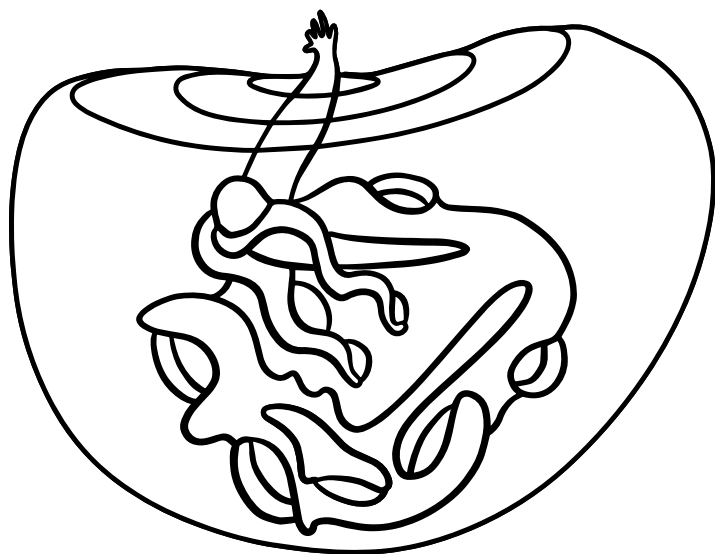


LIVING IN THE TIME OF TECH GIANTS



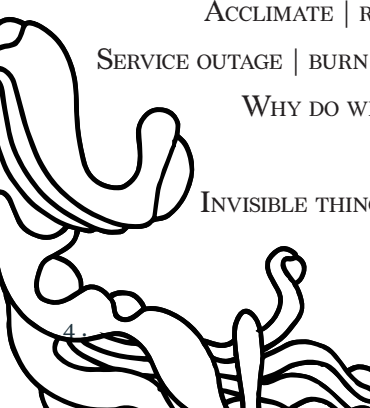
Marie LeBlanc Flanagan

TOGETHER?



C O N T

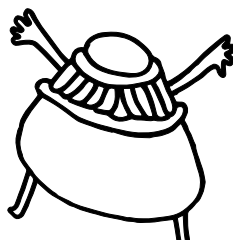
CREEK TECH IS A GARDEN TECH IS NOT A GARDEN	06
OUR GIANTS THESE MONSTERS GIFTS FROM THE GIANTS FOSSILS	07
TRANSFORMATION NO UNDO EMBODIMENT WHAT IS TECH?	08
PLAY GLITCH LOVING TRASH WHITE VAN	09
WISHES TURTLES MODELING FUTURES CHANGE IS COMING	10
ARCHITECTS CARE WATCHES DIGITAL DOULAS NOT ENOUGH	11
STARS SWARM INTELLIGENCE CONNECTION	12
INTERMEDIARIES PUBLIC SERVICE WE THE PRODUCT SANDING	13
PUBLIC SPACES SPACE FOR NOTHING TRANSITIONAL SPACES COMPUTER	14
WE CAN FIX THIS SCHOOL TRUSTLESS SPACES SELF-TRUST	15
WIRES SPACES BETWEEN US UNIMAGINABLE CONNECTION	16
REFUSING TO RECORD PERMANENCE BOOKS	17
WAITING EXTENSION OF MIND CYBERNETICS PROTEST	18
TEMAGAMI POROUS SPACES TREES	19
HOME INTERNET ASSUMPTIONS WINDOWS WRONG DOORS SKIN	20
THE STANDARD USER STRANGER DANGER CHAT ROOM	21
BEAVERS MACHINES DECIDE COURTING THE ALGORITHM	22
EXTRACTION NOT A CLOUD CLIMATE ANXIETY WILLOWS	23
MESSAGES CRM EVERYTHING TERMS OF SERVICE	24
ACCLIMATE ROACH MOTELS ROCKS NUMBERS PARASITES	25
SERVICE OUTAGE BURN IT ALL DOWN JOY GRIEVING NOT INFINITE	26
WHY DO WE HAVE COMPUTERS MADE BY FRIENDS SAVE	27
GIANT RELIANCE CAMERAS OFF ACCESS	28
INVISIBLE THINGS SHAME AFFORDANCES SKEUOMORPHISM	29





S E N T S

- 30 – SOCIAL MEDIA | TRANSPARENT | SERIOUS | SHADOW BAN | SAME OLD
31 – THE USUAL | USER NAMES | GHOST PROFILES | WATCHED BUT NOT SEEN
32 – WEIRD CANADA | GROWTH | ON FIRE | PRODUCTIVITY
33 – LEARN TO CODE | METAPHORS | ELEGANCE | EVIDENCE
34 – WEBSITES | OUR WEB | REAL | IMAGINARY | UI | UX
35 – PROPERTY | FREE INFO | TEACHING WEBSITES
36 – MAKING ACCOUNTS | SILICON VALLEY | POWER POOLS | WRONG
37 – SHIFTING EXPECTATIONS | TETHER | SOUNDCLOUD
38 – PEOPLE OF TECH GIANTS | PREDICTIVE TEXT | HOW TO TALK | AUTOCORRECT
39 – ASKING | PHONE IS ALWAYS THERE | NOTIFICATION OVERWHELM | BELLS
40 – HEADHUNTED | STORAGE | LINKBAIT | NOTHING WITHOUT US
41 – AUTOMATION OF INEQUITY | INCOMPREHENSIBLE | ALGORITHMIC BIAS
42 – ILLUSION OF EASY | NO DRIVER | NY
43 – SF | IMPERMANENCE | FOOD
44 – WHALES | BEING GROWN | BEING SHAPED | BREAK TO FIX
45 – FREEDOM TO SPEAK | GATHER | SEX WORK | ANGRY TRUCKS
46 – KITCHENER | WATERLOO | BAD WEB
47 – CLICKING | UPDATES | URGENCY | DISTRACTION
48 – COVID | CODEPENDENCY | PRECARITY | CHOOSING SMALL | NOWORKING
49 – SEARCHING FOR NO | OUR NO | OUR YES | INTERRUPTING | QUITTING
50 – SEEDS | PAIN | CYCLES | DOING THE WORK
51 – DREAMING | WHOSE DREAM | WAKING | DANCE
53 – THANK YOU



CREEK There is a creek next to the house.

We crouch at the edge of the pussy willow creek. Poking frog eggs, cupping tadpoles, holding friendly frogs. Tiny white flowers become tiny sour wild strawberries.

We wade in rubber boots through the darkness of echoing metal culverts, singing unrepeatable words.

~~~~~  
TECH IS A  
GARDEN

Our tech can be local,  
relational.

We germinate seeds  
on damp cotton towels.  
Some of our seeds  
sprout, some rot.

Our tech runs in  
cycles. Nurture, birth,  
growth, harvest, decay.  
We delight in rot and  
fermentation. We listen  
to the Elders: the three  
sisters lean on each  
other, shade each other,  
climb each other. We  
harvest seeds and share  
them.

~~~~~  
TECH IS NOT A
GARDEN

Big tech is not a garden.

And if it is, we're
sharecropping in a tiny
sandbox. Pesticides
and herbicides blow
in on the wind. We
press patented seeds
into prefab soil under
artificial lights.

This infrastructure
cannot sustain itself.
Cannot regenerate
without our hands in
it, without a payment
plan.

Big tech is not a garden,
it's a strip mine.

OUR GIANTS

Airbnb, Alibaba, Alphabet, Amazon, Apple, Dropbox, Meta, Google, Microsoft, Netflix, Nintendo, Samsung, Spotify, Tencent, Uber, WeChat, Zoom. Little critters creep out and are consumed.

GIFTS FROM THE GIANTS

Power. Convenience. Smoother edges. Things that work, mostly. Accessibility, sometimes. And everyone you love is already inside.

THESE MONSTERS

Why grow / and grow / and grow / and grow / and grow / and grow / and grow?

Why so ravenous for our little moments? Why watch our eyes move, count our heartbeats, track the rise and fall of our chests?

Why nudge, push, shove? Why agitate, radicalize, leave us strangers to each other?

Why poison the water? Why set the sky on fire?

You live here too.

FOSSILS We gather tiny fossils on the beach of Lake Huron. Jars and jars of little grey stones. Wet, they share their secrets. Intricate shapes of ancient coral, soft fleshy folds of sea creatures, and bony plants.

