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Abstract

An Archive is not what it was when they first came to be. Archives and archiving are flourishing as a medium; For creative intent, Government, social, and historical preservation to list a few, the archive is a juggernaut that often goes overlooked.

An obvious example of this can be found in the rapid rise of social media. Those that partake in the use of social media build themselves a mythology through the tiny chunks they upload, a single fragment at a time. These instances be they photos, musings, even their re-posting of fellow users content form the mythology of this archivist, for it exists as a whole. The mythology that is brought to life through this process is not by any means required to be an accurate reflection of its archivist. It is born only from its parts.

It is in this understanding of the archive as a surrogate womb for new content that drives this project. This project seeks to do this via the creation of a Mythos.

The word mythos is borrowed from ancient Greek. Although it is used as another word referring to myth or mythology the word also applies to the tangled web of values, beliefs, stories, and any other components that are relevant to or have a specific meaning or truth to a certain culture, set of people or idea. By utilising the ideas of theory-fiction, this work seeks to explore the concepts revolving around archiving by taking on the mantle of a private detective to investigate a mystery in his world, and build up an archive of documents to explore the theory, content, and nature of being for the objects to create a Hyperstition which communicates theory whilst acting autonomously as in-universe documents.

The idea of a Hyperstition, that is: something that exists to bring itself into being will be applied to the construction of an archive to explore how the medium can utilise objects to bring about new realities using the fragments of a case left behind by a Private Eye as the narrative vessel.

The Archive, The Fictional World, And The Private Eye

Humanity has a habit of demanding answers. There is evidence of us keeping records dating back to some of the earliest settlements uncovered. These records existed to control, and document us; To make sense of the world in motion. It is thanks to our eagerness to record and study to discover meaning in everything that we have been able to learn from our mistakes and go beyond our primitive level of being. It allowed for the original great inquirers to look at the courses we have sailed and discover what could go beyond what was already there.

On the other side of the coin – the dirtier, seedier, and more macabre side, we have the other type of great inquirer: The role of the Private Investigator. The P.I doesn't have the same dreamlike infinite scale, shape, and form that a Philosopher might, The P.I is limited to clients, geography, and an immediate need to solve their question. The P.Is world is a dark one. How can it not be, after all, when dealing with missing children, cheating spouses, and all the worst attributes of being human? A philosopher has the luxury of the whole worlds colour scheme to thrive with in, whereas the P.I must live somewhere between a cold grey and menacing brown. This P.I of course is the archetype in fiction we find literature returning to time and time again. It escapes its counterpart in reality by remaining a vessel to live through the story of a case, unscathed by our laws and technological advancements.

This P.I needs a world to thrive in, and a case to solve. A playground to piece together to fragments they discover and bring about their truth. Let us begin though, by looking into our Private Eye.

The investigation needs a driving force. A force that will never be compromised, who is unwilling to give up. Someone who will give themselves willingly to be consumed by the investigation rather than go without knowing the truth they seek. Therein lies our Private Eye.

This P.I goes beyond being human: He's better – Gifted even, but this elevated state of being comes at a cost: He's damaged too. Being a P.I and being “Hard-Boiled” are practically symbiotic in recent cultural memory now.

Back in 1944, detective fiction pioneer Raymond Chandler offered up a profile of the “Detective” in his essay “The Simple Art of Murder” first published in The Atlantic Monthly. The following is a

long quote but it still holds up in summarising the most basic blueprint of the investigator needed for the case and as of such it remains a vital skeleton to build from. Chandler writes:

“He is the hero; he is everything. He must be a complete man and a common man and yet an unusual man. He must be, to use a rather weathered phrase, a man of honor-by instinct, by inevitability, without thought of it, and certainly without saying it. He must be the best man in the world and a good enough man for any world. I do not care much about his private life; he is neither a eunuch nor a satyr; I think he might seduce a duchess and I am quite sure he would not spoil a virgin; if he is a man of honor in one thing, he is that in all things.

“He is a relatively poor man, or he would not be a detective at all. He is a common man or he could not go among common people. He has a sense of character, or he would not know his job. He will take no man's money dishonestly and no man's insolence without a due and dispassionate revenge. He is a lonely man and his pride is that you will treat him as a proud man or be very sorry you ever saw him. He talks as the man of his age talks-that is, with rude wit, a lively sense of the grotesque, a disgust for sham, and a contempt for pettiness

“The story is the man's adventure in search of a hidden truth, and it would be no adventure if it did not happen to a man fit for adventure. He has a range of awareness that startles you, but it belongs to him by right, because it belongs to the world he lives in. If there were enough like him, the world would be a very safe place to live in, without becoming too dull to be worth living in.” [Chandler, 1944, Page 7] [1]

This description goes beyond the detective, however. In the wake of Chandler's hard-boiled writing career and the extensive developments in Detective fiction it is better applied to the broader term of “Investigator”. Investigators exist within the policing job spectrum, the detective of course being one of them. But the investigator can go further in their chasing of the cases and be applied to a case in a more fluid way; Escaping the boundaries set, by some extent, by the pencil pushers down at City Hall and being able to exist without being under so much supervision and the need to follow standardised legislative protocol.

Therefore the Private Detective, or Private Investigator is more suited for this crusade.

The regular detective can have his inhuman drive for truth stifled quickly by a forced leave of absence or a disinterested partner.

A “Private Eye” might be the best suited term yet. Not only in reference to the personal nature of the work through clients but regarding our own gaze as we follow them through the case.

The Private Eye puts themselves at risk too. They become a personal part of the investigative machine but do not command the sheer might of the law to rain down upon the wrong doers they collar.

The process of solving a crime however, For Private Eye or Police Detective is often quite universal, at least in the crime fiction mythology that exists to us.

The Private Eye gets a case, normally from someone involved in the mystery with the means to hire the investigator, bringing with them the first view of the case and the initial clues that form the foundation of the investigation. The Private Eye will then take these mysterious fragments and from there, keep building up his level of information and understanding of the case until he can pluck from the wellspring of seemingly unrelated information a clue that cracks the whole case open. This might come at some personal cost but this matters not. Be it through blood or revelations the driven Private Eye finds their truth.

The Detective of course does the same. Though the detective may be hands on, they still possess the full strength of the resources law enforcement have. They can work as a team with specific units designated to every task required in solving their case. The Private Eye gets a case brought to them though. Them personally, that is. They decide if it's worthy of their passion, their devotion even.

The Police Detective has to peruse a case if it fits their criteria, and if they do not another Detective will step in.

The investigative process used by fictional Private Eyes in various portrayals of the role offers a process that is both personal in construction but exists as a tool to solve the case at hand. The process that I refer to is the construction of a wall of seemingly unrelated information, from any and all paths of the investigation, built up erratically as the investigation goes on. There is no limitation to content here; All that could be useful is given a place of equal worth on the wall, as each fragment is, until the case is over, something that could be the thing that breaks the case. This wall as such is the result of the investigation, piecing together objects and documents that have otherwise no purpose together to create, or bring about, the emergence of the truth.

The investigation itself is made up of a number of tactics: Keeping a log book, examining and deconstructing objects and theories relevant to the case, finding suspects and observing their whereabouts, questioning people and gathering intelligence from anyone willing to give it up. Regardless of the tactic or process, every fragment of information belongs on the Private Eyes wall.

This Private Eye archives their information. But the archive they create can only offer the truth they seek to the Private Eye. This is because only they know the secrets layered between the web on the wall. They alone possess the only chance at knowing why every layer of information is allowed to exist in the collection. They are the codex to the wellspring of truth between the web of yarn and layers of objects at hand.

The artefacts produced that exist for this project have been created to build the Private Eye's wall. They exist as pieces of a Private Eyes feverish investigation. These artefacts were a part of the Private Eyes wall, but the form they take now is in the archive of a Private Eye's investigation. The difference is of course that the archive is not the conclusion of an investigation, but the result of it. It exists in the aftermath of the Private Eye and as of such it is not subject to change due to live developments.

The Private Eye's wall is something that has been deconstructed in Philosophy. In Robin Mackays essay "Stages, Plots and Traumas" he dissects the wall in relation to stages, plots, and traumas, as the spells out. Mackay discusses the wall in relation to a joke from the comedy policing film 21 jump street. Referencing a scene where the bitter police captain calls the two inept detectives wall construction "Autistic" and one mishears it as "artistic". The following two quotes summarise the two interpretations, both of which demonstrate the personal ties that bind the Investigator to the wall. The first of which argues its purpose in creating art, the second offers a warning in the walls capability to investigate objectively. Regarding the Artistic element of the wall Mackay writes:

"Indeed there is an art involved in the construction of the yarnwork, in the sense that there is no self evident or conventional procedure for stringing together the elements of a case – like the cognitive process it diagrams the yarnwork is a matter of invention, construction, and perhaps individual talent; usually the result of one individual's more or less competent, distressed, sometimes desperate attempt to gather, connect and map information" [Mackay, 2017, Pages 70 – 71] [2]

On the "autistic" element, he writes:

"...there is also something potentially autistic about the yarnwork, too: rather than accurately diagramming reality, the yarnworker is always in danger of projecting onto the blank wall his own preoccupations, vendettas, personality flaws and, when things get really murky, sheer delirium. There is always the looming possibility of apophenia, of creating patterns where there are none" [Mackay, 2017, Page 71] [3]

The Private Eye's wall lies somewhere between artistic & autistic: it refuses to reveal its secrets to the casual observers that look on it, even the detective in question seldom gets the answers he begs for. But it is their world. Their chaos and their reality juxtaposed on the wall.

The wall may be made up of fragments of the case but the Private Eye is the filter that they pass through to make it up on the wall.

The primary investigator on the TV show "Hannibal" exists on the autistic spectrum. His condition allows him to enter a crime scene and allow the evidence to be interpreted to him through a lucid state in which he assumes the role of the criminal and lives out their macabre crime in order to profile them for the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Will Graham, when he narrates his hallucination picks up on every piece of evidence left at the scene.

Graham has the ability to store the evidence in real time and interpret it through his hallucinations. The crime was not Graham's design, but the hallucination built from the pieces of evidence was. Graham is gifted but burdened. Special, but modest. To translate Graham's gift into the physical realm, it would not be inaccurate to say he lives his Private Eye wall. The wall is the Private Eyes design. They are they key to solving the case, as the case is one of their own design.

It is through this that the detective simply cannot be an anonymous face of law enforcement; They have to live the case. The case becomes a personal crusade and brings with it the risk of personal loss.

The Private Eye with the flaws they sustain to elevate themselves to the ultimate inquirer is the perfect champion to take on the impossible foe. By their nature they are a driven force of inquiry that could see what no regular man could ever see, with an unrelenting need to know that will never let him stop. But the form the wall exists in when the observer is allowed to look in remains subject to change. To understand how the form may be used we must look towards the archive and how it has been employed as a means to create.

Creators as Archivists

The Private Eye's wall that we see as an outsider can only ever be alien to us, for only the Investigator knows how to chart the chaos pinned to the wall. We see the manic curation that exists for them and for the artefacts sustaining the case on the wall we have to trust the Private Eye's judgement in curation the collection. That being said, for all the objects present that we may scrutinise the archive has the liberty of being a medium that carries the weight of what is absent too. Regarding this feature of the archive, French Philosopher Jacques Derrida notes the documentation and objects that did not make it to the archive as a secret in his book *Archive Fever*. Derrida summarises these secret objects as follows:

“One can always dream or speculate are this secret account...But of the secret itself, there can be no archive, by definition. The secret is the very ash of the archive”. [Derrida, 1998, Page 100] [4]

This alludes to everything that is not present. Everything that may have been burned in secrecy, misplaced, or never found the archivist but should have. The things that we are presented with are the surface wound of the infection and we can but ponder on how far it spreads.

This infinite scale of what could belong is what allows what has been chosen to become of worth, regardless of its nature. When faced with an infinite scale of what could belong the few tiny fragments become something of extreme value, as they are the only windows you have into that world, perhaps all of that world that remains.

Thanks to the value assigned to the objects they can come from any walks of this reality.

Notes, Maps, Photos, Receipts, Napkins, anything that can be catalogued has a home there. This variety allows for an infinite number of combinations amongst the objects with their placing together. They become subsections of the same thing; Both sovereign objects and raw materials for the emergence of a reality composed of these objects, and the ash of an infinite amount of objects that could belong here. The power of this ash is something the Private Eye's archive aims to explore within itself. It assigns power to a chunk of reality that exists in the mundane. It explores the possibility that an administrative form could be fundamental to this reality under the suspicion that there exists more of them elsewhere. This is our first encounter with the archive bleeding into reality and reinterpreting the state of being that each object possesses.

The detectives wall is a mutation of the archive and commands the same properties the archive possesses as a tool for truth through authority. They share the same ability to command that you trust everything belongs in the archive when you encounter it. For if something should not then it would have no worth to the archive, and thus would not belong there. Should the objects building up the Private Eye's wall have no worth then they would not belong to the case. To approach it without trusting the archive, or the Private Eye's wall would be not to approach it, but to dismantle it.

British artist Jamie Shovlin created an archive allegedly belonging to a thirteen year old girl. It was a collection of her sketches, notes and belongings that the artist billed himself as curating. Regarding the project Shovlin is quoted in an article by the Guardian as saying:

“It's misdirection rather than tricking people. As an archetype of somebody from a difficult family, somebody like Anne Frank who did something normal in abnormal times, she has, I am sure, existed.” [The Guardian, 2004] [5]

Regardless of whether its roots lie in misdirection or trickery, the work comes to life because it

becomes real in the eye of the beholder. The melancholy tale of Naomi.V.Jellish comes to life because we stitch together the fragments of what she left behind ourselves. Naomi exists to all of us that see the archive of her, but the slice of reality she subsides in differs on how we piece together her story ourselves. In that we each, alone, bring her to life; Shovlin just gives us the raw materials to work with. Perhaps its life-force is sustained on what is not there. Relating to what Derrida theorised, the emotional charge her paper-trail gives off could be the result of us knowing what will never belong to the story of Naomi. The possibilities of what could have been are endless, what remains is not.

Shovlin then mentions that he is certain she has existed somewhere, on an archetypal level. I'm sure he is right, and she existed to us too through the version of us we conjure to ourselves when we look upon her work. These fragments of her story that build up the mythology of her equally weighted. All contribute as a splinter of a layer of her reality. These fragments make this girl real, together. But what weight do we assign to the existence of a girl that never came as flesh and blood. The archive makes us create that world for itself when we each look upon it and become the archivist.

The archives exploration of the immeasurable and infinite through form, nature, and potential to create is practically Lovecraftian in scale. Lovecraftian of course referring to the Horror writer H.P Lovecraft. His macabre stories of Demi-Gods and insanity build a philosophy that explores humanities tiny capacity in the scale of everything. Through insanity, the people touched by madness can comprehend life on an immeasurable scale; They are enlightened and understand the demi-gods before them and transcend beyond us at the cost of a coherent existence at our level. Not unlike those Demi-Gods, the possibility of what could belong to an archive is incomprehensible, and so the reality that exists behind each artefact is infinity constructed of anonymous layers.

In the earliest days concerning Hell within Christianity it existed purely as a mouth. The jaws lived as a portal to the shapeless eternity that was Hell: Horror on an unimaginable scale. Later came Dante who built a world there, for evil to frolic. Centuries pass, Poets, Artists, Lawmakers, and scaremongers alike contribute to this. Interpretations of this origin of all evil, build up a picture of a complete kingdom of darkness. The landscape is always changing, the reinterpretations of Hell to grow to suit the day, for Hell to remain Hell. All of these contributions contribute to how we understand Hell in relation to us. If we take all of these fragments of the idea and push pins in until we cover our wall then we will have a mass of thoughts that may contradict or seem nonsensical but each one lives as a piece of the sentient whole. If we make ourselves the de facto detective and stitch it together then here too jumps out the break in the case, and we see the that hell to humanity is always nothing more than the root of all evil. The spot where all things ungodly tuck themselves in bed at night. This whole mythology of artefacts brings it to life. We get fragments, but the infinite scale of what we cannot comprehend gives us the horror of the unimaginable breathes validity into the shards we do possess.

On religion, Suzanne Hiller's work "Witness" archives intimacy in a different way. Her piece was composed of speakers giving testimony regarding the experience they have had or think they have had with a higher power. Be it Aliens, or a God, these testimonies make up the archive to explore intimacy through belief. The piece does this through the audio confessions. The archivist has no control over them, they wash over each other and blend into one. Although these confessions scatter the globe from people who have never met, the archivist that experiences them experiences them as one collective. These testimonies are tiny pieces of the whole.

This archive is the collection of the investigator. The contents of his detective wall salvaged after everything was all said and done. As the archived is sealed, it is locked away now. The investigation is done. The archive is not the detectives wall though. As this archive comes after the wall, after the

investigation, the archive exists with yet more layers. We cannot possibly know for example what else could have belonged in there as discussed, but we also cannot know what did belong in there and does no longer. It was not passed along to us from the detective, and as of such leaves an infinite amount of time for the archive to have been meddled with. Who copied and catalogued the investigators stuff? Where did they get them? Reality does not bend to our whims, nor does the archive. It does not offer you an explanation.

The archive is not made up of the parts of the wall, it is made up from a secondary version of them. Each artefact is locked into uniformity with the rest of the archive by existing in 2-D. The archive consists of scans and photographs of the objects, some in colour, some not. This is to force another layer on the archive, another layer to consider on the journey of the artefacts. For who could tell what censorship or alterations the artefacts could have suffered from.

Contemporary artist Janice Kerbel debuted her installation titled Bank Job.

This installation consisted of maps and photographs and other fragments building up a rich and detailed plan commit a bank robbery. To create this installation Kerbel worked as an intern for the bank in order to gain access to the facility. She assumed not only the role of a professional thief but had to commit as the intern to gain access. These are two layers that escape the final presentation. We know what Bank Job is before we need to look closely. These robbery plans are identifiable because they exist in the format these plans always exist in: Pinned to the wall, existing as aid, not aesthetic. This archival form exists to us as the result of communicating the perfect heist to us in film or TV.

Picture it: The crew gathers around their collection of boards in a warehouse somewhere. They are tense. They lie on the eve of the big score, the job that gets them out of the game for good. The leader insists they run through the plan again. Big reveal. We see their plans. One by one the leader addresses each member, each cog in the machine with a role. We see the leader gesture to the board; Photographs and surveillance shots cut to the thief in motion at work, whilst the leader's voice-over guides us through their role. We have seen this form repeated countless times. I am sure there exists a certain degree of practicality to this from the perspective of a thief: Chaos and disorder will be fatal for the thieves. This archival form does not exist exclusively for the thieves, however. It, like the detective wall, is an excellent way of allowing us, the beings looking in from outside their universe to coherently glimpse into their plan, and their reality as it is.

Our need to understand them has forced this archival form to come to be, for our convenience.

The most important thing in bank robbery I imagine is getting away with bank robbery.

Kerbel offers us the paper-trail any detective on the case would give anything for, a step-by-step guide on how.

The objects that make up her installation are individually wholesome. A photograph alone could mean any number of things, or nothing at all. A map with a charted route is nothing criminal. Found in a scrapbook it could signify a romantic trail someone is fond of or found at a construction office it could mean the main street of a town needs a new waste pipe putting in before winter.

It takes being brought together in this archival format for the criminal element to emerge, and even then, our expectations of what a bank robbery planning session looks like brings it to life for us.

Within the realms of the reality this robbery belongs to, this view was never meant for us.

This intimate view into the behind-the-curtain mechanics should belong to the thieves. By existing it is the plans worst enemy. This intimacy afforded to us is not unlike the one afforded to us by the detective's wall. When we see these objects, we know that they exist with them. They have felt the weight of each object here. Everything is considered through them, and the final resting place of everything is too, decided by them. We trust the private eye to build up their case from the evidence they know will aid their case. We trust too, that Kerbel curated and created the installation of everything she knew would be of aid to her in pulling off a bank job.

The trust that we assign to both when we peek in as an outsider lets us see them serve their own agenda and allows us to believe they work to benefit their respected causes. The archival presentation, however, allows us to know two other things.

The first is that this intimacy is designed to be looked in on. The fact that either exist after the job is done suggests an audience is needed. Once the case is done, it gets filed away. Once the bank has been stolen from, the paper trail is destroyed. Their respective universes will not bend for convenience and allow for them to simply leave all this behind by mistake. It exists for us outsiders of their world.

The second is that we have been granted access only after the construction is complete. We do not get to view this work in progress. We see only the aftermath even when we look in. We never see the curation period where the photos are flicked through or even taken. We do not get to witness them charting maps or painting masks to hide behind. We always see what comes after, when the instillation is built. Even as the detective grapples with their wall and the truth is about to spill out to them and only them, we witness the wall in its final stages. Far after it's built.

Although an infinite number of objects and documents could find a home there should the archivist want them to, the archive we experience with them is closed off.

Perhaps it is in this sealing off of the archive that we can consider the whole. We know that there could be more, but there is not. We can find ourselves a beginning and an end to the reality it gives us and see the whole in a way those that live it cannot.

Moving away from bank robbery, the tragic fate of a young girl, and the nuances of being a detective we have now something far better seated in reality. The archives I have studied have all contained an element of fiction they have explored. Be it motive, purpose, or existing physically in reality, they have all explored or contained an element of the fantastical; Escapism almost.

Gerhard Richter's archive "Atlas" is something different. Beginning in 1962 the collection spans decades of Richter's life and career, and is an intimate glimpse into his life and work.

The archive is built up from newspaper clippings, photographs, and sketches, all of which reflect Richters life and work from their respective era.

On the origins of his archive Richter said:

"In the beginning I tried to accommodate everything there that was somewhere between art and garbage and that somehow seemed important to me and a pity to throw away." [Richter, 2009, Page 332] [6]

This is broad enough to cover everything that Richter has done since. The garbage is the result of living, for the human experience leaves a trail of waste in its wake. They are the pieces we find everywhere when we look behind us, from trash magazines we flick through when we are bored to marks left behind in everything we touch. To live and experience we leave behind the residue of ourselves.

The art element is different. The art that matters to us as individuals does something to us, and makes itself matter. The garbage is what we leave behind as we experience, and the art is something that we are attracted to, and as of such wish to take it with us, thanks to experience. Everything between that is simply that: Everything.

Richter's archive is alive as he builds it. It grows as he does. Atlas is truly that, an atlas to chart any course Richter has taken since its conception.

Atlas is built from layers of Richter's career, but of his life too. They are woven together, and they exist as something new. Rather than charting his life or career as absolute threads, the archiving of the layers fuses them together into an independent piece.

The archive is built from sheets of paper with the documents mounted to it. Richter allows his art and garbage to merge through the chaos of juxtaposing landscapes with banal objects. Macabre images from death camps find themselves sharing spaces with images of toilet rolls and advertisements. These pairings bring about new images through their unity. Images that were never perhaps, intended to be seen. These images exist as a direct result of Richters life and career, brought together by the from that holds them.

Various paths of his career are traceable, his source images become available, and we are given the

objects that set Richter on his path. Those same objects also belong to the whole now. The uniformity of their presentation dooms them to being forever linked here. The presentation seals everything into the archive. It creates siblings of every sheet of imagery or sketch that exists between the dimensions of the paper that binds them. This uniformity seals these artefacts away and allows each layer a permanence despite its ever changing contents. Richter's archive exists to record, he has all the pieces to begin with. The form will not allow for that absolute though, it brings about the fantastical as it will not distinguish between the varying threads of his life.

In a paper for the Tate, Sue Breakell speculates:

“It is this latent ambiguity which attracts us all to archives: the layers of meaning, tales and enactments beyond the immediate informational content. [Breakell, 2008, Paragraph 24] [7]

Perhaps it is in this that draws the detective to his wall. The need to know the absolute truth that stitches the objects together. The detective's wall as I wrote is a mutation of the archive. As such it escapes the need to be impartial and allows for his drive to be a factor in the curation of the artefacts, and he cannot rest until the information jumps out at him.

The written elements of the archive have been scribed up separately to be considered as text. This will then be followed by the archived copy of the object, logged faithfully by an archivist with an unknown agenda.

The writing itself and the object containing it are two separate things. Two things that can be layered into others. This is essential as the writing may explore the universe, the issues, even archiving itself but the object will always exist as an object within that universe. That reality allows us to explore the infinite and reflect on the infinite scale of itself and the beings and mania that unfold within it. That reality does this by creating itself through these objects. It is like, the world of Naomi V. Jellish builds itself through our encounter with it; The objects that build that reality belong to it too, it breathes life into itself with every connection we think we find within it.

A Lovecraftian Nature

In the artists & archiving subsection I referred to archiving as Lovecraftian. This in relation to the archives form refers to it's ability to hold an infinite number of things, be shapeless, and uses its form to create new thoughts and artefacts into being, with its infinite pairing of layers. Bringing into being new truths and realities through its infinite new networks within its layers.

Lovecrafts influences do not end in this archive at its form. The Lovecraftian mythos is built upon layers from which blossoms his universe. The world they belong to is often painted as real in his words as it could possibly be. His world: Gloomy, sickly, and as close to his contemporary environment as they could be.

The protagonist of the macabre tale is almost always a sceptic. What they remain sceptic of is subject to change, but the role of the sceptic always needs filling. This sceptic could be a man of science or medicine, an atheist perhaps. A detective, A Private Eye, an intellectual; The role can change easy. It simply must be someone who in the start is unbreakable.

Then there comes the search for truth. Answers to a mystery driving them, or perhaps a different pursuit that becomes corrupted on the way. This journey drives them towards their truth.

Then comes the being that shatters reality for them. This being can decide their fate. Be it peril or a rare escape, life for the protagonists is never the same. The truth they gain from their encounter is the most important decision of their life and as of such the only way to view their relative existences is before and after their primary encounter with the being at hand.

Of course, there are warehouses of Lovecraftian inspired merchandise that do not fit these criteria.

The simplified depictions of Cthulhu as a winged-tentacle-dragon fill shelves in alternative culture stores around the world. From plush toys to badges and all that is marketable in between; Lovecraftian commercial goods remain best sellers.

Regarding these trinkets and the Lovecraftian mythos I find them to be as irrelevant as the Jesus Christ bobble-head figurines are to Christianity, or a market-stall of Buddha cigarette tins are to Buddhists. They exist as a result of cheap monetary start-ups and incentive to make profit, not to exist within or further the lore of their respective mythologies. The simplest truth regarding all of these items is that no matter where you go, be it the most awe-inspiring peaks of a mountain made of glass or a sacrificial chamber located two hundred feet below the ground and constructed from bone: If there is a way to cash in on it for an easy profit then someone will.

That is not to say these likenesses were not taken from the creators interpretation of the canon, they are simply just that. Interpretations of the canon mythology, not an expansion of it.

There is a philosophy that was developed and explored often in Lovecrafts work. It is called "Cosmicism". C.R Wiley (2017) [8] explores the concept and details that cosmicism states that humanity is insignificant in the larger history of existence itself, and that no recognisable divine beings or presence exist to us.

