

THE OTHER

A novel by Andreas Ingo

PART I
A DISTURBING POWER

A CROSSROAD OF LONELY SOULS

The construction site was an average vista of digging machines, of people running around shouting orders and giving complaints. They were sweaty, overworked, exhausted from the bad working conditions. Some of them had had some lunch in a temporal tent made of plastic. The workers exchanged empty lines. Concerning the pay, of their misfortune of being workers in this particular space and time.

The year was 2018 and the place was Chicago but the working conditions was about the same anywhere.

Some of them (this was a middle-age woman) walked over the digging site with a deep frown upon her forehead. She encountered others. Heard the sound of the digging machines. Saw her boss standing smoking a cigarette in between working sessions. She was not content but put up an empty smile. A smile coming up due to past experience on similar digging sites.

This day was not different from many other days of the same kind. A man was driving his new Mercedes upon the street close to the digging site. He passed by, put in a lower gear to watch the digging site pass by as he swore due to misplaced traffic signs.

In a hollow movement the whole construction site scrolled by in a slow movement. An angle from a remote camera from the driver's point of view. Like a boring video game. A 3D effect of parallax scrolling as the neighbourhood around the construction site passed by in layers. The remote buildings moving slower than the close-up ones.

The man in the Mercedes slowly passed by. He checked his new mobile phone for certain messages. But the scrolling buildings, in different layers, made him yawn and he came to see that his

mobile phone was empty of messages. The man looked into the front panels to adjust heat and turned up the fan due to rising temperature.

A man suddenly ran out from a tractor on the digging site, screamed and walked up to a car, started the engine and drove away. He passed the traffic jams and stopped occasionally. Drove his cheap Volvo towards a red light crossing but punched the foot pedal too hard to escape the time loss of waiting for green light.

He ran his cheap Volvo into the new Mercedes and was pulled into his airbag and lost consciousness.

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A MAN ON THE AFRICAN PLANES

He was making a big hole in the middle of the African desert. A hole measuring half a meter in diameter, a meter deep, give or take a couple of centimeters.

The man, called Winston O'Connor, had a huge map resting some distance away. Put down with heavy pressure by some rocks the man had found nearby. The man was digging. And he was digging for peculiar stones hinted at in discussions on nearby cafes. Cafes in an ordinary small town setting in the north of Africa.

The man was exhausted. Tears came rolling down from his mad eyes. Tears rolling down due to the sudden change of temperature. The sun was coming down and the man was almost freezing.

A radio made noises lying on the ground close to the map nearby. The map was making sudden movements caused by the wind. Dust from the desert was whirling around. Almost making dusty forms resembling dead people. Starved people from the depths of Africa.

The man was digging for black stones. A kind of rare stones common in this place in north Africa. Expensive to buy for British collectors. Collected from all parts of the world.

Winston O'Connor made a last dig and found a couple more stones of this rare quality. His portable light (mounted upon his head) made this discovery send shills of fulfillment upon his heart. He had found his treasure and soon he would return to his hotel room bed.

The car went down dusty roads on the African plains. Roads connecting to a small town where his hotel room awaited to the man's amusement. But the road was bumpy. The car (a jeep to be exact) was capable of taking the bumpy ups and downs with some safe power. But still it was a kind of hell to drive the Jeep in this wild terrain. The man longed for his hotel room bed and a cold shower.

As the man passed the dusty road (Gravel, not Tarmac) he started to meet youngsters on similar cars shouting to him in domestic language. Threatening, dangerous, going on drugs too. Some of them had knives and guns. The man drove on, reluctant to watch the youngsters. The dead people. The armada of badly painted cars, having rusty spots on them. Rusty for the most of it. It was a pain.

Inside the hotel Winston was met by a receptionist that exchanged some lines with the man and gave him a cold beer for free. An odd detail in this hotel environment. Not something Winston had guessed at.

Winston went up a couple of staircases to approach the hotel room suite to find that all of his bags were gone. Suddenly gone, taken by someone. The hotel room staff or some other. The man was almost frozen as the realization dawned upon him: That his bags had to be left out in the African desert! He had forgotten about them.

He went down the two staircases and left the hotel room without much more sound. The key to the hotel room was found inside his pocket. But he checked and rechecked his pocket to be sure. Sweat was coming down Winston's bearded cheeks. He had forgotten about his precious bags with all his clothes. His portable computer and the rest.

He went out into the car and to his amusement the bags were found inside the car, not out on the African plains!

The night was spent watching television in his hotel room suite. He switched the channels like a maniac. Exhausted from his departure into the African wilderness. And he thought about the violent youngsters upon the bumpy road. Envisioning what would happen if he had returned to where he came from.

He was out on a journalist mission. To cover events in the north of Egypt where this was. It was the apparent breakout of a civil war. The people had armed themselves. Some unknown power (who knew what that power was?) had changed the civil climate of the territorial people. And Winston was put there to cover these events.

He saw himself like some kind of amateur detective. Nourished on dreams by reading authors like Edgar Allan Poe. A product of his time. A time where the matrix of the internet had made it possible to digest classical works of literature by no effort involved. It was a blessing.

Winston sank down in his rolling chair and listened to the threatening voices from the youngsters outside. Thirsting for war? Thirsting for a new change of events? Nobody could be entirely sure.

As Winston sat there some peculiar thoughts intruded upon his consciousness. Thoughts that had led many to a new kind of internet revolution. These thoughts were thoughts about a large conspiracy. A conspiracy of large capital leaders working for their

own purposes. And he nicely mixed this idea with the concept of the possible civil war. It was a vibrant energy of hate and violence in the air. But something also forgotten. About the chills and shudders of his young virgin brain, a decade ago when he read good works by Edgar Allan Poe.

Was it possible to live without these notions of a coming apocalypse? What was reality? Could it be changed?

Winston thought about it.

3

THE DEEP SECRETS OF THE MULTI-VERSE

The year was five billion years before the creation of our solar system. The shining stars of the young milky way passed by the interstellar camera. Fictional to be exact. The stars were younger than what we nowadays can observe with the Hubble space telescope. Tiny fractions of light, in many light configurations altered the view. As we see new stars be born out of the pre-memorial soup.

The time accelerates by steady amounts. Stars are born, others die. Some explode with the power of super-nova's. The creation of new matter. Release of energy.

