

HUSBANDS, BOTNETS, RICH + POOR, GERMAN DOGS, STONED EYES, I.C.E., DECADENT DECLINE, FACELESS BRAND ACCOUNTS, SOCIOTECHNICAL VULNERABILITIES, FARMERS MARKETS, OUTRAGE, EXTREME LIBERTARIANS, TROUBLED CHILDHOODS, EXTINCTION.

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NATURAL, LOVING	p10	BULLSHIT METRICS	р6	BENZO-LIKE CALM	p5	CHILDBIRTH	p18
FEELING COLD	p5	WET, MOSSY DEPTH	p23	NUTS + SEEDS	p14	CLASS SOLIDARITY	p15
GARDEN OF EDEN	p15	COOL	p5	LYME IMMUNITY	p21	FUCK THAT GUY	р6
ECONOMIC ACTUALIZ	p2	HUGE GEODESIC SPHE	RE p11	HYDROFLASK	p7	DEBILITATING NAUSEA	p22

MODELS.

RAND

_Her, film _Black Mirror (Episode X), TV

POLARISATION

Small 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 Extreme

Left 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 <u>8</u> 9 10 Right

AUTHORITARIAN VS LIBERTARIAN

Aut. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 Lib.

CONSTITUTIONAL REFORM

Lib. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 Ext.

Col. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 <u>8</u> 9 10 Cap.

SUMMARY

The political landscape seemed to have moved faster than anyone could have expected, after Trump's presidency the political landscape became even more polarised as centralist republicans and democrats quickly migrated to the extremes of their parties. These tension existed until a decision to dissolve the federal government and replace it will the American statewide trade and citizen pact of 2031. In this agreement each American may assign themselves to a state, which each offer an alternative citizen package, a mix of tax rates and government aid. Although many thought this move

would allow for the development of bothprogressive and conservative states the general trend has been to the right, as companies coordinate across state lines to assert their will.

NEED OXYGEN

ECONOMICS

WEALTH INEQUALITY

Small 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 <u>10</u> Extreme

Small 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 <u>8</u> 9 10 Extreme

WAGE GROWTH
Small 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 Extreme

SUMMARY

The wealth gap has increased even further as automation has hit white as well as blue collar jobs. Although some attempts have been made to redistribute these savings made they have been ultimately poultry, pushing more of the middle class into poverty, whilst putting what social support there was under even more pressure.

SOCIAL

2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

NATIONALISM VS INTERNATIONAL
2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

FREEDOM OF MOVEMENT
3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

Data co-operatives have disintermediated the old social media platforms by enabling users to collectively bargain directly with advertisers to monetize their aggregated data. (Facebook has basically become an enterprise KYC solution.)

One of the most interesting horizons in this shift towards data unionization is in healthcare. Open-source gene-editing and the transformation of the healthcare space through data-led prevention (rather than costly treatment) has turned health

into a low-marginal cost service for which every single human is continually generating data. And since anyone can provide useful health data, irrespective of their economic background, the best global health services are equally accessible to everyone, everywhere.

This explosion in planetary-scale computation has been fuelled by nuclear fusion which has ended the struggle over scarce resources — and the disease, war, and poverty — that characterized the capitalist era.

- Christopher Kulendran Thomas

Data co-operatives have disintermediated the old social media platforms by enabling users to collectively bargain directly with advertisers to monetize their aggregated data. These new data monopolies have divided the world the way that military alliances once did - but now into transnational data-trading blocks.

Across all three of these divergent imperial technology stacks — Chinese, Atlantic and Russian — universal healthcare has become a cornerstone of the new social contract. Open-source gene-editing and the transformation of the healthcare space

through data-led prevention (rather than costly treatment) has turned health into a low-marginal cost service for which every connected citizen continually generates data. Those who make a valuable contribution to community life are rewarded / incentivized with longevity, while the risks of unhealthy behaviour are individualized.

This explosion in planetary-scale computation has been fuelled by nuclear fusion which has ended the struggle over physical resources. Now data is the geopolitical battleground and health is the currency.

- Annika Kuhlmann

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	TECHNOLOGY											
	In which fields have the major breakthroughs											
	been made:											
	_Platform design											
	_A.I.											