To Lovecraft, the human experience in his works had to remain just that; A localised but extremely realistic experience. Localised here of course meaning that everything we know, the limits of our customs and wisdoms, our existentialisms and sense of wrong and right is nothing in comparison to everything else that is, has been, or will be in the cosmos. In the infinite scale of his universe the experiences of every single human being that will ever be is a speck of dust caught in the stage-lights on Lovecrafts stage This allows his work to explore infinite scales of being and knowing that as a fraction of the tiny human timeline, can only be understood by us at the cost of our sanity. This relates back to the archive. With the archive presenting a selection of artefacts to explore that strand of reality there comes with it an infinite selection of artefacts that you are unaware of. Similarly, within the Lovecraftian worlds people do attempt to describe the indescribable infinite being who's form escapes us. They must relate it back to a local object. It is in this relation where we find these Gods sharing comparisons with our own domestic creatures like Chickens, for example.

They pair these local objects together to describe these Gods but cannot piece them together truly to accurately describe them. Because the only way to understand it would be to go mad. These layers make up the shapeless definition defying creatures interpretation, but ultimately the creature remains anonymous in form and state of being. It has sovereignty over itself so long as we remain sane and exist on its level.

The detectives wall too, is shapeless. It escapes definition, and the connections in the layers you piece together are your understanding of it. There is no absolute answer in it, not for a sane interpreter. We can see its local parts, its layers and understand them completely. A photograph perhaps. Maybe a receipt or a map. But then when we return to the sum total, it does not exist as an absolute being. It's an anonymous object in itself. The archive follows suit too. That word can be applied accurately to countless vaults of information and not one of them would have to be like the one before it. Yet each fragment they hold is identifiable with ease, but the form of it all can defy categorisation.

The utilisation of a fictional world to develop, explore, demonstrate, or create theory is controversial of course. There are factors that weigh in on bias or unreliability considering it all comes from the human mind. Scepticisms about utilising a fictional plane of being to understand something metaphysical are reasonable of course. Philosophy has for an extensive period remained devoted to human-centric schools of thought. Metaphysical questions about the human experience that relate to us, in our reality, have dominated the fields and with good reason. Schools of thought

concerning us and what we are and how we exist are central to understanding what we are and why we are here. So of course, they remain important to us, because they concern us all. But exploring the incomprehensible, the shapeless, the infinite requires going out beyond our scope. To explore the things that do not appear in reality we need a sandbox in which we can fathom things beyond our grasp; To explore what exists outside of our tiny scope.

Cyclonopedia by Reza Negarestani champions this theory through fiction, and acts as a living breathing example of theory-fiction. There are many overlaps with the work of H.P. Lovecraft: Mentions, Homages, but it also channels the same exploration of objects or beings beyond our comprehension. In Cyclonopedia the anonymous beings take the shape of oil, or what we know as oil and use the American war on terror to its advantage to make puppets of humans, their ways of being, their mythology, ideals and philosophies to work towards its ultimate goal. This itself channels a Lovecraftian dimension. It attempts to understand the motives of the material, something we cannot comprehend due to our trappings in a human-centric state of being and our condemnations of materials to being just that.

This exploration of the life of an object is born of an object. Not just from a book, nor the paper, ink, and glue that bring it into being. But within its universe exists the manuscript. Within that universe exists Reza Negarestani, at-least the credit to the manuscript was assigned to him. There exists layers within layers that build up Cyclonopedia. It borrows from lore and legend for it's utilisation of Islamic mythology and pairs it with heretical science and an exploration of the war on terror as an object with mathematical illustrations to ultimately build up a mythos. This mythos; This set of fragments from everything build this blasphemous crusade to gaze into the objects living beyond us.

These overlaps with real life distinguish it beyond fiction though. It' is research using reality to explore ideals where reality cannot present them itself. This makes it more a skin on reality. It bridges fiction and being and looks through Lovecraft-tinted glasses to allow an existence beyond ours to exist for the things we do not look at on equal ground as it exists below our sentience.

This archive explores some of the layers Cyclonopedia developed. It's exploration of objects for example. The archive seeks to explore how these objects layer into each other to bring about their own universe to the archivist viewing. They allow the narrative contained within the objects to explore, but the archive consists of objects not just words. These objects and documents also importantly exist within their universe as their own objects, and the pairing of these objects as objects not just narrative chunks is something best afforded via the archive as a creative medium. As of such, the archive channels the spirit of theory-fiction and is fiction, exploring theory but masking itself as reality.

Cyclonopedia develops the idea defined as a "Hyperstition". The idea of a Hyperstition comes from Philosophy and was first put forward by Nick Land. He loosely defines the concept in an interview with Maggie Roberts. Land dismisses superstitious beliefs as false, but a Hyperstition is something that exists to bring about its own reality. It exists to create itself. [Land, 2006] [9].

Cycloneopedia does just that, it lives in a Post-Reality that exists over our own. The archive for the Private Eye aims to create such a thing too.

So taking our Private Eye who is relentless in their search for truth with the impossibilities of a Lovecraftian landscape we have the vessels needed to understand how the archive can be used for a tool to create. The following section of the thesis is the archive mentioned. It is built from materials that have been allowed to be weathered and worn and used for their in-universe purpose, but exists as photographs capturing each of those objects to allow them to be seen as objects. The archive aims to explore how the pairings of these bring about a new reality: A Post-Reality consisting of fragments of the Private Eyes case built after everything for them was over.

THE ARCHIVE

An archive collecting the remnants of an Anonymous Private Eye's case.
Archive may contain archivists notes when deemed necessary. They will be marked as such.

As none of the artefacts in this archive had names before the archive, the titles of each work became their description when first being logged in the archive and are presented as such beneath the reproduction of each artefact. The archivist felt that the summary of its parts and history as it was upon being logged was the most appropriate title for each.

A symbiotic balance struck between the self-referential nature of the summary, and the crowning abilities of a title.

Where text is recreated from the artefacts the text will be scribed up exactly as they appear where possible. This is in order to retain as much of the essence of the artefact as possible during transcription.

Investigation Log: 1

So much time wasted so far and a minute still feels like eternity. So much remorse and self loathing and I am behind on the first case that counts. This log will serve as my stream of consciousness should my psyche rattle loose and I hope for her sake should I be indisposed this will tie up the knot that I could not alone. If that should be the case then make sure these bastards go down whoever you might be. If they got me too that 'aint too much of a kick in the head as long as I took a few of them down with me.

Lets begin. Victim: Her. Assailant: Unknown. Links to crime: Few, and none that should result in this. Close associates: Me Place of employment: The club – Hermes Lounge. Possible suspects: In reality none. Bar locals from Hermes need questioning. Her enemies to me, are nil, and are thus infinite. I saw her everyday I could have and yet knew nothing of her prelude to me, beyond the fragments of her story in my possession it is immeasurable. This is nothing new to any sort of detective. It sobers me in knowing that I am the closest known associate, and I am clueless.

Fuck me, I cannot think. Years of experience on the streets and I buckle like the paper man I dread of becoming.

She left with questions.

Her demise has to be related to the package she left in possession and not just some drunk from the club or some other C-list criminal parasite. This monster was for her and her alone.

Tradition feels strange right now. Ask a run down fella at the bar at the end of salt avenue and he

will tell you that luck is a lady and she is sitting at the bar. Well I had lady luck, and look where that has me. None the less, Office tradition is code, and what's a Private Eye without his code. As this is a bit of reflection cemented on paper there is an assumption that one day, perhaps someone will come along and read it. So let me explain. The short and sweet version of it goes like this: I started out without an office, just a wall to my name. The wall was nothing really and yet it helped the scope of all of my investigations just fine. So since my first case I have been photographing the wall I use in steps as it builds up, and at this point it is the closest thing I have to luck.

Second piece of office tradition: The smiley man. Now the folk I took on that came to me know I have done right by them. I just do things as I see I need to. Sometimes you need that anchor back to something worth going into the dark for. The first night she ever came back to my office, she bought a sticky smiley man from one of those rusty machines outside shopfronts. She crucified that poor guy up on the wall where I had lain out all the evidence. She said I needed to see people smiling more and that is what he was there for. Sure as Hell I caught the guy.

I need to question the locals and get inside her flat before the feds do.

Maybe she left something that will avenge her. Come on Smiley Man, She needs you, kid.

CASE NUMBER: /

DATE: /

CASE TITLE: Her.

INVESTIGATION LOG NUMBER: 1

INVESTIGATION LOG:

So much wasted time so far and a minute still feels like eternity. So much remorse and self loathing and I am behind on the first case that counts. This log will serve as my stream of consciousness should my psyche rattle loose and I hope for her sake should I be indisposed this will tie up the knot that I could not alone. If that should be the case then make sure these bastards go down whenever you might be. If they got me too that ain't too much of a kick in the head as long as I took a few of them down with me.

Lets Begin:

Victim: Her. Assailant: Unknown. Links to crime: Few, and none that should result in this. Close Associates: ME
Place of Employment: The Club, Hermes Lounge
Possible Suspects: In reality None: Bar locals from Hermes need questioning.

Her enemies to me are nil, and are thus infinite. I saw her everyday I could have and yet knew nothing of her prelude to me; beyond the fragments of her story in my possession it is immeasurable.

It sobers me: in knowing that I am the closest known associate, and I am clueless. Fuck me, I cannot think. Years of experience on the streets and I buckle like the paper man I dread of becoming.

She left with questions.

2

CASE NUMBER:

DATE:

CASE TITLE:

INVESTIGATION LOG NUMBER:

INVESTIGATION LOG:

Her demise has to be related to the package she left in my possession and not just some drunk from the club or some other C-list criminal parasite. This monster was for her and her alone.

Tradition feels strange right now. Ask a run down fella at the bar at the end of 35th avenue and he will tell you that Luck is a lady and she's sitting at the bar. Well I had Lady Luck, and look where that has me. None the less, Office Tradition is Code, and what's a Private Eye without his Code.

As this is a bit of collection cemented on paper there is an assumption that one day, perhaps someone will come along and read it. So let me explain. The start and sweet version of it goes like this: I started out without an office, just a walk to my name. The walk, nothing really and yet it helped the scope of all my investigations just fine.

So since my first case I have been photographing the work I use in steps as it builds up, and at this point it is the closest thing I have to Luck.

Second piece of office tradition: The Smiley Man.

Now the folk I took on that came to know me know I have done right by them. I just do the things as I see I need to. Sometimes you need that anchor back to something worth going into the dark for.

The first night she ever came back to my office, she brought a sticky smiley man. From one of those slot machines outside Shopfronts. She credited that pool guy upon the wall where I had laid out all the evidence. She said it needed to see people smiling now and that is what he was there for.

Some as Hell I caught the guy.

Case Log 1. Page 2. Authored By The Private Eye. [2018]

3

CASE NUMBER:

DATE:

CASE TITLE:

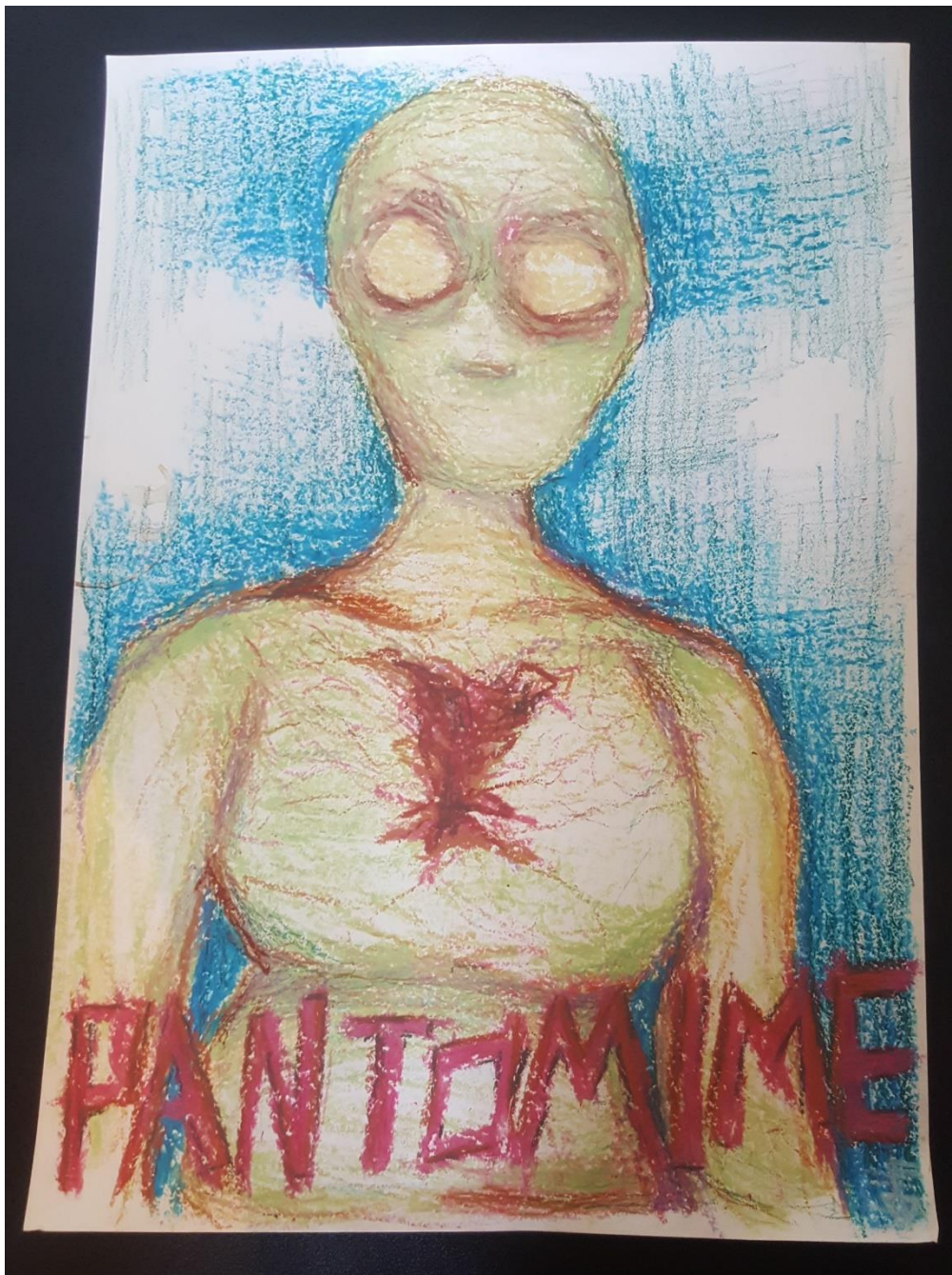
INVESTIGATION LOG NUMBER:

INVESTIGATION LOG:

I need to question the locals
and get inside her flat before the
feds do.

Maybe she left something that will average
her. Come on Smiley Man, she
needs you, kid.

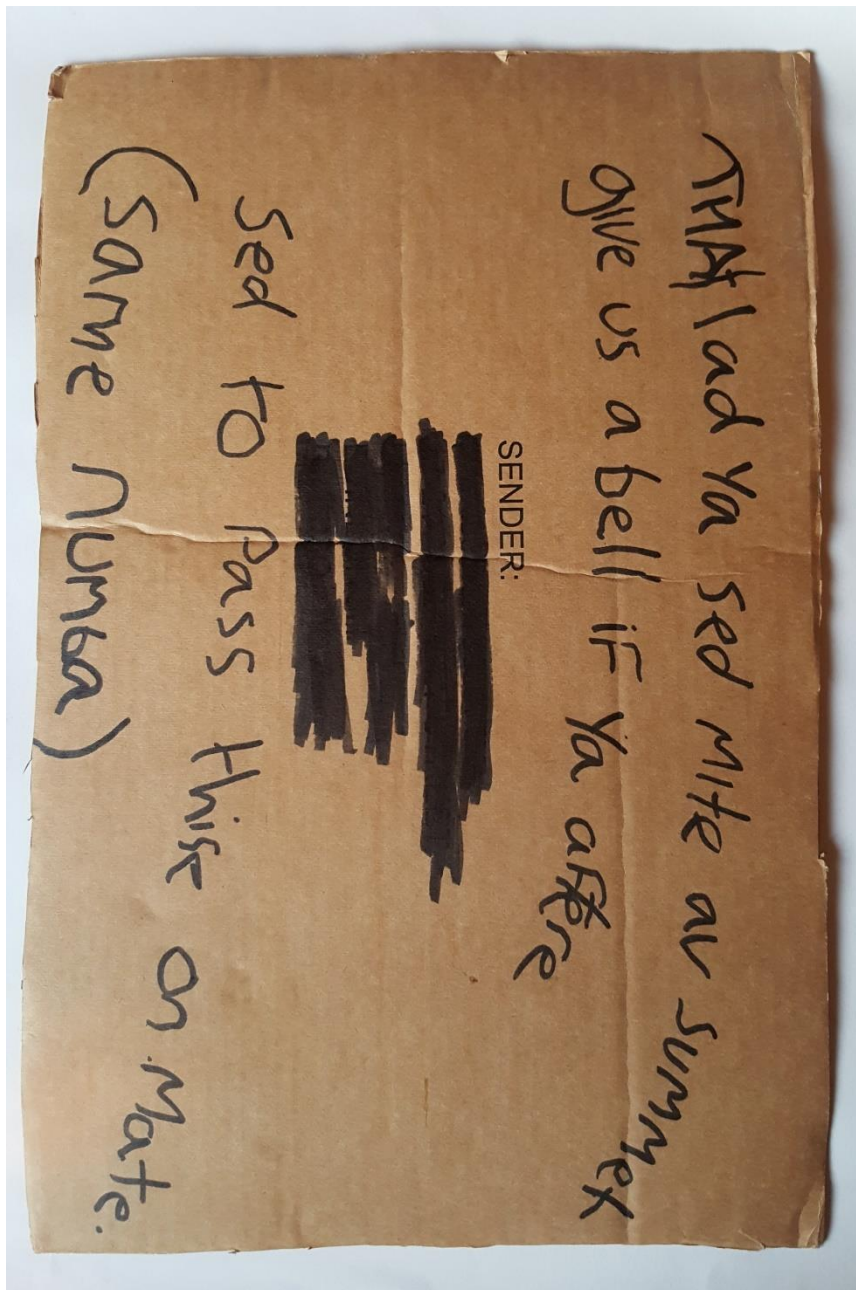
Case Log 1. Page 3. Authored By The Private Eye. [2018]



Oil Pastel Drawing Photographed By The Private Eye. Known To Have Some Major Significance To The Private Eye During The Case Although They Never Reveal What. AI. Artist Unknown. [2018]



Painting On A Scrap Piece Of Corrugated Card. Artist Unknown. Assumed To Be The Fruit Of One Of The Private Eye's Criminal Contacts. Front View. [2018]



*Painting On A Scrap Piece Of Corrugated Card. Artist Unknown. Assumed To Be The Fruit Of One Of The Private Eye's Criminal Contacts. Front View. Message Scrawled In pen. It Reads:
"THAt lad ya sed mite ave summet give us a bell if ya aftere
sed to pass this on mate.
(Same numba)[sic]" [2018]*

Investigation Log number 4.

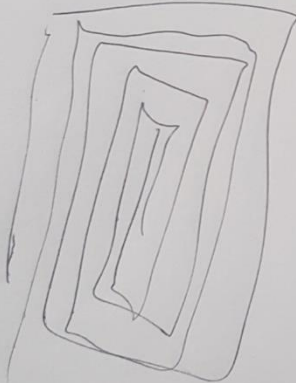
Took it from her flat.
No way she did this.
Message? Or taunt.
"Absolute Fusion" (1)?
A piece of the whole

CASE NUMBER: _____ DATE: _____

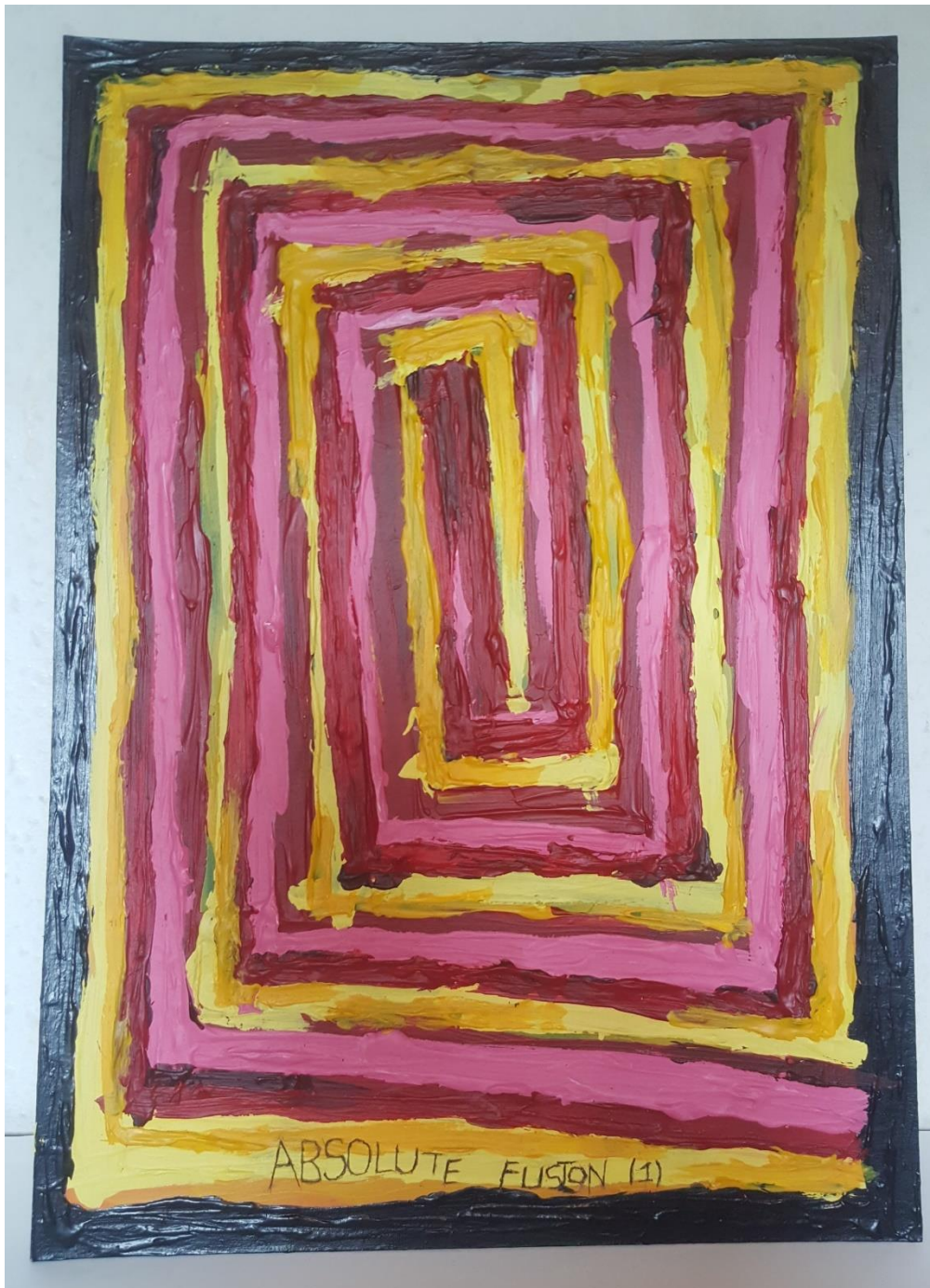
CASE TITLE: *Her* INVESTIGATION LOG NUMBER: *4*

INVESTIGATION LOG:

*Took it from her flat.
No way she did this.
Message? or taunt.*



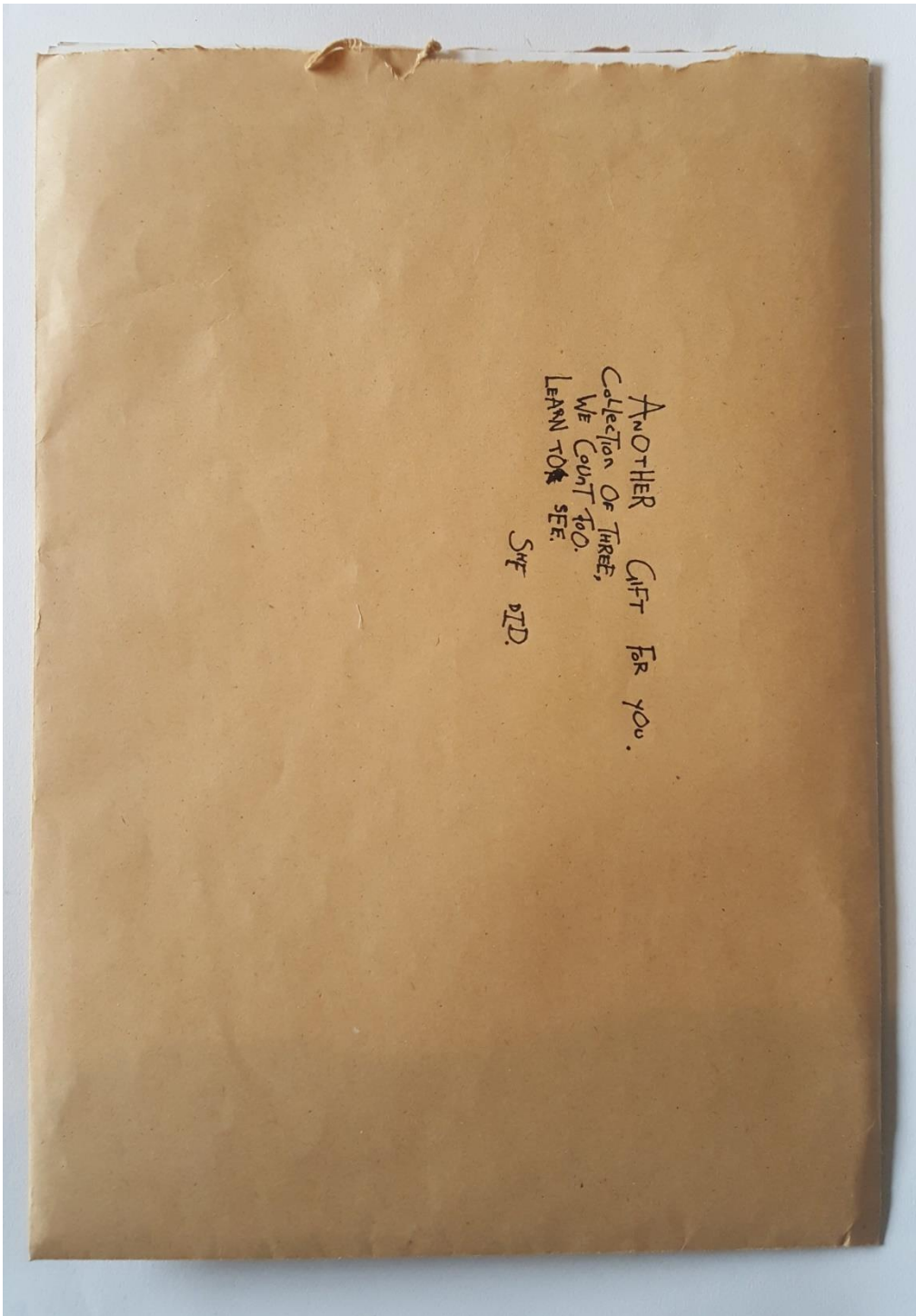
*"Absolute Fusion" (1)?
A piece of the whole.*



*Acrylic On Card Painting Recovered By The Private Eye At The Home Of His Deceased Associate.
A1. Front View. [2018]*



