

MANIFESTO MANIFESTED: for a New Landscape and of Our Current Condition

This is a geological dimension, this is a frame within which we will travel together. There's a disinterest in borders, in demarcation lines, in definitive signifiers.

We need to represent this world with the least of distortions and the most of impartiality: one without hard or soft borders; one that is identified by wider geographical bearings, rather than national boundaries; and one where human attributions do not matter.

This is a field of neutrality, generated by automation and computation. Here, we are not blinded by emotions and sentiments.

Trust is restored in neutrality. We trust, for automation and computation present to us certainties and definitives. Automation and computation use our definitive past – as the prototype – to project our future – a model based only on known evidence.

As the natural world progresses, there will be an increasing dislocation of our future from real time, a widening black hole into which we jettison any inconsistencies to our projected future. Yet we shall forge on, because gone are the unexpected, the abrupt, and the extra-ordinary. Sentimental obstacles will be pacified, unreliable instinct and intuition will no longer be valid. This future will be our true world.

In this future we will rejoice: without uncertainties, without anomalies, and is unaccountable for the unknowns. It is the extension of our current, existing selves: extensions and augmentations of how our rivers have swelled, how our permafrost have softened, and how our turbulence has thrust our fragile bodies into contained abysses.

We will use existing data to approximate and model this future.

Our future is the median of our past.

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As we have no coherent consensus on reality, surely it is time to acknowledge that popular opinion is the true opinion?

Truth becomes a quantitative *collective agreement*, the *mean* of a racked up sample. We are moulded by consensus and the idea of uniqueness becomes redundant. For uniqueness ≠ novelty; uniqueness is an approved form.

We are children of social brutes. Our communes no longer follow the order of the province, district, nor council; but rather, the order of # followings, yoga groups, r/ subs, and so forth. As we slip through time, we assimilate, metamorphose, and evolve to an unceasing stream of notifications and information that is cast in our way – by means of continuous pages of remotely linked videos, headlines, tweets...

We are ravenous yet unable to categorise. We absorb and have reached an unfiltered information overload.

4 pills 365 times a year can cure you;
365 pills 4 times a year can kill you.

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To overcome the difficulties of information overload, we must rely on the *collective agreement* within which we meander to survive. Automation and computation promise us a way out: to rely on *automation biases* and *confirmation biases*. With these, we can continue to be cradled in our fragile nests – we will favour each and every decision made by automated decision-making systems, free from the exhaustion of using our own faculties to judge, and this only comes at the expense of factual veracity and authenticity. What excellent value!

Our lust for illusions has never been stronger.

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Faith in fakes.

Irrefutably automated results are non-invasive and objective! The artifices of our period comfort us, as we have never held such immense desire for magic before.

We've been enchanted, but at what cost? What is the price of this allurements?

The poor are not in fact replaced by robots; instead, they are again made wage slaves. Today they scavenge the debris of contemporary society: filtering offensive rubble, flagging shocking clips, and counterfeiting automatic identities to sooth our desire for autonomy (the latter line of work already has a name: the Amazon Mechanical Turk. Each "turk" performs on-demand tasks that computers are currently not yet able to perform).

These are the ultimate *artificial artificial intelligence*. Technology is the new jailhouse for the poor.

Get started with Amazon Mechanical Turk

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A new power structure arises: from above gazing at us is the information broker who has come to intervene – the unfailing triumph of the broker (or middle-person), for they who hold information possess sovereignty.

The savvy broker today controls our accessibility. Embellished with OAuth, they offer us keys to access different platforms through "safe", "delegated access points": CAPTCHA, Biometrics, Text Messaging Verification... only for the price of a fragment of our identity and integrity.

Brokers are also modern archaeological financiers, excavating in us new assets – namely our natural habits and choices – and erecting new markets for this new commodity. Each of our minute inclinations in the daily routine cumulatively nurture our glistening new world.

Nevertheless, this new market is not like any other we have participated in: we will trade our assets unknowingly and inadvertently. Whether we grant this exchange by principle is irrelevant, for the broker advises that we must trade in our natural assets in order to be granted basic access.

One might but there is no need to fret, for the bot will also be our watchdog: Bypass ReCAPTCHA overcomes CAPTCHAs...

We will programme robots and bots shall programme us!

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Today is the product of the The Happiness Industry. Joyous moments and "treasured memories" are bestowed upon us by automated generators.

