

DARKSEED™

Based upon the fantastic artwork of

CYBERDREAMS™ H.R. GIGER

CREDITS

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Patrick Ketchum, Rolf Klug& Jean Klug

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MUSIC & SOUND EFFECTS
Chris Granger & David A. Bean

ART & ANIMATION DIRECTORS
Paul Drzewiecki & Brummbær

DARK WORLD ART
H.R. Giger's fantastic library

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H.R. Giger was born in Chur, Switzerland in 1940. As a child, he developed a powerful fascination with all things surreal and macabre. His need to express himself and share the unique aspects of his vivid imagination drew him to the visual arts. Giger's own dreams and the brilliant imagery of such fantastique geniuses as Gustav Meyrink, Jean Cocteau, Alfred Kubin and H. P. Lovecraft, combined to form a rich soil from which the amazing imagery of Giger's art has come to sprout. It has grown into the vast canon of exotic women, wondrously disturbing landscapes and frightening creatures that has captured the fascination of millions of fans worldwide.

Meticulously detailed, Giger's paintings are done on large canvases and worked and reworked by this maestro of the airbrush. It was Giger's popular art book, Necronomicon, that caught the eye of director Ridley Scott as he was searching for the right look for a creature in his upcoming film. That creature, of course, turned out to be the Alien, and Giger's masterful designs for the film of that same name garnered him a much deserved Academy Award.

Giger's fascinating biomechanical style, that brilliant synthesis of flesh and machine, has been realised not only through his paintings, but also through sculpture pieces, elegant furniture, and architectural and interior design projects. His paintings have been displayed in galleries and museums throughout the world. H.R. Giger has earned his place in the international art scene.

About H.R. Giger

"Giger is the master of fantastic art"
OMNI MAGAZINE

"Giger's Oscar-winning work on ALIEN changed the look of science fiction"
CINEFANTASTIQUE

"Giger knows what we fear"
HARLAN ELLISON

"his silence is as profound as his genius"
CLIVE BARKER

"One of Europe's leading fabulist artists"
PENTHOUSE

"Brilliantly perverse"
NEWSWEEK

"The evolutionary genius... Giger"
TIMOTHY LEARY

"H.R. Giger creates eerie erotic fantasies with a nightmare imagination and an airbrush"
PEOPLE MAGAZINE

The creation of a ground-breaking computer game like DARK SEED takes the time and talents of a team of creative experts. The talents need span a broad range of disciplines from programmers to artists, from designers to producers, to a publisher like Cyberdreams, willing to support the entire production endeavour until every aspect meets the highest standard.

The original concept for DARK SEED was a collaborative effort between Mike Dawson, John Krause and Patrick Ketchum. Later, Michael Cranford joined Mike Dawson to do the actual game design. Mike's name was eventually used for DARK SEED's main character (designer prerogative).

As fans of the art of H.R. Giger, the team considered ways to incorporate his artwork into their game. When the detailing of the design and specification was completed, Giger was approached. After lengthy negotiations, two trips to Switzerland, dozens of faxes and telephone conferences—along with the assistance of Giger's U.S. publisher, Jim Cowan—Giger agreed to lend his artwork, provided Cyberdreams used only high-resolution graphics mode, in order to avoid the "square and jagged" look of low-resolution.

The actual development of DARK SEED from design to completed game required the talent and experience of the entire Cyberdreams team. Leading the group was senior producer Harald Seeley and junior producer Mike Dawson. The programming aspects required two programmers, Lennard Feddersen, who had been developing an engine for this type of game since September, 1990, and John Krause who constructed the promotional disk and the nightmare and title sequences. The Art Department included Brummbær, Paul

Drzewiecki, Joby-Rome Otero, Paul Ryan and Julia Ulano. Each brought his or her own skills and areas of expertise to the project. Ultimately, each worked on locations, characters, game objects and animation.

Toward the end of production, Michael Cranford returned to the team to work with Harald Seeley on fine-tuning the gameplay aspects.