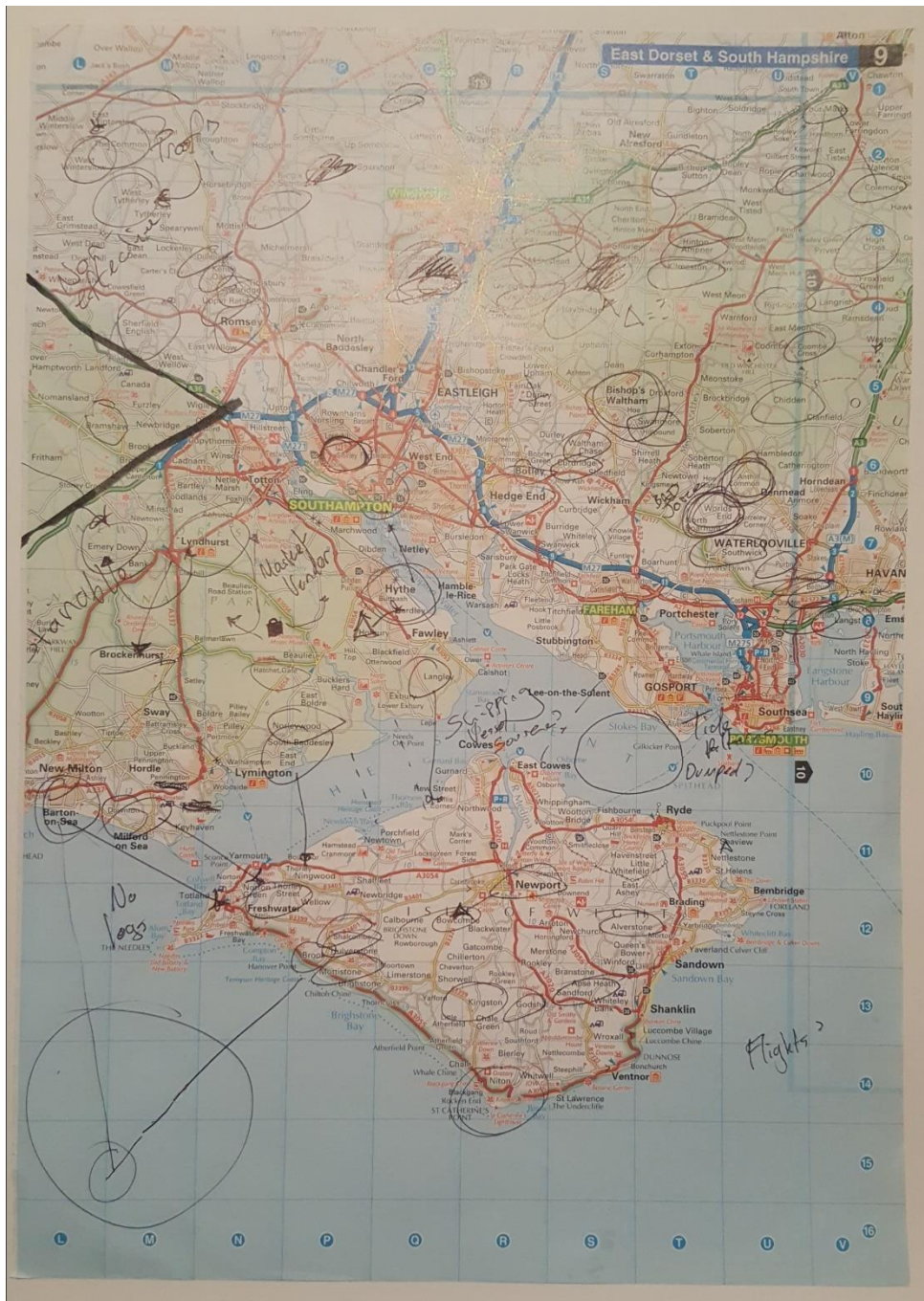
*An Illustration Sent To The Private Eye. Sender Unknown. Creator Unknown. Oil Pastels On Paper.
A1. [2018]*



*The Package That The Oil Pastel Illustration Was Given To The Detective In. Paper. Writing In Ink.
Author Unknown. [2018]*



Annotated Map Belonging To The Private Eye's Wall. (1) [2018]



Annotated Map Belonging To The Private Eye's Wall. (2) [2018]

Recovered from the institute

Investigation Log 7.

Institute?
Nothing on file.
Leak seems promising
could be a trap.
Files hidden.

CASE NUMBER: ✓

DATE: ✓

CASE TITLE: Her

INVESTIGATION LOG NUMBER: 7

INVESTIGATION LOG:

Institute?

Nothing on file.

Leak seems promising
Could be a trap.
Files hidden.

Investigation log 7. Authored By The Private Eye. [2018]

The Institutes Leak.

Please excuse my anonymity and rejection of the digital format. I cannot give you either of those things and ensure that my life, and this note will remain intact. As of such, I write this to you in ink and without a confirmable source, leaving the truth to your mercy. I know that you are aware of the institute, and what they do to history. I know you are aware of the scale at which they operate, and I know you are aware of the severity of your situation should they come looking for you.

I was born into the institution, as most of the operatives are. I grew up in one of their private settlements and when I came of age was welcomed amongst the ranks.

My father was too, and his father before him. My whole family tree for as long as anyone can remember was. I know you have been seeking information regarding the women that are not operatives to the institution. You will never find them. Why? Because they cease to exist.

These women are brought in as 'breeding stock'. They pick a healthy, stable woman with a miniscule profile and entice her with solutions to her problems or with blackmail material. Deeply religious women are more common than not, as to their unwillingness to abort the child should they become sceptical and escape. The male operative will impregnate her and she'll live in modest comfort amongst the other women brought in until the child is born. They take the women and execute them afterwards.

Because of such I never knew my mother, nor her name. Therein lies their true nature; cruelty, control, and absolutist practices to ensure they will always win.

Growing up, we were left to the charge of the educators. Everyone was. Interestingly all of us were male. I have no idea what happened to the female births, but not one of them lived on our settlement.

At 15 they assign to you a role. From them, you are one of them. I myself was assigned as a role that involved recovering documents. The model was simple. Understanding, Alterations, Reinsertion.

If you wish to know more then meet me at the spot marked on the national park map provided with this letter. If you are true then I look forward to our meeting. If you are one of them though I leave you with fuck you and I will greet the end with a smile because for the first time something will be real.

Please excuse my anonymity and rejection of the digital format. I cannot give you either of these things and ensure that my life, and this note remain intact, as at such I write to you in one and without a comfortable source, leaving the truth to your mercy. I know that you are aware of the Institute and what they do to history. I know you are aware of the scale at which they operate and I know you are aware of the severity of your situation should they come looking for you. I was born into the institution as most of the operators are. I grew up in one of their private settlements and when I came of age was employed amongst the ones.

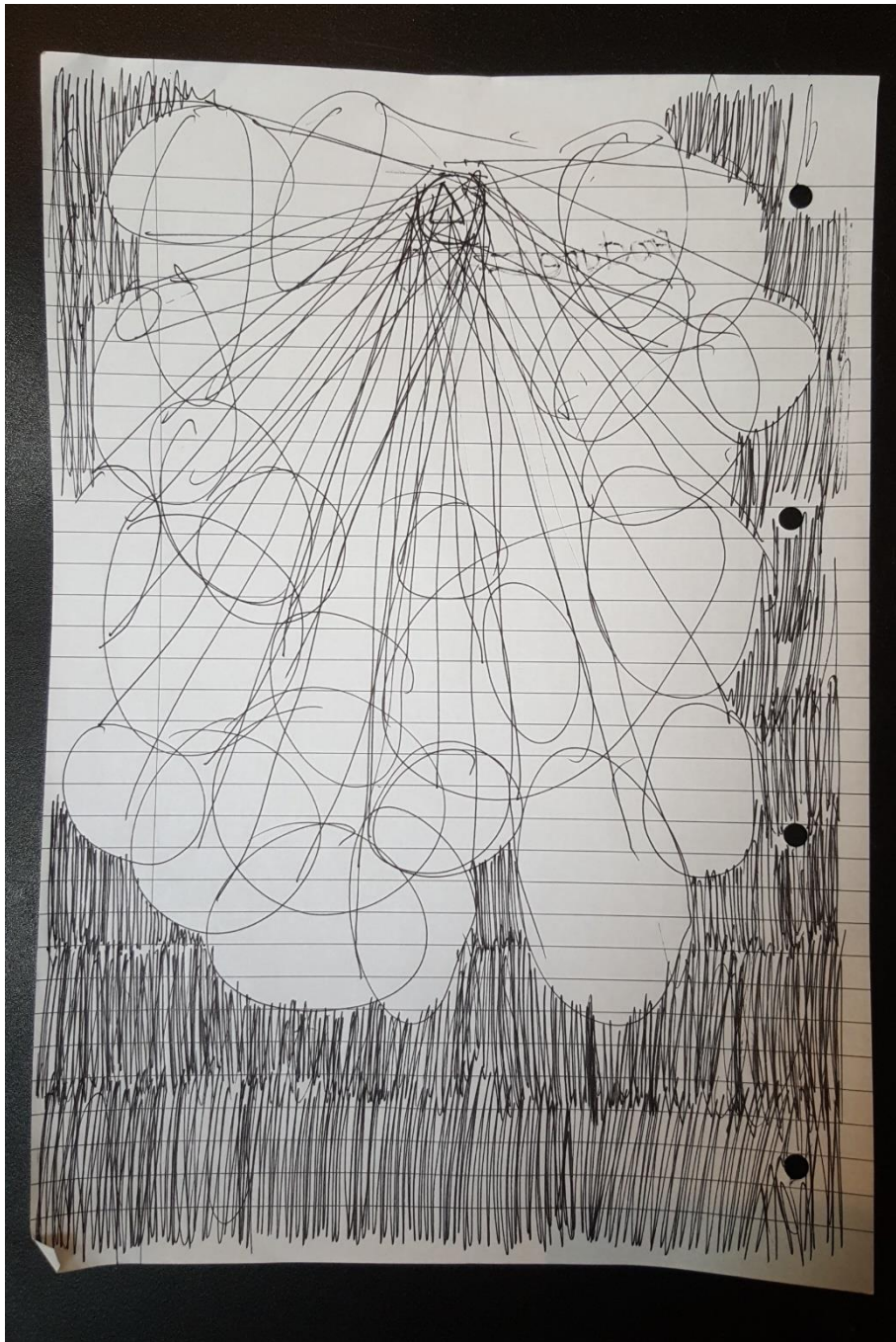
My father was too and his father before him. My whole family here for as long as anyone can remember was. I know you have been seeking information regarding the women that are not obedient to the institution. You will never find them. Why? Because they cease to exist. These women are brought in as "breeding stock". They pick a healthy, stable woman with a specific ~~profile~~ profile and spice her with solutions to her problems or with lack of material. Rapid religious conversion are more common than not as their unwillingness about the child should they become skeptical and escape. The male operators with impregnate her as well as in modest contact amongst the other women brought in until the child is born. They take the women and execute her afterwards because of such I never marry or other, nor her name therein has their true nature; cruelty, control, and absolutist practices to ensure they will always win.

Growing up we were told to be change of the Educators. Everyone was. Interestingly, not us were made. I have no idea what happened to the female kids but not one of them lived on our settlement.

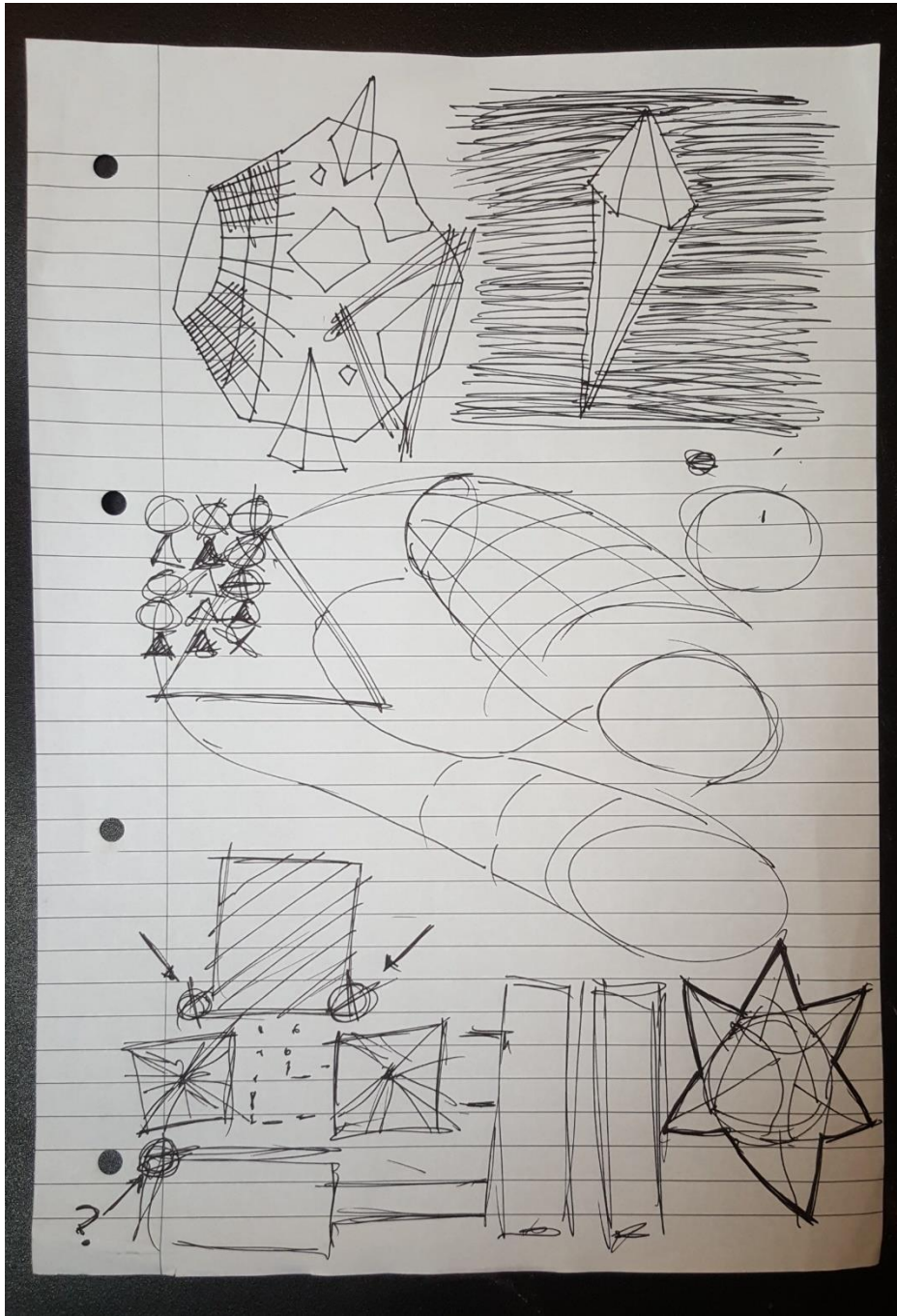
At 15 they assign you to a role. From then you are one of them. I myself was assigned as a job that involved recovering documents. The model was simple. Understanding, Alterations, Reinforcements.

If you wish to know more than most see at the spot marked on the national path map provided with this letter. If you are true then I look forward to our meeting. If you are one of them though I leave you with such you and I will greet the one with a smile because for the first time something will be real.

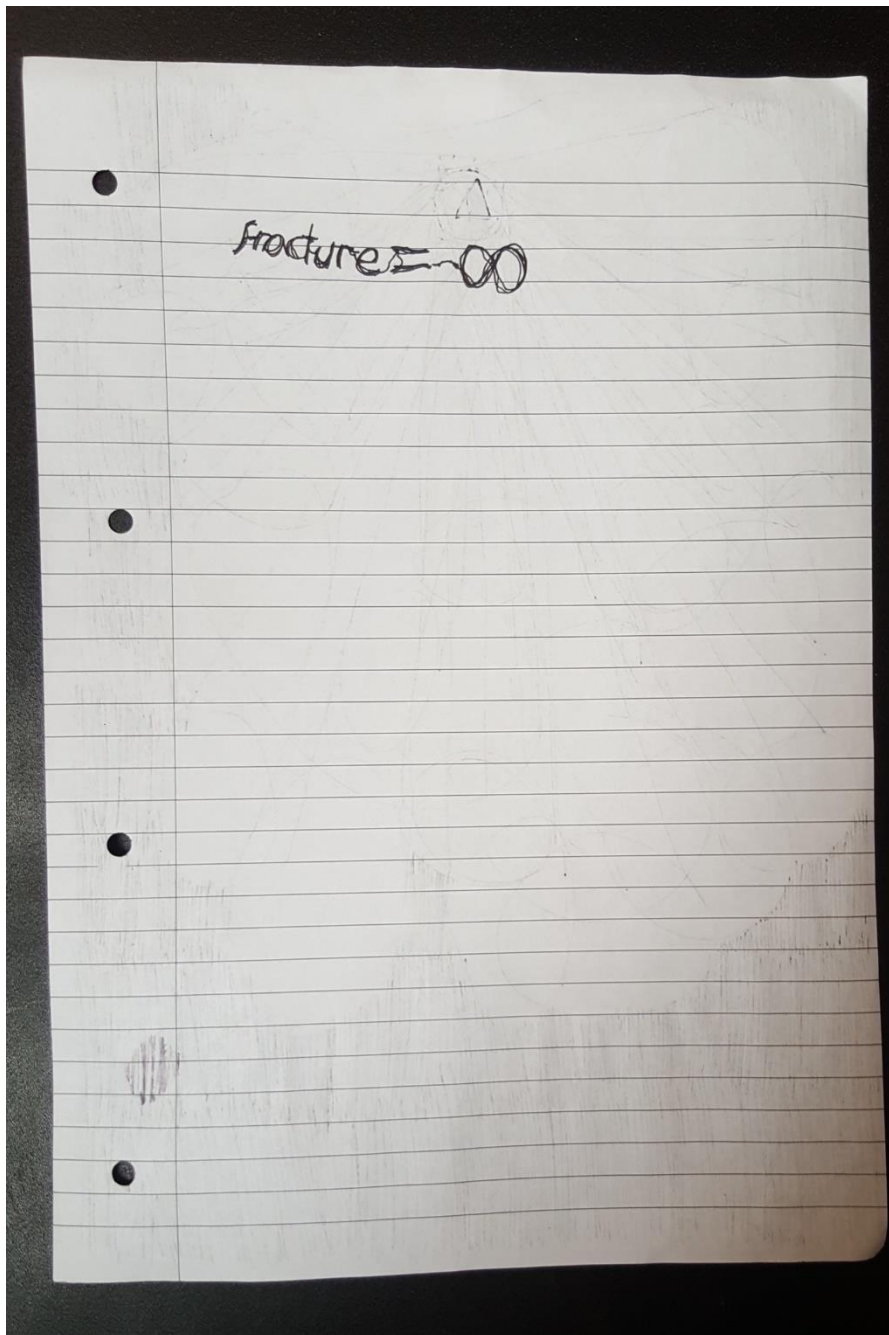
Photograph Of The Letter From The Institute's Leak. Author Unknown. [2018]



Sketches That Came With The Letter From The Institutes Leak. (1) Pen On Lined Paper. Author Unknown. Photograph Taken By The Private Eye. [2018]



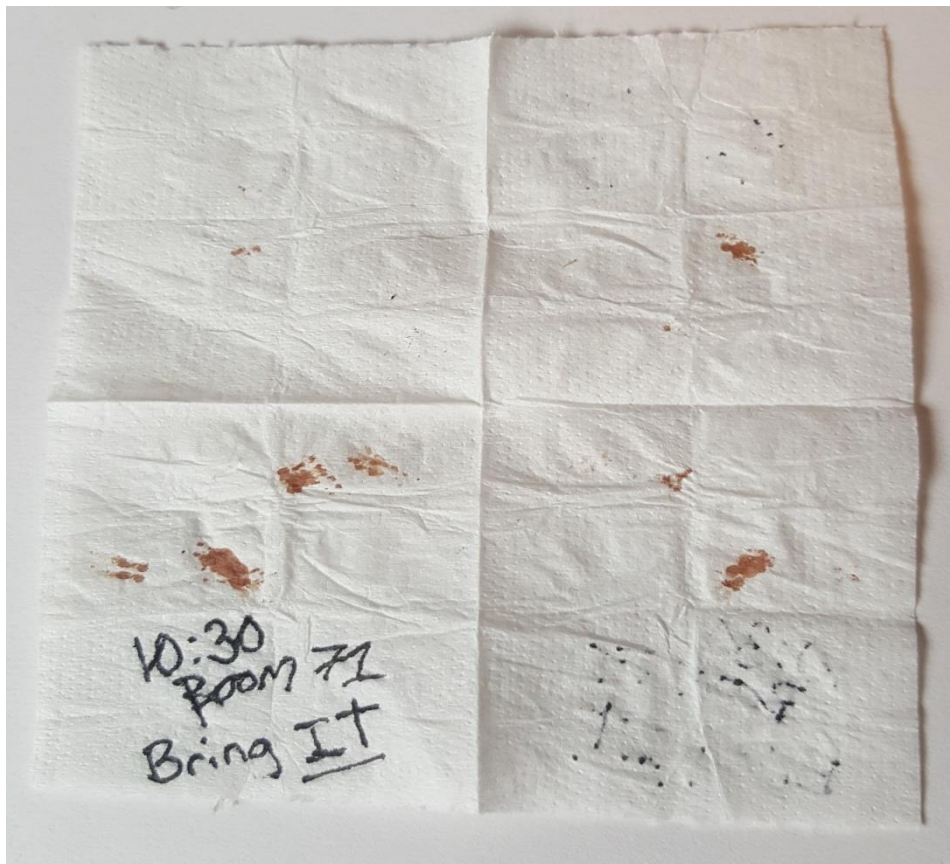
Sketches That Came With The Letter From The Institutes Leak. (2) Pen On Lined Paper. Author Unknown. Photograph Taken By The Private Eye. [2018]



Sketches That Came With The Letter From The Institutes Leak. (3) Pen On Lined Paper. Author Unknown. Photograph Taken By The Private Eye. [2018]



A Photograph Of The Private Eye's Wall. Courtesy Of The Private Eye. [2018]



*A Napkin Written On In Ink. Author Unknown. Message Reads: "10:30 Room 71 Bring IT"
Napkin Is Also Stained With An Unknown Fluid. [2018]*

Archivists note: This report was salvaged for the archive but had sustained massive damage and as a result, is missing sections. Transcript will be marked when the individual sheets end.

Chrono-emergence report 1

This document has been authorised for public access by a tier 1 review board. All sensitive information has been redacted and is stored on the omega level access drive. Any further inquiries may be directed towards your sector director or omni-handler. Access to source documents may be prohibited. All Promethea under-scribes may be granted access to authorised documents under the conditions of the hyper-alignment edict sections 1:8b – 1:8k and 3:2a – 3:2n. Use outside the institution may be applied for. If this is necessary please contact your section handler as soon as possible so you can be instructed on how to proceed.

Greetings Director.

As follows is the report tracing the history of the creation kit, and 'Repetition Hysteria' as requested. This report is not in collusion with Operative "Romulus" nor "Remus" and their findings may expand on the sensitive issues discussed at the last convergence at the directorial summit. Projects: "HIVE", "LIVEWIRE", "COCCOON" and "EDEN" are also withheld from this report.

Please excuse my ambiguity, Remus informed me of the issues with documentation but all material can be obtained with clearance through the omnisci-index as per protocol.

Chronologically speaking, they were only documented first in the second or third millennia. Do not let this fact discourage the importance of the other various probes hunting their origin point. They may predate us, after all, it's the humans that give them away. Their reactionary states of hysteria and documentation allow us to find when they intervened, but seldom why.

Research led us initially to the Ebla site, located in contemporary Syria.

Ebla, was an ancient city destroyed in 2250bc. Its palace was burned to the ground. Usually this would mark a period of ultimate destruction; wiping away many a chance to discover more about the ancient people. However, Ebla makes a brilliant exception. Housed inside the palace, lay an archive comprised of mostly unbaked clay slabs stood upright so to be easily accessible to the Archivists at hand. The Archive consisted of two chambers: The smaller chamber consisted of economic texts regarding the City, The larger held text regarding religion and literature. When the palace was burned to the ground these chambers acted as a kiln; Immortalising them in secret by firing them where they lay and preserving them until their discovery in 1974-1975 by an Italian archaeologist named Paolo Matthiae. The discovery was instrumental for chronicling the history of Ebla, it contained a previously unknown language, revealed that Ebla was a major trading city, and uncovered a vast trove of knowledge on Syria during the Bronze Age period. Nearby, their totems were present. In a separate vault located on the palace grounds our excavation team found what has been dubbed amongst our peers as the "Hysteria Tablets, or the Heretical Tablets, depending which operative school one is briefed by. These tablets chronicled several officials who had contact with them. According to the tablets these officials became manic, and were transfixed upon a single moment in time. This led to them breaking down socially and quickly led to their destruction; interestingly all the specimens

were sacrificed by a sect that goes unnamed in the tablets. It is worth noting here the manner in which they were disposed of is not parallel to Syrian cultural, religious, nor social values in Ebla nor anywhere else in Syrian culture.

It is not disclosed how they interacted with the entities, nor is it disclosed who or what they are, but the hysteria caused by their interaction commands a level of power we have not yet witnessed before. Earlier I referred to them being transfixed on a single moment of time. This is documented as being obsessed, and manic relating to a moment. Drawing it, writing of it; trying to recreate it at any cost, and in dangerous and sinister ways. The moment in question appears to be subjective to each participant and has nothing in common with the others. In a way, it appears that the moment in question is less important to the idea of a moment, an abstracted splinter of time for the subject to become transfixed with.

Another fascinating annotation is that the deaths are referred to not in malice, or mercy even but as a true position of pride. These officials died with a honour that trumped religion, and not far from the palace too. This led to the coining of the Hysteria/Heretical titles attributed to them.

Similarly, Mari, another ancient Syrian city which acted as a massive trading port also yielded a monumental discovery of Clay tablets.

[Sheet ends here]

There is no doubt their existentialisms and advanced philosophical prose made them delicious targets, their stature in human history making them the beings prize winning pigs for some time. As usual, the documentation on them is slim, but our operatives appear to have uncovered everything available to us without disturbing the natural course of discovery as requested.

The fabled library belonging to the Philosopher Aristotle is potentially the most important collection our operatives hoped to uncover, but reports state it was dismantled, forming part of the Library of Alexandria in Egypt. It is said to be the earliest chronicled by ancient scribes and scholars, and the contents of it are said to remain unknown. Where the human need to document and relive are found, so commonly are they. This remains no exception.

Regarding the library, it's location was chronicled. We have ascertained that this did not contain, at least not to any ones knowledge the vault we were hoping to acquire. For clarity, we shall refer to the Vault as the Heretical archive, and his actual library as the Puritan archive.

The Puritan archive, was bequeathed to

[Sheet ends here]

Whispers of an especially secret section of the library began to circle amongst our operatives in Egypt & Syria; A servants account detailed the removal of several chests from the Alexandria haul by men of no banner nor country. Their final location remains a mystery as of present, even to us.

