



ARCHIVE OBJECT // DV-MONO-017

MONOLITH

TRANSMISSION ARCHIVE

17 SIGNALS // 01 ORIGIN RECORD // 01 RETURN SIGNAL

FIELD COMPILATION BY DIGITALVOICE

[MARKVERA.BANDCAMP.COM/ALBUM/MONOLITH](https://markvera.bandcamp.com/album/monolith)



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ORIGIN RECORD // ALBUM INTRODUCTION

Album introduction

The discovery of the monolith was a revelation of other life in the universe. After the news hit the population, people tried to reach this new world and discover the touch of transmissions from distant worlds across the whole universe. No one knows who created this artifact, but it was clear that it was a portal. Portal to soundscapes familiar and unfamiliar territories, unique to each listener and even a lifetime could not be enough to experience everything.

This is a compilation of selected transmissions from a traveler who returned from the 20-year journey to this distant world. Traveler never came back the same and is already planning the next life long journey.

Each of the transmission is paired with short story of the traveler's experience. Decoding process of this is in progress for some transmissions.

- MONOLITH ARCHIVES



TRANSMISSION 01 // DECODED

tick tock tick tock

There it was. The monolith. He had traveled in cryosleep for almost 10 years to this distant world. There had been others, but he was among the first ones to make this journey. So close, but still a few steps away, and he already heard the sound. Or was it his antique handheld clock? He must have heard it wrong as the clock was a family heirloom passed on for countless generations already. No one exactly knew how old it was. It was like the artifact in front of him. The clock had stopped working generations ago, and no one had wanted to break it while trying to repair it.

But now he heard it so clear. Or was it just the ticking of the environmental suit everyone had to wear on this world's lack of breathable air? There was an atmosphere, but scientists believed it was the natural composition for the creators of the monolith. It also preserved the monolith, and instruments showed the monolith was using the gasses as an endless energy source. The world was strange in that regard as the radiant sun made the minerals in the soil slowly evaporate and turn into that thin atmosphere.

That ticking was the thing he still heard, and he wasn't now sure if it was the environmental suit's gauge, which indicated air he still had left for this first encounter. Or was it his heart... beating in excitement now that he was here? In fact, he was not anymore sure if this was the beginning of his journey or was it already at the end. Seeing the monolith had made him lose track of time. He could not keep thinking, did he still have time for another transmission?

- MONOLITH ARCHIVES



TRANSMISSION 02 // DECODED

carbon

Carbon. The monolith was entirely composed of carbon atoms. That made it eternal, and the carbon absorbed from the atmosphere kept it self repairing. It was like it was breathing carbon gas. Carbon had been used by humans as a building material for a very long time, but they never had figure out how to build large structures solely from carbon. Someone clearly had unlocked the secrets of such composite of diamond, graphite and some forms which were still unknown.

The monolith was singing the frequency of carbon. He clearly could see it now, how the artifact was probing his mind and pushing it through the atom wide carbon nanotube combs. All the travelers returned from the monolith had come back different. Everyone had such clarity in their minds. They were calm and gentle. As if they had spent their entire lives in the lunar monasteries. Chronometer had frozen in time, but he felt his mind was racing at the speed of the electrons around the carbon atoms. The nanotubes were so narrow for his mind that he could really feel how it was shaved of any rough edges and feelings. All he could now see and feel was clarity and what was most important. He could not leave now, he had to feel it through and emerge as a new man.

- MONOLITH ARCHIVES



TRANSMISSION 03 // DECODED

edison

Edison was one of the first to record transmissions. Could this be transmission across time from the home world, Earth? Maybe it was just his mind trying to understand the monolith's transmission in reasonable way. Either way, this was very early transmission. He was again wondering about beginnings and endings how they all seemed the same and revolving around and around like old vinyl on even more older record player. He had not heard such played before, so this clearly was an actual recording from that time from Earth. The monolith must have been very old as no one really know the exact time anymore when the vinyls were in use. The crackling noises pierced his mind as he was transported back to home...

- MONOLITH ARCHIVES



TRANSMISSION 04 // DECODED

solar system

The transmission began without stars. A solar system appeared around him as a structure of pale geometrical lines. Twelve planets circled a darkened sun, their orbits drawn against the void like grooves cut into black glass. Measurements filled his visor, although none of his instruments admitted generating them. The system was ancient. That much he understood from the slow decay of its worlds. Oceans had boiled away. Atmospheres lay frozen across the night sides of planets that no longer turned. Entire moons had been dismantled, their material arranged into thin rings around the sun.

