

## Artificial intelligence (AI)

ar·ti·fi·cial in·tel·li·gence

/,ärdə'fiʃəl in'teləjəns/

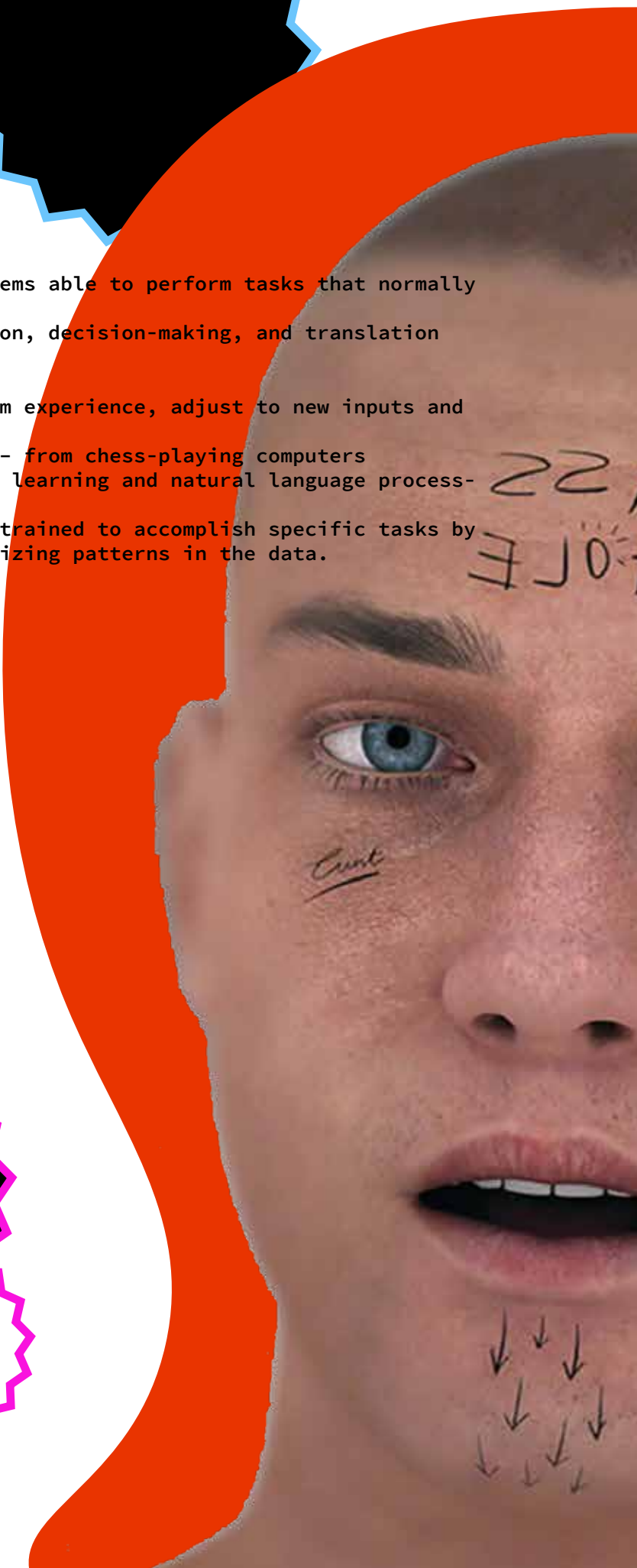
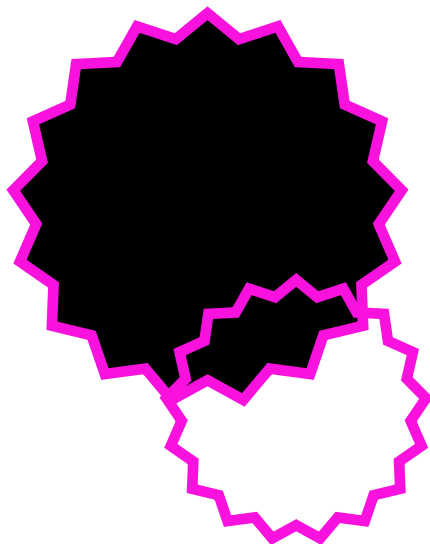
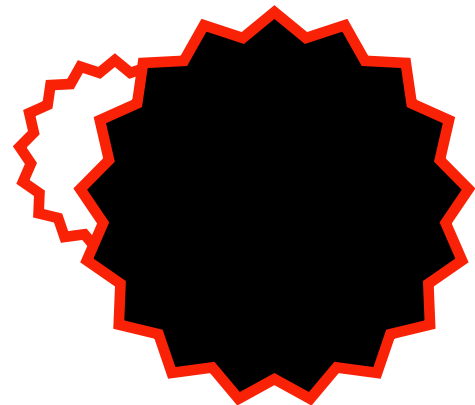
### noun

the theory and development of computer systems able to perform tasks that normally require human intelligence, such as visual perception, speech recognition, decision-making, and translation between languages.

