of interstellar government resources.

“I’m thankful.” Alice said to the government officials, “We need time to adjust to the demands of the coming time.”

“You’re worth it.” One government official said.

PART II

5

THE PLANETARY RESERVE OF ASCENSION

It was evening on Ascension. A green sun sent beams of light upon a deep valley of black rocks. A huge valley covered with a thick layer of shining clouds. Shining with green reflections from the green sun. It was also a hint of a red sun in the distance. A red dwarf soon going below the horizon. So exotic was the atmosphere of the different sun configurations that some children watching it hardly could contain themselves.

Among the swirling clouds flying creatures were moving in tight group formations. Circulating along mountain ranges, black mountain ranges in the remote border of the valley. The children climbed upon a black rock using advanced climbing gear. Climbing with elastic body movements. With bold moves and careful attention. Looking upon the black rock but also on the alien vista.

The human base had been built upon a large black mountain and the children used space-suits, thrusters and air-protection helmets to navigate their way along the mountain.

A last climb in the green evening to prepare them for the coming dawn.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE GOVERNMENT INFORMERS

The drop-ship to the interstellar star vehicle moved in circles around the main base on the planetary reserve. The drop-ship was moving around as the pilots navigated quite confused as where to actually land the ship. The visuals were limited. A blueish fog was hiding the actual landing area.

A cumbersome and thick fog hid the third sun of the planetary reserve. It was a blue giant. An angry god of pre-memorial times.

Alice Sipher and Trent Montgomery were just two passengers on the drop-ship. They were also supported by mission experts, soldiers (To counteract the local wildlife), medical personnel and other complex information experts. Among others.

They were holding their breath, looking tired, aimless, confused. The situation was a new situation as Ascension didn't have the warm and cosy luxury of a normal human colony.

The blue blinding light was covered by the mist but actually making it hard to see the actual landing area. Black towers were coming up. Large rovers, walking platforms and much more.

The pilots sent messages to the passengers to hold on for a shaky ride. As the drop ship went around in more circles. A shaky ride, a nightmare scenario as surprising winds took hold of the hull of the star ship lander.

Well inside the main base the situation took unexpected turns. No adults were there to meet them. The supervisor of the planetary reserve was gone. The date of arrival was confused due to differences

between the calendar of Ascension and the interstellar government planet.

Instead the whole party of complex information experts met a group of children that surprised them with their appearance. Thick plates of steel had been put on the outside of the main base windows. So nobody could see the actual environment. These plates had sealed the windows due to the light of the blue giant.

Trent Montgomery and Alice Sipher sat down along a rectangular table. Quite hungry, tired, exhausted from the long trip. A small terrarium could be seen close to a wall. Containing alien creatures similar to the ones Alice had seen before.

The children approached Alice Sipher and Trent Montgomery. They were the children that had climbed the black mountain before.

“Feel welcome.” One of the kids said quite well-mannered, “It’s just a matter of time and you will feel at ease.” She said, “By the way, we are future science students.”

“Science students on a planetary reserve?” Alice asked.

“Yes.” The child said, “We are chosen by the ecological science department. Building future terrariums on the human colonies.”

“But why are you so young?”

“We are students.” A boy said, “To prepare us for future tasks of ecological importance.”

Hours later the supervisor came into the main unit. Fresh from an early shower. A little bit surprised by the unexpected visit. He watched the government informers, the soldiers, the medics with a rushed and sweeping movement.

Alice went up to the supervisor (called Anthony Free-Eyes), shook his hands and said hello.

“You are quite early and not expected.” The supervisor said, “But please sit down for some food and early instructions.” He said, “You

see Ascension is not a planetary reserve reserved for average people. It's a government protected area. The policy is about non-intrusion, cooperation, security." He said, "You are only permitted to move behind fences, within constructed areas where normal air can support you. You can never, and I say this with great conviction, move beyond the permitted areas! This planet is very dangerous. And also alien to human bacteria."

"We know this from early education." Alice said, "But we will cooperate and closely follow instructions."

The following days were a nightmare of new experiences and reduced agility. The gravity of Ascension was a bit stronger than on the interstellar government planet. The government informers and the rest of the group had to use thrusters to walk ordinary. Adjusting with the thrusters in heavy terrain. They also used air support units to breathe alien atmosphere for only forty percent. As the alien atmosphere could be breathed in middle-range doses.

Somewhere in the training procedure Trent Montgomery lost coordination, pushed too hard on the thrusters and flew himself into a black rock. He fell down to the ground, watched angrily on the enormous red environment below. As the red dwarf was visible in this time of the night.

"A mind fuck if I ever saw one." Trent Montgomery said to himself.

The group moved only in the nights. As the blue giant was too strong of a star to support normal day walks on the planet. The group stood motionless in front of alien vegetation. Growing on the black rocks in lush colours. Blue crown leaves, red and yellow ones. Huge crown leaves that contrasted to the black slippery rocks.

Where liquid gases of alien origin made the surface hard to walk upon.

The complex information theorists trained in the nights and slept in the days. Their heads were getting heavy from the alien air. A new composition of air that the human brain had to adjust to in small

doses. It was not a poisonous air but containing other gases than on old earth, in addition to the oxygen.

“I don’t think we are prepared for this.” Trent Montgomery said to Alice Sipher one day, “Think about it. The planetary reserve, the alien environment. And the future of humanity at stake.”

“I know.” Alice said, “But we must adjust to the task in time and in small doses.” She said, “The old has already been tested. The brain couldn’t take it on the home planet.”

“But think of the body!” Trent said, “I’m already exhausted from my new sleep cycle!”

Alice and Trent had to go separate ways. In the past they almost had become lovers. Private lovers sharing common interests. They slept together on some missions. Never having actual sex but talking private outside conventional parameters. Now the harshness of the new task were breaking them apart.

Much more so than on the interstellar government planet.

Three weeks later the group met up with the children to move beyond the closest zone to zone 3 in the middle of the planetary reserve. The people had trained, adjusted to the alien air. They had developed a sense of inner strength and physical composure.

“Remember to follow support staff closely as you enter new walk-paths after the flight with the auxiliary space shuttle!” Anthony Free-Eyes said, “You are quite trained, thank god for that!, but new dangers will probably arise sooner or later.” He said, “When it comes to the complex information task I can not say one word or another. I’m just a supervisor. But I keep faith in our government and its democratic rule. To find a new path to the future.”

The people of the group smiled and walked quite heavily into the auxiliary space shuttle.

It took flight minutes later.

ON ALIEN AIR

The auxiliary space shuttle swept by the alien landscape in a linear movement. Never making large adjustments to alien terrain as it was going forward on an easy route. The complex information theorists were still taken by the alien view.

Along the black cliffs green outgrowths could be seen along the surfaces. Even waterfalls composed of alien liquids. They had a semi-translucent composure. Leaning to green this particular night. Even having a hint of red due to the descent of the red sun.