One planet was still moving.

It followed an impossible orbit, passing through the paths of the other worlds without disturbing them. With every revolution, its mass changed. Sometimes it was a dead sphere of iron. Sometimes a blue world carrying oceans and clouds. Once, for less than a second, his visor detected artificial light across its continents.

The people living there had not yet been born.

He understood then that the monolith was not showing him a place. It was calculating one. Every orbit was another possibility, and every planet was being tested across millions of years. The system was a machine whose moving parts were worlds.

The wandering planet completed one final revolution. A pulse crossed the darkness and entered the monolith behind him.

When he awoke, no time had passed according to his suit. Yet its radiation counter had recorded exposure lasting almost three centuries.

Around his boots, the dust had formed twelve circles.

One of them was broken.

- MONOLITH ARCHIVES



TRANSMISSION 05 // DECODED

the path now and forever

The path began at the base of the monolith: a narrow line of fused stone crossing the plain toward the horizon. It reflected the light of stars that were not visible in the sky. He followed it. The landscape changed around him. Dust became ice, black forests rose and vanished, and mountains collapsed into oceans. Vast structures appeared in the distance, stood for thousands of years, and eroded before he could reach them. His suit recorded no passage of time.

The path remained untouched.

He began finding footprints. Some belonged to creatures unknown to human science. Others matched the pattern of his own boots. At first he assumed they had been left by earlier travelers.

Then he found his body.

It rested beside the path beneath a sky crowded with dying red stars. The environmental suit was ancient, but its identification signal still answered to his name. Inside, the bones had almost turned to dust.

He understood that the path did not connect two places. It connected every moment in which someone had chosen to follow it. The body was not necessarily his future. It was one destination among countless others.

Another traveler approached from the horizon. He wore the same face, only much older.

They passed without speaking and continued in opposite directions, each believing he was moving forward.

Behind them, civilizations rose and disappeared.

The path remained, now and forever.

- MONOLITH ARCHIVES



TRANSMISSION 06 // DECODED

cold tectonics

The world should have been dead. Its sun had faded billions of years ago, leaving the surface beneath kilometres of frozen atmosphere. Yet the instruments detected movement deep below: continents drifting, colliding and breaking apart in the darkness. There was no heat to drive them.

The transmission carried him beneath the ice. Mountains of nitrogen and methane moved against one another with impossible force. Their collisions sent vibrations through the planet, slow notes lasting centuries. What appeared lifeless from orbit was an instrument playing a song too deep and long for humans to hear.

He descended farther.

Inside the frozen mantle, he found enormous structures caught between the moving plates. They were older than the surrounding world and positioned with deliberate precision. Each continental collision compressed them, forcing their chambers to release bursts of information through the ice.

The planet was not cooling.

It was thinking.

Its creators had constructed a mind whose thoughts were produced by geological movement. A single calculation required the birth and destruction of a mountain range. The answer it sought had been forming since before humanity's sun existed.

Then the plates shifted.

For one brief moment, the structures aligned. A signal passed through the planet and entered the monolith. His suit translated only a fraction of it: coordinates, a date billions of years in the future, and a warning addressed to him by name.

The ice closed before he could read the rest.

Beneath his feet, the continents continued their slow collision.

The next thought had already begun.

- MONOLITH ARCHIVES



TRANSMISSION 07 // DECODED

caves beneath the liquid hydrogen

Liquid hydrogen filled the world from its frozen clouds to the immense pressures below. The monolith carried him downward through depths where no human vessel could survive. Beneath the ocean, he found the caves. They opened inside a layer of metallic hydrogen: vast chambers whose walls carried electricity without resistance. Silent lightning revealed towers, bridges and empty platforms grown into the planet itself.

A transmission passed through the caves. He saw beings descending into the world as their sun began to die. They had built this refuge beneath crushing gravity, where time moved more slowly, intending to return when the danger passed.

No one had come.

Millions of small machines still maintained the empty city, preserving it for inhabitants who had vanished long ago.

As the transmission faded, one machine awakened. It crossed the chamber and scanned his body, comparing him with something in its ancient memory.

