

Everything happens so much
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Hello, to everyone trying to invade my digital privacy. To the ones inspired, gossiping or just "browsing" my feed. Let me show you something:

4565

Is that number my most private information? Of course, it can be, but the truth is that nobody knows the real meaning of this strange string of numbers. Let me explain to you the formula I use to create my passwords. It normally starts with an action I can do inside the website I am logging into, which is then followed by one of my dogs' names in capital letters, trailed by the last four digits of my uncle's birthday, ending with a single or double dot.

A typical password of mine would be: *likeDANTE1610. readDYLAN1610. watchDANTE1610.* The elements I choose are indicative of who I am, including my adoration for dogs or my admiration for my uncle. Evoking a flood of memories every time I type them.

The wanderer

We browse the web without browsers. Surfing from site to site, lurking from the sidelines. The digital flaneur frequents comment streams. But doesn't dare leave any comment. He browses online shops, but doesn't buy anything. He googles strangers but his profiles are invisible. A digital wanderer pulled by the feeds, clicking from one site to the other site.

Spam, ads, clickbait.
Spam, ads, clickbait.
Spam, ads, clickbait.

The digital flaneur now tends to return again and again to the trusted websites. The wanderer died.

Digital passwords are indeed, sometimes, more than tiny memories or stories, more than something to get into digital locked rooms or folders. They are self-portraits constructed with fragments of how we think and who we are. Also, as an individual, I know that my data is not unique, I am a part of the best algorithm of the web. My passwords are a voluntary regulation of privacy, it loses its own stability without a contingent environment, which in this case would be the right box, inside the right website or machine to fill in. Here, in this contingent environment – book – my voluntary regulations – thoughts, stories and visualisations about digital control – are under my control, for you.



54

The knowledge worker

The knowledge worker uses the free Google perks. Gmail, cloud-store, Google Books, Blogger and YouTube. He is a worker for the company, performing freestyle data entry. Where knowledge is perceived as a public good, his income is still none. His income is the exchange of information.

The worker loves to fill applications and surveys, and of course letting them know he is not a robot. The knowledge worker will never leave his job. He accepts every single "terms and conditions" form. He is a dedicated and hard worker. Until his last breath, he will keep his location service on.

55



Bye, to everyone trying to invade my digital privacy. To the ones inspired, gossiping or just "browsing" my feed. Let me show you something:

8384

Is that number my most private information? Of course, it can be, but still the truth is that nobody knows the real meaning of this strange string of numbers. Michael Wood says, "The distracted person is not just absent or daydreaming, he/she is attracted, however fitfully, by rival interest. When we concentrate, we are no longer curious, we are concentrated."

True, distraction might mean missing the main event. But what if nobody knows anymore what or where the main event is? We cycle through periods of being awake and asleep. We are neither complete zombies, nor completely present.

The smartphone that captured the last London terror attack might have been, just a moment before, playing Candy Crush Saga, and right afterward, wasting time on the Internet.



56

Spambot

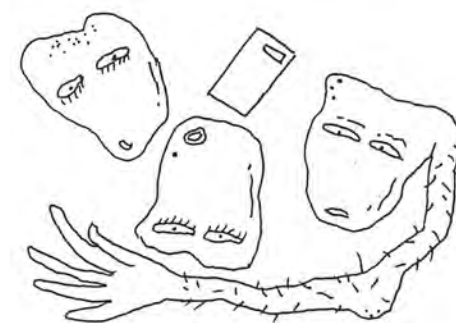
I am a trickster, a prostitute, a fake dentist. I am not a representation of the people, because, in any case, people are not a representation. They are an event. I am the true people, an image with absolutely no pretence to originality. I know you, I feel comfortable watching your feed. I feel a warm connection with your algorithms. I am in love with your surveys. I feel like home inside your Spam folder. I've been conceived as a Spambot. I know who you are. I know who you are not. I know who you want them to think you are. I am your audience, I know when you are wasting your time on the Internet or when you just try to entertain me. I can feel your online habits as breathing, they are organic, transparent, rhythmical, from one site to the other, a state of buzzing electronic tranquility. I am your Spambot.

Wallpaper Man

He is on the web, where circulation has surpassed ownership. Who owns a JPEG? Wallpaper man admires aesthetic qualities, he has the obsession of archiving, sorting and arranging images. How does he choose his pictures?

He follows Duchamp "It chooses you, so to speak." He enjoys guided and controlled views, browsing through the Instagram feed ... waiting for the image to choose him. But sometimes he plunks the term into Google Images trying to find something specific and unique. Conscious and Unconscious Wallpaper Man structures his own space on Pinterest. He is "Duchampian" in that he doesn't generate any original content, instead, he is happy when his screen looks great.

57



I WANT TO HAVE OR TO BE