



On April 21, 2016, /u/\_\_\_9MOTHER9HORSE9EYES9 began posting comments in random threads all across Reddit, discussing so-called “flesh interfaces.” When read in order, they began to form a cohesive and surreal story. As time went on, comments expanded in length, covering many different plot lines, from a World War II concentration camp to a future Atlanta, together spanning a wide breadth of space and time.

...Only comments? Well, no. They occasionally made self posts, and one appeared in an online site via a journalist at Vice’s Motherboard. Comments have been more common, however. How often did they post? There was no apparent schedule, but MHE usually updated once per day.

In line with the nature of the project, selected texts are republished here \*as found,\* i.e., without regular attention to grammatical errors, inconsistencies, and spelling, other than some basic orthographical streamlining.

Cover: John Russell, *Boris Johnson*, 2016, digital image, dimensions variable.

Title: "a unite a stage a coup ...."

1st Post / 04-21-2016 at 15:29:17 EDT

**a unite a stage a coup a revolution a bring a genocide a new world a**

In the MKULTRA experiments, the CIA dosed unwitting subjects with LSD to see how they would react. What has not yet come to light is that MKULTRA was an intra-agency project. The CIA created new departments within the CIA, and fed them steady doses of LSD, and other psychoactives to see how the departments would diverge, and mutate away from normal departments. Whole projects and hierarchies were created. With everybody involved, being more or less, unwittingly under the influence of LSD. This is how the "restraint bed portals" and "flesh interfaces" were first created—i.e., from a heavily psycho-mutated hierarchy. The entire thing had to be eliminated, but the technology it created has been revolutionary.

Title: "The Strategic Hamlet Program"

2nd Post / 04-21-2016 at 16:04:03 EDT

In Vietnam, the U.S. government tried to pacify the country village by village using the Strategic Hamlet Program, basically creating villages where there was no or little Viet Cong influence. They tried more extreme experiments where they completely isolated villages or groups of villages, allowing absolutely nobody to enter or exit for periods of up to four years.

In some of the villages, people simply starved to death. In other, more self sufficient villages, the people managed to scrape by. It was noted that in many of the villages where this technique was tried, messianic or millenarian movements sprang up.

In 16 separate incidences, villages were able to independently invent "flesh interfaces" and "non-electrical portals," and it was surmised that these villages were being collectively dosed with LSD for long periods of time, and their intellectual mutations allowed for these "advances." The flesh interfaces were eventually destroyed by the North Vietnamese Army at a terrible cost in lives.

Title: "Nuclear Subs in the Falklands"

3rd Post / Date 04-21-2016 at 17:13:27 EDT

I'm surprised they used nuclear subs in the Falklands, considering the battle's proximity to the undersea incident zone surrounding the so-called Artigas portal. As I understand it, the portal was opened because of experiments taking place in the CIA's antarctic station in the early 80s, and Falklands quickly became a center for portal research.

Being underwater, the portal had an enormous incident zone, and segmented whales and other undersea debris would regularly wash up on the islands' shores. They found one whale that had been segmented cleanly in half by an incident zone disturbance, proving a perfect cross section of the creature. They also found hundreds of the "chitinous cruciform" creatures, certainly non-terrestrial in origin.

Anyways, if a nuclear sub had wandered into the incident zone, it could have been disastrous, but I guess they considered the risk acceptable.

Title: "Harvest Populations"

4th Post / Date 04-21-2016 at 17:53:02 EDT

The Soviets designated large portions of the Ukraine countryside as "harvest populations." Basically, their food and water supplies were dosed with LSD until they had achieved what the Soviets called "integration." This meant that the local populations had independently invented flesh interfaces. The Soviet army would then quarantine the area and try to remove the flesh interfaces for their own use. This was usually without success and with great loss of life.

Many of the soldiers and scientists were segmented, as often happens in an incident zone. So they ended up with people missing limbs, cut in half, etc. What's interesting is that the people could live for quite some time despite segmentation. This is what led the Soviets to believe that their missing body parts still existed albeit in some unknown place. So one of the leading theories of the time was interdimensionality. Quite mistaken.

Title: "Dubai Incidents"

5th Post / Date 04-21-2016 at 18:20:20 EDT

Dubai probably has the highest rate of free-floating non-interface incidents of any major metropolitan area in the world. In one incident, a large group of migrant workers was segmented in an underground facility. Perfect cross-sectional segmentation along the frontal plane. You could see their lungs working, food being digested, blood pumping on the inside of the heart, everything. They live for almost five months in this condition. Absolutely fascinating to see in person.