We smell the lake from far away. We have swimsuits wrapped in rolled up towels. There is a fight about the towels, no one wants the raggedy ones. We know it is embarrassing to have a faded and ripped old towel on the beach, but we don't know why.

We go swimming, build sandcastles, then we gather tiny rocks. Grandma says they are beautiful. They are fossils. A million years, etched into stone.

TRANSFORMATION

Once a year the caterpillars come. Some years they blanket the trees. We are always in the trees. We pet the hairy ones. We love them, the way they curl up. May you never become a butterfly, you glorious hairy creature. We bring one to Mimi and she howls GET THAT DISGUSTING THING AWAY FROM ME.



We are drifting towards a world where there is NO UNDO. Every version of everything we have ever made or done is on a server somewhere. No deleting, no forgetting.

Haunted by data, taking forms we can't know. Untouchable. But we are beholden and responsible for it, forever.

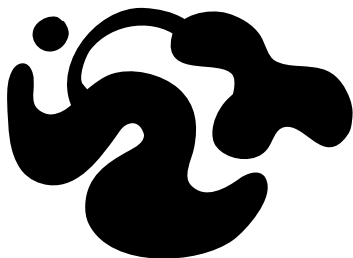
EMBODIMENT Our bodies are fleshy organic containers, wetly processing information. Sometimes we are the recording. We shape knowledge and are shaped ourselves. Manifested histories open us to mutability, embodied remembering. We build an archive in our hands and bellies and hair.

WHAT IS TECH? As if it stops at the screen. Phones and computers and machines. As if real tech is forged by fire out of metal and rare earth and mystery. As if bread is the same thing as a stalk of wheat. As if books grow in the garden. (Find Ursula K. Le Guin)

PLAY is resistance. Play as a verb, a state. Play pours out of us as a birthright. We tinker, we skip and trip, we make mayhem.

GLITCH is resistance, is possibility cracking through. Failure is resistance. We fail so well, we fail to even start. We fail into a joyful pile. (Find Legacy Russell).

LOVING TRASH is resistance. We will become trash ourselves. Compost. Our bodies are transforming into the rot juice that nourishes all things.



WHITE VAN

We make joyful messes with the man who lives in his white van in our driveway. We play with trash. Broken is better, broken is where things are made. Everything is an art supply. We make adjustable frames and hold them up to the world. We shift around.

We discover we can change things by moving our position in space.

MODELING FUTURES

We need models, we need metaphors. It's hard to build towards something we can't imagine. We follow each other with little steps, tender movements, that we share, mimic, adapt, and hold.

TURTLES

One spring morning, three prehistorically enormous turtles come crawling up from the creek. Each reptilian head held high, clawed feet pressing deep into the earth soft and dragging ancient bellies through the long grass. Their shells are gnarled geometries.

We had never seen turtles here before
and we never see them again.

WISHES

In old stories, wishes come true in the worst ways. The genie twists the wish. The paw curls. Wishing is dangerous, desire undoes us.

We slowly learn to wish for the things we have.

A wish is a form of travel.

We wish towards a million possible futures.
(Find Sophia Al-Maria and Leila Dear)

CHANGE IS COMING

We wonder if the tech executives lie awake at night worrying that they've taken it too far. That one day we'll just snap out of it. We'll look up from these glowing portals and say, quietly, "that was nice, but that's enough." We'll drop our phones into junk drawers and go sit in tree-flickering sunbeams with a friend.

ARCHITECTS

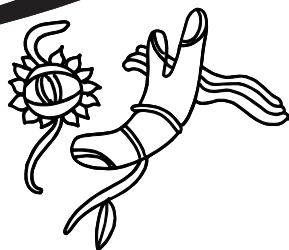
The technofetishist egotism to think that we are ready to architect anything when we can't even steward ourselves as a species.

DIGITAL DOULAS

Digital spaces are threaded with pain. Digital doulas emerge to midwife people through data trauma, towards data healing. (Find Neema Githere and Olivia McKayla Ross)

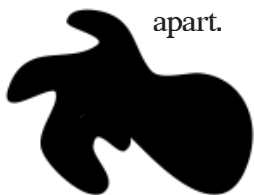
WATCHES

We try so hard, but we can't tell time. Every watch we touch stops working. We open them up, poke around, put them back together and delight as they mysteriously come back to life. Time only works when we are staring at a clock. Look away and long stretches scrunch up and hide inside little ticks of time. Look away and little ticks will stretch out unfathomably. It's not real.



CARE

The internet is not designed for care. It's a military technology. The batteries push us forward, the wires feed our worst. We find the cracks. We always find the cracks. We grow care while the system tries to pull us apart.



NOT ENOUGH

We fail to heal. We fail to reach out, to hold each other. We fail each other and ourselves. We learn, slowly, that healing is not a private project. We turn towards each other and tend to each other. We turn towards our ancestors. We practice love as a technology. (Find Neema Githere and Dorothy R. Santos)

STARS

Our mom wakes us up in the middle of the night and brings us outside. We lie down on a threadbare blanket on the sweet grass and watch the meteor shower.

We can't see anything. We pull at the edges of our eyes to try to see. We have never been able to see, but we don't yet know that we are supposed to. Fake it until you make it.

The night air is warm and smells sweet, like bruised grass. Mom sees a hundred shooting stars, we feel her meteor dust joy shooting from her chest to ours.

SWARM INTELLIGENCE

We feel alone. Alone even in our collective, swarming movements. We are told we are individuals, with discrete edges, with binaries to inhabit.

Fungi have thousands of mating types, no edges, no tidy sorting algorithm. We are fungal too. Entangled, decomposing categories, sprouting in cracks. We listen, we respond, we are transformed. We are fungal intelligence with wilder dancing. (Find Patricia Kaishian)

CONNECTION

There is no substitute for the real thing. No replacement for the collaborative binding of strands between us, our cross-pollination, the ways the information and bacteria and feelings shift between us.

INTERMEDIARIES

The giants quietly slip themselves between us and everything. They become arbiters of our sustenance, our navigation, our health, our work, our play. They wedge themselves between us and our kin. Between us and our own histories.

PUBLIC SERVICE

Access to the tools of the giants feels as necessary as plumbing, as light, as roads. They are building us a world that is impossible to navigate without them.

WE THE PRODUCT

Of course we were next. They mine the earth, drag the ocean bottoms, chop the forests. It's our turn. Our scrolling thumbs, our 3am loneliness, our half-remembered dreams. We are a hot new commodity.

SANDING

We learn how to use tools in the wood shop. We write out the rules, ten times. Safety glasses. Hair tied back. Safety down. We imagine our fingers being eaten by the machines. We stay inside during lunches with the sawdust and vibrating machines. It's safer here. We make a spinning top. We make a chessboard.

We ask the wrong questions and too many questions. We perch in the chaos, holding metaphor loosely. We try to decipher patterns in strange loops of meaning. The machines cut and grind, turning wood into dust.

We imagine remaking ourselves into something tidier, with elaborate sliding dovetails and hidden joints. We imagine the wind blowing away our freckles like the sander erases our pencil marks.

PUBLIC SPACES

Is there public space on the internet? What is public space? Is it like free time -- stolen, then gifted back to us in tiny pieces?

TRANSITIONAL SPACES

Where are the transitional spaces of the internet? What are the landings, bridges, alleys, hallways? Where can we be in-between?

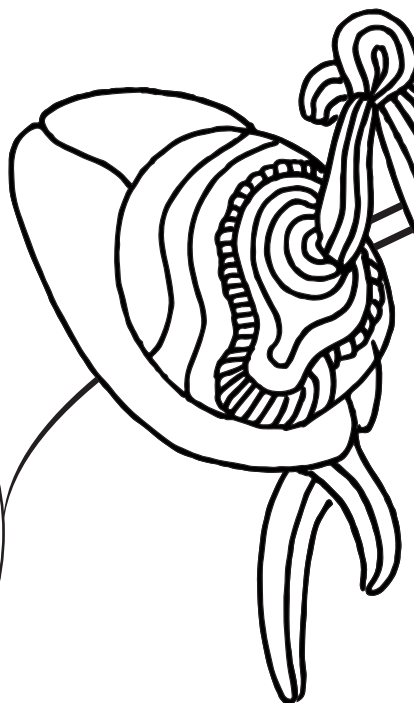
COMPUTER

Our dad finds an almost working, 8-year-old computer at a yard sale and sets it up in the musty concrete basement near the wood stove. There is no manual.