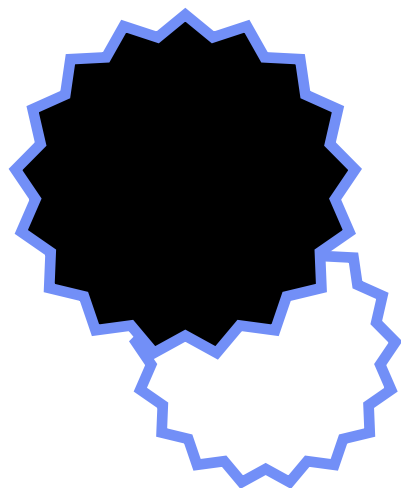
Makes it possible for machines to learn from experience, adjust to new inputs and perform human-like tasks.

Most AI examples that you hear about today - from chess-playing computers to self-driving cars - rely heavily on deep learning and natural language processing.

Using these technologies, computers can be trained to accomplish specific tasks by processing large amounts of data and recognizing patterns in the data.



# Ed Atkins



I was inspired by the work created by **Prada**, their advertising campaign made in 2012. This was for spring-summer, an editorial campaign in collaboration with final fantasy XIII-2 Arena HOMME.

I was also inspired by **Ed Atkins** his work, called ribbons. This was made in 2014.

He is interest in the way people relate to technology and interact with our digitally mediated world.





N° 1-4

THE  
CITY



# FACES IN THE 90'S

I'm able to rewrite certain parts of history, because i can write what I want and can visualize it how I want.

I can create images out of things and words thing that didn't happen, I can create my own "distopia".

I can change certain things to them empasize them, was being black in the 90's as nice as it looks in the images?

What doesthis project mean to for me?

I can experience a time I didn't expereince, me myself i didnt grow up in a colored enviroment. How is it to grow u in an enviroment of color?

I want to show AI is rather an amazing thing and not scary at all.

it is realistic but not hyper-realistic. we can make images formed by our own words.

I'm mainly focused on the black population in the '90s, located in NY (Brooklyn).

This is a time I wasn't able to experience and this "brings you back in time" without needing real footage of your own.

I tried create a vision of what "it was like back in the day" for myself

But do we ever really know how it was back then?

How was it as a black person to live in the 90's?...

AI automates repetitive learning and discovery through data. Instead of automating manual tasks.

Of course, humans are still essential to set up the system and asking the right questions.

The generator creatively makes images with your words, it transforms into pictures that tell a story. Turn text into an image.

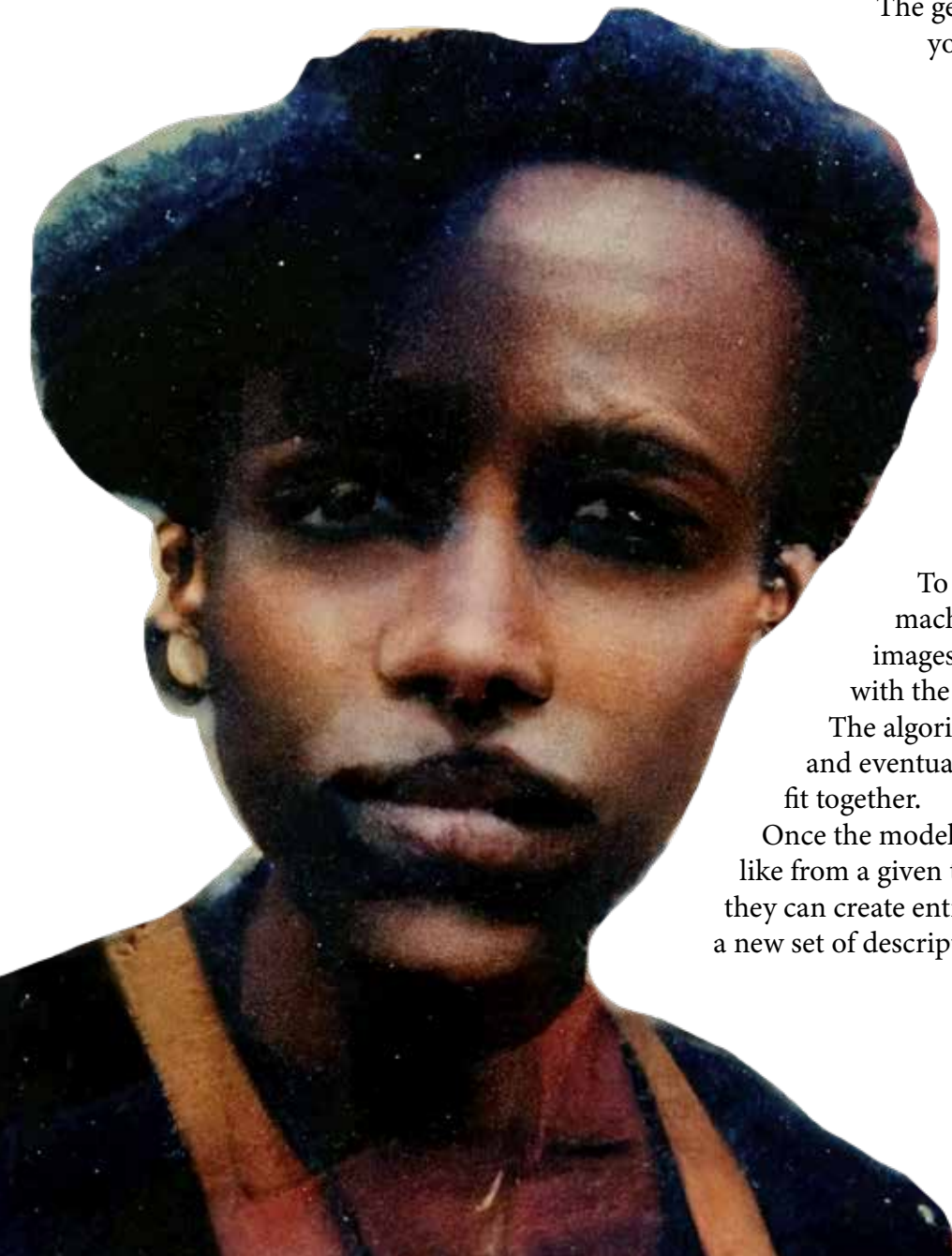
When you can't find the perfect images, find the right words and you can witness them come to life. the most sensible descriptions,