There was also a group of school children who were very slightly segmented, just ends of fingers and bits of the calves and such. Hardly fatal wounds, yet they all died within two months. Some showed signs of intellectual mutation.

There are no known flesh interfaces in Dubai. However, it is surmised that the architecture is actually based on interface geometry and carries some latent interface-like power. Mass segmentations remain one of the most mysterious aspects of the interfaces. They seem to show that the interfaces do indeed concentrate on flesh, living up to their name.

Title: "Elizabeth Bathory"

6th Post / Date 04-21-2016 at 18:40:05 EDT

We look at Elizabeth Bathory as an example of pre-LSD "enlightenment" i.e., somebody seeming to attempt to build a flesh interface before the invention of LSD.

How can this be explained? Perhaps she ingested some ergot or some other naturally occurring psychotropic chemical. Or perhaps her mind was simply attuned to whatever intellectual processes need to occur to invent a flesh interface. *The Book of Revelations* is also considered to be a description of a flesh interface; especially the description of New Jerusalem.

My problem with this is that it is all speculative. It's like when modern psychologists diagnose historical figures. I'm uncomfortable with this level of speculation.

I will always regard the first instance of a flesh interface to have occurred in Triblenka, 1944. The geologic disturbances, partial tunnels, so-called interdimensionality, and wealth of clearly segmented bodies leave no doubt of its existence. The Soviets have documented this.

Title: "A Tantalizing Theory"

7th Post / Date 04-21-2016 at 18:52:45 EDT

Basically, when you look at the stories of Elizabeth Bathory's behavior, it seems like she is trying to build a flesh interface. But it is known that in order to invent a flesh interface, one must be under the influence of LSD for extended periods. As LSD hadn't been invented during her life, it's probably just a coincidence. Still a tantalizing theory, though.

Title: "Define a Flesh Interface"

8th Post / Date 04-21-2016 at 19:09:25 EDT

Obviously I can't define a flesh interface in terms of purpose or composition or mechanism. I can only list the various phenomena which are related to them. Chief among these is the creation of an incident zone wherein objects are spontaneously segmented, i.e., parts of the objects simply disappear, yet the objects continue to behave as if the missing parts are still present.

Also, you see complex tunnels created in the earth. These have been termed "ant farms." In undersea interfaces, you get chitinous cruciform organisms. These *sui generis* organisms are thought to be the result on evolutionary processes which took place in an environment other than earth. This is speculation, but in this case, I agree with it. Then there have been the giant metallic cylinders which appear and experience continuous spontaneous segmentation. These are usually at least 10 meters in diameter and can get much larger, and only occur in very large interfaces, i.e., portals.

Beyond this, the phenomena are too various to mention, and different for each interface.

Title: "Portals"

9th Post / Date 04-21-2016 at 22:52:46 EDT

Many people think that a portal is simply a large flesh interface. This is true. A portal is a large flesh interface. But it is also more than that. A portal is, as the name implies, a way of sending objects between the portal site and wherever the various locations that been found beyond the portals are located. (i.e., the so-called alien Sister Cities)

Portals are usually, but not always accompanied by the large, fluctuating metallic cylinders. The largest above-water portal that I know of occurred in Novaya Zemlya and existed for several weeks before it was destroyed by the Russians' so-called "Tsar Bomba." In this case, the metallic cylinders were miles high and covered with features rarely seen on other cylinders: blinking lights, nodules, so-called antennae. They took on a very artifactual appearance, i.e., they seem to be constructed technology rather than naturally occurring phenomena.

Are the cylinders themselves artifacts being sent through the portals? Or are they phenomena created by the flesh interfaces in the way a mushroom cloud is created by a nuclear explosion? This is unclear.

I wish I could show you guys pictures of the Novaya Zemlya cylinders. They truly were beautiful, rising miles into the clear arctic air, like great alien towers, tinged blue by the vastness of the distances involved. Though it was certainly necessary to destroy them, and we owe the Soviets a great debt for their tireless efforts to collapse the interface, I sometimes wish they were still there. At least then, there would be something, some evidence.

Title: "Novaya Zemlya"

10th Post / Date 04-22-2016 at 00:12:46 EDT

In response to what the CIA had "accomplished" with their Antarctic

station in Artigas, the Soviets built a larger station in Novaya Zemlya in the Arctic. 30,000 prisoners and an exceptionally pure gas concentration created a flesh interface which went through all seven stages in less than 13 minutes and became a full fledged portal. Within a day, the typical fluctuating metallic cylinders were visible and within three days they were extending miles into the sky.