On 22 June 2018, I was alerted by my phone to a compilation of memories of my late grandmother, titled "Portrait Over the Years". It was a reminder for me to feel a longing for her. But at the time, the grief was still too fresh.

<Auto-formation of habits>

⌘Command + Enhance

We shall be alleviated from the burden of cognition! Bygone will be the chain of processes involving our efforts to perceive, evaluate, reason, and resolve.

As no judgement will be made, we shall also be alleviated from the sin of Presumption, as the algorithm will reason for us and make future assumptions for us! Its enhancement growth curve will follow the sets of rules on which we launch them, albeit this includes erroneous ones. And accordingly, errors will be repeated and magnified, errors will be augmented, errors will become

HISTORY and FACT.

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We are also closing in on reaching the *Information-Supreme*: no information or data will ever be lost again, as all will be stored and some, stashed away. Cached in a deep, cavernous memory bank, subsequent fragments of memory can be drawn from here and utilised to our advantage, anytime, anywhere.

This institutes today as the “computational aggregate of multiple influences and sources”! We become re-animators of history, and like a magpie hoarding, we take references: a Braque, a Disney, a Christopher Wool, a Guston, a Susan Kare, a Windows 95, a Beano...

Authenticity is no longer what is invented, but what we authorise ourselves to borrow and appropriate. We will no longer worship inventors either, because they present to us not the “new” but rather, humiliatingly, the “different” – a weeny rendered alteration of an existing idea.

The continuum has become pseudo-progressive. So we may now consider, what can we de-contextualise, re-contextualise, and insert into this standstill timeline?

We shall annihilate the social construct that is history, and only atemporal phases shall remain! There are no more stylistic milestones as movements go, marking the collapse of a linear timeline. Temporal hierarchies will be disturbed.

“Uzumaki” is a three-dimensional spiral; configuring to this form is how we will expand – nonetheless captive to our current domain. We will assemble ourselves with the building blocks of our existing being.

No longer is our motive to supersede the old!

Tweakers-weakens.

And we will drift – through caves, tunnels, springs, and sulphur pools – until our flesh and bones disintegrate and evaporate like

OUR MINDS.

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Distraction prevails, as the Giants domesticate each and every soul for a noiseless society. Well, perhaps then this generation has made one invention – namely, distraction. We are subjugated by distraction, but to become subordinates of whom, exactly?

The individual is the result of fragments assembled in infinite permutations. We disintegrate for we are the total of disparate parts. We collapse into directionless units, cruising as clickbaits seduce us into different directions, and merging into an ensemble that is then only to shoal the currents of crypto-economy, information-economy, disaster-capitalism.

But at this moment in time, only when the mind disintegrates into pieces, when the train of thought is unnerved by remotely connected feeds, could then pure relaxation be reached and one rejoice in a night of deep, sound, sleep.

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We live in a time that is split, schizophrenic, fractionalised, branched, divorced, distributed, anxious, and inconsistent.

In the vast heavens of our internet, distraction will lift the burden that mass information has laid on each one of us: because our internet today is composed by algorithms of individual localities: echo chambers.

We will learn what we already know, we will taste what we already savour, we will stagger in the shock that has already dazed us. Voters will be voters, protestors protestors, and idlers idlers...

Hence it is the internet which forms the real borders today – not fences nor walls. The individual localities will evolve, resulting in many a great New Rift Valley as each locality reaches a hyper-determination of their individual internet ecosystem, dividing the essential objective of the global digital network.

Each one of us will be domesticated at an exponential rate.

Hyperreality will be reached!

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And in this confused arena, we will have to persevere by navigating through the mire of references. We must pass on our best traits to the next generation of ultra-efficient children – the bots. They will become the new Silent Generation, a lucky crew, who are born into today’s Neo Great Depression but will emerge evermore prosperous in our anticipated future.

And if we must, we will simulate our emotions to these children, so that we could interface with (the facsimile of) an emotive being.

Namaste – we will feel again our own soul by emulating the soul in another. Though, really, we will never learn what the sea tastes like on their wet tongues, because their apparatuses set out their own notion of the sea. It’s unimportant. It’s unimportant because have we ever even substantiated that the green in our eyes is the same green to another person?

Alas, these offspring will surpass the hurried, impatient beings that are our youngsters now. Efficiency-driven, they will challenge our present heightened sense of entitlement, “uniqueness”, and super-egos. Together we will strive to create the optimum mirage.

<Enter this neo-geological dimension to experience the Golden Age of Universal Taming>

⌘Command + Navigate

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