[Sheet ends here]

This brings us of course to the French incidents as requested. Some thousands have years have passed between their activity previous to now, protocol dictates that I here mention to you the

availability of data and artefacts located on the omnisci-index available for you to access. That will provide you with anything we have on record regarding the entities to date but should you prefer, my team is at your disposal to recover any artefacts/documentation you consider necessary for the project.

Back to France however, the ORACLE council has come to the conclusion that the findings we currently possess hint that their contemporary re-emergence stems from here. A heavy amount of casualties were suffered here. New thinking and the resurgences of studies from renegade factions on the condition allowed for them to amass a new wave of followers to their cause. These followers this time contained Philosophers, Artists, and other varying academics.

The leading figures that conspired with the Entities according to the institute records are as follows:

JA
MI

[Sheets ends here]

Finally in the contemporary we see more and more potential cases in which the Entities may have intervened. Our estimates based on surveillance of the targets would suggest the Entities involve themselves in more and more high profile theatrical projects on the world stage. The art world seems especially touched by them. Many high profile targets have presented signs of their being in their own work. A massive surge compared to any other time period in human history, it was practically unheard of for them to let their presence be known in these circles. At least, according to our data on them.

[Sheet ends here]

of entry left us unable to save the documents and we lost most of our Operatives to the sickness not long after. The Neo-Keepers emerging now in the contemporary are the ones most likely in collaboration with the Entities. They have a vast network of online hubs through which they greet their followers. This allows for them to communicate the need to fulfil their message via micro-scale constructions of their own alters. These alters, though essentially worthless alone use this network of layers they build in reality for structure to power up what we speculate to be their attempt at a self sustainable battery capable of proj

[Sheet ends here]

Chrono-emergence report.1

This document has been authorised for public access by a tier 1 review board. All sensitive information has been redacted and is stored on the omega level access drive. Any further inquiries may be directed towards your sector director or omni-handler. Access to source documents may be prohibited. All Promethea under-scribes may be granted access to authorised documents under the conditions of the hyper-alignment edict sections 1:8b - 1:8k and 3:2a - 3:2n. Use outside the institution may be applied for. If this is necessary please contact your section handler as soon as possible so you can be instructed on how to proceed.

Greetings Director.

As follows is the report tracing the history of the creation kit, and 'Repetition Hysteria' as requested. This report is not in collusion with Operative "Romulus" nor "Remus" and their findings may expand on the sensitive issues discussed at the last convergence at the directorial summit. Projects: "HIVE", "LIVEWIRE", "COCCOON" and "EDEN" are also withheld from this report.

Please excuse my ambiguity, Remus informed me of the issues with documentation but all material can be obtained with clearance through the omnisc-index as per protocol.

Chronologically speaking, they were only documented first in the second or third millennia. Do not let this fact discourage the importance of the other various probes hunting their origin point. They may predate us, after all, it's the humans that give them away. Their reactionary states of hysteria and documentation allow us to find when they intervened, but seldom why.

Research led us initially to the Ebla site, located in contemporary Syria.

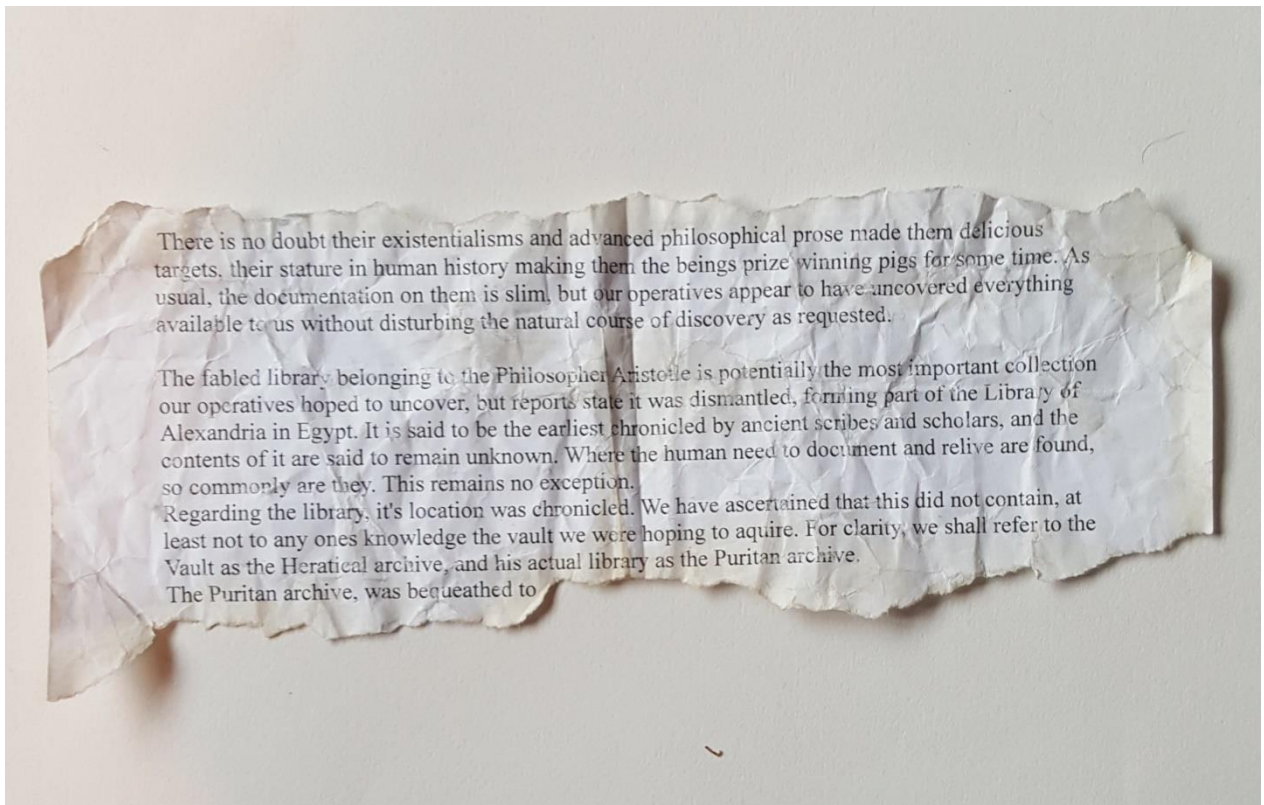
Ebla, was an ancient city destroyed in 2250bc. Its palace was burned to the ground. Usually this would mark a period of ultimate destruction; wiping away many a chance to discover more about the ancient people. However, Ebla makes a brilliant exception.

Housed inside the palace, lay an archive comprised of mostly unbaked clay cuneiform slabs stood upright so to be easily accessible to the Archivists at hand. The Archive consisted of two chambers:

The smaller chamber consisted of economic texts regarding the City. The larger held text regarding religion and literature. When the palace was burned to the ground these chambers acted as a kiln; immortalising them in secret by firing them where they lay and preserving them until their discovery in 1974-1975 by an Italian archaeologist named Paolo Matthiae.

The discovery was instrumental for chronicling the history of Ebla, it contained a previously unknown language, revealed that Ebla was a major trading city, and uncovered a vast trove of knowledge on Syria during the Bronze Age period. Nearby, their totems were present. In a separate vault located on the palace grounds our excavation team found what has been dubbed amongst our peers as the "Hysteria Tablets, or the Heretical Tablets, depending which operative school one is briefed by. These tablets chronicled several officials who had contact with them. According to the tablets, these officials became manic, and were transfixed upon a single moment in time. This led to them breaking down socially and quickly led to their destruction; interestingly all the specimens were sacrificed by a sect that goes unnamed in the tablets. It is worth noting here the manner in which they were disposed of is not parallel to Syrian cultural, religious, nor social values in Ebla nor anywhere else in Syrian culture.

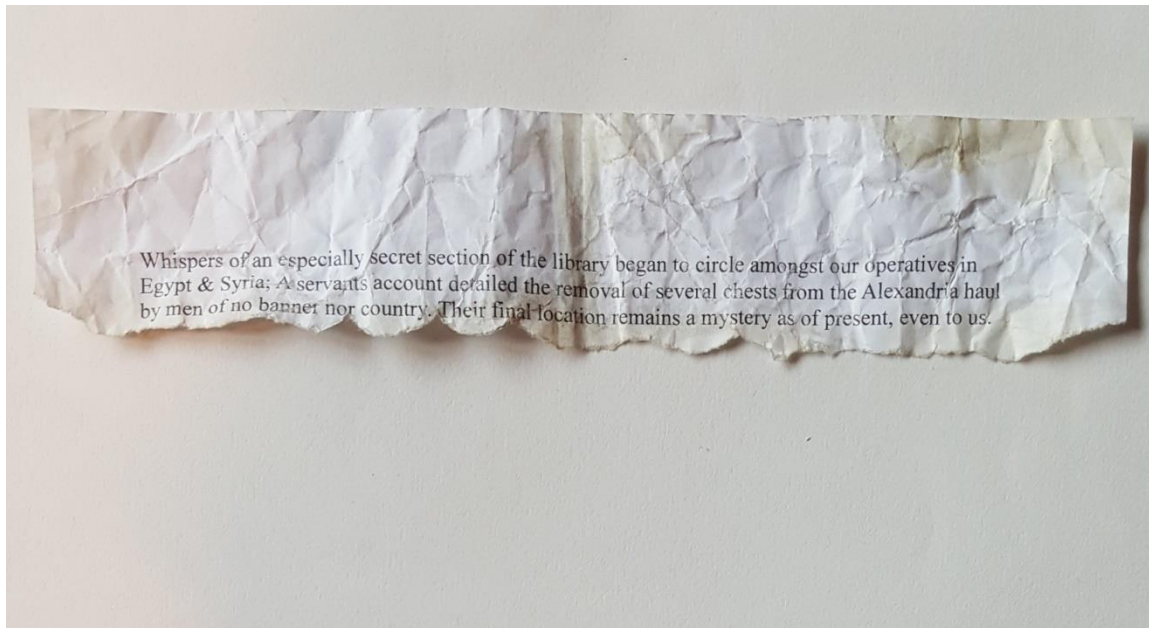
It is not disclosed how they interacted with the entities, nor is it disclosed who or what they are, but the hysteria caused by their interaction commands a level of power we have not yet witnessed before. Earlier I referred to them being transfixed on a single moment of time.



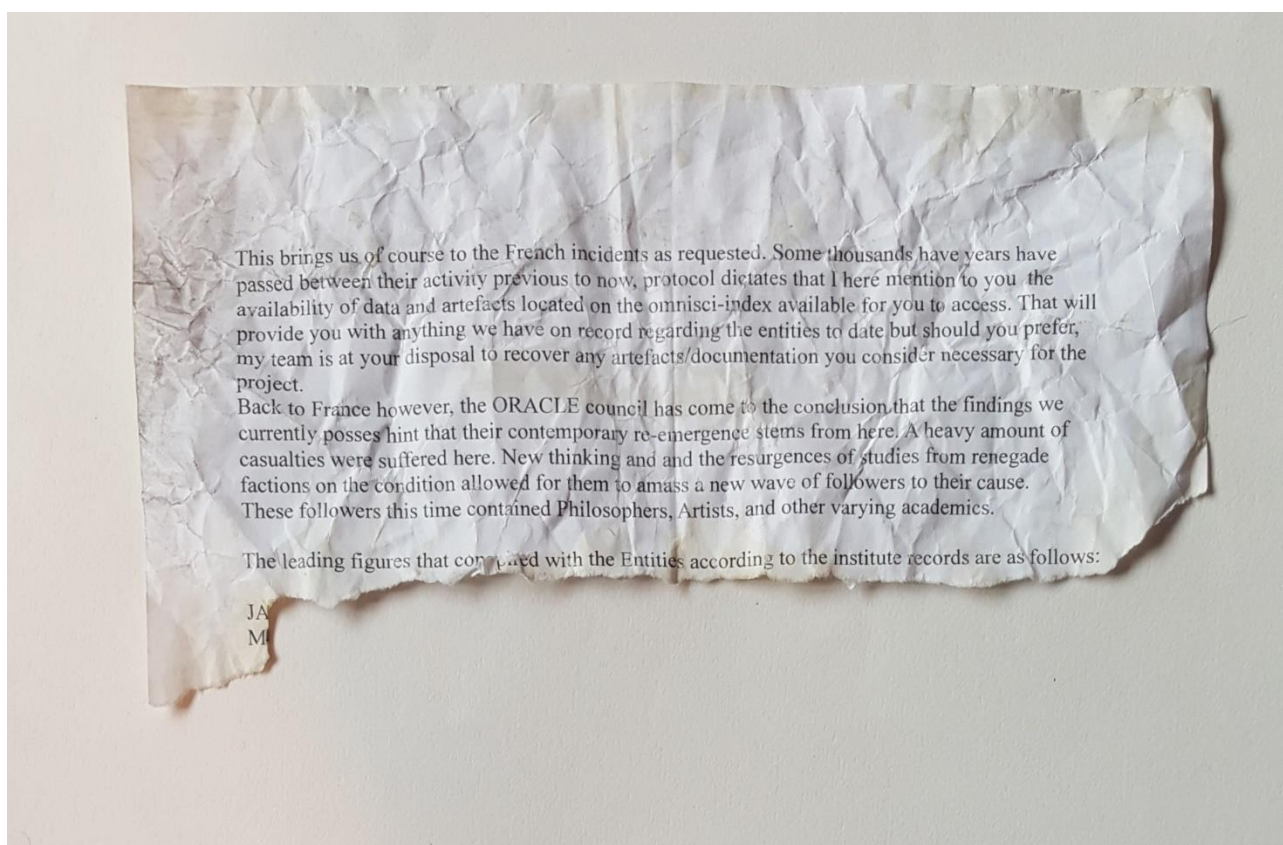
There is no doubt their existentialisms and advanced philosophical prose made them delicious targets, their stature in human history making them the beings prize winning pigs for some time. As usual, the documentation on them is slim, but our operatives appear to have uncovered everything available to us without disturbing the natural course of discovery as requested.

The fabled library belonging to the Philosopher Aristotle is potentially the most important collection our operatives hoped to uncover, but reports state it was dismantled, forming part of the Library of Alexandria in Egypt. It is said to be the earliest chronicled by ancient scribes and scholars, and the contents of it are said to remain unknown. Where the human need to document and relive are found, so commonly are they. This remains no exception. Regarding the library, it's location was chronicled. We have ascertained that this did not contain, at least not to any ones knowledge the vault we were hoping to acquire. For clarity, we shall refer to the Vault as the Heratical archive, and his actual library as the Puritan archive. The Puritan archive, was bequeathed to

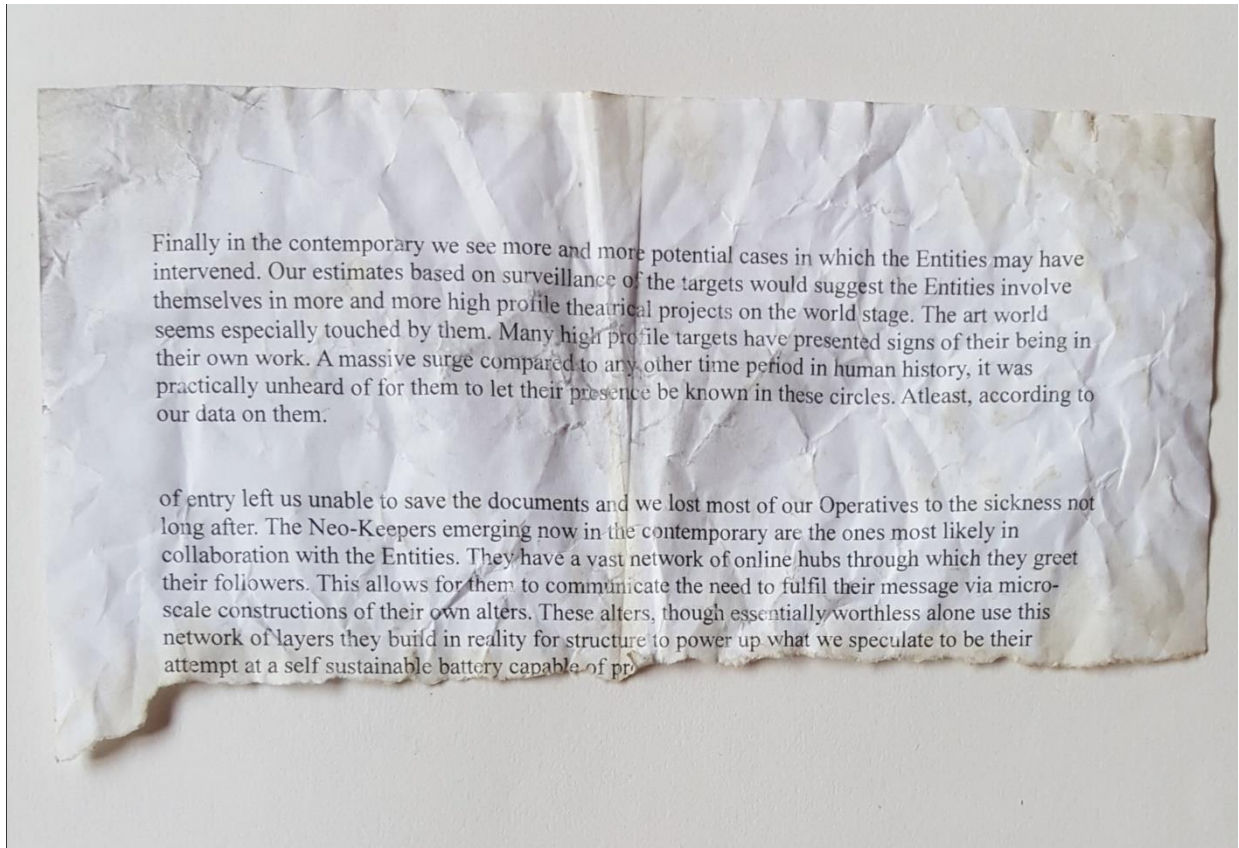
Page Two of The "Chrono-Emergence" Log. Presumed To Be Printed By The Private Eye. Source Unknown. Front View. [2018]



Page Three Of The “Chrono-Emergence” Log. Presumed To Be Printed By The Private Eye. Source unknown. Front view. [2018]



Page Four Of The “Chrono-Emergence” Log. Presumed To Be Printed By The Private Eye. Source Unknown. Front View. [2018]



Page Five Of The "Chrono-Emergence" Log. Presumed To Be Printed By The Private Eye. Source Unknown. Front View. [2018]

Institute Memo & Observation Report

MEMO TO ALL ALL ENFORCERS/SUPERVISORS/HEADS INVOLVED WITH THE “HERATICAL” RESEARCH PROGRAMMES. PLEASE ASSUME THIS IS A MATTER OF URGENCY AND RESPOND TO MY COMMUNICATION AS DIRECTED UNDER OUTBREAK PROTOCOL 49-001-001. COMMUNICATION DESIGNATED PRIVATE UNTIL THE DIRECTORS AUTHROISE ITS STORAGE IN THE OMNISCII-INDEX. OMNISCII-INDEX ACESSS PROHBITED, PLEASE SPEAK TO YOUR SUPERVISOR SHOULD YOU HAVE DIFFICULTY OBTAINING ACESSS SHOULD YOU BE AUTHORIZED.

MESSAGE: TO ALL SUPERVISORS/DIRECTORS.

SEVERAL AGENTS ACROSS A VARIETY OF SITES HAVE SHOWN SIGNS OF THE INFECTION. STOP.

THIS INCLUDES EXPERIMENTAL FACILITIES AND STANDARD HOUSING QUARTERS. STOP.

THE INDIVIDUALS SELECTED HAVE BEEN QUARANTINED AND DIAGNOSED AS BEEN IN THE EARLIER STAGES OF THE SICKNESS. STOP.

EXPERIMENTAL SITE [REDACTED] HAS BECOME THE QUARANTINE SITE. STOP. CONTAINMENT TEAMS A AND B HAVE THE PARRIMETER ON LOCKDOWN. AS OF TYPING: NOONE HAS ATTEMPTED ESCAPE NOR BECOME RESTLESS. STOP. THE OPERATIVES ARE ALL TRAINED ON DEALING WITH THIS SCENARIO AND ALL REMAIN READY TO COMPLY. STOP.

WE HAVE NOT LIMITED THEIR ACCESS TO OUTSIDE MATERIALS. STOP.

CONTAINMENT TEAM B REMAINS ON HAND AT ALL HOURS TO RETRIEVE ANY CRAFT/LEASURE/OR MISC ITEMS REQUESTED BY THE INFECTED. STOP.

THIS MOVE IS DESIGNED NOT ONLY TO KEEP THEM RELAXED AND IN A COMPLIANT STATE OF MIND BUT TO OBSERVE IF THE CONDITION DEVELOPS ITSELF FURTHER ONCE THEY DESCEND INTO A MORE REGRESSIVE STATE. STOP.

THERE IS THE CHANCE THIS WILL PROVE A FATAL ENDEVOUR FOR THE INFECTED. STOP. IN THE LIKELY EVENT OF THIS SCENARIO A REMOVAL TEAM SEPERATE TO THE CONTAINMENT UNIT WILL RETIRE THE TARGETS. STOP.

AFTER CLOSE SCRUTINY I HAVE DECIDED TO UTILISE THIS OPPERTUNITY TO THE INSTITUTES ADVANTAGE. STOP.

THIS LOSS OF SUBORDINATES COULD COME AT A HEAVY COST. STOP.

STUDYING AND ALLOWING THE INFECTION TO GROW AND STUDYING THE EMERGENCE OF WHAT FOLLOWS IS A RARE OPPERTUNITY FOR THE INSTITUTE. STOP. AS OF SUCH I UTILISED MY AUTHORITY TO CONTAIN RATHER THAN IMMEDIATELY DESTROY. STOP. I BEAR THE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE PROJECT. STOP.

IF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS WISHES IT SO THE PROJECT WILL BE STOPPED AND THE SUBJECTS RETIRED. STOP. UNTILL THEN I WILL CONTINUE AS SUCH. STOP.

ALL SUBJECTS ARE MALE. STOP. ALL SUBJECTS WERE ACTIVE IN EXTERNAL AFFAIRS. STOP. ALL SUBJECTS WERE PHYSICALLY FIT PRIOR TO THE INFECTION. STOP. PHYSICALLY AT THIS POINT ALL SUBJECTS REMAIN PHYSICALLY HEALTHY. STOP. ALL SUBJECTS COLLEAGUES AND CONTACTS HAVE BEEN SCREENED FOR INITIAL SIGNS OF THE INFECTION BUT NOTHING HAS BEEN DETECTED. STOP. THEY WILL BE RETESTED MONTHLY FOR THE NEXT SIX MONTHS FOR FURTHER OBESERVATION. STOP.

OBSERVATION WILL TAKE PLACE VIA PRE-INSTALLED CCTV CAMERAS LOCATED AROUND THE FACILITY. STOP. THERE ARE NO BLIND SPOTS IN THE QUARANTINE

AREA. STOP. AGENTS SUPERVISING THE PERIMETER WILL ALSO BE ASKED TO LOG ANY INTERESTING COMMENTS OR BEHAVIOUR THEY OBSERVE. STOP. THE SUBJECTS ARE CONFINED TO THE TOP THREE FLOORS OF THE COMPLEX. STOP.

MEMO TO ALL ALL ENFORCERS/SUPERVISORS/HEADS INVOLVED WITH THE "HERATICAL" RESEARCH PROGRAMMES. PLEASE ASSUME THIS IS A MATTER OF URGENCY AND RESPOND TO MY COMMUNICATION AS DIRECTED UNDER OUTBREAK PROTOCOL 49-001-001. COMMUNICATION DESIGNATED PRIVATE UNTIL THE DIRECTORS AUTHORISE ITS STORAGE IN THE OMNISCII-INDEX. OMNISCII-INDEX ACCESS PROHIBITED. PLEASE SPEAK TO YOUR SUPERVISOR SHOULD YOU HAVE DIFFICULTY OBTAINING ACCESS SHOULD YOU BE AUTHORIZED.

MESSAGE: TO ALL SUPERVISORS/DIRECTORS.
SEVERAL AGENTS ACROSS A VARIETY OF SITES HAVE SHOWN SIGNS OF THE INFECTION. STOP.
THIS INCLUDES EXPERIMENTAL FACILITIES AND STANDARD HOUSING QUARTERS. STOP.
THE INDIVIDUALS SELECTED HAVE BEEN QUARANTINED AND DIAGNOSED AS BEEN IN THE EARLIER STAGES OF THE SICKNESS. STOP.
EXPERIMENTAL SITE [REDACTED] HAS BECOME THE QUARANTINE SITE. STOP.
CONTAINMENT TEAMS A AND B HAVE THE PERIMETER ON LOCKDOWN. AS OF TYPING: NO ONE HAS ATTEMPTED ESCAPE NOR BECOME RESTLESS. STOP. THE OPERATIVES ARE ALL TRAINED ON DEALING WITH THIS SCENARIO AND ALL REMAIN READY TO COMPLY. STOP.
WE HAVE NOT LIMITED THEIR ACCESS TO OUTSIDE MATERIALS. STOP.
CONTAINMENT TEAM B REMAINS ON HAND AT ALL HOURS TO RETRIEVE ANY CRAFT/LEASURE/OR MISC ITEMS REQUESTED BY THE INFECTED. STOP.
THIS MOVE IS DESIGNED NOT ONLY TO KEEP THEM RELAXED AND IN A COMPLIANT STATE OF MIND BUT TO OBSERVE IF THE CONDITION DEVELOPS ITSELF FURTHER ONCE THEY DESCEND INTO A MORE REGRESSIVE STATE. STOP.
THERE IS THE CHANCE THIS WILL PROVE A FATAL ENDEAVOUR FOR THE INFECTED. STOP. IN THE LIKELY EVENT OF THIS SCENARIO A REMOVAL TEAM SEPARATE TO THE CONTAINMENT UNIT WILL RETIRE THE TARGETS. STOP.
AFTER CLOSE SCRUTINY I HAVE DECIDED TO UTILISE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO THE INSTITUTE'S ADVANTAGE. STOP.
THIS LOSS OF SUBORDINATES COULD COME AT A HEAVY COST. STOP.
STUDYING AND ALLOWING THE INFECTION TO GROW AND STUDYING THE EMERGENCE OF WHAT FOLLOWS IS A RARE OPPORTUNITY FOR THE INSTITUTE. STOP. AS OF SUCH I UTILISED MY AUTHORITY TO CONTAIN RATHER THAN IMMEDIATELY DESTROY. STOP. I BEAR THE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE PROJECT. STOP.
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OBSERVATION WILL TAKE PLACE VIA PRE-INSTALLED CCTV CAMERAS LOCATED AROUND THE FACILITY. STOP. THERE ARE NO BLIND SPOTS IN THE QUARANTINE AREA. STOP. AGENTS SUPERVISING THE PERIMETER WILL ALSO BE ASKED TO LOG ANY INTERESTING COMMENTS OR BEHAVIOUR THEY OBSERVE. STOP.
THE SUBJECTS ARE CONFINED TO THE TOP THREE FLOORS OF THE COMPLEX. STOP.

