

EDEN  
MACHINE

Mark von  
Schlegell

LIBRARY STACK

*Eden Machine*

Story by Mark von Schlegell.

Commissioned by Library Stack.

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*A cafe and tobacco shop on the O-52 highway between Sanliurfa and Gaziantep, in Southeastern Turkey. The place is quiet, and popular with NGO employees.*

APPLE JONES WORTHISON: So why don't you start by telling us how you got here, maybe a bit about your background, you know. . . education and so on. I might need this for the edit later. Work history? I assume you used to teach somewhere?

MILTON FANGLINN: My name is Milton Fanglinn. I don't teach, no. I work in the antiquities industry as a kind of. . . well let's say a freelance scholar. I run a small consulting business, first out of New York but now from London, authenticating and researching the provenance of ancient objects in the field. Most of these things don't have paperwork, or known owners, and are probably never going to be seen by the public. I have worked discreetly for many of the finest museums in the world, none of which would ever want its competitors to know I'd been there. Unfortunately, these last few decades have been great for business. I've learned to separate discretion from morality.

AJW: How did you find yourself in this work? This doesn't sound like a typical path for an archaeologist.

MF: The hollowing out of academia and collapse of humanities jobs happened to coincide precisely with the decade I did my graduate work in classics and archaeology. I'd worked on testing new ways to clean bronze, and helped a colleague start the first database of ancient stone types. But still my dissertation on Xenophon, even from Harvard, got me nowhere. So I found work abroad consulting or assisting on dig sites. I traveled in Eastern Europe during the Yugoslav civil wars, and the Chechen conflicts, and again in Syria during the Iraq war, and even during that brief little Russian intervention in Georgia back in 2008.

Slowly I found that my Harvard PhD was finally worth something. I discovered that every time a conflict arose in the world, the bits and pieces of that place's past suddenly came back into play—physically as well as mentally. Weapons churn up evidence of empires both ancient and recent, and collectors of all sorts were suddenly interested and eager. They needed trustworthy agents to make sense of the fragments. War is a sloppy archaeologist.

AJW: Some argue that your type of work represents a “grey market” that is to the benefit of even darker market interests.

MF: Those people have no information. The world as they know it has ended. The past is like any other commodity. There's only so much of it left. Many expect the so-called grey market to be outlawed. I don't. What used to be a steady trickle has become a flood, and I believe I myself am one of the last chances civilization has to grasp many of these memories. That's why I do what I do. I represent the moral expert: I am determined to gather up and preserve what I can. These days I even do complete surface scans of all objects, and I share all the material I create. If I did not do what I do—which incidentally is degrees less criminal than the behavior of most legitimate, state-permitted archaeologists—then the information I collected would be lost to history.

AJW: The money has nothing to do with it?

MF: I love traveling, and I love the material remnants of the ancient world. The fact that I am paid handsomely compensates for a range of dangers currently associated with those loves.

AJW: And if everything has to be secret, how do you run a business?

MF: Since the 1990s the market has grown exponentially. As it changed, it began to become easier to find work and to exchange information safely. I used to send all my photographs and treatment notes to a semi-anonymous database on unclaimed antiquities run by a British archaeologist I know who teaches in California. He used to compile authentication reports, provenance research and restoration photographs into an annual catalog. That was a good way to see what objects were moving around, and to get more work. People did connect on early message boards and auction sites then, and even more recently too, but the security has always been thin and pre-internet forms of communication were still safer. That old system melted away when I started using the public version of something called Cytherea. It must be deeply-financed. . . some kind of Silicon Valley blockchain firm that promises transactional security, permanent record-keeping and total anonymity. Since 2017, this has been my central access to the field.

AJW: How did you come across Cytherea? I don't know too much about blockchains, I confess. Does it facilitate your payments, or do you use it to track the objects themselves. . . ?

