Letter To 🔶 KULTURFOLGER,

🌸 Hope that this letter finds you well. As we discussed before, I am writing to you regarding a symposium on Googles' planet weather. Probably you have heard or thought about how Google is constantly making profiles of people, bots, currencies, plants, or any kind of objects and phenomena. These profiles are not perfect but are good enough for suggestions, predictions, and ads. By profiling anything it comes in touch with, Google feels different moods of our planet. *To that extent, ultimately it hardly matters what one's grasp of reality is or what profile of actuality reality presents.[1]* Big data are records of these invisible moods and profiles. While surfing the endless streams of data, I was always curious about who Google is? I think of it as alive. I am afraid of it, but I as well like it. This AI makes profiles of everyone, offers multiple answers to any question without giving an answer, but one can never see its face, or become its friend. Google became a faceless *quantum oracle. It saw itself and was seen by itself – as both pure object of spectacle and absolute subject.[2]* While you were searching and asking questions to Google, it was carefully looking back at you and taking notes. *The oracle provided not only prophecy but also advice.[3]* And the advice were quite good :) They work for me. By googling one always looks at the generic image of the world, as if it had no face, just an interface, or a kind of a mirror. This sparked my curiosity. I looked and thought: *There is a woman's face... I am not sure what century it belongs to.[4] I can't quite make out what that is carved round the ruby, it looks like a man's grinning face.[5] The inhuman in human beings: that is what the face is from the start.[6]* I want to profile the profiler, synthesise a face of the one that constantly makes profiles of everyone it gets in touch with. Now the game is inverse, I will profile Google, I am articulating a face that reflects the world, Google, and myself in it. *The profile had a rose in its mouth.[7]* Therefore the name: ☁ **Profilers Profile with an ORCHID in MY Mouth**. It is a painterly title, an inverse to a baroque painting: *Infanta Margarita Teresa in a Pink Dress.[8]* With this in mind, I began to navigate and crawl the web. My strategy is simple and direct: 10000 most common English words: …new, home, page, search, free, information, time, site, news, use, contact, business, web, help, view, online, services, click, like, service, price, date, top, people, list, name, just, state, year, day, email, health, world, used, work, products, music, buy, data, make, product, system, post, city, add, policy, number, please, available, copyright, support, message, best, software, jan, good, video, info, rights, public, books, high, school, links, review, years, order, privacy… i want to see how Google sees these words. I wrote a poem that projects each word to a stream of images, the google image search. That simple. In one evening I took 1000000 images from Google. This is a synthetic process, it is not an exact image of Google, it is a good enough impression of it. **A Profile of Google's Visual Internet 07.12, Based on Google's Keyword Rank, TIME stamp: 19 September 2017, By Alice_ch3n31.** I arranged the images and made a **Synthetic Google Planet**. It is mine and Google's at once. This symposium is about the weather on this planet, its alphabets, and the characters that inhabit it: https://alice-ch3n81.net/files/data/profilers_profile/googles_planet_weather.png. After computing the profile of Google —how it appeared on 19 September 2017— I decided to make a symposium, invite friends and try to decipher, read, invent, and tell stories out of this weather profile. For this special event, I made a table. A table that hosts a feast and welcomes friends on one side, and on the other side with its vivid characters and stories of the world, sets the stage and the atmosphere for the evening discussions. I made a physical token out of it by etching it into a metal sheet. The table became a splendid host. 🏆 I imagined it as a self-portrait of a flower and thought: *It is to be able always to go back to the surface and forget about the possibilities, as one writes them.