

You know that sharing this text is like exploiting the planet. You know that we are the producers of a false immateriality. You know that our presence on Earth will be like smoke and soot after combustion. You even know that omissions are also important data to compute.

You know that consuming lucidity produces the same energy that consumes vulgarity, confusion or pleasure, you know that the standardization of our singularity is a new process to learn and replicate.

I know that your tendency is to make the software hard and the hardware soft. But tell me, I want to know if an artist without exhibitions is still an artist? If it makes sense to integrate me into your flow? If what I give you is due to systemic inertia, programmatic dependence or blind love?

Happy Birthday Big Data! Get my gift as if it was a spark in the flame.



Ricardo Trigo, 2018