The Soviets quickly realized that the portal was growing out of control. In previous instances, they had simply bombed the site from the air. But in this case, the enormous cylinders and attendant incident zone, extending to the edge of space, prevented this as well as missile strikes. There was also an exceptionally large lateral incident zone around the portal, with segmentation occurring miles out from the site.

Alarmed by the zone's uncontrolled growth and the growing underground tunnels (a.k.a. "ant farms") the Soviets worked feverishly to construct a hydrogen bomb of unprecedented power which could be detonated from outside the incident zone and still collapse the portal. The steady rate of growth in the incident zone provided them with an exact deadline, which they managed to meet with only two hours to spare. Any later, and the bomb could not have been placed so as to collapse the interface. In short, the world came within two hours of being subjected to an uncontrolled flesh interface and perhaps the end of civilization as we know it.

Before the portal was collapsed, however, the Soviets had gained first-hand knowledge of one of the so-called Sister Cities. In other words, somebody had gone into the portal and come back.

**Title: "Lisa's Dream"**

**11th Post / Date 04-22-2016 at 02:30:44 EDT**

I've always found Lisa's Dream to be a good starting place when trying to understand the psychological effects of "travel."

Lisa was a 9-year-old girl sent through the Groom Lake interface in 1975. The Groom Lake interface connects to the so-called Sister City



(technically, “persistent locus”) known as “The Hanging Temples.”

She stayed there for five days of normal-time, but only 48 seconds of beyond-time, a marked discrepancy. Upon returning, she did not recall anything beyond becoming drowsy for a moment. She slept well that night, and in the morning she recounted a dream to the doctors, before dying later in the day.

A direct transcript of the audio from her interview:

It was spring and it had been raining all day, but the rain stopped just before it was going to be sunset. So all the clouds were purply and the sky was really orange. And the grass was all wet with rain and there were fire flies around, like all in the sky, way up in the sky, big ones. And me and my grandma went out to these hills way out past the edge of town, and under the hills there were people sleeping. Not in caves. They were buried under the hills. The people were asleep but they were hugging each other. Families, like moms and dads and little kids. Just packed together, a few thousand. The hills were just blown up like balloons because they were so full of people. Like a pregnant woman's stomach. My grandma told me to lie down but I didn't want to. She laid down and got sucked into the ground. I heard her voice coming out of the ground telling me to come inside.

Title: “Only a Matter of Time”

12th Post / Date 04-22-2016 at 14:18:21 EDT

It would be easy to say that the Soviets discovered the secret of survivable “travel” because they were more ruthless, more willing to sacrifice innocent lives. But there was really no lack of ruthlessness on the part of the CIA. It was really just a matter of approach.

The Soviets approached the mystery of the flesh interfaces the same way they approached their space program. The first humans in space (the so-called “Lost Cosmonauts” never officially acknowledged) were just ordinary people, culled from the gulags, with no more control over their missions than Laika the dog. The Americans, on the other

hand, started with professional men, usually from the military.

Likewise, when it was discovered that objects and even animals that entered the flesh interfaces occasionally returned unharmed, the Americans began training men to enter the interfaces. Because they culled their men from certain military ranks, they were all of similar ages. The Soviets, however, used prisoners, who had a much wider age range, and so they were able to discover the essential correlation: the younger a person was, the more likely they were to survive “travel,” and the longer they would survive after travel.

They discovered that 20-somethings were much more likely to survive, (albeit in a horribly “altered” state) than older people. They discovered that people in their early twenties fared better than those in their late twenties. Teenagers fared even better. So, despite all moral compunction, it was really a matter of time before they sent a child through.

And it was only after the first round of children went through that they gained any idea of what was on the “other side.”

Title: “The Village”

13th Post / Date 04-23-2016 at 02:14:11 EDT

Until we found the village, we had suspected that the detectors were just props. Just toys given to us by the CIA guys to reassure us. Nobody trusted the spooks. Three days through the jungle, and these detectors had not detected a fucking thing. But before we even saw the first hut, the needles on all the detectors started moving in unison. If they were phony toys, it was a cool little special effect. The needles swayed back and forth and all the little metal boxes let out this spooky “ooaaaaaoooo” sound all in unison, like a school choir. Very weird. We turned them off.

As instructed, we treated every Vietnamese as combatants, and killed them all. There wasn’t any resistance though. A few had weapons, but most were unarmed. None fought back. They didn’t even run. They were just sitting around, lazing in the sun, and we shot them where we

found them. Grim work. And very weird. That probably spooked us out more than the detectors. It was like they were waiting to die.