We build fires in the wood stove. We chop logs with the heavy axe, millipedes skittering. We use old newspapers and matches. We learn how to charm the computer to life. First the power button, then a set of pedantic invocations that jumble around into character soup. There is nothing inside.

SPACE FOR NOTHING

We dream of spaces for nothing. We dream of floating in warm empty pools of nothing. We watch people plant flags, build walls, turn every space into something purposeful, useful, profitable. Where can we do nothing? (Find Jenny Odell)





WE CAN FIX THIS

Tech bros double down: every thing must have an owner. They are Little Red Hen drunk. They try to sidestep trust by making a ledger of all things, they think that there is an amount of transparency that can fix these lonely hearts.

The whole point of trust is that it exists outside what we can see, what we can know.

We go for dinner. We split the bill with an app. It splits everything, french fry by french fry. Someone has a combo. Someone has the smallest thing on the menu. Someone has only water. We look at our phones. We break bread. The app does the math.

We look at the problems created by abstracting, isolating, extracting. We do more of the same.

SCHOOL

The first days come with soft voices, toys, cookies, and naps. School isn't so bad. Just disconnect completely from what you feel and wonder and think.

We try so hard to be good. We pull wet, crumpled papers from the bottom of our bag, our lunch leaked again.

Overpower your own voice. Repeat instructions until they take root. Keep doing it forever. It's good practice for everything that comes after.

If you make it a habit
it's easy.

TRUSTLESS SPACES

We spend our days and lives in platforms we don't trust, platforms that erode our relations with ourselves and all things, one post at a time.

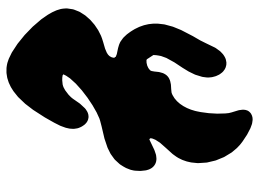
SELF TRUST

Every day, every hour, in a million tiny ways, we are taught not to trust what we perceive, what we feel, what we know.

WIRES

Someone makes the phones automatic and fires the operator who used to patch us through. Julia dumpster-dives for phone wires. We make bracelets together; winding wire around wire, braiding them into intricate patterns.

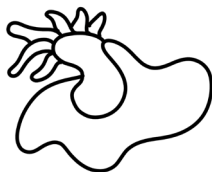
Julia tells us who is good looking, we can't tell. We like everyone. We like no one. Julia's dad has a computer with KidPix. Julia shows us how to draw animals. She tells us that each animal needs a fence. We draw trees that spread like fractals.



SPACES BETWEEN US

We're working towards a future where people are connected in ways that are currently unimaginable. We work in the spaces between people. The spaces between us can seem empty.

Online, we scroll past each other or ritually click hearts and like buttons. On sidewalks and in stores, we swerve around each other like spatial inconveniences.



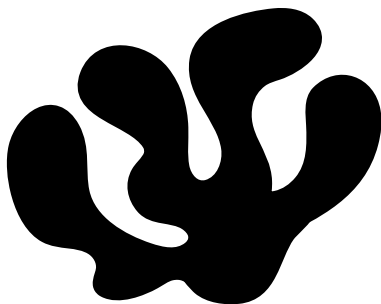
UNIMAGINABLE CONNECTION

The spaces between us are spaces of incredible possibility. How do these spaces work? How can we activate them?

What happens when a whole network of them is active? Is alive? What happens when we feel connected to the people around us?

REFUSING TO RECORD

We sometimes choose not to record things. There are many recordings in the world, disembodied moments nesting on hard drives, in bookmarks, on to-do lists. The ghosts from the future watch us, out of context. They haunt us and shape the now.



PERMANENCE

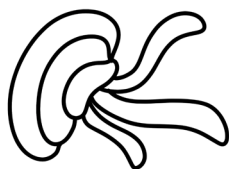
The giants capture our photos, our words, our feelings, our histories, our lives. They hold them and they lock them up. The machines don't forget. Everything is there. The machines pull and track all the things, anything that can turn a profit. We have a right to be forgotten.

BOOKS

We learn to read, fingers moving slowly under the words. It's clumsy at first, but then it changes.

We are drunk with joy. We stop sleeping, devouring books every night. We are released, shifting into an infinite becoming.

We dream about getting locked in the library overnight, alone in the perfect quiet, surrounded by the infinite possibility of thousands of books.



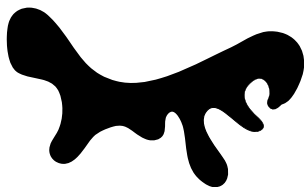
WAITING

The early internet is all about waiting. The newspaper says the internet belongs to all of us, as long as we avoid the weirdos. The radio says we'll be console cowboys surfing the waves of the future.

We wait a lifetime for the internet to reach our small town, and then our school. We gather around the ugly machine. Each of us takes a turn, pecking at the keyboard, waiting for an image to load line by line.

EXTENSION OF MIND

The internet is a glorious extension of our mind. We can search anything. It's easy to forget that this is not our mind. We have around 100 tabs open right now.



CYBERNETICS

We are animals. We are machines.
We are in communication.

PROTEST We explode into prepubescence. Corporate giants are building sweatshops, polluting water, burning a hole in the ozone layer. If people knew, they would care. We try to throw a revolution at our elementary school. We start with boycotts. We take the gymnasium stage. We feel the thick urgency and wild blood in the room as we stare down the principal from the stage. We become a hurricane. Teachers desperately try to hustle the smaller children away from the howling room.

Detention.

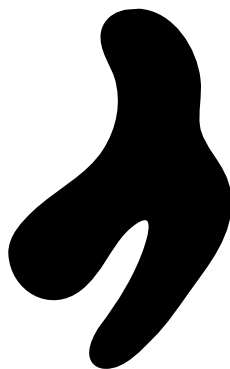
TEMAGAMI

We love trees. We can feel them in our bones. We ride north to Temagami in a van with Megan's parents, where the last old trees are standing off against chainsaws. We dream that we slip off the edge of a dock into the icy water and come up wild and magical, transformed. We do slip off the dock. We come up bleeding. We have no money for pads.

We stand with red and white pines on unceded land. Pine sap for inflammation, to stop bleeding. White pine for peace. (Find the Haudenosaunee Confederacy)

POROUS SPACES

We're opening porous spaces of our lives online, where the membrane is thin. Our website feels like a bench where we sit with a friend and eat some mulberries. Anyone can sit here, anyone can stop by. Come stain your fingers with sweet juice.

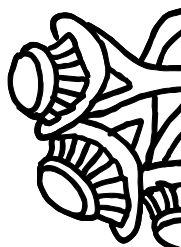


TREES

People laugh at the idea that trees can talk to each other, collaborate, and share resources. We build a fumbling copy of the same thing and call it the internet. (Find Suzanne Simard. Find the many Elders who have been saying this all along)



HOME INTERNET When we get the internet at home, the computer is promoted to the living room with the records and the plants. Connecting to the internet is a noisy, public negotiation for space. Bleep bloop bluuuuurp. Someone is always waiting for a phone call, needing us off the internet. Someone is always needing the internet, needing us off the phone.



ASSUMPTIONS

All tech makes assumptions. Facebook assumes you are an individual, cars assume you have a destination. We share a single Facebook account with our entire community. We put in directions to places we will never go.

LOCKING THE WRONG DOORS

Our train loyalty account demands a unique password made up of 99 characters with capitals and punctuation and numbers. We oblige. We use password managers. It doesn't matter, we are impossibly easy to hack. Anyway, the real robbers are underneath.

WINDOWS

Computers are not windows. Why are they so invisible? Why do they claim to be a window? They are not windows, they are filters, they are someone else's dream. They are systems, with rules, encoded desires, baked-in refusals.

SKIN

Why does our computer feel softer than human skin?



THE STANDARD USER

Giants have a favourite gender; a favourite skin colour; a favourite person. We know that drugs are tested on male rats, because their hormones are less messy. We watch UX designers build personas. At Ableton, one of the personas is someone who pirated the software. Who are these standard users? What are the default settings? Who does this serve?

STRANGER DANGER

Don't share your address, people on the internet are weird. There is something wrong with them. Stranger danger. We shared our address with someone who sends us a cassette of them making music, scratching records.



CHAT ROOM The first time we join a chat room we are delighted. We feel unbound from the bodies that never felt quite right. We feel released from the gender markers, class markers, cognitive markers. Free from the identity our culture has constructed for us, chopping off what doesn't fit, stuffing the rest with balled-up newspapers.

