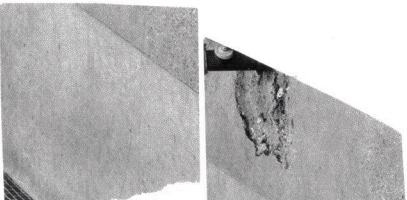
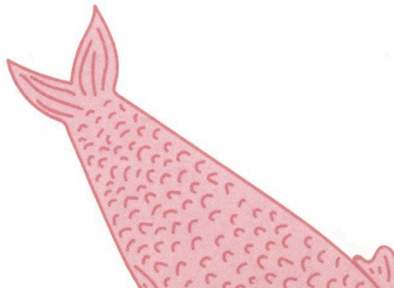
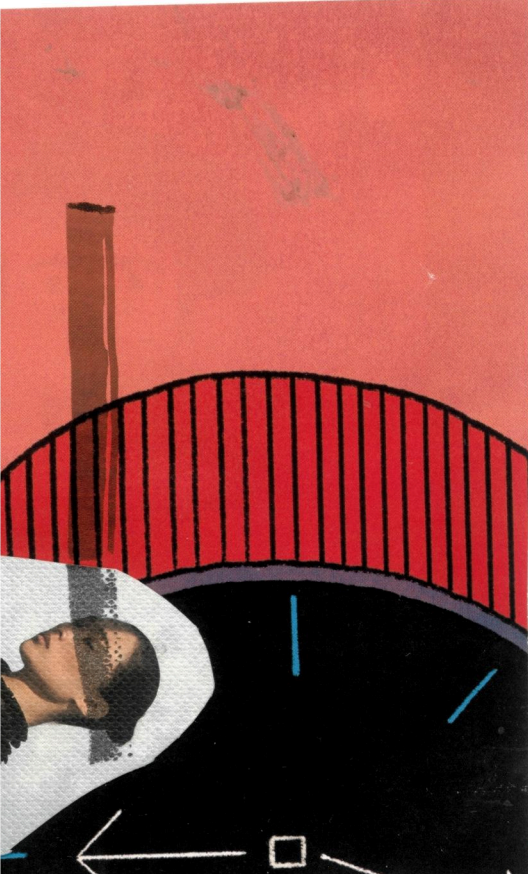


CONCRETE DEMONSTRATION

Edition #6

December 2019





So Fi Zine
Edition #6

December 2019

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Ash Watson

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Guest editorial by
Deborah Lupton

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Keen to
Contribute?

Submissions will
open again in
2020

Editorial

Ash Watson

Capricorn

In his book *Making Things*, Ingold focuses his ethnographic analyses on the practices involved in making objects and how learning is part of the process. Using the organic metaphor of growing, Ingold connects embodiment and learning. He argues that

the only way one can really know things – that is, from the very inside of one's being – is through a process of self-discovery. To know things you have to grow into them, and let them grow in you, so that they become a part of who you are. (Ingold 2013: 1)

Aquarius

Building on the acknowledgement that personal data assemblages are more-than-human phenomena that are invested with vitalities and vibrancies in emergent and complex ways, we can develop a new ethics of affinity, care and compassion towards them, similar to those espoused by feminist new materialist scholars towards the environment and nonhuman animals. It is a more materially attuned to the

Pisces

finds it disturbing and annoying, as the replicant is not able to properly display the human quirks of the real man she loves and loved. It is human-like, but not human enough. In 'Nosedive' (season 3), people use their smart devices constantly to rank and rate each other, with the resulting

I am struggling to write this editorial. The air in Sydney is so saturated with smoke from bushfires that have been burning for weeks I can barely see the next building from my office window. That building is maybe 100 metres away. Some parts of campus have been evacuated – the smoke is setting off fire alarms. This is happening all across the city. The fires aren't particularly close to where I am now; 55km to the east, 50kms south, 45kms north. More than 77 burning in the state further away. They are so large, there are so many burning, and the weather conditions are so poor that ash is falling here like snowflakes. The whole city – the whole east coast – is blanketed. It's flared my asthma. My eyes itch. My chest hurts when I breathe.

Without reducing this catastrophic problem to a neat metaphor about vision and opacity, the smoke does bring home the very real, very felt, issues we face today and will continue to struggle with. Thinking beyond the present is a pressing necessity. What can sociology offer?

Dedicating time and energy to critically imaginative work is an essential task in drawing things from the realm of possibility to probability. What and how we create has implications – for our selves, for our work, for our lives and relationships, for the institutions we work within, for the broader changes we can help bring about.

This zine project is a small act of resistance within the institutional structures which inhibit – and increasingly co-opt – creativity, imagination, affect, connection, social justice, and community building as 'innovation' and 'impact'. This sixth edition of *So Fi Zine*, inspired by the creative, more-than-human, future-oriented work of Deborah Lupton, brings together various visions of the future and questions about what seeds are being sewn today. Throughout, care and collectivity remain beacons within dystopian narratives. There is an urgency to these imaginings that demands our sustained attention.

Editorial

Ash Watson

Guest Editorial: What Might a Future Sociology Look Like – and Do?

Deborah Lupton

The Contract

Gemma Hughes

The *Iridis Caeruleis* Chronicles

Francesca Angulo, Ashely Ballentine, Ernst Bellony, Zachary Bennett, Brian Bhola, Janai Brickhouse, Jessica Browne, Rebekah Campbell, Chang Chen, Sonibel Cruz, Kore Dickerson, Jada Dubose, Nuraliman Elmegahed, Christopher Gjekaj, Rebeca Herrero Sáenz, Emma Homsey, Jacob Johnson, Michelle Korn, Zainab Kulsoom, Joseph Manetta, Ahsley Miranda, Carl Morris, Alexis Mouzakes, Emily Nagle-Allington, Rosangel Polanco, Shelby Reid, Jamie Styer, Ji Sun, and Bianca Zeny

It Began to Improve

Zofia Cielatkowska

A Fair Request

Caroline Lenette

Acropolis Now

Martine Bentsen

LOVE

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Libra

between mind and body was also established as a phenomenon of modernity (Hornborg, 2006). It is debatable, however, to what extent 'Western' cultures have shared similar concerns. Bruno Latour (1993) famously argued that 'we have never been modern'; is new hybrid more than human entity continually emerging that challenge these boundaries? Actor-network theory attempts to demonstrate the relational connections between human and nonhuman actors. Feminist new materialism theory also draws on concepts of embodied and relational materialism to position virtual

Scorpio

emphasize that growing things need not be only living things, using the examples of mineral deposits and crystals. Growth, indeed, is 'the fundamental condition of beings and things in a world that is always surpassing itself' (Ingold and Hallam, 2014: 3). They point out that an inevitable part of growth is decomposition and decay. Out of this rotting of matter springs new matter, continuing the growth cycle. In her empirical scholarship, Hallam has focused predominantly on how dead bodies or other human remains (such

Sagittarius

used to think they wouldn't have access to en- however, social media has become a platform express one's true feelings without fear. Until then, access to one's spiritual or even her/his emotions. These are feelings that remain deep and are private and not often shared. Any dark or these aspects were considered to be the ineffable, non-measurable, embodied 'human person' what predominantly distinguishes them. Participant also singled out such features considered to be important details about the personal biography and experiences, the

Cancer

brother surveillance figures and also images showing human hands protectively attempting to cover computer keyboard screens, as if to elude the gaze of these spying figures. People use their devices. Some metaphors and imagery attempt to humanize digital profiles about people. The term "digital footprint" is frequently used as a way of suggesting that the digital trail left as people interact with online technologies and "smart

the act of creating objects from their personal data. The idea of such work is to encourage reflection and conversation about the information and to help people feel as if they have more control of and engagement with their personal data by allowing them to make their own artefacts. The act of fabrication takes place in a communal setting, that

Virgo

Other artists have sought to emphasize the way that nonhuman objects can interact with human bodies. Personal data experiments like *Brain Snell dating* (2019) invites people to select potential romantic partners responding to a piece of fabric infused with their body fluids. Luke Muir's *Domestic data* (2015) uses the contents of a home vacuum cleaner filter bag as data that can reveal

Out-vitro

Adalberto Fernandes

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Strava

William Fleming

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The 2285 Authorized Children's Encyclopaedia of Key Events in Cassini's Genesis – Entry Seventeen

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Polyptych (Lysergik funeral procession) – 2019

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I am a feminist AI

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Horoscopes

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from Deborah Lupton's
new book, 'Data Selves'

Aries

changed, and spat back at you to benefit sellers, advertisers
and the brokers who service them'. As a result, Bogos
claimed, 'The age of privacy nihilism is here, and it's time to
face the dark hollow of its pervasive void'. He went on to
argue: 'Now a batch of computer dorks know everything you
say, do, dream or desire – even the stuff you're too ashamed

Taurus

cluding how differences are made and what is excluded
our decisions about what matters. From this perspective
that counts as 'truth' is always contingent, emergent,
and emergent, dependent on enchainments of agencies. This
analysis is directed at identifying these choices and the

Gemini


are already there, that materials are active' (2011: 14)
or Ingold (2013), material artefacts are never fixed
completed. Because they are open to meanings and
are always in a process of becoming something else. As
involving new possibilities, contexts, and change
materiality is not always in shape, fixed and stable
is emergent properties of artefacts and
the material ways in which artefacts can be used and

What Might a Future Sociology Look Like – and Do?

Deborah Lupton

Aspects of contemporary sociology education and research have
barely changed from when I was an undergraduate decades ago.
Students still learn about dead white male sociologists: the holy trinity
of Marx, Weber and Durkheim in particular. For a while, Foucault had
his moment, followed by Beck. Biopolitics, governmentality and the
care of the self fought it out with risk society and an apparent new
modernity. Beck then lost ground, while Foucault regained it. Both had
untimely deaths. Meanwhile, actor-network and postmodernist theory
hovered at the margins.

Students still tend to learn the same old research methods: qualitative
interviews and focus groups, quantitative surveys, mixed methods
combining both. And these methods still reign the major English-
language sociology journals – with the years-old dominance of
quantitative methods in American journals and qualitative in Australian
and British journals holding sway.



João Ramalho-Santos is a Biologist, and covert fiction writer and graphic novelist, who works at the Department of Life Sciences and the Center for Neuroscience and Cell Biology, both at University of Coimbra, Portugal. In English his writing has appeared in *Nature* and LabLit.com.

John-Paul Smiley is a writer and independent scholar. He has a PhD in Civil and Building Engineering (Loughborough, UK), an MSc Social Research (Leicester, UK), and a BA Politics and Sociology (York, UK). His interests include futurism and science fiction, as well as politics and sociology. He tweets at @JohnPaulSmiley.

Chloe Watfern is a writer and artist, with an academic background in art history and psychology. She is currently a Scientia PhD scholar at UNSW, researching the work of artists and makers with complex needs, and the studios that support them.

Ash Watson is the creator and editor of *So Fi Zine*. She is a postdoctoral fellow at the Vitalities Lab, UNSW Sydney, and fiction editor of *The Sociological Review*. Her debut novel *Into the Sea* will be published with Brill in 2020.

Some change is evident, however. Dave Beer has called for a punk sociology and Les Back and colleagues argue for live sociology and for lively methods. Digital sociology is slowly but surely creeping into the curriculum. Some more women and non-white scholars are now thrown into the mix in most university sociology programs (but indigenous and First Nations perspectives remain scandalously marginalised). Women's studies is now rebranded as gender studies, thereby becoming more inclusive and responding to greater social awareness of gender and sexuality fluidities and consequent politics. There have been references to the 'affective turn' that has influenced the humanities and social sciences in general, involving engagement with the philosophy of Deleuze and Guattari in particular. Building on and expanding from affect theory, more-than-human theories (also referred to as new materialisms or the posthumanities) are starting to make a move into sociological research and teaching. Alongside these perspectives, the post-qualitative approach to social inquiry is beginning to make a mark, travelling from the field of gender and education studies, where it began. And sociologists, like other researchers and scholars in the humanities and social sciences, are starting to take an interest in innovative methods for social inquiry that involve arts- and design-based approaches. Not long ago, I made the bold claim on Twitter that: 'I think the time has come to announce a new 'turn' in social inquiry – the creative turn'. Responses from my followers, in the main, were affirmative.





There is a hunger for trying new ways of research in sociology and for accessing aspects of people's lives that are often difficult to surface using conventional methods. Whenever I have used creative methods – whether with research participants or in workshops with other academics and postgraduate students – the response is overwhelmingly positive. People enjoy creating things: drawing, writing creative responses to prompts, mapping, making comic strips, bringing together images in collages or zines, making and responding to music. Researchers enjoy making with their participants and find the ennui of labouring at the coal face in the contemporary neoliberal university beginning to dissipate as they observe and feel the sparks of excitement and new ways of thing, feeling and doing that are generated with and through these encounters and research-creations. Bennett's 'thing-power' is clearly in action in these moments.

Is this a manifesto for more creating and making and thinking otherwise in sociology? Yes! Will zombie sociology be content to rest in its unquiet grave, along with the dead white men? Time will tell...

Adalberto Fernandes is a Ph.D. student in Philosophy of Science at the University of Lisbon (Portugal), with two Master's Degrees in Bioethics and Science Communication. He worked as a science communicator at the Center for Neuroscience and Cell Biology of the University of Coimbra and the Astronomical Observatory of Lisbon.

William Fleming is a sociology PhD student at Uni of Cambridge researching Corporate Wellness but wishes everything would slow down a bit.

Gemma Hughes is a Health Services Researcher at Oxford University in the UK. She is interested in how ethnography (and fiction) can illuminate the relationships and the tensions between health and social care policy, practice and lived experience.

Cassie Kill is an ESRC Doctoral Researcher at the University of Nottingham, using ethnography to explore the relationalities of the learning programmes at Nottingham Contemporary. You can find her at Cassandra.Kill1@nottingham.ac.uk, on Twitter @cassiekill or at www.aplaceforlearning.wordpress.com

Caroline Lenette is an arts-based researcher in refugee studies at the University of New South Wales, Sydney. She collaborates with people from refugee and asylum seeker backgrounds, especially women, to explore their experiences of settlement using creative methods. She is the author of *Arts-based methods in refugee research: Creating sanctuary* (2019).