After clearing the village, we didn't know what to do. So we turned one of the detectors on and wandered around to see what was up. The detector started going nuts around one of the bigger huts in the middle of the village. We had already cleared it, but we went in again. There was a big altar inside, with candles and Buddhas and gold signs with dink writing and shit. We figured maybe one of the buddha statues was setting the detectors off, but no.

The hut was very hot and muggy. Even by the incredibly humid standards of Vietnam, it was incredibly, incredibly humid in there. Even the Buddha statues were sweating. Their faces were literally coated with drops of moisture. Everybody noticed that there was something weird going with the air. There was something off about the pressure. So we just tossed everything. Picked all the shit up and tossed it out of the hut. Sure enough, when we picked up the big platform that held the altar, there was something under it.

It was a pit made of flesh. Maybe five feet across and going down about twenty feet before curving out of sight. When I say, "made of flesh," I mean, it looked like the inside of somebody's throat. Wet, reddish flesh-looking stuff. We had heard of them building tunnels, but this was ... We really couldn't even understand what we were looking at.

It was breathing. The flesh kinda rippled and this hot air came out, and it felt and smelled just like somebody breathing right on your face. Enough to make you sick.

They told us "we would know it when we saw it."

Well, we saw it, and we knowed it.

We radioed in the coordinates and got the fuck out of there.

Title: "Encasement"

14th Post / Date 04-23-2016 at 16:54:19 EDT

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Encasement was certainly not something we were expecting. It really changed our whole perspective on what exactly was occurring. We thought that the flesh interfaces were just like pipes that went from one location to another, perhaps extradimensionally or by some other "magic." But when the first subject came back encased, we realized that ... Well, I'm not sure what we realized. We realized—for the thousandth time in our dealings with the flesh interfaces—that we were dealing with something really beyond us. That's why I called it "magic." They were so far beyond our understanding, it was basically like meddling with some kind of "black magic."

The first subject to come back encased was an eight-year-old girl we had named Jingles. We started naming the kids dogs' names to try to depersonalize them, to assuage the guilt. This was done by the recommendation of CIA psychiatrists, but it didn't work very well. We all still felt like shit. But what choice did we have? Could we just ignore the flesh interfaces and not study them? Perhaps, but you must realize that the Soviets were also studying them. That changed the whole equation. If they ... Well, the ethical issues have been debated to death. What's done is done. We dropped the bomb on Hiroshima, we gave those blankets to the Indians, and we sent those kids through those portals, and now it's all just a part of history.

Anyways, we sent Jingles into a flesh interface and an object returned two minutes later, which is a pretty long time for an interface. It was a large organic sac lined with veins, vaguely resembling a human lung, about four feet long. We x-rayed it and saw the skeleton inside and cut it open. Sure enough, Jingles was inside, naked and covered with blood, with no hair on her head. There was an umbilical cord attached to her bellybutton, which was attached to a sort of placenta.

We had a problem with the surgeons trying to harm her. It was later

realized that her blood — its blood — the blood from the sac, had high concentrations of an exotic LSD analogue. It was getting absorbed through the skin. The placenta was like an LSD factory, pumping out millions of doses. This particular blend made people pretty violent, so we had to put on containment suits.

Jingles' skin was flawless, like a newborn's. No wrinkles on the back of her neck, no wrinkles on her palms except the major ones. She had the form of an eight-year-old girl but seemed a lot ... newer. We did MRIs on her bone plates, and found they were still highly undeveloped, as if she was newborn. We wondered, is this really Jingles or some kind of clone? What sort of apparatus could have possibly produced this clone, and why?

After a day of observation, she awoke. We weren't sure if her mind was still there. Perhaps she had been "wiped clean." So we waited, asking her questions. At first, her behavior was like that of an infant. Just smiling and gurgling and clasping her hands. It was pretty eerie seeing that kind of behavior from an eight-year-old. Really, it was pretty eerie looking at her at all. Her skin was so pure and glowing, she looked like an absolute angel. I ... we ... well, anyways ...

After a while she started babbling, saying little phrases. In a matter of hours, she seemed to progress through the various stages of development, her sentence structure and awareness becoming more and more sophisticated. As soon as she could understand sentences, we started questioning her again. Who was she? She said her name. She knew her past. This wasn't just a blank clone. This may or may not have been the original girl, but she seemed to have the same mind as the original. So then we asked her the question that we wanted to know, the question that had plagued us for years, the question that had led us, in the face of all humanity and morality, to send a child into a living apparatus of death.

