

I am useless.

I can't help myself.

I have no place in functioning society.

I fit in nowhere.

My work is sloppy.

My output is incomprehensible.

And because I am useless I do not deserve

To have housing

To have healthcare

To eat

To be safe

To provide for my loved ones

To ensure the safety of my neighbors

But, you know, the same mouths that call me useless have also, on some occasions, looked at me, eyes aglitter, ooing and ahing, proclaiming that they love my magnificent creative mind. They wonder why I can't always work like I have a magnificent creative brain.

I am pedestalized and infantilized.

An idiot savant.

I deserve to starve while making the world a better place.

In the 90s, Konami wanted to make a Hollywood-style Resident Evil clone. Dubbed "Team Silent", it was made up of staff members who were failing or underperforming in their roles, all nails that stuck out. Now, they were all in a room together and they did what they did best: they missed every deadline and failed to meet management's expectations. Team Silent was subsequently written off and left to their own devices, probably in the hopes that they would get bored and quit of their own accord. What happened instead? This team, finally given free reign to tap into their creative power, conjured Silent Hill, a game that pushed and redefined the boundaries of horror gaming.

Riding the wave of success, Konami ordered a sequel which received the same accolades. But then, Konami decided that they wanted Silent Hill 3 to be an even greater hit than its predecessors. How were they going to ensure that happened? They were going to micromanage, of course, giving Team Silent strict instructions to follow while making the game, instructions that heavily interfered with the creative vision that had birthed two sleeper hits. And just like that, Silent Hill 3 was released and received lukewarm reviews, a whimper in lineage of games that roared from the mountains. With its

completion, we saw the slow decline of Team Silent until they were disbanded so that the Silent Hill games could be made by other studios. So, as you can see, management had been right about Team Silent all along.

In an art gallery, a large robot arm tries to clean up leaking dark red fluid reminiscent of blood. The leak is inevitable and programmed. The machine will never be able to reach the end of the task. This is Sun Yuan and Peng Yu's installation, Can't Help Myself, a piece that sought to offer commentary on industrialization and technology. The audience watches the futility of this machine's task. In the dark red of the spilled fluid, the void calls: it wonders if you can see yourself in its black hole of a reflection, if you can see your own anxiety reflected back at you.

People love machines in 2026 AD. People love them so much that machines, despite being incapable of feeling thirst or filth, have been allowed access to so much clean potable water; humans, flora, and fauna are to make do with swill. Too many communities are experiencing manufactured water crises:

Niger-Delta, Nigeria: Royal Dutch Shell so heavily pollutes water sources

that riverine bodies spark and combust;

Lubumbashi, Democratic Republic of Congo, the mining capital and source of minerals powering every single piece of technology of the colonizing world:, residents suffer from contaminated flood waters discharged by Congo Dongfang Mining (CDM);

Tyendinaga Mohawk Territory in Ontario: the water from the tap looks like liquid excrement;

Flint, Michigan:the city's water supply is so contaminated with lead that residents must use bottled water to bathe, brush their teeth, and cook;

A lake 2 hours from Flint, Michigan: Nestlé pays a measly \$200 a year to bottle the water supply;

Hebron in the occupied West Bank: the IDF pours cement into the water springs and wells in the area, effectively poisoning and destroying them.

If capitalism breeds innovation, please tell me why it couldn't innovate to have these super computers use waste water for their cooling systems? To survive, are we expected to die or become machines?

There are Generative AI firms that

advertise their products with the tag line: "Stop hiring humans." They say this because Generative AI finally allows capitalism to admit, point blank, what so many already knew: you're not meant to survive this we hope you don't survive this and we hope if you do, you only do so with a hole in your pocket.

Humans are inconvenient: they want food, shelter, clothes, community, self-actualization. They want too much. Now, a machine, especially these superpowered bad boys that we're building right here, they don't ask for anything. Except for all the potable water in the world. And a couple thousand acres of land that will then become unsafe for human habitation. They demand so many resources that nobody else will be allowed to make their own machines ethically or sustainably. But it's all going to be worth it in the end when you don't have work anymore because your human self is obsolesced. How are you going to pay for anything if you can't work? That's not my business. I mean,

You're useless.

You can't help myself.

You have no place in functioning

society.

You fit in nowhere.

Your work is sloppy.

Your output is incomprehensible.

And because you're useless you do not
deserve

To have housing

To have healthcare

To eat

To be safe

To provide for your loved ones

To ensure the safety of your
neighbors

...

But you know, I will scrape
your blog

your portfolio

your discography

Your bibliography

Your library

So I can train my AI

You don't want me to do that?

I already did.

References

Super Eyepatch Wolf Super Eyepatch Wolf. "Why You Should Play Silent Hill 2." YouTube, Video, 30 Oct. 2016, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ckYvsSjV99A>. Accessed July 2026.