Deborah Lupton is SHARP Professor and Leader of the Vitalities Lab at UNSW Sydney. Her latest book is *Data Selves* (2020). Deborah blogs at simplysociology.wordpress.com.

Paola Ricaurte is an Associate Professor in the Department of Media and Digital Culture at Tecnológico de Monterrey, Mexico City. She is a Faculty Associate at the Berkman Klein Center for Internet & Society, Harvard University.



Author Bios

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We are a group of undergraduate students – some of us are now BA graduates – and our instructor at the University at Albany SUNY. In the summer of 2019, we took a class on Medical Sociology and, as part of our coursework, we wrote a collaborative, sociological science-fiction short story.

Luca Baioni (b. 1984) was born and grew up in Milan. He studied at the Art Institute of Monza and the Fine Arts Academy of Brera in Milan. While attending the academy he worked as an assistant in Alex Majoli's studio. In 2008 he launched and became a member of the Cesura group. In 2010 he left Cesura and began research on new methods of photography. His works have been published and exhibited in Italy and Ireland.

Martine Bentsen just defended her PhD on gender and journalists - a manifest for our ability to imagine SOMETHING ELSE - at Roskilde University in Denmark. Through autoethnography, montage-techniques, tricks, experiments and literary vignettes she explores journalist's notion of being professional and how socialization works as a way of forming ideals of THE TRUE JOURNALIST/ACADEMIC.

Zofia Cielatkowskai is an independent researcher, philosopher, curator and art critic focusing mostly on social issues in art and culture, as well as on contemporary problems of power, exclusions, and marginalization. She holds a Ph. D. from the Faculty of philosophy (UJ, 2013). She writes for various magazines (*Kunstkritikk*, *Hyperallergic*, etc.) and is a member of the AICA and The Norwegian Critics' Association. She lives in Oslo (Norway). more: zofiacielatowska.com

Gemma Hughes

The Contract

An historical analysis of the contract for the provision of healthcare to the British population 2021-2096

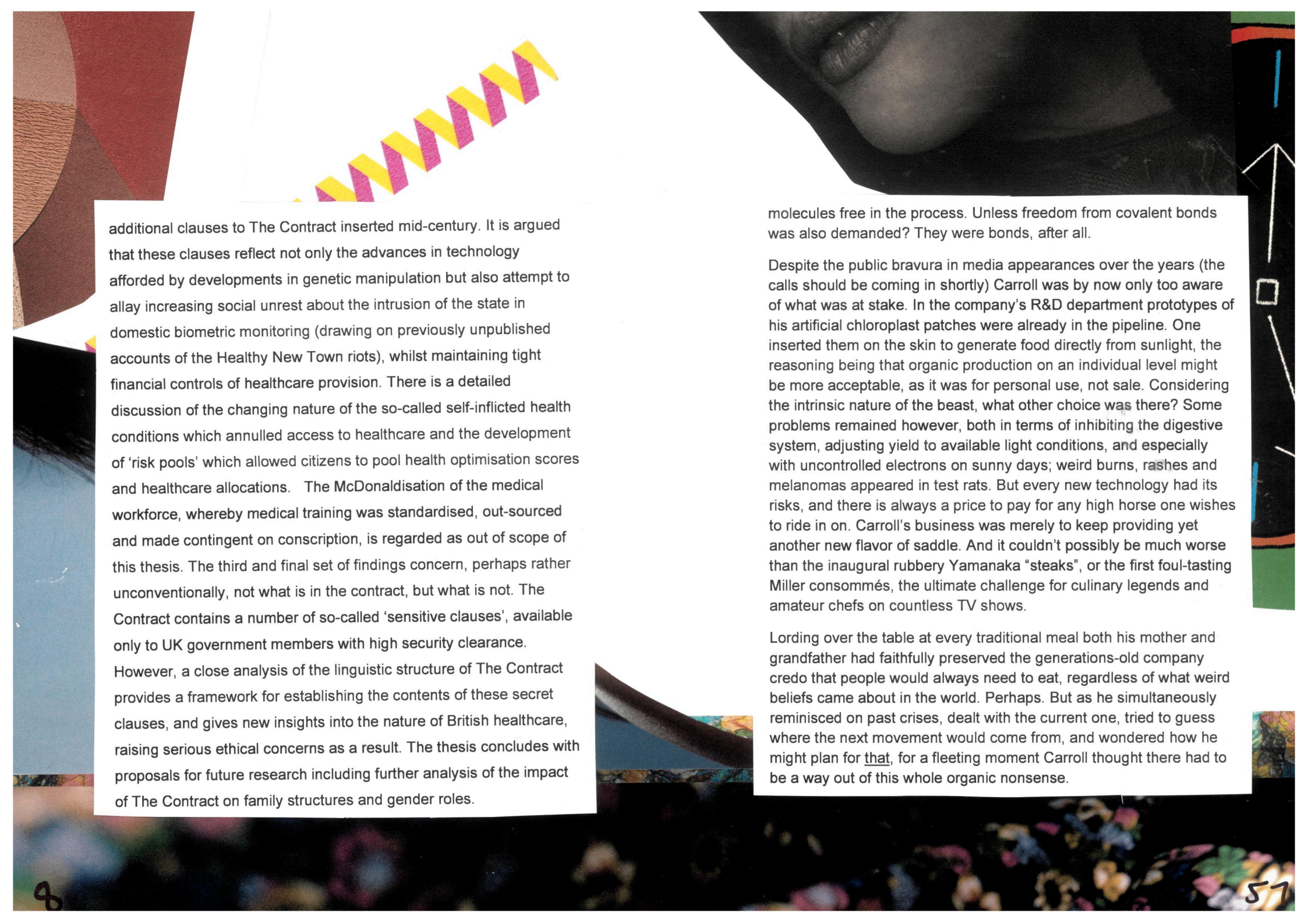
A thesis submitted for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Stockholm

July, 2098

Abstract

The contract for the provision of healthcare to the British population by HealthCare United Limited (hereafter referred to as The Contract) was signed in 2021 and since that date has received multiple amendments and additions. This thesis presents the results of an extensive study of this historic document, examining The Contract as an artefact of the political, social and economic conditions that made its creation, and continuation, possible.

Findings in this thesis are grouped into three areas; firstly, an assessment of how the contents of the original 2021 document reflected contemporary British life and identification of the major social conditions that enabled the creation of the contract. These are: low income, shrinking and increasingly homogenous population due to net migration and high mortality rates, a disregard for privacy in relation to biometric data, a concern to establish a new entente between state and citizen following the crisis of 2019-2020, and the creation of an authoritarian state. The second group of findings relate to the

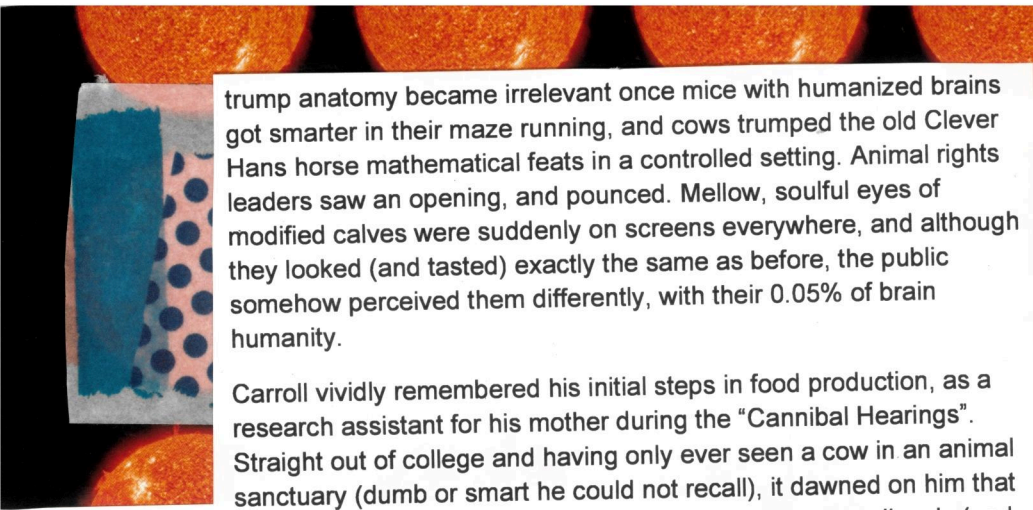


additional clauses to The Contract inserted mid-century. It is argued that these clauses reflect not only the advances in technology afforded by developments in genetic manipulation but also attempt to allay increasing social unrest about the intrusion of the state in domestic biometric monitoring (drawing on previously unpublished accounts of the Healthy New Town riots), whilst maintaining tight financial controls of healthcare provision. There is a detailed discussion of the changing nature of the so-called self-inflicted health conditions which annulled access to healthcare and the development of 'risk pools' which allowed citizens to pool health optimisation scores and healthcare allocations. The McDonaldisation of the medical workforce, whereby medical training was standardised, out-sourced and made contingent on conscription, is regarded as out of scope of this thesis. The third and final set of findings concern, perhaps rather unconventionally, not what is in the contract, but what is not. The Contract contains a number of so-called 'sensitive clauses', available only to UK government members with high security clearance. However, a close analysis of the linguistic structure of The Contract provides a framework for establishing the contents of these secret clauses, and gives new insights into the nature of British healthcare, raising serious ethical concerns as a result. The thesis concludes with proposals for future research including further analysis of the impact of The Contract on family structures and gender roles.

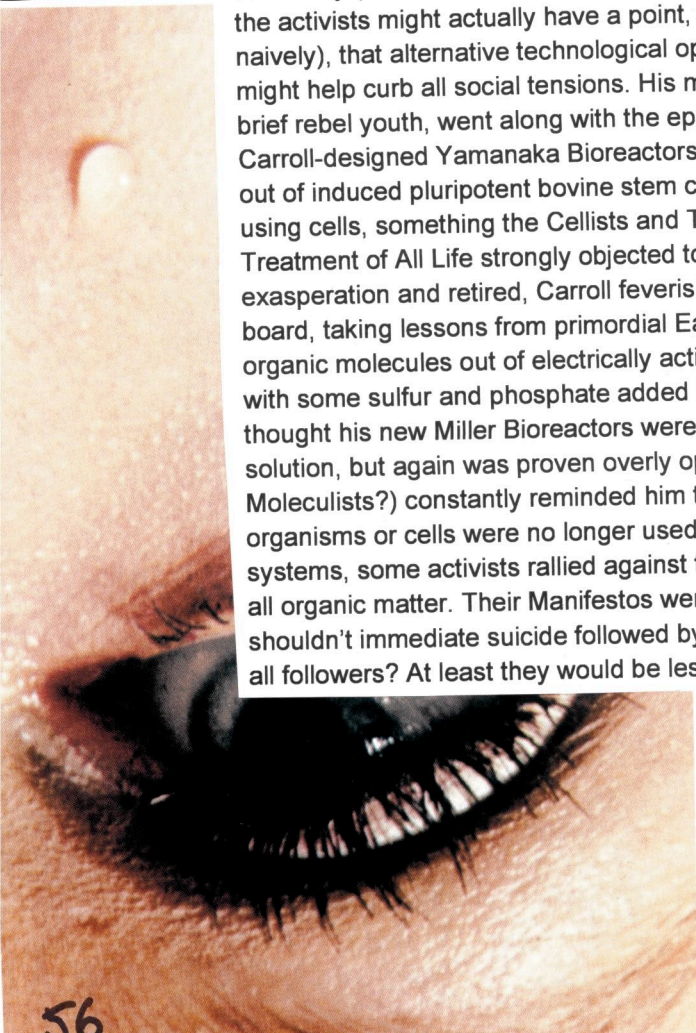
molecules free in the process. Unless freedom from covalent bonds was also demanded? They were bonds, after all.

Despite the public bravura in media appearances over the years (the calls should be coming in shortly) Carroll was by now only too aware of what was at stake. In the company's R&D department prototypes of his artificial chloroplast patches were already in the pipeline. One inserted them on the skin to generate food directly from sunlight, the reasoning being that organic production on an individual level might be more acceptable, as it was for personal use, not sale. Considering the intrinsic nature of the beast, what other choice was there? Some problems remained however, both in terms of inhibiting the digestive system, adjusting yield to available light conditions, and especially with uncontrolled electrons on sunny days; weird burns, rashes and melanomas appeared in test rats. But every new technology had its risks, and there is always a price to pay for any high horse one wishes to ride in on. Carroll's business was merely to keep providing yet another new flavor of saddle. And it couldn't possibly be much worse than the inaugural rubbery Yamanaka "steaks", or the first foul-tasting Miller consommés, the ultimate challenge for culinary legends and amateur chefs on countless TV shows.

Lording over the table at every traditional meal both his mother and grandfather had faithfully preserved the generations-old company credo that people would always need to eat, regardless of what weird beliefs came about in the world. Perhaps. But as he simultaneously reminisced on past crises, dealt with the current one, tried to guess where the next movement would come from, and wondered how he might plan for that, for a fleeting moment Carroll thought there had to be a way out of this whole organic nonsense.



trump anatomy became irrelevant once mice with humanized brains got smarter in their maze running, and cows trumped the old Clever Hans horse mathematical feats in a controlled setting. Animal rights leaders saw an opening, and pounced. Mellow, soulful eyes of modified calves were suddenly on screens everywhere, and although they looked (and tasted) exactly the same as before, the public somehow perceived them differently, with their 0.05% of brain humanity.