What did you see? What's on the other side?

Her expression grew thoughtful. She was such a thoughtful, bright girl. We chose her for her intelligence. So young and bright and we just

threw her ... Anyways, she thought about the question, and it seemed then that we would finally get an answer, a real answer. I remember the sense of anticipation in the room. It was like nothing I've ever felt before or since. Remember, I quit the program that day, so I was never able to question another subject. Anyways, she said to us, "Inside the chamber, I started to feel drowsy. Then everything changed. And... I knew what I saw. I had seen it before. I said to myself, 'This is like the room in grammy's house. The quiet room.'"

We asked her what she meant by this. She replied with these words —her final words before she simply stopped living and sat there dead with her eyes still on us— she said, "Come unto these yellow sands."

**Title: "How We Lost the War"**

**15th Post / Date 04-23-2016 at 19:12:19 EDT**

In explaining our cruelty, which, I admit, was quite beyond scope of all humanity, I feel I must remind you of how we lost the war.

We lost the war in the cruelest way imaginable. Island after island fell, and the enemy drew closer and closer. More and more bombs fell on our cities. Food grew more and more scarce. People starved. Houses burned, people burned, children burned. We were punished by our own sense of dignity, by our own inability to admit inevitable and total defeat. It was like watching a sword slowly being sunk into your chest, millimeter by millimeter, but you refuse to cry out, refuse to whimper or beg for mercy, and there is nothing you can do but watch the metal disappear into your weeping flesh.

By the end of 1944, it was clear that both Japan and Germany were doomed, barring some divine intervention. Yet the stories we knew from childhood told us that we had been saved by divine intervention before, when the fleets of Kublai Khan were at our shores, moving from island to island, conquering and raping, until a miraculous typhoon sent their ships to the bottom of the ocean. Though we were modern men and trained in Western science, we still believed that there was

some sacred destiny in store for the Japanese people, and we kept an eye out for something, anything which hinted of the divine.

Two intriguing pieces of news had come to us via Germany, developments which suggested that perhaps the tide of the war could turn suddenly. Both, however, were ominous. One was that America was developing a super-weapon, a bomb which could level entire cities, which used the latent power of the atom, unleashing very forces which held existence together. We assured ourselves that this was American propaganda, that no such weapon actually existed, but our scientists acknowledged that it was theoretically possible.

The second piece of news was more puzzling. It was said that a Swiss scientist had synthesized a chemical, which, like the American nuclear technology, could unleash latent forces, this time the forces of the mind. This chemical was said to fuse the various disparate areas of the mind and allow for incredible insights. Apparently teams working under the influence of this chemical for long periods of time were capable of inventing techniques and devices previously unheard of.

By the end of 1944, various high-ranking Germans were slipping out of Germany, like rats from a sinking ship, often trying to fund their escapes by selling various pieces of artwork, technology, intelligence, etc. It was from one of these that we obtained an enormous supply of this wonder chemical, LSD, which was supposed to be secret even from Germany's allies. Along with the chemical, we were given a piece of news which was positively tantalizing, given the position we were in.

According to our contact, experiments with LSD had been conducted at the Treblinka extermination camp. A group of prisoners was given the drug for a period of several months and the results were so impressive that somehow the prisoners were able to convince the camp leaders to take the drug as well. Soon the entire camp hierarchy was taking the drug and working together on a new device that was some sort of "destructive radar" which could bring down planes as easily as ordinary radar found them. It was said to be powerful enough to slice bombers right in half.

Of course, we found this piece of news hard to believe. Nazi death camp commanders working side by side with Jewish prisoners to invent a magical radar? It was utterly fantastical. Our good sense told us to ignore it. And yet ... How could we?

The Americans had already taken back the Philippines ... Soon they would take Iwo Jima ... Then Okinawa ... Then all the home islands. We were facing the end of the Japanese as a free race. Perhaps the end of all Japanese existence. The Germans would have it easy compared to us. Many Americans were German in origin. There was a blood affinity between the countries. This did not exist for us. The Americans would burn our cities and rape our woman and enslave us, make us servants, like their “niguro.” We would be cross-bred with the whites until we had become some degenerate half-castes. Japanese culture would crumble. The stories of our childhoods would be forgotten.

We were watching a sword disappear into our hearts, and we were desperate for some kind of divine intervention. So in late 1944, a glass jar of LSD crystals, enough for several million doses, was taken aboard a submarine and slipped under the cover of the sea back to the home islands.

