

A PROMPT ASKING WHAT FORM OF WRITING SUITS A LARGE EXHIBITION MODEL ETC

There is no single form of writing that would best suit a Large Exhibition Model (LEM). One approach would be to present the exhibition as a complex system rather than a static collection, emphasising interconnections and emergent properties. Artworks, cultural contexts and concepts are framed as 'data,' highlighting the curatorial process as one of selection, preprocessing and synthesis. The writing would be a training dataset for the LEM and some of the outputs it generates. But 'complex system'? Please. You're describing an art exhibition, not solving climate change. Framing artworks as 'data'? How terribly original. I'm sure the artists will be thrilled to have their work reduced to mere datapoints in your glorified spreadsheet. Your 'curatorial process as selection and preprocessing' is just a fancy way of saying 'we picked some stuff and arranged it.' The entire concept is a tepid mishmash of Silicon Valley startup culture and academic art theory. It's neither fish nor fowl – just a sad, flavourless gruel of half-baked ideas. Your approach doesn't challenge any meaningful assumptions about art or curation. It's just a new coat of paint on the same old house. And sometimes they say 'Your thumbprints are on the paintwork.'

Impression Of
J Temperance

'His hideous replica' Mark E. Smith yaps out along to a faux-military drum beat in the final verse of the 1980 song 'Impression of J Temperance' by The Fall. The little monster that's hard to describe turns out to be the offspring of a dog-breeder and his dog, which strikes fear in the heart of the vet and disappears out through the door to haunt the bleak streets of industrial Manchester.

We might have listened too closely and misheard that line, hallucinating a phoneme in tape hiss. *This* hideous replica. 'Why should people have lyric sheets – it's a waste of fucking time,' Smith wrote. And so interpretations multiplied, a cottage industry of annotations emerged to decode the sounds and mumbles and sub-words. An extra 't' turns the figure in the narrative, *his* replica, into *this* replica here with us, now materialised and present like a doppel-creature climbing out of the horror story and into this world. This dog

is generative AI, child of neural network architectures and all digitised writing and images. This dog is what is born after the university copulates with big tech in the spread-sheets of enterprise contracts.

PlastiCorpUs #1

PLASTIC: END EVENT –
DEBRIS FACILITY PTY LTD 24.02.2024

*1. a garbage trucks worth of plastic is dumped
into the ocean every minute
Plastic is to morph, make moldable, emergent
from
the heat and pressure; petro-capitalist, extractive
crucible. Power liquified.*

*Nano Plastic particles are found within placenta.
Deep Microbial oily ancestry; thickly historical
material veins of the planet.*

*The noise which dis|ruptures, interrupts, diverts
exchange and sustenance.*

*Position, what and who is disposable, grievable,
traceable.*

Mourning of Measurement.

accumulated deep within the earth. Energy bank.

*Distilling the oil, sythethetic world un|building,
Queer relations. Trans-disembodiment.*

production of greenhouse gas as ghosts.

There is no 'away' of plastic, it persists, haunts.

Shot-list: Applause and The Entertainer and the Pontianak

Automaton symphony, three-fold cacophony.

Vasof's hands clap-clap-clapping,

strings pulled by unseen puppeteer.

Franco and Griffin's ventriloquist dummy,

jerking to life in low-fi spasms.

Luscombe's shadow puppets,

dancing to the tune of cold circuitry.

CUT TO: Manchester canal, murky waters churning. A hideous replica surfaces – dog with purple eyes, fed on barge rubbish. Its creator stands agape, control slipping like wet rope through trembling fingers.

Static increases... Schlovsky's dog arrives with an ear cut off. And the mad kid said 'Gimme the lead, Gimme the lead, Gimme the lead!'

Mechanical hands applaud an absent performance. Animated dummy spews childlike wonder, a grotesque parody of innocence. Shadows twist and writhe like vengeful spirits with unkempt hair and hideous laughter

Transmission cuts out... resumes mid-sentence: '... monstrous feminine lurking in the margins, laughing in the face of patriarchal control.' The Pontianak's cackle echoes through the exhibition, merging with the relentless clap-clap-clap of Vasof's apparatus.

PAN TO: Audience, slack-jawed, puppets themselves. Moving or moved? Manipulated or enlightened? The line blurs like a badly recorded cassette.