- _A.i. _Energy
- _Pharma Carbon
- __Carbon __Processing

HEALTH HEALTH BREAKTHROUGH

Small 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 Extreme

DISEASE GROWTH

Small 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 Extreme

TERRORISM

Small 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 Extreme

MAIN GROUPS 2 3

1 2 _Jihad

__RAD_LEFT _RAD_RIGHT

_Environmental Other

Our lungs need oxygen, but that is only a fraction of what we breathe. The fraction of carbon dioxide is growing: It just crossed 400 parts per million, and high-end estimates extrapolating from current trends suggest it will hit 1,000 ppm by 2100. At that concentration, compared to the air we breathe now, human cognitive ability declines by 21 percent.



FICTION:

PRECIPITATION

ZOE DUBNO

returned to work after our honeymoon, and I was left alone to confront "the rest of my life," I had an identity crisis, the most fundamental and therefore humiliating crisis a person can endure. Though I'd always spent most of my time at home, through marriage I had become a "housewife,' a phrase I wanted no association with due in large part to its linguistic inelegance. I sent my résumé to the private middle school near our Upper West Side apartment, where, though I'm a sculptor, I got a job substitute teaching seventh grade science.

In an experiment I oversaw, the students poured a steady stream of salt into water and watched as the crystals dissolved. Suddenly, when the water was tasked with holding more than it could contain, the mixture entered the "precipitation zone," and the salt sprung from the water as if from nowhere, falling to the bottom of the beaker in the dissolution of the mixture. I quit teaching after two weeks,

"No new

when the shock of being married wore off and I remembered the bust of Emperor Dioceletian I was modeling from beeswax in the living room, but I still thought about the "precipitation zone" whenever I was suddenly unable to overlook injustices once seamlessly absorbed.

Every summer, my husband and I rented a two-bedroom simple cottage in East Hampton, with a large garden that I spent most of my time maintaining in the English style. In the six years we'd been there, a quarter of our had neighbors contracted tick-borne Lyme disease. People who did liked to talk about it, probably to establish they'd had property there for too long to escape statistics. I'd never been bitten by a tick because I'm always tucking my socks into my pants, which I tell the other women in my exercise class to do, but they never listen. I concede that it's hard to tuck socks into miniskirts.

That summer, the East Hampton tick situation had entered the "precipitation zone." Over half of the summer population had been infected with Lyme disease. Worry about the northern migration of lone star ticks, pests that conferred severe meat allergies with their bite, escalated the situation—especially as the Hamptons dwellers were some of the last who could afford meat that wasn't labgrown.

The town clerk called a homeowners' meeting in the post office basement. I liked the meetings, as I'm not one to waste an opportunity to see glassyskinned women in a poorly lit room forced to defer to a middle-aged civil servant.

The clerk said there was an easy way to deal with the bugs—winnow some of deer overpopulation that the ticks fed on—but the assembled residents of East Hampton took issue with killing the elegant creatures.

"They're the real Hamptons locals," said a woman in a pink Calypso tunic.

The other attendees nodded. I watched one blonde woman from exercise class smile what was either a botulinum-impaired grin or what our instructor taught us was the half-smile of the Buddha, a facial expression that, according to Thich Nhat Hanh, cultivated inner joy and visceral awareness. There was chatter from the pews as people told each other stories of having deer on their property.

"It's worth having to clean their shit off the tennis court to see a bit of genuine nature," I heard someone say.

A young woman toward the back of the room raised her hand. Her hair was dyed icy blonde in streaks and cropped in an unfashionable flapper style.

"Yes," said the clerk, pointing at the woman's hand. "Ms-erhm, sorry I don't know your name."

"It's alright," she said, standing up, revealing her pregnant belly. "We just moved here from Nantucket. There was a similar problem with ticks there but we solved it last year."

I recognized this woman and her frosted lipstick; she was the former Miss Massachusetts and also, allegedly, a non-practicing neurosurgeon. She and her husband had moved into a beautiful white farmhouse near the beach in front of which they'd built a large corrugated steel addition. The husband was a biologist at MIT, and the addition was a lab where he conducted gene therapy research, supposedly the key to curing cancer. Cancer or not, the steel monstrosity ruined the look of the street I biked along on my way to the farm stand that didn't spray their nectarines with pesticides. I now had to take a longer route past the horse stables to not feel totally hopeless.

cases of Lyme disease. Ms. Massachusetts said in a voice that was CALISTIC warbling yet WEDEN strong, and we didn't need to kill any deer." PROBIOTIC! v^v^v^v^v^v^v^v^v^v^v DEGROWTH `v^v^v^v^v^v^v^v^v MICRODOSE DMMUNE THOUGHT LEADER PITCH SERMON)(_) month after the first meeting, we were reassembled and subjected to HOLOGRAM two visits from men in ter-WAIFU rible shoes who called themselves "ecological engineers." HOLY Mice, the men said, were the ones infecting ticks with Lyme disease. Ticks picked it up from biting the Lyme-infested mice, allowing the ticks to infect the deer and the hedge fund managers.