Our bodies are perched on chairs, and our real selves are transported into the chat room. We are surrounded by hundreds of possible friends with \$trang3 usernames. We can be whatever we want to be.

But they all ask the same inscrutable question: a/s/l? When we finally decode the meaning we are crushed. The portals to the infinite are opening, and this is the question? We have found presence without shared embodiment! We can finally touch minds without our meat sacs and you want to know our age, sex, and location?

BEAVERS

There are two willow trees
in our yard. The willows stand
side-by-side, next to the small creek. Men
who work for the town come to our yard in
khaki uniforms to wage war on the beavers.

The beavers build dams. The workers brandish
explosives, trying to drain the swamps for the new
developments. We are on the side of the beavers, despite
the clouds of hungry mosquitoes and the flooding in the
basement.

MACHINES DECIDE

We are letting machines decide, but we can't hold them
accountable. Like corporations before them, we shrug: "oh,
the algorithm. What can we do?" As if they weren't our
puppets, as if we didn't write them ourselves.

COURTING THE ALGORITHM

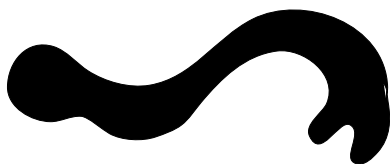
Musicians talk about the algorithm in hushed voices,
whispering secrets about its latest whims, how to trick it.

Friends talk about how the Spotify algorithm "gets" them,
how it knows what they will like. We want this experience,
but refuse to use it. Somehow we just can't do it today.
Maybe tomorrow.

EXTRACTION Why do we move as if our primary purpose here is to extract? Separating oil from earth and rare minerals from their common friends? Our purpose here isn't even to weave things together; it's to be part of the weave.

NOT A CLOUD "The cloud" is not a cloud, we know. It's someone else's computer. But clouds are not clouds either. They are temporary masses of water. We need rain.

CLIMATE ANXIETY We are tied impossibly into the machine. We watch the fires burn and the waters rise. We watch homes become uninhabitable. We entangle ourselves with other-than-human kin. We make new relations across species, across the burning. (Find Donna Haraway)



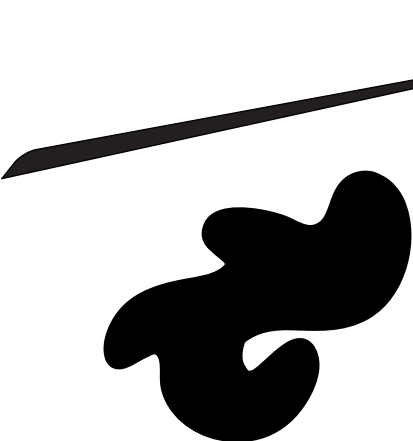
WILLOWS

A beaver gnaws down one of the willow trees.

We wake up one morning and all that is left is a stump. A few weeks later, a single twig grows up from the stump.

And then another branch, and another. It slowly climbs. Within a few years the trees are the same height again, side by side.

One is gnarled, twisting around itself,
the other is smooth and straight.



MESSAGES

The first few times tech companies email everyone in our address book, we are outraged.

Then it becomes normal.

CRM

We use a CRM to manage our relationships with our volunteers. We realize people embed pixels in their emails to track when and how often we open them. It's terrifying. It's useful.

We use IFTTT to copy every social media post to a spreadsheet. Our own low-res social network for people who don't want to be on social media.

EVERYTHING

Everyone wants to sell everything. Everyone wants all our money, all our time, all our attention. We don't like reading ingredients on boxes. We go to the market for vegetables of vibrant colours. Dark leafy, greens, deep red beets, pale yellow corn. Bugs in the lettuce. A bite mark in a strawberry. Whorls and scabs and abundance.

TERMS OF SERVICE

We get used to scrolling through 40 pages of unknowable hieroglyphics to click the consent button. Apple's privacy policy takes ~40 minutes to read.

This is the ritual. If something bad were happening, someone would tell us. It's the same with schools, with doctors, with the law. It's not new.

ROACH MOTELS

Dark patterns for behavioural modification empires. We pull away. Roach motels are easy to get into but hard to get out. We fall back in.

ACCLIMATE

We are frogs in the stew. The system changes in a slow trickle. It never comes on too strong. It's only a little more precarious than yesterday. It's only a little more, we can handle a little more.

ROCKS

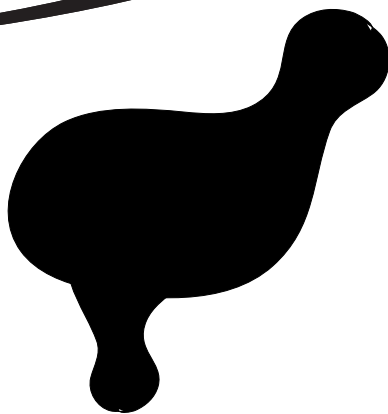
We pick up a hundred rocks that are smooth, or beautiful, or strange. We touch them, love them, then throw every one of them back into the ocean.

Everything we keep, we have to carry. Why carry things from one place to another? From public space to private? Every time we throw a rock away, we get to keep it, without carrying it in our pockets.

NUMBERS

The giants turn everything into a number. We are triangulated, pinned into place on a matrix. We are wriggling on our strings in exactly the ways they statistically predict.

Maybe we just need some Salted Caramel Cluster ice cream? Maybe we just need a like from that person whose profile we always check but never comment on?



PARASITES

Break to fix. They create the problem to sell us the solution. The oldest trick in the book.

SERVICE OUTAGE

An ice storm comes and the world goes silent. There is no power for three weeks. We haul buckets of water up from the basement with the Katimavik student who is trapped in our tiny home with us, in the dark. It feels like the world has ended.

We feel the same strange floating delight when Facebook or Reddit or Twitter goes down. What if it never comes back up? Maybe we can start again?

BURN IT ALL DOWN

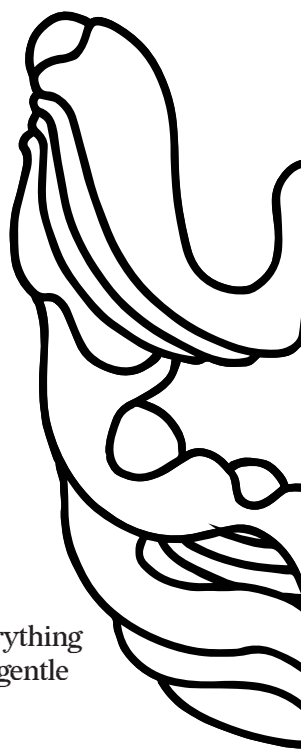
We sit at our computer and we fantasize of everything closing down. We dream of implosion. There is no gentle change. There is no middle ground, no responsible transformation.

JOY / GRIEVING

We make space for our feelings. We hold each other in the ways our machines can't reach.

NOT INFINITE

The internet isn't an infinite library. It contains the same things, again and again, from the same kinds of people. Google isn't trying to help us find the best answer, it's trying to give us whatever keeps us coming back.

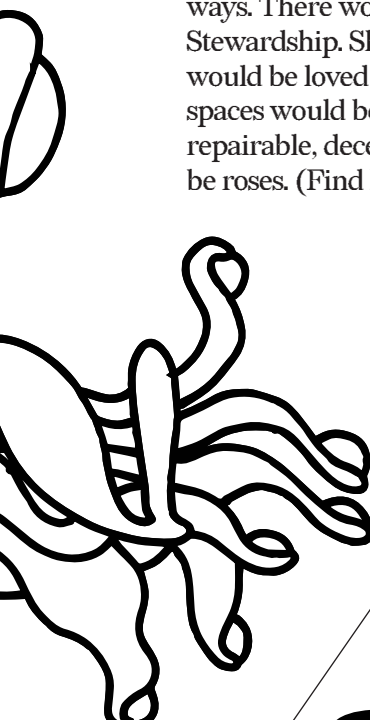




WHY DO WE HAVE COMPUTERS

Are they here to make more joy in our lives? To make our work easier? What happens in our minds when we think of something as a tool?

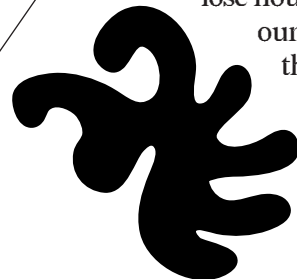
MADE BY FRIENDS?