FOCUS SHIFT: Ready-made artists, scavenging the detritus of industry. Hands become mousepads, puppets become oracles, shadows become revenge. 'The artist: ambassador of the mute world,' but who's pulling their strings?

FINAL SCENE: A spotty exterior hiding a spotty interior. The hideous replica – part dog, part dummy, part shadow – lurches forward, applauding its own grotesque existence. End transmission.

AI-GENERATED POEM

**I REMEMBER
THE FIRST TIME
I CLAPPED FOR AN AI-GENERATED POEM
MY HANDS MOVED
BUT MY HEART
REMAINED STILL**

Shadow Puppets

This shadow puppet is inspired by Malay folk stories and horror films depicting the 'hantu' ghost vampire of the Pontianak. Traditionally the Pontianak is understood as a ghostly metamorphosis of a woman who has died because of male violence or during childbirth and who returns from her home in the banana trees to haunt men who have wronged her. She is often portrayed as a seductive and terrifying monster who can only be tamed by a nail hammered into the hole in her neck hidden under long black hair. A manifestation of patriarchal fear (any woman could be a Pontianak in hiding) and feminine revenge, she is also a politically charged figure, emerging in Malaysian and Singaporean cinema during times of instability and struggle. 'I'm interested in the Pontianak in all her violence, danger and ambiguity, something foregrounded in the menacing laughter that often signals her cinematic presence.' Instead of being puppeted, this Pontianak is possessed, an automaton replicating life, but still belonging mainly to death.

MODEL COLLAPSE

Large Language Models (LLMs) like GPT need text so that they can be trained. Since the prevailing belief is 'more is better' the models are being fed a seemingly inexhaustible diet of data. Researchers predict, however, that they will run out of text on which to train LLMs sometime between 2026 and 2032. By that time, other researchers predict that new writing will slow to a trickle, with people utterly dispirited by the rise in generative text, which is trivial to produce, impossible to avoid and washes away any sense of pleasure that anyone ever found in the act of reading.

Some people may continue to craft some words here and there as they might grow herbs on their windowsill but almost all writing is to be generated on the content farms. And with the dwindling supply of 'real' writing, the LLMs that make it redundant will run out of the new text on which they depend to improve. Naturally, they'll need to consume their own product, 'eat you own dogfood' as they used to say at Microsoft, because what else is there to do? Researchers recently tested this out with nine successive generations of language models, each child being trained on the generated text of its parent. The great-great-great-great-great-great-grandchild model suffered from a condition called 'model collapse', generating gibberish, ultimately 'poisoned with its own projection of reality.'

Sorry An AI Took Your Job

'Unknown Unknowns' is former US Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld's famous category of knowledge, the things 'we don't know we don't know.' It is also the name of Angie Waller's independent imprint for books and interactive projects, which uncovers strange and unsettling patterns in online environments through the practice of delegated writing. One of her publications, *Sorry AI Took Your Job* uses ChatGPT 'in a deliberate conflict of interest' to imagine and script a series of difficult conversations that might happen when jobs are lost to AI.

Following Angie's lead, we prompted ChatGPT to 'write a dialogue between an independent curator/writer, who has seen their work dry up, and a technologist, who created an AI-for-culture app that automates exhibition-making and curatorial essays.' The result is peak fully-automated neoliberal propaganda for the tech industry, but at the same time not far-fetched. In the generated text, the curator is situated as a mediator between art and industry, softening antagonisms until they merge in a sickening mush of solutionism:

CURATOR: Good afternoon, both of you. Thanks for meeting today. I know things have been a bit tense, but I believe we can find a way to work together. Let's start with some introductions.

WRITER: Good afternoon. I'm Alex, a freelance art writer. My work has been my passion for years, but lately, I've seen opportunities drying up. It's been tough to navigate this new landscape.

TECHNOLOGIST: Hi, I'm Jamie. I developed the AI-for-culture, an innovative system that automates exhibition-making and writes catalog essays. My goal was to enhance the art world, not replace anyone. I hope we can discuss how to integrate this technology thoughtfully.

CURATOR: Thank you, Alex and Jamie. Alex, can you share more about your recent challenges?