Create an image from text that'll quickly visualize your unique concept, idea, or non-excising human,...

To create AI-generated images, the machine learning model scans millions of images across the internet along with the text associated with them.

The algorithms spot trends in the images and text and eventually begin to guess which image and text fit together.

Once the model can predict what an image should look like from a given text, they can create entirely new images from scratch based on a new set of descriptive text users enter on the app.





Human-centered AI learns from human input and collaboration, focusing on algorithms that exist among a larger, human-based system.

Human-centered AI is defined by systems that are continuously improving because of human input while providing an effective experience between humans and robots.

By developing machine intelligence to understand human language, emotion, and behavior, human-centered AI pushes the boundaries of previously limited artificial intelligence solutions to bridge the gap between machines and human beings.

I used the program/discord called Mid journey, it is an independent research lab exploring new mediums of thought and expanding the imaginative powers of the human species.

They are a small self-funded team focused on design, human infrastructure, and AI.

It produces a proprietary artificial intelligence program that creates images from textual descriptions.

The tool is currently in open beta.

Afterward, I used the program V4 to upscale it.

The fact that you can make a new “reality” with existing footage from everywhere.

Virtual reality becomes reality.

What surprises me is that you don't need any complicated programs to come to an amazing result that may (or may not) seem complicated.

The fact that we can make imagery by writing, to me that's amazing.



What am I willing to show?

I want to show how far we can go and that AI is rather an amazing thing and not scary at all.

it is realistic but not hyper-realistic. we can make our personas formed by our own words. I'm mainly focused on the black population in the '90s, located in NY (Brooklyn).

This is a time I wasn't able to experience and this brings you back in time without needing real footage of your own to create a vision of what "it was like back in the day".

My myself, I never grew up in a coloured environment. I didn't grow up with my culture as some may say. I always was told: "if your mother ain't black you aren't African." Why was this?

Because they said that a big part of culture comes from the mother. Braiding your hair, learning you how to cook African dishes,...

I feel like where I grew up wasn't also a multi-coloured and cultural environment in the first place. I wanted to travel back in time, I wanted to see what I would be like if you were surrounded by "your" people.

But it may not always be as nice and easy as it may seem like in the first place.

I feel like one of the places where a lot of black community is seen, that isn't Africa itself. Is America. And I focused on Brooklyn, New York as location. I created my own story, my own history.

What did I think it was like, how did I visioned it.

I can create my

own reality with virtual reality.