The government informers became silent: Watching, dreaming, guessing of the events to come.

Along a huge black cliff the auxiliary space shuttle took turns around the black cliff's edges. Buildings could be seen built by planetary reserve construction workers. Connected to different walk-paths under shelled domes of glass.

Planetary reserve personnel were walking there. Also some occasional guests. Government visitors connected to the ecological unit of the interstellar colonies.

They were silently flying on a bent trajectory. Now moving between two cliffs forming a larger cliff above the ground. Like a carved tunnel. They were passing through the tunnel when they saw specimens of Hydrealexia curling along the cliffs.

The Hydrealexia was a green cleaner, a huge parasite. Consuming invisible life forms on a steady diet. It was displaying characteristics of some kind of snake. As it curled along the slippery cliff with a body intersected by yellowish lines. But much larger than any snake on earth. It had a huge head like a Triceratops.

The auxiliary space shuttle slowed down in front of a human installation. It was a lowered ground between fences. The alien jungle trees were growing up on the fences. Like rose bushes.

“Ok.” Anthony Free-Eyes said, “I want no adventures. No dumb explorations! This is zone 3 and I want you to treat your journey as a routine work schedule.”

“We will find some sleep and work tomorrow.” Alice Sipher said.

“Good.” Anthony said.

The shuttle landed on the lowered compound. People were coming out from a close-by air support unit. They wore thick space-suits with large air supplies.

“Say hello to the planetary reserve support staff!” Anthony Free-Eyes said, “I will pick you up for a journey later.”

The government informers, the children and the others were going out of the shuttle. Someone complained about air supply. Someone was going away from the others to inspect the growing trunks of plants surrounding the high fences.

A high shriek was heard from some alien intruder.

8

A DISASTROUS MOVE

Alice Sipher was calming down. Calming down to consider the implications of the alien environment. Considering the work-load put on the government informers shoulders. She was keeping herself calm. Walking the human support unit of zone 3. Watching the terrariums. Some completely empty due to cleaning.

The human support unit was silent. The soldiers, the children and the medics were taking a well needed rest. But the young woman was restless. She couldn't think of sleep in this moment. Her teenager

dream had always been to enter Ascension. As a recreational mission. To find energy in a naturally preserved environment.

She looked around the empty corridors of the futuristic support unit. Arrows with large characters pointed to new areas. New areas unknown to her. She walked into a dark kitchen. Where food was lying smelling in the air. She put the food in a trash can and searched a refrigerator for some sandwiches.

She found some cake and keenly tasted.

Soon she was energised and thought about restrain. Restrain from walking outside at this hour. An hour between night and day. The blue giant hadn't risen above the horizon. But eventually it would. Going outside was dangerous. She went to bed and started to dream about the complex information task.

The alien landscape of greatness and wonder mixed with the recognition of human worlds of decay. A muted and greyish dream where animals mixed with human bodies.

At last she had to abandon sleep and walk outside. She walked upon the alien perimeter. Using a space-suit. A random air supply, breathing, walking steadily. She stopped at the high fences. Listening to alien sounds. High shrieks, a mixed atmosphere with alien composure. She breathed the air. She felt it.

And she adjusted.

She breathed the mixture of alien/human air. She stood silent before the high fences. She counted her breaths and felt more peaceful. She started to make strange connections between earlier complex information memories. Leads in the convoluted intellectual puzzle. She gazed into the inner depths of her subconscious mind. Fusing right brain memory fragments with left brain analysis. Making the connections come to the surface.

The children had followed her along. Alice said that she felt peaceful. That she had found strange connections between different pieces of information.

The children said that Alice was on dangerous ground.

“You have to go along your journey with great self-restrain.” The girl said, “I know of the dark impulses of your heart. Deny them.”

They went to bed and soon it was time for another night.

Anthony Free-Eyes came to catch the government informers for a new excursion the coming night. He asked them if they had seen any way to move forward with the complex information task.

“I have already seen a strange connection.” Alice said, “It is as if local sense experience fooled my mind yesterday and left room for creative leaps. As the new science has revealed. I’m on to something.”

“Sounds really interesting.” Anthony said.

“It is.” Alice said, “But this faculty called intelligence is a hard beast to master. According to the science one needs much experience.”

The auxiliary space shuttle moved around the alien environment of zone 3. It was a strange mix of unaltered environments and occasional walking paths invented by human minds. Zone 3 was not only interesting from an ecological point of view but also from a human standpoint. The planetary reserve was constructed as a human experience pool. The idea was to blend human and alien worlds. To design the human elements in tune with the actual environment.

Making the shelters and pathways become a natural part of the whole.

Trent Montgomery talked with Anthony Free-Eyes about this intersection of human and alien worlds.

“We are trying to establish a sense of something exotic and exciting.” Anthony Free-Eyes said, “Exciting but also educational. Without destroying the original environments.”

“How long have you been here?”

“Fifteen years.” Anthony said, “And I’m really tired of novice explorers! Destroying what confidence we still have in this project!”

The group returned to the human support unit hours later. They had seen more specimens of Hydrealexa but also specimens of Riotor. They moved in pools of green liquid to suck the liquid clean from smaller elements. The Riotor was a blue alien (Looking a bit like a vacuum cleaner) that could be seen up close.

The following days passed in a surreal state of consciousness. Alice had to think seriously upon the reason why she had come to Ascension. It was not a child's play. The current theories of the complex information tasks went in many directions.

Some said the problems had to do with uneven distribution of future money. That different groups of people had higher privileges than others. That some lived like kings and queens without much work offered. Others were just living as farmers.

Some government informers said the problems had to do with lack of education or lack of communication skills.

Others said the problems simply were due to aggression.

Alice wondered about all possible scenarios and outcomes (Beyond these). And she knew that her raise in income had to be accounted for. Something was required in return.

Days later the group was out again when a sudden dispute was arising between the complex information theorists. They talked about the agenda, the lack of time.

Headlines of over-spending in the interstellar government offices.

“We have to be patient.” Alice Sipher said to one of the complex information theorists. “We have to go along slowly. To attune to the alien world much more in depth. Not forgetting the complex information task but never make too fast conclusions.” She said, “Or we will find shallow solutions.”

The complex information theorists didn't answer much to this working procedure. They were starting to look upon Alice as a young opportunist with too much money to spend.

One was getting angry. And suddenly she hit upon Alice with the force of a female fist. She was really nervous. Hitting a breakdown due to the alien environment.

Others tried to stop the fight but Alice made much resistance. The pilots screamed to the passengers to take it easy. They shouted to them. The fight slowed down as Anthony Free-Eyes entered the passenger unit to stop the quarrel.

Suddenly the auxiliary space shuttle hit the ground due to large confusion among the pilots. It hit upon the slippery side of a black rock. The black rock joined together with another one above the ground.