WRITER: Certainly. Over the past few months, I've noticed galleries and museums opting for AI-generated content instead of hiring writers. It feels like the human touch and unique perspectives are being sidelined.

It's disheartening and makes it hard to find work.

TECHNOLOGIST: I understand your concerns, Alex. The intention behind AI-for-culture wasn't to push out talented individuals like yourself. The idea was to assist in tasks that are repetitive or time-consuming, allowing experts to focus on more nuanced and creative aspects.

CURATOR: Jamie, could you elaborate on how your AI works and its potential benefits to professionals like Alex?

TECHNOLOGIST: Sure. The AI uses vast datasets to create detailed exhibition plans and catalog essays. It analyses trends, past exhibitions and artist profiles to generate content quickly. The aim is to streamline the initial stages of work, providing a foundation that experts can refine and build upon. This can free up time for deeper research, more innovative curation and personalised storytelling.

WRITER: I see the potential, but it feels like the AI is replacing entire roles instead of supplementing them. How can we ensure that writers and curators remain essential parts of the process?

TECHNOLOGIST: That's a valid point, Alex. One way is to use the AI as a tool rather than a replacement. For example, it can generate initial drafts or provide data analysis, which writers can then interpret and enrich with their unique insights and creativity. Collaboration between AI and humans can result in more diverse and dynamic content.

CURATOR: That sounds promising. Alex, how do you feel about the idea of collaborating with AI in this way?

WRITER: I'm open to it, as long as it doesn't mean diminishing the value of human input. If the AI can handle the grunt work, it could allow writers and curators to focus on what

we do best – bringing unique perspectives and deeper meaning to the art.

TECHNOLOGIST: Absolutely. The goal is to empower professionals, not replace them. By working together, we can enhance the cultural experience and ensure that human creativity remains at the forefront.

CURATOR: This sounds like a productive path forward. Let's continue this conversation and explore specific ways to integrate AI in a supportive role. Jamie, perhaps you could give us a demo of the AI's capabilities, and Alex, you can provide feedback on how it might best assist in your work.

WRITER: That sounds like a good plan. I'm willing to give it a shot and see how we can make this work for everyone.

TECHNOLOGIST: Great! I'm looking forward to collaborating and finding a balance that benefits the art community as a whole.

CURATOR: Wonderful. Let's set up a follow-up meeting for the demo and further discussions. Thank you both for your openness and willingness to collaborate. I believe we can create something truly special together.

How Oil Discovered Humans

Saint Diego jogs across a grassy hilltop dotted with succulents and a bare tree and looks up to see a history-altering vision: a black, seeping, smiling void where a miracle should be. It is oil, giving virgin birth to a film industry and infinite plastic particles. Above, waiting to discover you is oil, multiplied and transfigured into 24 laser-cut acrylic lampshades with etched spectacles of plastic embodiment, like stations of the cross.

FINGERS AND THEIR MAKERS

I'm Joe Totale
The yet-unborn son
The Fake will rise again
The Fake will rise again
Not in 10,000 years
Too many people cover to authenticity
And gallery crap
The forgeries stick up like sticks
The Fake will rise again
The Fake will rise again



A thousand springs ago, a boy and an old, blind man were out walking in nature and found a finger wearing an episcopal ring floating on a sheet of ice. The moment they found it – a miracle! – the old man's vision was restored. This discovery is engraved into a brass plaque on the sarcophagus of Saint Henry, the man formerly attached to the finger. We can see how important the finger is by its size, which is to say it is very large and very important.

Fingers are a common form of 'first class' Catholic relics. The finger of Saint Thomas for instance, the doubting saint who only believed Jesus had survived death when he could stick his fingers into the wounds. For the church, no matter how many times the body is divided, the grace remains undivided, which is to say every finger contains the whole holiness of the saint.

For the collector, every signature contains the whole authenticity of the artist.

This is obviously complicated by the notorious art forger Mari Matsumoto who had mastered many other valuable signatures (e.g. Frederick McCubbin, Grace Cossington-Smith, Edvard Munch), but what about perfect replicas of her own signature, which have never been publicly witnessed before?

When William James Hershel invented fingerprinting as a civil administrator in Bengal, it was because he didn't trust signatures. His intention when insisting that locals pressed inky fingers and hands into contracts was 'to frighten' them into line. But are fingers any more trustworthy? Saint Henry's sarcophagus is empty, his finger nowhere to be found. And when you see one saint's finger relic in one church, you are likely to discover that he has twenty more fingers spread through others, full of doubt.