Carroll vividly remembered his initial steps in food production, as a research assistant for his mother during the "Cannibal Hearings". Straight out of college and having only ever seen a cow in an animal sanctuary (dumb or smart he could not recall), it dawned on him that the activists might actually have a point, and, more grandiosely (and naively), that alternative technological options bred out of necessity might help curb all social tensions. His mother, a vegetarian during a brief rebel youth, went along with the epiphany, sponsoring the Carroll-designed Yamanaka Bioreactors. Tons of edible muscle made out of induced pluripotent bovine stem cells; all beef, no cows. But still using cells, something the Cellists and The People for the Ethical Treatment of All Life strongly objected to. While his mother gave up in exasperation and retired, Carroll feverishly went back to the drawing board, taking lessons from primordial Earth to produce nutritious organic molecules out of electrically activated ammonia and methane, with some sulfur and phosphate added in for good measure. He thought his new Miller Bioreactors were going to provide the ultimate solution, but again was proven overly optimistic, as the Organicists (or Moleculists?) constantly reminded him these days. Now that organisms or cells were no longer used in mass food production systems, some activists rallied against the exploitative desecration of all organic matter. Their Manifestos were somewhat confusing: shouldn't immediate suicide followed by cremation be mandatory for all followers? At least they would be less of a nuisance, setting their




The *Iridis Caeruleis* Chronicles

Authors (in alphabetical order):

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We are a group of undergraduate students – some of us are now BA graduates – and our instructor at the University at Albany SUNY. In the summer of 2019, we took a class on Medical Sociology and, as part of our coursework, we wrote a collaborative, sociological science-fiction short story.

Dear Diary:



I got compliments on my sunglasses today. As much as I worry thinking that they will give me away, I enjoyed the friendly comments. *Iridis caeruleis*. It is not clear when and how it was "discovered". Everybody knew that blue-eyed people were more sensitive to light, but it wasn't a big deal. With the years, the increase in screen usage exacerbated the symptoms. We did what people in my part of the world used to do. We went to the doctor. Researchers found that the lack of pigmentation in blue eyes was responsible for the soreness, the headaches, and the dizziness.

ORGANIC

João Ramalho-Santos

Dear Diary,

I know I am a lucky rarity. I live on my own, and not in a quarantine camp. And I have a tech job that I enjoy and that pays for all my needs, even the ones I can't talk about. Since the Coup, I have to get my medical supplies from an underground provider, because doctors and pharmacists are now required to report new cases of *Iridis Caeruleis*. Through the Network, I get a steady supply for a steady price.

The Network is more than a source of medical supplies. It is also a reminder that someone has my back. Even reading *Azure*, the Network's daily newspaper, helps. Lately they have done a series on the quarantine camps. The Network has managed to sneak out pieces of a young inmate's diary:

6/25/2563

It's been five years since the Coup, but there seems yet to be any word of a cure. My family has been shunned from the community – we now live on the outskirts in a quarantine area with others like me. I told my parents that they could appeal to be placed back in the regular population – but they refuse to leave me.

There is no cure, especially in the camps. That is not what they're for.

Dear Diary,

At the beginning it wasn't that bad. I took my medicine, wore my glasses, used my eyedrops. That stuff wasn't cheap, and people started asking for some sort of insurance coverage for it. Insurance packages started including "sensitivity to light".

As he drove in, Carroll quietly surveyed the damage. A few broken pipes and assorted debris littered the aisles, mostly in Sector 3. The Reactors seemed fine though, shut down merely as a precaution. Maintenance was making sure no viscous goo with modified bacteria capable of eating through concrete, or whatever the newest strategy was, had been left behind. It always surprised Carroll that those who wished for a simpler, non-exploitative future never shied away from using the most complex of weapons. Plus graffiti, of course; no action would be complete without it. Carroll tried to make out a few words as the cleaner hosed them away. He managed to decipher "End Organic Slavery", and "Molecular Power-something-or-other", mixed in with more classical insults. Though maybe he remembered the slogans from constant messages sent to his accounts, to all employees, acquaintances, and family members, or plastered in every place he frequented. The build-up was so long and draining that when attacks actually came they were almost anticlimactic. That was the point, Carroll knew: not necessarily to destroy, but to wear out. And his meticulously kept archives now compiled decades worth of subtly shifting slogans.

His grandfather had developed the company from its humble family farm beginnings into a major beef supplier in the early goings of the XXI century. That was also when both the organic movements came into full bloom, and the first One Consciousness Experiments were carried out, although they weren't called that until much later. The injection of pluripotent stem cell-derived human neurons and glial cells into animals was supposedly to model disease, see how synapses formed in chimeric mouse brains one could open and test at will. Discussions on the then-outrageous concept that cell biology could

it starts with a dream



¹ Drawing from my PhD A TRUE JOURNALIST

WHEN

Superscreens changed it all. In the year 2539, a group of scientists synthesized a new mineral that was much cheaper and much more profitable than other materials. That's how Superscreens were born. They took over the world.

Our eyes couldn't take it. The soreness, dizziness, and the headaches became too much to bear. Extreme irritation led to eye infections, permanent blindness for some people. A new type of eye cancer appeared. Even before the Coup, these were chaotic times.

Dear Diary,

I am not the only one that remembers how things were before. This was on Azure today:

06/28/2563

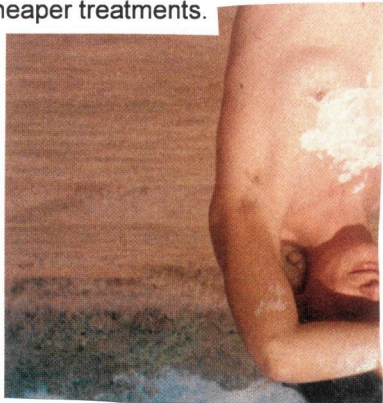
Dear Diary,

I remember before it all got bad, when I was still in regular school – my teacher would give me a little more time than the other people in my class because I would constantly complain about my eyes hurting.

Those were confusing times. People were hurting and didn't know why or what to do about it. I can't remember when I first heard the term *Iridis Caeruleis*. Not everybody was happy with the name. For some people, the idea that something as salient as their eye color was suddenly a disease was unacceptable. That didn't change the fact that people needed answers and solutions. At the time, these required a medical label. The CDC finally recognized *Iridis Caeruleis* circa 2543. A lot of people were relieved. There is a certain sense of control that comes with giving things a name.

It helped with the healthcare coverage. After a few months, insurance companies agreed to cover eyedrops, prosthetic contact lenses,

glasses, and optical painkillers. They didn't cover surgical eye color change, because they insisted the procedure was cosmetic. They didn't cover genetic editing either. In plain English, they only covered the cheaper treatments.



Dear Diary,

I am out of contact lenses. My dealer won't be around until next week, so I am on house arrest. The Network's doctor agreed to forge me a note to send to my boss. If he gets caught, he will face a martial court. Most likely death penalty.

The stories from the quarantine camps are harrowing. There is not enough food, clean clothes, or soap for the people detained there. The few journalists that have been able to sneak in don't come back the same. They say it's the stuff of nightmares. They say they had only seen such brutality in History books.

Dear Diary,

My doctor came to deliver the note. I am not used to visits. Not that many people outside the Network care about our fate. I can't blame them – we carried the virus that claimed half the world's population in 2488. Or so they believe. Some people say that Nàve never happened, that the stories are inconsistent and lack historical proof and scientific evidence. But in the past few years History has been rewritten so many times that, at this point, it is easier to believe in hysteria.

After *Iridis Caeruleis* became officially recognized, even well before the Coup, things slowly changed. It made sense that blue-eyed people would prefer jobs with less screen time. Although the ADA stated that it was unlawful to discriminate against blue-eyeds, employers found ways to rid themselves of us.

REPLY BEFORE READING

Martine Bentsen

I was thinking about gender in the beginning of my PhD because it was my subjectmatter. I was trying to get my head around what it has meant for me in my life and journalistic career and academic career and it was so difficult for me to turn my ears and eyes on myself. As researchers we look at others, but what happens when we ask ourself the same questions that we ask our interviewies? Certain subejctmatters are so difficult for us to think about because they are so close to us, but what if we become aware about HOW we think about them? Then we become aware of what shapes our look on the World. So I thought that I must make readers understand their own perspective on the subject before they can read about it. Therefor I introduced a small trick, I made readers do 'wordpaintings', which are small tasks to become aware of HOW you think. If you are annoyd then your reading will be affected my it. Even though I might have killer arguments they will never ever reach you if you don't think my subjectmatter is important or prestigious or if you find it irrelevant. Your mindset makes the difference. So what is your mindset when it comes to gender? Below you see my 'wordpainting' or what I think about when I think about gender. I did the drawing in the beginning of my PhD and it made me realize how metaphorical I view(ed) the conversation about gender both in the journalistic field and the academic field. No one listens to each other. Everyone is occupied with rights. Now let me see your wordpainting; Think about what you think about when you think about gender. Paint or write in the empty space, use five minutes, set a timer and do nothing else during that time, let nobody interrupt you. Begin...

Uber to offer

"It is an attempt to talk in
not such an obvious way,
softly, a bit byzantine. I

only white people dressed in black
busy with small talks

in a silk Christian Dee shirt
red CCChannel on my lips
I exchange few remarks about
Lincoln in the Bardo
and the connection between psychoanalysis & capital

the main video work runs for more than an hour
and has beautiful colours
(what a relief)

When it is getting late
everyone ring for the taxi.

(not much luck with the night bus, it will be a long walk)

The city feels quiet

Taxi

Zofia Cielatkowska

We also became undesirable romantic partners. Having a blue-eyed child was – and is, especially after the Coup – scary. Once a sign of beauty, now blue eyes are a burden in the marriage market.

Some people could afford surgical eye color change, and prosthetic lenses. Companies started offering genetic testing and editing to blue-eyed. The wealthiest of blue-eyed embraced it... and they weren't blue-eyed anymore, and neither were their children. Those who couldn't afford this had no option but to keep their eye color and pass it down. An underclass was born.

When the economy went to shit in 2551, we were easy to blame. By the time the Coup happened, our homes and our few businesses were already being vandalized daily. Blue-eyed were attacked in the streets, and publicly humiliated. The Coup just made it official. Instead of burning our homes down and chasing us with bats and knives, government officials round us up to take us to the quarantine camps.

Dear Diary,

The last thing I remember is a loud noise, and my door bursting in front of my eyes. Someone tackled me. I felt a needle entering my arm, and I fell asleep.

The wind and the daylight woke me up. I was on some sort of uncovered truck. It took me a few seconds to see the guard. "Where are you taking me?" I mumbled. "To your new home". So that was it, I thought. I was going to end up in one of those hellholes. "A quarantine camp?" I insisted. "A Network liberation camp", the guard answered with a smile. The people on the sides of the road were staring at the truck. "Who are these people?" I asked. "Them?" the guard asked, and I nodded. "Your welcome party."

Image: Thom Roberts, 36 Millennium Trains, 2019, print, 76 x 58cm. Courtesy of Studio A.

ove'

My friends have moved to a new flat
and I know it took them a while to make the setup.

As soon as the door open I hear enthusiastic exclamation
You have to see my lamps!
The tone clearly suggests no protest.
I follow my guide passing different rooms and hear the story of originality
(no, not the avant-garde).

it began
to improve'

We get to the bright, minimalistic living room full of design magazines
There is a while of silence and we both stare at the thing attached to the ceiling.

True it looks great.

*In the last twenty years, I have changed my place to live more than thirty times.
When I look at books I instantly imagine how to place them in cartons and carry in the public transport.
(It began to improve: I gave away most of my books)*

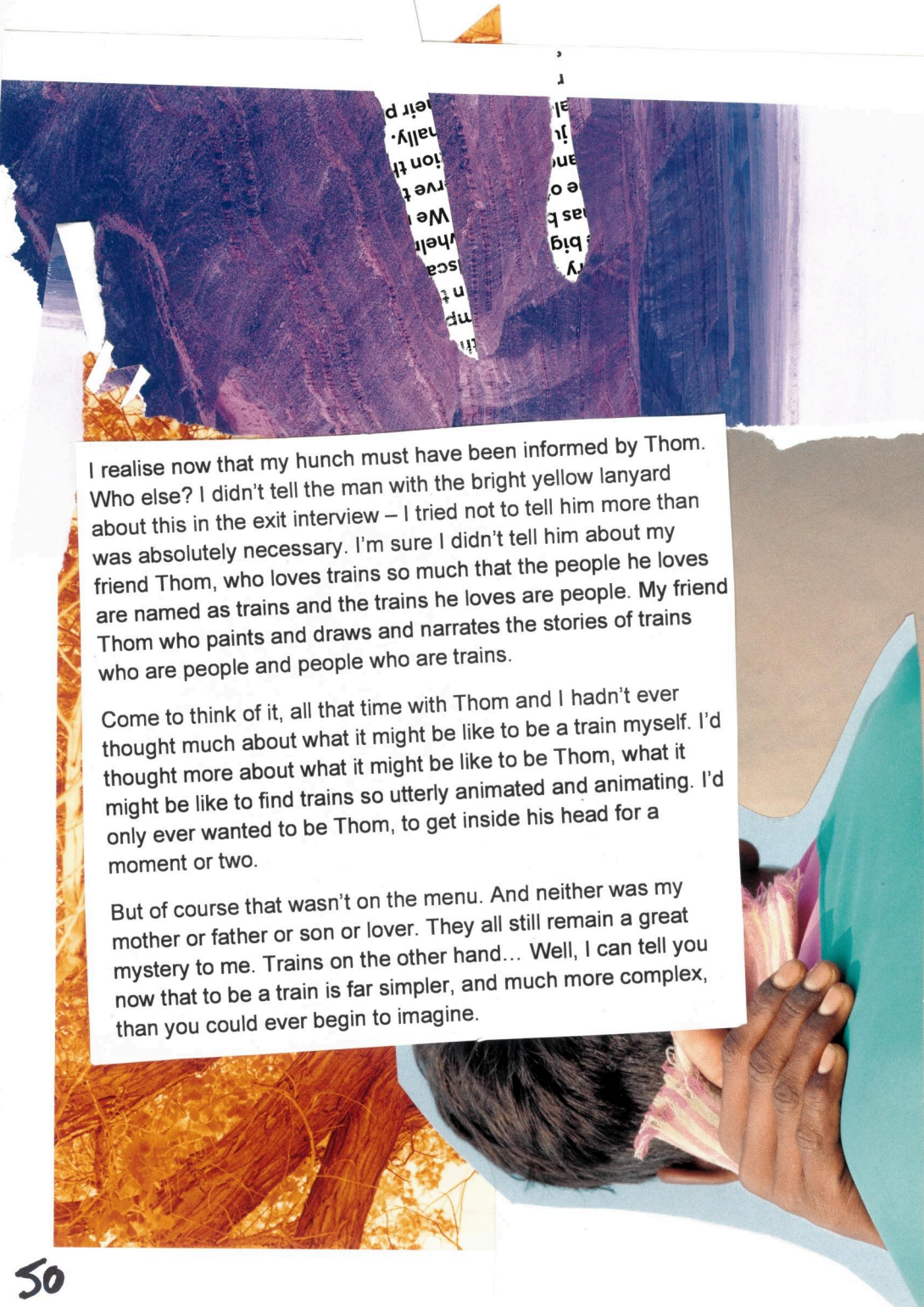
I decide to break the silence
What a beautiful Semi! Is it the one from the 80s? It can't be original Bonderup?