New mice were engineered by a lab at MIT using a kind of genetic software that sounded like the name of a corporate salad chain. It was called CRISPR, and it let the engineers immunize the white-footed mice responsible for infecting bugs by editing their genes to introduce Lyme-resistant antibodies.

"So," a woman with shiny black hair and two Cartier Love bracelets asked at the meeting. "This is, like, a surgical procedure?"

"Not exactly," said the least offensive-looking of the scientists. "Noninvasive. It's an enzyme we administer."

"Ohhhh," she said, nodding. "We're familiar with injectables around here." She giggled with the thick-lipped woman beside her.

The engineers explained this would give the mice something called a "gene drive" ensuring the mouse progeny would also be mutated for Lyme immunity.

I glanced at Miss Massachusetts's pregnant belly and wondered if the technology would someday be available to humans. Maybe she could give the child natural highlights.

The homeowners of East Hampton voted, nearly unanimously, to release 10,000 genetically altered mice into the dunes. I'd have voted no just because the engineers wore jackets made from recycled plastics that flouted every aesthetic principle known to man, but, even as I'd lived in East Hampton for six years, my house was a rental so I was ineligible to formally express my dissent.

"Your idealized space is a sterile cube," my husband said when I expressed disgust at the idea of releasing a fleet of mutant rodents. "Some of us live on planet Earth."

I was afraid he didn't know me at all anymore. My idealized space was a sycamore-lined colonnade chockablock with dataies

() () () () summer after they'd released the specimens, no new cases of Lymes disease were recorded in East Hampton. The New York Times ran a piece in the Sunday Styles section headlined "Blue Blooded Mice," which featured a tour of Miss Massachusetts's home. There was also a photo of her holding her suspiciously blonde baby in her husband's "home lab."

gene editing technique had apparentlv utilized some of FUTURE his findings. so he and his grad students were contracted to edit the mice. and the program was housed in his corrugated steel monstrosity. The article announced that the town councils of Amagansett and Bridgehampton, following the program's success, voted to release altered mice that fall. Generally, a glowing article about one of my neighbors would infuriate me. but. even as I refused to bicycle past her house. Miss Massachusetts and I had become sort of friends. One afternoon, as I walked on the beach picking up candy

walked on the beach picking up candy wrappers and other jetsam, she scurried after me and introduced herself. I was worried she was going to try to talk to me about the mice, or, even worse, her alleged neuroscience work, but we walked together in silence, hunting for plastic bits, breathing in the sea air.

Miss Massachusetts began attending the exercise class, and she impressed me with her ability to vigorously plié without breaking a sweat. In fact, she always smelled like fresh-cut roses. I admired her excellent grooming, and it almost made me reconsider my opinion of her bad highlights. Occasionally, we'd even sit together at the vegetarian diner, but always at the bar. Her disgusting culinary preferences prohibited me from eating face-to-face.

"I eat for nutrients, not for flavor,"

"I eat for nutrients, not for flavor,' she once said, slathering an egg white omelette with almond butter.

I appreciated our unspoken agreement not to escalate our friendship with obligations: there were no book club invitations or dinners with husbands. I was especially thankful that she never asked me to watch her baby. I once watched him suck on a lemon wedge without grimacing or even reacting, which led me to believe he was full of something wicked.

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_)()()()(_) ()__() _) _) (_)(_)(__) summer the article ran, the second year of the mouse program, I was bitten by a tick while picking some wild blackberries from a thicket near the beach. My sock must have snagged on one of the thorns, pulling it from its place inside my pants and leaving my ankle exposed. The tick had attached itself to the skin behind my knee, where it stayed until my husband noticed it the next evening. He bungled the removal, stabbing at it with my eyebrow tweezers, ripping the bug's legs off one by one, before removing the thing engorged with my blood. I anesthetized the area with rubbing alcohol and waited enthusiastically for the telltale target-shaped mark of Lyme.

