

DEPROGRAMMED
REPROCESSING 125 DAYS UNDER ██████████ AND C.U.B.I.T. CONTROL

Recalling life before my time with the ██████████ feels more like watching a corrupted video file than accessing my own memory. Some details are blurred, pixelated beyond recognition, others maliciously implanted and uncannily near-real. Many have doubted my identity, pointing to my formal way of speaking, void of the personality—the humanity, even—once present in my performances and online presence. Make no mistake, my true self was all but destroyed. I am a partial, painstaking reconstruction in the shell of Daniel Morgan, known for a time by the name Jack Vital and for another as Host[0000]. I offer these here despite the inevitable consequences of disclosure in hopes that it will legitimize my testimony.

Vauge recollections from the summer of 2006 reveal reading my first e-mail from a ██████████ recruiter while the un-airconditioned van barely carrying me through my final, illfated American tour baked in the Southern heat. The security of the e-mail client my Blackberry ran was miles below ██████████ standards, but they knew to make first contact at a crisis point. ///

When I finally heard the details of their proposal, I should by all logic have been suspicious. Yet of all the incredible claims they made, what I found hardest to beleive was that such an opportunity would be given to me, with such faith and enthusiasm, by a group working at the cutting edge of human possibility. Unfortunately this only made the

offer more intoxicating. Within three weeks of returning from tour, I was living full time at a ~~██████~~ research facility in the rural Southwest.

Acclimatizing to the implant was strangely undramatic. For the week I spent on mandatory bedrest, I accessed little more than I would have on my laptop or Blackberry on an average night at home, and the paring away of such clunky tools felt shockingly natural. My body, exhausted from instalation and the years of self-neglect which preceded it, settled readily into a near vegetative state as I spent my waking moments in constant brain-surf. This allowed the team to quickly build a profile of my user habits in order to "tailor their approach".

Might
be
close
don't
really
remember

Once I was considered medically stable enough to be an active participant in development, ~~██████~~ began to turn up the heat, so to speak, on my personal boiling pot, testing the limits of my neurological capacity with eerily detached curiosity. My days went from hours of free browsing to accelerated deep-dives of conglomerate user data from iTunes, Limewire and Myspace, along with comprehensive profiles of the same users' other online behavior. These planted the first shamefully late seeds of doubt I had regarding the project's validity. Despite demonstrating the implant's impressive augmentation of my analytical speed and ability, these sessions showed little value in creating the kind of "unprecedented cyber-celebrity" ~~██████~~ had first promised. I now understand that this was a flimsy veil for the experiments' true goal of discovering the exact type and volume of data which would compromise my brain function for effective control.

Might be
kind of
an obvious
one
Think this
was FB's
peak
Still
weird

→ (going very MK ultra here...)

This constant information overload left me lethargic, confused, and physically weak. My trainers twisted this response into resentment not for the Corporation but for the medium itself. The Internet as I knew it, and even text and images as I knew them, were framed in the same light as my abandoned personal devices: as redundant, archaic tools.

With the blame for my deterioration placed squarely on these, the notion that technology's final frontiers was to be a pure network of brain and nervous system activity was my sole hope for relief. With my perseverance, they promised, the early stages of such a network would be possible within the calendar year.

Imagine
an
answer
this
clear?
LOL

It's impossible for me to fully describe the phase of development which started a mere month after my arrival at the facility. At this point, their focus shifted from my capacity for processing information to my ability to disseminate it through cognition alone. For 12 hours each day, I was wired via a complex web of tiny nodes, attached at crucial nerve points on my skin and in my nose, mouth, ears and eyelids to a network of artificial humanoid intelligences running on ~~the~~ computers. I communicated wordlessly through the apparatus as analysts catalogged the computers' interpretations of my thoughts, emotions and responses. In a rare moment of partial transparency, a lead researcher explained to me that ~~the~~ ^{ha ha} was interested in the possibility of influencing culture through the direct psychic transfer of belief.

like maybe???