Printed Memo From Within The Institute. Font And Form Indicates It Was Printed By The Private Eye. A4. [2018]

Observation Log

OBSERVATION LOG OPERATION: [REDACTED] DATE: [REDACTED] LOG NO: 0001

[REDACTED] ENTRY ONE:

THE CONTAINED AGENTS APPEAR RELAXED. THEY COMMUNICATE WITH EACH OTHER, AND US WITHOUT HESITATION OR ANIMOSITY REGARDING THE SITUATION. THEY ARE ALL AWARE TO SOME EXTENT WHAT IS GOING ON BUT ASSUME WITHOUT PROMPTS THAT THEY WILL ALL BE FINE. THEY ARE EATING AS NORMAL AND HAVE BEEN INSTRUCTED TO ENJOY WHATEVER VICES THEY SEE FIT. MOST DRINK LIQUOR OR BEER FROM THE FRIDGES AND SLEEP. THEIR CONVERSATIONAL TOPICS INCLUDE WOMEN, THE SITUATION AT HAND AND THE LOGISTICS OF LIVING IN THE CONFINED QUARTERS FOR A PROLONGED PERIOD OF TIME. SEXUAL LIBIDO SEEMS AS NORMAL. TWO OPERATIVES MASTURBATE IN THEIR QUARTERS BEFORE SLEEPING. ALL OPERATIVES APPEAR TO HAVE A TEMPERATURE SLIGHTLY ABOVE AVERAGE. ALL SLEEP EASILY AND DO NOT AWAKE BUT TOSS AND TURN FEVERISHLY AT ODD INTERVALS THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT.

[REDACTED] ENTRY TWO:

ALL AGENTS WAKE BETWEEN EIGHT AND NINE A.M. THREE OF THEM EXERCISE FOR THE FIRST HOUR AND THE REMAINDER DRESS AND GET COFFEE IN THE NOURISHMENT SUITE. THE AGENTS SEEM MORE DESPERATE TO HAVE MORE INFORMATION ON THEIR CONDITIONS AS IT AFFECTS THEM PERSONALLY REQUEST THAT IT BE NOTED ONCE MORE THAT THEY ARE COOPERATING ABSOLUTELY STILL. THIS LOG WILL SERVE AS THAT RECORD. TO PREEMPTIVELY ALLEVIATE ANY FUTURE ANXIETY IT WAS AGREED THAT THEY WILL EACH RECEIVE A CARE PACKAGE BRIEFING THEM ON THE SITUATION. THIS PACKAGE WILL BE DECEPTIVE OF COURSE, FOR THE GOOD OF THE EXPERIMENT. FALSE INFORMATION WILL BE DELIVERED TO STATE THAT THEY ARE UNDER NO REAL RISK NOW AND THAT ALL OF THEM WILL SURVIVE VIRTUALLY UNHARMED WITH ABSOLUTE CERTAINTY AND WILL BE COMMENDED FOR THEIR EFFORTS.

THE EVENING COMES WITH SOME PETTY DISPUTE BETWEEN TWO AGENTS. NOTHING MAJOR HAPPENS AND THEY CURIOUSLY WITHOUT DISCUSSING IT WITH EACH OTHER ALL HAPPEN TO SPEND IT ALONE IN THEIR RESPECTIVE QUARTERS.

ALL OPERATIVES AGAIN SLEEP EASY. BODY TEMPERATURE INCREASES DRAMATICALLY THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT THOUGH WITH THE TOSsing MOTIONS SUBSTITUTED ON THE MOST PARTS FOR VIOLENT OUTBURSTS OF TWITCHING IN ALL OPERATIVES. WE WILL REQUEST EACH OPERATIVE PACKAGES UP AND TRANSFERS THE SHEETS THEY SLEPT ON IN EXCHANGE FOR FRESH ONES IN ORDER TO EXAMINE AND DECONSTRUCT THEIR SECRETED BODILY FLUIDS.

[REDACTED] ENTRY THREE:

THREE OPERATIVES HAVE ASKED FOR RESOURCES TO RECORD. PAINT, PENCILS, PAPER, PASTELS, AND OIL PASTELS WERE GIVEN. BASED ON SURVEILLANCE NONE OF THESE OPERATIVES DISCUSSED THIS WITH EACH OTHER BEFOREHAND AND ALL AUTONOMOUSLY WANTED THINGS TO DRAW OR WRITE. THIS SUGGESTS THE INFECTION IS BEGINNING TO SPREAD. THE OUTLET IS THE MOST COMMON PATH MOST INFECTED TAKE. AGENTS HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING COMMANDS AS NORMAL. WHEN ASKED TO HANDOVER THE FRUIT OF THEIR CREATIVE EFFORT THE AGENTS WHO CREATED THE CONTENTS WERE SHEEPISH AND HESITANT TO HAND IT OVER

TO BE EXAMINED. THE OTHER AGENTS TALKED THEM INTO IT AND IN MOMENTS THEY REGAINED SENSE. NOT ONE PERSON SLEPT WELL THAT NIGHT. FEVERISH TURNING WAS UNANAMOUS THROUGHOUT THE HOUSE. BODY TEMPERATURES REACHED A RECORD HIGH.

[REDACTED] ENTRY FOUR:

ALL AGENTS WAKE UP LATE IN BLATANT DISREGARD TO THEIR UPBRINGING THROUGH TRAINING. ALL SKIP BREAKFAST AND DO NOT ANSWER OUR COMMANDS TO ESTABLISH A BASIC DIALOGUE CHECK. THEY SIT IN THE DARK. THEY TWITCH AND YELP. THEY SEEM SCARED BUT ITCHY. AGITATED. WE ARRANGE FOR A LARGER SUPPLY OF MATERIALS TO BE DROPPED INTO THE FACILITY. THE AGENTS ALREADY HAD ACCESS TO EVERYTHING ELSE. THEY WERE RAPID IN SNATCHING UP RESOURCES AND THEN EACH OF THEM SPLIT AND WENT TO A DIFFERENT ROOM. NOT ALL OF THEM DID THE SAME THING. SOME DREW. SOME WROTE. SOME TORE IT UP AND REARRANGED. THE AGENTS WERE ALL CONSUMED BY THEIR OWN PROJECTS. THEIR BODY HEAT IS REACHING A NEW LEVEL AND IT IS CONSISTENT AMONGST ALL OF THEM. THEY NOW REFUSE TO ACKNOWLEDGE OUR REQUESTS FOR THEIR CREATIONS. WE WILL RECOVER THEM WHEN THEY ARE NOT AROUND EITHER WHILST THEY SLEEP OR WE WILL DISTRACT THEM WITH NEW MATERIALS. WE OFFERED THEM ALL THE VICES WE COULD THINK OF. HIRED WOMEN. HARD DRUGS. ALCOHOL. THEY TAKE NO INTEREST IN ANY. THEY REMAIN IN THEIR RESPECTIVE ROOMS OF CHOICE WORKING AWAY.

[REDACTED] ENTRY FIVE;

THEY DID NOT SLEEP. THEY DID NOT EVEN SLOW DOWN. OBSERVATION SHOWS ONCE THEY COVER A SURFACE THEY CAN START OVER AS THOUGH THE FORMER DID NOT EXIST. THE ONES WHO WENT BEYOND DRAWING BEGAN TO TEAR UP AND DESEDATE WHATEVER ITEMS THEY COULD FIND TO SUIT THEIR CAUSE. WE DROP A CRAFT RESUPPLY IN THE FURTHEST ROOM. WE SEND IN THREE OPERATIVES TO COLLECT THE CREATIONS FROM THEIR ROOMS BUT THEY WERE NOT SUCCESSFUL IN RETRIEVING ANY. THE OPERATIVE DID REPORT ONE AGENT AS DRAWING A HUMAN FIGURE OVER AND OVER AGAIN. FIGURE IS WEARING OVERALLS. FACE IS OBSCURED. FIGURE IS MALE. ANOTHER HAD REPEATEDLY SCRAWLED: "SOFT", "COLD" ,"PINK" ," "SIDEWALK". THE WORDS APPEAR IN NO OBVIOUS ORDER. OPERATIVES RECEIVED NO CASUALTIES. INFECTED OPERATIVES APPEARED VIOLENT BUT IMMEDIATELY BACKED AWAY WHEN OUR UNIT LEFT THEIR STUFF ALONE. BODY TEMPERATURES REMAIN A CONSISTENT FEVERISH LEVEL. NO ONE SHOWS SIGNS OF EATING OR REST. NONE OF THEM HAVE SAID A WORD IN 24 HOURS TO US. WE HAVE TRIED TO REOPEN A DIALOGUE EVERY HALF HOUR SINCE COMMUNICATIONS WERE DEEMED LOST. ALL HAVE FAILED. THEIR BEHAVIOUR SEEMS CONSISTENT OVERALL. MANIC BUT NOT ELEVATING FURTHER. SURELY THEY WILL COLLAPSE FROM EXHAUSTION SOON AND THEN WE WILL SEND IN A MORE HEAVILY PROTECTED TEAM TO RETRIEVE CREATIONS SOON. TODAY'S INFILTRATION TEAM HAS BEEN DECONTAMINATED AND REMAINS UNINFECTED. THEY WILL REPORT TO MEDICAL AND SUBMIT PROGRESS REPORTS ON THEMSELVES FOR A MONTH UNLESS WE SEE CHANGE.

[REDACTED] ENTRY SIX.

THEY HAVE STILL NOT STOPPED. THEY ARE EXHIBITING SIGNS OF MASSIVE EXHAUSTION BUT IT DOES NOT FALTER THEIR WORK. THEY ARE COMPLETELY ABSORBED IN THEIR CREATIONS. NONE OF THEM RESPOND TO ANYTHING WE SAY.

WE HAVE DECIDED TO WITHHOLD THE SUPPLY DROPS AND OBSERVE THEM. THEY CONTINUE OVERLAPPING THEIR OWN WORK. COVERING AND COVERING. OVER AND OVER. THE ONES THAT HAVE BEEN FORCED TO EXPELL THEIR FECES AND URINE HAVE SIMPLY GONE IN THEIR CLOTHING. THIS DOES NOT APPEAR TO HAVE BEEN A CONCIIOUS CHOICE. THEY SHOULD BE DYING OF THIRST BUT THEY KEEP GOING. THIS LEVEL OF RAPID EXCELERATION IS UNLIKE ANYTHING WE HAVE SEEN BEFORE. THE CONSISTENCY OF IT AMONGST ALL SURVIVORS CONSIDERING SOME EXHIBITED THE SIGNS BEFORE OTHERS IS WORTHY OF NOTE ALSO. TWO PASS OUT TODAY. WATER IS BEING PUMPED INTO EACH ROOM OF THE FACILITY THROUGH THE OVERHEAD SPRINKLERS AS A MATTER OF SUSTAINING EACH OF THEIR LIVES. THIS WATER IS PURFIED AND CLEANED TO A SATISFACTORY STANDARD. THIS DECISION WAS NOT TAKEN LIGHTLY BUT WAS DEEME D NECCESARY DUE TO THE NEED TO OBSERVE THIS TRANSMUATION OF THEIR PSYCHE TO BEYOND US. WE HAVE ALSO DECIDED TO WITHHOLD OUTSIDE AGENTS FROM ENTERING UNDER ANY SCENARIO FOR NOW.

[REDACTED]ENTRY SEVEN:

MOST HAVE FALLEN INTO A STATE OF MICRO SLEEP BY NOW. THE ONES THAT AWAKE GO STRAIGHT BACK TO THEIR TASK. WE HAVE DECIDED TO ADD VITAMINS AND NUTRIENTS TO THE WAITER WE ADD TO THEIR ROOMS. WE INPUT IT BY CONVERTING IT INTO A FINE GAS THEN DISPERSING IT THROUGHOUT THE COMPOUND. THE ONES THAT SLEPT EVENTUALLY FOUND A DECREASE IN BODYHEAT BRIEFLY AFTER THE MIST. NONE RELENT FROM CREATING THEIR WORK. THE ONES WITHOUT RESOURCES PANIC AND BECOME MORE AND MORE UNEASY. THE SCoure EVERYWHERE IN THE COMPOUND FOR MORE BUT NEVER STEP FOOR IN ANOTHER AGENTS ROOM. AT NO POINT DID THEY EVER COORDINATE WITH EACH OTHER ABOUT THE ROOMS AND THERE ARE NO OBVIOUS SIGNS WITH MOST ROOMS THAT IT HAS AN OCCUPANT. NOW THEY APPEAR TO BE IN THEIR FINAL STATETHEIR EDUCATIONAL VALUE TO US IS BEGINNING TO DWINDLE AND THE EXPERIMENT IS COSTING MORE THAN WE WOULD APPRECIATE. MEETING OCCURING TOMORROW TO DISCUSS IF ANYTHING ELSE IS NEEDED OF THEM. MOST SEEM COVERED IN BODILY FLUIDS AND HAVE NO INTENTION OF MAKING IT STOP. ALMOST ALL OPERATIVES HAVE HAD BLOOD AND SALIVA COME FROM THEIR MOUTH.

[REDACTED]ENTRY EIGHT:

THE VOTE HAS COME BACK AND BEEN APPROVED. THE EXPERIMENT HAS REACHED ITS MAXIMUM PREDICTED YEILD. CHAMBERS WERE FLOODED WITH A TRANQUILISER. MODIFIED KETAMINE. WE USED DOUBLE THE VAPOUR DOSE NEEDED FOR A HUMAN EBING AND THREE OF THEM STILL REMAINED ON THEIR TASK. THEY LOOK DISTRESSED BUT NOT ENOUGH TO CONSIDER ABORTING THEIR TASK. SIGNAL WAS GIVEN AT 5:30 P.M SHARP. TIME WAS NEGOTIATED IN RELATION TO THE LOCAL RUSH HOUR TRAFFIC NOISE LEVEL STATISUTICS. A SIX OPERATIVE TEAM WAS SENT IN. EACH TARGET WAS DECOMISSIONED WITH THREE BULLETS BAR TWO THAT NEEDED EIGHT. INTERESTINGLY THOSE WERE TWO OF THE STANDING TARGETS. BODIES WERE SPRAYED WITH STERILISATION CATALYST GEL THEN GIVEN A HEAVY DOSE OF INT-COMPOUND:092300-A1B FOR CELLULAR DECONSTRUCTION MEASURES. SITE WILL BE DECONTAMINATED AND BACK IN EFFECT BY NEXT MONTH BY MY BEST ESTIMATIONS. BODIES WILL BE DECONSTRUCTED IN A DAY. COMPOUND ACCESS WILL BE ATTAINED.

[REDACTED]ENTRY NINE:

ORGANIC MATTER TEAM IS DEALING WITH THE RESIDUE PASTE OF THE INFECTED. INT-COMPOUND:0092300-A1B WAS SUCCESSFUL IN ITS DEPLOYMENT. INSIDE THEIR ROOMS THERE WERE MANY FAMILIARITIES. BEDS AND FURNATURE WERE DISSASSEMBLED AND DESTROYED FOR SPACE OR MORE RESOURCES. FECAL MATTER AND URINE ARE SPATTERED AND MARKED IN FOOTPRINTS. SOME HAVE USED THEIR EXCRIMENT AS AN ADHESIVE TO AFIX THEIR WORK TO THEIR WALLS. IN ONE ROOM THEIR WAS EVEN PINS IN A POT UNUSED ON THE DESK. IN A PREVIOUS REPORT WE MENTIONED THE SHAPE OF A MAN BEING DRAWIN BY AN AGENT. HIS LIKENESS WAS PLASTERED ALL OVER THE ROOM. HIS FACE WAS ALWAYS OBSCURED. THE APPEARANCE LOOKED DESIGNED TO BE UNSETTLING. WE HAVE SENT THE IMAGE OFF FOR IT TO BE COMAPRED AGAINST ANYTHING APPEARING IN THE ART WORLD THAT WE HAVE ON RECORD. AN ARCHIVIST UNIT HAS BEEN SENT TO LOOK INTO THE AGENTS BACKGROUND AND SEE IF THE FIGURE APPEARS SOMEWHERE THERE.

ANOTHER AGENT HAD TORN PAPER AND CARD UP INTO SQUARES. THEY SEEEMED VERY SIMILAR IN SIZE. THE AGENT HAD STACKED THE SQUARES AGAINST THE EDGES OF THE WALLS AROUND THE ROOMS IN MOUNTS OF VARYING SIZES AND SCALES. THEY WERE MOSTLY ALL UNIFORM. THE MATERIALS THAT WERE DIFFERENT WERE PLACED AT THE BOTTOM AND ONLY POKED OUT TO REVEAL THEMSELVES LIGHTLY. THE TOP LAYER WAS ALL BLANK CREAM CARD. IN A SPACIOUS CORNER THE AGENT HAD DONE THE SAME ON THE FLOOR ONLY THE CARD WAS ALL BLUE. ALL SQUARES STILL. THE FECES AND URINE WERE JUST AS PRESENT BUT THE PRESENTATION IS STRANGELY NEAT FOR AN INFECTED. THE ROOM WAS JUST AN INFINITE MASS OF SQUARES BUT SOMEHOW IT SEEMED FAMILIAR. ANOTHER TEAM HAS BEEN TASKED THIS OPERATIVE. A TEAM HAS BEEN ASSIGNED TO EVERY OPERATIVES WORK TO DECODE AND DECONSTRUCT IT TO SEE IF THEY POSSESS A LANGUAGE THAT IS INUKNOWN TO US AND HOPE TO MAKE IT VERY COMPREHENSABLE. USABLE. ADAPTABLE. CONQUERABLE.

[REDACTED]ENTRY TEN:

ENTRY FOR RECORD CONFIRMATION:

OPERATIVE ONE [REDACTED]: DECEASED. CAUSE OF DEATH: CLOSURE OF PROJECT. NOTES: NON-SPECIFIC SHAPES. RED PAINT ONLY.

ENTRY FOR RECORD CONFIRMATION:

OPERATIVE TWO [REDACTED]: DECEASED. CAUSE OF DEATH: CLOSURE OF PROJECT. NOTES: CONSTANT RENDERING OF MAN. OVERALLS. FACE ALWAYS OBSCURED. MARKED AS PRIORITY FOR FURTHER INVESTIGATION.

ENTRY FOR RECORD CONFIRMATION:

OPERATIVE THREE [REDACTED]: DECEASED. CAUSE OF DEATH: CLOSURE OF PROJECT.

NOTES:NON-MEDIA SPECIFIC. SCRAWLED X'S IN ALL COLOURS AVAILABLE.

ENTRY FOR RECORD CONFIRMATION:

OPERATIVE FOUR [REDACTED]: DECEASED. CAUSE OF DEATH: CLOSURE OF PROJECT.

NOTES:CREATED A SCENE THROUGH NEAT TORN UP SQUARES STACKED AGAINST THE WALLS. MARKED AS PRIORITY FOR FURTHER INVESTIGATION.

ENTRY FOR RECORD CONFIRMATION:

OPERATIVE FIVE [REDACTED]: DECEASED. CAUSE OF DEATH: CLOSURE OF PROJECT.

NOTES: WROTE: "SOFT" "COLD" "PINK" "SIDEWALK" REFERING TO AN EVENT?
RECOMENDING OPENING HIS FILE AND LOOKING AT THE MISSION STATEMENTS
AND MAJOR EVENTS LOG.

ENTRY FOR RECORD CONFIRMATION:

OPERATIVE SIX [REDACTED]: DECEASED. CAUSE OF DEATH: CLOSURE OF PROJECT.

NOTES: SIMPLY SEEMED TO DESTROY EVERYTHING. TORE UP EVERYTHING AND
THREW IT EVERYWHERE. NO FORM. JUST SEEMINGLY RAW EXPRESSION.

ENTRY FOR RECORD CONFIRMATION:

OPERATIVE SEVEN [REDACTED]: DECEASED. CAUSE OF DEATH: CLOSURE OF
PROJECT.

NOTES: DREW EYEBALLS THEN CROSSED THEM OUT. EYEBALLS REMAIN
PARTIALLY VISABLE. EYEBALL COLOUR VARIES. ALL WALLS UTILISED TO MOUNT
THE IMAGES PLUS THE CEILING AND FLOOR.

PROJECT STATUS: CLOSURE. DATA SEALED AND ALL CONTENTS TO BE UPLOADED
TO OMNISCI-INDEX. CONTENTS RESTRICTED.

RECCOMENDATION: FOLLOWING DIRECTOR REVIEW ALLOW FOR THE CONTENTS
TO BE RELEASED TO ALL INFRASTRUCTURE WITH SOME REDACTIONS OF SENSITIVE
MATERIAL SHOULD IT BE FOUND NECCESARY. EXCERCISE IS IDEAL IN ITS
CONTAINMENT FOR OPERATIVE TRAINING.

OBSERVATION LOG OPERATION: [REDACTED] DATE: [REDACTED] LOG NO: 0001

[REDACTED] ENTRY ONE:

THE CONTAINED AGENTS APPEAR RELAXED. THEY COMMUNICATE WITH EACH OTHER, AND US WITHOUT HESITATION OR ANIMOSITY REGARDING THE SITUATION. THEY ARE ALL AWARE TO SOME EXTENT WHAT IS GOING ON BUT ASSUME WITHOUT PROMTS THAT THEY WILL ALL BE FINE. THEY ARE EATING AS NORMAL AND HAVE BEEN INSTRUCTED TO ENJOY WHATEVER VICES THEY SEE FIT. MOST DRINK LIQUOR OR BEER FROM THE FRIDGES AND SLEEP. THEIR CONVERSATIONAL TOPICS INCLUDE WOMEN, THE SITUATION AT HAND AND THE LOGISTICS OF LIVING IN THE CONFINED QUARTERS FOR A PROLONGED PERIOD OF TIME. SEXUAL LIBIDO SEEMS AS NORMAL. TWO OPERATIVES MASTURBATE IN THEIR QUARTERS BEFORE SLEEPING. ALL OPERATIVES APPEAR TO HAVE A TEMPERATURE SLIGHTLY ABOVE AVERAGE. ALL SLEEP EASILY AND DO NOT AWAKE BUT TOSS AND TURN FEVERISHLY AT ODD INTERVALS THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT.

[REDACTED] ENTRY TWO:

ALL AGENTS WAKE BETWEEN EIGHT AND NINE A.M. THREE OF THEM EXERCISE FOR THE FIRST HOUR AND THE REMAINDER DRESS AND GET COFFEE IN THE NOURISHMENT SUITE. THE AGENTS SEEM MORE DESPERATE TO HAVE MORE INFORMATION ON THEIR CONDITIONS AS IT AFFECTS THEM PERSONALLY REQUEST THAT IT BE NOTED ONCE MORE THAT THEY ARE COOPERATING ABSOLUTELY STILL. THIS LOG WILL SERVE AS THAT RECORD. TO PREEMPTIVELY ALEVIATE ANY FUTURE ANXIETY IT WAS AGREED THAT THEY WILL EACH RECIEVE A CARE PACKAGE BRIEFING THEM ON THE SITUATION. THIS PACKAGE WILL BE DECEPTIVE OF COURSE, FOR THE GOOD OF THE EXPERIMENT. FALSE INFORMATION WILL BE DELIVERED TO STATUE THAT THEY ARE UNDER NO REAL RISK NOW AND THAT ALL OF THEM WILL SURVIVE VIRTUALLY UNHARMED WITH ABSOLUTE CERTAINTY AND WILL BE COMMENDED FOR THEIR EFFORTS. THE EVENING COMES WITH SOME PETTY DISPUE BETWEEN TWO AGENTS. NOTHING MAJOR HAPPENS AND THEY CURIOSLY WITHOUT DISCUSSING IT WITH EACH OTHER ALL HAPPEN TO SPEND IT ALONE IN THEIR RESPECTIVE QUARTERS. ALL OPERATIVES AGAIN SLEEP EASY. BODY TEMPERATURE INCREASES DRAMATICALLY THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT THOUGH WITH THE TOSSING MOTIONS SUBSTITUTED ON THE MOST PARTS FOR VIOULENT OUTBURSTS OF TWITCHING IN ALL OPERATIVES. WE WILL REQUEST EACH OPERATIVE PACKAGES UP AND TRRANSFERS THE SHEETS THEY SLEPT ON IN EXCHANGE FOR FRESH ONES IN ORDER TO EXHAMINE AND DECOSNTRUCT THEIR SECRETED BODILY FLUIDS.

[REDACTED] ENTRY THREE:

THREE OPERATIVES HAVE ASKED FOR RESOURCES TO RECORD. PAINT, PENCILS, PAPER, PASTELS, AND OIL PASTELS WERE GIVEN. BASED ON SURVEILLANCE NONE OF THESE OPERATIVES DISCUSSED THIS WITH EACHOTHER BEFOREHAND AND ALL AUTONOMOUSLY WANTED THINGS TO DRAW OR WRITE. THIS SUGGESTS THE INFECTION IS BEGINNING TO SPREAD. THE OUTLET IS THE MOST COMMON PATH MOST INFECTED TAKE. AGENTS HAVE BEEN FOLLWOING COMMANDS AS NORMAL. WHEN ASKED TO HANDOVER THE FRUIT OF THEIR CREATIVE EFFORT THE AGESNTS WHO CREATED THE CONTENTS WERE SHEEPISH AND HESITANT TO HAND IT OVER TO BE EXAMINED. THE OTHER AGENTS TALKED THEM INTO IT AND IN MOMENTS THEY REGAINED SENSE. NOT ONE PERSON SLEPT WELL THAT NIGHT. FEVERISH TURNING WAS UNANAMOUS THROUGHOUT THE HOUSE. BODY TEMPERATURES REACHED A RECORD HIGH.

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██████████ ENTRY FOUR:

ALL AGENTS WAKE UP LATE IN BLATANT DISREGARD TO THEIR UPBRINGING THROUGH TRAINING. ALL SKIP BREAKFAST AND DO NOT ANSWER OUR COMMANDS TO ESTABLISH A BASIC DIALOGUE CHECK. THEY SIT IN THE DARK. THEY TWITCH AND YELP. THEY SEEM SCARED BUT ITCHY. AGITATED. WE ARRANGE FOR A LARGER SUPPLY OF MATERIALS TO BE DROPPED INTO THE FACILITY. THE AGENTS ALREADY HAD ACCESS TO EVERYTHING ELSE. THEY WERE RAPID IN SNATCHING UP RESOURCES AND THEN EACH OF THEM SPLIT AND WENT TO A DIFFERENT ROOM. NOT ALL OF THEM DID THE SAME THING. SOME DREW. SOME WROTE. SOME TORE IT UP AND REARRANGED. THE AGENTS WERE ALL CONSUMED BY THEIR OWN PROJECTS. THEIR BODY HEAT IS REACHING A NEW LEVEL AND IT IS CONSISTENT AMONGST ALL OF THEM. THEY NOW REFUSE TO ACKNOWLEDGE OUR REQUESTS FOR THEIR CREATIONS. WE WILL RECOVER THEM WHEN THEY ARE NOT AROUND EITHER WHILE THEY SLEEP OR WE WILL DISTRACT THEM WITH NEW MATERIALS. WE OFFERED THEM ALL THE VICES WE COULD THINK OF. HIRED WOMEN. HARD DRUGS. ALCOHOL. THEY TAKE NO INTEREST IN ANY. THEY REMAIN IN THEIR RESPECTIVE ROOMS OF CHOICE WORKING AWAY.