MF: I first saw a reference to Cytherea in the footnote of a technical paper written by a competitor. I believe it was about an bronze disc from some Black Sea shipwreck. I looked it up. I wasn't familiar with things like mining protocol or futures metadata either, but it did seem to solve a number of my professional problems at once. Now I own and trade in their Cytherium coin, almost exclusively. Curiously, and this is what I liked about them, they didn't reach out to me themselves. But when I did create an account, some kind of algorithm called CONTROL greeted me immediately with a job. I guess high probability had already suggested that I would be a full-time user of the

network, because apparently this job, examining a 5th century Greek carving, had been saved for Fanglinn alone. I completed the initial report and CONTROL awarded me a certain amount of bonus coin. I also got some expanded privileges on the chain, like tracking objects I hadn't known about, or using their messaging system with my clients. The Cytherium currency was already valuable and seemed to rise constantly, steadily, even as Bitcoin and Ethereum sometimes hit hysterical, sudden slumps. Cytherea is just a tool, just a way to interface with anonymous actors in a market. The more objects I scan, the more coins are generated. You might think this all dark, but I think it shows up the purely white market as the guilty fantasy it really is. You can't own a piece of someone else's past and expect it to have perfectly clean legals. All markets are grey.

AJW: Ok. Well then, tell me again, now that we're recording: What are you doing here in Sanliurfa? You mentioned the strange auction post. . . why did that make you reach out to me?

MF: At 8:00 in the morning on 12 October 2019, a post appeared on Gittigidiyor, Turkey's version of eBay, offering for auction what appeared to be a single brasslike gear mechanism, inlaid with jewels and etched with symbols and text. The owner was listed as 'moveablestock'. Account was created that day, with no other history. When I was first alerted to this post, about an hour after it went live, the opening bid of 500,000 Lira had already tripled. There was an oblique, almost breathless description: "Ancient artifact. Syrian Kurdistan. Partially intact, recovered from near the old Afrin battlefield in August, 2019. 8 geared metal discs from ancient rotary machine, various states of deterioration. There are etchings of animals and ancient scripts. Some jewels. Possible brass, with gold and silver inlay. . . ." The post went on to specify 'local pick-up only from near Sanliurfa, Türkiye', where I had just

arrived a day earlier. The item required a 10% deposit. I watched it all morning from my room upstairs. The price topped 2 million before the post suddenly vanished, the link no longer accessible. CONTROL had actually contacted me two weeks before and made arrangements for my flight.

AJW: And you think. . . what? That CONTROL just knew to send you here, before the object had even surfaced?

MF: So I at first believed. It was apparently very likely something anomalous would appear. My contract promised 25,000 CTH for my eventual certified confidential report on some valuable antiquity currently in Syria, near the Turkish border. It didn't say what it was, and this is currently one of the most dangerous spots on the globe. Whoever was offering me this job would not guarantee my safety. Payments would come in stages. At any time I was free to break off without receiving the next set of instructions. When I agreed on the final terms, I found some 5,000 euros worth of CTH had been transferred to my electronic wallet, and CONTROL had emailed me a plane ticket to Afrin, Syria, though the next day it was changed to Urfa, Turkey. I found another 5,000 CTH had been transferred as soon as I checked in at the Urfa Hilton Garden Hotel. This was almost a week ago. There was no security. There sometimes is.

AJW: Security? Does Cytherea have some kind of paramilitary wing?

MF: On contract when needed, yes. Mercenaries, bodyguards, handlers. It's a booming field. Those guys are on the chain as well, yes. Many have seen stranger things than I. You should interview them. . . Anyway, on that first morning I logged on to check my accounts and the details of this job. I see an alert message about the Gittigidiyor

post, which is intriguing, but which seemed an obvious fake, a scam. The object looked airbrushed; someone just wanted that 10% deposit. I find an envelope had been slid under my door; it contained the name of a local dentist. I look back at the laptop to see my Cytherium wallet and it had another 5,000 deposited since the night before. The job was on. I made my way over to the dentist's makeshift office with the map on my phone—his old mother was nominally his assistant, but operations on the line of locals already waiting for treatment had her doing a second doctor's work. The dentist, named Kuranyi, kept his office in good condition; the x-ray machine, if slightly antique, was immaculate. He seemed somehow unsurprised to see me. At this point I still did not realize the Gittigidiyor auction had anything to do with my trip. I had no idea what I was in for.

AJW: Did he say anything? Ask you who you were working for? Did you get any sense of what the dentist himself knew about what was going on?