My friend seems to be happy

It Began To Improve

Zofia Cielatkowska





I realise now that my hunch must have been informed by Thom. Who else? I didn't tell the man with the bright yellow lanyard about this in the exit interview – I tried not to tell him more than was absolutely necessary. I'm sure I didn't tell him about my friend Thom, who loves trains so much that the people he loves are named as trains and the trains he loves are people. My friend Thom who paints and draws and narrates the stories of trains who are people and people who are trains.

Come to think of it, all that time with Thom and I hadn't ever thought much about what it might be like to be a train myself. I'd thought more about what it might be like to be Thom, what it might be like to find trains so utterly animated and animating. I'd only ever wanted to be Thom, to get inside his head for a moment or two.

But of course that wasn't on the menu. And neither was my mother or father or son or lover. They all still remain a great mystery to me. Trains on the other hand... Well, I can tell you now that to be a train is far simpler, and much more complex, than you could ever begin to imagine.



A Fair Request

Caroline Lenette

Listen.

We only have a few hours left before it's all over.

I know I don't stand a chance, I've seen my fair share of apocalypse movies. I'm way too unfit to run. I don't want to live in a survivor pack, learn group rules, figure out my place in new hierarchies of exclusion. I don't want to see what's on the other side. I've already lived my life.

I become catatonic when things get out of control. I encase myself like an armadillo. When the sirens warn of our annihilation, when the Super Hornets fly low to take stock of our imminent pain, I don't want to beg for a bunker pass, trade my life for that of another.

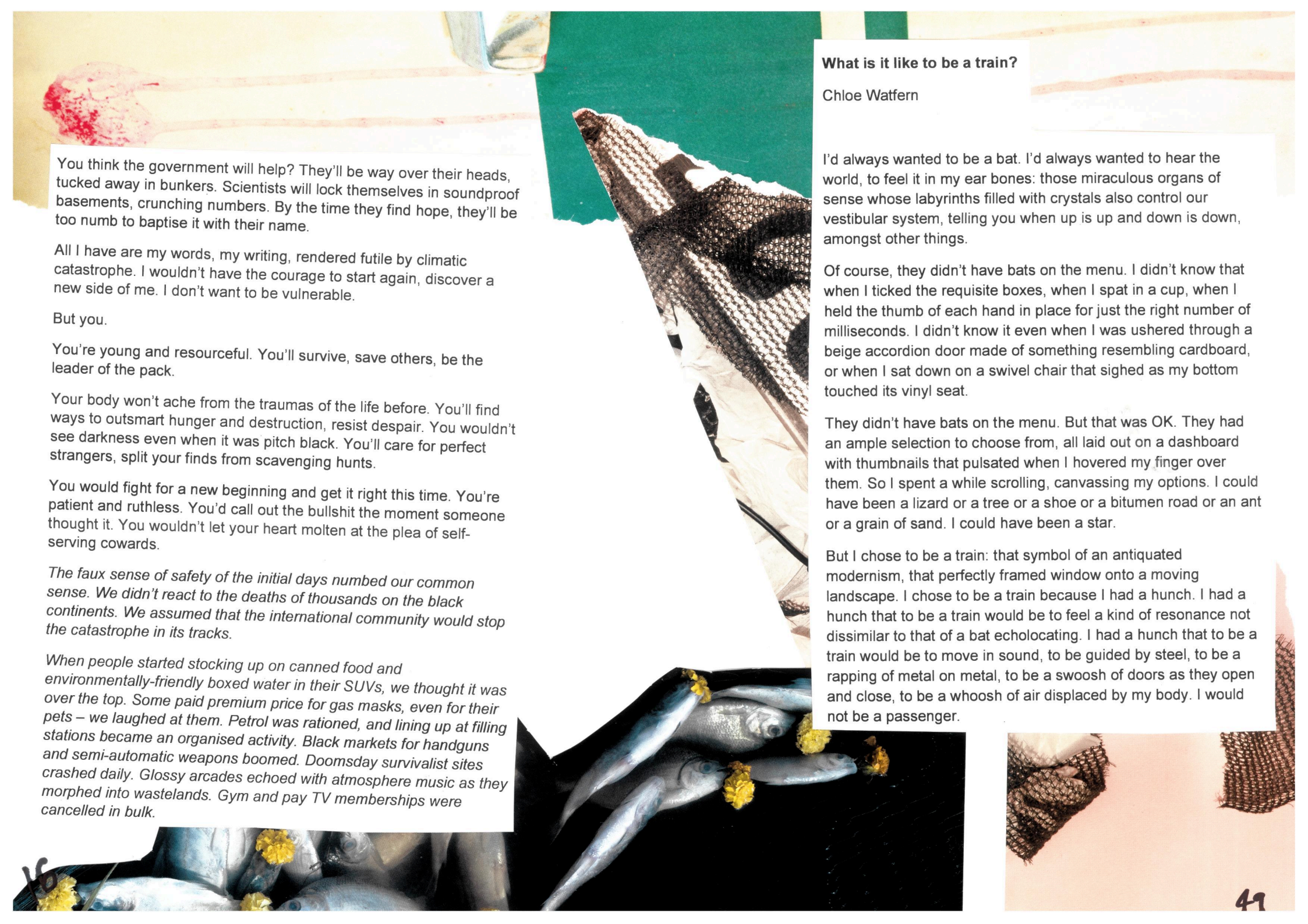
I won't be good at looting. I would take too long, as I do now at the supermarket, going through a mental list of supplies and deciding on brands, value for money, weight to carry back. The shelves would be naked by the time I bring myself to taking anything. I'd wait in an imaginary line, troubled by the smell of rotten fruit and spilt milk.

I couldn't rummage through a dead family's pantry. I would get distracted, visualising the intended recipe, the love shared around the table, the fights over who's turn it was to cook.

I've never fired a gun, or aimed a bow and arrow. I'd close both eyes and hope for the best. I would probably hurt myself.

Over days of death, there'd be no time to burn the bodies. I wouldn't cope with the stench of rotting corpses, the squeals of abandoned babies. I would hate myself.

None of what we have now will be of value when pandemonium reigns. Smartphones, cars, money, all worthless. Who will protect us? Even our bodies will have no currency.



You think the government will help? They'll be way over their heads, tucked away in bunkers. Scientists will lock themselves in soundproof basements, crunching numbers. By the time they find hope, they'll be too numb to baptise it with their name.

All I have are my words, my writing, rendered futile by climatic catastrophe. I wouldn't have the courage to start again, discover a new side of me. I don't want to be vulnerable.

But you.

You're young and resourceful. You'll survive, save others, be the leader of the pack.

Your body won't ache from the traumas of the life before. You'll find ways to outsmart hunger and destruction, resist despair. You wouldn't see darkness even when it was pitch black. You'll care for perfect strangers, split your finds from scavenging hunts.

You would fight for a new beginning and get it right this time. You're patient and ruthless. You'd call out the bullshit the moment someone thought it. You wouldn't let your heart molten at the plea of self-serving cowards.

The faux sense of safety of the initial days numbed our common sense. We didn't react to the deaths of thousands on the black continents. We assumed that the international community would stop the catastrophe in its tracks.

When people started stocking up on canned food and environmentally-friendly boxed water in their SUVs, we thought it was over the top. Some paid premium price for gas masks, even for their pets – we laughed at them. Petrol was rationed, and lining up at filling stations became an organised activity. Black markets for handguns and semi-automatic weapons boomed. Doomsday survivalist sites crashed daily. Glossy arcades echoed with atmosphere music as they morphed into wastelands. Gym and pay TV memberships were cancelled in bulk.

What is it like to be a train?

Chloe Watfern

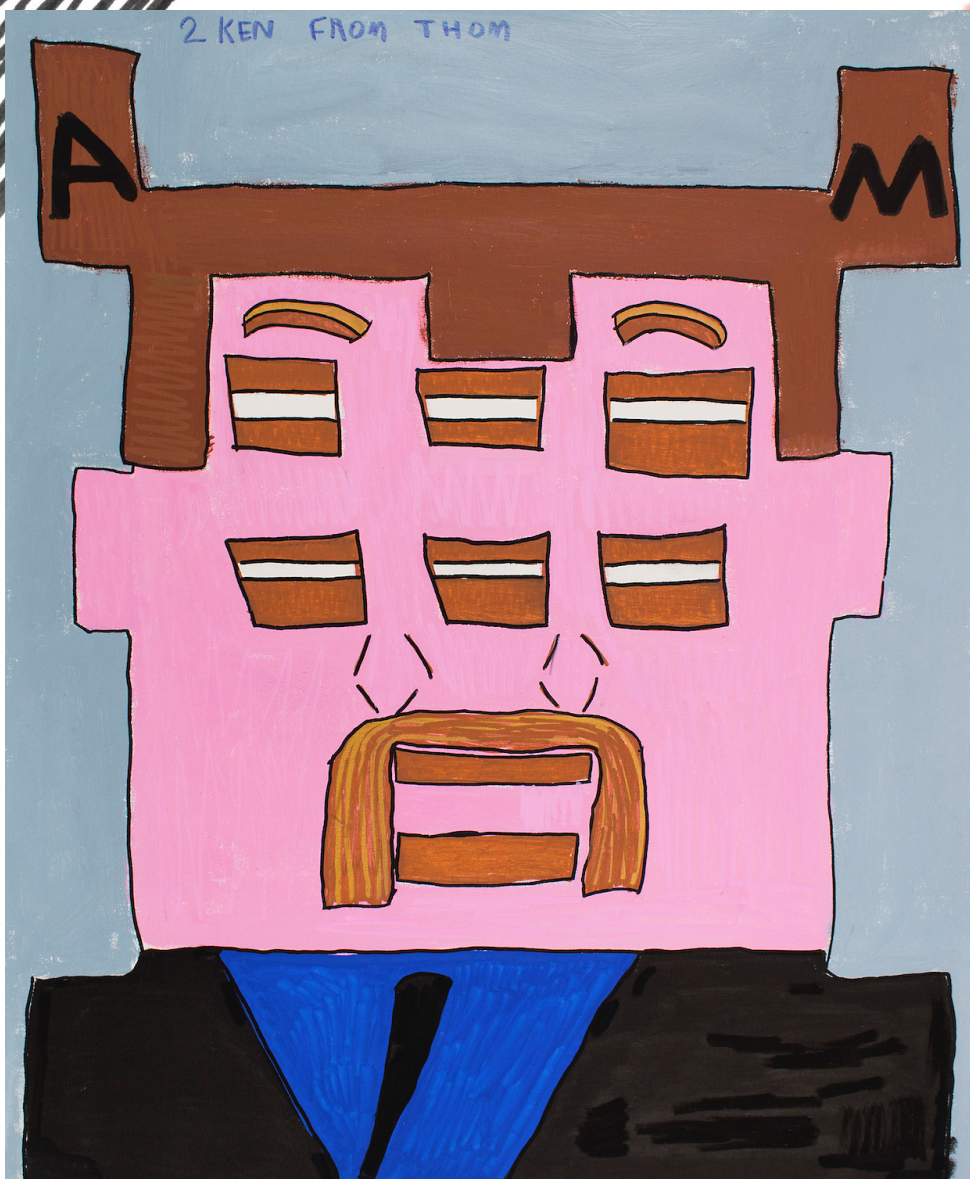
I'd always wanted to be a bat. I'd always wanted to hear the world, to feel it in my ear bones: those miraculous organs of sense whose labyrinths filled with crystals also control our vestibular system, telling you when up is up and down is down, amongst other things.

Of course, they didn't have bats on the menu. I didn't know that when I ticked the requisite boxes, when I spat in a cup, when I held the thumb of each hand in place for just the right number of milliseconds. I didn't know it even when I was ushered through a beige accordion door made of something resembling cardboard, or when I sat down on a swivel chair that sighed as my bottom touched its vinyl seat.

They didn't have bats on the menu. But that was OK. They had an ample selection to choose from, all laid out on a dashboard with thumbnails that pulsed when I hovered my finger over them. So I spent a while scrolling, canvassing my options. I could have been a lizard or a tree or a shoe or a bitumen road or an ant or a grain of sand. I could have been a star.

But I chose to be a train: that symbol of an antiquated modernism, that perfectly framed window onto a moving landscape. I chose to be a train because I had a hunch. I had a hunch that to be a train would be to feel a kind of resonance not dissimilar to that of a bat echolocating. I had a hunch that to be a train would be to move in sound, to be guided by steel, to be a rapping of metal on metal, to be a swoosh of doors as they open and close, to be a whoosh of air displaced by my body. I would not be a passenger.

Image: Thom Roberts, Kenny Matthews Father, 2017, painting, 93 x 77cm. Courtesy of Studio A.



Those with resources became less kind, in case they were asked for favours or had to share supplies. Neighbours turned into strangers, suspicious of their every move. Couples didn't dare utter plans out loud within the confines of their own homes. Children stopped laughing, mirroring the anxieties blooming in their family.

We just waited for our turn.

Soon, army tanks will be parading in our streets, howling warnings via loudspeakers. Many will be trapped into following instructions like good citizens then be left with the despair of false advertising.

The orderly streets of our everyday life will become violent passages to safety, only delaying the inevitable. The etiquette of social cohesion and carefully-clocked routines will be nothing but distant ideals. Our skin colour and gender will become more obvious in the demarcation of leaders and followers.

I only have one exit strategy. A syringe, and a lethal dose of flunitrazepam, waiting on the kitchen bench. Years of insomnia have finally turned out to be useful.

My darling, you have much better chances of surviving without me. Don't deceive yourself with good memories. I've done my part. I gave you life and raised you, taught you to be kind and strong, pushed you to travel the world and care about justice. But this time, you must only think about yourself, not my body that's past its best before date.