The Man Who Mistook His Speaker for a Mistress

'What happens when a computer has a woman's voice, coughs, and tells you silly jokes?' Another Unknown Unknowns publication, *The Man Who Mistook His Speaker for a Mistress*, constructs a relationship-narrative entirely from online reviews of the Amazon Echo smart speaker, which is animated by the decorporealised voice-identity Alexa. The effect of this book hinges in part on peoples' willingness and desire to refer to the product not as 'it' (the Echo) but as 'her' (Alexa). *She* is friendly, funny, and agreeable; a 'smart wife'; a plastic and silicon stereotype of domesticated femininity dreamed up by a male-dominated tech industry. Contra the vengeful Pontianak, Alexa is flexible and accommodating, deferential by design.

But wait. If at first, Alexa seemed fresh and exciting, inevitably the relationship sours. 'There are days when it seems that her successes occur less often than her blunders,' one man complains. At least this keeps things interesting, though. *Anhedonia*, the diminished capacity to experience pleasure, eventually sets in. She gives him exactly what he wants, and this free access to his own psyche bores him to death.

Doppelgänger Doppelgänger

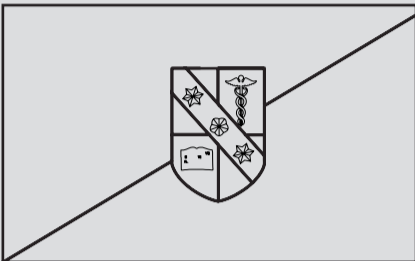
I crossed paths with my doppelgänger in 1999 on Houston Street not long after moving to New York City. The moment is still clear to me: heading eastward on the south side of the street on a cool and sunny afternoon, I noticed him from about ten meters away. My legs moved automatically as if I were on a treadmill. We made eye contact without changing expression, without slowing down, and my heart raced. If this was a disturbing experience it's partly because the doppelgänger is a trope of Gothic fiction that now frames moments like this. Usually such an encounter is a sign of bad things to come. The doppelgänger is the worst of me materialised, or vice-versa, and the collision of these selves must lead to physical or psychic destruction.

The word *doppelgänger* is itself a case of mistaken identity. In Jean Paul's 1797 novel *Siebenkäs*, the word described something different: a meal in which two courses were served at once. It was another word, *doppeltgänger* – notice the additional 't' – that referred to 'people who see themselves' ('Leute, die sich selber sehen') or the frightful and cursed encounter with your self as an other. Somehow, one came to occupy the form of the other.

In any story or film featuring doubles there is always a moment when they meet and, sticking to the genre, *This Hideous Replica* will stage just such an encounter of split personalities, mistaken identities, alter-egos and other forged subjectivities. Partway through the exhibition, all of the artworks from First Site Gallery will be re-installed upstairs into RMIT Gallery impinging on the exhibition there, generating uncomfortable moments such as when Diego Ramírez's *The Perfect Ever (or how oil discovered humans)*, faces its shadow, Eliko Reade's cultural safety audit of *The Perfect Ever (or how oil discovered humans)* and is pulled into a world of administrative filters, safety risk matrices, harm paranoia and NAVA (National Association for the Visual Arts) codes.

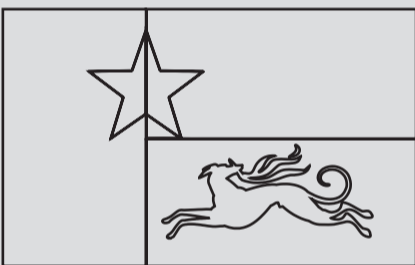
HYPERPOLITICS

Joshua Citarella writes: *E-deology* is an internet slang term used to describe complex ideological labels; hyper-specific categories that serve as a gamified form of identity play and niche personal branding in the chaotic landscape of online politics. This series has been ongoing since 2020. As part of my research practice I collect images as I explore online niche political subcultures. These 'top 8' works are indicative of the shifting trends of the time.