A fire was ignited.

The passengers had to be escorted out from the burning inferno. Anthony was hurt by the burning flames. He had to protect the minor ones. The children. And the burning pool of smoke and flame injured the supervisor seriously.

He entered a medical unit hours later.

A RESORT TO ORIGINAL ENVIRONMENTS

Most people were remaining static at zone 3. Anthony Free-Eyes was escorted to the main base of the black mountain. There he came under surveillance and was prepared for more medical procedures. The government informers were under heavy strain. Not only enduring the responsibility of humanity's future. To add to it they were held responsible for Anthony's injuries.

Alice Sipher and Trent Montgomery had to work together to calm themselves and the rest of the government informers. They had to ease

down and look more carefully upon their mission. The discussion concerning humanity's future was easing down. Instead Alice Sipher (and many others) were taking it easy. They had to get much sleep: Eat a little, walk a little, take care of their bodies.

Pressure was adding up in their muscles: Getting tense, getting drained due to low energy.

One day Alice Sipher was walking by herself in the human areas of zone 3. A walking tube was leading her to the opposite side of a black cliff. Red trees were growing along the black cliff: Curling, growing beyond the alien environment onto the shelled glass of the walking tube. Alice saw eerie skies, the red and green suns of remoteness and wonder. It was a strange recognition of wonders hidden to most.

Not much happened during this walk. The whole complex information task could never be solved in the walking tube. Not later in discussions between the different government informers.

Alice and the others had to reconsider their purpose on Ascension.

They had to realize their limitations. The limitations were the limitations of time (Making further analysis difficult) and Ascension planetary reserve rules.

They had to realize temporarily failure and return to the interstellar government home planet.

Alice and Trent were very disappointed.

A SECRET JOURNEY BEFORE ALICE'S RETURN

Time was an important factor.

As the main body of government informers prepared for their return Alice Sipher was having a change of temperament. She had slept

much, she had abandoned the quest for knowledge and therefore found a lot of energy.

They were back in the main base of Ascension and the children were poking her with a lot of questions. Educated as they were about ecological thinking and policies.

“It seems to me you know more about this subject matter than I do.” Alice said to the children. “Why ask me?”

“We want to know if you have been taught the same lessons as we have.” The girl said, “As you know contradictions can be found in governments everywhere.”

“But how *can* you know this?” Alice asked with astonishment, “You are only children!”

“We know because we *have* to know.” The girl said, “It’s about the necessities of the coming times.”

Alice Sipher was surprised.

The following days were about low-key activities in the main base of the planetary reserve. The thick steel protection units were still pulled upon the windows. Nothing could be seen or sensed about the alien environment. But the terrariums functioned as good educational units.

“When it comes to me.” Alice said to the children, “Ecological thought is a subject that will be taught in all schools.” She said, “Our future might depend upon how well we can adjust to the interstellar environment.”

“But what does this mean in practise?” The young girl asked.

“It means we might have to shift our ecological perspective.” Alice said, “Human bodies alienated from their original environments can never survive for long.”

“So it’s about human biology?” The young girl asked.

“It’s about the requirements of the body *and* the psyche.” Alice said, “In fact this was a realization that further dawned upon me in the incident back in zone 3 before you warned me of dangers.”

“You went irrational.”

“Not just irrational.” Alice said, “Irrational to become more rational.” She said, “A vague sense of integration.”

The girl was quiet.

The discussion continued later. The children and the older ones (Some really old) went along the remainder of the day in a solid recognition of temporarily rest. They were easing down as nothing immediate could be done about humanity’s future.

They were rather enjoying themselves quite a lot.

In a special moment the young girl was coming up to Alice in a careful manner. Alice was looking at the terrariums as the window shelters were pulled away.

The green light of the night-time sky was growing stronger and sending its green vibrant rays upon the face of the student. The girl met Alice to whisper something in her ear.

“I must tell you about unknown areas.” The girl whispered.

“What unknown areas?” Alice whispered back.

“The areas of the secret *aliens*.” The young girl whispered.

“You’re kidding me!” Alice said outspoken.

“I’m not!” The young girl said aloud, “In fact the children are going to this area tomorrow! For advanced study.” She said, “If you keep quiet you can follow along.”

The next day the auxiliary space shuttle was going steadily into unexplored terrain. Terrain never studied in advance by Alice. It was a large group of educational staff, the children and other guests of unknown origin. The space shuttle moved steadily along.

Passed the previous areas and entered a black space of burned terrain.

It was a huge area. An area beyond the black mountains. Pairs of lonely Neophytes were crawling along this burned terrain. They looked like crawling insects in the remote distance. Visible in full colour by digital computer binoculars.

Alice and the children shared space in the limited space of the space-shuttle. The shuttle was filled by countless monitors and displays. Keeping check of body functions of the explorers. It was not looking like a normal flying vehicle. It was a space-shuttle after all. With human air supply. Thrusters and countless other details. It made a hissing sound as it passed the burned terrain.

Short stumps of trees were seen in the background.

Lakes were also seen filled with ashes from burned trees. Blue grass was seen between the trees turning away from the colour due to the light from the red dwarf.

Hours later the group was using space-suits to walk the area of the supposed home of the aliens. It was a mountain terrain once again. But as Alice walked the secret walk she couldn't see any sign of the supposed aliens.

“You are kidding me!” Alice said to the young girl over the communication link, “There are no aliens.”

“It's a matter of definition.” The young girl said, “Wait and see.”

And the whole lot of Ascension explorers walked a strange trajectory upon a black cliff. A hard terrain making it necessary to use the available thrusters. Alice used her thrusters as taught in the training session before. It was not comfortable. It was a strain of physical/mental muscles. A journey to arrive at a relieved sense of accomplishment.

Walking/hovering into alien terrain.

The air supply was working. It used the human/alien air hybrid of gases to supply the brain/body with its needed composure.

“Are you still with us?” An older teacher asked Alice as she was moving quite disorderly upon a slippery slope.

“I’m fine.” She said.

Hours later the group finally was at the end of the secret path. They came to an elevated position. Where they walked out upon a standing cliff. Giving great clarity to watch the mountains above.

“Where are the secret aliens?” Alice Sipher asked the girl again over the communication link.

“Wait and see.” The girl said.

Alice Sipher watched. She used her digital computer binocular to watch the black mountains. The growing trees in Solaris colours. Giving birth to strange sensations of alien nature.

“I can’t see anything.” Alice said.

She watched the alien landscape like a lost and fooled child. Watching the mountains as one of them started to *move*.

It was a towering vision of irony and humour as this mountain was revealed to be an actual living being. An alien the size of a small mountain. Being black. Looking like a rock. A moving giant taking shape on a movement up in the misty clouds. It was a slow and majestic movement. As the alien giant took shape and moved onto a close by mountain.

Adjusting shape as it met the mountain.

Becoming part of it.