MF: No. Barely anything. But he was meticulous, intentional. He knew he was dealing with something very complex. He took me out through the back door, past the glowing red darkroom his mother was using, and onto a series of rooftop pathways. In this old part of the city, homes are still built up and atop one another just as they were eleven thousand years ago, when communities like those uncovered at Çatal Hoyuk invented a city to survive the coming desert. Up where the architecture met the hill, at the oldest part of the city, many of the cubic flats were empty and without front walls. We turned into one of them and were confronted with an armed militia. Several female guards stood about, armed with US guns. A woman commander approached me and spoke in English. She said a shepherd had discovered these pieces after the latest Turkish airstrike. A stairway led downstairs to a long en-

chambered dirt-floored basement where a heap of metal and debris was laid about on tables. I had trouble squaring what I'd seen in the auction post with what was now arranged out before me, and trouble piecing together what was happening. The guards left me alone to examine and scan the material under a single light. What I saw floored me.

AJW: Amazing. God. . . Were there really 8 pieces, like in the post? And you could make out the inlaid text?

MF: Yes. There were. Of course the first thing I thought of was the Antikythera mechanism; anyone would, since these were also part of some kind of geared rotary. . . but these were more detailed. Indeed it was stunningly beautiful in that manger. Part of the original housing seemed to have survived, a ring of ebony inlaid with precious stones still standing for the Moon, Mercury, and Jupiter. Venus seemed to have been plucked very recently. The metal discs gleamed as silvery as golden. One of the geared rings I cleaned seemed to be for the planet Neptune, named Enki in cuneiform, not properly deduced until the 19th century. Had someone recut those cogs? Each one seemed ancient. The discs were inscribed not only with Akkadian cuneiform, but also Greek. Imagery showed both typical and unfamiliar astrological signs, some similar to the imagery discovered at Göbekli Tepe in recent years. Some of the constellation symbols come from outside the tradition. I had no doubt that we were dealing with an ancient bronze alloy very like the Antikythera itself. But I did my tests. There seemed to be signs that it had been cleaned, exposed, not since its discovery, but before. The militia guards didn't bother me, though I got the feeling they probably thought this was all ridiculous—another archaeology scam in a region already too full of them. But I was made very nervous by the extremity of the forgery, and yet the impossibility of the reality. Because forged or not, it was an orrery, in

Greek but with Babylonian mathematics, showing the Sun as the center. There was sketchout of Newtonian physics. . . it was too much for me to handle at once. I neither authenticated nor failed to authenticate. I mean, I've spotted a lot of fakes; but never fakes made up of originals at least as interesting as what they purported to be. I still have the photos I made for reference, but the full set of 3D scans are on the server I no longer feel safe accessing. I can at least say this, without hesitation, and I believe it's why the YPG brought in the dentist to begin with: the object is radioactive.

AJW: This is all incredible. But I still don't understand whether your final report said the machine was real or not. Clearly someone thinks its real.

MF: There was no final report; that's why I got in touch with you. When I got back to my hotel however, I found myself barred from the premises. It was a military situation, I was told; they had a ticket for me out an airstrip in Gaziantep, hours west of here. An airstrip that was recently bombed. I'm on my way there now. I don't have my object scans: the app I use automatically uploads to Cytherea, so that data is their property. I don't know what's happening, but something is really off about all of this. I wanted these events to be recorded by someone, and I saw that you were nearby. I figured you'd be at least interested, if not intrigued. I also knew you'd have iodine.

AJW: So you really think this is real? And you believe the find story? And your airline tickets from CONTROL? And I even specialize in coincidences.

MF: There was too much in one day for a full report. But I say this: yes, it appears to be an authentic artifact. Possibly 2nd or 3rd century BC. Possibly earlier. Babylonian? Greek? It could be either, or more probably a collaboration

between both. I am only not more than 50 percent certain because of its astonishing state of partial preservation. That's all I can do for now. That's everything.

AJW: Ok. . . Wow. Just amazing. . . and you seem. . . ok? I mean, we can wrap up. Let me just shoot a quick alternate take of my intro voice over, while I still have you? I might have to change this when I get back, but still.