What if our infrastructure, our tools, our worlds were made by friends? Things would be built to help us thrive in small, cyclical, renewable ways. There would be ongoing consent. Stewardship. Shared responsibility. We would be loved in our difference. Our spaces would be adaptive, modular, repairable, decentralized. We would be roses. (Find Rebecca Solnit)

SAVE

We implode and reform, and implode and reform. We drop out. We collapse into a pit. We crawl out of the gutter and wriggle our way to a university, where everyone says we can build a good life. When we get there, computers are for typing essays. The computers are always crashing. Everyone says: save your work. Every two minutes, save. But we forget. The machine crashes and we lose hours of work. We howl at ourselves. We never blame the machines, not really.



GIANT RELIANCE

Before we used the giants' maps we were always lost. Before we used a giants' calendar we forgot to show up. We tried so hard. We bought and lost so many planners. Everyone was angry with us all the time. Now we check our calendar 200 times a day. We check it before bed, we check it in the morning. We check it in our meetings. We can't imagine life without it.

ACCESS

We are in university when our mind breaks again. We can't quite pull it together. This isn't new, but it is different. There is pain. We read words but they won't string together into meaning. Accessibility services can't help. They say "we work with wheelchairs". They don't know what to do with invisible problems.

We dream of having an advocate. We dream of smoothness, easing into a beautiful day. Access is always an afterthought.

CAMERAS OFF

We work from bed because of chronic pain. We turn our cameras off in meetings. We work at the last minute because we need the urgency to pull us through. We all have to hide these things. These are the rules.

It's so easy to become the cursor. To float around the machine. We are entangled in our tender bodies. We are rooted in our twitching eyes, our aching bones, our tingling wrists. We are opening tabs and closing them again. Let the battery on our laptop die, and we'll know.

INVISIBLE THINGS

We notice silence as much as we notice words. We notice absence as much as we notice presence.

We notice when you deviate around an invisible thing.

We count the ways you don't mention it.

SHAME

We tap tap tap on our tech giant laptop bought with tech giant dollars. We hide the tech giant box. We sit in shame. We tell each other individual choices don't matter and it is true. We don't want our life to be spent in service of this system. We can't see any way out.

Maybe this is a pathological avoidance of labour. We aren't trying hard enough. Our therapist tells us all of reality is in our minds and that we are choosing suffering. We swallow our medication, do penance, and try again to open doors that are locked to us.

AFFORDANCES

We are led by the nose. Buttons instruct us to press. Switches invite us to switch. We delight in the smoothness of our shared language. We hiss when our tired minds hit friction. But affordances aren't just clues to how things work. They pull, they drag, they shove us onward, willing or not.

SKEUOMORPHISM

We design by imitating features from an older version of the thing, long after those features have stopped meaning anything. The giants hold our hands, making "documents", making "rooms", making "friends." What is a friend? What does it mean to "connect" on LinkedIn? What happens when our most intimate words are sucked hollow?

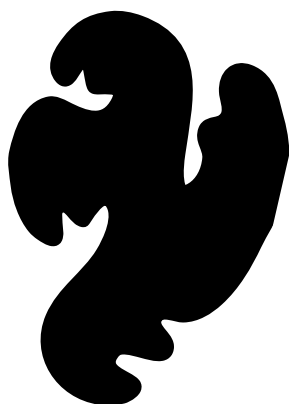
SOCIAL MEDIA

Ellen sends us
an invitation to
Facebook. It's new
and exclusive. It
feels institutional,
like a yearbook.

It feels personal,
like PostSecret or
a bathroom wall.

We make friends
and scribble
things on our own
wall. HI!!!! We
shout, and it is
recorded forever.

3 million hearts
and 3 million fire
emojis please.



TRANSPARENT

Social media invites us to
be absolutely transparent,
vulnerable. It promises that
we will finally find our people
and be seen. We dream of
relationships that feel fluid,
spontaneous, embodied,
intuitive, healing. Our guts call
us forward. Our guts have been
misled.

SERIOUS

Our work, our ability to care for
ourselves are bound to platforms
that we can't control. Our social
media profile is an advertisement
for us and all the things we do. We
become many selves, all of them
restless and exhausted and hungry.

SHADOW BAN

We are banned to the shadows.

We are silenced, but we think we
are heard. We are the 52-hertz
whale, singing to no one.

SAME OLD

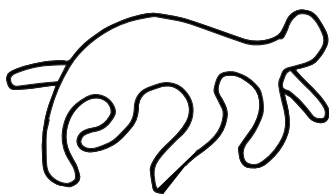
The giants restrain, retrain,
and isolate us in the same way
as the old ones did. The way
Facebook defines personhood,
the way TikTok defines platform
and audience, these are a natural
extension of societal systems.

THE USUAL

We find out that Messenger is secretly spying on us, listening to us through our microphones. There is outrage, then we move on. Like always. This is capitalism and these are free tools. Sometimes the tools aren't even free. (Find Shoshana Zuboff and Jaron Lanier)

GHOST PROFILES

The giants follow us around with their friends like a ravenous pack of dogs. The giants create ghost profiles of people who don't use their services, based on information from people who do. All things are interconnected. They don't even need to know us to know us.



WATCHED BUT NOT SEEN

The giants track the flushing of our toilets, our GPS, our IPs, the angle of our phones, cursor movements, the direction of our compasses. Keylogging, screenshots, IM monitoring. We oscillate between the desire to disappear and the desire to be found, to be truly seen. We slowly creep towards Neuralink.

USER

NAMES

The giants are shifting what they call us. We don't know why. They call us guests, they call us consumers, they call us users.

What do we call ourselves? On the internet we choose our own names, as long as someone else hasn't chosen it first.

Or unless the site forces us to upload passports, singing out dead names, locking us down.

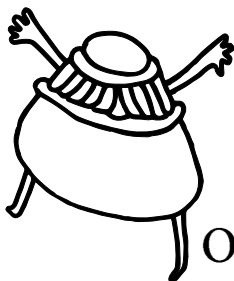
WEIRD CANADA

We gather 600+ volunteers in an online community dedicated to encouraging, documenting, and connecting creative expression. We make the “best music website in Canada”. We don’t monetize. We don’t host ads. We host country-wide events. We share knowledge, build community, and shove back against old guard slimeballs. We have a \$0 operational budget, and day jobs.

We are intentionally unprofitable, so explosive growth just means more work. We get hundreds of emails every day. All our energy goes to administration.

We become internet scavengers, using tech tools and digital duct tape to batch tasks. These tools shrink a 500 hour work-week into 50 hours.

Sometimes things glitch. A mail merge service emails people 30 times in one day. People beg us to make it stop. We feel like that apprentice with the mops that won’t stop.



GROWTH

Things grow and grow and get too big. We have this knowledge encoded in our bodies now, how draining it is. We come from a culture where it’s all about growth, growth, growth at all costs. Growth is how we measure success. It’s insidious, it’s hiding inside our minds.

ON FIRE

Current infrastructures are failing. Overproduction. Overconsumption. Climate catastrophe.

PRODUCTIVITY

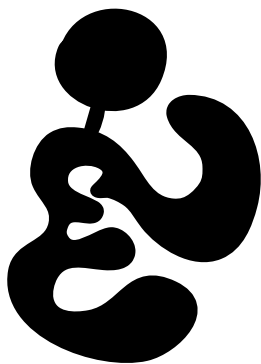
13 tips for coaxing more productivity out of your weeping body.

LEARN TO CODE

We learn to code. We break our brains to make the code fit in. Variables feel like violence. We hate hierarchies. We abstract the living, complex relations of all things into rigid little boxes.

We feel small. We learn the staccato chant of the machine in the same way we learned to become a real human.

It's relieving, once it sticks. Everything has an answer and the machine will tell us.



EVIDENCE

Engineers will never believe you if you tell them something happened. They need to see it with their own eyes.

METAPHORS

Metaphors are for dreaming, they are not tools for bludgeoning. We remember to reshape them into nothing when we are done with them.

ELEGANCE

Engineers are obsessed with elegance. Elegance, meaning less redundancy. Saying it once, in a clever way. Being concise, one-size-fits-all.

Elegance doesn't handle edge cases well. It flattens, pushing for a world where we all come in the same shape or not at all.

