

Aliens of Chill

Imagine your life, is an open field.
Underneath a warm blue sky.
Fertile, filled with potential for growth.
Try not to think, of the Windows XP background.
You are more than a default setting.
Your field is free of gates.
It is open.

Many of us grew up during a certain part of the 90's and 2000's, where we were indoctrinated by the new sounds of popular '**chill-out**' music.

[Song: Bentley Rhythm Ace – Bentley's Gonna Sort You Out!]

Fostering within us an immaterial desire.
The will to chill.

Unlike CBBC, which had no adverts, on CITV, there were adverts, which, depending on what region you were viewing from, showed adults holding scissors in the background, either running or walking.

The Millennium Dome was planned long before the millennium.
It did not appear spontaneously, as a byproduct of the millennium.

The millennium dome was a pre-meditated attempt,
to reprogram the mythology of time.
This is why it was built near Greenwich.

The Millennium Dome was designed to signify, the cancellation of our future.
Under the millennium's protective dome, it was supposed to be the case that we could potentially stay in the millennium, forever.

But the new labour project failed

Who or what was trying to prevent **Robbie Williams** from entertaining us?

The automation of the air traffic control industry, poses a challenge to conventional reality.

Computer programmes,
Enhanced video optics,
HD television,
Artificial landing strips shaped like bananas,
for safer, future-proof, airport management.
Bending the shape of the world.
Traffic control.

Your mind, is in a constant state of flow.
You are an airport.

Golf is not a real sport.

Golf is a sexual ritual, preserving the land on which frustrated men congeal
their business arrangements.

You feel as though you have the energy of a teenager, shredding across the
turf of a golf course on a petrol scooter.
Or you ready?
Scooter. Are you ready?
To reclaim the land.

Car parks are gradually disappearing

Adrenaline is a gateway drug.

Skateboarding is radical activism.

Every car park is filled with potential.

But your mind, will always be the most scared car park of them all,
apart from, an airport car park with a train station.

A crossword.

The paper curls slightly in a passing wind,
as you look away from the world.
And into its emptiness.

The crossword is a meaningless cage.

The **Cadbury dream bar**

Can no longer be found in the UK.

Because it was a psychological experiment.

An attempt to make question our reality.

To pose the question: What world are we living in?

The real world?

Or the dream world?

Or the 'Cadbury's world'?

If we believe that we are living in a dream world, then we can also believe that none of our actions have consequences in the real world.

This goes all the way back to Martin Luther King.

Who had a dream,

replaced by a chocolate bar, in the early 2000's.

Which has since been taken away.

A revealing clue can be found in Martin Luther King's initials, MLK.

That's one letter short of spelling milk, a key ingredient in the dream.

A key ingredient, that in the 1980's,

was taken away from school children by Margret Thatcher.

The confiscation of dreams has been the dominant political, cultural, and economic project of our time.

Imagine a **computer desktop**.

There is a folder labeled, 'the future'.

Drag and drop this folder onto the icon that is shaped like a wastepaper basket.

'Don't put all your eggs in one basket',

was a slogan invented by an egg basket manufacturing company.

Electrified cables and pressurised pipelines are being kept hidden from us.

Underneath the pavement,
logistics.

You are surrounded by rising **water**.
In the water, find a sensation.
Something fizzling as if from beneath your skin.
You disintegrate, become a part, of the liquid that surrounds you.
In this water you feel, a bit like a Berocca.

Water is against us.
Tidal waves.
Monsoons.
Floods.
Whirlpools.
Drowning.

Because it knows that we are the ones who prevent its flow.

We have made it work for us with water wheels.
Forced it through pipes, which it tries to destroy by teaming up with rust.
We block its movement with dams.
Make it dance for us with fountains.
And worst of all, wave pools.

Water hates wave pools more than anything else.
Its flow is controlled. It is subjected to aimlessly carry floundering pot-bellied
customers on artificially constructed waves:
Pulsing, shifting, phasing,
no crabs, no fish, no coral,
no diving in the shallow end.

To water there is no greater insult than a wave pool.

Water takes part in extreme events to distract us from its long-term plan,
which is to rise up and take over our cities.
Forcing us onto higher ground.

We know that water has us surrounded, but who is helping it?

The Bolivians, the Nepalese, the Mongolians, some Russians, Canadians, Kenyans.

Those who have settled on higher ground, have been filling their pockets with soil and depositing it in the ocean whenever they go on holiday. Causing sea levels to rise.

This is why we are subject to pocket searches at airports.

Breath in.

And breath out.

Continue doing this for the rest of your life.

Transmission, complete.

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