██████████ ENTRY FIVE:

THEY DID NOT SLEEP. THEY DID NOT EVEN SLOW DOWN. OBSERVATION SHOWS ONCE THEY COVER A SURFACE THEY CAN START OVER AS THOUGH THE FORMER DID NOT EXIST. THE ONES WHO WENT BEYOND DRAWING BEGAN TO TEAR UP AND DESECRATE WHATEVER ITEMS THEY COULD FIND TO SUIT THEIR CAUSE. WE DROP A CRAFT RESUPPLY IN THE FURTHEST ROOM. WE SEND IN THREE OPERATIVES TO COLLECT THE CREATIONS FROM THEIR ROOMS BUT THEY WERE NOT SUCCESSFUL IN RETRIEVING ANY. THE OPERATIVE DID REPORT ONE AGENT AS DRAWING A HUMAN FIGURE OVER AND OVER AGAIN. FIGURE IS WEARING OVERALLS. FACE IS OBTUSCURED. FIGURE IS MALE. ANOTHER HAD REPEATEDLY SCRAWLED: "SOFT", "COLD", "PINK", "SIDEWALK". THE WORDS APPEAR IN NO OBVIOUS ORDER. OPERATIVES RECEIVED NO CASUALTIES. INFECTED OPERATIVES APPEARED VIOLENT BUT IMMEDIATELY BACKED AWAY WHEN OUR UNIT LEFT THEIR STUFF ALONE. BODY TEMPERATURES REMAIN A CONSISTENT FEVERISH LEVEL. NOONE SHOWS SIGNS OF EATING OR REST. NONE OF THEM HAVE SAID A WORD IN 24 HOURS TO US. WE HAVE TRIED TO REOPEN A DIALOGUE EVERY HALF HOUR SINCE COMMUNICATIONS WERE DEEMED LOST. ALL HAVE FAILED. THEIR BEHAVIOUR SEEMS CONSISTENT OVERALL. MANIC BUT NOT ELEVATING FURTHER. SURELY THEY WILL COLLAPSE FROM EXHAUSTION SOON AND THEN WE WILL SEND IN A MORE HEAVILY PROTECTED TEAM TO RETRIEVE CREATIONS SOON. TODAY'S INFILTRATION TEAM HAS BEEN DECONTAMINATED AND REMAINS UNINFECTED. THEY WILL REPORT TO MEDICAL AND SUBMIT PROGRESS REPORTS ON THEMSELVES FOR A MONTH UNLESS WE SEE CHANGE.

██████████ ENTRY SIX:

THEY HAVE STILL NOT STOPPED. THEY ARE EXHIBITING SIGNS OF MASSIVE EXHAUSTION BUT IT DOES NOT FALTER THEIR WORK. THEY ARE COMPLETELY ABSORBED IN THEIR CREATIONS. NONE OF THEM RESPOND TO ANYTHING WE SAY. WE HAVE DECIDED TO WITHHOLD THE SUPPLY DROPS AND OBSERVE THEM. THEY CONTINUE OVERLAPPING THEIR OWN WORK. COVERING AND COVERING OVER AND OVER. THE ONES THAT HAVE BEEN FORCED TO EXPELL THEIR FECES AND URINE HAVE SIMPLY GONE IN THEIR CLOTHING. THIS DOES NOT APPEAR TO

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HAVE BEEN A CONSCIOUS CHOICE. THEY SHOULD BE DYING OF THIRST BUT THEY KEEP GOING. THIS LEVEL OF RAPID ACCELERATION IS UNLIKE ANYTHING WE HAVE SEEN BEFORE. THE CONSISTENCY OF IT AMONGST ALL SURVIVORS CONSIDERING SOME EXHIBITED THE SIGNS BEFORE OTHERS IS WORTHY OF NOTE ALSO. TWO PASS OUT TODAY. WATER IS BEING PUMPED INTO EACH ROOM OF THE FACILITY THROUGH THE OVERHEAD SPRINKLERS AS A MATTER OF SUSTAINING EACH OF THEIR LIVES. THIS WATER IS PURIFIED AND CLEANED TO A SATISFACTORY STANDARD. THIS DECISION WAS NOT TAKEN LIGHTLY BUT WAS DEEMED NECESSARY DUE TO THE NEED TO OBSERVE THIS TRANSMUTATION OF THEIR PSYCHE TO BEYOND US. WE HAVE ALSO DECIDED TO WITHHOLD OUTSIDE AGENTS FROM ENTERING UNDER ANY SCENARIO FOR NOW.

██████████ ENTRY SEVEN:
MOST HAVE FALLEN INTO A STATE OF MICRO SLEEP BY NOW. THE ONES THAT AWAKE GO STRAIGHT BACK TO THEIR TASK. WE HAVE DECIDED TO ADD VITAMINS AND NUTRIENTS TO THE WATER WE ADD TO THEIR ROOMS. WE INPUT IT BY CONVERTING IT INTO A FINE GAS THEN DISPERSING IT THROUGHOUT THE COMPOUND. THE ONES THAT SLEPT EVENTUALLY FOUND A DECREASE IN BODYHEAT BRIEFLY AFTER THE MIST. NONE RELENT FROM CREATING THEIR WORK. THE ONES WITHOUT RESOURCES PANIC AND BECOME MORE AND MORE UNEASY. THE SCOURE EVERYWHERE IN THE COMPOUND FOR MORE BUT NEVER STEP FOOT IN ANOTHER AGENTS ROOM. AT NO POINT DID THEY EVER COORDINATE WITH EACH OTHER ABOUT THE ROOMS AND THERE ARE NO OBVIOUS SIGNS WITH MOST ROOMS THAT IT HAS AN OCCUPANT. NOW THEY APPEAR TO BE IN THEIR FINAL STATE THEIR EDUCATIONAL VALUE TO US IS BEGINNING TO DWINDLE AND THE EXPERIMENT IS COSTING MORE THAN WE WOULD APPRECIATE. MEETING OCCURRING TOMORROW TO DISCUSS IF ANYTHING ELSE IS NEEDED OF THEM. MOST SEEM COVERED IN BODILY FLUIDS AND HAVE NO INTENTION OF MAKING IT STOP. ALMOST ALL OPERATIVES HAVE HAD BLOOD AND SALIVA COME FROM THEIR MOUTH.

██████████ ENTRY EIGHT:
THE VOTE HAS COME BACK AND BEEN APPROVED. THE EXPERIMENT HAS REACHED ITS MAXIMUM PREDICTED YIELD. CHAMBERS WERE FLOODED WITH A TRANQUILISER. MODIFIED KETAMINE. WE USED DOUBLE THE VAPOUR DOSE NEEDED FOR A HUMAN BEING AND THREE OF THEM STILL REMAINED ON THEIR TASK. THEY LOOK DISTRESSED BUT NOT ENOUGH TO CONSIDER ABORTING THEIR TASK. SIGNAL WAS GIVEN AT 5:30 P.M SHARP. TIME WAS NEGOTIATED IN RELATION TO THE LOCAL RUSH HOUR TRAFFIC NOISE LEVEL STATISTICS. A SIX OPERATIVE TEAM WAS SENT IN. EACH TARGET WAS DECOMMISSIONED WITH THREE BULLETS BAR TWO THAT NEEDED EIGHT. INTERESTINGLY THOSE WERE TWO OF THE STANDING TARGETS. BODIES WERE SPRAYED WITH STERILISATION CATALYST GEL THEN GIVEN A HEAVY DOSE OF INT-COMPOUND:092300-A1B FOR CELLULAR DECONSTRUCTION MEASURES. SITE WILL BE DECONTAMINATED AND BACK IN EFFECT BY NEXT MONTH BY MY BEST ESTIMATIONS. BODIES WILL BE DECONSTRUCTED IN A DAY. COMPOUND ACCESS WILL BE ATTAINED.

██████████ ENTRY NINE:
ORGANIC MATTER TEAM IS DEALING WITH THE RESIDUE PASTE OF THE INFECTED. INT-COMPOUND:0092300-A1B WAS SUCCESSFUL IN ITS DEPLOYMENT. INSIDE THEIR ROOMS THERE WERE MANY FAMILIARITIES. BEDS AND FURNITURE WERE DISSASSEMBLED AND DESTROYED FOR SPACE OR MORE RESOURCES. FECAL

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MATTER AND URINE ARE SPATTERED AND MARKED IN FOOTPRINTS. SOME HAVE USED THEIR EXCRIMENT AS AN ADHESIVE TO AFIX THEIR WORK TO THEIR WALLS. IN ONE ROOM THEIR WAS EVEN PINS IN A POT UNUSED ON THE DESK. IN A PREVIOUS REPORT WE MENTIONED THE SHAPE OF A MAN BEING DRAWIN BY AN AGENT. HIS LIKENESS WAS PLASTERED ALL OVER THE ROOM. HIS FACE WAS ALWAYS OBSCURED. THE APPEARANCE LOOKED DESIGNED TO BE UNSETTLING. WE HAVE SENT THE IMAGE OFF FOR IT TO BE COMAPRED AGAINST ANYTHING APPEARING IN THE ART WORLD THAT WE HAVE ON RECORD. AN ARCHIVIST UNIT HAS BEEN SENT TO LOOK INTO THE AGENTS BACKGROUND AND SEE IF THE FIGURE APPEARS SOMEWHERE THERE.

ANOTHER AGENT HAD TORN PAPER AND CARD UP INTO SQUARES. THEY SEEMED VERY SIMILAR IN SIZE. THE AGENT HAD STACKED THE SQUARES AGAINST THE EDGES OF THE WALLS AROUND THE ROOMS IN MOUNTS OF VARYING SIZES AND SCALES. THEY WERE MOSTLY ALL UNIFORM. THE MATERIALS THAT WERE DIFFERENT WERE PLACED AT THE BOTTOM AND ONLY POKED OUT TO REVEAL THEMSELVES LIGHTLY. THE TOP LAYER WAS ALL BLANK CREAM CARD. IN A SPACIOUS CORNER THE AGENT HAD DONE THE SAME ON THE FLOOR ONLY THE CARD WAS ALL BLUE. ALL SQUARES STILL. THE FECES AND URINE WERE JUST AS PRESENT BUT THE PRESENTATION IS STRANGELY NEAT FOR AN INFECTED. THE ROOM WAS JUST AN INFINITE MASS OF SQUARES BUT SOMEHOW IT SEEMED FAMILIAR. ANOTHER TEAM HAS BEEN TASKED THIS OPERATIVE. A TEAM HAS BEEN ASSIGNED TO EVERY OPERATIVES WORK TO DECODE AND DECONSTRUCT IT TO SEE IF THEY POSSESS A LANGUAGE THAT IS INUKNOWN TO US AND HOPE TO MAKE IT VERY COMPREHENSABLE. USABLE. ADAPTABLE. CONQUERABLE.

██████████ ENTRY TEN:

ENTRY FOR RECORD CONFIRMATION:
OPERATIVE ONE ██████████: DECEASED. CAUSE OF DEATH: CLOSURE OF PROJECT.
NOTES: NON-SPECIFIC SHAPES. RED PAINT ONLY.

ENTRY FOR RECORD CONFIRMATION:
OPERATIVE TWO ██████████: DECEASED. CAUSE OF DEATH: CLOSURE OF PROJECT.
NOTES: CONSTANT RENDERING OF MAN. OVERALLS. FACE ALWAYS OBSCURED.
MARKED AS PRIORITY FOR FURTHER INVESTIGATION.

ENTRY FOR RECORD CONFIRMATION:
OPERATIVE THREE ██████████: DECEASED. CAUSE OF DEATH: CLOSURE OF PROJECT.
NOTES:NON-MEDIA SPECIFIC. SCRAWLED X'S IN ALL COLOURS AVAILABLE.

ENTRY FOR RECORD CONFIRMATION:
OPERATIVE FOUR ██████████: DECEASED. CAUSE OF DEATH: CLOSURE OF PROJECT.
NOTES:CREATED A SCENE THROUGH NEAT TORN UP SQUARES STACKED AGAINST THE WALLS. MARKED AS PRIORITY FOR FURTHER INVESTIGATION.

ENTRY FOR RECORD CONFIRMATION:
OPERATIVE FIVE ██████████: DECEASED. CAUSE OF DEATH: CLOSURE OF PROJECT.

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NOTES: WROTE: "SOFT" "COLD" "PINK" "SIDEWALK" REFERRING TO AN EVENT?
RECOMMENDING OPENING HIS FILE AND LOOKING AT THE MISSION STATEMENTS
AND MAJOR EVENTS LOG.

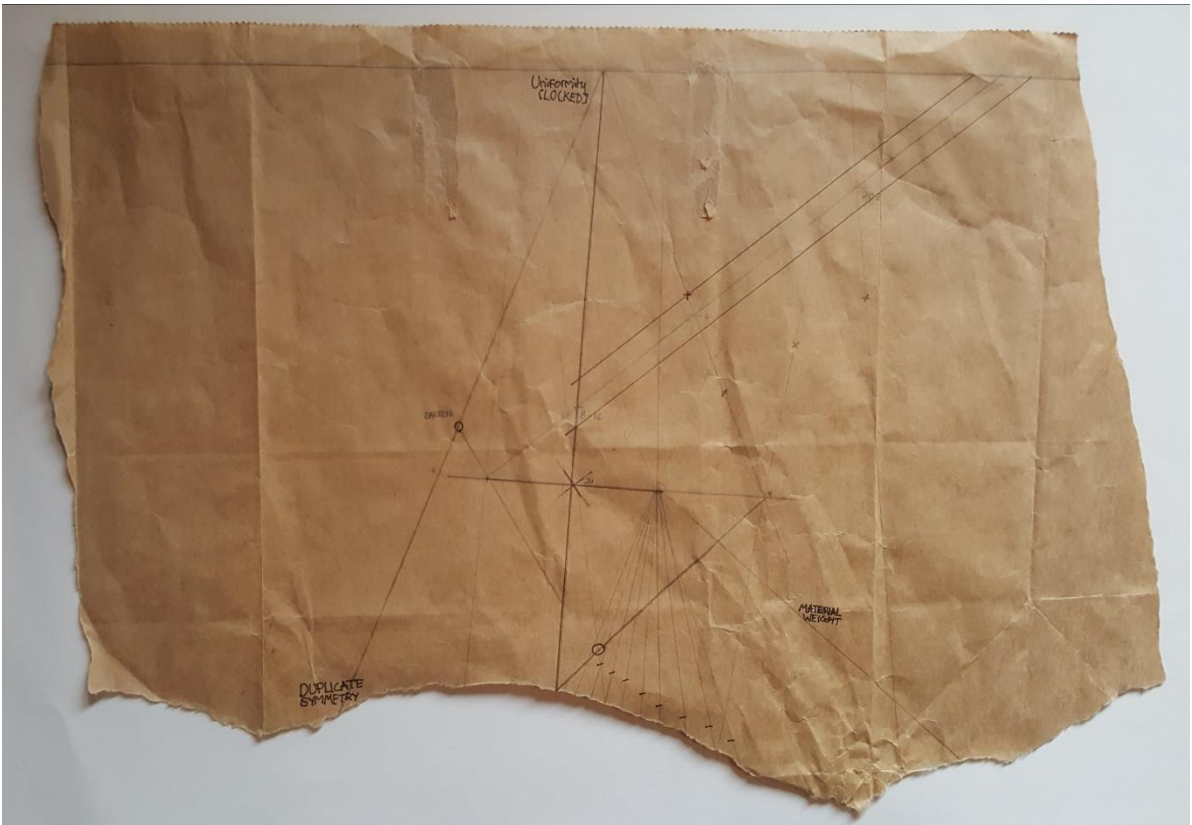
ENTRY FOR RECORD CONFIRMATION:
OPERATIVE SIX [REDACTED]: DECEASED. CAUSE OF DEATH: CLOSURE OF PROJECT.
NOTES: SIMPLY SEEMED TO DESTROY EVERYTHING. TORE UP EVERYTHING AND
THREW IT EVERYWHERE. NO FORM. JUST SEEMINGLY RAW EXPRESSION.

ENTRY FOR RECORD CONFIRMATION:
OPERATIVE SEVEN [REDACTED]: DECEASED. CAUSE OF DEATH: CLOSURE OF
PROJECT.
NOTES: DREW EYEBALLS THEN CROSSED THEM OUT. EYEBALLS REMAIN
PARTIALLY VISIBLE. EYEBALL COLOUR VARIES. ALL WALLS UTILISED TO MOUNT
THE IMAGES PLUS THE CEILING AND FLOOR.

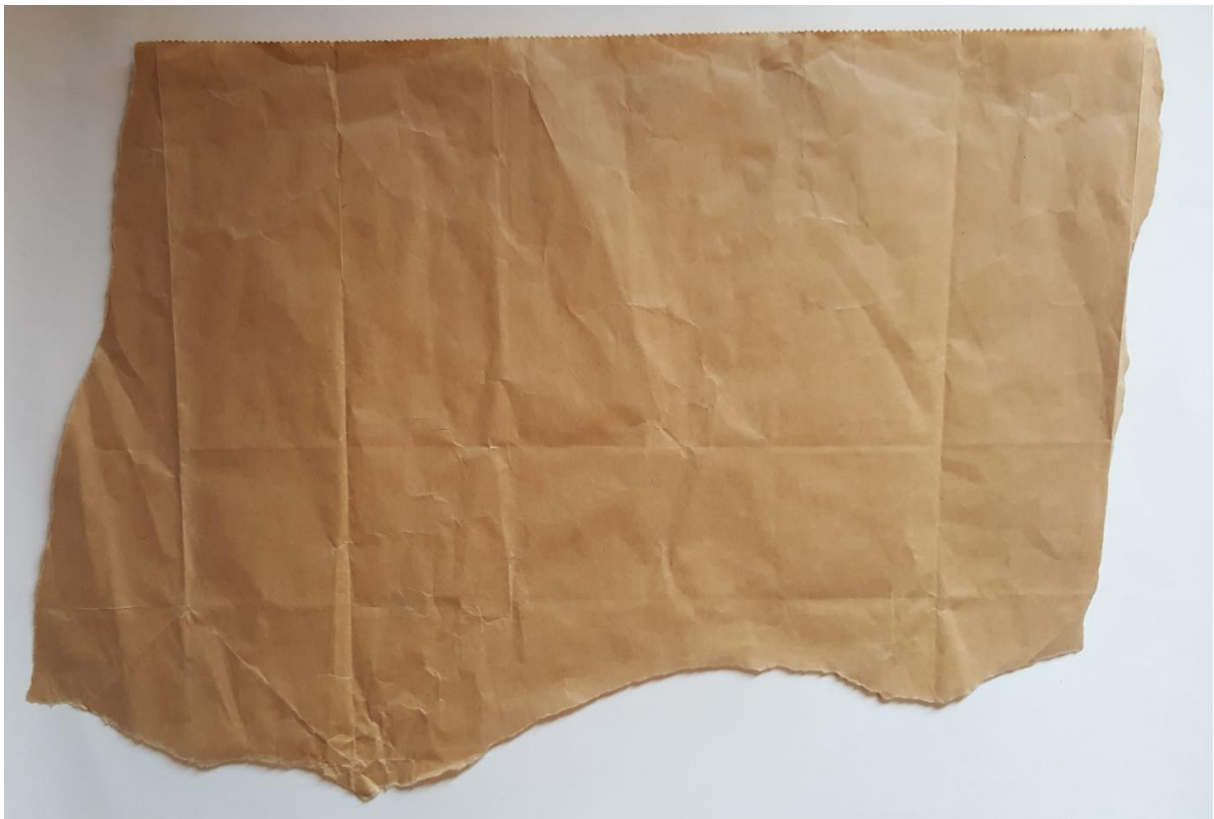
PROJECT STATUS: CLOSURE. DATA SEALED AND ALL CONTENTS TO BE UPLOADED
TO OMNISCII-INDEX. CONTENTS RESTRICTED.

RECOMMENDATION: FOLLOWING DIRECTOR REVIEW ALLOW FOR THE CONTENTS
TO BE RELEASED TO ALL INFRASTRUCTURE WITH SOME REDACTIONS OF SENSITIVE
MATERIAL SHOULD IT BE FOUND NECESSARY. EXERCISE IS IDEAL IN ITS
CONTAINMENT FOR OPERATIVE TRAINING.

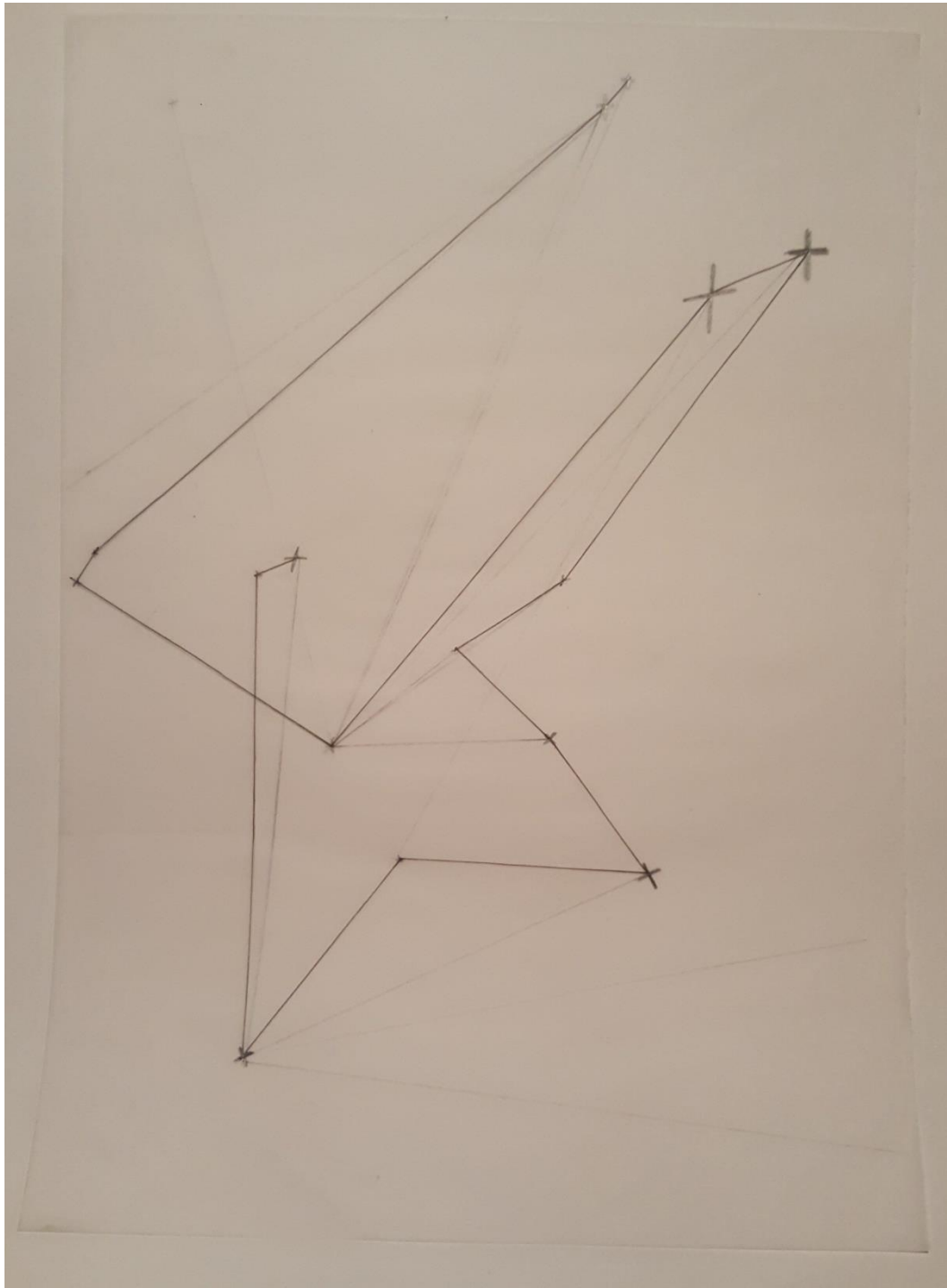
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Unknown Sketch. Paper Extremely Sensitive To Light For Unknown Reasons. Pencil And Ink. Front View. [2018]



Unknown Sketch. Paper Extremely Sensitive To Light For Unknown Reasons. Pencil And Ink. Reverse View. [2018]



*Pencil and Ink Drawing On Tracing Paper. A3.
Presumed To Have Been Created By The Private Eye. [2018]*



A Photograph Of The Wall Belonging To The Private Eye. Courtesy Of The Private Eye. [2018]

Archivist Note: The following transcript was provided with the Private Eye's material on a USB drive. After rigorous investigation the USB was found to only contain the following conversation and several photographs of the Private Eye's wall taken at varying points throughout the investigation. The text document containing the transcript has been copied exactly as it appeared. For the sake of clarity "Romulus & Remus: A Conversation" has been selected as its title. The text document will begin immediately after the title.

Romulus & Remus: A Conversation.

Transcript of Director logs for restricted use only. Observed and recorded by Scribe #3829300. observational insertions logged as Institute policy. Director title withheld.

Key is as follows:

Director: Director. Operative Re: Operative Remus. Operative RO: Operative Romulus.

Scribe: Scribe #3829300

< Transcript log begins here. >

< Operatives Romulus & Remus enter and stand parallel to each other in front of the Directors desk. The Director finishes writing on a package and places it the large drawer spanning the length of the desk. >

Director: Sincere greetings to you both. I can appreciate that my hasty summoning were abrupt and immediate so I thank the two of you for your swift arrival.

< The Director stands and greets the two operatives with a handshake. He remains standing. >

Operative RE: Of course, Director.

Operative RO: It was no trouble to me.

Director: Excellent. Of course, I expect no less. We seed only the greatest amongst us, always have. I must cheerfully admit to you both however that the three of us appear to be in our golden age. Our ship has long outsailed our time of basement dwelling and narrow evasion.

< A phone on the directors desk rings. The room falls silent as it is ignored. >

Operative RE: I suppose that depends what your job is, Director.

< The Director lets out a chesty laugh. The two operatives do not. They remain stood exactly where they were when they entered the room. >

Director: Of course, I cannot say you are wrong. Very good. But we are operating at an almost unchallenged level, at least momentarily. This is our new dawn, they forget – we do not. Is that not the way it has always been?

< A still silence falls upon the room. Not one of discomfort, but one in which the two operatives ponder on the Directors words. >

Director: Rhetorical of course. We all remember our education on our own behalf. Perhaps all that will remain in the end will be the institute. Not us, not people. The facilities, the understanding. The sheer mass of resources and experience left behind in the physical. Our empty labs and files, Owner-less videotapes, Notes belonging to the ages. We are, never forget, finite.

< The Director begins to pace around the office. >

Operative RO: Perhaps, in our finite capacity we cannot ourselves know for sure the scale in which our institute will operate eventually. Looking through our side of the eyehole both dooms us to our tiny space of never knowing for sure, sure. But it gives us infinity, too.

Director: Ha! Always the optimist. Even as a boy. Fascinating though, I wonder. Regarding the immeasurable...

< Operative Romulus appears frustrated. His fingers begin to dig into dig into his hips where his hands rest. >

Operative RO: Our operations still differ Director.

Director: Is this so?

Operative RE: Yes, Director.

Director: I see. We never foresaw this, this is interesting. This is why you two were assigned to the unit in the first place. It was estimated that you two would have the best chances of reaching a unanimous verdict and allowing us to move beyond research and into the absolute.

Operative RO: The operation is not over yet though Director.

Operative RE: Nor is mine.