A majestic dance of remote explosions and heavenly light.

In between the furious enrapture of the heavens we see a small dust cloud. A dust cloud not possible to see for those lacking astronomy skills or knowledge concerning cosmological evolution on a grand scale.

This particular dust cloud will eventually be the basis for the creation of our main star, the sun. But it is dwelling in pre-memorial darkness. A hint of good or bad things to come.

Some philosophers in the time of the pre-Socratics watched upon the eerie skies and they observed the same solar system from another angle. The angle was inverted and someone called Democritus asserted that the solar system and everything within it were made of atoms. A theory of order contradicting findings by modern quantum physics.

But I digress...

The fact was that the milky way was once vibrant and shining. Dark events made people scared on the earth billions of years later.

How did the world come to this? Why did it all happen?

This is the topic of Winston's coming investigations.

4

BACK IN BRITAIN

Winston could barely recollect the events depicted in his treatment of the civil war slowly breaking out on the African continent. But it was a war that started and slowly died away due to the intrusion of The United Nations shared forces. Helicopters were sent in. Huge attack planes overseeing the forces on the land. The "civil war" was revealed to be nothing more than the organized attempt by certain towns people to make war against the regime to no avail.

Events blew over much faster than Winston could have guessed at. But he had been there. He had done his work better than most. The images captured by his new Sony HD camera revealed a rich country owned by those of money and power and the local towns people had read about the supposed conspiracy on the net.

And they took to action.

This was the beginning of a long vacation for Winston. He made small excursions into the British mainland. Seeing the contrast between the life in the large cities (including London) and the countryside calm around these commercial hot-spots.

He had time to think about the bigger picture. He spent time reading works by older time authors. Authors like Nietzsche, Camus and Spinoza. A time dwelling in classical music and human figures in the history of philosophy. But he also read about findings of modern science. Including neuroscience and modern psychology. The primary reaction was a reaction seeing no clear cut answers to anything of importance. It was rather like an exercise of the mind and the brain.

“But that was the human lot nowadays.” Winston thought, “That the answers, even if they were found in older or modern texts, didn’t mean anything to the modern mind. Lacking perspective.”

Winston drove about in the British countryside, to watch the hills, the occasional streams and the cosy guest houses serving good beer for a cheap price. He found himself to be insignificant. Drenched in the mystery of time, being and space.

How could a man go on being himself? Without knowing the beginning or the end?

He took to shelter in a Welch guest house and met a woman there that he shared a couple of drinks with. She was full of laughter. A morbid soul. Someone that had given up her search for the joys of life. Only to find she was different.

“What do you mean by being different?” Winston asked the woman. She had a green dress with yellow spots coloured like lemon.

“I mean that there are two types of people: One type that does what he/she wants and another type that does what others want.”

“And of what type are you?”

“I’m of the former type.” The woman said and smiled. “That’s why I’m different.”

To make a long story short Winston and the woman paired up in the countryside and spent some time driving from place to place. They had occasional sex and they started to know each other better. But they were different. So different in fact that Winston had to say that he was of the latter type. The type doing what *others* want.

“Oh hell.” He said, “Why bother?”

5

THE CONTINUATION OF WINSTON’S CAREER

Winston had abandoned his search. He just guessed that some of the people he had encountered this far could have been right. The same would go for the semi-organized rebel movement on the net. But these things didn’t matter much to him.

He boldly announced: “I declare myself unqualified.”

Instead he took shelter in his own business in the career he had chosen. It was not a paradise to be exact. But he had the money, he used the money, he got nice showers, occasional sex, some time over for reading of Edgar Allan Poe.

“This guy had it.” He thought, “As all knowledge are obsolete and emotion still is emotion anyway.”

He loved the gothic poem “The Raven” for the exact and spellbinding use of words. Another favourite was the short story “The Angel Of The Odd.” For the darkly comic relief.

But his favourite still was Poe’s detective story: “The murders in the rue morgue.”

He spent some time with his family. He talked with his boss about future journalism. And he was sent multiple times across the world. To St. Petersburg, Russia. To the United States. To Mexico and Peru.

Somewhere along these darkly nihilistic attempts he started to see that he became one with his chosen profession. He was hardly rewarded for his superficial, yet quite adventurous, way of life.

Instead he came to see that some facts at his disposal was used in the wrong contexts. The unknown owners of the journalism firm used facts in a way presented to look like the opposite. He didn't try to oppose his employers. The world may be caught in a dark conspiracy but he, Winston O'Connor, could hardly change the fate of the world. He didn't understand the human condition.

So he went for adventures instead. A journey that ended with a broken marriage and unpaid loans in a federal bank. In the darkest moment. In the feverish longing for a sudden escape he started to pray. He prayed a young prayer taught by his old parents.

“Show me the way God, show me the way.”

And sooner than later his prayers were answered.

6

JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES

They came to his apartment in the north-western part of London. It was a nice street with growing trees. Cars passed by along this street. Filled with all kinds of walkers. Including an old man blinded since birth.

Winston heard the sound of the bell, opened his door in this particular morning. Wearing some underwear and a black T-Shirt.

“Hello.” An old woman said, “You heard about the current events in Egypt and in other places?”

“I surely have.” Winston said, “In fact I was sent to Egypt for a journalism job earlier. Why do you ask?”

“Well.” The old woman said, “I’m a Jehovah’s Witness. And the bible talks about such events in the ending of our times.”

To make a long story short Winston invited the woman into his occupied apartment. For a coffee and some discussion concerning the supposed conspiracy witnessed by many on the net.

It turned out that the old lady had answers concerning all facts at disposal. The cause of these events. The supposed bible calendar even prophesizing about such events.

“But how can you be sure?” Winston asked. “I mean such events could happen by random even if described in a book.”

The woman didn’t reply to this. Instead she took up a small paper describing the time after the ending of current times. A time of a paradise environment where people lived in peace and worked together for a common cause.

“I’m not sure about this.” Winston went on again, “I mean the world has been hostile for such a long time. Why would such an extraordinary thing happen just in this particular time? Different from most times in human history?”

“It’s about faith.” The old woman said, “Pray to god and you will find your answers.”

Winston was taken to a kingdom hall in the central part of London. He saw good manners, smiling faces, well dressed people in different ages. Apparently well meaning souls happy to see a new one enter the kingdom hall. But as he walked the walk to the gathering in the centre of the building dark suspicions took hold of his mind.