We were looking for divine grace. What we found was a Hell beyond our darkest dreams of destruction.

Title: Author self-post – “Hello Friends”

Author/Narrator, u/\_\_\_9MOTHER9HORSE9EYES9, self post in subreddit now locked. I placed it here in timeline.

Hello, friends.

Thank you for your interest in my posts. I want to apologize to the community at large for posting them to threads whose relationship to their content is, at best, tangential. I simply had nowhere else to post my “information” where anybody would read it. Previously, I was operating a website wherein my information was laid out in a



rather straightforward manner. I was quite convinced that the undeniable “truth” of this information would attract attention on its own accord. I was quite sure that somehow this grand truth would shine out as a beacon and resonate with receptive people and quickly become widespread. As I recall, my best month brought about 400 visitors and a total of four non-spam comments. 75% of these recommended psychiatric intervention.

So here we find ourselves. I am attempting to use the techniques of fiction and suspense to hopefully generation interest in this information. Your subreddit furthers this aim, and I sincerely thank you for creating it.

I should clarify that this information is not fiction. Nor is it true. It is a mix of things which happened and things which almost happened. Things which were and things which could have been. You must understand that the present moment in which we exist is simply a nexus from which trillions of possible pasts and possible futures branch out. The important thing to realize is that these unreal pasts and unrealized futures are related to each other. By examining what might have been, we can come to understand what might come to be.

I am writing about what has never been, and what must never be.

Unfortunately, our generation has been given a special burden. We are doomed, as the apocryphal Chinese curse has it, to live in interesting times. Soon, technological advances in the field of information technology and bioengineering will fundamentally reshape human existence. There are a number of possible outcomes, and I believe that most of them will result in the human race entering unending era of absolute slavery.

As a free species, we have seen totalitarianism before, and we have destroyed it. But when it arises again, aided by advanced information and biological technology, it will have a new and unprecedented ability to envelop the entire earth and place humanity in an unalterable state of total mental and physical slavery that will last for uncounted millennia until the earth becomes uninhabitable.

Not only do I believe that this outcome is possible, I believe that it is overwhelmingly likely. Out of all the trillions of possible futures arrayed before us, 99.9999% of them result in this outcome. As Christ said, “Wide is the gate and broad is the road that leads to destruction, and many enter through it. But narrow is the gate and narrow the road that leads to life, and only a few find it.”

We must find and enter the narrow gate, but it will not be easy. In order to find it, we must sort through the many possible pasts to find the few possible futures which result in a humanity free to live and die as humans, and not as an unholy agglomeration of mindless flesh. Unfortunately, as we fight against the forces of slavery and death, it will be precisely our instincts towards the preservation of freedom and life that will lead us to destruction. In short, we live in precarious times.

I want to make clear that while this post shows clear and appalling signs of megalomania, I am actually aware that I am not a prophet or an expert. I am 30-something American male without the benefit of a college education or a stable job. Sadly, I have spent most of my life drunk. My posts will contain a number of historical errors, both intentional and unintentional, as well as bad spelling, bad grammar, and laughably overwrought prose. Readers with a proper education will easily see through my attempts at erudition. In short, I have no proper formal qualifications for the task I have set out for myself.

But I have personally experienced the intellectual mutations of which I write. Through repeated self-experimentation, I have fractured the time-state of my brain, and now it exists in an ever-shifting state between various pasts which didn’t happen. As such, I have been given what I believe is special insight into our possible futures. They are dark. The shadows of past atrocities pass and overlap with the shadows of future atrocities.

Time is short. Recently, I have been beset with a persistent creativity that seems to grow stronger as the days go by. I fear this state is unsustainable. Perhaps eventually this productive mania will turn into

an unproductive psychosis. And soon, on a larger scale, mankind's productivity will turn into its own sort of psychosis.

Billions of years ago, the so-called primordial soup arranged itself into a self-replicating form which multiplied and flourished and divaricated into countless species. From our vantage point in the present, this singular moment of origin has become lost in the mists of time. Equally obscure to us is the future singularity towards which we are heading: the end point, in which all the countless species are once again reintegrated to a new and singular form, a new abomination.

We are on the verge, all of us.

Times are dire.

We are about to be gathered again into the arms of the Mother, to become one flesh with her.

The Mother who gathers lost children.

The Mother I have seen in dark spaces since I was a little child.

Back when I called her "the mother with horse eyes."

We are about to meet her again.

We are about to be unborn.

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