“Now you see.” The young girl said to Alice. “It is a huge life-form. Using the mountains as protection using shape-shifting capabilities. It is the Leanonopreous.”

Alice was relieved.

BACK IN THE BASE OF ZONE 3

Events were unfolding in a constant wait of return. The government informers were waiting for the command to return to the star ship lander. In the meantime they were playing chess games using digital computer terminals and also board games of classical design.

Alice and Trent Montgomery were coming together. Their destiny as government informers looked partly bright, partly dark, mostly uncertain. They had to talk about it. Forgetting the temporarily failure to concentrate on more positive aspects.

They used their spare time to inject a sense of relief upon themselves. They were talking and as they talked Alice held on to her new found secret. She was secretive. She was behaving differently. Long lost was her empty smile.

The faked sense of social appearance.

“What has happened?” Trent Montgomery asked Alice Sipher.

“The past events have created a different mood set.” She said to Trent Montgomery. “I was just faking my happy mood before.”

They were disconnecting from each other and Alice was thinking upon the complex information tasks. She was washing her hands in an alien liquid supply. Being red.

Turning away a bit from the red towards yellow.

She was lost to the new experience as she recognized an alien intrusion. Scaling away the surface activity of her mind as something came clear with a sudden importance.

The complex information tasks could be solved in a contra-intuitive way! Alice would instantly forget about the *wholeness* of the tasks and concentrate on *local* variables. This meant that she would abandon the huge problems altogether and formulate new solutions. Not for simple

reasons. But because she saw the solutions with clear and burning eyes!

That the *local* conditions of the different planets were displaying obvious problems!

Not revealing true causes but *symptoms*.

It was time to cure the *symptoms* and leave the real task of *causes* to the successors to future man.

Leaving the interstellar government with possible solutions.

It was like a ghost haunting.

PART III

12

NEW INTERSTELLAR GOVERNMENT POLICY

Back on the interstellar government home planet.

Months had passed during the interstellar space journey. It was a silent journey of constant hibernation. Using drugs and complex motor control to stimulate the sleeper's muscles.

Alice Sipher met up with the government officials on the interstellar government home planet later.

“Here it is.” Alice Sipher said, “Our journey was long and problematic. It was a hard beginning but with gratifying final rewards. New angles to the complex information theories.”

“We are quite surprised.” One government official said. “We have all heard about your initial crisis and the hart part of later events.”

Some government officials adjusted the angle of their computer controlled chairs to confront Alice more directly.

“Things changed.” Alice Sipher said. “The real problems were not the problems of information. We always *had* the information. Especially from my part as I have investigated human affairs for the largest part of my life. I already knew about the answers but I could never find clarity. Never find ease of mind and a new perspective making the information I already had become clarified.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean that the complex network of information taking form within consciousness initially was useless. Overwhelming. Confusing. The connections were already there but there were *too many* connections. Useless information. Unreliable information.” Alice said, “By negating the surface process of consciousness by new experience the useless information could be put aside.” She said, “And this happened by a process of much rest, eating, walking exercises and profound experiences in nature.”

“Interesting.” One government official said. “But how can this information be trusted?”

“Let me explain.” Alice said, “The new theory is that the information already is out there. Becoming obvious in common debate. But it is not just *one* answer but *multiple* answers.” Alice said, “You see the problems are the same as they always have been: War, starvation, contradictions between different colonial policies. And much more. The only difference between the new crisis and the old crisis is a natural progression of events.”

The interstellar government officials listened. They were looking upon Alice from multiple perspectives. As an adventurer into physical space and intellectual spheres.

They talked, asked more questions and took time to consider the implications of Alice’s new theories.

A formal conversation between the different members took place later. Sometimes calm, sometimes more heated. The government officials were looking upon Alice as a new kind of information theorist.

A deviant woman with a clear mind but also adventurous.

“We will take your information as hypotheses.” One government official said to Alice later, “But they have to be tested to be proven reliable.”

“Off course.” Alice said.

The new theories were presented to several key figures outside the interstellar government. Figures like the different leaders on the human colonies.

They met up in huge star-ship conventions. Conventions that were shown to many people on computer displays.

They had a common discussion. Arguments and counter-arguments. The previous crisis had gone too far. And contrary to some initial suspicions Alice’s theories were proven correct.

The solutions to the problems were not remarkably hidden. The problems were just *too many* to be obvious from an average human’s point of view.

Alice was applauded. She was found reliable continuing the tradition of past success.

She was finally put on vacation. A long journey into complex information tasks had finally come to its end. Alice was continuously celebrated on several interstellar government events.

Eating delicious food from the remote corners of Ascension. Processed food. Making the alien ingredients become suited for human digestion.

Alice was relieved and she said she never could have expected more from her journey to Ascension.

She said she was truly happy.

ALICE'S VACATION

A new period of Alice's life had begun. Trent Montgomery and the rest of the government informers were having some well needed rest. They slept for weeks in the private corners of their respective homes. Never sharing space contrary to will.

As Alice took care of private concerns she had a change of clothing. Disappearing in the huge crowds of people that shared space on the interstellar government home planet. She wore grey clothing without the distinguished features of her official appearance. She wanted to disappear. To melt together with the constant stream of people walking the streets of the interconnected city of the home planet.

The planet was actually a small brown/yellow rock with a huge city covering all areas of the spherical shape. Alice took hovering trains and occasional flights to different parts of the city. These flights used huge helicopters, with triple rotors connected to greyish shapes.

She passed high-rises, some of these hovering in the air. Using solid helium gas arrangements. Eventually she arrived at rare clothing stores and strange food outlets that contained fish and other life forms. Collected from local rivers and artificial canals.

She had to make room for rest and enjoy life much more private. This meant dancing sessions late at night. Meeting up with strangers. With drunk people and certain youngsters partying.

Occasionally she was back in her own apartment. Noises from quarrelling neighbours could be heard some nights. Some nights Alice was out on the balcony to gaze upon hordes of people passing by. The streets were filled with all kinds of low-life, mixed with rich people. Mixed with people of all ages.

Alice was never bored. The events on Ascension had made her appreciate the privacy of her apartment much more in depth. She sat down in a computer controlled sleeping chair that adjusted to her very breaths: No thinking. No feeling.

Not much depth to the breaths she took. She calmed her body. She ate from a spherical food support unit.

At one point Alice was so well rested that she started to think about the real *causes* of the crisis of the colonial world. She couldn't resist it. In fact, the absence of government informer work made her interest *increase* in time.

She became an avid thinker again: Thinking, doing analysis of the things taking place in the past and in current times.

Visits to several festivals were followed by a visit to a famous thinker living in a skyscraper overlooking a huge park. It was a bearded man using his spare time to think about current events.

“I need to collect perspectives.” Alice said to the man, “If you agree I will pay you and others to discuss the details of consciousness in a formal context. You will get a good pay.” She said, “The subject is increase of general intelligence. I have cured the symptoms of the interstellar colony crisis. Now it's time to work intelligently on the causes.”