*This is Apple Jones Worthison reporting for StarFiles dot net. I'm coming to you today from outside Sanliurfa, Turkey, where an ancient mechanical computer, the so-called "Eden Machine," was allegedly unearthed when a disputed US airstrike ended fighting in Southern Turkey, near the border of Syria, in a region under the various control of the Turkish Army, the Kurdish YPG militia and Syrian Rebels. The Eden Machine was first posted on a Turkish auction website, but vanished that same day. It quickly went viral. Some commenters assumed it was fake; some paid tribute to the extraordinary workmanship evidenced in the detail of the image, thinking it might be a Renaissance or Medieval Islamic marvel. The fragments showed astonishing precision. It was clear that if a forgery, it was the work of an artist, not just a craftsman. But since the governments of neither Syria nor Turkey have officially initiated investigations of their own into the existence and possible location of the find, we assume it is now lost to the black market. StarFiles has an exclusive interview with Dr. Milton Fanglinn, the only expert known to have examined the original artifact itself, and who believes it to be authentic. "Why alter received history by locating such a forged object in the Babylonian tradition?" Fanglinn told us. "Why not just bury this in Greece or Macedonia?" Stay with us for more on the 14th episode of StarFiles: The Eden Machine. . .*

\* \* \*

*AJW stands in a temporary UN hospital complex near Suruç, an administrative town near the Syrian border. Dr. Kawa Kuranyi*

*suffers from radiation burns all up along his arms. It has been spreading and he is near death. He comes in and out of reason, but is willing to put his thoughts on the Machine on the record.*

AJW: After our interview, all we know about Dr. Milton Fanglinn is that he drove to a medical center that serves American NGOs a few miles southwest of Gaziantep. StarFiles never saw or heard from him again. But his visit changed our mission. It has always been our contention that the Garden of Eden was located in these valleys, and that the building of the famed First Temple—now protected by Kurdish YPG militia—ignited so-called civilization. Today's conflict-scarred and desert-like conditions were the direct result of the first agriculture and land-grabbing that began here. StarFiles came to the cradle of civilization, Eden, or so we called that region between the Tigris and Euphrates today, knowing that secrets would be buried all about. And it's true. The bodies were stacked, buried; the temple and all the area surrounding were covered up with earth and forgotten for more than ten centuries. But inspired by our encounter with Fanglinn, we set out to shed some more light on his claims, in hopes they might illuminate our own research on alien craft imagery and contacts with the ancient Akkadian empire. If Fanglinn was right after all, perhaps those ancient engineers could help us crack open even greater mysteries.

[She's been walking through the hospital throughout this monologue.]

Through our contacts at the UN records and archives division, StarFiles managed to track down Dr. Kawa Kuranyi, the Urfa dentist, and learn more about the Machine's discovery. Dr. Kuranyi, can you tell us how you found the machine, and where?

KK: It was a curse. It reached out to me and when I took hold, and you can see what happened. First, I can tell you: it was found in Turkey, not Syria. By a shepherd. An old

uncle of a patient of mine. The place where he found it was off to the side of a little road, where a dried up river had cut an ancient furrow in the plain, so that here it was edged with a sudden surprise slope. He claims he spotted golden shining discs gleaming from the path a hundred yards distant like a rainbow of possibility from a crack in the earth. Professor Schmidt had told him to always look out for antiquities whenever ground was disturbed. A “lucky looker,” the shepherd called himself. He told me he’d dislodged the pieces with his bare-hands, took them back home wrapped in his cloak and was unsure what to do with them for a few days. Said he just thought it might be some kind of modern computer, or maybe a fragment of exploded ordnance from the YPG. Or even the Americans. I only came into the Machine by accident: I was visiting his village to see patients and was short of filling materials. I asked if anyone had a bit of extra metals, and this old shepherd showed me what he’d found. I didn’t know what it was then, but I was certain it wasn’t an American weapon. I gave him 100 Lira for it and took it back home. I examined it as I would any new patient, even taking x-ray films of its interior, though I couldn’t make any sense of the images. But I knew the machine was valuable, and because of that, dangerous. I took it to my local Commander; the regional mayor, you might say. She reached out to the Americans.

AJW: The armed forces?