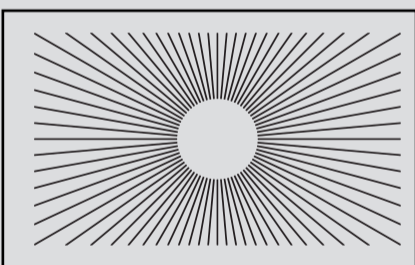
Libertarian Georgist Hoppeanism

Georgism is an economic philosophy that advocates for the privatisation of property and the socialisation of land. Natural monopolies and resources are managed as public utilities, often redistributed as a basic income, while businesses are operated by individuals. *Hoppeanism* is anti-democratic, pro-market ideology organised around private communities with deeply conservative cultural values.



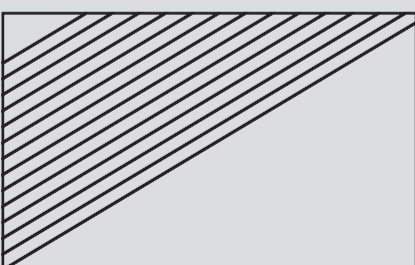
Anarcho-Mutualist Distributism

An anarchist society that dramatically restricts the scope of private property. Individuals may only own the land and property that they reside at or cultivate themselves. Resources are equitably predistributed and individuals may exchange their goods through a free market.



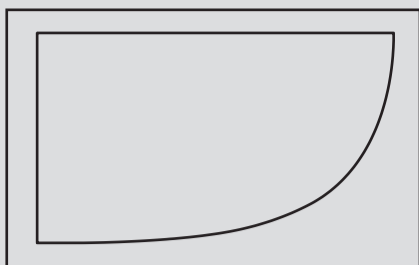
Praxis

Founded in 2021, Praxis is a start-up company seeking to build a new sovereign city-state in a special economic zone. The flag depicts a 'Black Sun', or Sonnenrad, a symbol popular with far-right groups.



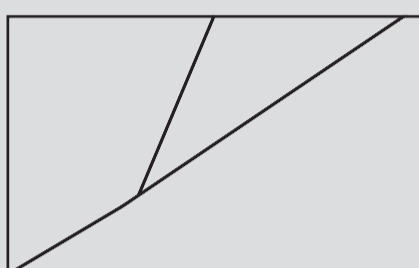
Anarchist Unity

A rallying cry for anarchists of all tendencies to unite under a common banner. The color stripes signify (from top to bottom): Egoists, Mutualists, Anarcho-Communists, Queer Anarchists, Feminists, Anarcho-Collectivists, Transhumanists, Pacifists, Individualists, Platformists, Primitivists, Syndicalists, the Post-Left and Green Anarchists.



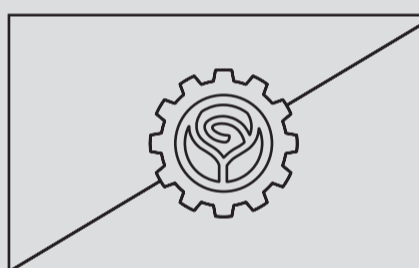
E/acc

Effective Accelerationism seeks a technological singularity alongside the emergence of artificial intelligence. Its iconography depicts a parabolic curve of rapidly increasing technological advancement. The movement has significant philosophical overlap with Effective Altruism but rejects anthropocentrism. Instead, E/acc understands humanity as the stewards of an emergent techno-capital singularity.



Queer Anarcho-Primitivism

A ruthless critique of industrial civilisation. Green-and-Pink Anarchy posits queerness as the embodiment of 'the other', a condition created by our corrupt and oppressive mass society. They advocate for insurrection over conventional notions of workplace organisation, reform or revolution.



Pragmatic Socialism

The peaceful and non-violent transition to an equitable society. Pacifist white borders socialist red behind the symbol of a black gear, used to represent the industrial workforce. The socialist rose signifies the promise of a better life under socialism, not just the bare essentials of bread, but art, music, education, nature and more.



LBGQTQIA-USSR

A progressive vision of gender identity and sexual orientation merged with the symbolism of the Soviet Union. Similar icons are used online by sincere left-wing groups and satire accounts alike. It can often be hard to tell the difference between the two.