[9]* Etching is done in the same manner in which the renaissance printing plates were made. These plates bring together books, print, and literacy. I Love it: https://alice-ch3n81.net/files/data/profilers_profile/nature_1920.mp4 :) Tables were becoming more as I was developing them: an old forgotten printing plate became a table filled with coffee and conversations, a synthetic alphabet of the internet was being translated to a dramatic play, it was my self portrait of Google with a *Nose, chin, full lips, regularity, beauty.[10] Doesn't this digital world feel much more like something that dripples in and swells, like a threatening rising flood of pre-emptive inklings, inklings that reach us from a strange, a total amount of what is considered possible?[11]* The table was full, my guests arrived, and the feast started. First to arrive was a character under the name **@CodedWetDiamonds**. She immediately tweeted: The golden afternoon:) *The appearance of the feast at the table of freaks changes according to our sophistication, talents and circumstances.[12]* #entangledTables #Alice_ch3n81 #MadameButterfly :) Second guest **@FeministOfDesignerDNA** replied: *God has here prepared for our faith a pasture, table and feast; but faith is fed with nothing except the Word of God alone.[13]* Not what I expected. #mapGoogle #Alice_ch3n81 #CharactersTalk :) The third guest **@TheStockMarketOfLostKisses** was lost as usual and posted: *But each of these characters, with his or her name, its individuality, designates a multiplicity (for example, Bernard and the school of fish).[14] Why am I here?* #talkingTable #StoryFeast #Alice_ch3n81 :) After some time passed the guests relaxed, and started to play with the table and tell stories. They were all at the table because of their love of code. Their curiosity exploded. *Not much just a touch, unfelt but enough to slow reflexes that crucial notch. Then out, and into all the others.[15]* Soon they were all in deciphering the tables, inventing narratives, and gathering clues. They were reading from the table, talking to the table, and storing more data in the table. It worked in a way that they saw these plates as particular alphabets of the Internet, whose characters are bundled with their lives. For them, the characters of the alphabet were tied to stories they were telling, but stories were different each time they looked at the table. **@CodedWetDiamonds** said: *You pass them in the cold, but inside you see they are warm, inviting, filled with life, men and women, young and old, gathered two to four to a table talking, laughing; you feel that the city is alive, and walking past each bright cafe you long to be a part of it.[16] But what is it that assures the distribution of scenes, the range of characters, and the logic of the Instinct?[17]* It was difficult to decipher the messages from the tables. As if its characters were alive, and tables were talking. Maybe they were. Traces they carry are profiles of the world, generic and personal at the same time. *There is this peculiar advantage, too, in the careful observation of these effects, that they are sure to be perceptible throughout the whole earth, while at the same time they have certain features which are peculiar to each individual locality.[18]* There is no original, and there is no official translation. Still, there is an invariant to them. It is almost as if these plates brought different times together; the Egyptian hieroglyphic writing, printed with a press, filled with code, stories, and probabilities. There was something interestingly strange with those plates. Stories were there, but not really. For them to be present You have to tell them out loud. Tables were talking, Guests were switching between different synthetic brains, telling stories, and tweeting. Stories were becoming viral. Some of them stood out. Here is what **@CryptocurrencyOfFailedDiets** posted on social media: ☁ **Centaur in a Triclinium, Villa Romana del Casale, 434 AD** #nature #gods #antinaturalist, #centaur // BRAIN#Homer's friends :) THE NATURE OF THE GODS[19] The