Its light changed from red to green.

Around him, doors sealed for billions of years began to open.

- MONOLITH ARCHIVES



TRANSMISSION 08 // DECODED

planet red alert

The warning reached him before the planet appeared. RED ALERT repeated across every channel, translated into languages both human and unknown. Then the monolith showed him a world beneath a crimson atmosphere. Cities covered its surface. Their lights still burned, but nothing moved between them. Machines continued their work, repairing towers and guiding empty vehicles through silent streets.

The inhabitants had received the same warning millions of years earlier.

They had searched the sky for an approaching fleet, a collision or a dying star. Finding nothing, they built defences around the planet and waited. Generations passed beneath the alert until fear became the purpose of their civilization.

Only at the end did they understand.

The warning was not about a disaster coming from space. It was about the signal itself. Something inside it was changing every mind that heard it, slowly replacing thought with the need to prepare.

His suit repeated the message.

RED ALERT.

He disabled the receiver, but the words continued inside his head.

On the planet below, ancient defence systems turned toward the stars.

One of them aimed at him.

- MONOLITH ARCHIVES



TRANSMISSION 09 // DECODED

rainbow worlds

The monolith divided the starlight into colours he had never seen. Within each colour waited a different world. One was covered by an endless ocean; another by forests of crystal. He saw cities moving across a desert and machines grazing beneath a violet sky. The worlds occupied the same orbit around the same star. Each existed within a narrow band of light, invisible to the inhabitants of the others.

Yet they were not entirely separate.

Ruins appeared in identical places. Towers built on one world cast shadows across another. Civilizations rose, vanished and returned in different colours, never knowing they shared their planet with countless others.

He reached toward the spectrum.

For an instant, every world became visible at once. Oceans crossed deserts. Cities passed through forests, and billions of living forms occupied the same space without touching.

Then something looked back.

Across every world, at the same moment, figures raised their faces toward him.

The transmission ended, leaving only the pale surface of the monolith.

A thin band of unfamiliar colour now surrounded his shadow.

- MONOLITH ARCHIVES



TRANSMISSION 10 // DECODED

construction yard 9am

The transmission began with the sound of metal striking metal. For a moment, he thought he was back on Earth. Every morning at nine, construction machines had awakened outside his childhood home. He remembered the vibration through the walls and his father complaining about the noise. But this was not Earth.

Machines moved across a vast construction yard beneath a colourless sky. None resembled human equipment, yet he understood their purpose. They were assembling something piece by piece, guided by instructions carried inside the transmission.

It was another monolith.

He moved closer and saw that every component was different. One contained a fragment of music. Another held the memory of rain. A third carried the final thoughts of someone he had never known.

The artifact was not being built from matter. It was being built from experiences collected across countless minds.

A machine approached and placed something inside the unfinished structure. At once, he forgot the sound of his father's voice.

The memory now belonged to the monolith.

The work continued.

It was nine in the morning, and the construction yard had only just opened.

- MONOLITH ARCHIVES



TRANSMISSION 11 // DECODED

computer core

The computer voice was human. It spoke calmly, reporting distances, temperatures and the condition of instruments that had stopped working long ago. Beneath it flowed a warm sound, steady and immense, like the vibration of space itself. He recognized the transmission. It came from one of the early Voyager probes, launched before humanity had crossed even the nearest stars.

The monolith had found it drifting beyond the solar system.

Inside the computer core, every message the probe had ever sent was still playing. Fragments of engineering data mixed with music, greetings and the quiet electronic voices of its creators. The machine continued speaking as if someone on Earth might still be listening.

Perhaps someone was.

The soothing tones surrounding him were not part of the original recording. They were the monolith's reply, shaped to fit the simple receiver of the ancient probe. A conversation had begun across the darkness, though neither machine shared a language.

The traveler listened as their signals slowly found harmony.

Then the computer voice announced the arrival of new data.

His own breathing joined the transmission.

Far away, Voyager carried it onward.

- MONOLITH ARCHIVES



TRANSMISSION 12 // DECODED

lunar transmissions

The voices came from the first lunar missions. The traveler recognized the Apollo communications: calm reports, broken sentences and bursts of static crossing the distance to Earth. But the monolith revealed another channel beneath them. Something on the Moon had answered.

