



H O R R O R

Beyond the Planet of the Vampires

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Clash Books
presents

Beyond the Planet of the Vampires

a novel by

Ulrich Baer

For Lou Sullivan and Guy Hocquenghem

“We are not yet sound and we must
avidly strive to be so”

—The Phaedo

“For the eyes of the mind, whereby it
sees and observes things, are none other
than proofs.”

—Spinoza

“... the Other and I are the same person,
the same dead foreign language.”

—Gilles Deleuze

“the heretic has many possible
positions...”

—Robert Glück

Prologue:

A Thousand Years Ago

It rises fuming from the catacombed, volcanic depths—the red swampland seethes and excresces sulphuric turmoil. In a collar of stars, that death-bound, the black sky confronting a vibrating orb, floating the mist.

Palpitant green fires.

We are armed with lasers in the backlands and slink through the permanight. I hide my back against the tourmaline cliff, beating my helmet against its jagged edge, lasergun clutched to my chest. And finger the trigger.

My brothers are dead beneath steel plates, herms for the forgotten—rescue missions. Condensing empty metallic strength, I go out across the carnelian sands. Stars slog inside the firmament, revolving without witnessing. The remaining cosmonauts crouch along the

vast open valley inside the mountains' pulse. They creep forward, pivoting around with their cocked sights. The orb begins emitting inside our minds, it eats away through the neural sheathes, singing cataclysm. I brace my head with my gloved hands, unable to touch the electric shrieking inside. Vortexing winds roil the sands, they coalesce risen in foaming sheets, and dash out visibility.

I trip through. I trip through the buffeting granules, a bloodred radiance. The landscapes consumed, and regurgitate.

Rapid cycling the eternadusk, I meet it on my knees. Unknown movement rustles and hisses through the receiver—standing above me, now. I throw back my head, dropping the burden laser it leaves an impact pit for a hundredyears, frozen ripples of contact promulgating-culminating formlessness.

Across immobilized time, he lowers his naked fingertips to my visor.

Inside his black eyes my dead crewmates bodies' are, are vanishing through, I see burning matrices erupting extended through pure unquantifiable spaces. Graphical pain. The scored field runs and runs—

With you, I have found the apeiron

And I will wait with you, through the mists

Beyond the Planet of the Vampires

Yr body lost in the luminosity of mine. Struggling air through the chambers in yr cheek, my fingers the wind catalyzed, mining the rusted mineral ore, leaves ticking pane glass. The veins worked through—a blurry scar on yr back. “Am I safe” you stop thrusting in and in and lower yourself, caving around my shoulderblades. Press aside my hair, “you’re safe.

My cute boy.”

The pentatonic scales, inventing the past, drill crescendos inside mine.

Fingers tongue and spit working it open, as a rotted bulb collapses in time. I don’t want to remember

I’m looking for yr face in every mirror—

Here, Let Me Feed You Soup

I.

The moments continually destroy against themselves, ticking annihilated from sequence, and running down a pounding wall. It dims, unopening.

And we’re in the basement mirror this grace to be

All of a mist. In the vampire’s castle,

He is a correspondent, and I find it endearing that as he investigates his object, his love for it grows in proportion to his engagement with its micro-specificities, incrementally vibrating (like, throbbing out to be /seen), questions but he’s not asking any—“Excuse me” he chimes back mimicking my accent—a cold hardening slashes across his mouth he’s not going to tell me what happened.

“I know it must have hurt you.” “Sad piece of shit” who is the addressee, now.