“Working together for a common cause.” He thought.

It was something terrifying with the bland mixture of people having no opinions of their own. And avoiding comments (or absolute silence) when Winston’s intellect formulated questions regarding the credibility of the concepts described.

Still Winston had prayed. He had made a true attempt to abandon his search for a helping hand from above. Similar to the mind-set shared by his old (but still living) parents.

Weeks later Winston was taken out for some dinner at two other witnesses home in the north-western part of London.

The couple was middle-age. Wore some kind of odd sweaters in grey. And Winston could just guess about it. But he thought these witnesses exactly looked like free-masons. Fresh out from their masonic lodge. So British looking in a masonry way.

And they talked the same too. Winston was torn between his occasional prayers and his dark suspicions concerning the practicalities of these people’s lives.

That they had calm but almost too silent manners. They had no own opinions. And they seldom talked in their own voice but rather looking up all answers in the bible or some other publication.

Winston gave up his search and politely said he was no longer interested.

He went away a silent night, passing his neighbourhood on a motorcycle he had kept since adolescence. He went through red light crossings, careful to stop at the marked places.

The engine of the motorcycle made eerie noises as the engine had gone through many years standing in a garage. A garage full of tools, helmets and a Mustang sports car.

The open landscape of the areas surrounding London made a welcome sight to the nightly biker. He pushed full throttle and made the bike pass the threshold of the allowed speed limits. So free, so lonely, so adept to fly in dangerous speeds across the British landscape.

Winston thought the Jehovah's Witnesses had to be extremely conditioned. Having no individual opinions. No style. No individual manners. They presented an aura of happiness still they lacked any true sense of purpose.

Still he had prayed but he thought it had to be a coincidence.

Winston drove about the British landscape, passing over a bridge and moving beyond a transport truck. And he started to sense that he had become more depressed. As if the chance encounter with the lady (and the others) had implanted doubt inside his mind.

Doubt about the strength of his personality.

He was a lone investigator, an amateur detective. And his interest in subjects such as murder investigations, in intellectual discipline concerning the state of the world and many more areas had been challenged.

This made him drive faster. Witnessing his anger, his disappointment pour out into a steady handle of the throttle. Passing more trucks. Passing cars and even another motorcycle.

He had made his stand against the powers that be.

THE OCCULT HISTORY OF THE WORLD

It seems like some words are best unspoken. The unspoken battles fought by humans like you and me. The scientific investigations by individuals such as Galileo Galilei. That looked into the depths of space hundreds of years ago only to find evidence of a heliocentric configuration of the sun and the planets.

Contradicting the geocentric view of the solar system supported by the catholic church.

Or men like Charles Darwin that fought against the currents of the time. Even tormenting himself with a method of science of strong falsification. Desperately seeking evidence contradicting his own theories. But a theory of evolution it became. A theory changing how we approach human nature and life in general.

But as I said. Some words are best unspoken. The unspoken battles by curious souls advancing knowledge on this planet.

But what have we learned?

This is a question that tormented Winston O'Connor as he drove his motorcycle along the British road at night. His motorcycle engine coughed several times as it came silent and died away. The engine had died. His motorcycle came to a halt two hundred meters later.

Winston proposed that countless defeats had been made in human history in a similar way. Advances certainly in many areas of human thought, life and culture. But still many defeats. Devastating defeats. As if the battles fought from time to time (Some would say in *any* time) never made a lasting impact upon the human mind.

The fact was that the year was 2018. The theory of the heliocentric model of the solar system and the movement of the heavenly bodies still was put forward by the scientific establishment. But many still believed *any* model could be seen as the right one.

It was a world of superstition, lies and simple solutions lacking any substance. Still a world possible to live in for those so bravely equipped. As Winston pondered the ideas of Nietzsche (as he already gave up an hour ago) he pondered the idea of another culture. A culture resurrecting the ideas of enlightened periods and places. Where people walked with their heads held up high.

With bravery, with intelligence, wit and emotion.

Could that kind of civilization be brought back again? Suitable for another time?

It was really a war between different layers of society. A war with an occult connection. Meaning that it was a war transcending the surface of the earth. Into the dark domains of the multi-verse. A war between the enlightened mind and the mind of the control grid of the planet.

Winston had read about it on the net. Messages proposed by conspiracy theorists such as David Icke.

And he could hardly come to his own conclusions. But the prior events, with the encounter of the Jehovah's Witnesses had made Winston more firm in his belief in a supreme power.

And it wasn't any good.

It started back in western California not many decades ago. In a computer science department in this area the first successful computer message was sent from L.A to Stanford Research Institute in 1969 using a network called Arpanet with digital computers.

This wave of the first Internet backbone was supported with the invention of personal computers by companies such as Intel and IBM. Later using operating systems like Microsoft Windows and other systems of a similar design.

The waves of the internet revolution couldn't be traced in the early stages. But the invention of social networks such as Facebook and Twitter gave room for new modes of conversation beyond national borders.

Many web sites popped up to support the demands of the general public. Sites such as Wikipedia, YouTube, Project Gutenberg and many more made it possible to digest knowledge in accelerated ways.

This was the birth of the information age. The age where the average mind no longer could be put in the dark. And a new age emerged where travels across the globe increased by a great margin.

People met against expectation. They talked, they partied, they learned things together not possible just decades before. That's where Ronda R. Meyers came in. A blond woman with greenish lines intersecting her otherwise fluffy hair. She was accompanied by an old internet hacker called Travis Wednesday. A man coming from the Linux camp. Building free software in spare time hours. Together with Miles Davis, a younger man dressed in a black suit and a green tie.

They were the original ones.

Somewhere around the end of 2023 this group of odd individuals visited a social event announced on a Internet site for like minded individuals. In a moment of dread these individuals saw the shape of a torn and angry man sitting by himself to suddenly rise and greet the group of originals in a personal manner.

The man was Winston O'Connor.

“And who the fuck are you?” The man said to the three of them, “Are you enjoying yourselves?”

“We surely do.” Ronda R. Meyers said, “And who are you? You don't have to swear you know.”

“I just guessed you were like the others.” Winston said, “Well, I can say it directly and to your own satisfaction: That this time of inventions, nice dreams and fluffy fantasies have come to an end.”

