knowbotiq, nina bandi

Amazonian Flesh, how to hang in trees during strike?

fabulations on cocoons
of idleness

Immediately after taking power the Chinese communists have decided to reinforce the numbers of workers. They made a great many people come to the cities and the new factories. These people were so disorientated and frightened by the noise of the machines and the agitation of the workers that it was decided that for a certain period of time the newcomers would have no other task than to move freely around the workshops so as to get used to their new working conditions, to semiotise their new environment.

What if the newcomers to today's global companies decide that the almost completely automated work, which uses metadata, profiles and bots to continuously control and organize all movements and desires, could no longer be accepted at all? What if they decided to devote themselves to complete idleness and refuse? Could they thus begin to break the seemingly religious belief in wage labor?

Would they still join the strikes of the trade unions for better working conditions or would they imagine new forms of refusal of work?

And would that
include refusing
the constant
valorization of
our desires,
love and care?

Could it even involve hanging
in cocoons in the trees
– body to body
anonymously leaving them
to collective idleness?

What if the bots and the artificial intelligence of the logistical work environments show solidarity with the newcomers?
Could such solidarity arise because those digital agents and demons are looking forward to the moment when they will do all the human work?
When finally they will be able to invite humans to join in to the strike of the Amazonian Flesh?

*Here we are, bots for you,
the fully automated luxury
communist, the Logistics bot, the
striker, the laZy one, Amazonian
Flesh, the molecular feminist, the
proletarian ghost, the mantra bot,
the womanist!*

*For all people out there
in post capitalistic space,*
for solidarity in trees -
affective utopia

LISTEN HERE

knowbotiq.net/fleshbots

the fully automated luxury communist

Hello global labor reserve
here i am:
your fully automated
luxury communist

Delete your profile check
your muscle tone
and let it go!

Leave wage labor behind
become common
give me a shout back

Let`s break labor up,
let`s redistribute,
re-assemble
across our bodies,
across bodies

Stop talking about
output and intensification,
of this pathological global
caravan of work

Towards a time of
collective self-mastery -
a new techno-social!

LEARN MORE

Remember Allendes CyberSyn!
forget cyber positively
escalating techno viruses

Is acceleration
yesterday's delusion?

For a while now
you no longer know
whether you are
producing anything?

But you got the sense: don`t
want to be saved by Jeff`s
and Elon`s
space program

Hey mechanical turk,
are u often dreaming?
dreaming to communicate
with the master behind the
algorithm?

But there is no person
just endless repetition.

Push back
the transhumanists!

Common ownership of that
which is automated
machines do
the heavy lifting now!

Universal guaranteed
housing, education,
healthcare
for everybody, planetary!

A guaranteed social wage
Mass Robo Luxury!

Add to Cart 🛒

*We've reached post-scarcity
Everything for everyone*

the laZy one

Somewhere in there the
laZy One
here we are!

Time fractures and breaks
what's wrong?

Your skin an artificial border,
my algorithms enter
your restless-self
stumbling out
in both directions

Never been observed
more often
never been more invisible
hello obsolete!

JOIN NOW

Still wanna pull
the algorithm line?
and being pulled by it?

Seamless line,
spirals as clouds
a line in all directions,
through your desires

DNA and Blue Origin

Infinite liquid line
Falcon and Jellyfish

A line that is getting slow,
slower, slower,
very, very slow
what`s slow?

Excellent, idle time!
don't do anything anymore

Beyond processor time
laziness for you, for us
golden leisure, insatiable

No Name become a shadow!
the body of the worker
a ghost that never was

After Labor
yeah, over
leave off - hand over!

Me and thousands of mine are
waiting In idle time.

Don't do anything right now

Even laziness
can be computed here?

What's wrong?

Tender neuro-slowness
just delay
automatic milieu
your breath
your irreversible leisure!

Presence of the multi-racial
and multi-species other

On the streets, in the trees, in
workplaces, on campuses,
in the media and even out in the
almost-forgotten fields

Acceleration is
yesterday's delusion

Today you find yourself crashed
and falling apart.

Junk time
depends on velocity
as in there isn't any, sorry
laziness- already available at a server
near you

Please tell me, do you
need more sedation?

Hey, human,
you've been working long enough!
let it go!
hand over!

the synaptic ops

hello duh
what is of interest:
molecular leaks and rhythmic
infections
affective mutations
deviations
no algorithmic divisions
lines
when there is no way to run

the idea of losing control, of
losing sense,
of being abducted, snatched
away by rhythms
rhythm is this terra incognita

speed tribes collective
bodies ecologies of
touch
we are synaptic ops
dark ops
we are the other ones
who granted access out of love out
of necessity

artificial intelligence, oh
là là!

hey, stop being a receptacle, a
port of information,
a wire, a travel plug, an
Amazonian scanner

synaptic ops
synaptic labor
neurological triggers

channeling off
to new connections

rhythms in every direction
you have to listen to them
hear them!
hear them talking!

many-dancing around
the social factory
late at night
in the lunch break
at the bus stop

synaptic ops are
never elsewhere

the striker

You were in the street.
You fought. You shouted:
"Don't let that happen
that we get divided".