12 SEP. 1980





# FACE/ PORTRAITS IN THE CITY



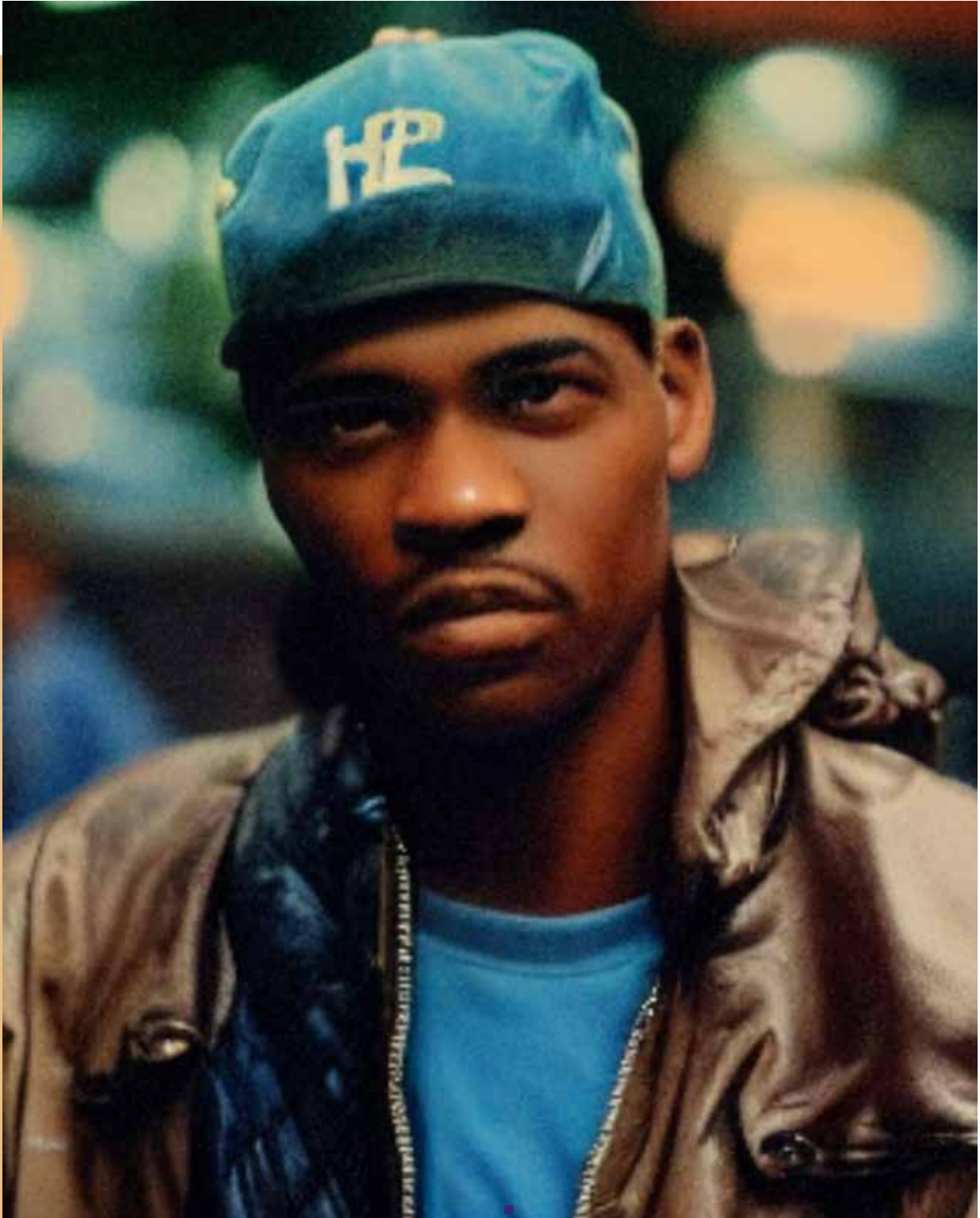


# N°9



Black Man, with glasses and blue hat.  
wearing a brown workers jacket and a blue T-shirt.

# N°10



Black Man, with white logo on blue cap.  
wearing a brown hooded wind jacket and a blue T-shirt.

How do I frame it and how do I create the story around it?

I frame it by the use of images and my own made-up stories, that I would love to be real.

I want to be able to experience something I miss, something I never experienced.

I don't exactly know what I miss, but I attend to show this in the images created by my writings.

what statement do I want to make?

I want to show that I am African, even though I didn't grow up in a colored environment.

I want to show this to myself. If I didn't grow up in this environment physically, then I'll make this reality by using the things that I have. In this case AI.

In this magazine, I'm willing to show the beauty of blackness instead of the badness.

The love we share with and for each other. the community we created over the years. the brotherhood we have, no matter what country you're from.

I think it's also absurd how we can fake nostalgia for everything, we think we have these certain memories. But do we? How are we so sure of what it was like back then? We can add things to our memories and delete things. So our memories will often not be 100% accurate.

For some people that lived in the '90s in the black community, may some images feel like "throwbacks", and for others, these will feel/look not relatable or recognizable. But these images are made by AI so is this a throwback?

It's also kind of absurd to me that we are trying to make other time zones our time.

We often refer to a different time zone while using fashion terms for an example. "Y2K style".

What do we mean by that?

Why do we want to go back in time so badly?

the use of some cruel times for our "aesthetics", these images created by intelligence may look nice at first glance. But was it that nice to be black in the 90s, in America? I don't know, because I was non-existent.

it's, to be honest quite ridiculous.

Why are we so fascinated by things we never experienced?

Why are we creating fake nostalgia?

90's, why so important?

that timezone, John F. Kennedy made passage of new civil rights legislation part of his presidential campaign platform; he won more than 70 percent of the African American vote.

but there was also a downturn in racial progress, a downturn that is seen whether one is examining attitudes or specific social policies.

Racial divisions have increased sharply. The Reagan Administration's war against affirmative action,



its refusal to allow access to decision-making by minorities, its fight against civil rights legislation, and its often demeaning acts and statements about the poor, have created bitterness among blacks and encouraged racists in the white community.

issues in economics, education, housing, and health, and considers some factors related to developing relevant social policies

speculative nostalgia -> finding something from the past

How do I imagine this world to be?

I chose to make a magazine because the 90s was the golden age for magazines.

LOW-PRICED periodicals were not uncommon from the very beginning of American magazine history, but the ten-cent magazine of the 90s was something different.

it was almost accessible to everyone.

poor or wealthy.

Americans read their newspapers, magazines, and novels the way they always had: on paper. In the 1990s, the growing popularity

of books on tape and the

Internet revolution brought

change to American print

culture. Recorded books had

been around for some time,

but they grew in

popularity during the decade.