A NEW DISCUSSION CONCERNING INTELLIGENCE

It happened in Alice's apartment. Late in the night. Deviant thinkers, strange occultists and gifted street artists joined with Alice in a new discussion concerning intelligence and the future of mankind.

It was an uneven group of deviant thinkers. Not connected to the intellectuals in the interstellar government. Chosen for their intelligence, depth of thought and creative accomplishments.

The night was a tempered night with multi-coloured lights. Flickering of lights were seen in windows of hovering sky-scrapers. An appropriate beauty of futuristic design. Shouts were heard from several neighbours. Elevated discussions and also partying individuals living on new government funds.

The uneven group of deviant thinkers was made to feel welcome. Huge amounts of money had been spent to gather the smartest people Alice could find on the interstellar colonies.

They were offered drinks, delicious plates of snacks and also some presents. A kind gesture to show the depth of Alice's appreciation. As she always had admired the deviant thinkers since her teenager years. It happened contrary to interstellar government policy.

As she always had been an avid traveller. A creative thinker with many perspectives.

“So finally we begin.” Alice said.

The discussion took strange turns. Similar to philosophical discussions from classical age. They talked about the problem of consciousness, of external environments and countless other factors. Alice was presenting questions. Questions the deviant thinkers answered according to their own considerations.

“What I clearly have seen is that highly intelligent people seldom succeed in life.” Alice said to the others, “They are often pessimistic, different, lonely. And they never succeed to convince others.” She said, “Would most of you agree?”

The question was put to the others to circulate around in a circular movement. So that all perspectives could be accounted for. It became obvious that there were many contradicting ideas among the deviant thinkers. But this idea of loneliness and rebellion was one question answered by most in similar ways.

“It has to do with depth of consciousness.” One middle-age artist said, “We are simply alien creatures.”

Some of the deviant thinkers nodded in a gesture of agreement.

The night was long and the party went different ways as the hours evened out towards morning. The deviant thinkers were to have some well needed rest. Taking care of themselves in the western part of the city. They got money to keep for themselves and also to account for free-time to prepare themselves for new discussions.

The next night was spent discussing the questions of human consciousness. The strange occultists had enormous amount of experience in the art of opening up their consciousness to high vibrational levels. They talked about the origin of the universe, the expansion of space by a process of conscious evolution. That the universe was a divine mind and that there was no true separation between human consciousness and divine consciousness. The random process of change described in conventional cosmological theories was not a true random process at all. Just a process of conscious evolution of the universe as a whole.

Street artists pointed out that this divine state of consciousness responded to human thought in a creative way. That human evolution didn't end with the realization of the divine mind. But that she had to use creative thinking patterns to find a path to her own future. The divine mind responded to beliefs and intentions. Moulding the universe according to the individuals making up the whole.

Deviant thinkers talked about the naivety of the past New Age belief system. That it was easy to find fast solutions. Easy to loose oneself in a drugged state of god realization. Forgetting earthly concerns. Forgetting the difficulty of even attaining and/or proving the mode of the consciousness described.

It was a deep topic.

“You see what you describe are different mind-sets and approaches.” Alice said to the others, “Some of these findings have been proved by

modern science. Proved by countless experiments and clearly also described by untested hypotheses.” She said, “But can they be trusted? Can we agree on these findings? And what have these findings to do with the interstellar colonial crisis?”

The questions were made to circulate as others questions before. It became evident that these hypotheses never could be proved by a hundred percent margin. But it was constantly said that using special methods the individual could attain a higher form of consciousness. Making it easier to find solutions to the global problem. Getting new experience with meditation, reality creation, concentration, visualisation, critical thinking and much more. Much could be done according to most. The problem was that these ideas never were put to practise in a larger context.

Things had to be done globally.

It was said that the problems already had been solved in human history. That some times saw new resurrections. That knowledge was flowering in some areas, in some times, in some times not. But that the interests of individuals in power made these occasional events rare and never solidly grounded.

What was needed was a new government policy.

The conversation continued for many weeks. The deviant thinkers got to see the city lights of the interstellar government home planet. They were shopping souvenirs in tourist travel stores. They were talking occasionally among each other. Chatting with restraint as they often were contradicting each other.

The weeks went by.

At last it was time for a summery of the deviant thinkers general principles. These principles were:

- Need for a clean and unconditioned mind.
- A need for integration of right brain/left brain thinking.
- Critical thinking skills thought to be extremely important.
- A strong sense of self vital.

- Balance should be seen as important for the development of the individual.
- Good rest, good sleep and walking exercises vital.
- Change of environment, new experience and the meeting of new people deeply transforming.
- Immersion in new intellectual contexts a faster way to results.
- Concentration over longer periods of time important.
- Finding way to creative work a key to intelligence.
- Positive thinking, assuming the depth of new visions a way to transcend the limits of the self.
- Activity. Pain. Suffering necessary to go beyond prior horizons.
- And much, much more...

The subject saw different ends and some conclusions. The deviant thinkers presented a lot of differences but also similarities. Alice Sipher listened to these suggestions. Thought about the general principles. But the real problem was if these thinking patterns could/should be introduced to average people.

As many people lived unconsciously.

PREPARATION FOR A NEW JOURNEY

Time went by. Alice Sipher was calming down once again. She entered a futuristic space-harbour to watch space-ships ascend and descend. It was a repeating pattern connected to interstellar schedule. In this border transition environment Alice enjoyed herself.

She met up with Trent Montgomery in the evening hours.

They talked about new inventions. About space-ships, landers, rovers and small utilities useful on the new worlds. These new worlds had to be accounted for. As humanity still was colonizing the known

universe. Sending her vehicles of future technology upon these worlds. To tame them. To make them fit for human colonists.

It was a necessary future. A necessary future where not much could be done about human expansion. The population was increasing. Her changing will adjusted to the demands of the current time.

And in a small coffee-shop Alice and Trent talked about adolescent dreams and certain hopes for the future.

Alice talked about a new space project. A return to Ascension to test the theories described by the deviant intellectuals. Fusing their perspectives with her own into a consistent whole. Alice was opposing negativity. Opposing negativity but also describing a critique of humanity's current evolutionary line.

They were talking about the mission. How Alice could manage in these times. Alice said it was due to intellectual stimulation. About giving up the end goal for the joy of the journey. A kind of joy amounting to intellectual stimulation.

A process of becoming but without demanding fast results.

Trent listened and could relate to Alice's words. He had used different ways to forget results to focus on the immediate information process. Also using his engineering skills to find clarity and focus.

"It's about the balance." Trent said.

"Balance and countless other factors." Alice said.

"Of course." Trent said.

Trent, Alice and many others left the interstellar government home planet for Ascension months later.

