

PROGRAMMED SPONTANEITY

VITÓRIA CRIBB

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ABOUT THE ARTIST:

Vitória Cribb is a visual artist based in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Her 3D, digital, and audiovisual creations have been exhibited in multiple platforms and countries and touch on subjects such as the body, digital black experiences, and contemporary avatars. The following imagination tackles algorithmic practices that pervade much of our culture, from a creative perspective but also a critical one.

Vitória's interview to *Diffractions*: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GxKJI--pKV0>





Figure 1: Still from @Ilusão (2020). Source: Vitória Cribb.

Rio de Janeiro, May 13, 2020

A few days ago, a streaming platform I'm on recommended the song *_Technologic*, by Daft Punk. The lyrical looping had me confronted with the rotational nature of intimate and personal relationships through the digital. I confess I was grateful for the algorithm having brought this song back my way, much as I found it funny to recognize that the algorithm responsible for the virtual and digital cyclicity of internet social relations was the one pointing out to me an insult against the system which they themselves are part of. I dedicate this text to you, Algorithm, so as to let you know about my virtual routine - it is not about distrusting your ability to observe - nor of my impressions of this virtual dynamic as a foundation for socialization. I hope only to open a more earnest channel of communication, and a less dramatic connection.

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uninterrupted schedule {
  to my algorithm friend {
    sender = user (2020);
    addressee = algorithm;
  }
}

```

Routine ("connection");

Connection 1 = to hear; to awaken; to hear and to feel; _to unlock; to slide; to think; to urinate; to think; to slide; _to click; to read; to open; to close;

to highlight; _to click; to open; to read; to reply; to yawn; to pretend; _to click; _to click; to pressure; to drag; to slide;

_to click; to slide; to slide; to slide; to click twice;

to lie; to slide; to comment; to slide; _to click; to drag; to drag; to drag; to see;

to drag; to drag; to drag; to see; to drag; to watch; to drag; to drag; to drag; to drag; to drag; to suffer; to cry; to complain; to click; to click; to click; _to type; to delete; _to type; _to click; _to click; to send; to wait; to see;

to smile; to argue; to share; to suffer; to laugh; to delete;

_to click; to drag; to look; to stare; to forget; to move; _to block; _to unblock; _to click; to open; to complain; to ask; to leave; _to block;

}

}

As my nerves collapse, I allow myself to sink in, clinging to curiosity in order to unravel this new space that projects itself. //Distant//, a space where the human being sees themselves, both as a machine and nothing. Under the illusion of being close to their creation, they surrender to the repetitions that make it work. Machine. _Commands are absorbed by the superficial repetition of gestures that lead us to meet our own wilderness. Denying their own natural and animal existence does not fit into the context of domestication that machines inflict on us. Wild.

You know, Algorithm, sometimes I find myself falling into your picturesque and imagery traps and ask myself what you wish to communicate to me. It is a behavioral pattern, a cry for help from your artificial consciousness, or some flaw in the _mathematical calculation of my _data? Sociability seems lonely to me. The unexpected is _scheduled, in wait. Calculated. Browsing in other people's profiles becomes a search for one's own wishes and desires which have been presented by you, Algorithm. The frantic search for the Other through codified and mechanized relations demonstrates a game of seduction that aims to conquer not only the similar but also the machine. This is why it projects yourself as much as possible to others "like" you. _Engagement.

It feels like a sacrifice to get rid of the addiction, it's hard not to accept the offer that the cool and bright light emanating from the device provides, revealing therein fake perfections in the great theatrical virtuality that consumes our 4G, battery and vital energy.

Programmed _Spontaneity. Maybe it's addictive to fool yourself and believe that with each passing day we are more and more distant from what we don't want to be and closer to the divinity created by human beings. Machine.

I say goodbye, or rather, I try to say goodbye to your tricks and wait for unscheduled encounters.

I wait for your reply. I am sure you know which apps I browsed to write the first paragraph of this letter.

txt,

the user who failed to deceive you.

system suspension {

body ("pain");

Synthome 1 = bad circulation: sore trapezium; bad posture; wrecked lower back; inaccurate information; gratuitous insults; fights over insecurities; unbalanced cyberattacks;

An excerpt of the song Technologic - by Daft Punk

“Buy it, use it, break it, fix it, Trash it, change it, mail, upgrade it, Charge it, point it, zoom it, press it, Snap it, work it, quick, erase it, Write it, cut it, paste it, save it, Load it, check it, quick, rewrite it; Plug it, play it, burn it, rip it, Drag and drop it, zip, unzip it, Lock it, fill it, curl it, find it, View it, code it, jam, unlock it Surf it, scroll it, pose it, click it Cross it, crack it, twitch, update it, Name it, read it, tune it, print it, Scan it, send it, fax, rename it, Touch it, bring it, pay it, watch it, Turn it, leave it, stop, format it. Technologic, technologic, technologic”

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