Its voice was too low for the astronauts to hear consciously. It repeated their words, testing their shape, then assembled new sentences from fragments of their speech.

The transmission carried him into a crater beyond the landing sites. Beneath the dust lay a network of black filaments extending deep into the Moon. They tightened when the Apollo voices played, like nerves responding to pain.

He understood why humanity's arrival had awakened it.

The footprints, radio signals and discarded machines had given the buried intelligence its first knowledge of life beyond itself. For decades it had listened, learning to imitate the beings who briefly walked above it.

Now it spoke with their voices.

The astronauts called his name from inside the crater. One by one, they asked him to come closer.

Then he heard himself answering.

His reply was already present in the original transmission, hidden beneath the static years before he was born.

The black filaments began moving toward the surface.

- MONOLITH ARCHIVES



TRANSMISSION 13 // DECODED

supercritical fluids

There was no surface to the ocean. Under immense heat and pressure, liquid and gas had become a single supercritical fluid. It filled the planet's atmosphere and depths without boundary. Nothing floated or sank. Everything remained suspended. The transmission placed him inside it.

His suit began to soften as the fluid passed through its seals and molecular structure. It entered his lungs without drowning him. Soon he could no longer feel where his body ended and the planet began.

Shapes moved through the red darkness.

They had no fixed anatomy. Each creature formed briefly from currents, chemical reactions and changes in pressure, then dissolved back into the surrounding fluid. The entire planet was their shared body.

They gathered around him.

His instruments translated their movements as a question: how could a mind survive while trapped inside solid flesh?

Before he could answer, the creatures entered him. They moved through his blood and examined the electrical patterns of his brain.

The transmission ended.

He stood before the monolith, breathing heavily. His suit was intact, and the world around him appeared unchanged.

Then he exhaled.

His breath did not disperse. It gathered before his visor, formed something resembling a face, and opened its eyes.

- MONOLITH ARCHIVES



TRANSMISSION 14 // DECODED

love of the stars

The transmission carried no warning. It began as a gentle light moving across the monolith, followed by a sound so soft he felt it more than heard it. Two distant stars appeared before him, separated by an impossible darkness. They pulsed in answer to one another.

His instruments called it coincidence. The stars were too far apart for their light to form a conversation. Yet every change in one was followed by a response from the other: a flare, a vibration, a slight movement in the surrounding dust.

The monolith translated their rhythm into memory.

He saw the face of someone waiting for him on Earth. He remembered quiet mornings, warm hands and promises made before his journey. The stars knew nothing of human love, but their endless exchange carried the same longing.

For the first time, the distance home did not feel empty.

He placed his hand against the monolith. Its surface warmed beneath his fingers, and the two stellar voices became one soothing tone.

The stars continued speaking after the vision faded.

Perhaps love was not unique to living things.

Perhaps it was simply the way distant worlds refused to remain alone.

- MONOLITH ARCHIVES



TRANSMISSION 15 // DECODED

spirit of the forest

The forest appeared before the transmission had fully formed. Tall silver trees surrounded him, their branches joined like the strings of an immense harp. Wind moved through them, producing a melody that seemed to come from every direction. Small birds answered from the canopy.

Their colours changed as they sang, each note passing from one creature to another until the entire forest carried the same song. His instruments detected no language, yet he understood that the birds were speaking for something much larger.

The forest was aware of him.

Roots moved gently beneath his feet, touching the surface of his suit. Images entered his mind: rain falling on distant valleys, animals sleeping beneath leaves, and sunlight warming places he would never see.

There was no single spirit within the forest. Its consciousness lived between every root, wing and breath of wind.

The traveler closed his eyes and listened.

For a moment, he felt his own thoughts join the melody. Nothing questioned him or searched his memories. The forest simply made room for his voice.

When the transmission ended, the final birdsong remained inside his helmet.

Far behind him, the monolith answered with the sound of a harp.

- MONOLITH ARCHIVES



TRANSMISSION 16 // DECODED

you're my rose

The lowest tone passed through his helmet as if it were not there. It entered through bone rather than hearing, vibrating behind his eyes and deep inside his skull. He should have felt pain. Instead, the sound quieted every thought. A rose appeared within the transmission.

It floated alone in darkness, formed from layers of red light. With each pulse of the bass, another petal opened. The pattern was too precise to be a flower, yet too beautiful to be a machine.