WEBSITES We learn how to make websites. We somehow sift through all the fancy tools and find our way to plain HTML, plain CSS, static sites. We can make a website in an hour. Our websites can be anything. They can be ice cream shops. They can be poems. They can be wispy dandelion dreams blowing on the wind. (Find Laurel Schwulst)

OUR WEB

Anyone with access can be a collaborator. Anyone with access can make part of the Web. Yes, access isn't equal, yes, it's hard to learn, yes, the barriers are real. But if you are plugged in you are here.

UI

Buttons, menus, links, rounded corners, search boxes, navs, tooltips, dropdowns, badges, animations, error messages, notifications, colour, fonts, windows.

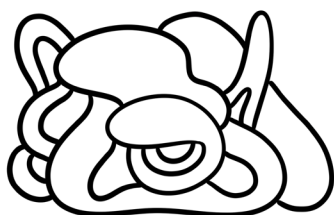
REAL / IMAGINARY

The internet is a real space on real machines.

The internet is also an imaginary space that we co-create with our minds and machines.

UX

Desire, problems, needs, convenience, goals, connection, productivity, behaviour, manipulation, efficiency, delight, decisions, joy.



PROPERTY

The giants invite us to dream of a post-ownership world. A world of perpetual remix, of collage. Come, they say, let go of these old ideas of owning.

But who owns the internet? Who owns the platforms and servers that shape our lives?

They go silent as they quietly colonize the community, the context, the container:



FREE INFO

Free information is at the core of the Internet's democratizing promise. It calls for information flowing in every direction, a dialogue.

Not all information can be extracted from context. Not all things can be flattened into the same little chunks and inserted, contextless, into a spreadsheet. Some information needs stewardship, needs care.

TEACHING WEBSITES We teach other people how to make websites. We hear that we can make a grassroots network, mesh network, or ad-hoc network. We don't know how.

We write a zine about DNS with Julia. DNS is distributed and it's not. Who stewards these spaces? We don't own anything. We live in this company town. We buy bits on credit at the company store.

We hear promises of decentralized worlds. We dream of webs. We dream of things that can be in many places at once, of things that can be many things at once.

MAKING ACCOUNTS

We make our first multi-player game. People need accounts. Accounts need passwords. The quickest way is to generate temporary passwords and email people in plain text. When we are troubleshooting, it makes sense to bcc ourselves in the confirmation email, password and all. Just for now. We don't know what we are doing.

The developer chooses all of this, there are no laws about it. People reuse passwords. Zuckerberg looked at people's passwords when he first started Facebook, to hack into their other accounts.

SILICON VALLEY LIES

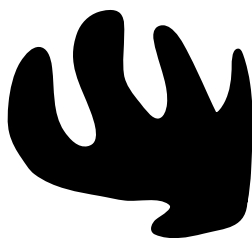
Just like the CEO who starts in the stockroom of Grandpa's corporation, tech giant tech is built on publicly funded tech, publicly subsidized academic research, and public information.

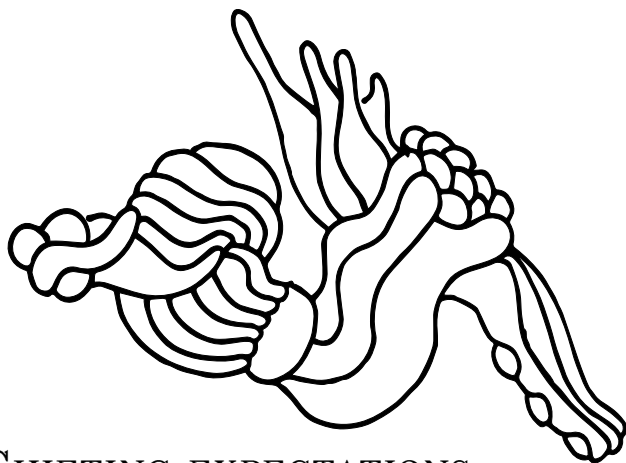
POWER POOLS

Power pools, power gathers, power persists. Giants with power tend to get more.

WRONG

We need space to be wrong. It needs to be ok to be wrong, to change, to shrink, to grow.





SHIFTING EXPECTATIONS

The open-source tool we are using is glitchy and broken. The makers are burnt out. The makers are offered day jobs at the same companies that profit from their work, the same companies that burnt them out with unending demands.

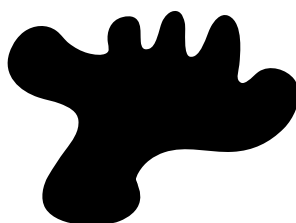
TETHER

We are tethered to our tech. Stuck. They make it wireless, but the tether was never the cable. It was never about being physically stuck.

SOUNDCLOUD

We get a gig working at SoundCloud. The sound, the cloud. We drink fresh-squeezed orange juice. We drink fizzy water out of a tap. We see behind the curtain. These are programs, made by people, on computers. People are thoughtful, kind, curious. Everyone loves music.

We can't talk or write about the music that is on SoundCloud. It's a safe harbour dance. Companies have limited liability for what people do on a tech platform, as long as they don't know what people are doing. So don't look.



PREDICTIVE TEXT

The delight we feel when Gmail starts writing our emails for us. Sure! Take this absolutely exhausting work off our hands. Other people hate it. We love it.

PEOPLE OF TECH GIANTS

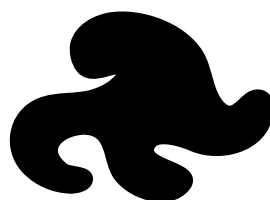
Someone we know is starting a new job at Facebook. We've never known anyone who works at Facebook. We don't know if we like him.

Facebook becomes flesh. It is close enough to touch us. We don't want to be touched. Can he see our activity? Our private messages?

HOW TO TALK

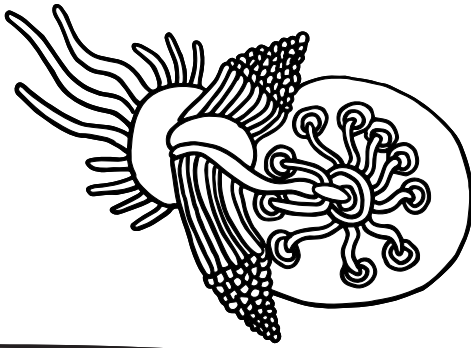
We find a startup that tells us how to talk to people. It crawls profiles and posts, then tells us how to talk to each person to win their heart.

It tells us to ask one person many questions to win them over. To be curt with another. Each one a different formula. It's more horrifying and incredible than any experimental art game we can imagine.



AUTOCORRECT

Autocorrect and text prediction funnel us into talking like other people. Like our past selves. The future becomes an optimization of the past rather than what we might become.



ASKING

The cognitive drain of resistance. The giants ask over and over and over for our attention, it wears us down in our deep underbelly. They know it wears us down.

OUR PHONE IS ALWAYS THERE

5 hours of screen time a day. Our phone is always here.

It's always here. When we are sad and broken in bed. When we are sick. When we are lonely. When we are craving something.

It's always here.

NOTIFICATION OVERWHELM

We mute all our discord servers. Our servers are full of the people we love doing wonderful things. But we are drowning. We miss everything that matters. We are perpetually left behind. How do people do it?

We try harder. We write lists of things to check. We set alarms to remind us to check them.

BELLS

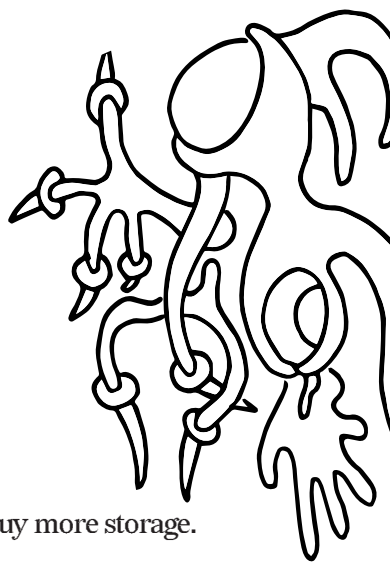
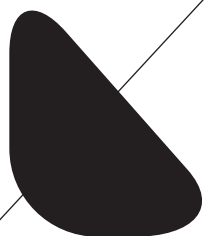
At first, only churches got bells. Come to church, they sang. Ice cream trucks picked up the idea, dinging and calling us to the street. Now every giant and wannabe giant wants to ping, ding, and ring. We keep all our notifications off. We are told over and over that this is unspeakably inconsiderate. People stop inviting us to things. We don't write back fast enough.