DARK SEED consists of two entirely distinct locations: the Normal World, whose creation involved combining imagery pieced together from various architectural sources with original art, in order to create that world's unique look—and the Dark World, which was constructed from Giger's artwork. One of the significant steps in the art design process was to create customised palettes for the Dark World locations and finalize the colour selection for the Normal World. Due to the precedence of biomechanical beings in much of Giger's work, the Dark World's colouring was designed to reflect the ominous mood of Giger's nightmarish imagery.

The determination of which pieces of Giger's work were to be incorporated within DARK SEED involved extensive research through Giger's artwork library—worth millions—to which Cyberdreams had access. Some of the works selected and included in DARK SEED are: Work No. 453 "N.Y. City III" (straight), Work No. 350 "Hommage a Bocklin" (1977), and Work No. 251 "Li II" (1974). The various background locations used in the game were created by first selecting a portion of one of Giger's works. Then, using a scanner, the image was captured and saved as a computer file. Next, considerable time-consuming work was done cutting out, cleaning up and proportionately sizing each picture for use in

the game. Electronic Arts Deluxe Paint IIe and Newtek's Digiview 5.0 were used extensively during the entire process. By using the perspective tool, an image could be manipulated to create doors, walls, floors and even many of the characters which appear in the Dark World. Detailing in the form of highlights, shadows, and translucent overlays were added to further enhance each picture. In creating the animation of all Normal World characters, a video camera was employed to record, frame-by-frame, the specific movements which make up the animated sequences. Live actors were videotaped performing each of the various actions which were to be used within the game. These video images were imported to computer disk and then cleaned up and sized according to their particular use within DARK SEED.

During production, a special trip was made to Switzerland to allow Giger the opportunity to view the game and make suggestions. His first comment upon sitting down at the computer and booting-up was, "It's beautiful!" Giger, who possessed some previous knowledge of computer graphics capability, was very impressed and interested. He offered several helpful suggestions about scaling, placement and other detailed comments. In addition, he elaborated upon many other ideas for future computer games.

Near the end of development, in order to insure that the best product be created, an extra 6 months of development time was added to produce additional locations, objects and programming to further enhance the gameplay and look of the game. The entire Cyberdreams team dedicated not only their time in creating DARK SEED, but collaborated in joining together their continuous creative energies to bring into being a game that met their highest standard of excellence. Their sole purpose: your gaming enjoyment.

Gregg Cameron and I had just closed one of the biggest deals in our combined twenty-one years at the agency, making the prospect of staying with Cameron, Dawson and Tillich even more lucrative. I'm Mike Dawson. Not only did I claim one third of the firm's name, I am the Chairman of the Board. That kind of money is hard to pass up, especially when you're the head of one of the biggest ad agencies in San Francisco.

But writing was my calling. And for writing, I needed a quiet spot where I could collect my thoughts and be receptive to the ever elusive blessing of inspiration.

The ad in the paper shattered all doubts—a large, fully furnished Victorian-style house in Woodland Hills, California. "Seclusion" was the first word that caught my eye. No noise, no competition, no rat-race. "Bargain" was the second. In fact, it was dirt cheap. I couldn't see how the owner could make any profit at that asking price. Apparently, the property was just put on the market, and it was a steal. It was a killing. It was the ideal novel-writing environment.

During a recent business trip, I flew by prop plane to a small privately-owned airport just outside of Woodland Hills. I was, through a series of embarrassing circumstances, delayed at the airport. By the time I got to the house I only had enough time to give it a quick walk through. The only impression I was able to get of the house at night was that it was very large and dead quiet. This was the only criteria that needed verifying, in my mind. I continued my trip confident that I would own that house very soon.

My eagerness to purchase the house was obviously palpable, as the real-estate agent, Beverly, commented over the phone. So palpable, in fact, that the sellers offered to pay for the move. How soon? A week. Not even enough time to give the house a complete look-over. She even offered to activate the utilities and phone, which made the offer almost too good to resist. Still, I had some reservations.