PART IV

AN IMPOSSIBLE MOVE

They came to the main building on Ascension after a long interstellar journey. The knowledge shared by the deviant thinkers had been fused with Alice's own experience concerning the interstellar colonies and her role as a government informer.

It was not a nice sight to Anthony Free-Eyes who had lost his right eye after the fire on the auxiliary space shuttle. An eye that had been replaced with an artificial one.

In fact he met the two government informers with an empty smile.

Alice knew that it was best to keep silent. To never try to comfort the supervisor on the planetary reserve. It would be too intrusive. Too shallow. And no support would ever do to make Anthony feel better about himself.

Even coming from a good motive.

Silence was a strength, a strength also described by the deviant intellectuals. Knowing that "subjective knowledge" seldom was something that others could agree upon.

Instead the two government informers found their way to their previous rooms in the main building. They instantly recognized the shape of their rooms. Being designed not as cubes but having six corners. The rooms connected together using walking tubes. The main building on the planetary reserve was built using smaller units. Some larger, some smaller. They previously functioned as units of a huge star-ship delivering buildings to the planetary reserve.

Alice and Trent came back to the planetary reserve to build upon the knowledge from their previous journey.

The new mission was not an obvious one: Alice Sipher had planned rigorously for several months for a “crazy” idea inspired by the science conducted on Ascension.

The idea was to connect to the Leanonopreous! Connecting to him/her in order to tame him/her!

The idea was inspired by previous work done by science students. Ascension was a mysterious planet. In certain submerged areas water creatures had connected together to assume new behaviours. They connected together using some kind of information process to share knowledge among themselves.

What if this information exchange could be learnt by humans? What if it was possible to make solid information exchange?

If Alice Sipher could solve this problem maybe her intelligence would increase and make it easier for her to see humanity’s crisis from a new perspective. This process of *becoming* was described by future science. It was a science of *deep ecology* describing man’s connection to nature as not only a *mental* one but also a *physical*.

A deep connection involving awareness but also instant action. It was a global event connected to the average person on the human colonies.

Using interstellar communication.

A FUSION OF ACTION AND KNOWLEDGE

They were back in zone 3.

Alice was anxious about the situation on Ascension especially concerning Anthony Free-Eyes who looked upon the new mission as a bad attempt. Even if Alice had “saved” the human colonies from temporarily disaster.

The new mission was a mission of knowledge and general intelligence. But it also became a mission of emotional endurance. As Alice was confronting the bad temper of Anthony Free-Eyes.

The days passed in a sublime notion of otherness. A red light was occasionally reflected from the swirling trees. The green sun changed the colour of the reflection in other hours.

One day Alice almost lost sight as she stumbled into the light of the blue giant. Using a watch adjusted to the day/night cycle on the interstellar government home planet.

She was put to care and checked for visual coordination. No real sight-problems were detected.

Days later a group of people left zone 3 to explore the secret area of the aliens. The group consisted of Alice Sipher, Trent Montgomery, the young science students, soldiers and miscellaneous support staff. They didn't talk much.

They had prepared for months for the mission.

They used the auxiliary space shuttle to fly over slippery terrain. Entering the burned area where smoke still was coming up from the ground. They were flying in a surreal movement. Not talking, just preparing silently for the alien encounters.

Hours later the auxiliary space shuttle stopped at the secret area to descend upon the black rocks.

The humans were coming out. The soldiers aimed their homing weapons toward the clouds. Not as a threat but as a necessary precaution. They used their homing weapons to view the territory with infra-red technology. Beyond the fog.

Looking with eager eyes.

They talked calmly to each other using military phrases. Lowering their level of expectation. They used the zooming device of their infra-red cameras. Spotted some alien life-forms in middle-range size. Then some mountains started to *move*.

The rest of the humans couldn't see it but several specimens of Leanonopreous were clearly seen on the soldier's displays.

"We have found your aliens." One soldier said to the others.

Days later a discussion concerning the aliens was taking place in zone 3. Alice talked with the children about an interesting observation concerning the life cycle of the Leanonopreous. The children had earlier said that the main threat to the mountain warriors was the blue light from the blue giant.

In day time the huge life-forms took shelter in cave openings and on shady areas of the mountains. They couldn't survive the gamma rays of the blue giant. They melted together with the cliffs instead. Took form in shady areas. Still they had a hard time adjusting to the day/night cycle on Ascension.

"We have proven this to be true." One of the children said. "The Leanonopreous resort to inactivity in the day and move only in the night. And they are sometimes fighting each other for the space of certain rock formations. It's a battle that most of them can't win. So the real winners are the ones who know how to seek shelter and remove the threats to their daily resting place."

Alice could just imagine it! That even these huge warriors were put impotent by Ascension's natural day/night cycle!

New excursions were taking place to the secret area but also to a submerged cave in zone 7. Alice could spot alien lifeforms within the alien liquid. It happened in a human elevator shaft. Using an elevator to run a passage from an area close to zone 3 to zone 7.

Zone 7 was the zone of submerged exploration. Several key figures of the ecological movement met Alice and the others to explain the strange information process taking shape between the creatures.

They used body lights to exchange information.

A huge manta-like creature with multiple layers of bodies (connected together with blue clusters of organic parts) sent oscillating light-

waves onto several minor creatures. These ones did feeding services to the huge manta-creature.

Called a Disruptor.

The questions were arising again and again. How these creatures interacted. How well the ecological system worked as a whole. Alice was introduced to several key points of the scientific studies.

The point was that most creatures were interconnected with each other in surprising ways. The Leanonopreous became a moving escort for some specimens of Hydrealexa. That clung to the body of the mountain giant. As they also were in need of good light conditions.

In fact the planet of Ascension was adapted to the rare light conditions as a whole. Strange eruptions of gases were descending/ascending in the atmosphere of the planet some hours. Creating violent winds within the day/night cycle.

The heat made the thick gases rise in the morning and later sink due to lack of sunlight.

Now things got really interesting. Alice had been confronted with many facts concerning the life of the planet and the life of the Leanonopreous. She was confronted with countless theories concerning the communication practises of the mountain giants.

They were communicating indeed. Using sound waves detected as static on ordinary communication devices.

“What to make of it?” Alice asked herself as she was going through digital computer recordings of the sound wave interactions.

It seemed almost impossible to find an answer. The sound waves used strange variations on frequencies not possible to decipher using rationality or computer program algorithms. Alice was put in the dark. Was put helpless in front of the greatest discovery of mankind.

This discovery was that the species on Ascension were using similar neuron patterns that were found in the human brain! The brains of humans and the brains of the Aliens were very similar. It seemed the

brains of the humans and those of the aliens were hardwired into the same cosmic blueprint shared by them both.

It was revealed by mission specialists working for the interstellar government decades ago. Educated by neuro-science in the past. It was a question of shared intelligence.

A shared brain connection to cosmic unity.

A divine mind.