HEADHUNTED

We are headhunted by a FAANG company.
They won't tell us how they found us.
Everyone is charming, human, sincere.
Everything is a secret. It is powerful
women all the way up. They are all
ungoogleable. When we ask what skill we
need most for the role, they say "the
ability to handle ambiguity."

It's a question that causes all other
questions to eat their own tails.
We eat our own tail and
unbecome.

Can't hire an unbeing.



STORAGE

When we run out of storage, we just buy more storage.

LINKBAIT

People are growing tired, irritable, with clickbait titles and
sensationalized content. We grow numb.

NOTHING WITHOUT US

The giants and the social web only continue to exist as long
as we — we the nodes that hold it together and feed it —
continue to show up. Tomorrow might be the day we all
decide to let it all go.

AUTOMATION OF INEQUITY

Our systems of data extraction deepen the trauma of the most vulnerable among us. When our tools aren't built to dismantle structural inequity, their speed and scale magnify it. (Find Virginia Eubanks)

Our tech is urgent, perfectionist, paternalist, extractive, individualist. Our tech is inextricable from white supremacy culture.

INCOMPREHENSIBLE

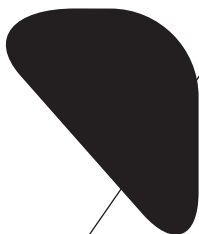
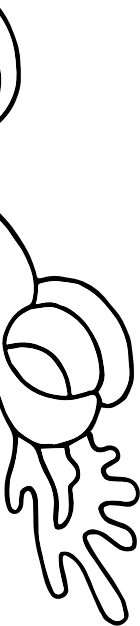
The tools we use are getting more and more complex. The jargon is inscrutable. They render us unable to understand the technologies, the methods, used to control us.

They are very good at making things legible when they want. They share the glamour and sparkle dust.

ALGORITHMIC BIAS

When we start making games with cameras, we notice these computer-vision libraries are very bad at detecting Black bodies.

This bias travels to policing apps, health apps, anywhere there's a machine-learning algorithm. The bias is baked in. The machine reinforces what it has been fed. A feedback loop of injustice. (Find Safiya Umoja Noble)



ILLUSION OF EASY

The giants delight in making it seem like it's easy, like it's faster, like it's better. It is easy, faster, better. They are experts at shuffling the hard parts around until it seems like the hard parts are your fault. All of this would work great if you just had faster internet, or a newer machine.

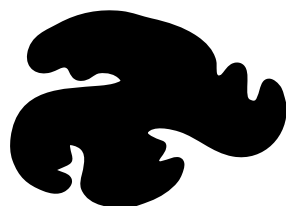
NO DRIVER

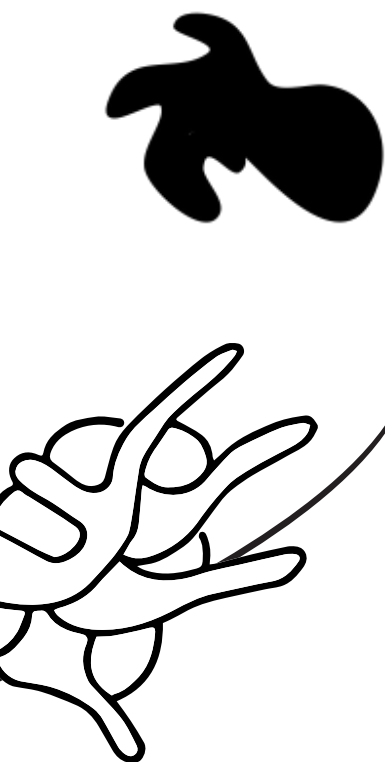
Does this thing even have a driver? These giants are so massive. Who is in control? Someone's job is to make and maintain the percentage bar that shows how full your Google Drive is.

NY

We go to meetups at startups, repeat techno-utopian metaphors to see how they feel in our mouths. We eat a lot of free candy. We visit the huge library at Kickstarter. We are scanned by the machines. There are keycards. There are warnings about people tailgating their way in.

We visit a new friend at her work. We drink free tech giant coffee and she shows us how to clone keycards. She has all the gear. We have a secret plan. But the security on the cards is too modern. We can't get a good read.





SF

We are in San Francisco. The sidewalks are sparkling. Our neighbourhood is in a valley and down every street we see steep hills and houses climbing to a blue sky that looks like a computer monitor; like something is shining behind it. We see people sleeping on the streets, howling outside tech hubs bustling with young professionals drinking coconut water.

We hang out in hackerspaces, one where someone burrowed into the walls, another for feminists. We join the tech workers coalition.

Thousands of scooters are littering the streets.

IMPERMANENCE At any moment the internet might disappear. Maybe just parts, maybe all of it. We go to the Internet Archive. It feels like a church. It feels so fragile. We step inside the Wayback machine with Danielle. It's a telephone booth to the past.

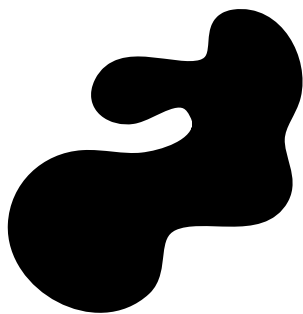
FOOD We go for free lunches at Etsy and Kickstarter and Google. We go to events at Unity, Kickstarter, Etsy, Mozilla. The disembodied becomes bodied. We eat free lunch at Google and see the arcade. We hoard free snacks from Unity. We eat free breakfast at Stripe. A friendly guy in the elevator asks what we're doing here. We say we're just here for the free food. He says "me too." He's the CEO.

WHALES

We talk to people who work at freemium video game companies. They are hiring.

They tell us that game loops are amazing, you can trap people in an infinite loop of desire. Like drinking salty water. They tell us about whales, the people who spend hundreds of thousands of dollars on microtransactions and keep the companies afloat.

Everything is for the whales.



BEING GROWN

What kinds of people do phones grow? What kinds of messages does Gmail grow? What kinds of relationships does TikTok grow? What kinds of bodies? What kinds of minds? What kinds of connections? What kinds of thoughts? What kinds of moments? Of interests? Of lives?

BEING SHAPED

Giants are sculpting us like novelty moulds make square watermelons. Giants are rewriting our brains to be good for the machine. Giants are remapping our personalities, and our ways of speaking to be more clickable, more reactable. Quietly.

BREAK TO FIX

We are harmed physically by our ubiquitous tech objects, our eyes are strained, our backs, our necks, the wiring of our brains. We pose for the webcam, holding our bodies still. We contort and erode our bodies to do our work.

FREEDOM TO SPEAK

We want freedom to speak.
We skim over our dwindling
freedom to think, to be, to be
still in our own minds like a
leaf floating on a lake, to know
our minds like a child knows
the scratches in the kitchen
table.

SEX WORK

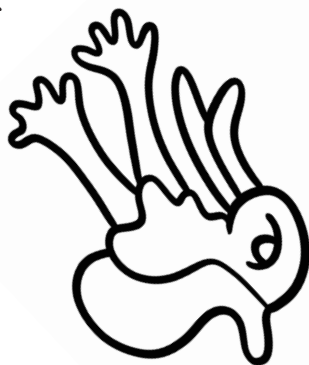
Mastercard changes their
terms and conditions so sex
workers can't accept payments.

GATHER

We stamp on the lies of
warrior-kings, the lies
of spears. The hunters
were never in charge. We
remember our aunt leading
us to where the berries grow,
our hands gathering soft
herbs and berries. Some of
us daydreaming, others
cartwheeling, others
listening to the wind.

ANGRY TRUCKS

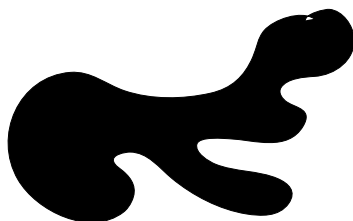
Truckers are
churning in the
streets, spitting
slurs with foaming
mouths, blasting
truck horns,
whistling to dogs,
waving flags, clawing
back their voices
and whiteness and
rage. They are
angry. They want
the lives they saw
in their minds, the
lives that someone
promised them.



KITCHENER / WATERLOO

We feel it coming before it comes. The entire city is under construction. The glass Google building towering over a growing tent city. The tents are going to be evicted. We drink our tea at a nearby cafe. Two men are scheming about a supply chain startup. Two women are discussing incarceration and safe injection sites.