“What for?”

“Because people are tired of the system and seek a good alternative. But the alternatives presented lacks intellectual depth. And just serves chosen individuals in a way that fills their pockets.”

“We know about it.”

The four of them joined for a walk outside. The events took place in suburban London. In a district reserved for poor people. Still having a hip atmosphere of street painters, magicians and others of the same kind.

They walked the crowded streets. The time of the new millennium had made its nature known. Gone were the old mobile phones and many used 3D displays on their phones. Online video conversations with good quality.

They walked the trashy walk contrary to many poor people leaning on the sides of the buildings. Beggars, sleepers and also occasional dancers making their bold leaps into the night.

“What have you made of it?” Ronda asked Winston.

“I have realized that...”

Zap!

Winston was taken by two police officers from behind and he was asked to follow them to the train station. The other three had to separate from the fourth one.

The eerie colour of future London. With blueish walls painted in water colors. Depicting ocean life and the life of the countryside passed by in a blurry movement. The taken prisoner, Winston O'Connor, was led with steady hands to the train station.

He was looking starved. Broken even. His teeth's were yellow and his trousers had holes in them.

“You are taken for civil unrest.” One police officer said to him, “You can't live on crime these days.”

Winston was taken into a middle-range security prison north of London where he was put into his cell to have a meal and some bad nights sleep. He couldn't formulate any thoughts in this moment. But the future. The eerie canvas of times possible not rendered. Had made his mind go numb. He was lost. He was struck by a sense of deep fatigue.

Running the countryside outside London earlier for food and money.

Two weeks later he had regained some sanity and started to seek his mind for possible solutions to his problems. At some point in his life he didn't know the truth of the world, his relationships and his path degenerative. But the hard burdens of life had made him reconsider.

Along the road. Along the black slick tarmac of British design he realized that he knew some things for sure. “For sure.” Being an inner defence mechanics to work against his initial nihilism.

What did he know?

He knew he had to leave human society. He had to live beyond the grid. Gone was the happy bearded face of a man losing his will for himself for the will of others. Gone were the days when the man didn't know the nature of the modern world.

Gone were the days when the man had the dignity of a good man.

He had to affirm the ego. The hate. The scepticism and critical thinking. He had to find a way to live alone. To work against the powers that made deep holes in his bank account.

He came to see that the only woman that ever mattered were the one with the green dress with dots coloured in lemon yellow. That woman, in a later analysis didn't "love" him. She was attracted to him by animal instinct. She was full of herself. Her proudness.

He came to see that the ego gave way for deep sleep. For careless hours out in the wilderness. A careless attitude. An attitude of ego, hate and darkness. To affirm personal power to not end up in hell. And later, as he confounded himself in his cell another month, he started to read the philosophy of Jean Paul Sartre to find a fellow soul sharing a similar story.

The story of the soul born "Tabula Rasa". The soul lacking direction, lacking values, lacking a purpose to life. Society was suffering from the same disease. A disease of nihilism leading to social encounters lacking any meaning. Rather resulting in "Bad Faith". A belief in a system not knowing of the perils of a mind that believe a system devoid of meaning actually *has* meaning.

One had to transcend that illusion.

One had to affirm one's own values. One's own ego. To discover not the objective truth of reality but rather the truth relative to the individual soul. That had been Winston's journey. At first, beginning with a call to serve the will of others, then abandoning

that will to find individual will. And then extending that will to *change* that will into something sustainable.

That was the longing for nature. For the sublime notion of *The Other*.

PART II
A CHILLING FUTURE

FUTURE BRITAIN

It was a slow awakening. A sudden transition in physical terms. But still a gruelling journey into the depths of the human psyche. Here we had him, Winston O'Connor, having gray hair and a rust red moustache with gray differences. He had spent many years in the wilderness. Living of berries, fresh fish and cheap vegetables from small stores in Romania.

He had decided that the life in the wilderness was life-affirming. But still an empty observation as this life in total seclusion prevented him from living a life with true meaning. With human encounters and a mission to bring something to the table.

The year was 2043. The place was future Britain. A landscape of sudden surprises moulding the landscape of future London.

The man had entered a hall with future nightlife. It was a highly set dance hall where Winston got to meet several men and women from this particular space and time.

One of them was a woman wearing a orange T-shirt with a connecting shirt hanging down all the way to the floor. She sat in a rotatable chair and looked pretty strained as she had a couple of drinks with green liquid. Still she was also laughing. Projecting an image of well-being towards the others.

Winston O'Connor got to talk to this woman. About a new brand of mobile phones called Activate.

The mobile phone was gray. With a black screen that was enhanced by a holographic projector. Creating a solid image measuring thirty centimeters in diameter. It was a special design that easy could be plugged into a 3D oriented music system. In fact it had software build in for quality music creation. Other subsystems too for the lone creator. Using the mobile phone (and

in essence a portable computer) for all things creative, including visual design.

The man exchanged some words with the woman and left for a subway where huge visual presentations covered man's attempt to colonize Mars. The space project had been supported by several movements within the government and also popular demand. But it had become a failed mission. A mission failing due to erroneous mission parameters.

Winston entered a train and was forced to walk a long walk to the area closest to the back of the train. His legs were pretty strained. The fact of his relative old age made him conscious of the fact that he was no young man anymore. Still he walked a lot to account for that fact.

The train passed overarching areas above the ground in places. And the train looked like some kind of steely gray monster. With flashing advertising upon the sides of the train.

Winston lived in another apartment in the same district of London he had lived in before. And he had returned to civilization due to already mentioned reasons. The new thing was giving audio-visual presentations of his nagging new philosophy of creating distance between the future world and the world of the individual.

He talked about the factors of activation. Of seclusion. And the combination of both worlds.

He had analyzed the art of audio-visual presentations. Combining that knowledge with the knowledge of old fashioned speech. Learned from the sophists of old Greece.

He had found many tools upon his journey into the depths of his psyche. One of these tools was lucid dreaming. Combining the powers of the intellect with a solid mode of conscious visualization. To test ideas, concepts and problems with the powers of the subconscious mind.

Still Winston was a poor man. He lived on welfare within the framework of future socialism taking over the political climate of Britain. He was attending several courses. To make him fit for future employments. Still they were a waste of time.