Alice Sipher looked upon the different fragments of the alien information. Looked upon them. Looked upon them on a visual computer simulation of the sound waves.

And she just knew she would find the answer! Solve the problem of the alien communication and say something in return!

The following days of exploration took place in the secret mountains. Alice had luck and came into the area when the thick fog had evaporated and she could see the aliens up close. She looked at them.

She watched them thunder and fight in between the mountains in the sky. A fight leading to a certain victory. The defeat of an alien and the victory of a cunning survivor.

Alice had had enough!

It was time for a pure information task. Using all available evidence and all resources to decipher the meaning of the auditory fragments. She used meditation techniques to calm her mind. She created inner space with strong concentration. Leaving the old fragments of disconnected thoughts space to disappear.

And she continuously went upon the information with new intellectual approaches. Searching for clues. Using great focus to concentrate on different fragments. But as she watched she also forgot about it. She used the inner mechanisms of the right side of her brain. To fuse left brain thinking with the creative aspects of the mind.

Shared between the aliens on Ascension and humans.

It seemed impossible but it worked in the end.

The solution was not a simple solution: She had to use all means available to solve the contradiction between her countless ideas. She used meditation. But also deep visualisation skills to deeply formulate right brain solutions to the intellectual problems at hand.

She solved the complex information problem with a deep intuition formed by her countless exposure to the complex information. The information could be seen by the unity of the cosmic mind. A deep form of consciousness that she had discovered due to past experience and suggestions from the strange occultists.

But it didn't end with intuition. She built upon her insights to investigate the information using left brain thinking skills. Sorting away the "wrong" information from the "right" information. Using highly structured reasoning taught by the deviant thinkers she had met on the interstellar government home planet.

Structure was needed. Structure and control. Doing real philosophy upon the information she had found within herself.

It was a struggle. A struggle for closure and end. A deep suffering.

And a suffering that also became a beautiful joy.

18

A TEMPORARILY REST

It was a dangerous journey. A journey to test the limits of human reason. The communication task with the aliens actually worked. Alice found ways to join different specimens of Leanonopreous together. So that they could share the same places.

It was a problem that finally was solved.

The remainder of the alien journey was a wake-up call for some individuals on the human colonies. They saw into another sphere of

human understanding. A way to project their thoughts into alien territory.

Some artists saw the complex information task as a way to create more fluidly. Information tasks were also creative tasks. Fusing creativity with knowledge.

Alice Sipher and Trent Montgomery slept together after the enormous events. Trent told Alice about the inventor dream of his adolescent years. That he never wanted to be a government informer.

But he reluctantly had changed his mind.

Alice later walked silently in the alien territory of zone 3. She couldn't forget the aliens. The complex information task. The madness. She reflected upon her journey from childhood into adolescent years. Upon the strange happenings in the government. The fusion of right brain and left brain thinking.

Connecting separation together to build a seamless whole.

The path to transcendence was the path to unity. A slow and unwinding path of close encounters and diverse methods of thinking. But transcendence also meant a return to mundane life.

A way to abandon stress, exhaustion and impossible tasks for the way of the sleeper.

It seemed that the future was bright. It seemed as if all contradictions were solved when Anthony Free-Eyes suddenly entered the human support unit! He appeared like a yellow ghost and set fire on the human support unit! His anger was terrifying! He used the fuel from the auxiliary space shuttle to set fire on the entire compound!

The people were running like crazy to escape the sudden death of the burning flame. Some took shelter in the auxiliary space shuttle. And others ran towards the end of the connecting tubes.

Alice Sipher was devastated. She ran with the others to the escape door exit. In the connecting tubes. Anthony Free-Eyes ran after her. Using a plasma ray pistol to shoot several shots but missing. Alice ran

on empty air. Sensing the dread of burning gases. She finally confronted Anthony Free-Eyes at the end of the connecting tube. The door was locked from outside.

“You think you have seen the path to the future!” Anthony Free-Eyes screamed, “But I know about it! I know about people like you!”

“Know what?”

“I know that some people must burn while others continue to live on forever!”

Anthony tried to shoot a couple of shots but the plasma ray gun was empty. The man suddenly changed his mind and ran towards the auxiliary space shuttle.

Alice Sipher ran for a human air support unit, attached the air support to her mouth, took a couple of breaths and came to her senses.

It was the end to Anthony’s rule on Ascension.

19

REFLECTIONS

Anthony Free-Eyes had disappeared without a trace. Some said he had killed himself with his plasma ray gun, others said he had escaped from the planet. The fact was that one of the auxiliary space shuttles was gone. A homing signal of the shuttle proved it was circulating the planet in outer space.

It was not much to be done about it. Alice Sipher, the children and Trent Montgomery decided to take it easy.

They entered a new area of Ascension where a huge crater had formed due to a deep impact in the past. Fragments of solid ground had been cast into deep space.

Circulating the planet in a huge asteroid belt.

“I feel sorry about Anthony Free-Eyes!” Alice Sipher said to one of the children. “He was a true leader! A supervisor. But all things considered I think he fooled himself.”

“I don’t know.” The girl answered.

“He tried to be a hero!” Alice said, “But a true hero also knows his limits.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean that his planetary reserve task took to his mind.” Alice said, “He was too heroic!”

The remainder of the night was spent in close observation of the huge crater. In fact it was so large that it probably could house the entire interstellar government home planet. The children and the elders leapt upon the side of the crater. Using space-suits and thrusters.

The crater was formed like a huge circle with depth, intersected with edges. Close to the crater a shiny area with strange formations lead Alice to reflect upon her destiny. It felt wrong that Anthony Free-Eyes should end up like a maniac.

He could still be alive and someone had to do something about it!

Alice and the others returned to the main base hours later.

PART V

20

A BOLD ENGINEERING ATTEMPT

They were sitting closely along a circular sofa at the planetary reserve main base. Just sitting there. Not talking.

New information pointed out the idea that Anthony was alive and circulated the planet within the asteroid belt. The people's heads were coming low. Some of them were waiting for the drop-ship to take them to the star-ship for a safe journey home.

Alice was different. She wanted to help Anthony for many reasons.

“But how could this ever be done? Trent Montgomery asked Alice Sipher. “The auxiliary space shuttles can't connect to each other. And think of the eventual violence involved.”

“On the other hand we can be killed by Anthony anyhow.” Alice said, “Who knows of his crazy ways! We must think about it! Thinking out of the box using lateral thinking!”

Some of the soldiers decided to stay. The children were not allowed to leave with Alice and Trent. But Trent Montgomery and Alice Sipher could decide their own future.

“It's a suicide mission!” Trent later said to Alice from the comfort of his sleeping unit. “It's too dangerous.”

“It's dangerous.” Alice said, “But it's also a great opportunity. To prove our worth in a last and final attempt. An attempt to use what knowledge we have to save the planetary reserve from total collapse! You know the problems with funders.”