KK: Not exactly. An entity, she said.

AJW: Do you believe the Eden Machine is real?

KK: Yes. Of course! It is real, was real and with it we have arrived at the end of time. That is why I am dying through the arms that touched it. We are on in time—we make time, together with all the other events. What you call a clock is

in fact the only thing not really moving. Everything else ticks but the clocks. The mechanism ticks. It talks.

[AJW is embarrassed for Kuranyi as he becomes increasingly hysterical. . .]

KK: I believe that Machine presents time as the infolded and unfolding possible motions of all the bodies. From here one can stand and watch the future and the past turn around you, showing the shape of the future. It tells weather patterns! I knows what it coming. Even today. Hot! It says! Very Hot!

\* \* \*

*We learned from Kuranyi the location where the shepherd claimed to have found the Machine: a rural farming village named Örencik. The town's edges bleed down into the hills around the ancient Göbekli Tepe site, which was now overbuilt with viewing balconies, tourist signage and a gift shop. Airstrikes, just across the nearby Syrian border, felt invisible and farther than that. But the surface of the countryside was dissolving even without the approaching war: every year the wind blew in new directions and the groundwater never refilled. Air became warmer and the farmland slowly browned. StarFiles found the dried out embankment where the shepherd claimed to have found the Machine. It had been filled in with concrete. Our geiger counter showed only inconclusive evidence of radioactivity in the area.*

*We returned home to our offices somewhat deflated, and got back to research. About eight months later we were put in touch with a retired MP sergeant who'd been in the unit dispatched to find Fanglinn and retrieve his files as a favor to the local YPG commander. Sgt. Dolores Ensenedas, now the COO of a small security firm in Maryland, sat down for an interview with StarFiles.*

DE: Sure I remember. I don't mind telling you. I interrogated him, along with a Turkish Colonel, and a translator.

When we were convinced he at least wasn't lying to us, even if he was nuts, we drove him back to the Hilton Garden. The Turks stationed a guard there to make sure he got on the plane the next day. That's the last I know of it. But I never forgot the interview, because everyone's sure it's a hoax, and by now the Eden Machine is pretty famous. But Fanglinn was quite convinced that it could actually be real. Or maybe he was trying to convince himself, I don't know. He said he suspected it might have been 17th century until he noted that the cuneiform was exact, and cuneiform hadn't been fully decoded in those days. He also claimed there were discs for Uranus there, not just Neptune, and some other astronomical phenomena whose periods are so long they haven't yet been witnessed by astronomy. He said the machine could predict the weather by showing coming alignments of planets, and new tilts in the angle of the earth. He really appeared to be convinced. But he couldn't say anything about his employer, or whoever had sent him, so officially he was just a tourist too involved in some local scam. Our report definitely wasn't classified; I bet my CO probably didn't even keep it. This was all just too out there.

AJW: Did Fanglinn tell you the Machine might be radioactive?

DE: Radioactive? No. Didn't tell me anything about that.

AJW: Did you or anyone on your team follow up on the Gittigidiyor auction? The post disappeared before the bidding ended. Did someone buy the thing?

DE: No, we didn't. Like I said, we didn't believe it was real, at least not officially. So why bother? If there were more high-level interest, we could have been ordered to find it as part of some antiquities interdiction, but nobody in the US command wanted to publicize that we still had people

in Turkey anyways. But again: it was probably fake.

AJW: When I interviewed Fanglinn, he talked about something called Cytherea, said he used it as a kind of digital work platform. Do you know anything about this?

DE: I haven't. But I'm not that surprised. Maybe the machine is actually real. . .

AJW: I'm sorry?

DE: Nothing, sorry. I know what Cytherea is, and I'm not surprised that Fanglinn was a user: his research is what their system mines. And if he was working for shady clients it would've been a good way to get paid. I don't quite believe what they claim it does, but. . . Anyways the guy who started it is a rich art collector, a Swiss guy named Myrus Brevinder or something. He lives in California. They all do.