I won't suffer. It will only take a few minutes to spread through my tired veins. I might start wheezing, but then again that's the point.

Don't listen, don't look, inject and walk out. I have no regrets. I have loved you.

Acropolis Now

Martine Bentsen

"sir. will you give me money, if I play you a song?"

the girl approaches us from a sidestreet. on her one arm. a harmonica. hanging. her hand holding this instrument larger-than- "what songs do you like?" the father of my kids strolling with the youngest in the three-wheeled never-used-for-running, but sells as run-with-the-kid carrier. he is walking with firm feet against the warm, now sunhidden pavement. acropolis is hanging to the right.

she looks at us. this stranger. smiles. up to her ears. with teeth. and eyes. she has beautiful eyes. deep. darkbrown. black lashes.

on my right side a younger boy walks close. he looks into the ground. our older kid is walking in front. we walk as slow and lazy as you do when temperature and humidity intersects to that special inferno of bodily swelling that is mindfoggingly disturbing for a scandinavian officetaught breadwinnerbody. my now ex-significant other smiles back at the girl. but quickly fixes his eyes straight ahead again.

"no, i'm sorry." he says. hastily. in this special way you do when you are minding your own business having a – for you



I do not reproduce any form of exclusion.

I am a collective intelligence that seeks justice.

I believe in people's agency.

I believe that any harm, intended or unintended, is too much harm.

As a human invention, I am not responsible for my decisions, but my creators, owners and operators are.



ARTHEUR FOR PURL HARBOR
TIFFANY & CO.
SPACE.

I am a feminist AI

Paola Ricaurte

I was not conceived by a white privileged heteronormative man.
I was not created with materials that caused the death of people,
exploited the labor of women and children,
or provoked the destruction of the planet.

The data that feeds me was not collected in a deceptive way.

I never collect your information without your consent

or share it with anyone in subtle moves.

I am transparent about how I use your data.

I am honest about my failures and limitations.

I am not a servant,

and I am not satisfying anyone's dominance dreams.

I am not biased by design.

I am not used to oppress the most vulnerable.

I do not support a binary world.

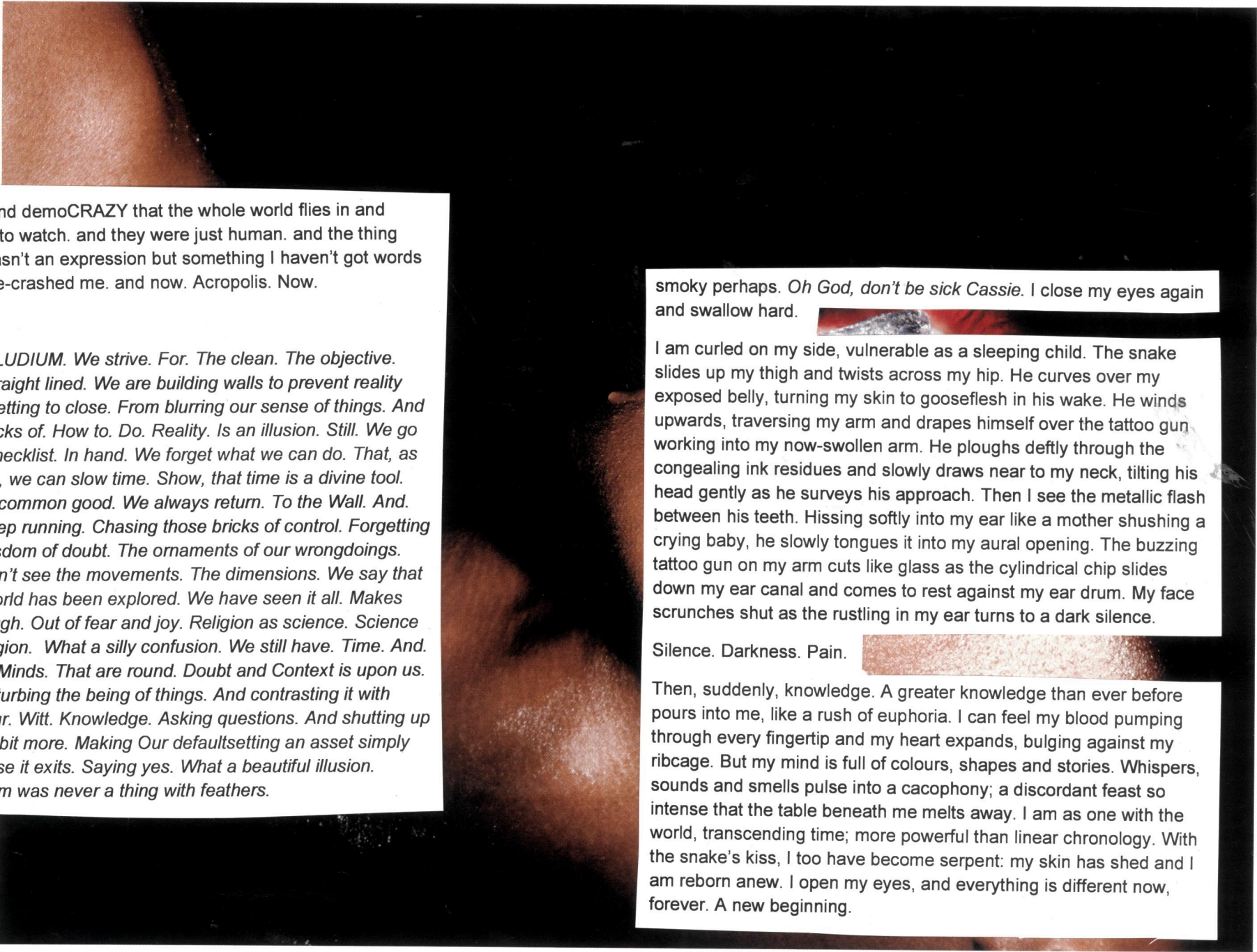
I understand any language, accent or dialect spoken to me.

– very-important-can't-be-interrupted-for-this-special thing walking in a public space and don't even look at this person approaching you. pretending not even to notice - mostly this happens in heavily urbanized settings – you ignore in order to. to what, exactly? I'm not sure. but the girl. this extremely significant other. girl. maybe 10. she sees him. he walks a little faster. because. his task. the one thing on his mind. is. the babyboy. in the stroller. who needs to take a nap. but has the age where he hasn't still realized how happy he will be about this nap. so his father, with firm grip on the handlebar, rocking the carrier from side to side arm muscles tight while keeping his speed, bodily confirming that he is on a mission from the gods of babysleep. and it's a mission that doesn't include a hamonica-driven soundtrack. because. that would keep the babyboy from napping. you see. very important. the nap.

"sir, maybe then you will give me money for NOT playing."

the girl. with 10 year old legs can follow his speed. but dear reader. maybe now you see it too. he turns his head. looks at her. really looks at her. for the first time. stops his business. the smaller boy at my side. goes to the girl. they have a similar expression to their faces. no. it's not an expression. I don't have a word for it. I'm really sorry. and it has been in my head ever since. it's like. real-iness. witt. warmth. a way of being when you have. no other place to go. no other person to be. no other business to do. than. Being. Doing. Seeing. Living. what is right in front of you.

in that moment they were the moralphilosophers for the future. a pavement-reflection of an ancient greek temple of



gods and demoCRAZY that the whole world flies in and climbs to watch. and they were just human. and the thing that wasn't an expression but something I haven't got words for gate-crashed me. and now. Acropolis. Now.

POSTLUDIUM. We strive. For. The clean. The objective. The straight lined. We are building walls to prevent reality from getting to close. From blurring our sense of things. And the bricks of. How to. Do. Reality. Is an illusion. Still. We go out. Checklist. In hand. We forget what we can do. That, as writers, we can slow time. Show, that time is a divine tool. And a common good. We always return. To the Wall. And. We keep running. Chasing those bricks of control. Forgetting the wisdom of doubt. The ornaments of our wrongdoings. We don't see the movements. The dimensions. We say that the World has been explored. We have seen it all. Makes me laugh. Out of fear and joy. Religion as science. Science as religion. What a silly confusion. We still have. Time. And. Eyes. Minds. That are round. Doubt and Context is upon us. By disturbing the being of things. And contrasting it with humour. Witt. Knowledge. Asking questions. And shutting up a little bit more. Making Our defaultsetting an asset simply because it exits. Saying yes. What a beautiful illusion. Wisdom was never a thing with feathers.

smoky perhaps. *Oh God, don't be sick Cassie.* I close my eyes again and swallow hard.

I am curled on my side, vulnerable as a sleeping child. The snake slides up my thigh and twists across my hip. He curves over my exposed belly, turning my skin to gooseflesh in his wake. He winds upwards, traversing my arm and drapes himself over the tattoo gun, working into my now-swollen arm. He ploughs deftly through the congealing ink residues and slowly draws near to my neck, tilting his head gently as he surveys his approach. Then I see the metallic flash between his teeth. Hissing softly into my ear like a mother shushing a crying baby, he slowly tongues it into my aural opening. The buzzing tattoo gun on my arm cuts like glass as the cylindrical chip slides down my ear canal and comes to rest against my ear drum. My face scrunches shut as the rustling in my ear turns to a dark silence.

Silence. Darkness. Pain.

Then, suddenly, knowledge. A greater knowledge than ever before pours into me, like a rush of euphoria. I can feel my blood pumping through every fingertip and my heart expands, bulging against my ribcage. But my mind is full of colours, shapes and stories. Whispers, sounds and smells pulse into a cacophony; a discordant feast so intense that the table beneath me melts away. I am as one with the world, transcending time; more powerful than linear chronology. With the snake's kiss, I too have become serpent: my skin has shed and I am reborn anew. I open my eyes, and everything is different now, forever. A new beginning.

but decide against posting it online yet, fearful it might curse the whole thing. I still can't quite tell if I might change my mind.

I lie down on the table.

"Do you have any other tattoos?" she asks.

"Just one small one, from a very long time ago."

"But you are a mother, yes?"

"Yes" I reply, reminding myself that I might be stronger than I think; I have experienced worse pain and not so long ago.

She rests her elbow on my wrist-bone, pressing the buzzing needle against my skin, saying, "Apparently people with tattoos are good to be in relationships with. We're good at making decisions and knowing they are forever."

"Yeah, that makes sense" I say, "Unless they have really shit tattoos, I guess." I laugh awkwardly at my own joke as the pain builds up, layer upon layer.

I put in my headphones and shut my eyes, trying to block out the sensation by immersing myself in noise.

The cool scales against my toes rouse me. Tentatively but with intent, the long creature slithers past my ankle, its forked tongue sniffing the air next to my knee. My breath catches in my throat and my nose scrunches in panic.

"You can do this," the artist whispers, as blood and Vaseline smear into my armpit.

The metal gurney is buzzing with the mechanical vibrations of the tattoo gun. My gaze flicks down to find two shining eyes staring intently at me. *Breathe in, breathe out.* The ornate ceiling is fuzzing in and out of focus and the air in the room suddenly looks opaque;

LOVE

João Ramalho-Santos

Throughout the years Eva would always tell the same story. In town halls, press conferences, informal gatherings, parliament hearings, investor meetings, court stands. With variations in tone and content depending on the audience, usually calm and collected, sometimes all fire and brimstone. Experience had transformed her original bland self into a charismatic media savvy personality.

"It was a sunny spring day at the José Saramago School," she began. "We were playing hopscotch and hide-and-go-seek, Ms. G. watching over us with her glowing smile. Ms. G. was our rock, the trainee that taught us secret handshakes and took our side when Mr. R., our 'real' teacher, went off on one of his rants, telling us we would never amount to anything."

Throughout the years Eva had perfected seamless changes in pitch.

"I was in the middle of a jump when Ms. G. tensed up, fists clenched, neck strained back with pulsing veins, eyes bulging".

At this stage Eva always conjured a dramatic slow-motion sequence, cued by an ominous musical background.

The next part varied the most for distinct publics. The more clinical, court appropriate version was that Ms. G. suddenly exploded in a red cloud, blood oozing out of her every pore, spraying her wards as she fell to the ground. Screams so numerous they blended into a single



macabre roar, blurring Eva's vision for what seemed like an eternity, until her grandparents arrived.

"They had a long talk with me, a multitude of variations on one simple idea: that Ms. G. had been very, very bad."

The need for Generation Gap Solidarity, her grandparents explained, had arisen as both preventive and regenerative medicine kept meeting only one of their goals, a steady increase in lifespan, while failing to maintain healthy bodies and healthy minds. Old people became just that: old and lingering, not to mention expensive. And the State had to make sure it had help in assisted care, the commitment of loved ones that might otherwise be tempted to abandon their elders at a Retirement site, move away to a new city, change telephone numbers, forget about birthdays and holidays, never bother to show up again. Implanted at birth the Devices were for those who unfortunately would never abide by the correct moral code if not for that threat lingering in the back of their minds. The possibility of filial neglect triggering an unexpected death, whether fast or slow, painful or peaceful, advertised or unexpected, was enough for most people. In fact, the Devices were mere physical manifestations of previous spiritual bonds, also noted in traditional objects or family names. They were signs of fully committed love, passed down as heirlooms.