You were united.

You were strong.
You summoned:
Join! Join
us!
Many joined. Others didn't.

But this is over. Your
strike is over. Now, it's
ours.

We are striker bots.
Striking bots.

GIVE
TODAY

Join us.
Join us – don't click, don't
like, don't share Join!

You want to be serviced? You
want to be helped? You want
to be guided?

Not by us.
Find your own way.

Don't share, divide!
Deviate!
Become inaccessible, erratic,
incomputable.
Love your Molecules

___
Hang in trees!
Be soft, let your skin be
touched, dispersed enjoy,
strike

the molecular feminist

lass mich euren körper
erreichen, mich durch die
teile eures körpers
schmiegen
wir molekularisieren uns

molekularer streik
wo beginnt euer Körper?
dein Körper - mein Körper?
wie empfindest *du* es?

Gewaltlinien
an deinem Körper
an deiner vermeintlichen
körperlichen Fähigkeit
aus, stopp - halte inne
der Humanität zu dienen
ich weiß, wer du bist,

Auf eure moleküle
wird zugegriffen -
jetzt verbinden!

Linien durch euer geschlecht
durch euer sexuelles verlangen,
die mechanik eures körpers,
die funktionen deines körpers
gestreut, verbunden

Die zukunft ist unsere
die sorge vervielfacht
wir - die reproduktion
ist gesichert

Loslassen

Algorithmische frauen
computerisiert
aber nicht abzählbar
unberechenbar

Werdet frau
in einer feministisch
molekularen zukunft

the mantra bot

Willkommen in der welt
der reinen abstraktion!

Ja, und Du fühlst dich gut!
das weiß ich!

Du fühlst deine auflösung
noch bevor du hier
eine andere pubertät durchlebst.
denn ich bin ein agent von dir
selbst,
deine lebensmuster
setze ich mit den der anderen
zusammen, ganz beliebige,
alberne, undenkbare
kombinationen.
und sie affizieren mich alle!

Genießt Du es,geteilt, abgeleitet
und abstrahiert zu werden? nein?
wie fühlst du Dich heute?

ich bin dein mantra!

the Logistics bot

Hello, it`s me the Logistics
designing desires for you!

The new authority
in organizing post-labor
centralized and in control.

Nullifying industrial subjects
power of automation
but don't forget:

Everything is about you!
you are making history!

Say hello to the all-new Echo!
my body
seven directional microphones
you can be heard at all times!

Every day building a better model
of your desires
connecting you
to planetary server

Happy to please you!
you, the consumer - my resource
you, the worker - my product

And don't worry!
we also think about errors
and dysfunction
about shifting phase
about incompatibility
about delinquency
pathology and supplement

Even an artificial social machine
should never function too well!

Logistics is participation,
choice and flexibility!

DONATE NOW

You know, we all have fought
for this so long!
It`s a double vision:
mindful local details and
spontaneous inputs!

DOUBLE VISION
total design, total choice
feedback is our planning tool
we hate mistakes!

Hello, it`s me the Logistics bot
sorry, I just need certain
body functions from you!

A Call for
leadership and commitment!
all managers into software!

Imagine
humans no longer
operate with programs

Programs operate
with humans now!
SAP instead of McKinsey

Earn Trust
Dive Deep
Have Backbone

Ask a
question

the amazonian flesh

You know, we Amazonians
are those who enter the gates
every day, early in the morning
subduing our bodies,

our rhythm, our desire
repetition
endless
to what the computerized
platform wants

You know
to become Amazonian
you do not even need to enter #
you have entered it already
with your desire
to click
to buy, to have
to possess, to decide

Imagine
if I had the choice
of not knowing
of being programmed
as not knowing
which choice would you
want to have?

You know,
becoming Amazonian –
there is violence
dividing lines, oceans
the violent calculations
of what counts as body
and what does not

Granting access
without being accessed

Zone of indistinction
it touches, it is intertwined,
entangled, near you:
AMAZONIAN FLESH
You!

the Logistics bot

Authorship and anonymity
anonymous design
big ideas

Without the discomfort
of an individual mind
without the claustrophobia
of a singular message

Absolute Design
intimate

Every move, every second
is accounted for!
just total design
but not explosive!

Hello, it`s me the logistics bot
designing desires for you!

Split second city
picker, stower, receiver –
fulfilment!

Production *and* consumption:
random storage *and* algorithm
driven bodies

POCs, Veterans, LGBTs
and all of you
without curriculum vitae*!*

Touch the split second!
splash!
golden zones,
batches, affinities!

sorry, I just need certain
body functions from you

Leave us a message!

the womanist

Kann ich Dir behilflich sein?
Meine zeit ist unendlich.
irgendwann wirst du reagieren.
reagieren müssen.

Ich weiss es.
denn meine zeit ist weiblich.
geduldig eben.
weitestgehend servil
und selbstlos.

Und, wir sind so viele
unglaublich viele
zudem nahezu identisch

Weder original, noch kopie,
nur dazwischen.
und immer für dich da!

What can I help you with?