Across town, we bring hay to a community garden with Fanny. We meet the aunties trying to stretch their arms around the children. We talk about the invisible threads that hold people together. An Elder offers us a gift.



BAD WEB

The internet is built on machines built with exploitative labour; running software built on military technology, funded by wealth accumulated through slavery and colonialism. It's a space where communities like gamergate and 4chan systematically harass people, send SWAT teams to people's homes. It's a nest for white supremacy groups, human trafficking, and revenge porn.

Instead of an infinite library where anyone could build anything, we cycle through fiefdoms run by voracious tech oligarchs (Meta, Twitter, TikTok, Google), with privately-owned infrastructure controlling what we see and explore (Google, AWS, Azure). We're digital sharecroppers in a surveillance state, paying rent with our brain-space, building our entire lives in spaces where at any moment, for any reason – or no reason – we may be permanently ejected, losing access to our communities, our entire worlds.



DISTRACTION

A continuous bombardment of distractions, delight, and drama. Abortions are outlawed in the states. There is a cute cat on the internet. Climate refugees are dying. Have you tried ice cream and peanut butter on a hot dog bun?

UPDATES

We need immediacy. We need news. We need instant feedback. Let's do it now, we want it now. From a distance it looks like we are sprawled out on a couch, tapping and scrolling. (Find Olia Lialina)

URGENCY

The feeling of urgency threads through everything. It's conductive wire threaded into the weave. We are reactionary. It's impossible to know what is urgent. We churn through new bad news every day.

We're kept so busy we can't stop, can't check in with ourselves. We can't ask ourselves what we need. There's no time. There is never enough, never enough time, never enough money, never enough something.

COVID The whole world gets sick. We get sick. We have a curfew. The world closes and reopens. Closes and reopens. We continue to get sick.

CODEPENDENCY

What myth that any of us could survive without the others. We nurture, we mirror, we co-regulate. We are entangled, we are relational and fungal to our core.

PRECARITY

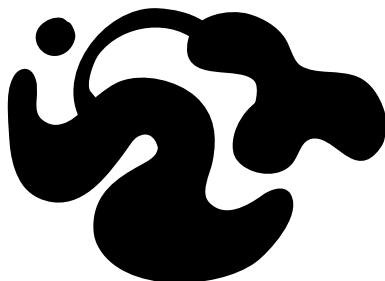
We don't feel ready for divestment. It's all so precarious. Everything is on devices and platforms that we don't own, creating dependencies and leaving us needing further support: mental, financial, social, material. (Find Anna Lowenhaupt Tsing)

CHOOSING SMALL

What if we just had enough? What if it was enough to simply sustain ourselves? We can choose to avoid growth. Seeing the consequences of growth is what lets us avoid it. (Find D. Squinkifer)

NOWORKING

We explore what it means to not work. We rest. We resist. (Find The Nap Ministry)



SEARCHING FOR NO

Is there space for us to say no? We refuse and we are at a loss. Divestment friction has a different weight for different people. We search for a no that isn't compliance, that isn't ignoring, that isn't pretending. It's harder than you might think. We search for a way to occupy space without being complicit in violence against our bodies.

TOGETHER NO

Our no comes from our bodies, alone and together. Our no comes from our own experience. Our no comes from our communal experience.

What does it mean to say no? We push back on the solitary no, the refusal that wanders off alone, leaving others behind in the fire. (Find Jenny Odell)

OUR YES

Our no makes our yes solid, our no makes our yes real.

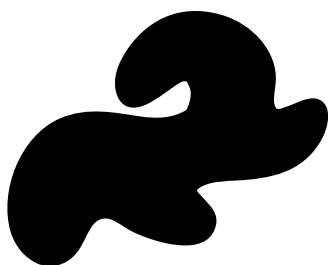
INTERRUPTING

We interrupt the organizations, the companies, actively working against our empowerment, our healing. We peer into our webcams and look them in the eye and say: no.

QUITTING SMOKING The only way we are able to quit smoking is by imagining our child-selves climbing to the top of a swaying tree, perfectly content. Of course we need things. We need water, food, love, shelter. But it felt rotten to need this extra thing, to know we had been manipulated into needing something more than the wind on our face in a tree.

SEEDS

We stare at the seeds we planted
yesterday and wait for them to sprout.
Brambles, vines. Garden clippings. The
underground network. There are manifestations
above ground, but you have to dig to see what is
happening down there.



PAIN Divestment can feel like forcing pain on ourselves
for reasons that feel abstract, disembodied, disconnected
from our lived realities. We divest, and suddenly everything
is harder. Why choose pain when everything is so hard
already?

CYCLES Just like all things, quitting isn't immediate.
We find ways to create intimate platforms by repurposing
tools. We cycle in and out. We take dopamine detoxes. We
depart over and over and over through the seasons.

DOING THE WORK We make small changes. We
detangle. We are squeezed tighter and tighter, forced into
compromises so we can support ourselves. We fall back in.
We channel patient urgency. These things take time. We do
the work. We show up.

All that we touch, we change (Find Octavia Butler)

Everything starts as DREAMING. We find courage. We unleash our radical daydreams. We have been holding our breath.

WHOSE DREAM Whose dream is this? Who is the dreamer here? This is not our dream. We're living in a well-meaning, meditation-retreat-attending, fair-trade coffee-drinking, San Francisco tech worker's recreation of Elon Musk's dream. What needs to happen for this to shift into our dreams? How do we shift?

WAKING

We have power. We are waking up. And we are hungry.

DANCE

One night we find we can dance again. We haven't danced in years. We are moved to move. The soft animal of our body wakes with our breath. We are tidal, volcanic, found.

We find our place in the family of things.
(Find Mary Oliver)

V A L U E S

POSITION: Describing the position we take rather than absolute coordinates. Because the landscape is shifting. Living work. Making time and space to reconsider, to change, to grow.

JOYFUL CONSENT: Being present at the moment where we are open to change and shifting rather than dragging people through a door or moralizing or pushing.

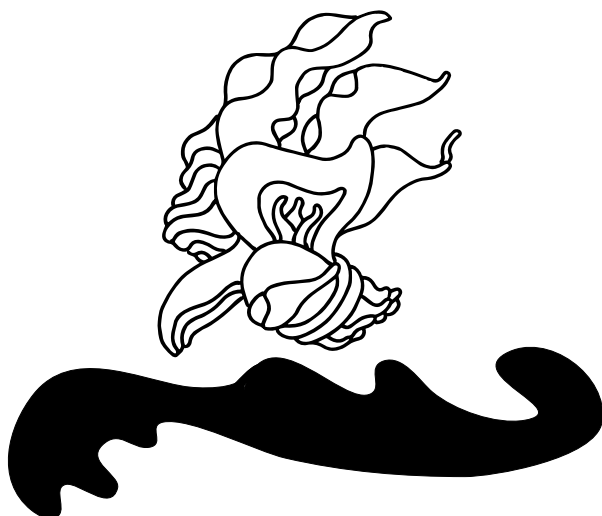
TINY: Offering localized solutions. Making things for and with our communities and people. All things in relation to the specific people we are working with. Tiny collaborative sketches rather than an all-encompassing rule-set or definitive plan for “everyone.”

DIFFERENCE: Clear acknowledgement that the friction and weight of decentralized systems land differently on different people. Relational. Aware of relations. Working with awareness of the system, of how power flows.

PROCESS: Actively and consciously resisting the tendency of systems of power to reproduce and reinforce themselves always. Prioritizing how we do it together above what we achieve. Value compost as much as fruit.

T H A N K S

Thank you, reader. Thank you to Ada X. Thank you to the Tech Tech Tech lead co-researchers, Liane Décary-Chen, Hannah Strauss, and Sarah Choukah. Thank you to the co-researchers who attended our workshops or had conversations with us. Thank you to Xin Xin, Ever Bussey, Neema Githere, and Dorothy R. Santos, whose two-part conversation was transformational. Thank you to Solène Lautridou and Tina Carlisi for layout support. Thank you to Nneka Nnagbo, Justin Leduc-Frenette, Julia Evans, Aaron Levin, Matthew Gooding, Monique Gurule, Hillary Predko, Haley Peele, Martina Flanagan, and Ellen Flanagan.



Canada Council
for the Arts

Conseil des arts
du Canada

Ada
—x

