

# ALIEN JOURNAL

by  
*Lee Balan*



*ENTER THE MIND OF AN EXTRATERRESTRIAL  
TRAPPED ON EARTH*

# Dedicated to the Guardians

## **ABOUT ALIEN JOURNAL**

The world was fighting the Psycho Sexual Wars of 2084. Dr. Rubin S. Andros defined the rules in his seminal book *The Guide To All Natural Phenomena* where he stated, "War is the behavioral basis for every manifestation of life." The good doctor asserted that war equals life (**war = life**). War was finally civilized. Statistical inference or "chance" determined the rules and extent of military action. Every mind was a battlefield. Dr. Andros stated, "Life is expendable, but pain is delectable!"

## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

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## Data Transfer

They tried to beat the crap out of David Oblivion because they suspected he was an illegal alien. The attack was ordered by Mrs. Homily and carried out by her son. David was too close to the truth and that was the real reason for the attack. He knew the Homilys were working for the mainframe known as *Zeitgeist* -- the computer was constructing doppelgangers to take control of the world. David's attackers didn't know he was a real alien, *not of this world*. If they had known, there would have been no end to the onslaught -- and no escape.

It began in the only bug-proof room in David's domicile, the kitchen. Walls were heavily fused with silver flypaper, the best possible defense. Princess Aurora, leader of the resistance, sat opposite David in an accommodation pod. She appeared to glow within her cloak of conductivity.

"David . . . the situation is dire. I've lost more recruits in the last month than in the previous five years. Men are dying. Brains have been severed and wiped clean. I need your help." Her violet eyes invited more than just a suggested donation.

"I'll do anything," David responded. He was a loyal devotee. To initiate a more compatible arrangement, they had sex. Since David was an alien and Aurora was a hologram they used surrogates.

It was great sex and Aurora continued to divulge salient information, "I've had more trouble lately meeting the right men. We are at war with a powerful enemy. I need your help to get the codes which can insure the freedom of the human race."

"Do you have the coordinates?"

"The information is at the Mindshaft, a digital-dump where you will meet an electronic-circuit disguised as a cowboy known as

Severan Seven. Be careful. Don't let any *loner* overhear your conversation, for his sake as well as ours. I advise you to blend in. The Mindshaft is a Gatsby Club."

Aurora blinked and disappeared from the accommodation pod. David realized how much he loved her. She was always an exhilarating experience. If they were more compatible they would make perfect partners, but duty always came before personal happiness. David dressed in a silver Gadfly-Suit and took a strobe-light down to the Mindshaft.

The place was in the electronic-hub-district where corporeal intelligence was digitized and projected as TV images. It was difficult to decipher enemies from friends. Information-whores latched themselves to unsuspecting bystanders like succubi. The Mindshaft was the projection of a saloon from the twentieth century, authentically wrapped in wooden planks with glass windowpanes.

It was easy to recognize Severan Seven -- he was the only cowboy in the bar with the flashing aura of a flat-screen TV. David flowed across the room like an electric eel and sat on the stool next to Severan. The cowboy warbled in Gothic-Fortran, a new retro-language. David easily latched onto the lingo and warbled back. Communication parameters were established and everything was smoothly twittering when a loner sat on the stool next to David. The alien quickly sussed him out. The intruder was an innocent, totally out of his league and not aware of the circumstances or danger he was getting into.

David was forced to resort to a diversionary tactic to safeguard the information he was receiving and head off any collateral damage. The low life next to him was sitting in a daze, hardly awake. He looked lost, yet vaguely familiar. David grabbed a drink off the bar and spilled it in the stranger's lap. It worked.

The grubby fellow acted like he received a jolt of electricity. David replied, "Scuse me -- you were in my way!" The guy just walked away without a word. Now he could turn his full attention to his twittering friend who was revealing a catechism of loaded information. David wondered why. Was he a stool pigeon? Was he a double agent or a Trojan horse? The codes could be fake, an elaborate trap. After the info was dumped, Severan Seven was replaced with a test pattern. Sexual contact, the usual way to seal a deal, was not even suggested. David's suspicions were further aroused.

When he left the Mindshaft the Homily zombie attacked him. David was trying to contact Aurora with the codes she so desperately needed. She had the key to test the codes authenticity and veracity. It was very possible these codes could end the war and save the planet. He was looking for a safe zone to transmit his data when he was attacked. The zombie came with several militant clones that sought the thrill of death for themselves and everyone else.

David was at a disadvantage because he carried no weapons (he didn't want to spook his contact at the Mindshaft). Still, he had his alien wits about him. His foes surrounded him on a white plain of digital detritus. Laughing like crazed demons they jabbed the alien with pointed sticks. The Homily zombie lusted after David's brain like a creature from a low budget, horror *sim*. As an extraterrestrial, David had one skill that might save his life -- he could become oblivious by shifting reality. It was a trick he learned as a young man when he was incarcerated in a mental hospital. The trick meant he would lose the data and all the codes. He could save his life and lose the world.