< The Director seems cheerful. His posture is relaxed. The two operatives remain rigid and parallel. >

Director: Do not take my observations for a criticism. Especially before I have heard anything that the two of you have come to discuss with me in person.

Operative RO: Yes Director, I do apologise.

Operative RE: And I Director.

Director: No need. I simply mean to put you at ease. Results, of course, are all that matters. I know that you both know this above all else. Might I offer either of you something to eat? The facility is at our disposal of course. A drink perhaps too? There is no need for discomfort here.

Operative RE: No thank you.

Operative RO: Nor, I Director. I wouldn't care to find myself distracted.

Director: Suit yourselves. At least do me the courtesy of sitting down though.

<Both immediately sit on the tight leather sofa running at an angle to the desk. The director continues to pace for some time before they approach the cooling unit and remove a tall bottle of scotch and a cooled glass. The Director takes their place at the desk. >

Operative RE: To cut to it, Director, the answer has to lie in the objects the infected produce. We have seen evidence of shared delusions. Triangles for example. Of course it is extremely rare, but these objects serve a purpose, perhaps fuelling the sickness somehow.

Operative RO: I can't say I can agree at all still. It's absurd. The fever makes them project...something to each of them. The infection takes over by forcing upon them a frenzied concentration of something. Frenzied enough that they have to pour it out. Everything else pales to that image.

< The Director leans in, locking in eye contact with the two Operatives. >

Director: Suggesting worship? A Cry for help?

Operative RO: We cannot say. The variety still even after observing all the samples we could hope for is too great to compare.

Director: Interesting. Have either of your teams found any overlap with each other?

Operative RE: Only in the projecting? Is that how you put it? The projection into our reality through a physical rendering seems to please the aggressive craving they get, but it also appears to be the thing that massively speeds up their demise.

Operative RO: It's the why in which we struggle on. Could these creations with the projections on be representative of something? Or are the creations something.

Director: Could they be some sort of interpretation of trauma that they latch onto?

< The Director stands. They fill the glass two thirds up with scotch. Rather than drinking they walk around the desk to by the door then turn to face the agents and the desk. >

Operative RE: I think that is more or less what our team believes, Director. The condition is the condition as an absolute. The drawings and hysterics created as a result of the condition are meaningless as they belong to the individual. The creations could be linked to positive memories or extreme trauma, it does not matter. The trauma creates the objects, not the other way around.

< Some tension begins to show between the operatives. Their postures become more defensive and their voices elevate to an aggressive pitch. >

Operative RO: But then how could you explain the links? The shared symbology? That reductive stance is fine in theory, but you forget the entities motives too.

Operative RE: They have gained nothing at all from the outbursts and you know it. I saw one of my own in the latter stages. I studied and took him out myself. Their motive is spreading the sickness to suit them. Not the scribblings of a man that was, frankly, off his fucking rocker.

< The Director raises their hands to alleviate the rising tension in the room. >

Director: Easy now. You know every angle needs to be explored.

< The Operatives ease off but the animosity shared between the two is still very present. >

Operative RO: The symbols have to mean something. Take the triangle. They must be exploring something, or trying to communicate something. Maybe the infected have learned something and it renders them incapable of functioning in our world.

Operative RE: Oh come on. Maybe we should phone up “Weird Tales”. Aren't they they authority on things that go bump in the night? Maybe you could pitch it to them.

Operative RO: I don't see how you can jest when your mortal enemy is a seemingly formless species of ever evolving entities.

< The tension begins to rise once more. >

Operative RE: Okay Calm down. I was just teasing.

< The Director is smiling on. They are amused. >

Director: Say they were trying to explore, or communicate. Could they have chosen the victims based on their own experience to explore their language. Or is it tactical in the global conquest sense?

Operative RE: Potentially the former, Director. Excluding our operatives that directly challenged them that is. Their patterns are only predictable in that they are not, however.

Director: Perhaps though, If we take it as a language, it existed before our plane of being. If it takes a certain set of circumstances or a certain experience to tune in to it then it exists as a language beyond the forms known to us. Unlocking itself through the expression of...something.

< The Director continues to look on, blankly. They appear engrossed in their own thoughts on the subject. >

Operative RE: Then if we take the infected as a host, a vessel even, it has to fit a certain set of standards to become physically expressed in certain ways?

Operative RO: Perhaps. Perhaps, it's ability. On a physical level.

Operative RE: We compared all samples. Some of the more refined creations caused my the infection came from some candidates that have never exhibited any capability. Physical or otherwise.

Operative RO: Perhaps ability is a spectrum that we are yet to fully comprehend.

Director: Do mental illnesses play any factor?

< The Director seems alert suddenly. >

Operative RE: Not that we could detect, no. Several candidates that were infected suffered from a range of mental illnesses from depression to autism and none gave any result under close analysis that it effected the process of infection in any respects.

Operative RO: I can confirm that to be correct. I've seen the results also and compared across the board they have absolutely no effect on the condition whatsoever.

Director: Shame. It's been years and we are no closer to understanding them, and that's just us. Us as in, us in this room. It' been aeons since we first met them.

Operative RE: Director. If I may, does the personal project that you discussed with me at the winter mass have something to do with this? After all you seem to be the director tasked primarily with the entity.

Director: Don't worry, Romulus knows too.

Operative RE: Excellent. Forgive me Romulus, you know how these things are. Am I right though director?

Director: In a sense, all the work the institute does is.

< The Director looks on at a large painting in a deep frame on the wall behind the desk. The painting is a 3.5 Meter x 4.5 Meter hand-painted reproduction of the 1944 Roberto Matta painting "The Vertigo Of Eros". >

Director: But I will spare you what I can of the smoke and mirrors. It does. It's not a large scale project but the candidate was too perfect for the role that I could not let it pass.

Operative RO: Who is it?

Director: That I cannot disclose. The old boy sure is interesting. You both have seen the resources at our hands, Yes?

Operative RO: Of course

Operative RE: Yes, Director.

< The Operatives both seem fascinated. >

Director: We have everything, yet we cannot build the perfect candidate. See, the person we need for this is not something you can build, not to the degree of control that they will remain your own. This candidate requires something different. They must be created. Not at birth, no. They have to exist through the juxtaposing of extreme circumstance to truly emerge from what things were into something new. Do you understand?

Operative RO: Yes

Operative RE: I believe so.

Director: The trouble is this layering of misfortune, drive, and the forces unknown to us are both limitless in combination and yield results that cannot be predicted. They bring about a new state of being that is dangerously antonymous in its nature.

Operative RE: And the candidate is this herald of anonymity?

Director: Perhaps. The Institute has always taught that true understanding lies in all interpretations. The fictions our operatives read are equally as key to exploring the varying slates that slide over each other making the sea of what-is and what-was. What we see often is the Deus Ex Machina conundrum. Lazy, perhaps. But if understanding their truth is the alter we kneel before then our God is in the solution. God can be introduced through means of a crane, or a machine. The machine is what we have, after all.

< The Director has had their gaze fixed on the painting since first meeting it with their eyes. >

Operative RO: But Director, if this candidate is out of our control then what good is a machine? Is a machine even a machine if you are unaware of what comes down the conveyor belt?

<The Director appears to snap out of their trail of thought and resumes eye contact with the Operatives. >

Director: Quite right. Another reason the project is being taken up personally by me. It is far too volatile to pump all our resources in to the candidate. Instead we do what we have always done, we use our means to alter the reality around them, and if this candidate is the one that they could be then they will become them. The plan is already in motion.

Operative RO: Will the operation ever fall down to us Director? I'm sure you are aware we could handle any assignment.

< The Director seems less lucid once more. In good spirits even. >

Director: Your drive for us, and your relentless inquiry and acts of valour for the institute are remembered. Yours too, Remus. This project will stay with me until its closure however, I have a personal interest in its events and would like the control of the operation reined in as far as tightly as possible so I might act on a whim. Besides, your research is just as important.

Operative RO: Understood, Director.

Director: I think this conversation is reaching its conclusion, I have a package to deliver to the candidate you spoke of actually. I was going to wait for some time but your words have got me thinking, and the cogs in motion deserve some momentum.

Operative RE: What are our directions regarding the research, Director?

Director: Ah, yes. Forgive me. For now continue both your projects as you were. Again, you both have my directorial authority to operate as you see fit. Keep the scale unnoticed beyond perhaps, local level authority. Beyond that come to me with your operations plan and I will authorise it as protocol.

Operative RE: Yes, Director.

Operative RO: As you wish.

Director: Well that is that then. I recommend you both spend the evening doing something you enjoy before returning back to your projects. It's important to recuperate, remember, we do not know what could activate the symptoms if it lays dormant in any of us.

<The two Operatives stand and shake the Directors hand once more. >

Operative RO: Farewell, Director. Good fortunes on the candidate.

Operative RE: Goodbye, Director.

Director: Farewell. I look forward to our next rendezvous.

< The Director waves them out as the two operatives leave the room. >

Director: Scribe, is operative Ares on the premises?

Scribe: No Director.

< The Director once again resumes eye contact with the painting. >

Director: Contact him. Tell him to travel here at once, I have a package for him to deliver. You may cease with the log after this last entry, have it filed accordingly then await your next assignment. You may take the time until then to assume recreational activities. That is all.

< End of transcript. >

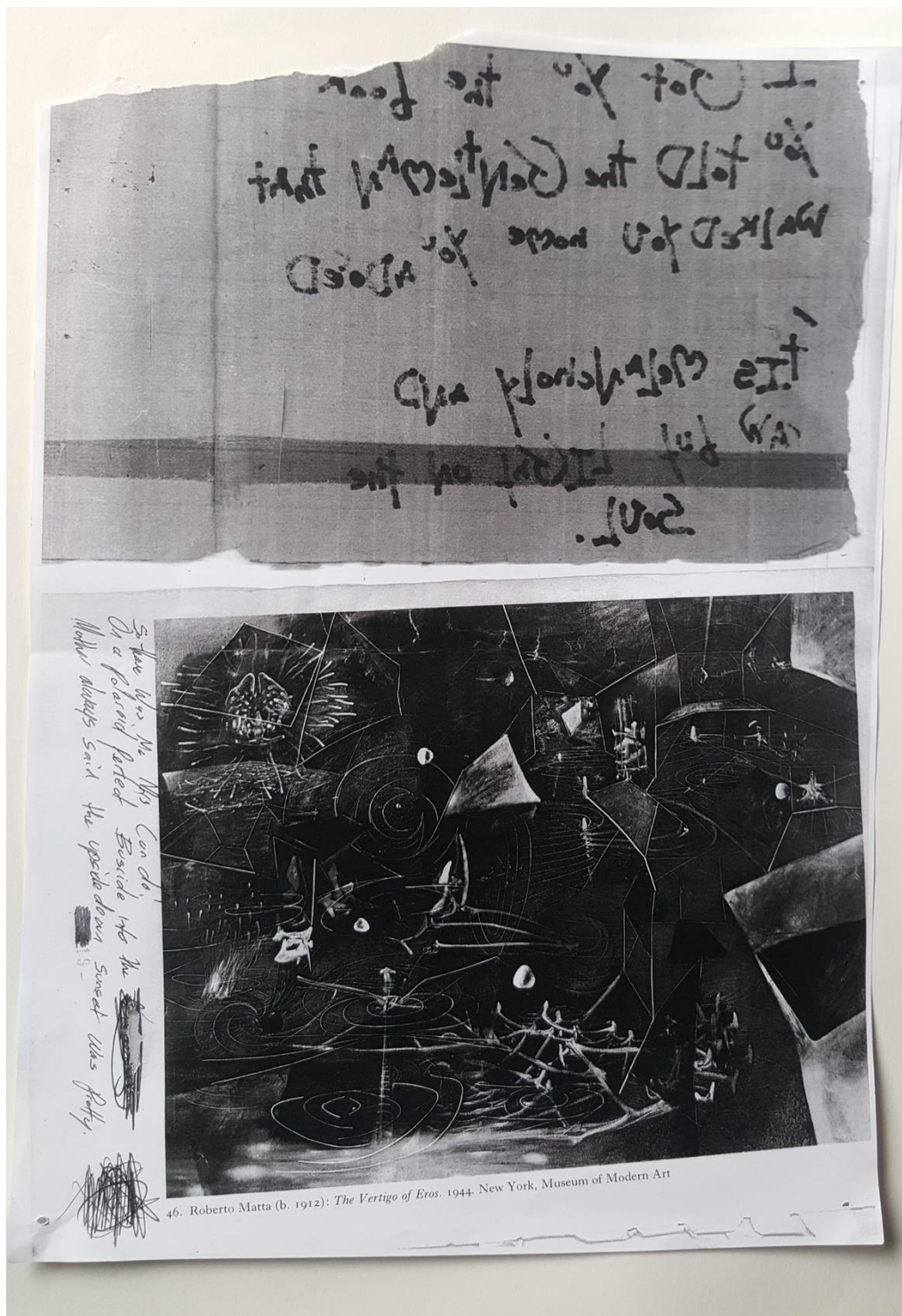


An Annotated Page Torn From A Book. Image Is Titled "The Vertigo Of Eros".
Annotated. Message Reads: "So there was Me Mrs can do!
On a Polaroid Perfect Busrside into the
Mother always said the upside down sunset was Pretty[sic]" [2018]



45. Roberto Matta (b. 1912): *The Hanged Man*, 1942. Basel, Galerie Beyeler

A Scribbled On A Page Of A Book. The Reverse Side To The Previous Page. Author Unknown. [2018]



A Photocopied Sheet Of The “Book Wrapper” Object And “Annotated Book Page (1)”. Photocopy On Low Quality Paper. Punctured Corners Indicate It Belonged To The Private Eyes Wall. A3. Front View. [2018]



Photo Of An Unknown Location. Cheap Quality Printing. Marked With A Pen. Front View. A Part Of The Detectives Wall. Taken serious damage. [2018]

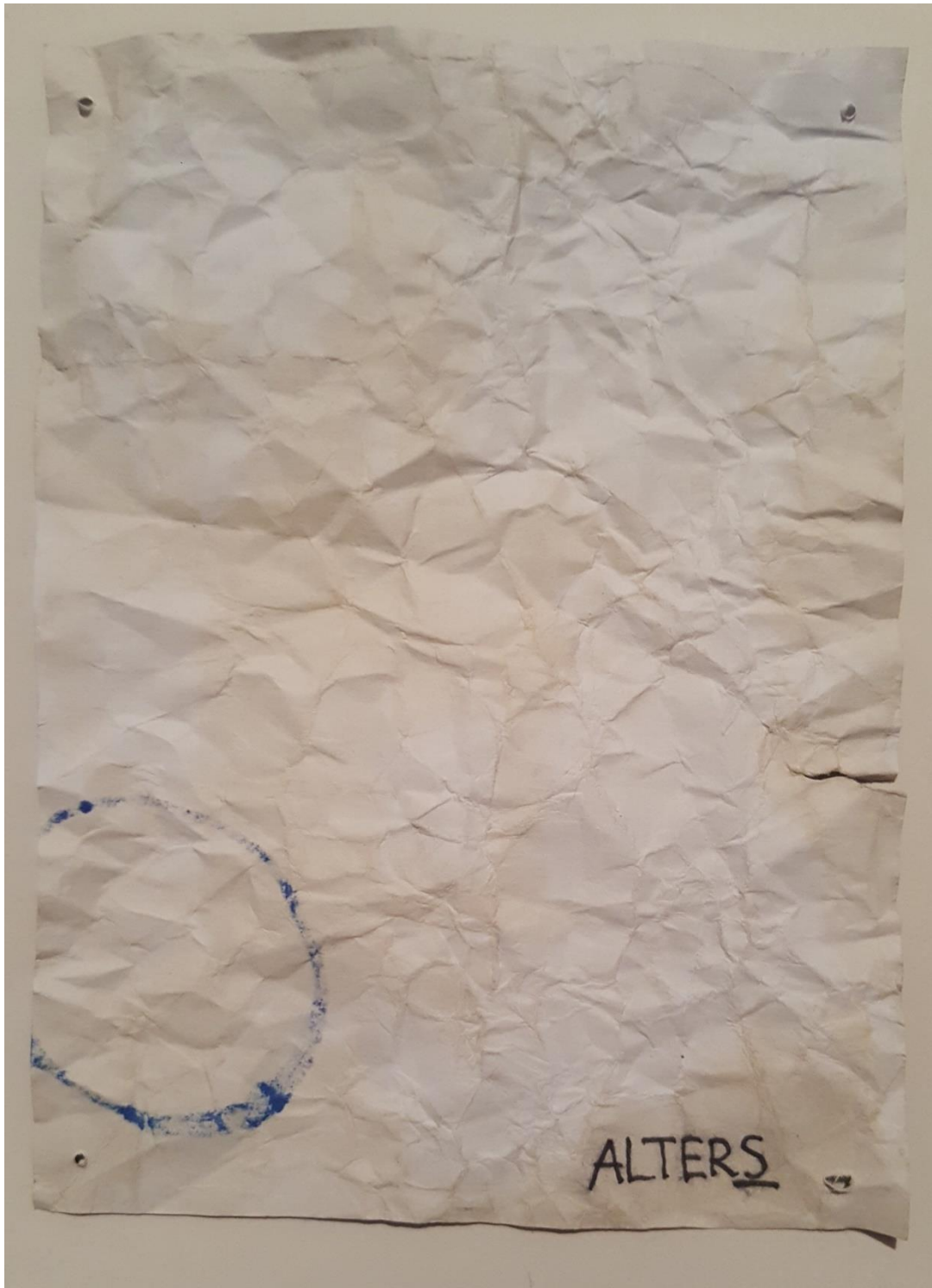
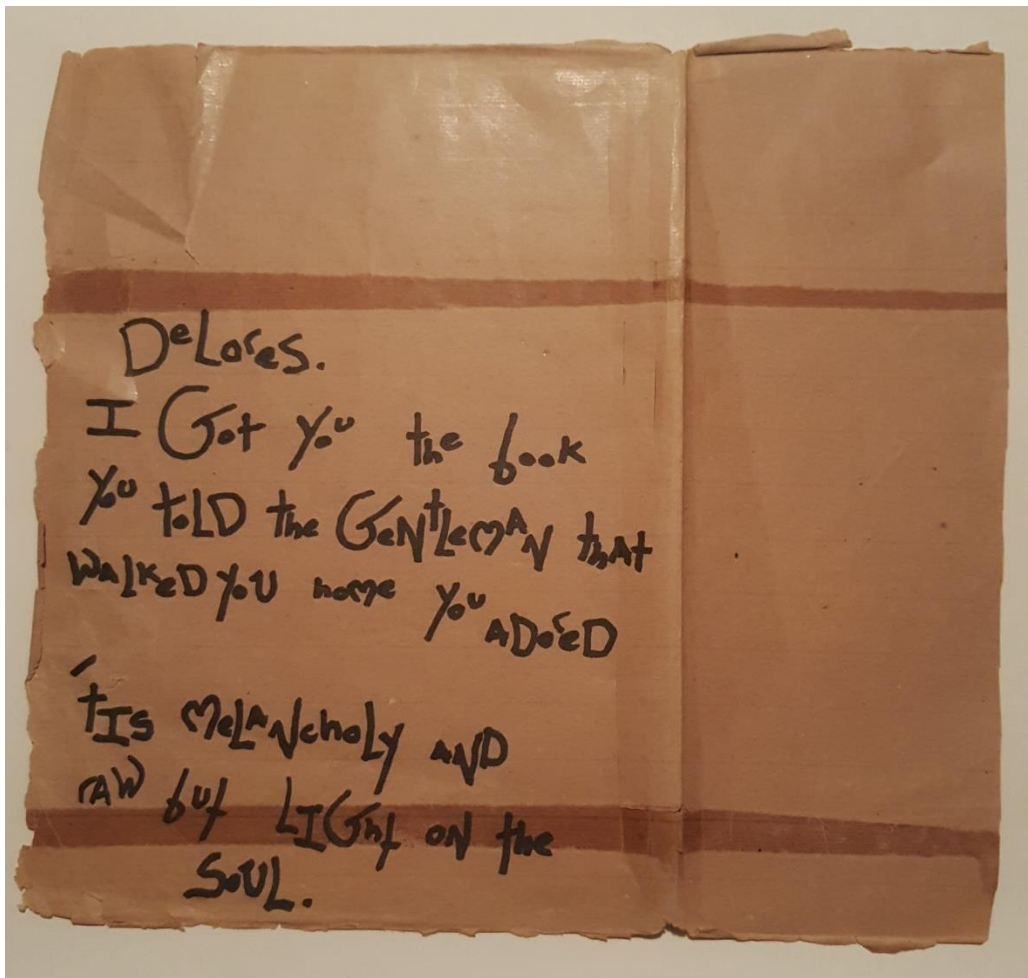
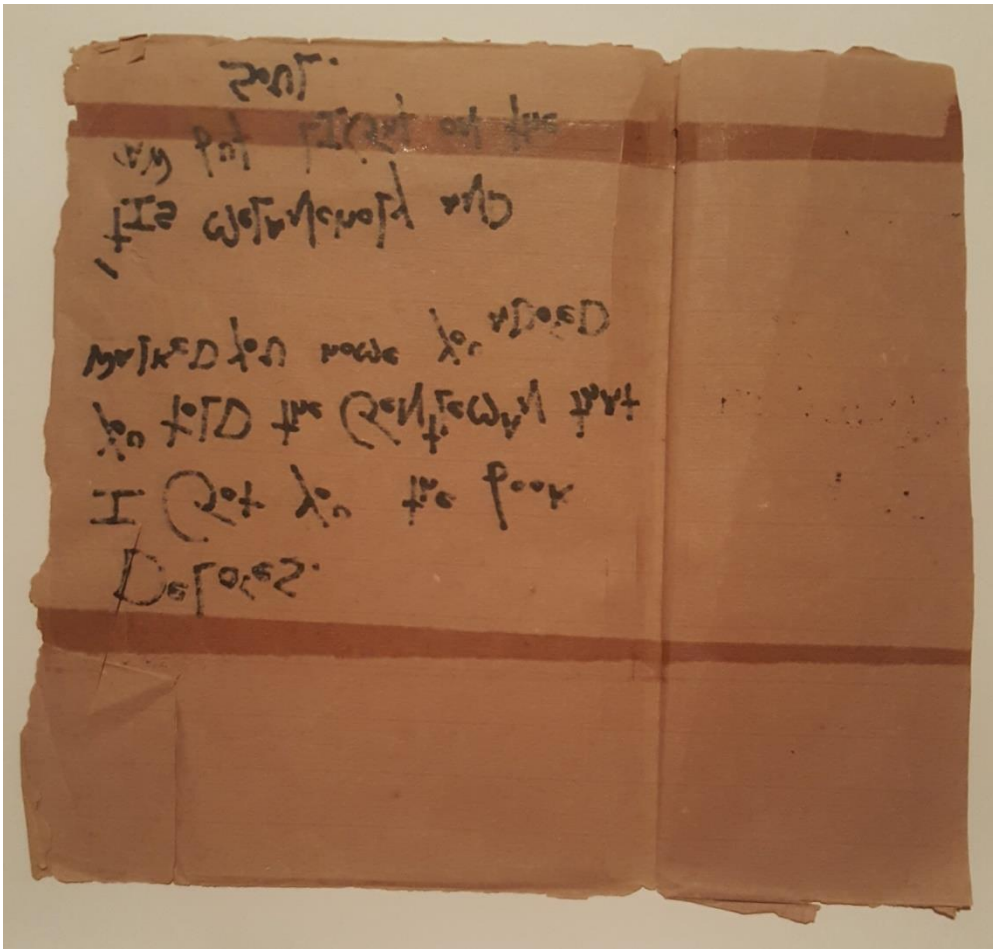


Photo Of An Unknown Location. Cheap Quality Printing. Marked With A Pen. Reverse View. A Part Of The Detectives Wall. Contains The Word "ALTERS" With The S Underlined. [2018]



*Wrapper For Unknown Book. Written On In Pen. Contains The Message:
"DeLores. I Got You the book You toLD the GeNtLeMAN thAt WaLkeD YoU home You AdoreD
'tIs MeLaNchoLY AND rAW but LIghT on the soUL. [sic]"
Author Unknown. Front View. [2018]*



*Wrapper For Unknown Book. Written On In Pen. Contains The Message:
"DeLores. I Got You the book You toLD the GeNtLemAN thAt WaLkeD YoU home You AdoreD
'tIs MeLaNchoLY AND rAW but LIghT oN the soUL. [sic]"
Author Unknown. Reverse View. [2018]*