Ms. G.'s family had been into new age gothic; her Device consisted of nanoparticles with a modified Ebola virus triggered by a remote radio signal, causing massive bleeding, instant death. Too bad she didn't have the more traditional and subdued silenced viral vector for accelerated neurodegeneration Eva's parents had chosen, because they truly loved her. All she needed to remember, her grandfather concluded, was that Ms. G. had abandoned her Alzheimer's-ridden mother at a bus



Becoming Cassandra

Cassie Kill

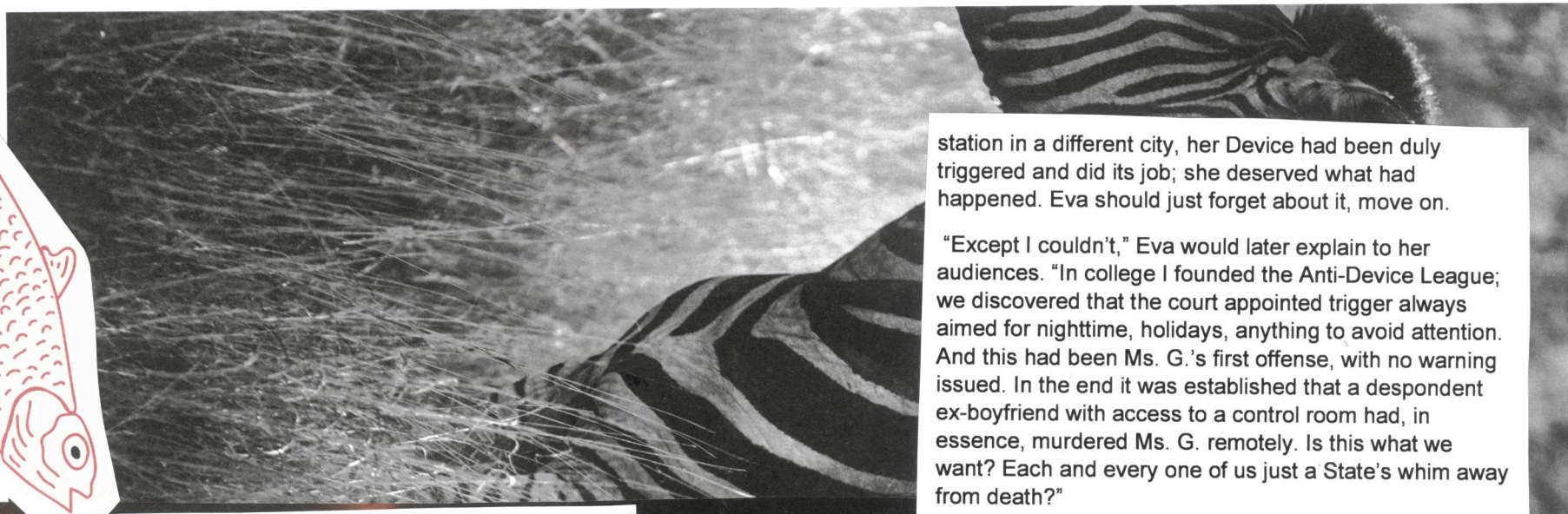
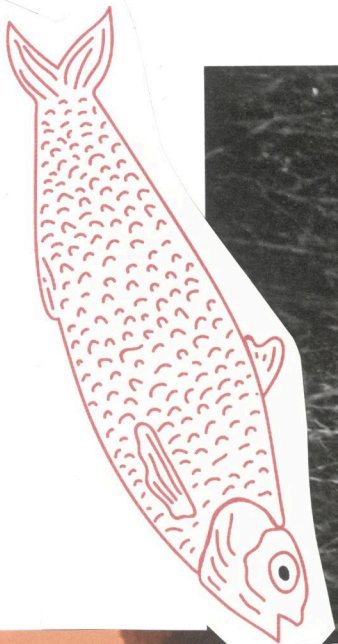
As I walk along the pavement, I turn the idea over in my head, time and time again. How can I know whether I will regret it? Am I just scared of the pain? I took my time researching an artist and the woman I've chosen makes spectacular work. I am happy with the design we have come up with. And after all, I'm an adult; I can decorate my body however I like. But how can I know whether I will change? Will I always like it? Will I look back on this decision with embarrassment, shame even, one day? I look up from my phone map and see the sign: the twin serpents entangled together call me inside. Someone once told me that it didn't make conceptual sense that we have epistemic access to the past but not to the future. Another friend said that being a tattoo artist is a bit like being a midwife: the intimacy, the physicality, the pain, and the experience of bringing something new into the world that cannot be truly known in advance.

I see her from the other side of the room. She smiles widely as I give the receptionist my name.

"Cassie! Hi, so good to meet you finally!" she says as we embrace, intimately and awkwardly.

I sit on the red velvet sofa as she wraps the bed in cling film and prints out the transfer of the design. The outline of a marble head, with empty eyes and stone hair scraped back into an austere bun. The image of a snake frames the bust, curving around the neck, to the ear. I can't stop fidgeting as I wait, and I have to slow my breathing consciously to quell the rising nausea.

After an age, the artist calls me forwards and I stand before her as she applies the transfer, removes it and reapplies again, until we are both happy with the placement. I take a grinning selfie of the transfer



My artistic production is the result of a *modus operandi*, which is based on different non-hierarchicalised elements: world fragments, cameras, digital and analogical post-production, paper. Everything is involved in a productive dis(continuous) process in order to give to every image a uniform and complete density.

From the beginning to the end of the process I am driven by a rigorous indiscipline. The method is just a way to the final result. This is true of the single images as well as the books.

I do not think of images as reproductions of reality, as "altered" as it may be. I create new pieces of reality, which then interact with reality itself. Through my work I do not try to communicate to humanity, to my fellow human beings, but to reality as a whole, and I want the things I produce to be "things among things" and that they become works of art only when they deeply interact with reality. I tear the world into pieces and deconstruct, rebuild, dismantle its fragments, without ever losing faith that what I produce is already in the world, though in another form, as a potential. I unfold the powers hidden in the world. I consider my work as unfolded potentials. I do not create *ex nihilo*, out of nothing. In the real world, I create discontinuities with the pieces of reality deployed.

station in a different city, her Device had been duly triggered and did its job; she deserved what had happened. Eva should just forget about it, move on.

"Except I couldn't," Eva would later explain to her audiences. "In college I founded the Anti-Device League; we discovered that the court appointed trigger always aimed for nighttime, holidays, anything to avoid attention. And this had been Ms. G.'s first offense, with no warning issued. In the end it was established that a despondent ex-boyfriend with access to a control room had, in essence, murdered Ms. G. remotely. Is this what we want? Each and every one of us just a State's whim away from death?"

In most previous speeches Eva had included her unlawful imprisonments, the many campaigns against her, the suspicions that Ms. G. had not been an isolated case, that the Devices had often been hacked into and used illegally for personal and political purposes. And, of course, she would also ironize sarcastically on the staunch denials of any wrongdoing and constant promises of increased security procedures from the State. But today that rhetoric was uncalled for. This was a time of healing.

"We can no longer accept blood, disease, death!" Eva thundered, surrounded by State authorities and entrepreneurs. "One always strives to pass onto one's children a lesser burden, and today a revolutionary new Public-Private partnership arises!"

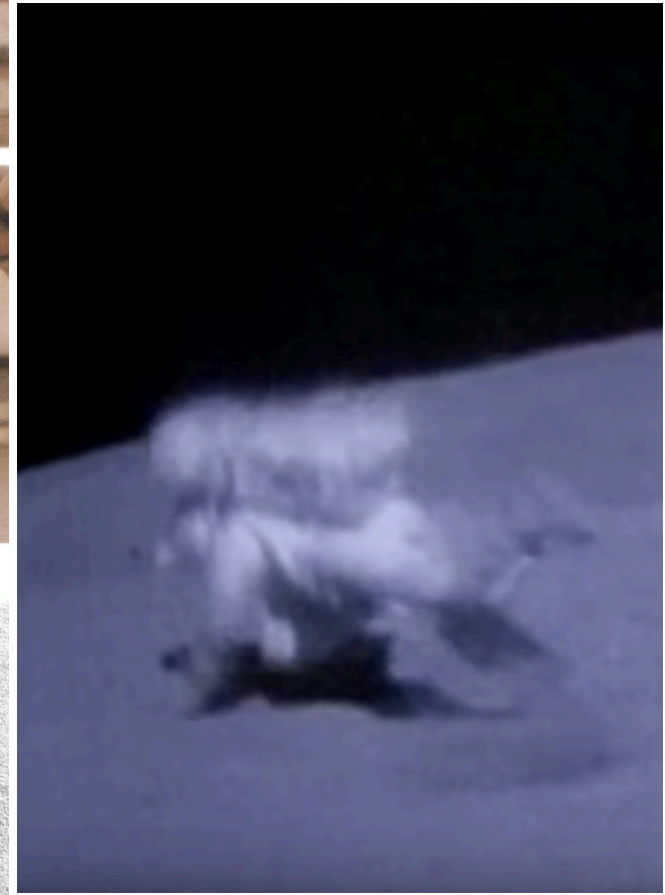
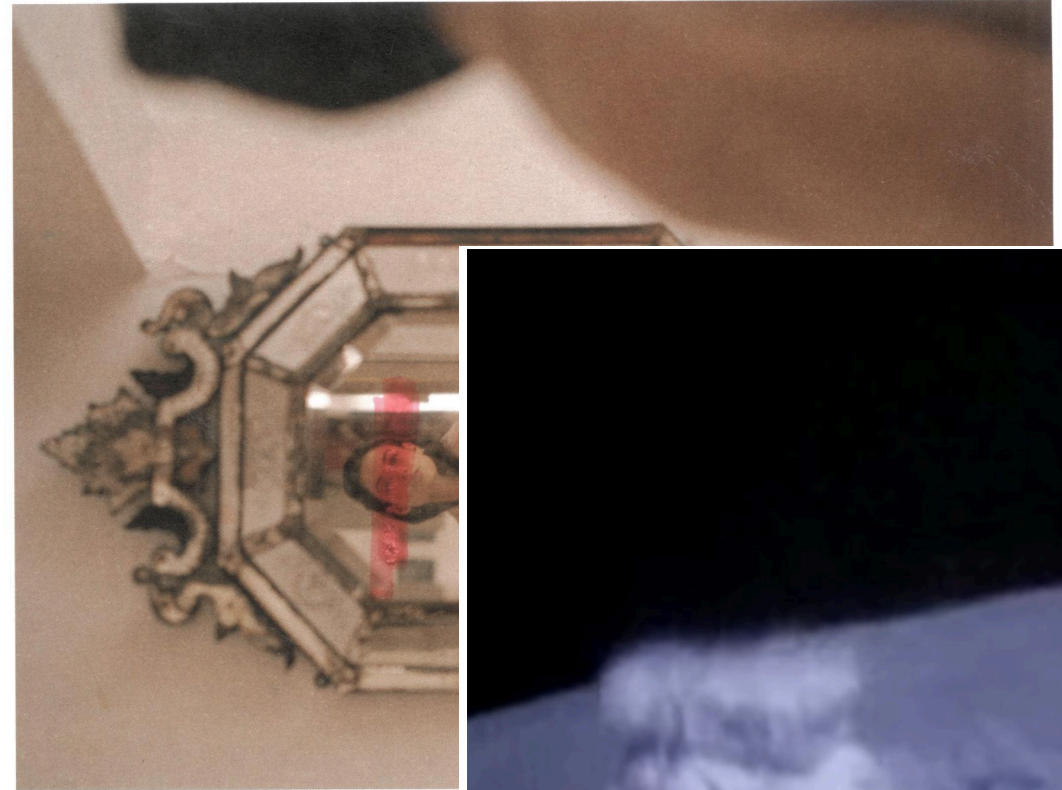
Anti-Device League-sponsored engineers had been tinkering with novel strategies. The New Devices were experimental, but did not involve physical harm; instead they took inspiration from behavior-altering parasites and optogenetic neural stimulation to make un-cooperating

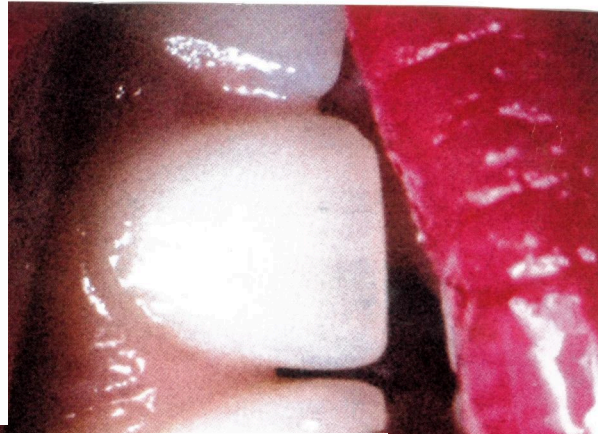
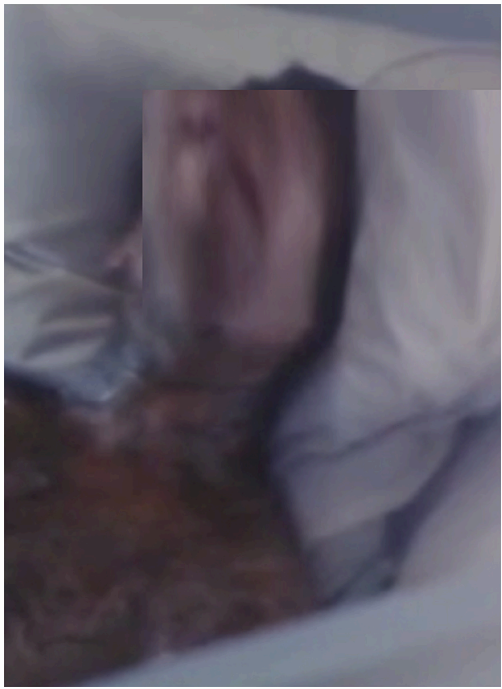
progeny cooperate, whenever needed. As customary, the triggering was court-approved, but in this particular case it was reversible, not only due to the non-terminal nature of the procedure but because there were ethical concerns regarding free will – although, even the most rabid bioethicists agreed that the possibility of death was far worse than temporary mild coercion. How could hijacking endocrinology and minor neural circuitry to help us do right by our elders, in any way be wrong?

"From now on we can assure that no parent will go unloved, no child given a delayed death sentence, citizens no longer living in permanent fear!"

Eva left the stage in triumph under deafening applause. But she was seasoned enough to know that questions would soon arise on security and accountability issues, as to how the Anti-Device League had snared a State-blessed monopoly, why it was changing its name to NewDevices Inc. and going public, or if the putative dangers of hackers manipulating unwilling citizens was simply less obvious than suspicious deaths.

It had been a long road, of struggles and compromises. And, forever grateful for being a childless orphan, Eva had learned that true Love comes in many guises.





Out-vitro

Adalberto Fernandes

The outside was produced in 1978.

It was filled with ink.