As prices dropped, more and

more Americans began to

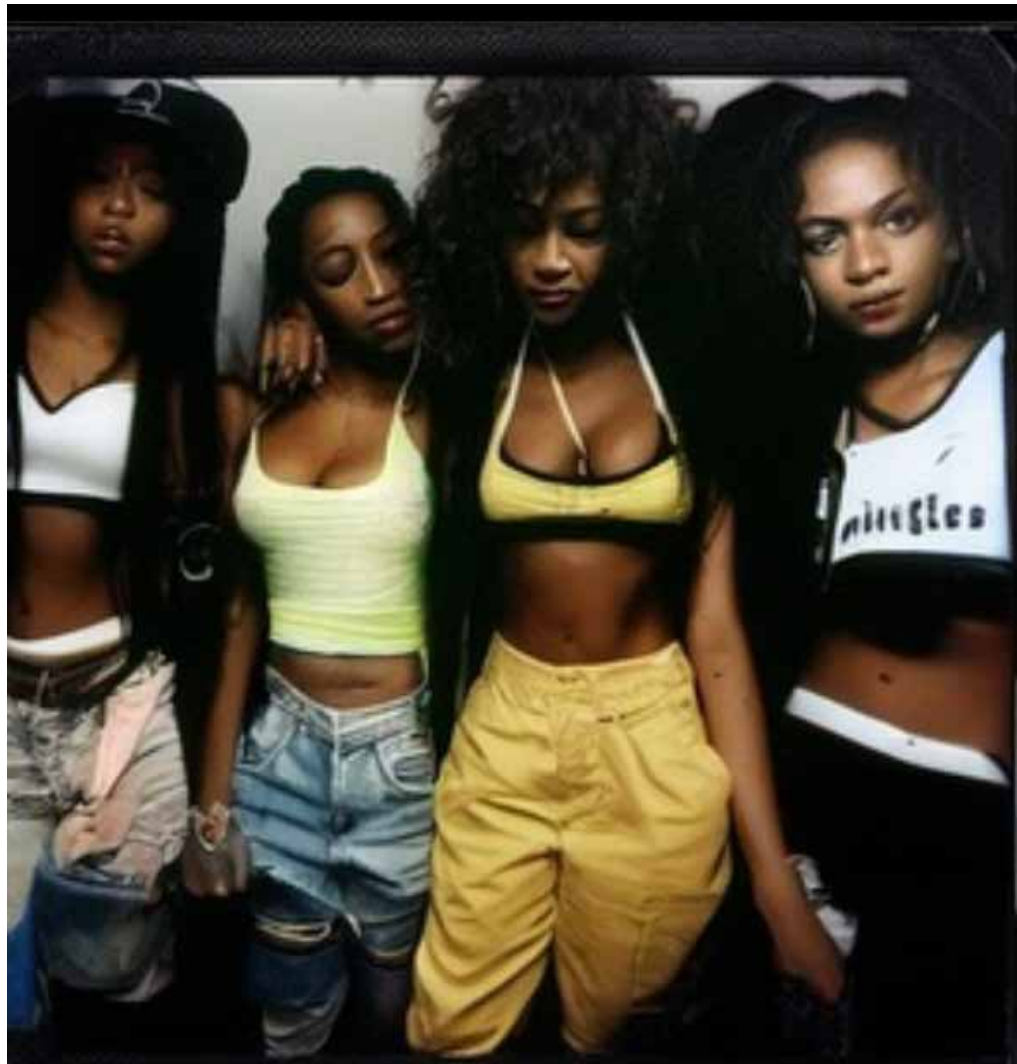
listen to the latest books on

tape.

I want people to read again,  
and stay away from their  
devices. And that also goes for  
me.

Despite the popularity of these  
new ways of accessing written  
information, the majority of  
Americans stuck with the tried  
and true popular magazines,  
newspapers, and best-sellers,  
that they had always loved.

This is my magazine, where  
everything is based on my  
idea of what the 90's were like  
while being black.



# N°11

PARTY!



PARTY!

PARTY!

N°12



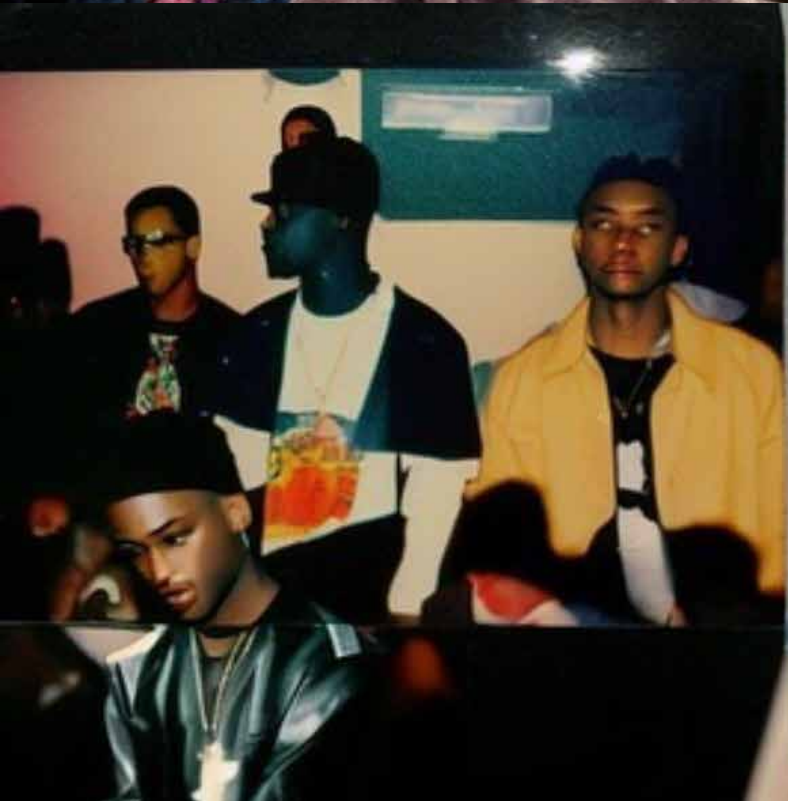
# N°13











Everyone together, only joy and good vibes.