Frankly, the agent seemed over-zealous. I asked her why the previous owner had wished to sell the house. Following a long pause, during which her breath was ominously audible, she issued the noncommittal excuse: "Uh, he had family obligations." This was followed by a number of reparative statements obviously aimed at mending any doubts I might have had regarding the quality of the house. I then asked who the owner was. She stated he was located out of state, desired anonymity and that the price was low because he didn't want to be bothered by a long, drawn out transaction. The agent suggested that she would take care of everything and move the sale along quickly. I was naturally curious, but still, the house was in a great neighbourhood, and I had a feeling about it. This was the one.

I hastily wrapped up my current business endeavours and notified my partners of my plan. Grudgingly, they agreed to a one year sabbatical; the exorbitant raises in pay they received helped dissipate their objections. The few belongings I was planning to bring with me and some of my favourite furniture would be picked up by a moving van and delivered to the new house on the same day that I planned to arrive. I was ready for Woodland Hills.

After arriving at the small airport, I called a taxi to take me the rest of the way to my new home. Looking out of the window from my back seat vantage, the rural setting was still and refreshing.

The cab driver and his taxi, however, were relics from a long past era. The sign on the door said "Andy's Taxi Service." The cab looked as if it had seen its best days sometime in the 50's, its chrome bumpers peeling and askew, the mohair upholstery threadbare and unrelenting in its odour of antiquity. If the cab was old, the driver, presumably Andy, was ancient. Thin, bent and balding, his stained oversized seersucker slacks were held up by suspenders safety-pinned to his T- shirt.

He seemed noticeably apprehensive when I asked him to take me to my new home, the old Victorian house on Ventura Drive. I asked him what was wrong. "Oh, just a bit of a migraine," was the feeble and obviously emotionless reply. I hoped the rest of the town was better endowed in the hospitality department than Andy.

It wasn't. As we drove through the narrow byways of "downtown" Woodland Hills, I was greeted by fleeting sideways glances and suspicious demeanours at every street corner. Strange town. I figured I was lucky to be in one of the marginally secluded areas, because the small-town mentality which pervaded the heart of Woodland Hills was a potential let-down. I asked Andy to speed up as I was very excited about getting to my new home.

To my chagrin, I discovered that my new house was not quite as far from the centre of town as I might have wished. It was, however, surrounded on most sides by trees, which afforded adequate privacy.

I lost all doubt about outside distraction when viewing the house for the first time in the daylight. It was solitary and incongruent with its surroundings. It was almost alien. There seemed an apparent vacuum around it, an envelope of silence, which framed it like a painting. It was secluded, all right.

Visually, the house was an enigma. Strange mixtures of architectural components and a bit of missing paint made it seem wanting at first glance. It looked like it had not been inhabited for decades, although apparently someone had been maintaining it enough to prevent deterioration. But as I took in the sheer magnitude of it I realised that, though a fixer-upper, it was utterly beautiful in its antiquity.

My pleasure was interrupted by the realisation that the moving van I had expected to be there when I arrived, wasn't in sight. There was no sign of the movers anywhere. Either they got lost, or they must have been in a real hurry to finish.

Also, I had been expecting the agent to meet me to give me a tour. I had already bought the house through a series of unbelievably convenient overnight delivery transactions. (I meant to thank her about that.) She must have been delayed somewhere else.

Oh, well, I thought, no harm in going in and exploring for myself, I paid off the cab driver and walked down the driveway and up the entrance stairs.

The massive oaken double doors yielded easily, revealing a large entrance hall. One of the doors from the entrance led to an ornate living room. Among many outstanding pieces of antique furniture and decoration, one eerie portrait stood out. It was a hauntingly beautiful young woman—beautiful in another worldly sense, anyway. Dark tones and an obscure background highlighted a pale face with piercing eyes. I wondered who she was.

The fading sunlight filtered through the semi-curtained windows and created yellow bars of light reflecting off of thousands of turbulent dust motes. I was marveling at the immaculate but lived-in quality of the room when the feeling came over me.

It wasn't a feeling, so much as a sound. A high, nearly imperceptible whine, like someone somewhere was blowing on a broken dog whistle. It so bordered on the inaudible that it was easier described as a buzzing vibration emanating from the inside of my head. My eyes glazed over and my mouth sagged open.