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*Myrus Blostender's fluid TED Talk was delivered, like many, in a voice combining pioneer and evangelical preacher. His microphone was invisible. "Everywhere we stand is memory," he began. "Cytherea looks forward to stepping out of the smear of the forgotten and no longer possible. Cytherea steps into the post-anthropocene, where the future is dynamic. Our models begin to understand and predict climate transformation and popular political improvisation as dynamic generators of the wealth of tomorrow. We are one planet. We share one history. As the surface of our world warms we read our past in the etchings on its skin. But if we dig? We find our future. Cryptocurrency mining eats energy to produce value. This eats possibility itself: the possibility of using that energy elsewhere, or not at all, or not converting it to CO2, of not destroying our planet. As those possibilities narrow, the discovery of our own history increasingly dominates our*

*future. We've found the true meaning of value, overlooked in the age of oil companies with their will to burn up the physical archive of our living planet. It is the past itself, the purest data. Cytherium tokens are awarded not for calculation or computation, but for real word discovery, the transformation of information lost into information found. Cytherium is the first token that mines the past in a realistic fashion. . ."*

*StarFiles managed to schedule an interview with Bostender, and was invited to the Cytherea offices in San Jose, CA. We were met by the firm's COO, Majorica Stineway, who began as an information technologist for XANTAL, a private futurist firm contracted with NASA, the NSA, Microsoft and Citibank, and is now a senior developer in research architectures at Cytherea.*

MS: I worked in mainstream systems administration for ten years, before becoming restless at the lack of interest in the new world that peer-to-peer networking signaled as coming into being. The New Age, really. I was an economics major at Radcliffe, with a minor in art history, so I was naturally attracted to Myrus and his greater project."

Myrus Bostender is Cytherea. He is what distinguishes us from other players on the market. His first start-up was a publicly financed effort to retrieve the remaining material of two wrecked vessels off the coast of the Greek island of Antikythera. His deal with Athens was the first example of a system this company would go on to exploit, whereby the private firm provided the financing and technology, the state provided access to the site and security. The firm gets publishing rights and publicity; the state could begin to gather some of the cultural inheritance it was losing to looters or environmental decay. When he couldn't raise enough money to finance the trip at home, Bostender and his backers created the Cytherea Foundation, a nonprofit for archaeological education, that conducted the digs and retrieval. The Greek government gave to the Foundation itself, as Climate change was threatening to erode what was left in those wrecks, and this ensured the

most significant pieces would be donated to the Greek state.

But Myrus is an authentic visionary. Right away he understood that peer-to-peer chains could create a market perfectly suited for the antiquities field, and he began to spin off a commercial platform that gave access to antiquities information (photogrammetry, 3D surface scans, chemical and molecular analyses, scholarship, even witness testimonies) to a tier of paying users. Initially it was just conservation scientists, museum curators, maybe a few bored professors who dreamed about fieldwork. Most of the objects these users submitted to the site's database were still unregistered: unknown quantities that couldn't be publicly displayed, nor yet be the subject of publication. As Myrus predicted, art collectors soon took their own interest in Cytherea's database, and they began sending their own privately hired authenticators to use the site. Cytherea quickly became a shadow archive of ancient history, made up of fragments and educated guesses, with sales interrupting scholarship and research assisting sales. Sometimes inadvertently. Provenance, privacy and transparency all started intersecting in strange, unforeseen ways.

You see, the past is a natural resource. And Myrus could already see that if enough anonymous transactors knew the full conditions of their own commodity, then the market itself would guide the process of extraction. Mining information from global antiquities markets, the system even offers worldwide experts able to travel and investigate original finds, discretely if need be. Their services connect antiquities cataloguers to the tokenized value system of the chain itself. Buyers can bid on future possibilities: they exploit the slice of free will that multiverse theory allows, profiting in the present from their predictions about the past. There's value in the find, but also in the process of finding. Look again at the points of Cytherea's great triangle, notice how the present stands up front and the past and the future are the bottom, the foundation. Our symbology is explicitly Pythagorean.

AJW: Is it true Milton Fanglinn took his fees in Cytherium coin? And his scans of the so-called Eden Machine belong to the Cytherea platform?

MS: We were sorry to hear of Mr. Fanglinn's unfortunate passing, and sent our wishes to his known family. Yes, he appeared like many archaeologists to be a Cytherium user and collector. We've looked into it. He had authenticated for networks based on our software, and freelanced at the behest of some high-end London antiquities dealers. Many of them no doubt use Cytherea themselves. But we know the Eden Machine was obviously a hoax. Trust us, we know the original mechanism intimately.