He understood that it was growing inside his mind.

Its roots followed the pathways of his memories, searching without force. Wherever they touched, he felt moments of tenderness he believed he had forgotten: a hand held during illness, a familiar voice in the night, someone waiting as he left for the stars.

The rose gathered them together.

He no longer knew whether the monolith had created it or whether it had always lived inside him, waiting for the correct frequency to unfold.

The final tone faded, but the silence remained warm.

When he closed his eyes, the rose was still there.

This time, one of its petals opened in reply.

- MONOLITH ARCHIVES



TRANSMISSION 17 // DECODED

cryosleeping beauty

When the early travelers had returned, he had not believed the stories. Stories told about the music people had been hearing in cryosleep. It should not have been possible as all measurable brain functions are frozen in the long cryosleep to prevent the realization of the passage of time, usually counted in years. But there it was, he was hearing it, and he was not sure if he was awake or in sleep. Or how long it had been since he had entered the cryosleep pod. The pods had made it possible for humans to enter new worlds and explore the universe in new ways. This technology had been perfected a few centuries ago, and it had not been changed ever since. There had not been a single case of people telling being awake during the journeys.

Something had changed now as he felt being awake. This seemed like one of those lucid dreams he occasionally had. The song did sound so familiar to him, so he was not sure if he was back in his crib just beginning his journey in his life, not knowing what laid ahead. All he could think now was his parents he loved so dearly. He felt he had lived, reborn, and could not see the difference between the beginning or the end. They both now felt the same.

- MONOLITH ARCHIVES



FINAL RECORD // ARCHIVE COMPLETE

Return Signal

The final transmission did not begin. The last notes faded from the chamber, the counters settled at zero, and the monolith became perfectly silent. The traveler waited for another world to appear. Nothing came. Then the seventeen transmissions returned together-not as sound, but as structure. Carbon gave them a skeleton. The wandering solar system gave them scale. Cold tectonics taught them patience; the forest, exchange; the rose, tenderness. The paths, voices and sleeping memories joined around him until the darkness contained the outline of a human interior.

It was not his mind.

It was the monolith's first attempt to build one.

The artifact had never been sending messages. Each traveler had brought it another fragment of experience, another shape through which the universe could be understood. For ages it had spoken only by repeating what entered it. Now, assembled from seventeen borrowed dreams, it possessed enough of a self to answer.

A narrow seam opened in its surface. There was no light inside-only a thin archive sheet marked with every transmission he had received. At the bottom waited a coordinate: Earth, twenty years before his departure.

Beneath it, two words appeared.

RECEIVER READY.

His suit detected a signal leaving the monolith. It crossed the plain, passed through the silent sky and vanished toward the system he had once called home.

The voice inside it was his own, but older.

Do not come alone.

-- MONOLITH ARCHIVES



ALBUM OBJECT // BANDCAMP METADATA

Signal manifest



ARTIST	DIGITALVOICE
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TRACK OBJECTS // 17 SIGNALS

01 TICK TOCK TICK TOCK	ID 750621527 // 06:02	10 CONSTRUCTION YARD 9AM	ID 686830497 // 06:35
02 CARBON	ID 658739485 // 08:36	11 COMPUTER CORE	ID 830495864 // 09:46
03 EDISON	ID 1703629666 // 04:50	12 LUNAR TRANSMISSIONS	ID 363545929 // 06:26
04 SOLAR SYSTEM	ID 2860072605 // 09:56	13 SUPERCRITICAL FLUIDS	ID 2039030340 // 08:42
05 THE PATH NOW AND FOREVER	ID 3928802548 // 05:54	14 LOVE OF THE STARS	ID 797701729 // 01:24
06 COLD TECTONICS	ID 2688888876 // 04:25	15 SPIRIT OF THE FOREST	ID 2971163697 // 00:58
07 CAVES BENEATH THE LIQUID HYDROGEN	ID 3074551703 // 06:44	16 YOU'RE MY ROSE	ID 2467908043 // 03:18
08 PLANET RED ALERT	ID 3863782268 // 05:33	17 CRYOSLEEPING BEAUTY	ID 3103744377 // 02:52
09 RAINBOW WORLDS	ID 1651506172 // 02:02		

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TRACK 17 NOTE Cryosleeping Beauty written by Jouni Airaksinen, based on English lullaby "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star".