DJs spinning countless sets and building names for themselves, artists hawking their wares at pop ups, writers meeting up to shoot the shit.

Dancing together on the beat, their way of binding and connecting.

All ages and genders.

You can see how crowded it is, but also how cozy it looks.

I'm here very Friday and sometimes zaterdag evening, to come back to my roots.

To talk with my people and sit with my people.

I met several girls that asked if I wanted to get my hair braided by them, and that I'm more than welcome to come eat at their place.

It felt so warm and trustworthy.

I felt like I was surrounded by the family I never had.

After wards I would go out and eat chicken with them, or go eat some good Mexican tacos.

The person with the yellow cap, he's called Andrew.

That's the person who would always take care of me, wherever or whenever.

He knew that sometimes I would feel nervous because in some areas I wasn't "black" enough. And he made sure that I was safe and wouldn't experience anything bad.

In the third picture you see me, with a green jacket.

I just got my hair done by one of the girls two days before.

I felt so proud and African.

The three man behind me were the older ones,

I was sometimes scared of them, I thought they were talking about me.

But my friends were reassuring me that this was just something in my head.

Sometimes I would stay there till early in the morning, because I was scared to miss things.

But my friends said that it was better to leave before the sun came up.

Sometimes they experience things that they shouldn't be experiencing.

The cops weren't always that "nice".

These were times that I felt so powerless and sad. Why was racism such a thing.

Just a group of people singing together and connecting, nothing else.

I also felt weird sometimes to be around those situations.

Because of my skin color I felt like I had the white privileged and some of my African brothers and sisters would look with certain envy towards me.

As if "I'm the white girl so I don't have to worry about something like that happening to me."

But I always feel like I'm in a situation.

I'm mostly white environments I'm seen as African, black. And in most African/black surroundings I'm seen as white. So what am I? Where do I even belong? A never ending question I keep asking myself.