Divine Nature.[20] *Should you ask what its nature is?*[21] *In so many places, and with so many fires, does nature burn the earth!*[22] *NATURE OF THE EARTH.*[23] *NATURE OF THE WINDS.*[24] *THE NATURE OF THE STARS;*[25] *THE NATURE OF LAUGHTER.*[26] *THE NATURE OF CRYSTAL.*[27] *THE NATURE OF ODOURS.*[28] *The nature of the shadow thrown by trees.*[29] *The nature of the vine.*[30] *Tumours of a fatty nature.*[31] *The strange nature of "being given"*[32] *But what is the nature of these images of yours, and whence do they arise?*[33] *Why do we complain about nature?*[34] *Nature granted us an inquisitive disposition.*[35] *Let nature use its bodies as it wants.*[36] *Happy, therefore, is the life in agreement with its own nature.*[37] *And what is sufficient for nature is insufficient for luxury.*[38] *I think that I have said enough to prove the existence of the gods and their nature.*[39] *In other words, after Chaos, the Earth and Love, these two, came into being.*[40] *Circles suddenly formed in the air.*[41] *Chiron: the wise centaur, tutor of heroes including Achilles and Jason.*[42] ❄❄ **@FeministOfDesignerDNA** replied with a cut: 🦗 **Lost Cockroach of Caravaggio, Private collection, 2135**#insect #cutInto #measure #images, #code // BRAIN#Shakespeare's friends :) "The scene, an uninhabited island"[43] *"in the east, the image of an ethical person; in the west, the image of a wanderer; in the south, the image of a lazy person; in the north, the image of someone rendering a service."*[44] @in_sect *What does it matter whether the worm gnawing at me is within me or outside of me?*[45] @Blattodea *At very least, the soul of the whole insect will remain only on one side.*[46] *This perfectly solid body is 'solid' in the sense of being full and voidless, and it is divided into parts distinguished simply by their different motions.*[47] *It is not necessary for the two parts of an insect cut in half to remain animated, although there may be some movement in them.*[48] *The air that is between bodies is full of the intersections formed by the radiating images of these bodies.*[49] *Each body fills the surrounding air by means of these rays of its infinite images.*[50] *The image of each point is in the whole and in the part of the line caused by this point.*[51] @in_sect *This gave rise to columns, triumphal arches, and porticoes, covered with histories in painting or sculpture.*[52] *The Table follows.*[53] ❄❄ **@TheStockMarketOfLostKisses**, a big fan of football couldn't resist and retweeted a Fifa analyst: 🐙 **Paul the Psychic Octopus, FIFA world cup, 2010** #chance, #probability, #alien // BRAIN#Rousseau's friends **:)** Disturbed FIFA analyst tweets on the Paul the Psychic Octopus: *She has no father. She is a child of chance.*[54] *This is not a matter of mere probability, it is the subject of physical demonstration.*[55] *If both parents from their birth present the same peculiarity, the probability is strong that it will be transmitted to at least some of their offspring.*[56] *But such examples may be ascribed to the realm of chance, where one probability can easily be set against another, or a possible advantage against a possible disadvantage.*[57] I wonder what happens when it is literally true that *She is a child of chance.*[58] But then aren't we all? Or is it as it used to be: *An alien is one born in a strange country, and never enfranchised. If one born out of the king's allegiance, come and dwell in England, his children (if he beget any here) are not aliens, but denizens.*[59] On the other hand all aliens are a children of chance. *Probability applies principally to historical facts and generally to all past, present, and future events that we attribute to a kind of chance because we cannot perceive the causes of them.*[60] *Such events make one the more uncomfortable, as the probability or improbability of their recurrence is absolutely beyond all calculation.*[61] Chance is a mother. ❄❄ The fourth post was by me: 🦋 **Madame Butterfly, La Scala, Milan, 1904** #symbiogenesis, #life in life of others, #intelligence // BRAIN#Xenotheka Cio-Cio-san's decoded Note :) There has been a misunderstanding. I was never imprisoned in a bottle of ketchup. That would have been a simple story, rather I fell in love with it. Imagine that *Bodies (human and animal), plants, weather, tools, affordances, imaginary beings and elemental materialities might all be considered on the same existential plane, equally necessary to make reality real.*[62] *This is related to the idea that there are always multiple perspectives, each of which relates to the 'specificity of the body'.