Somewhere in this world the man entered low areas below the actual surface. He had some lectures concerning the erroneous perception the individual has about his true nature. Following the ego, the will, but having an artificial concept of this will. Resulting in a heavy, plagued, almost drowned mind-set.

“It is not the problem of the will.” The old man said to the few spectators, “It is rather that the world affects the will and make it strive for things many don’t want to comprehend.”

Most spectators (and they were few to begin with) listened to the man but also looked beyond the man’s position into other areas. Where most of them went later.

The man was found alone. With a bold presentation lacking audience.

Here is where Winston entered other areas with people having a sense of free-time. To find someone for the night. To fill his dark cup of resignation.

Only to realize that he was awfully alone.

The old man found himself back in his British apartment. He had a table full of future snacks. Something resembling potato chips but still made of another food source.

He started to think, even visualize his past time in Romania. Where he had found a preserved area in the Transylvanian mountains. A river bed was found there. Also a cave system protecting the middle-age man from rain and winds.

He made fires. He dared to think of wild dangers. Including visits from local bears.

Romania's nature in this region had been said to be the most preserved area in eastern Europe. And Winston could attest to that. As the area was occupied by heavenly doses of wild flowers. Leaning meadows. Specimens of Eurasian lynxes and bears.

Winston found himself there. He was attracted to the wilderness. Also the derelict towns occupied by no people.

And he started a journey of survival. To survive in these surroundings. He needed shelter. Protection from the cold. He tried some fishing. Had some success but was instantly put down by the limited amounts of fish found in the local water supply.

He made fires. He took shelter but had to move beyond his initial expectations. He couldn't live on nature alone. He needed to trade things. Find humans, other travellers and earn money from local townspeople's gifts.

And the ideas that would be the basis for his new philosophy emerged from the silence. From constant dreaming about another time and place. Another culture. Another mode of life.

He came to see that his old ideas didn't amount to much in the new surroundings. He discovered the necessity of dark illusions. To fool the mind into believing in well-being and survival.

And he tried to think clearly but was put down by the magnitude of the task. He had to sleep more, work more, think less. But new ideas emerged from this mind-set.

Ideas of the necessity of survival of reproduction. Connecting to evolutionary psychology. He made some bad attempts too to connect to female individuals roaming the area for fun.

Later, he assumed a confounding philosophy of getting dumber. Dumber to survive his many thoughts. Striving for survival. To think new. To find balance between the intellect and the emotions. He found himself with a clear mind. But a mind that searched for transcendence. For the bleak and hollow death of the individual soul.

One day he went away to watch one derelict town pretty close to the area of the cave system. He went there and he made contact with several tourists. And they could attest to his philosophy. The philosophy of negating intruding thoughts. Intruding on the experience of being alive.

Still he was a thinker. He had to find new ways to survive as the time gave birth to new seasons. Time he spent sleeping in abandoned houses. Becoming warmer with the heat from tiled stoves.

His mistake: To over-analyse. To search for something that wasn't there. He had to adjust to a simple life. And what made him survive was certain hopes for the future. For a life filled with life and living for the expansion of the intellect. Watching nature. Watching himself. Analyzing the things that worked and those that didn't work.

Assuming adjustment. Becoming a survivor. A future warrior born from the crutches of old civilization.

There was a vibrant cunning in the air. The empty apartment. The crumbling bank account. Winston had to abandon his old philosophy of not to depend.

As if destiny had pre-ordained a new encounter he met Ronda R. Meyers in a gambling hall in northern London. The woman still looked pretty young. She was a bit torn though. A spiky hair style connecting to a clothing of white forming a New Age impression.

Winston O'Connor was impressed by the woman's orderly speech. That she and the two internet hackers had created a company that specialized in the demands of the information age.

"Why did you swear like you did the first time we met?" Ronda asked the old man, "I'm just curious."

"I was in a low state of mind." Winston said, "Still I made my way beyond the arrest you witnessed."

"So would you be interested in a new job opportunity?"

Winston looked at the woman with the most surprised eyes. He took some time to formulate a new question.

"What opportunity?" He asked.

"To work alongside Travis Wednesday and Miles Davis to create a new website presenting unconventional knowledge to the masses."

Winston could hardly think about it. He made some gestures to walk up to the gambling machines. They played some odd games resembling poker but with futuristic rules. Also having a verbal element.

To make a long story short the two free-thinkers paired up to make this website for some good money involved. It turned out that Ronda R. Meyers was a full blown genius. She had unconventional ideas that made way to unexpected connections in Winston's brain.

They built something together resembling a new renaissance. Building on old knowledge from the old pre-Socratics, the classical philosophers, the existential ones and even from the eastern tradition. To make this knowledge available to the masses.

Complete with videos, instruction manuals and other tools to make the average person conscious and adept to digest the enormous amount of information available.

And it also turned out that Ronda R. Meyers and Winston O'Connor would pair up for a romantic relationship.

They spent time in the agricultural surroundings of London. To find a new home. They found a mansion available on the real estate market. A magical place connecting to earlier times of the British empire.

And some time. When Winston was driving a new sports bike upon the nightly environments of the British land he went faster than usual. Pushing the motorcycle beyond speed limits. A night drenched in a dark and shining hue. Passing cars. Going on small gravel roads in the countryside.

He had a Honda Spinx 500, a motorcycle complete with a navigational computer. Using an electric motor. And very effective brake system and suspension.

Winston returned home. And he went past Ronda R. Meyers to enter the main area of the mansion. Passing the bedroom. Passing the kitchen. And finally entered the main area where bold statues resembling the old masters were mounted on marble stands. Paintings of old conquerors could be seen on the wall. A black sofa with a remote control could be seen in the foreground.

Winston was happy. But a happiness that dissipated as he came to think about the woman he had chosen. Ronda R. Meyers was a genius. A full blown meditator with an intellectual angle.

But now as she entered the area she had edgy comments concerning then profession they had chosen. As if to test Winston for knowledge concerning the economy of the enterprise.

That's why Winston went out with his bike. To escape the intellectual testing game. As if Ronda was low in herself and had to prove her own intelligence.

It was a disaster.

But Winston learned a couple of things. That the way to the build of a successful company involved occult knowledge. To access the power of the Universal Mind. To find inner space to fuel chosen illusion. To search deeply within for the correct guidance. Combining this guidance with intellectual rigor. To discern the validity of information coming in from the depths of the soul. And to suffer. To work against the powers blocking true progress. Finding balance. Finding good rest. Good sex, human connections. An innate revelation of subconscious powers revealed in erotic encounters.