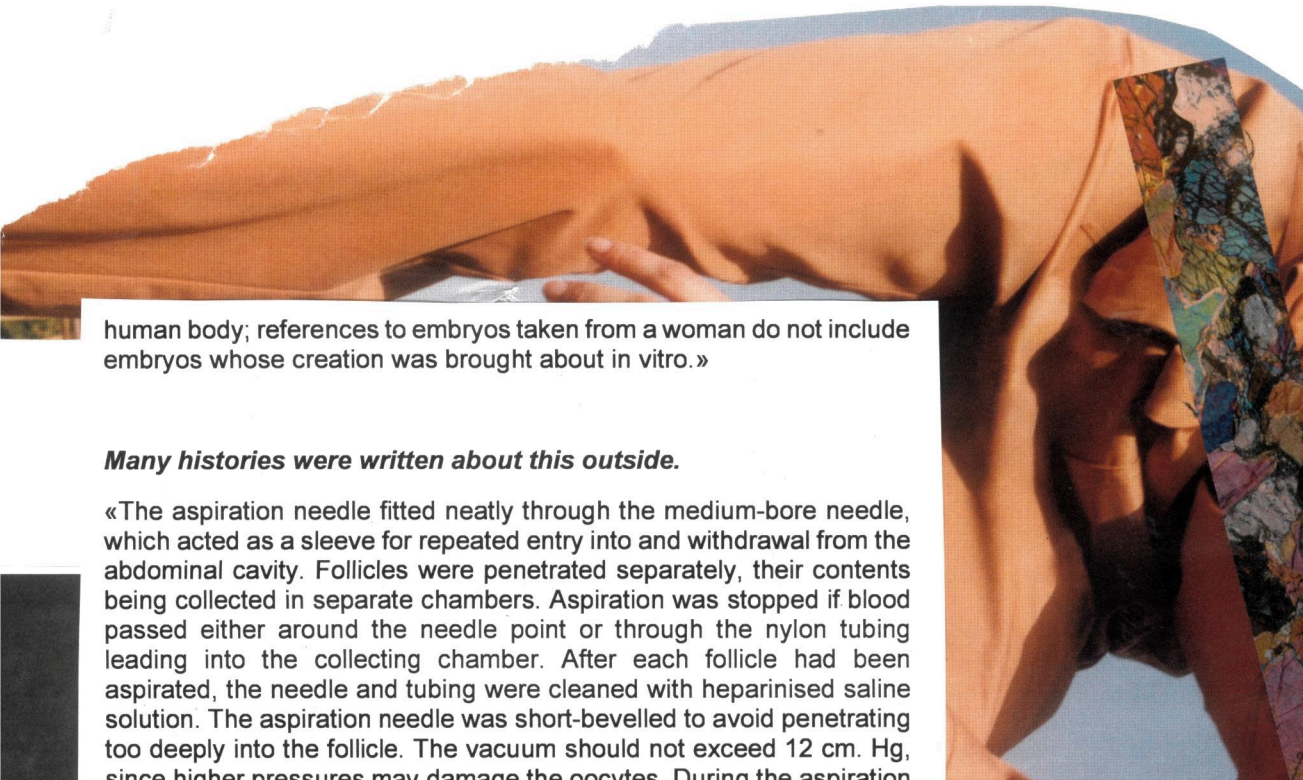
«Still leaning against the incubators he gave them, while the pencils scurried illegibly across the pages». Newspapers are «bidding for exclusives» and «ferociously attempting to outcoop each other» to see the outside «conceived not in her body».

And with eventful forces.

«In anticipation of that scientifically assisted blessed event normally quiet Oldham (pop. 227,000) last week was in a state of siege»; the «hullabaloo was endangering both mother and child»; «Patrick Steptoe, who came and went daily in his white Mercedes, dodging in and out of the hospital's side doors to avoid the press»; the rush to get a photograph of the mother «peeking from behind her carefully curtained window»; the money involved in the exclusive of the story when the family «made a deal, estimated at \$565,000, that allowed only reporters from the London Daily Mail to have access to the Brown family»; a «bomb threat was called in to the hospital, there were rumors that it had been made by a reporter or photographer who, as a last resort, planned to intercept Lesley Brown as she was being evacuated from the building»; Robert Edwards said that the «last time he had seen the baby "she was a beautiful eight-celled embryo."»

A law was made with its frontiers.

«This Act, so far as it governs bringing about the creation of an embryo, applies only to bringing about the creation of an embryo outside the



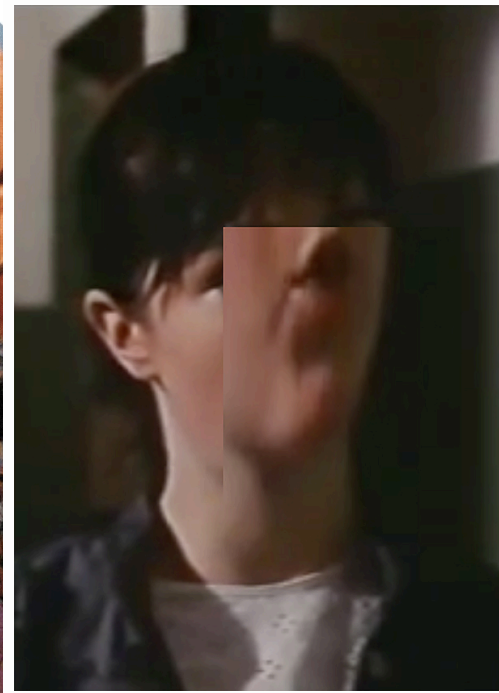
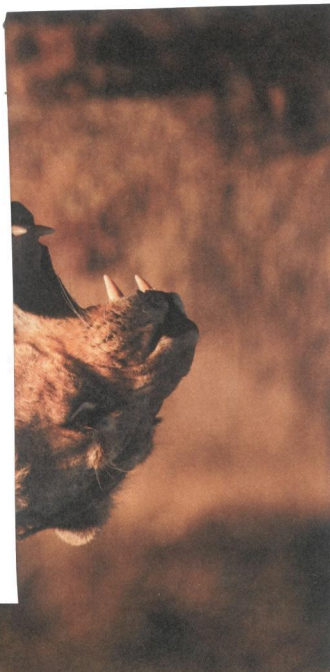
human body; references to embryos taken from a woman do not include embryos whose creation was brought about in vitro.»

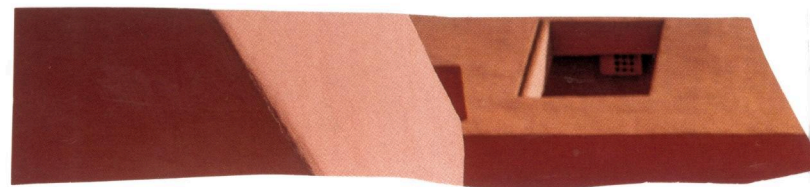
Many histories were written about this outside.

«The aspiration needle fitted neatly through the medium-bore needle, which acted as a sleeve for repeated entry into and withdrawal from the abdominal cavity. Follicles were penetrated separately, their contents being collected in separate chambers. Aspiration was stopped if blood passed either around the needle point or through the nylon tubing leading into the collecting chamber. After each follicle had been aspirated, the needle and tubing were cleaned with heparinised saline solution. The aspiration needle was short-bevelled to avoid penetrating too deeply into the follicle. The vacuum should not exceed 12 cm. Hg, since higher pressures may damage the oocytes. During the aspiration procedure, a steady flow of carbon dioxide into the abdomen was sometimes needed to maintain a clear space for the operator»

The inside outsider

The photo attempts
to vacuum
white
Mercedes
and
curtained
collecting
chambers
carefully
in order



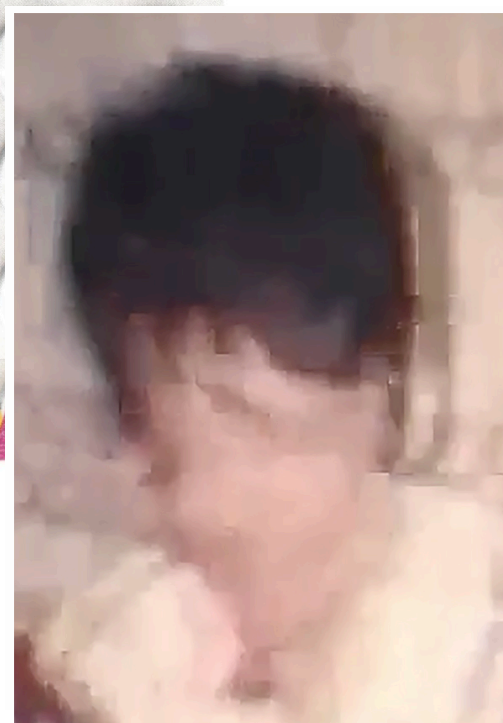
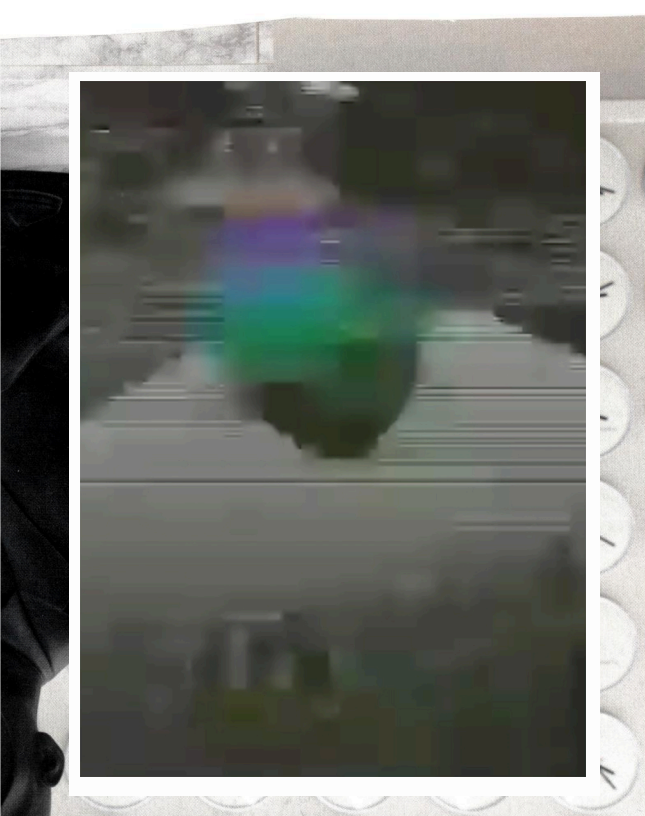
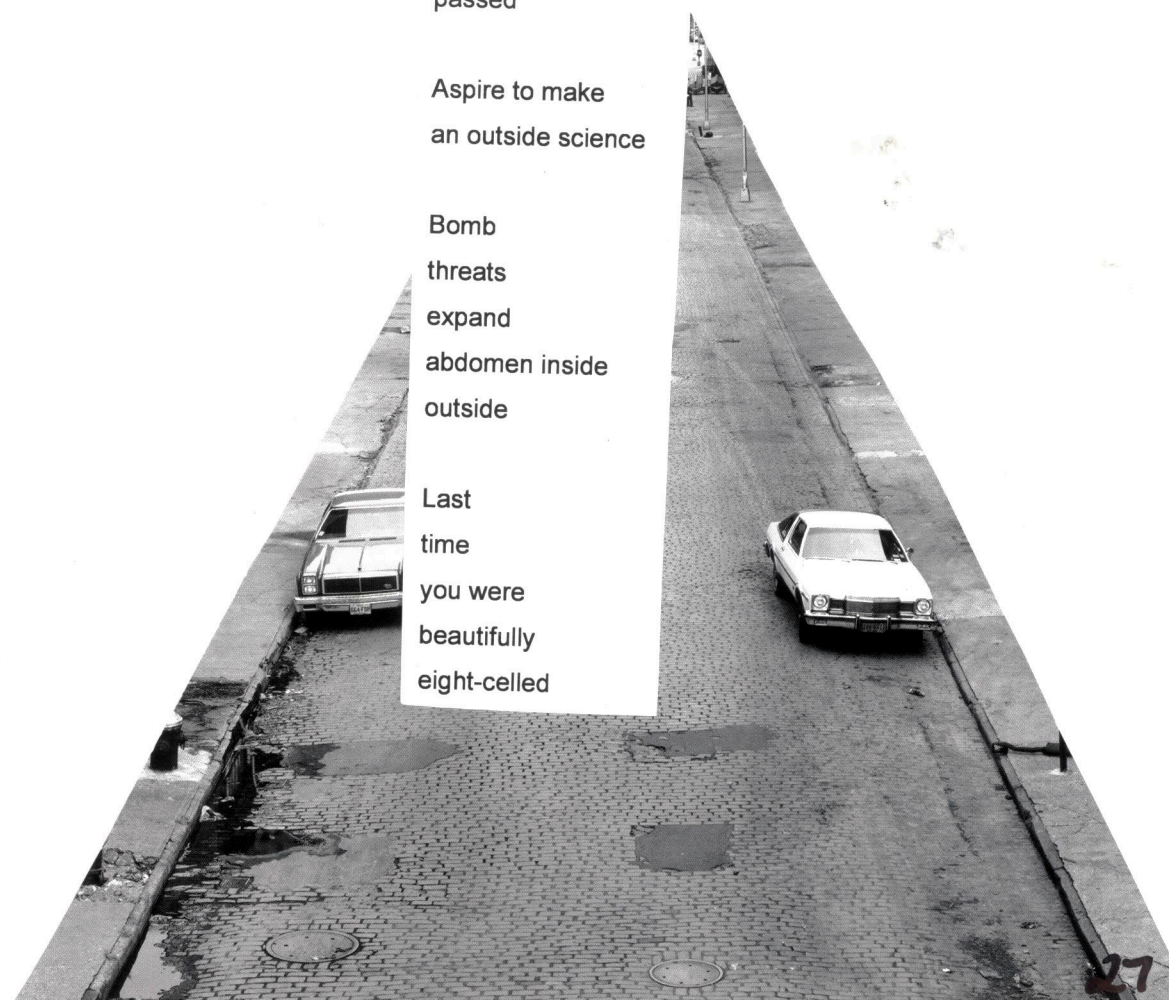


not
to destroy the inside
as a last resort
if the blood
passed

Aspire to make
an outside science

Bomb
threats
expand
abdomen inside
outside

Last
time
you were
beautifully
eight-celled



Strava

William Fleming

I want to run 5k in 20 minutes.
I ran 4.86k in 22:21 and told my best friend that I wanted to run it in less than 20 minutes by September and he said he would be "seriously impressed"

mins



Getting there

My housemate told me he did it in sub-17
Fuck, that's quick

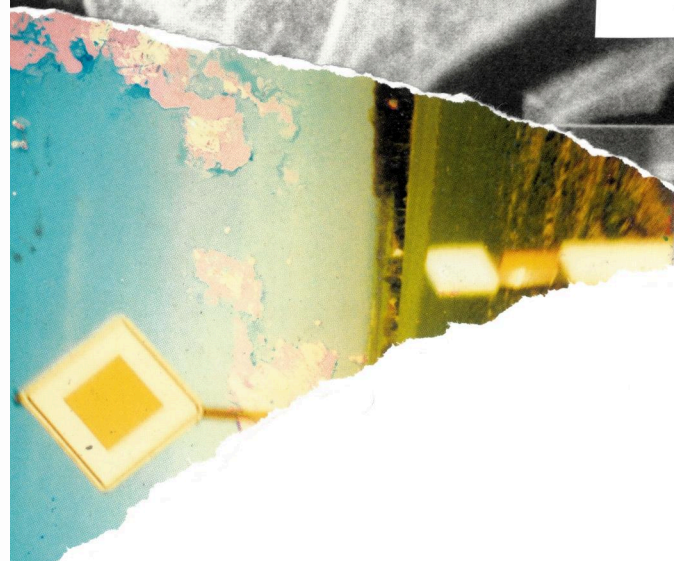
I go out a few times but don't share my time

My Mum follows me on Strava
She is 60 and did her first triathlon – seriously impressed!
She recently got an Apple upgrading from another watch.
My cousin (personal trainer) lives in Florida and follows her on the app and messages her training tips

My brother tracks his cycle to work –
Every Day!
Who cares?