I was tired. Not just tired, but suddenly exhausted. My eyes felt as if they were sandbags, my tongue felt like cotton. There must be a bedroom somewhere in here, I thought. As I groped my way up the stairs I wondered if I should wait for the agent. What was her name?

Just a nap, that's all.

Now, what was her name?

She had no name—I never asked.

No, I did ask, I just can't remember. That's odd. I must be sure to ask her name when she gets here. But first, sleep. I must find a bed. Where are my things? Where did the mover put them?

Nowhere. The movers never came.

I've got to remember to tell the agent about that, too.

After trying several doors, I discovered one of the bedrooms. I was hard pressed to keep my legs from giving up their uphill battle for support. I collapsed on the bed face first, my palms down. The down comforter was cool and resilient under my cheek but unable to conceal the bed's underlying lumpiness.

But now, I need sleep. I must remember to wake up soon for the agent, but first, a short nap.

The whine suddenly crescendoed to a roar. It felt like a waterfall had cascaded, accompanied by a tremendous clangor, into my brain.

Sleep. A voice in my head that wasn't mine beckoned me to slumber. Sleep. Sleep. Sleep...

1. Save your game regularly. If you make a mistake and haven't saved your game, you will have to start over from the beginning. Also, at the end of every day, it's a good idea to save your game before going to bed - just in case you find out later that there was something you needed to get done that day, but forgot to do!

2. Pause your game if you have to step away from your computer. Time is suspended at the load/save/game options screen. If you forget to do this, then time will continue to pass, and Dawson doesn't have a lot of it left to waste! His days are numbered.

3. Look at everything. Sometimes you won't learn everything about an object on the first look; you may have to look more closely a second time. Don't forget to "look" at items you acquire in your inventory. Also, some objects won't make their appearance until you have obtained the necessary clues to their existence. Some events in the game must be performed on particular days. Remember, it's not what you know that counts, it's what Dawson knows that's important. Keep that in mind if you need to start the game again from scratch.

4. Pay attention to the changes in the cursor shapes as you move them over objects and backgrounds, as they provide important clues about your environment.

HINTS & TIPS

The DARK SEED Hint Book is available directly from Cyberdreams UK Ltd. To order, send your cheque or money order (UK currency only) in the amount of £8.45 if you are in the UK or £9.20 if you are outside of the UK in Europe (applicable taxes, shipping and handling included) to:

CYBERDREAMS UK LTD.
9A Canfield Place
London, NW6 3BT
Attention: DARK SEED HINT BOOK

We welcome your questions, comments or other feedback regarding DARK SEED or any of our products.

In the meantime, if you find yourself stuck and need a nudge in the right direction, call Cyberdreams UK direct at (071) 372 4307. Simply leave a message that includes your name and phone number. A Cyberdreams representative will respond to your inquiry as soon as possible during normal business hours.

TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE

If you are experiencing difficulties with DARK SEED and are a registered user, you may call our technical support department for assistance at (071) 372 4307. Simply leave a message that includes your name and phone number. A Cyberdreams technician will respond to your inquiry as soon as possible during normal business hours. To better serve you, please have information regarding the manufacturer, model, operating system, available memory and system configuration of your computer when you contact us.

ON-LINE SUPPORT VIA COMPUSERVE

For on-line support of DARK SEED via Compuserve in the UK, call freephone 0800 289 378 and quote reference GAM503. All callers will be given a usage credit equivalent to $15 (US currency).

WHAT IS COMPUSERVE?

CompuServe is the world's largest international network of personal computer users (over 1.3 million members worldwide) and has over 1,700 products and services to choose from. You can talk directly to software publishers, download free software, and get the latest news and sports of interest with a personal clipping service. Check out the weather forecast with Accu Weather maps. Plan, schedule and book your own flights, do your own research with an on-line encyclopedia, and look at the latest up-to-the-minute stock reports. Utilise international electronic mail capabilities, software support and much, much more.

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DARKSEED™

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