It was decision time. The enemy stopped playing with sticks and started to lash out with big knives. One clone was lighting

matches and another was gathering wood. They wanted to build a bonfire and use David as fuel. A choice was made for David by the safety-valve in his inner-ear which took control. The codes were dumped and David was catapulted into oblivion.

He landed on a street that flashed like a strobe -- too bright. People moved like images in an old movie.

### **Notes From The Millennial Time Capsule, 2776**

#### 1. **Bigger & Better Weapons**

The “High Order of Genetic Scientists” (HORGS) produced the most effective weapons ever conceived under the supervision of Dr. Rubin S. Andros. The weapons were one consequence of certain exotic experiments and the resultant social upheaval that ensued.

The mystery of the Golden Helix was unraveled by Francis Critt and opened the way for scientists to create living creatures from chemicals in a test tube.

Scientists sought to eliminate racism by creating a “super species” which would incorporate the best attributes from a wide range of genera. Thousands of phantasms emerged from chemical vats including Genetically Enhanced Weapons (GE).

Plastic Surgeons also worked on the “master species” by molding flesh into characters that epitomized Grand Guignol. Flesh was worked like clay. Surgeons and geneticists worked together to bring severed limbs back to life (hands and feet) so they could study them as they crawled in blind desperation.

Mechanics and engineers worked closely with scientists to develop organic-machines. In the chaos that ensued, the problem of racism became the least of anyone’s concerns. New, more severe problems developed. Economic systems crashed resulting in

violence and bloodshed. “Zeitgeist,” the big brain, was constructed to save the world by establishing order.

## 2. The Big Brain

Zeitgeist took every item into consideration. Birth and death were recorded and programmed. Babies were electro-chemical activities conceived in the mother-womb of Zeitgeist. Chosen people were reborn as clones or reanimated as *Simulants*. The world was constantly recreated. Magnumopolus (the world city) was a perfect hologram. The illusion became reality that could be digitized and manipulated by Zeitgeist.

## 3. Notes On War

War was civilized. No one in a war zone was exempt, however, only the militia could initiate direct military action. The general populace was designated as “collateral damage.” Statistical inference “chance” determined the rules of war and extent of the action.

Every mind was a battlefield. Dr. Andros stated, “Life is expendable, but pain is ineluctable!” In his classic treatise entitled *Humanity Seeks Behavior*, he proclaimed that Homo sapiens enjoy and need psychological and physical pain. “Furthermore,” Andros emphasized, “Individuals become placid and apathetic when lacking painful stimuli.”

## 4. Sex And War

The Psycho Sexual Wars of 2084 erupted because of an edict issued by the American Psychiatric Association under the direction of Dr. Andros. The edict was named *The Sexual Act of Integral Consensus and Genetic Disparity*, authorized in 2081.

### Dangerous Liaisons

David woke in the midst of the city. He wore a new disguise that consisted of a large coat and baggy overalls. A floppy hat

covered his head and dark glasses camouflaged his eyes. He carried a weapon that was disguised as a plumber's plunger -- part of his new undercover identity. David looked and felt like he just crawled from a sewer. His WIN charm was pinned to his coat. He had to make an information-drop at the customary spot, but the spot changed locations as a precautionary measure. He needed to comb the city with the expertise of a secret agent to find the new location. He remained true to his name, David Oblivion, alien-spy seeking privy information and perpetrating diversionary collusion. His gypsy cat dipped into the shadows, off on her own mission of intelligence. He felt abandoned and vulnerable so he tried meditating to regain his composure -- nothing worked.

The city was haunted -- always Halloween. David was pursued by lob-eyed fiends. Drug addicts, housewives and vice-cops lingered in dark doorways ever-ready to confiscate David's secrets. He walked through North Beach and observed large insects disguised as tourists stealthily snatching bits-and-pieces of the street-scene to take to their suburban ant-hills and devour.

He saw the world through an alien sensor, a third-eye fishbowl. He needed to locate his counterpart who broke away after he landed on this planet. David believed the Underbelly could help. Without his "split-half" there was no way to escape.

The city was ubiquitous, surrounding everyone in a cocoon of artificial daylight. Amusement Centers and Fascination Parlors stood in line on Market Street. Cheap clothes-stores and appliance wholesalers competed for the attention of pedestrians. Movie palaces turning to dust glittered in the sunset: "The Strand," "The Fox," "The Olympus," and more enticing names faded into the past.

On Hollywood Blvd, stars were engraved in golden sidewalks. In front of Grumman's Chinese there were hands cast in cement.

The Gold Cup coffee-shop was always packed with lingering ghosts who couldn't escape. The street was a replica built by Disney, extolling a rumored glory that never existed. It hadn't changed in a thousand years. Only the bodies changed, old eyes were replaced with younger, hungrier eyes. Chrome Jaguars whizzed by on a track, same cars; round and round. Parasites clung to lampposts assessing, calculating, seeking victims. Everywhere David saw casualties of the Psycho Sexual Wars.

Everyone was waiting to be discovered or sold. Hypnotic music whispered to strangers from black-holes. People disappeared into large, concrete department stores -- no one came back out. There were recent fires, burning infernos, people trapped inside.