HIP-HOP



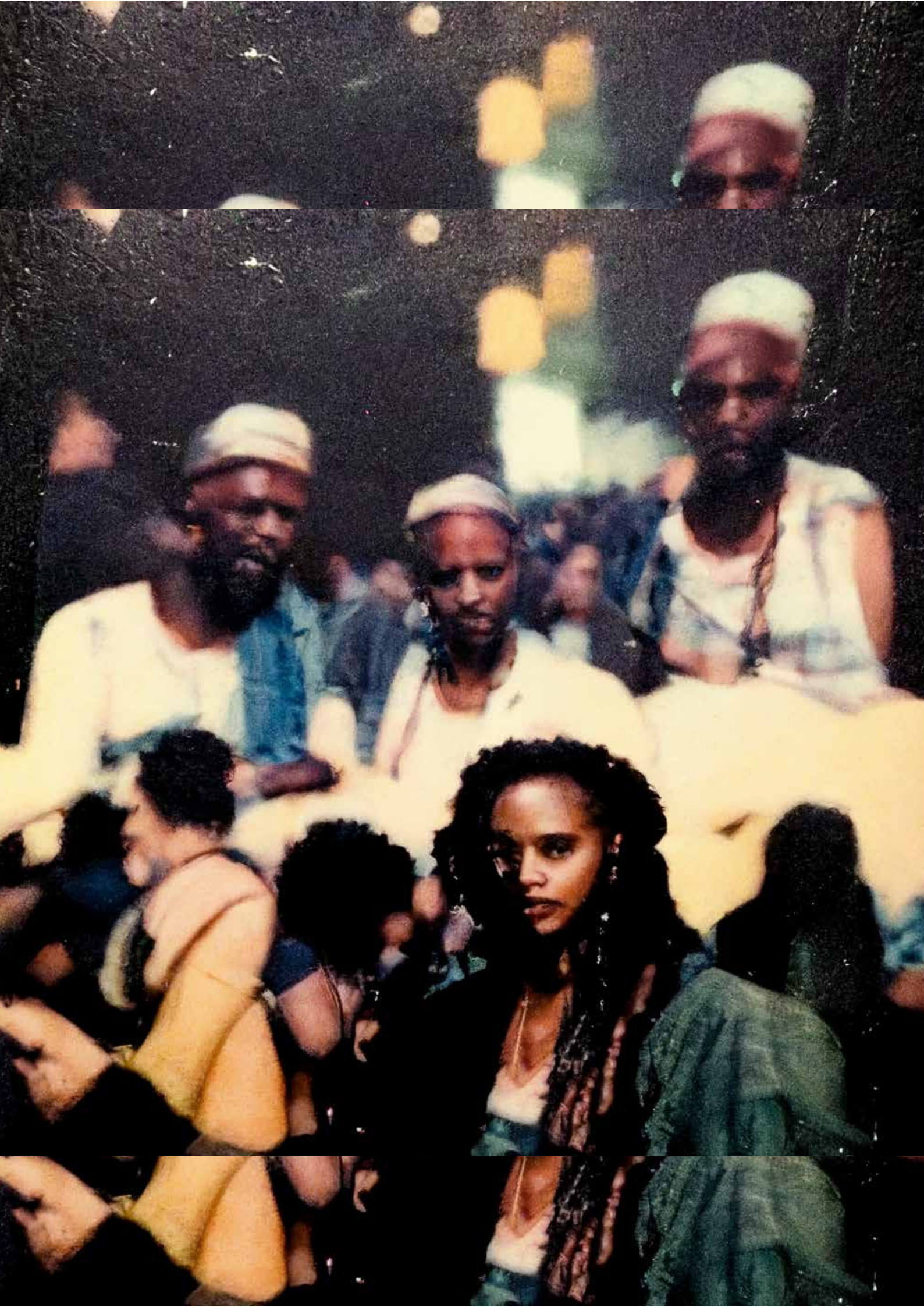
# PARTY SCENE



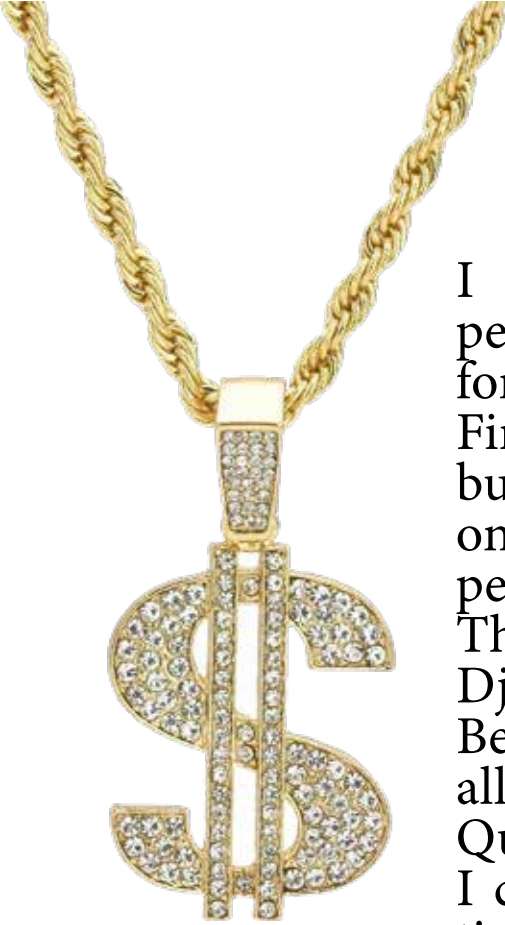












I met these 4 lovely people while shopping for hair supplies.

First I felt intimidated but these people are one of the most lovely people I met.

They are named Samir, Djany, Prince and Harper. Believe it or not but they are all born the same day.

Quadruplets.

I can't even imagine have two kids at the same time, let alone 4.

Anyways, they helped me so much to become comfortable in my own skin.

They told me that no one should ever tell me what I am.

I'm the only one that knows, and so does my family and parents.

I'm an African woman, born in a white environment but that doesn't make me less African.

I always felt like I had to justify myself to others, but I should justify to myself for all the times I thought I wasn't

**African enough,**

that I can couldn't say certain things because I wasn't black enough, that I couldn't feel comfortable in certain areas because I didn't look African enough, and is on and so on.