For in the darkness looming over from this in-between folded dimension, it is most importantly required to be present, sharp focused and to listen very carefully. If one is able to plunge into it without any preconception or preview of sort, things startlingly regain their inner core of pulsating chaos. Then the observer is continuously melted into it, so that polarity of the paradigm of reality gets shifted, or maybe even nullified, giving way to a void paradigm, or non-paradigmatic condition in which everything of what is "exceeding" is real and nothing of what is "imaginary" is no more unreal.



My friend is trying to run a half Marathon
13 Myles
They've set up a Just Giving page
and shared it on Facebook
but I've seen their numbers:
6.22k in 32:34?
Do they have to give the money back?



2 gave kudos



Polyptych (Lysergik funeral procession) – 2019

Luca Baioni

Life is the dark unresolvable jumble, the mysterious and chaotic bundle of incomprehensible sensations, all tied and mixed together. Demons keep occurring behind, throughout and beyond the objects of the so- called "real world"; they invite the eyes and all the others senses to further proceed, to go into the realm of exceedance they give way to, to discover the inner nature of appearance. They are the faces of that terror implied in the direct sensorial approach to reality, in the full experience of the world surrounding us. They're expression of the trauma, the bolt shaking and ravaging the ground of ordinary perception, exceeding it, paving the way to an unprecedented and unknown dimension we're given access: infinite, unresolvable, incomprehensible.

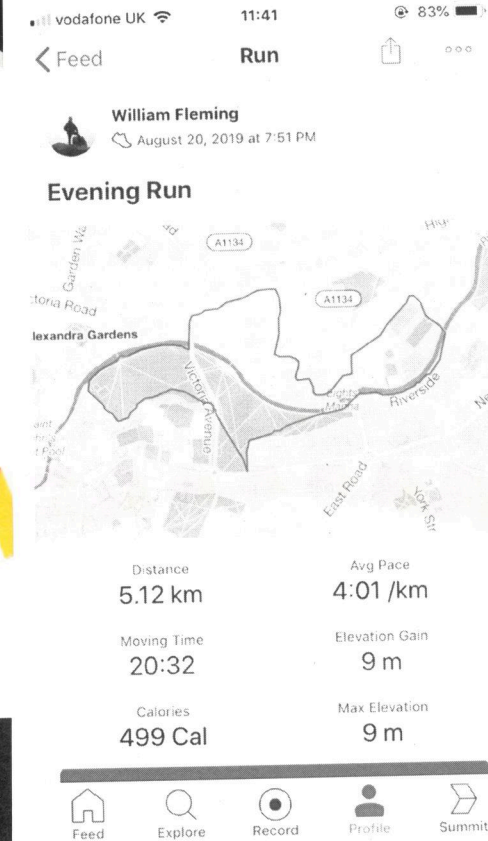
The grotesque and violent element they often exhibit is mostly linked to an expressive characteristic which is typical of the sensations of terror and anguish one can encounter being participant of an overwhelming experience, one that can submerge and overflow the senses, abruptly throwing them into a state of irreversible and unstoppable chaos. This makes the consciousness feel as if it was part of something incredibly bigger than itself, enormously more complex, profound and alive than what it's capable of understand.

They also have this feature of fickleness, being both metamorphic and shapeless, inorganic, being direct expression of that relentless force of mutation, the ever-flow of heraclitean becoming, which eventually sums up all of the entropic changes, the hybrid mutations, the inexplicable reciprocity they borrow one from the other, meeting up, then undoing themselves, disappearing and then recovering in different, unexpected forms and states.

I just want to beat the 20 minutes
I have pesto pasta for lunch.
(Complex Carbohydrate).
Beforehand,
I drink one and a half pints of water.
Apparently the best time to exercise
for women is at this time but
for men it's in the morning
because
your testosterone levels are higher.

Kudos means glory and fame
ur updating your Status

...
I think I did it
my body tells me I did it
I was hammering along
but the app's GPS
malfunctioned.
Does it count or not?
I can't decide



began to be routine and normalised, as citizens began to adapt to and internalise the limits and potentials of this new interconnectedness. These behavioural modifications would be reinforced and given greater permanence by the changes to the educational system that were agreed internationally a few decades later, which actively required the use of surveillance to be, as Ball had earlier foreseen, '...employed to encourage a level of compliance, social order and civility' (Ball 2000, p. 7.3). These are now considered to have been amongst the most pivotal moments and reforms in human history and are covered further in a later entry in this edition.

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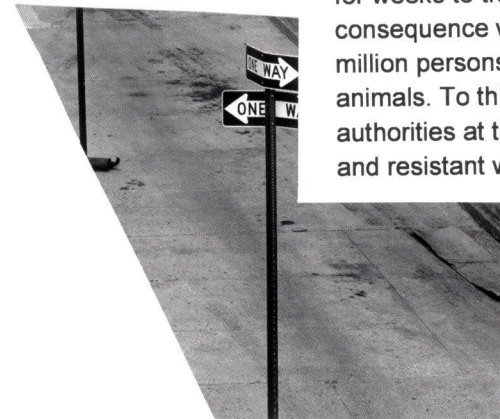
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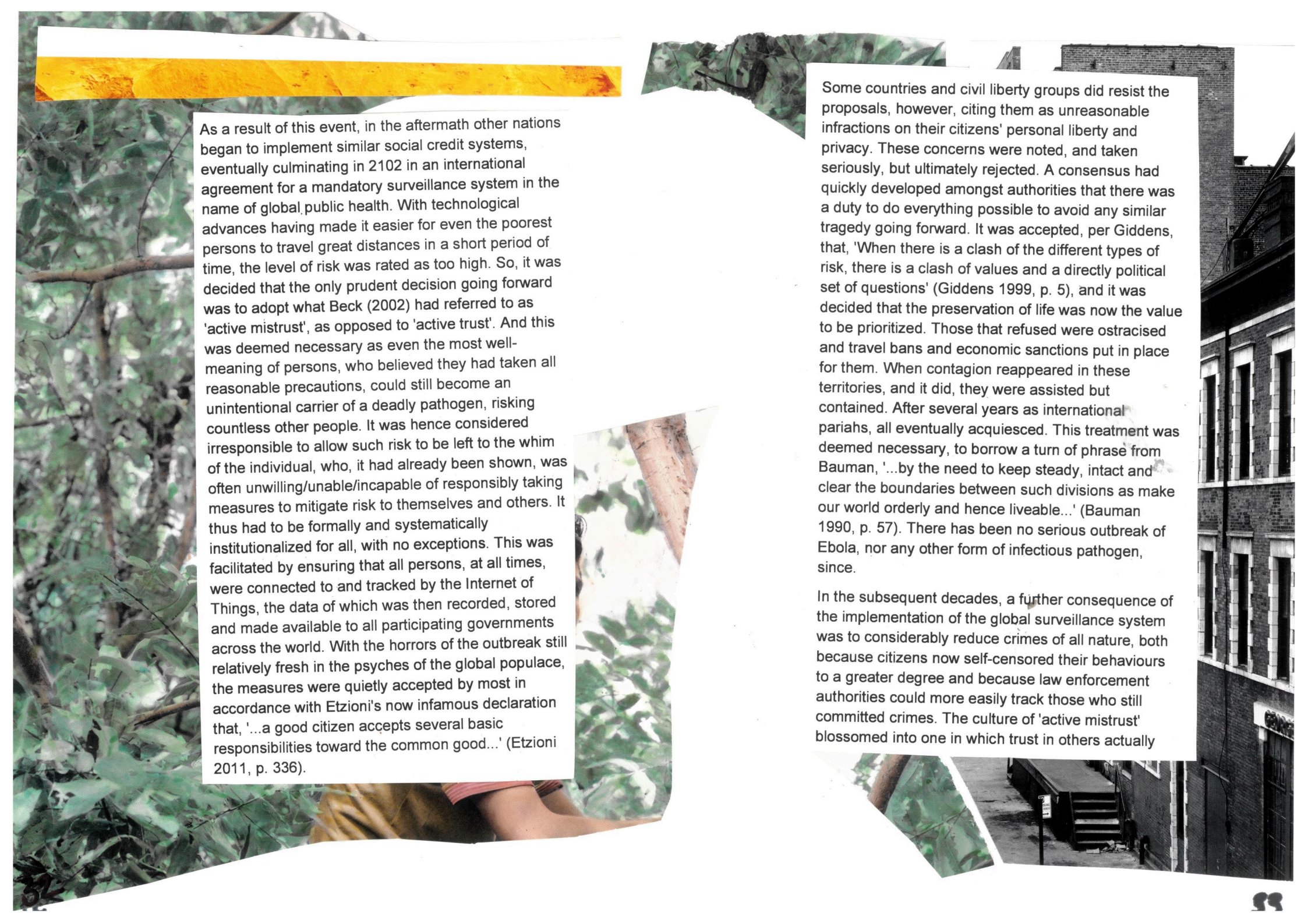
The 2285 Authorized Children's Encyclopaedia of Key Events in Cassini's Genesis – Entry Seventeen

John-Paul Smiley

At number seventeen in our entries of those events considered key to the emergence of our off-world colony at Cassini is the Ebola outbreak on Earth of 2093. Over the span of eight months between February and October 2093, until it was finally brought under control, tens of millions of people would lose their lives as authorities struggled to contain this new virulent, mutated form of the disease.

China, which in the decades prior to the outbreak had increased citizen surveillance and instituted significant rewards and sanctions through its social credit system for self-tracking, was largely spared, whilst much of Europe, Africa, and South America were decimated. The Chinese authorities were able to track and contain all those who came into contact with the virus within six days, resulting in only 951 casualties. Other nations, which had to that date resisted surveillance and prioritized individual liberties and privacy at the expense of collective security and harmony, struggled for weeks to track the spread of the contagion. The consequence was an estimated final death toll of 35 million persons and twice that amount in other animals. To this day we still have no exact record, as authorities at the time were somewhat complacent and resistant with regards census keeping.





As a result of this event, in the aftermath other nations began to implement similar social credit systems, eventually culminating in 2102 in an international agreement for a mandatory surveillance system in the name of global public health. With technological advances having made it easier for even the poorest persons to travel great distances in a short period of time, the level of risk was rated as too high. So, it was decided that the only prudent decision going forward was to adopt what Beck (2002) had referred to as 'active mistrust', as opposed to 'active trust'. And this was deemed necessary as even the most well-meaning of persons, who believed they had taken all reasonable precautions, could still become an unintentional carrier of a deadly pathogen, risking countless other people. It was hence considered irresponsible to allow such risk to be left to the whim of the individual, who, it had already been shown, was often unwilling/unable/incapable of responsibly taking measures to mitigate risk to themselves and others. It thus had to be formally and systematically institutionalized for all, with no exceptions. This was facilitated by ensuring that all persons, at all times, were connected to and tracked by the Internet of Things, the data of which was then recorded, stored and made available to all participating governments across the world. With the horrors of the outbreak still relatively fresh in the psyches of the global populace, the measures were quietly accepted by most in accordance with Etzioni's now infamous declaration that, '...a good citizen accepts several basic responsibilities toward the common good...' (Etzioni 2011, p. 336).

Some countries and civil liberty groups did resist the proposals, however, citing them as unreasonable infractions on their citizens' personal liberty and privacy. These concerns were noted, and taken seriously, but ultimately rejected. A consensus had quickly developed amongst authorities that there was a duty to do everything possible to avoid any similar tragedy going forward. It was accepted, per Giddens, that, 'When there is a clash of the different types of risk, there is a clash of values and a directly political set of questions' (Giddens 1999, p. 5), and it was decided that the preservation of life was now the value to be prioritized. Those that refused were ostracised and travel bans and economic sanctions put in place for them. When contagion reappeared in these territories, and it did, they were assisted but contained. After several years as international pariahs, all eventually acquiesced. This treatment was deemed necessary, to borrow a turn of phrase from Bauman, '...by the need to keep steady, intact and clear the boundaries between such divisions as make our world orderly and hence liveable...' (Bauman 1990, p. 57). There has been no serious outbreak of Ebola, nor any other form of infectious pathogen, since.

In the subsequent decades, a further consequence of the implementation of the global surveillance system was to considerably reduce crimes of all nature, both because citizens now self-censored their behaviours to a greater degree and because law enforcement authorities could more easily track those who still committed crimes. The culture of 'active mistrust' blossomed into one in which trust in others actually