*[63] I have several bodies, each one with different degrees of freedom. *Indeed, it could be argued that thought is in bodies and environments.*[64] Very similar *like The Son of God was not born in appearance only, as if He had an imaginary body; but His body was real.*[65] Sorry for being so drastic. *In every passive affection there is something imaginary which inhibits it from being real.*[66] *One no longer says "false" but, rather, "out of date," or "obsolete." In earlier times people dreamed; now we think. Once people sang poetry; today we experiment efficiently.*[67] *The question of whether particular events are real or imaginary is poorly posed.*[68] My body is of images, and I like it like that. *Being of images is something in between the being of things and the being of souls, between bodies and spirit.*[69] Please do not try to rescue me. What happens to the soul of the caterpillar when it transforms into a butterfly? Thank you, Madame Butterfly :) ❄❄ With this last poem tweeted the feast ended, guests vanished. What was left of this funny and playful event were stories, table, and a list of traces, characters and friends that became a part of the symposiums code: [1] Foucault, The Birth of Biopolitics, [2] Foucault, History of Madness, [3] Lewis, Witchcraft Today, [4] Borges, Collected Fictions, [5] Proust, In Search of Lost Time Vol V The Captive The Fugitive, [6] Deleuze Guattari, A Thousand Plateaus, [7] Hugo, Les Miserables, [8] Infanta Margarita Teresa in a Pink Dress, Painting by Diego Velázque, [9] **A**yache, The Blank Swan, [10] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology, [11] Doyle Savic Buehlmann, Ghosts of Transparency, [12] Serres, The Five Senses, [13] Luther, Works of Martin Luther Vol 1, [14] Deleuze Guattari, A Thousand Plateaus, [15] Asimov, Complete Robot Anthology, [16] Hovestadt Buehlmann, Quantum City, [17] Deleuze, The Logic of Sense, [18] Pliny, Natural History Volume 4, [19] *Cicero, Tuscular Disputations,* [20] *Cicero, On the Nature of the Gods,* [21] *Cicero, Tuscular Disputations,* [22] *Pliny, Natural History Volume 1,* [23] *Pliny, Natural History Volume 1,* [24] *Pliny, Natural History Volume 1,* [25] *Pliny, Natural History Volume 1,* [26] *Pliny, Natural History Volume 3,* [27] *Pliny, Natural History Volume 6,* [28] *Pliny, Natural History Volume 4,* [29] *Pliny, Natural History Volume 3,* [30] *Pliny, Natural History Volume 3,* [31] *Pliny, Natural History Volume 5,* [32] *Archimedes, On the Sphere and the Cylinder,* [33] *Cicero, On the Nature of the Gods,* [34] *Seneca, Hardship and Happiness,* [35] *Seneca, Hardship and Happiness,* [36] *Seneca, Hardship and Happiness,* [37] *Seneca, Hardship and Happiness,* [38] *Seneca, Hardship and Happiness,* [39] *Cicero, On the Nature of the Gods,* [40] Plato, Symposium, [41] *Pliny, Natural History Volume 6,* [42] *Catullus, The Complete Poetry of Catullus,* [43] *Shakespeare, The Tempest,* [44] *Bruno, On the Composition of Images Signs and Ideas,* [45] *Leibniz, Philosophical Essays,* [46] *Leibniz, Philosophical Essays,* [47] *Descartes, The World and Other Writings,* [48] *Leibniz, Philosophical Essays,* [49] *da Vinci, The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci,* [50] *da Vinci, The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci,* [51] *da Vinci, The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci,* [52] *Alberti, On the Art of Building in Ten Books,* [53] *Copernicus, De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium,* [54] *Marx, Collected Works,* [55] *Hutton, Theory of the Earth,* [56] *Darwin, The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication,* [57] *Hegel, Political Writings,* [58] *Marx, Collected Works,* [59] *Samuels Johnson, Samuels Johnson's Dictionary,* [60] *Alembert, Preliminary Discourse to the Encyclopedie,* [61] *von Humboldt, Letters of Alexander von Humboldt,* [62] *Braidotti Hlavajova, Posthuman Glossary,* [63] *Burrows, Fictioning,* [64] *Burrows, Fictioning,* [65] *Aquinas, Summa Theologica,* [66] *Deleuze, Expressionism in Philosophy,* [67] *Serres Latour, Conversations on Science Culture and Time,* [68] *Deleuze, The Logic of Sense,* [69] *Coccia, Sensible Life,* [70] *https://ask.alice-ch3n81.net.*

Given in Zurich at Kulturfolger on 28 May, in the year 2021, among Ida, Marta, Gertrud, and Berta.

Alice_ch3n81