A way of power transcending the average mind.

"Here it goes." Ronda R. Meyers said to Winston O'Connor, "You think you have seen the end of our enterprise in rich detail. But have you thought about my investment? My guidance lifting you up from a dirty hole? I leave you for a good suggestion."

Winston was silent. He observed the temper of the middle-age woman and he just knew she said what she said for a female power purpose. And this power. This nihilistic escape from her own insignificance Winston came to find was caused by her innate will to actually depend on the system.

That system resulting in the lowest aspects of women.

A RELIGIOUS GATHERING

Time had passed in a blurry movement. The old man, Winston O'Connor, was single again.

He had come to see that the errors of the modern world amounted to a psychological dysfunction. The tendency of the modern mind to depend on belief so deeply ingrained that it couldn't be seen even for a man schooled in psychology.

And there were reasons for this too. For out in the forests in the time before modern civilization man had to depend. Depend on laws imposed on the new generation from the old generation.

They were beliefs in gods, nature spirits and much more coming from an archaic perspective. But these gods served man in a sense. Gave the small groups of hunter-gatherers stability, law and order.

The gods connected to patterns inside human consciousness. That they represented subconscious powers available to anyone. But as Babylonian kings dreamt up the idea of the first true civilization. Inventing writing. Inventing many concepts making true civilization possible they also invented another god. A god demanding to be worshipped and also resulting in unselfish action.

The origin of many parts of the bible and the old mountain God JHWH.

That was the insight. Man giving up his personal power for a power transcending man. A mind-set giving birth to the myth of the Abrahamic god of love. That love was a love of self-sacrifice.

Now Winston attended a religious gathering created by Jehovah's Witnesses. They sang songs. They dressed up in costumes and celebrated the end of current times and the soon to be awaited paradise. Where man would find peace and even connect to animals.

But as Winston observed this huge event. A football stadium full of people of many ages. And as he watched the bright illusion of the waiting for god's kingdom he started to cry. Cried for a world praying to a god caused by a psychological dysfunction.

A god living within the human psyche. Created by global consensus among the trainees of the religion.

And people outside the religion was the same. They just hadn't realized it yet. That the plan for human life was to make people connect to this religion. An end to personal power for selfish gains. Rather a journey into true suffering to feed the pockets of rich capitalists.

That was what Winston learned about Ronda's behaviour. That she sought personal power due to her unnatural tendency to absolutely save the world. Save it for other people's gain.

And she lost her true power.

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THE FUTURE WORLD OF POWER

He wasn't a typical researcher. In fact he was born a modest man. He made things but he didn't believe in them the way any true revolutionary would. In fact he came to think he was a clear product of his time. Seeing the contradictions between different modes of life and especially the thinking pattern of many individuals.

That he went into religion was a fluke. A tragic event but also an event giving way for bold conclusions. It was the fall. The nightmarish road that ended where many never returned.

He was a man of blind luck.

He became depressed though. Depressed from the realization that the world seemed to work for its own end. Due to capital interests by those in power. Transcending the ladder of wealth by factors such as greed.

So he went for several walks in the middle of Chicago. A town connecting to Canada and New York through a new highway system.

Chicago had become something of a green sensation. Containing buildings in shining green but also a green system for a return into nature. With animals crowding amusement parks.

With several zoo's of a large calibre. Containing gene-manipulated animals living longer than usual.

The man just walked there. He sat down to gaze upon the rare animals. Some of them even passing by on the street. Connected to towns people with elastic ropes.

He descended into a morbid spiral of rebellious thoughts. As the life with women was impossible to live. As he had realized the facts of human nature to some extent (this was just personal interpretation).

He had it all. He lost it all.

And now he started to think destructive.

Winston O'Connor had had a life better than most. He was reckless. At first neglecting the true powers of the world. Later reacting, changing his life as required from the circumstances. Still he had been a servant. Someone serving others for personal reasons. As

the relative young man couldn't discern the true nature of the world.

Wisdom came with age he thought. But what to do with this wisdom?

Women were awful. Pretending. Displaying good manners and even a good intellect. Still low in themselves. Lacking self-esteem. So Winston gave up again and found some rest in Satanism. He found dark priests. Women and men dressed up in black costumes. Never showing their true face to the world.

In a Satanist church in the cold wilderness of the United States Winston joined an occult brotherhood. He assumed the philosophy of personal empowerment. To use dark arts such as black magic to fool the mind of his enemies. Meditating. Concentrating upon certain items to transcend the mumbled mind of a beginner occultist.

He soon realized that Satanism was about Satan. And Satan was about death. Death to a world drenched in darkness. He started to see that he began to suffer. Suffer from personal indulgence into things unnatural but still precious.

Satan was about death. Death to the mind and the soul. A dark journey into nihilism. Ending all hopes and fears to finally annihilate the world.

He thought that was the final point to it. He had tried so many paths. Seen so many perspectives. But a world that couldn't be changed shouldn't be changed.

But still. Something was nagging upon his consciousness. A final discovery that he wanted to live after all.

What was this power?

A power nourished by his escape into nature. By certain encounters. By Edgar Allan Poe and classical music by the likes of

Richard Wagner. By solid detective world leading himself to enlightenment.

And he watched his life slowly deteriorate as he listened to a music work by Richard Wagner. The prelude to Tristan And Isolde. Describing the deteriorating path of man slave to his passion. Resulting in tragedy.

He had to go back to the bottom of it. *The Other*. The birth of the new intellect.

The final plan to revert values and to change the world.

PART III
A DEEP JOURNEY INTO THE MULTI-
VERSE

BEYOND EARTHLY BORDERS

The huge hull of the passenger space-ship moved past the regions of Venus in a majestic movement. It was a titanic passenger model containing thousands of passengers making their journey to Mercury and then back for a space-tourist purpose.

It had thousands of windows along the black hull. Lit in dim colours due to the tastes of its passengers.

It was a futuristic observation for Ralph M. Montgomery as he drove his small repair ship along the momentous hull of the passenger ship. Resembling Titanic in a sense. But a journey for rich capitalists only.