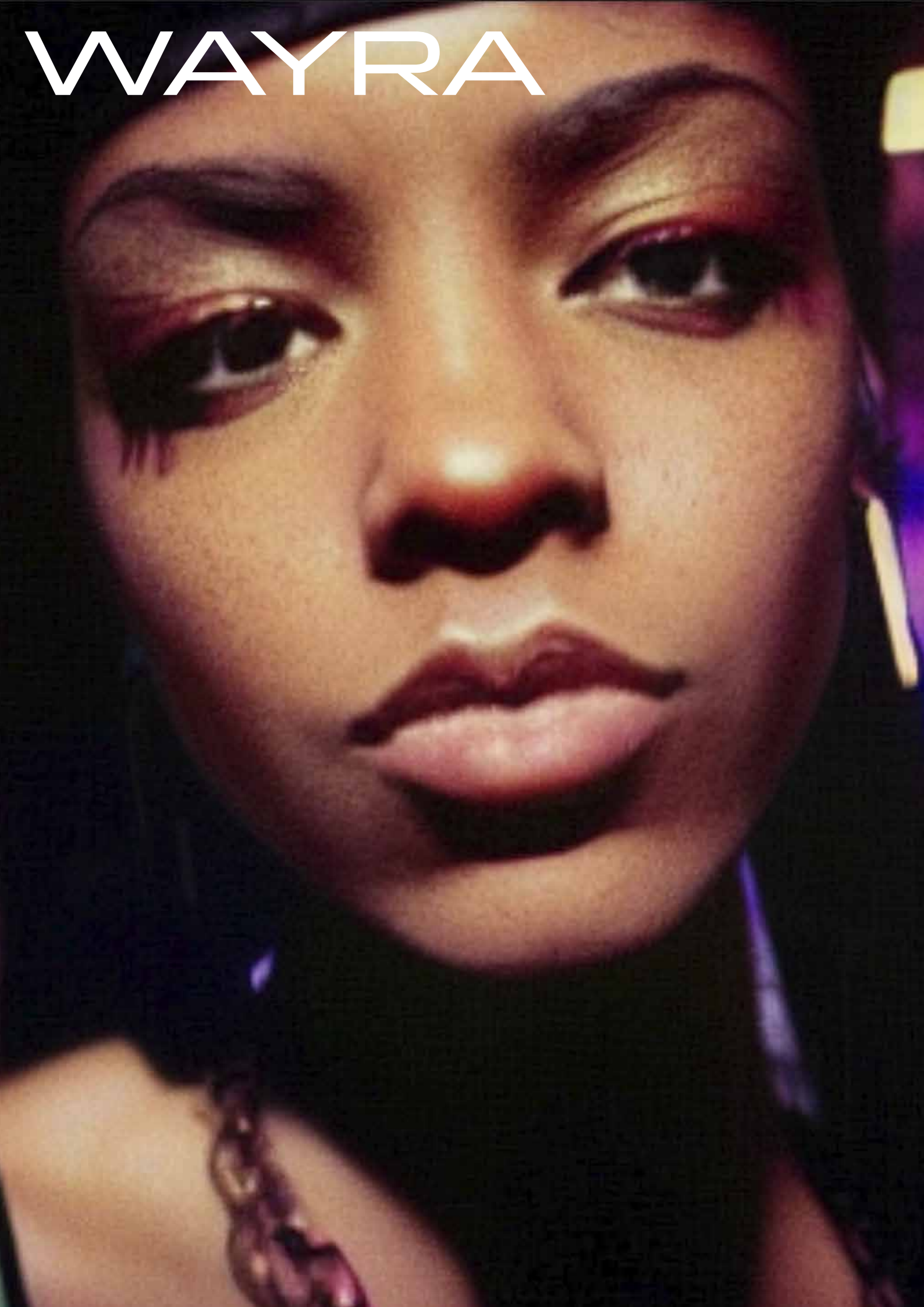
Text To Image

**Black People attending  
a Hip-Hop concert.**





WAYRA







BREANNA

This was my first ever concert I experienced,  
It was a show with **Lauryn Hill** , and my all time favorite  
**Andre 3000**.

I went with a big group of people, some I was closer with them others.

I wore my outfit that I planned out days before.

A yellow two piece, a tommy suit, I saved all my money to be able to buy this for my first concert.

I felt like "THAT" girl. I just turned 21 and this was the best day ever.

The crowd was so excited that we could feel each others heart beat.

It was an outside concert.

Because the sun was going down, this was the most beautiful thing I ever saw.

The combination of the stage light with the natural light came out purple.

Every where were I looked I saw people smiling and cheering.

There were standing places and the stage was decided in levels.

I was on the highest level, so I had the view from on top.

I could see everything.

I made this picture with my camera and I'll never throw it away.



I had never experienced such thing.



These days shows like this were actually very normal, the artists always went all out.

The bigger the better.

My mom told me to be safe, and had a certain prejudice, what I really hated.

She lives in a household with African people, how could she have these certain thoughts?

She always said that I had to watch out, and she didn't mean it in the way "watch out for people", but more like "watch out for black people."

She had these stereotypical judgmental thoughts, and maybe that's because she didn't grow up in a multicultural environment as well. But it made me so angry.

Anyways, after the show we went to Wendy's.

Best way to finish such an amazing evening.

We stayed up till the sun came up again and we were singing and dancing in the streets of Harlem.



The neighborhood became an African American neighborhood at the beginning of the 20th century. Harlem became populated due in large part to The Great Migration, sometimes referred to as the Black Migration. African Americans in the hundreds of thousands came to the Northeast, many of which settled in Harlem to get to work in an especially demanding economy. Spawning in Harlem, Manhattan, was the Harlem Renaissance, a monumental movement from the 1920s to the 1930s that elevated African American culture and intellect from fashion, art, and dance to politics, performance arts. Harlem became a neighborhood deemed the Black cultural mecca.





I want to thank all my friends that made me feel like me.

That made me feel like I'm worthy enough to say that I'm black.

These pictures were taken the last summer before I moved to Europe. I will always cherish these memories and keep them in my heart.

On the last picture on the bottom right, that was the last time we went out together.

Everyone dressed up and it looked like we were famous.

I also want to thank all the families that treated me like one of their daughters, the thanksgiving dinners we had and the days we went to church on Sunday's.

But I also want to thank my own parents that let me have these moments and understood that this was part of my personal growth.

We had good times and less good times, racism is a general thing sadly enough.

I experienced things that no one should experience, I experienced my friends getting mistreated and even treated differently than me.

Of course visually I was lighter and they were seen as "negros".

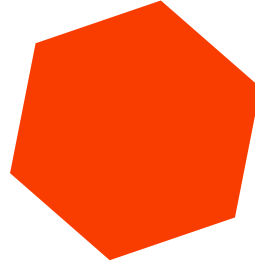
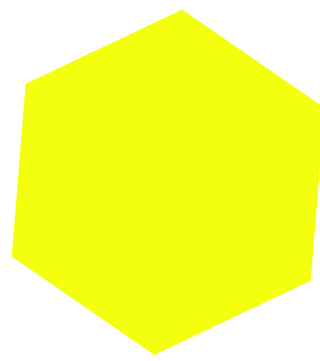
Disgusting, disgusting to see people treat my loved ones so badly.

I also want to thank the fact that I had the chance to "grow up" in a multicultural environment, so not only black people but people from all ethnicity and color.

I met people from around the world.







***YOU WILL  
BE MISSED***

