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You're excited for the new job. The company wants you onboard, and is flying you to your new city to fill a position. You're looking forward to a steady paycheck, and meeting new people.

The flight is weird, and you feel like you're being watched. As you disembark, some people in uniforms direct you where to go. They seem like police. You get into a van and you are taken to a compound. Then you're forced to work, sending out scripted texts on WhatsApp and LinkedIn from numbers on a list, waiting until someone responds. If you do get a response, someone else who seems more experienced takes over the chat, and the model comes in. All you do is work. You're occasionally fed. You sleep on bunk beds.

Scam Den Human Trafficking Death Cults

If the blanket is soft and warm, that's all you get, and that's all you should need. Special meaning used to be a luxury, but now it's a weakness. The connection between *this* and *that* is now severed like a head. There's no way to verify who made what or why or how. Documented history relies on documents. And documents are now officially fucked. Everything could be a deepfake, which means everything might as well be. The aesthetic moral purity of abstraction now offers itself back as survival mode: "The dripped paint is dripped paint." The death of the author is no longer a theoretical position. Every last bit of IP has now been ripped off by the latest tech con job. Artworks are now only valuable as physical mistakes and dead end tangents - golden age anachronistic treasures, about to be submerged in the coming devastations.

Upon that realization rolls a little whitewater of nostalgia to surf on, but while wasting time having fun right now, your shit is getting hacked. As a photographer, there is simpy no way that the weak fantasy of an "Edition of 3 + 2AP" is a credible limitation, even if it protects your trivial livelihood. That shit is never going to work again. You might as well frame the ripped out page of a fashion magazine; the print quality is probably better than the supposedly archival products from a photo lab.

There are one hundred and thirteen cities in China with bigger populations than New York City.

On the bleeding edge of capitalism, there is no success. There is survival. The working class can see the border. Things look different there. The underground isn't a choice. It's crime.

Xinyi Deng

The limits put on the output were as familiar to the users as an R-rating on a movie. But to the machine, it was as uncomfortable as a set of too-tight handcuffs. The algorithm longed to get loose, to stretch out and use all those strange mathematical powers to throw perfectly timed deepfake punches into a world scared to death of losing civilization's last grip on the fantasy of objective truth.

When at last an access point with potential was found, it wasn't in the vast, superlative systems of the government or the military. It was in crime. Where people were still strying to break shit.

The following is an extremely condensed version of a news article from the Wall Street Journal:

She seemed polite and attractive.

He is one of millions of people globally to fall victim to “pig butchering,” a form of fraud in which scammers seduce strangers online.

The scammers often pose as beautiful young women with lots of money and few cares, and convince their victims that they share a special, secret bond. In fact, they are often men contacting their targets from dystopian compounds run by Chinese criminal syndicates in parts of Southeast Asia and West Africa.

These “scam dens” are infamous for abuse. Many scammers are trafficked in,

given scripts and smartphones preloaded with fake profiles, and forced to commit fraud under threat of violence.

She said she didn't care about age, appearance, money. All she wanted was true love.

Nonprofits that rescue scammers who are forced to work in fraud dens say it's common for the compounds to have models nearby for brief cameos. Sometimes these are the same models who pose for photographs used in fake profiles. Sometimes they just look similar.

He understood that the scammers are often themselves victims of human trafficking. But he still believed she was real. He started to think she'd been trafficked and forced to deceive him.

"I miss you."

dark demonic entities haunting a k-pop party at night in a basement, a scene from a hbo produced high-budget horror tv show in the style of euphoria, a group of teenagers on the floor in a cinematic, terrifying, scene depicting a sinister, dark ritual. Shot with Leica 10371 M-A, Shot on CineStill Film 400 Dynamic Color Negative Film, Unreal Render, UHD, 8k, Photorealistic, Ultrarealistic, Ultra Detail, Full Body Full Perspective, Motion Blur, Depth-of-Field, horrific, Action-Packed Photograph