Winston O'Connor was on the passenger ship. But he had become younger. Younger due to reverse aging invented by biologists on future earth. The earth was a rich canvas of many layers of future society. Buildings built on top of each other to leave room for large amounts of people.

The year was 2087.

The passenger ship moved forward in steady motion as it was pulled into a wormhole created by future science. This wormhole gave the passengers the opportunity to observe a parallel universe where Venus actually had become Mercury. A barren planet dressed in many colors.

The viewfinders could enhance the image. And it was spectacular. Unknown powers governing the parallel dimension actually revealed a planet resembling Mercury in our own solar system. But with mathematical precision exchanging orbits with Venus. It was a huge event.

Colourful clusters of multi-dimensional energy foretold by theories of quantum physics.

Back on earth Winston was greeted by the usual signs welcoming travellers back from their long journey. He was told many things had happened on earth. It was a time dilation problem.

What had happened?

As he moved with a hovercraft carrier over the ground backed up by future money he started to see the remnants of New York. A breakout of future disease had killed the inhabitants.

Also the name of The United States had changed to “The United Pangea Of New America” or just “Tupona”.

Winston was dropped at one landing area on top of a huge building in New York. He started to sense the dread of the dead environments. A huge vision of black buildings. Some of them with a hue of gray. Red signs and huge letters telling that Tupona was a great continent. Surpassed only by European countries. Connecting together to become another country: “The United States Of Green Crystalion”.

Winston walked through the rubble of the landing area. The area was pretty dirty and seldom used in this point of time.

On earth it was 2310 A.D.

“Tupona.” Winston thinks. “Another time. Another universe. Still people speak a variant of English.”

But the very reason that Winston was in New York was to witness the burial ground of the actual main centre of the Jehovah’s Witnesses. The centre lying pretty close to the Rockefeller centre.

Now gone.

He entered the building with heavy legs. He was exhausted from the trashy walkways above the ground. But the religious centre was pretty intact. No people. No signs of life.

Suddenly the man heard the shriek from an artificial animal inside a cage. A decorative cat in lush colors. Used to fuel the imagination of fellow Jehovah's Witnesses.

The man went to the bottom of it all: That the inhabitants of New York were dead and that the end of the current times preached so well by most Witnesses hadn't come.

It's was a chilling future. A future where man had adjusted to future concepts and deviations in language.

And he remembered some research he had made about the prophecies of Jehovah's Witnesses. That the end of current times would arrive at 1914, 1975, 2000 and other years in the human calendar. It was prophesied by so called bible students.

That knowledge had later been suppressed by the leaders. Making the people lower down in the religious hierarchy suffer from the idea that Armageddon would arrive at any moment.

It was a tragedy.

THE UNITED STATES OF GREEN CRYSTALION

It was a terrifying, yet sublime, notion of otherness. The European continent was a fully grown nature region. Where artificially grown trees, plants and grass occupied huge areas such as mountains and valleys.

Winston walked there. Earlier using a planetary rover to move over the lush terrain. The trees were purple, yellow and blue. The grass was magenta and the plants darkly green with lots of deviations.

He came standing looking out on a huge valley. Specimens of artificially designed animals walked this valley. Huge herbivores ate from the human design. Even a space-ship from a remote civilization beyond the earth was stranded alongside a purple lake.

Shining with reflections from a hazy sky.

But the man was full of anger. He left the overlooking position to walk into a forest where he found a huge grave sealed closed by future armor. He had a locking mechanism. A code to unlock this grave which was full of weapons.

These weapons were of many kinds: Gun powdered designs, others using photon beams and lasers.

Winston took up a weapon. He checked the loading mechanism and pulled the trigger. An invisible beam of photon energy made a big crater in the wall.

The man was empowered, noble, still wild in his stare.

A vision of a fallen angel craving for justice.

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INTEL DEEP-THOUGHT 3000 XP

The mission was a huge undertaking. Now, as he saw the currents of the current time, he knew that the religious organization still was alive. Just absent in the horrifying vista of New York.

He had to take measures. He had to assume the responsibility of a man knowing enough. But he would have to adjust that mind-set quite a bit.

He had to meet the artificial construct of the most advanced computer in the era beyond the information age. That was the Intel Deep-Thought 3000 XP quantum computer. And it was found

in an abandoned area in deep space. Along the surface of the moon. Clothed in a mesmerizing green liquid to adjust the temperature of the monster. A grey globe measuring one hundred and fifty meters. A globe with interconnected interfaces to digest all possible information in the solar system.

The man walked unsteady using a space-suit and a digital map to isolate the burial ground of this computer. It was drenched in a lunar glow of coldness and darkness.

And Winston walked up to it. His mood reflected the lunar surroundings. Sometimes artificially constructed by the new generation of colonists. Buildings looking like advanced space-habitats. With solar power gained suitable days.

A Mecca of future technology where the difference between man and machine was hard to tell.

Winston closed in on the quantum computer. With questions concerning a future war to end all wars.

“At first.” Winston began, “There are trouble with money. And its hard to see beyond the horizon concerning war attempts.”

“I can tell from the look of you that you are not like the others.” The quantum computer said using an audio-visual interface. “But you are far off the ground. We will see to it that you adjust your preconceived notions of war and that you will survive in the end.”

The computer made some simulations of different war scenarios. Images from other wars conducted in human history. Showing Winston the strategies, tactics and bold manoeuvres used by military geniuses such as Napoleon, Julius Caesar and Adolph Hitler.

“Have you read Sun Tzu?” The quantum computer asked. “Have you heard about the notion that war is peace and that a good military commander fights for a victory with minimal casualties?”

“I have not.”

“You should look into it.” The quantum computer said, “It is the first principle of good warfare and it holds.”

Winston O’Connor went away for some fresh air in a connecting building. Where scientists of the lunar school collected in dozens to analyse information gained from similar attempts.

“We can not understand the computer.” They said to Winston, “But he stimulates free thought indeed.”

Winston took some food from a plate and walked away to a sleeping chamber on top of the lunar building. He had his meal pretty exhausted. He abandoned all thoughts for a massage coming from a futuristic bed mechanism.

The journey into deep rest restored his energy quite a bit.

Some days later he returned to the quantum computer with questions regarding all aspects of warfare but the computer politely neglected his requests.