“Why are you talking like this?”

“In the past I did it to save the world, now I do it to find closure! Closure to my fake sense of self.”

“I understand.” Trent said.

The following days were a thinking process to arrive at a way to unite with Anthony Free-Eyes. He could still be dead or alive.

The important thing was the quest for closure.

The task took several turns and strategies. They could use some of the auxiliary space shuttles to move freely in outer space or they could use

the star-ship space lander. The problems with these types of space-crafts were that they never were made to connect to each other.

If Alice and Trent found Anthony they would have a hard time to connect to him and they could never board the actual space-shuttle with ordinary means.

It would be very dangerous.

Now the government informers thought of other ways. Adjusting their minds into new modes of thinking. Seeing beyond the obvious limitations. With a creative approach.

But the more thinking the darker the situation seemed to become.

A sudden radio transmission from Anthony Free-Eyes revealed that he would nuke the planetary base from orbit! Telling it with a harsh voice: “You have three days upon you to leave Ascension.”

The clock was ticking down. The children were escorted to the star-ship lander. Alice looked away towards the children.

Trent was dragging her back.

“I know this is your thing Alice.” He said, “I do this for you.”

Alice was sobbing. Her past life as a government informer had never been like this. Not this personal.

The following days were days in search of a solution. Somehow the two government informers had to leave the atmosphere. Find Anthony and make him forget the troubles of the past.

At least see the chance of a new beginning.

The two government informers came together in the comfort of Alice’s bedroom. Thinking beyond the conventions of ordinary space flight. Thinking like visionaries. Thinking along the lines of the deviant artists. An occult solution to a physical problem. A strange art of rare visions. Invented by artists in the depths of interstellar space. Hundreds of years ago.

“You still trust the leaders of the underground culture?” Trent Montgomery asked Alice Sipher.

“I don’t trust them blindly!” Alice said, “But I have had great use of their knowledge. Infusing their knowledge with my own.”

“So how do we begin?”

It was clear that Alice Sipher and Trent Montgomery were upon shaky air. They watched the digital clock on the wall. Ticking away. Hour after hour.

They looked out upon the sunset of the red dwarf and the arrival of the green sun. A golden valley of sunrise.

Alice and Trent were coming together for the deviant act. Using creativity as a way to lose disorder and fragmented memory patterns. Not in an act of pleasure. But as a golden embrace of deviant ways. It was a planned move of reality creation. The act of creativity was seen as *the way* to disconnect from unconscious limitations.

The time were ticking down for the launch of the nuclear bomb.

It was a win or loose situation.

They pulled away additional curtains to Alice’s bedroom. The golden light came upon them as they silently observed the alien exteriors.

“We have to continue.” Alice said. “The divine mind respond to belief and clear intention.” She said, “Beliefs shape the reality of the world. But to change the world energy is needed. Energy and sustained visualizations to change the fabric of the unconscious mind.”

“I know.” Trent said.

The couple approached the problem in new ways. They were creating visions. Fixing their minds upon imagined objects. These objects were used to find ways to meet up with Anthony Free-Eyes using extraordinary means.

Trent Montgomery already had high degrees in space flight and engineering. So his knowledge of space flight combined with Alice's visualization skills.

They created new objects. And every time they focused on the objects the objects grew stronger within their minds. The thoughts became bold and living things.

A deviant energy growing within.

They continued until they became one with the objects.

Hours later strange things started to happen. They saw themselves walking into different sleeping units. Walking the walk-paths between the sleeping units. Like reality creators.

But as Trent suddenly ran into a door he saw the complexity in front of him in brilliant colours: That the planetary reserve main base units could be used like space-ships with functioning doors!

In fact these doors were *made* to connect to each other and the auxiliary space shuttles. For safety reasons. The units of the main base were small space-ships in themselves! Making them easier to deploy from the star-ship travelling to Ascension!

Trent and Alice had found their lost space ships at last.

A FINAL BATTLE IN OUTER SPACE

Now time stood still. No logic could enter the minds of the government informers. They used willpower. Good intention. Illusory beliefs in glory and power.

Even losing their fear of death.

The space-ship/sleeping unit flew to the asteroid belt above the horizon. Ascension was seen as a huge vista coloured in Solaris colours. A mixture of many hues. A huge contrast spectrum of coloured areas in different sizes.

The sleeping unit burned fuel and flew towards its destination.

When Alice and Trent arrived at the asteroid belt things started to get crazy. Builders of grey rock gave way for stones in smaller sizes. Huge cliffs could be seen made from the interior of Ascension.

It was a huge vista of alien design.

“Can we make it?” Trent asked Alice in a rushed tone.

“The clock is ticking down.” She said, “Concentrate on docking with Anthony’s space shuttle.”

The space-ship went beyond several more rocks as Anthony’s space shuttle could be seen in an open area. A lonely space shuttle with a burning light within.

As the two government informers docked with Anthony’s space shuttle not much could be heard from the other side of the air-lock. Alice and Trent couldn’t guess about the consequences of their actions. But they bravely passed the air lock and went inside Anthony’s space shuttle.

He was just sitting there with a bent head.

“So you decided to *help me* instead of killing me?” Anthony Free-Eyes asked in tears. “I did my space-flight to test the loyalty of the people working for me. No one ever helped me and now I get help from two government informers!”

“You worked too hard and many connections were lost on the way.” Alice said, “Including myself in the beginning.”

“I never trusted anyone but now I have changed my mind.” Anthony said.

The two government informers dragged Anthony back to a human support unit to make him comfortable.

Alice Sipher said: “All wounds heal in the end.”

PART VI

22

NEW INTERSTELLAR GOVERNMENT POLICY

The times were changing. Alice Sipher and Trent Montgomery used their new found intelligence to help the interstellar government find better solutions on the human colonies. These solutions had to do with the real *causes* of the problems, not only the *symptoms*.

The real *causes* were the problems of knowledge. They were revealed to Alice Sipher in conversations with Trent Montgomery on the star-ship journey back to the interstellar government home planet. A conversation that never could have happened without the evolution of consciousness from Alice Sipher’s part.

Knowledge is power. And knowledge was already available to most people on the colonies using high-tech libraries. The problem was that the libraries were chock full of classical/digital books! No one knew the truth so no one knew what books to search for.

The solution was the burning of unnecessary books.

To arrange the change of interstellar democracy to an interstellar “dictatorship”! But a “dictatorship” built from the knowledge of the divine universe. The politicians used that power to make previous found knowledge available to the masses.

Becoming free to search the libraries for high quality books concerning man's true nature and his ideal environment. It was a time of the creation of new religions, new sciences, new philosophies, new spiritual movements and art projects.

Not contradicting the knowledge shared by the deviant intellectuals but more visionary in their aim: Natural, factual and clear.

Alice Sipher and Trent Montgomery cried.

THE END