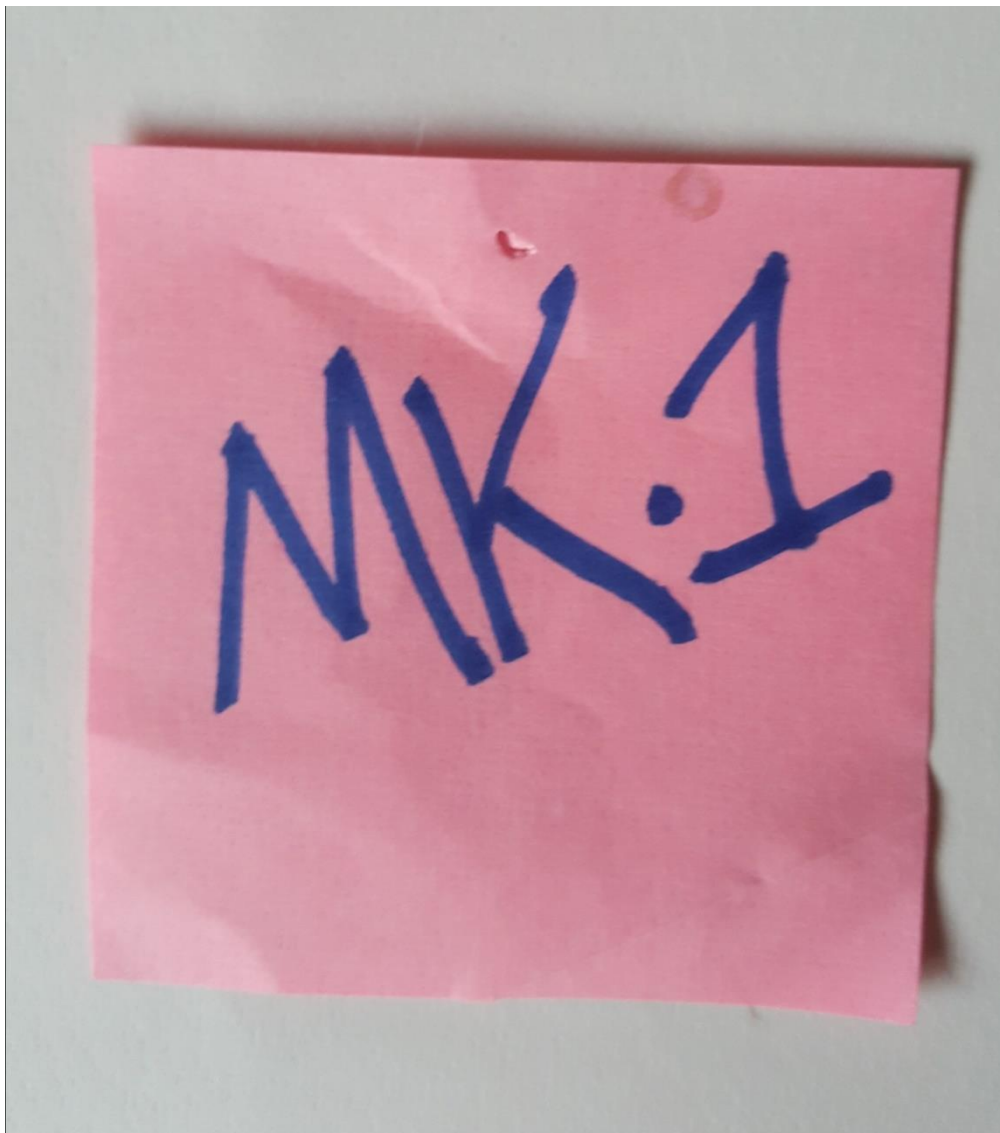
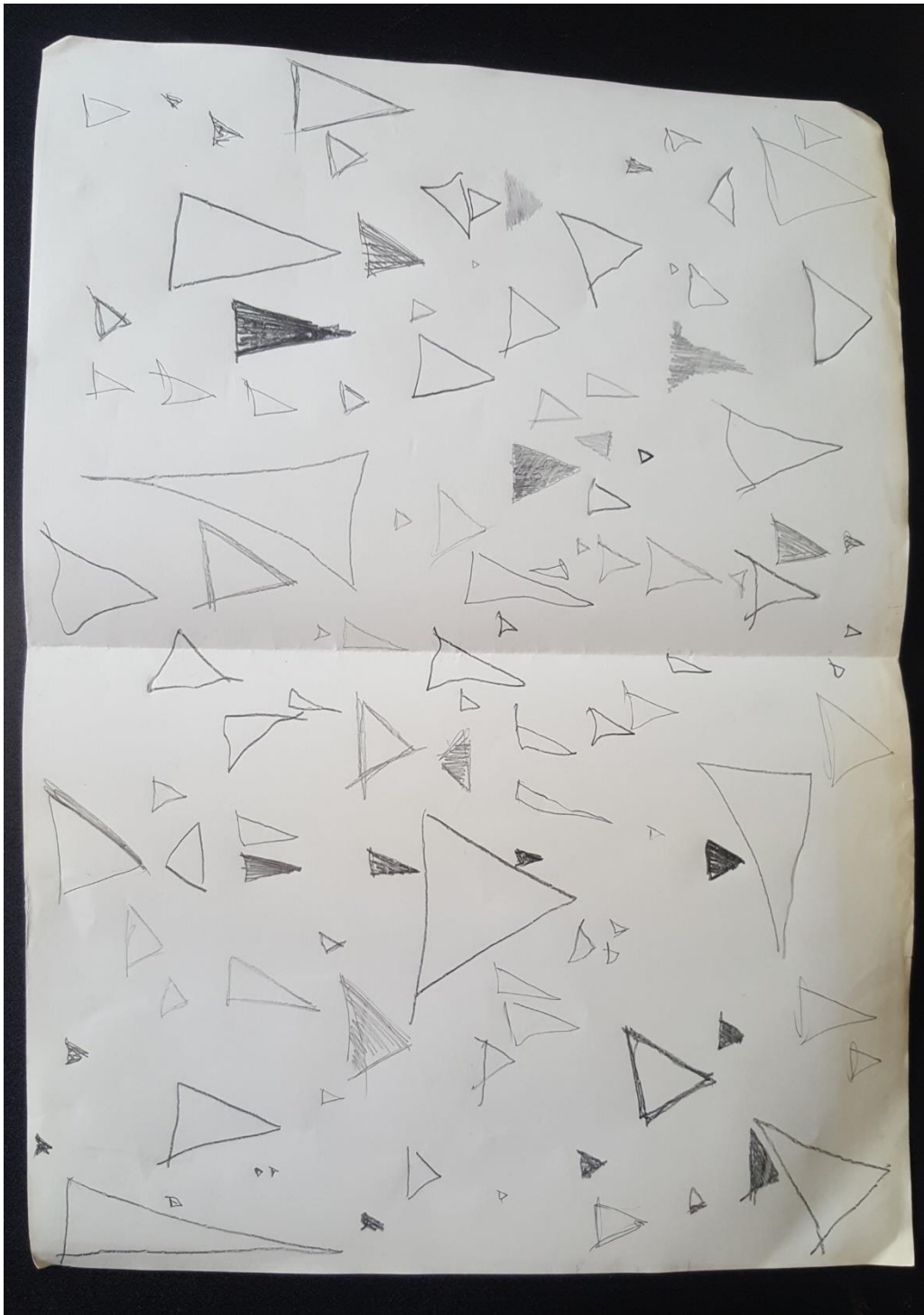


Photo Of A Post-It Note Used In The Private Eye's Wall. Note Reads: "MK.1" Pen On Paper. Front View. [2018]

Investigation Log:

CASE NUMBER: _____ DATE: _____
CASE TITLE: Her _____ INVESTIGATION LOG NUMBER: 13
INVESTIGATION LOG:
ONLY HAD AN HOUR
WITH FILE
PATIENT UNNAMED
JANE DOE
MANAGED TO
PHOTO HER
DRAWING.
1940S. MATCH.

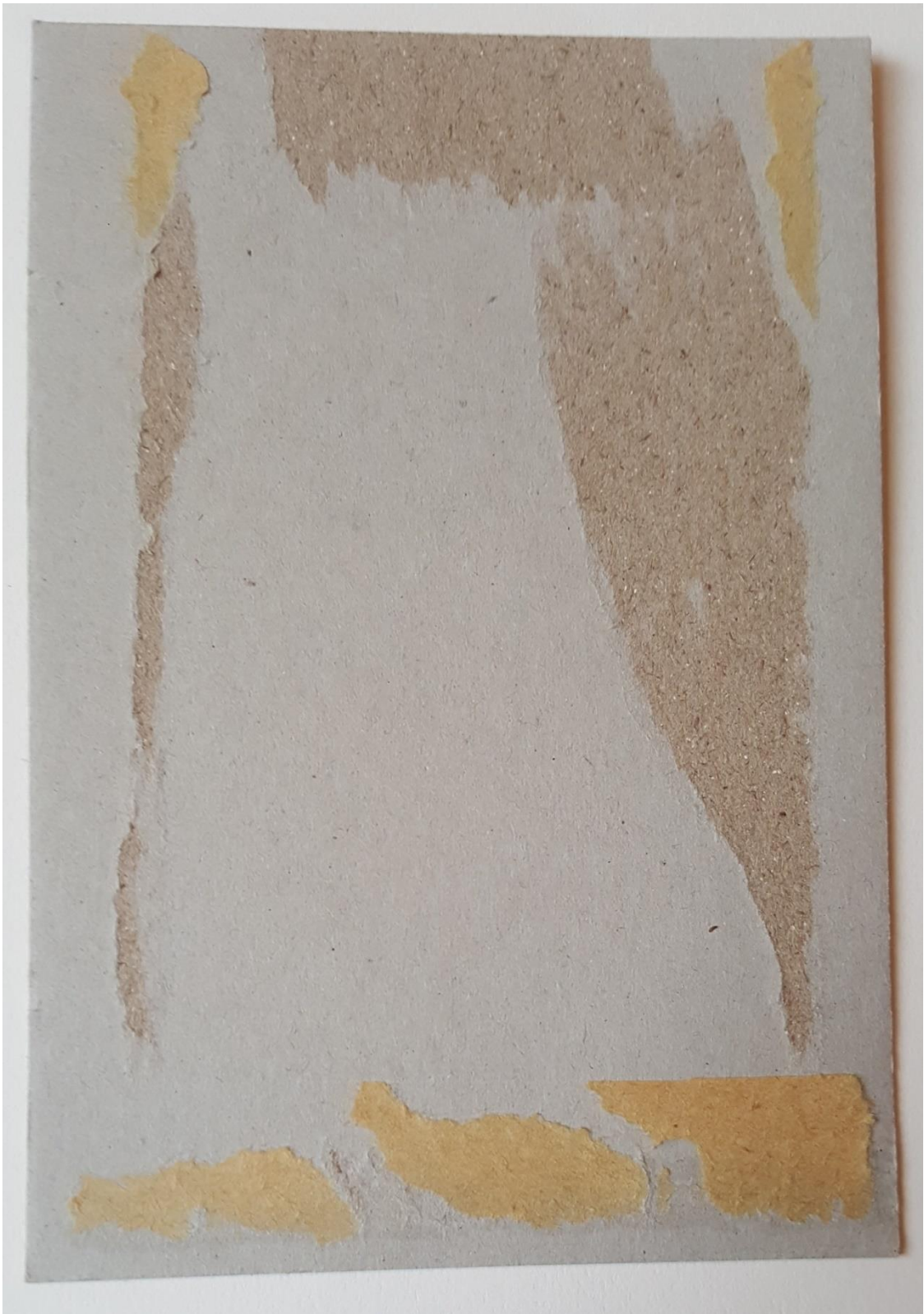
Investigation Log (13). Authored By The Private Eye. [2018]



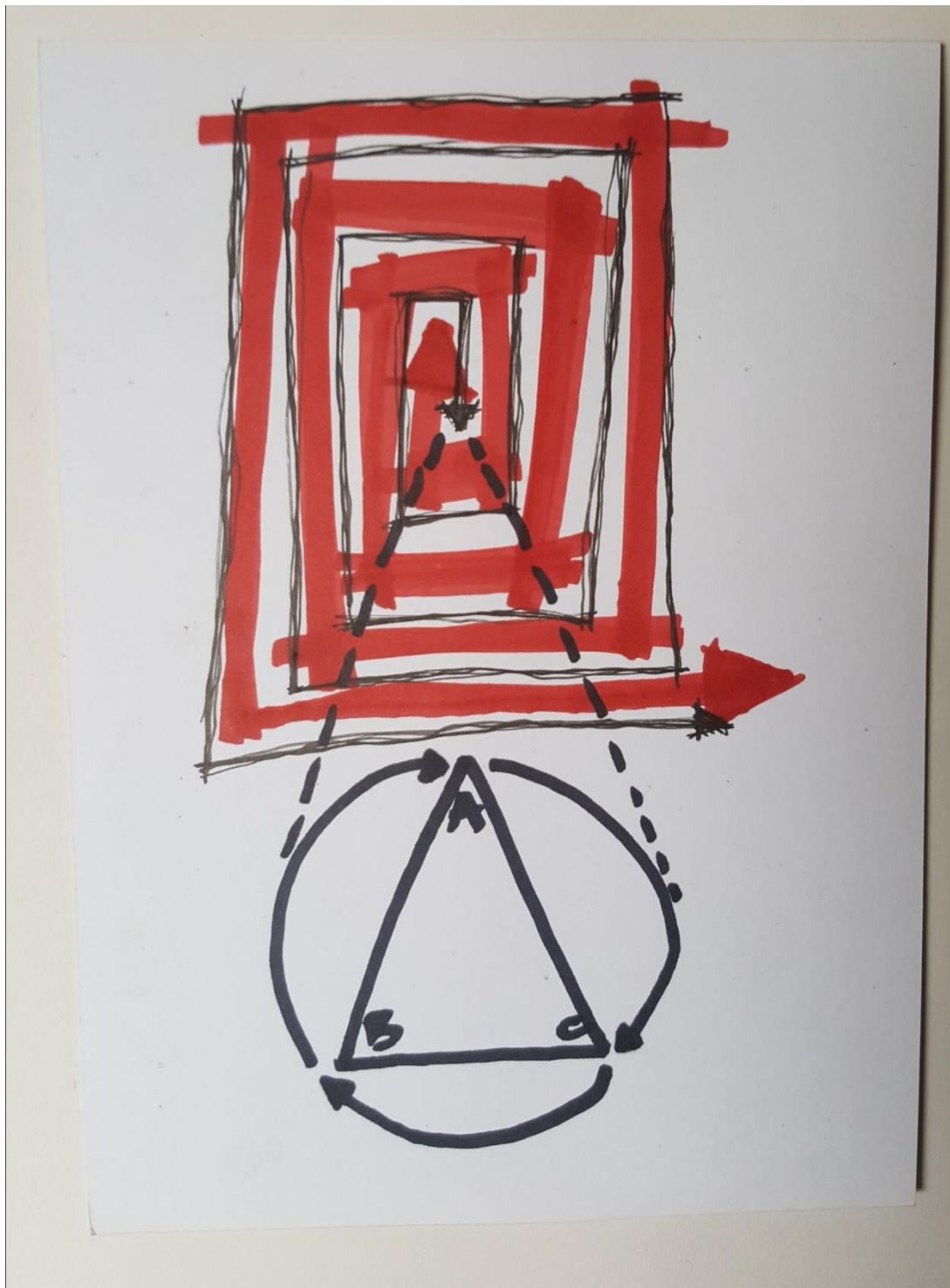
*A Photograph Of Some Pencil Sketches. Creator Unknown. Photo Courtesy Of The Private Eye.
[2018]*



*Unnamed Painting Found In The Collection. A5. Front View. Cardboard With Acrylic & Pen.
[2018]*



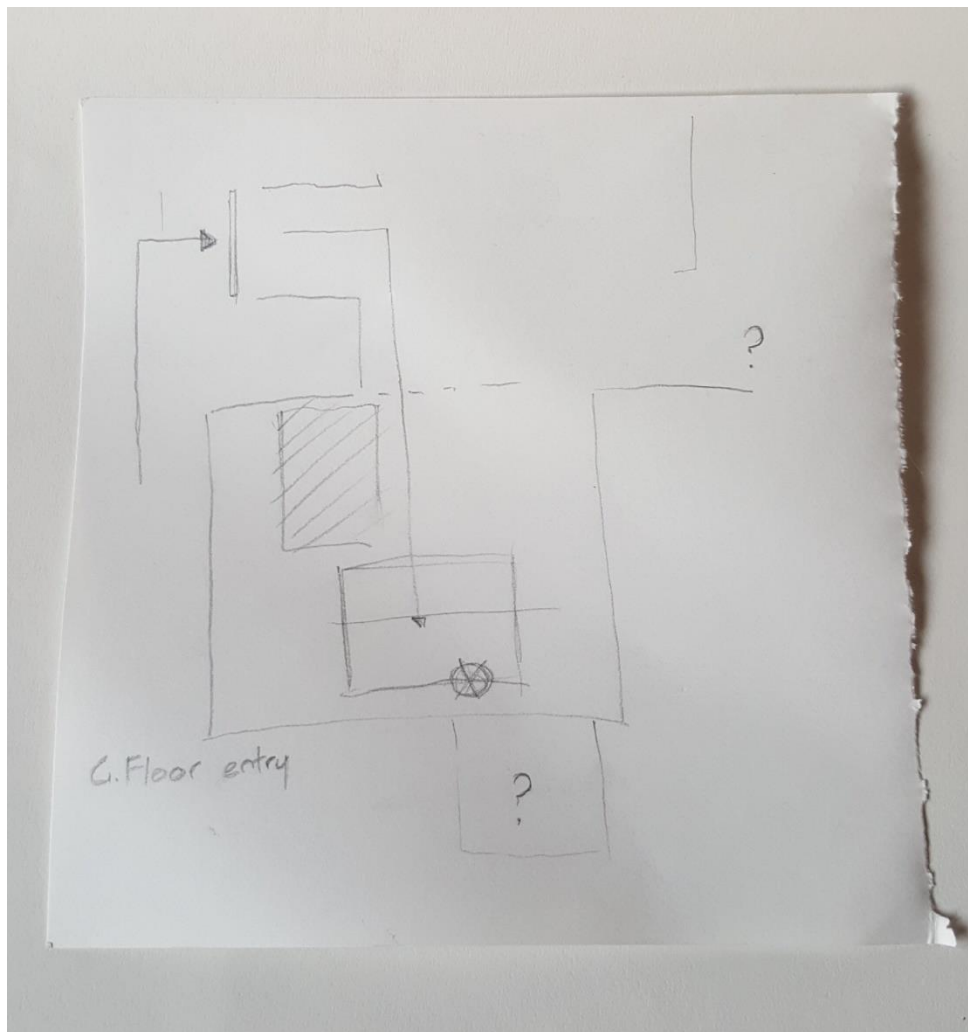
Unnamed Painting Found In The Collection. A5. Back View. Cardboard With Acrylic & Pen. [2018]



*Untitled Illustration. Mixed Pens On Heavy Card. Assumed To Be Created By The Private Eye.
Front View. [2018]*

The Logbook Sketches Of The Private Eye.

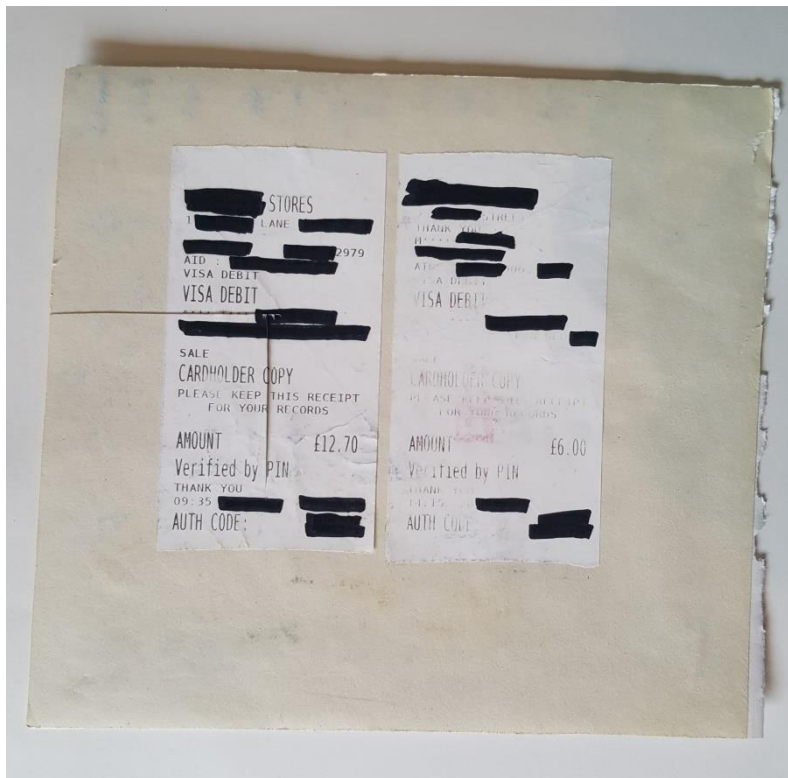
Archivists note: The following are pages are torn from the Private Eye's journal
They are all undated but the Private Eye is presumed to be the creator of all of them.



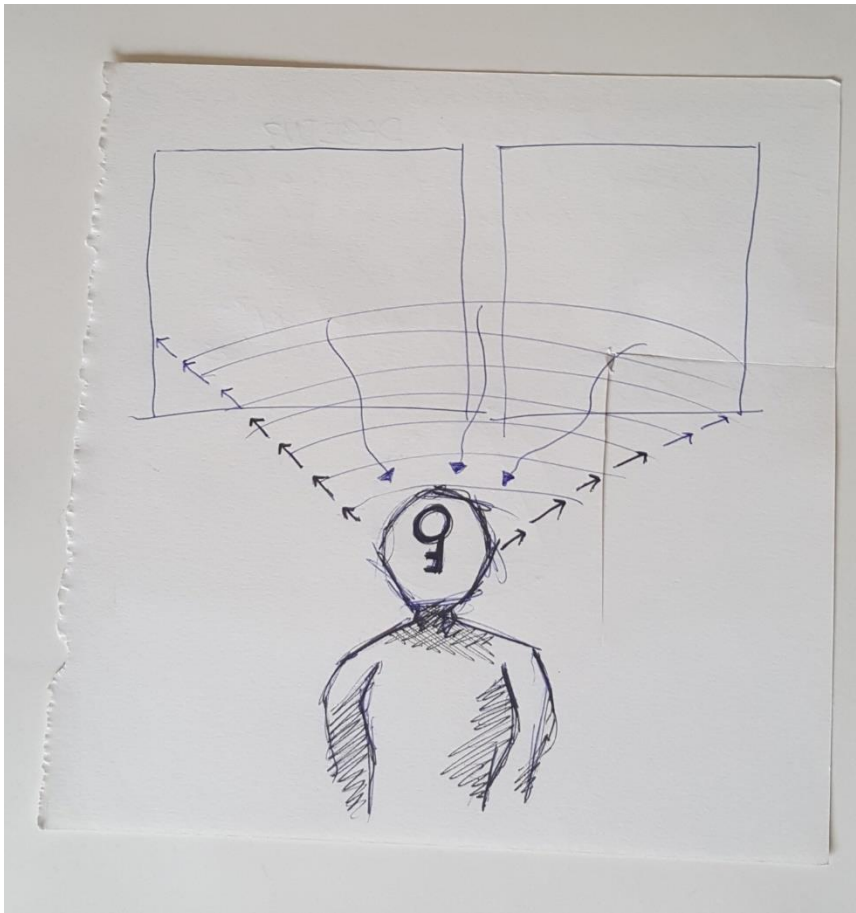
Pencil On Paper. Created By The Private Eye. (1) [2018]



Pen And Wet Ink On Paper. Created By The Private Eye (2) [2018]



Sugar Paper With Two Receipts Mounted On It. Page Cut Into. Receipts Redacted In Pen. Created By The Private Eye (3) [2018]



Pen On Paper. Created By The Private Eye (4) [2018]

In the aftermath of the archive.

There is no end to the detectives tale. No beginning nor middle either. The same applies to the story of the girl in the red dress, the entities and anyone else who turns up along the way. The archive deprives all of these characters their narrative rights to a “A – B” existence. For most: Birth, life, then death is the formula that they follow. Beginnings lead to ends accordingly as is the natural order. Their lives remain chronologically sealed, but their existence, as accessed by us is shapeless, and approachable in any sequence of artefacts. It should be said that for these people, these characters, the only point of entry into their existence is through this archive, and although the fragments of them that have appeared in this archive vary from significant to irrelevant all have equal weight in bringing the mythology of this story to life.

In that respects, with the closure of this archive, with it having a final document this reality, the one they belong to comes to life with the death of this archive, as it exists presently only after everything that belongs to that mythos has now been seen. The universe is allowed to live on though, as we are in possession of a brief selection of artefacts from that world. All we have are the fragments of an investigators work. Not all of it, for who can say who got to meddle in the documents before we got to observe them. All we have are those fragments. But with the fragments into that reality, also come the promise of more out there somewhere, waiting to be found and brought home to this archive.

The archive began as a tool for the powerful. The official used archives to control, and it kept on as tool of authority. Now we have a landscape in which creators can use the archive to create new things and blaspheme against their authoritative heritage. But it is this heritage that the archive owns that adds a layer to the ever changing, potentially infinite mass of documents that other forms cannot, it is in the secondary inheritance of power still that all archives possess that gives documents the right to belong. The archive, as a being demands we interpret the artefacts it possesses as worthy of being archived. The archive is deceptive and controlling in that.

Regarding layers, the archive comes typed and with a version of the object: A second hand version The objects are then belonging to another layer in the Archives web, their uniformity through being flat and sealed by it's format. The uniformity and labelling is a layer, and the archive is layers upon layers upon layers, if anything. The labelling, especially the introductory catalogue does the same. It seals the objects in time as a thing that was, not is, whilst re-enforcing its authority by making every object matter. Because every object matters, every object is important. Nothing here was not part of the was. Because we have to treat them this we have submitted to the archive and trust its judgement via what it presents to us.

The detectives wall and the archive are similar in almost all respects. Once stripped of theatrics they are both just curated collections meant to preserve something to be accessible whilst potentially being of use somewhere. The authority of the archive gets passed on to the detectives wall. Not for the same means but because it is only intended for the investigator at hand. It has no reason to attempt to earn our trust because we are only peeking in at a mass made for someone else, and we have no reason to suspect they will built this shrine to inconvenience themselves.

The objects scattered throughout exist as their own objects. They escape our definition, and we have no right to insist they define themselves to us, to our standards. Placed within our mythos however, they take on a group identity; Guilty by association, they are locked in through links and common variables to this mess of data. The indefinable gets defined as a piece to a puzzle, but only when we see it through the lens of the archive.

The archive offers a space where the causality of all of these objects allows for new content to emerge amongst the layers of the archival system. A list of names transforms into a potential codex: Blurred photographs of a mysterious lake become a stage in which one of these devious agents may have performed: Receipts become linked to a history of nefarious meddling, and the triangle becomes a figurehead that bridges the sinister and the mundane.

The triangle, and indeed all the objects themselves exist not only to the universe, but to explore how this universe came to be. The detective uses his toolkit to enquire about an impossible plot we cannot. The sceptic undertakes the exploration of an infinite entity that escapes sense whilst navigating the nefarious institute who themselves want to understand the mania caused by encounters with the entities meddling.

The mania, insanity, then new enlightenment, which renders them mad to us, is Lovecraftian in nature. For it is in this nature, this insanity, that the infinite can be explored beyond our comprehension, making him popular amongst contemporary fields of philosophy.

For us, this mania causes the recipient to devolve into a hysterical state wanting an outburst to repeat something. This is an interpretation of archiving itself, as a tool. By rendering something immortal as known to us by putting something in an archive we acknowledge the finite scale of ourselves in the scale of all things. In this light our archive is a Lovecraftian being: It immortalises the paper trails we leave behind, whilst showing us we ourselves can last less than a moment when we weigh ourselves against forever.

The archive offers intimacy in its layers. It gives us tiny glimpses into the existence of something that we would not have otherwise been afforded and affords a higher state of being to objects that would not have been glanced at. Each fragment belongs to a whole somewhere else. They exist in that universe for functional reasons. Together though they exist in synchronicity and are welcomed into the mythos with open arms. The artefacts belong together, because they exist together.

They offer no explanations, just networks between them. Links and ties that should not exist, but do, and bring about new layers as a result of it. The more that is offered in the archive, the more visible the giant gap of things that could be in the archive is made clear. For every report it does contain, it misses the thousand it could contain. For every sketch or observation there lies missing links that can never be filled in. For every new truth the archive brings about there comes a multitude of questions that come with it once more, then more links, then more truths.

The layers belong to the beholder to decant, it is they who find their own tweak on this reality between the layers they find themselves. For every layer that comes to the archivist that looks on through, for every truth that they come to conclude, the layers bring their reality to life. For when you believe in the archives artefacts enough to look for truth in them, they have made themselves real enough to offer it to you.

The objects each come with their own materialistic qualities. The photos allow for the archivist to see them as uniform objects as the marks on the objects are visible. They each come with their own secret. Perhaps the archive is limited by its scale, but the absence of materials makes all the other materials matter. As the creator it was difficult to be selective with the materials building up the archive, but they had to become ash for the reality at hand to emerge.

By allowing these objects to exist as they should in-universe they build up a subjective painting of that reality. The archive is a hyperstition: It exists to bring about its own reality.

The archivist remains the key to the archive though. For the reality they see is the one they unlock themselves. These objects exist in our reality and yet they should not for they do not belong to it. This archive is a scrapbook of the post-reality that bridges truth and fiction to make something that belongs to neither. It remains suspended between the life given to it by the commanding nature of the archive and the scrutinous light in which the archivist looks upon it. Between those pillars though lies a reality that is fixed in its permanence by its ever changing parts. This world is a secret shared between each of the archives archivists, and to each it remains their own.

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