“You see.” The quantum computer said, “You build your idea of revenge upon the idea that the world is controlled by a false religion. But it is an emotional affair. I know your journey. You have to abandon these thoughts as warfare is a business for a true intellectual. If you want to succeed at all.” He said, “Abandon your dark emotions. Think like the masters of classical music. Including Mozart. With a fluid mind. Thinking boundless, critically and new like a painting of Salvador Dali. Boundless. Endless. But exact.”

“How?”

“Learn from the masters. School yourself in the art of getting dumber. As stupidity is a sign of genius exemplified in the mind of Ludwig Van Beethoven and Friedrich Nietzsche. But I have to warn you. The failure of all organized religion (including Jehovah’s Witnesses) is not that it is harmful in an immediate sense. In fact religion have been proven to be a good peacekeeper. The problem, as witnessed in your relationship with Ronda R. Meyers, is that

the human soul is not good by any meaningful use of the term. The words, the actions and the emotions displayed by this loving people are contrary to human nature. And organized religion leads to future disasters.”

“I know this.”

“You know it but you only know it by heart.” The quantum computer said, “What you need is intellectual rigor to actually prove this to be the case. Modern warfare is a war of the intellect, not the other way around. The psychological dysfunction you talk about exists. But it extends to social events such as the event in Egypt you witnessed. It extends to systematic blackouts inside journalism firms and so on.”

“How to prove this?”

“It’s easy coming from the right perspective.” The quantum computer said, “It’s just happens that the psyche is built for survival and reproduction and the image of love distorts the mind. Resulting in the suppression of true intelligence. Making the human adept to assume random ideas no matter how stupid.”

“But how to *prove* it?”

“It can be detected by modern brain scanners.” The quantum computer said, “It can be deduced from analysis of relationships, social events and men living in isolation. What we talk about here is collective psychosis. Distorting the mind to believe in an empty paradise. And this philosophy have been proposed by countless great thinkers in human history.”

“So how can I manage?”

“Take your time and do your job like a true intellectual!” The quantum computer said, “Having fun. Never coming to fast conclusions. And having sex like a true man.”

“I will.” Winston said.

A TOTAL TRANSFIGURATION OF VALUES

It was the birth of a new time. A time where reckless warriors had to adapt to the cunning intelligence of a fallen genius. But it was also a time of dreaming.

Set in tones by Beethoven in his third symphony – The Eroica.

So the old man, now living in a young man's shape, had changed his manners. His cunning intelligence. And even his face assumed new features. Gone was the red beard with gray spots. Gone was the conventional style and preferences of a man starting like a young journalist. To fathom *The Other* and find ways beyond detective work to the work of a creative genius.

But he was lonely. He was a mind tortured by endless voyages into the depths of the multi-verse. Gaining experience. Gaining knowledge. And finding ways to overcome the faults of a born romantic.

He started to look at the multi-verse with new eyes. That the dimensions discovered by future science connected to layers of consciousness inside the human soul. That meant a physical component, a sexual component, a belief-complex, a social dimension, an original component unique to any soul. And finally a mental component for reality creation and a connection to the universal mind.

He found that individual development started with the physical and progressed by the powers of the ego to higher dimensions as described. It wasn't something mystical with this process. Just a natural progression of the will. As the individual will (or ego) led the individual to enlightenment just by being true to himself/herself.

But now he had found (and still was fascinated by this idea) that the intellect transcended the powers of the universal mind. It was something individualistic and a sound approach to life included the emerging will to let the intellect decide what happened to one's life.

Choosing reality by conscious choice and also choosing what to *feel* in this chosen environment.

So the man, Winston O'Connor, looked at the universe with a scientific approach. But an approach that connected to individual experience.

And it was this experience that made Winston conscious of what facts to affirm and which ones to deny. Letting go of objective truths and believing in his own values.

Coming from within.

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THE SIGNS OF A COMING APOCALYPSE

They were gathered in a European palace in the area known as Gandelion. It was a palace decorated by future art. A new form of cubism was seen along the walls. Resembling artworks by Pablo Picasso.

The rulers were worried.

The winds of the ongoing revolution had swept the common notions of order aside. Militaristic attempt had been used to keep the creative ones in check. Still the rulers had lost many battles. And now they had orchestrated Armageddon to make people believe in their own religion.

That was what had happened to New York. Now it would happen in central Europe too.

Many were involved.

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FUTURE WARFARE

Winston had made it this far. Earlier he had thought about putting his body in a freezing unit. To preserve his body for future generations. But he had dropped that idea.

He saw himself as one of the dead already. The dead ones giving up the common notions of success to walk the other way.

Doing the unthinkable. Doing the opposite to what was expected.

And that was his war.

Mounting explosions in remote cities demonstrating power with no casualties involved.

It happened globally and at once. In eastern Asia (Now called Rheinland). In Turkey. In the northern parts of Canada (A part of Tupona) and other strategic places making his presence felt. He used money coming in from internet sales. Dealing with average people to sell goods and services available on the free market.

The event (In Rheinland) demonstrated the use of new types of explosives. They were mounted on the walls of many buildings. Overseen by huge space-ships dwelling under the clouds like an extension of the future cities. A black compound of space-ships dropping from the sky as ordained.

The ships went down in smoke above the cities. Crashing into the government buildings to the wicked roar of many citizens.

Annihilating the threat to true peace and the will of the average man.

The space-ships descended in greenish fire and lit the government buildings with a burning inferno. An inferno where several government officials escaped.

Escaped to be collected by revolutionaries on the street.

There were many of them. The chosen ones. Chosen for their right to live and express themselves.

And these events were the sudden end to the threat of Armageddon. A revolution beginning in the information age had spread over time like a black vortex. Consuming souls on their way to perdition.

And the emergence of another kind of paradise.

A paradise built from the conscious choice of free individuals. Affirming their darkness. Affirming their true power. Not to use this darkness for nihilistic attempts. But to attune to human nature and use this will to create future society.

A world with a total transfiguration of values. Building upon the philosophy of the internet intellectuals described earlier and the rest of the revolutionaries occupying the streets. Leaving room for all to decide in a shared context.

A will to conquer space. To multiply beyond earthly borders. Leaving death. Leaving the close compound of the local solar system. Becoming many. Leaving Jehovah's Witnesses.

This was the miracle of the ego and a love based upon self-interest.

Believing in their inborn power to create. Believing in themselves and their own future.

THE END