When it didn't appear, skeptical of the gene program's efficacy and loath to squander any opportunity to visit a qualified medical professional, I went to the doctor and demanded a blood test. I discovered that though I hadn't contracted



ELEMENTS OF TECHNOLOGY CRITICISM

MIKE PEPI

1. DATA IS NEVER "RAW," IMMANENT, OR NEUTRAL There is always bias and distortion in capture and modeling.

2. THE INTERNET IS NOT "A THING"

It is a distributed network of many layers. Treating it as its own monolith with a central cultural logic presents prob-

3. TECHNOLOGY CAN NEVER OCCUPY A SPACE OUTSIDE OF CAPITALISM

With rare exceptions, every application, company, or innovation will have a funding source, a board, and a bottom line; and in all cases the logic of capitalism will eventually supersede and control technical tools. What we identify as "tech" is just capitalism, but faster and worse.

4. YOU CAN'T SOLVE A SOCIAL PROBLEM WITH A TECHNICAL SOLUTION

Often, applying technical fixes only treat the symptom, and, in failing to address the underlying cause of the problem,

5. IF YOU ARE NOT PAYING FOR A PLATFORM, YOUR DATA IS THE PRODUCT

Attention is data and data is a commodity. If something is free and connected to a network, beware of the tradeoffs.

6. PLATFORMS ARE NOT INSTITUTIONS Do not confuse them.

7. DECENTRALIZATION IS AN ILLUSION

Even distributed networks enforce hierarchies of power and influence.

8. SOFTWARE IS HARD

Computing interfaces, rules, interactions, and protocols encode certain behaviors, and for that they should be scrutinize and interrogated as part of the body politic and the built environment.

9. ALGORITHMS ARE MADE OF PEOPLE

They are editors, they steer and privilege certain values, and are never objective.

10. BEWARE OF "OPEN ACCESS"

Information may want to be free but beware of the consequences. Somewhere a new gatekeeper will benefit.

11. ONCE A MEASURE BECOMES A TARGET IT CEASES TO BECOME A MEASURE (GOODHART'S LAW REVISITED)

Or, when you over-optimize for a goal you'll often destroy the thing or the market you set out to augment. Or, optimizing for a goal in a closed system will reinforce the production of that goal, and cease to deliver any insights.

12. INFORMATION IS THE ENEMY OF NARRATIVE

The more information, the more doubtful the narrative becomes.

13. CROWDSOURCING IS A RACE TO THE BOTTOM

Labor, knowledge, education, etc... are all cheapened when forced to compete on a platform. Making it easier to perform a task has massive externalities.

14. YOUR BRAIN IS NOT A COMPUTER AND YOUR COMPUTER IS NOT A BRAIN

There are things that cannot be automated, and intelligences that machines cannot have.

> Lyme disease, my husband had managed to get me pregnant.

"Had you been trying long?" the doctor asked.

"As opposed to what?" I said. "Slacking off?"

I knew he meant trying for a baby, the way some married couples say they are, but I found that phrase a method of alerting strangers you were sexually active with your spouse that was mystifyingly socially acceptable. I told the doctor that we weren't "trying," but we weren't "not trying," either.

__) spent the winter of my pregnancy in the Hamptons. I'd become highly sensitive to noxious fumes, and the city

gave me debilitating nausea. I otherwise enjoyed most of pregnancy. It complemented my personality so thoroughly, it seemed I may have been born to carry a child. The cashier at the grocery store who once cast a judgmental eye at my cart full of strange dietary supplements congratulated me on being a conscientious mother. No one forced alcohol on me, I was excused from parties, and my obsessive reapplication of sunscreen was encouraged. I usually wore loose, modest clothing, but as my stomach grew, I began to favor skintight tops that showed off my new topographical feature. There was even a special class for the expecting at the exercise studio that purported to strengthen the muscles I needed to push out the child.

The East Hampton population thinned in the colder months, and my husband stayed only for the weekends, returning to work in the city on Mondays. I usually preferred solitude but, while pregnant, had developed a fear of being alone as the sun set. Even if I'd made progress on one of my organic beeswax figures of history's greatest gardeners, the sunset made me feel I'd wasted yet another day on earth with nothing to show for it. I was sure there was something primal and instinctive about fearing sunsets; only during twilight hours did I have a suspicion I should be near other people, gathered around some kind of bonfire. Once it was dark, I was alright. It was the transition I couldn't bear.

One day in my second trimester, I was overcome with the familiar feeling of dread as the sun crept lower in the sky and the light took on the evening's foreboding, slanty character. I hated to see the modern furniture in my house bathed in golden diagonal light. I put on my toggle coat and sneakers and went for a walk down the street to see if any of my neighbors' lights were on. We could make idle chitchat, and once dark, I could invent a pregnancy-related excuse to leave.