I can tell you no more, of course. That's the point of Cytherea's mission, you see. There is no central authority here. We have no way of knowing who uses our services or forks from us and how, and if they continue to use our software or not. We only guarantee the accuracy of notarized provenance and the total anonymity of all users on the system, as well as the quality of information gathered by our miners. The Foundation itself holds no Cytherium coin of its own. Check our vision statement.

*When StarFiles asked if hackers might someday be able find that protected information by simply hacking into the email account of any user, we found ourselves escorted out of the offices by security. A shaky film still captured the company's vision statement as we were abruptly ejected from the building.*

CYTHEREA: IT'S A WHOLE NEW OLD EARTH  
TO MINE THE PALIMPSEST  
TO COLLECT WITHOUT OWNERSHIP  
TO SHARE WITHOUT DISCLOSURE  
TO RESERVE THE PAST  
TO STAKE OUT THE FUTURE

*This is different than the original machine. The first Antikythera is but an imperfect glimpse of this mechanical brain. No doubt Babylonia. No doubt Greece. Perhaps some sort of collaboration between lost generations and technologies? There will be no time here to describe the mechanism. There will only be the mechanism. The predictor perfect of past and future. The time machine we've been waiting for, at last revealed. Two forks resolved—universes artificially re-fused. No molecular tests necessary. This is the original. The steel rail. Many worlds confirmed, by the ancient engineers. But it was originally found underwater, its discovery was a fake, a plant. More lies under the waves!*

These words were found on a hacked Cytherea bulletin board message dated the 13th of December 2019. Are they the last testament of Milton Fanglinn? He left no means for us to know for sure, just as on the Cytherea blockchain his words would be forever undeleted. If StarFiles hit a dead end with Cytherea, we're leaving the Eden Machine case wide open.

Why should we not believe Fanglinn? After all his original description online was on target. Archimedes studied in Egypt. He had access to the deeper Babylonian traditions and numbers. We never had a chance to study from where this orrery would be best perceived. Do you know to calculate such a machine one needs only that perfectly defined position, where the motions of the heavens can be viewed and received as data? Well you also need two sticks and a bit of string taut between them.

The first math we have in the tradition comes from Egypt, and the scribe Ashmes refers to the fact that it's coming at the very end of a long and mostly forgotten tradition? Is it not safe to assume that the engineers of the debauched age of the Caesars, who trampled freedom underfoot, and promoted slavery and looting to the centrality it has today in the imperial traditions, were unable to match the achievements of the days of Archimedes, when a scientist by art alone defended Syracuse for decades from the sea? Why then might Archimedes not be a step back from the Pythagoreans? Who passed on mathematical formulae secretly through the generations until they

were forgotten? Pythagoras was a Christ to his brilliant elitist intellectual followers. Perhaps he worked on this piece himself, in Babylon where he doubtlessly studied astronomy for the first time with the makers of this piece. Notice the exquisite rendering of the Sun.

Strange to say that ancient formidable shard of rock in storm, Antikithera the same that guarded nearby Kythera, happy site of the temple of Aphrodite, from pirates and adventures from Crete and beyond, whenever the Goddess decided (and she's always been stormy) to whip up the winds, is still a most inhospitable place. The weather in this channel center is often unpredictable, always dangerous. In 2019 it remains impossible to guard, or accurately assess the nature of the discoveries still to be made under those always whitecapped waves. Or the profits. Did Fanglinn suggest plunderers are risking dives to bring up the rest of whatever collection was aboard that boat? If so, one can understand why they would want to site the discovery elsewhere, perhaps somewhere where it would be easy to purchase when found? Who would have the resources to engineer such a find; and then what to do with it when one does? And why bring it to light at all? Perhaps it is to transform artificially our ideas of history and time. Do you have information that could help us pursue a lead? We should be in Iceland now, looking into sightings of Giants—on the decrease in close proportion to rising temps. But StarFiles believes the Eden Machine still might be the biggest story yet. Write to us via. . . .