I recall an instance in which I was fed the detailed profile of a teenage boy they referred to as "J", then instructed to visualize that "J" had successfully hacked into a specific CIA database. After being coaxed into a trance-like state, I eventually accepted this as fact. Seemingly exited by some result of this experiment, the research team veered from its structure into a gleeful manipulation of my compromised state. I have forgotten or repressed much of my time at the facility, but will never forget the researcher's laughter as they encouraged me to accept that "J" had already carried out acts of violence, which they described vividly, against another teenager. Until months later, I had no understanding of this event and took lengths to block it from my mind.

In the weeks that followed, "development" exercises became stranger and more esoteric, with little to no verbal communication from the research team. At the same time, the side effects of the process worsened severely. I experienced splitting migraines, tremors, periods of paralysis, vivid nightmares and hallucinations which I could not distinguish from my bizarre reality. Any awareness that my mind was being programmed and tested – any awareness, in fact, that "my mind" was a distinct entity in the constant, chaotic deluge of stimuli permeating my consciousness – was a foggy suggestion whose full weight could not be felt through the violent collision of the innumerable electrical impulses ceaselessly violating my brain matter. I can only roughly estimate that this lasted for about 9 days straight. I came to only after being unplugged, and was heavily sedated soon afterward.

The
90s
called

they would
like their
conspiracy
theory back
at some
point just
like whenever
you're done
with it no rush

was for
close

The moment I had almost entirely surrendered my will to this excruciating process, it came to an abrupt halt. Memories which follow one of many blackout periods find me back in the private room where I spent my first week at the facility, mostly undisturbed and suspended in a state of deep, dull full-body ache and mental fog. A research coordinator informed me in an uncharacteristically nervous manner that development was pausing for a brief analysis period, but that I would require continued medical monitoring. Then: silence. I itched for stimulus, as though suffering withdrawals from the ordeal. I tried to revert to the aimless brain-surfing of the early stages, but all impulses hit a block: I had been disconnected.

The explanation for this sudden limbo arrived with the sound of voices shouting far off in the complex. The [REDACTED] team's response to this sudden entry was so calm that I could not make out a single familiar voice. At this point, they knew what was coming and had insured that I alone would suffer the fallout. The shouting drew closer along with the heavy pulse of deadbolts jolting open, many triggering the screech of another security alarm, and followed by the steady, even click of facility-standard steel-toed shoes. The dark, bulky figures who appeared in the doorway took shape through blurry vision as anonymous masses of gear: haz-mat, riot, both and neither. As one restrained me and another announced the squadron collectively as "C.U.B.I.T.", I set my gaze on the coordinator standing behind them, flanked by two equally serene researchers. Stepping politely aside to

accomodate my removal, she said with a rare smile, "I trust you'll clear up any misunderstanding."

I must preface the account of my abduction, imprisonment and rehabilitation by C.U.B.I.T., or the Coalition United against Biotechnical and Internet Terrorism, by emphasising that I do not believe I would be alive today, at least not in any meaningful way, had it not occurred. I cannot speak to the objectives of the Coalition in general. However, despite the cruelty of their interrogation, I believe my captors had the genuine intention to save me from death or a fate worse.

I awoke from yet another period of sedation on a gurney in a long, gray hallway lit by nauseating florescence. For the first time in days or weeks, I attempted to sit up and discovered my hands and feet had been bound to the stretcher. Upon moving my body, I was transfered by three C.U.B.I.T. agents to an operating table in a room they refered to as the "office". As my wrists and ankles were strapped down under piercing white light, I was greeted calmly by the first unmasked face I had seen during my encounter with C.U.B.I.T., standing next to the table in sharp plainclothes and blue nitrile gloves. He introduced himself as Dr. Van Neumann, and the similarly-dressed woman sitting silently at a nearby computer monitor as Dr. Berg. Although my state of confusion would persist for months to come, something about the enviroment, and Van Neumann in particular, sharpened my blunted senses. It was as though some dorment part of me had awoken, identifying a threat to its