I walked aimlessly past the vacant Cape Cod cottages listening to Sant-Saëns Le carnaval des animaux. By the start of the ninth movement, "The Cuckoo in the Depth of the Woods," my legs had carried me to a street where, among the row of farmhouses, I saw the corrugated steel addition of Ms. Massachusetts's house. Bathed in the harsh winter sunlight. the lab looked sort of like a Carl Andre, which made me miss my husband. Sometimes during an argument I'd lean against the window and deadpan, "Do you want to get it over with? Ana Mendieta style?" He hated it.

The lights were off and it seemed like no one was in the house, but the lab was windowless. I crept toward the addition to knock and see if anyone was inside. When I neared the steel door,

I was overcome by the smell of roses, as if I'd encountered a wall of freshly cut flowers; there was a light sweetness tempered by wet, mossy depth. The odor emanated intensely from nowhere, a pleasant assault, and I walked around the addition, searching vainly for the smell's source. Perhaps the husband's new project involved genetically mutating roses, and I thought about asking if he could help me produce orchids more resilient to improper watering since it pained me to watch people genocide the orchids I gave as gifts.

I gave up my attempts to enter the addition when it was finally dark, and I walked home accompanied by the suite's penultimate movement, "The Swan." The lingering rose scent paired with the cello left me swoony, and I swayed a bit, cradling my belly in my hands. At home, I was struck by how odorless everything seemed. I made a note to buy a tuberose candle from the boutique next to exercise class.

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(___) went to every lactation specialist in Manhattan. I also saw an old Swedish woman who massaged my nipples and said the milk would come on its own; a redhead who played a resonating bowl at a frequency said, by her, to induce lactation; and Chinatown acupuncturist. I also met briefly with a man who wore an orange and green striped tie that was so unnerving I left before I could discover his method.

The child, despite my every effort, would hardly eat. Occasionally, she accepted the bottle—not because she was

hungry, but because she'd learned that once she sucked down the liquid, the intrusion would be gone.

I imagined her disinterest in eating was a sign of gentility, but when she was six months old and still hardly growing, I worried there was something more structural to her self-abnegation than precociously inheriting her mother's disordered eating.

On my third trip to the Sag Harbor pediatrician, he agreed to check the baby for irregularities. After inconclusive scans and blood tests, the doctor said he had a wild idea and returned with a takeout box from the mediocre sushi place. He took out a piece of tuna sashimi and held it in front of the baby's face.

"Don't give her that," I said. "I'm raising her vegetarian."

The doctor waved a hand to dismiss me as the baby looked at the reddish sushi with an expression of beleaguered detachment. She was my spitting image.

The doctor then held a shred of translucent pickled ginger near her nose. She was unreactive to the astringent scent.

"Interesting," the doctor said.

I inhaled, a few times, and realized I couldn't actually smell the ginger and was only referencing a memory of its astringency. The doctor applied hand sanitizer, labeled "tropical breeze scented," and cupped his palms near the baby's head. She smiled with delight as the cloying smell of piña colada filled the room.

(___)(_)(_)(_))(__)(_)(_)(_) fifteen thousand rattlesnakes mutated to enhance their appetite

for mice had cost East Hampton most of

its operating budget. In response, the town leveled a tax on dishwashing detergent. Ms. Massachusetts and her husband, enriched from the process, had erected a Calabasas-style bronze and glass mansion where the farmhouse once stood. Sometimes, she and I went to the diner with our children and ordered almond butter omelettes all around.

The inability to smell natural compounds hadn't ruined gardening for me, I was always more concerned with shaping hedges and preventing plant disease than I was with the smell of flowers. Plus, the tick-borne anosmia was selective, se I wasn't without my comforts. A hardwood floor freshly cleaned with lemon Pledge. the brace of my alpha-lipoic-acid facial toner, blue raspberry. Now that food was largely flavorless, I was able to fit into the wool Armani trousers I bought when I studied sculpture in Milan junior year. I did miss the subtle sweetness of beeswax as I sat in the living room molding the bust of John Adams.

"Whenever he is involved in political battles, he is yearning, yearning to be in the garden," his biographer said on NPR.

A man with beachfront property filed an official complaint because his children were unable to smell the sea air. He'd agreed not to pursue legal action against the town if the water was artificially scented, so we collected once again in the post office basement to vote on the scent for the ocean. My husband and I had finally bought our house, but, again, my opinion was disregarded. Everyone said it was spot on. To me, it smelled only like cheap hair conditioner.

That night, I dreamed a strawberry-banana rain fell over Long Island.



MMXX