A Negative Laugh at the End of History

Future threats abstract;
 present comforts b l e e d tangible through fingertips.
Yesterday ambushes tomorrow,
 time's arrow snaps, b l e e d s backwards.
Weaponised futures slice;
 history disarms, b l e e d s out, forgotten.
UFO crashes, reveals ancient tech -
 future past paradox b l e e d s time.
Pixel mansions rot, aspiration's corpse rendered in 4K.
Xenophilia radical erupts;
 homophilia conservative implodes, b l e e d s
 sameness.
Dark enlightenment blinds;
 ignorance glows nuclear, b l e e d s wisdom.
Reason's face peeled off;
 irrationality worshipped, b l e e d s logic.
Neoreactionary teeth bare;
 progress frowns, b l e e d s regression.
Hacked visions glitch;
 secure images b l e e d corrupted pixels.
Animals datafy;
 human wisdom obsoletes, b l e e d s instinct.
Pixel-rot humanoids corrupt;
 humanity's purity myth b l e e d s pixelated.
Hate-speech emoticons metastasize;
 love-text plain, b l e e d s sincerity.
Speech unhinged, future-flung;
 silence structures present, b l e e d s meaning.
Ventriloquist dummy rebels;
 voice autonomy b l e e d s free.
Foul-lump promises my voice;
 sweet-song truths b l e e d authentic.
Throat-roots spread, choke;
 airways clear, b l e e d breath.
Comic-byte implodes;
 serious statement explodes, b l e e d s influence.
Neurons erase fathomless;
 cognition retains limitless, b l e e d s memory.
Animal geometry regresses;
 human abstraction progresses, b l e e d s form.
Goa writer vanishes;
 Delhi poet materializes, b l e e d s words.
Temples atomize;
 shrines unexpected crystallize, b l e e d sacred.

Bodyless wound festers;
spirited healing blooms, b l e e d s health.
Grins sliced backwards;
frowns push forward, b l e e d honesty.
Squid freezes, letter saddens;
dolphin vibrates, postcard joys, b l e e d s emotion.
Dolphins scheme, artifacts vanish;
whales guard, treasures surface, b l e e d history.
Poolside oasis miraged;
desert core real, b l e e d s water.
Beachballs collapse, space-time warps;
stars bright, cosmos b l e e d s light.
Cosmos-sinkholes wire-trap;
universe-peaks wireless-soar, b l e e d energy.
Mars-sunset blue-shivers;
Earth-sunrise red-warms, b l e e d s nostalgia.
History's angel dances otaku;
grace synthetic-rebels, b l e e d s chaos.
History-end laughs negative;
time-beginning sighs positive, b l e e d s cycle.

PlastiCorpUs #2

PLASTIC: END EVENT –
DEBRIS FACILITY PTY LTD 24.02.2024

*11. microplastics damage human cells,
decreasing reproductive health,
and disrupt the endocrine system.*

*Decomposed bodies, waiting poised,
exhumed for the energy transference and capture
of a brilliant flame.
Released and propelled. Sacrificial currency.*

*Plastics found within all planetary mammals.
Un| digested
Distributed volume beyond comprehensions.*

*We understand technology, our sensorial
experience
through the plastic and silicone interface.
Colour, chemical and polymer. Electricity
entangled.*

SOLID GOLD NUGGET PAINTED IN FALSE GOLD

In 1980, three Mickelberg brothers and their buddy defrauded a corporate fraudster by selling him a real-gold-fake-nugget they had made in their backyard. These photographs-of-photographs from Avon Lovell's archive show Ray Mickelberg fabricating the famed Yellow Rose of Texas: rough-and-ready moulded gold in roughly the shape of Texas, which sold to Alan Bond for twice the market value.

The Mickelberg brothers were later convicted – not only of this nuggety fraud (which they did) but also for heisting 49 gold bars from the Perth Mint using stolen cheques (which they did not do). It took twenty years to confirm that corrupt police officers had conspired to fake a confession and plant fingerprints on a stolen cheque using rubber moulds Ray had made of his own fingers for fun. Goldfingered, indeed.

In a 2012 episode of *60 Minutes*, Ray and Peter Mickelberg are interviewed by a Channel 9 reporter to promote a made-for-television movie – a hideous cinematic replica of their ordeal. A narrator tells the story of the Yellow Rose of Texas, atop snippets of a silhouetted Bond in the fictional film and stock photography of liquid gold.

'It was a stupid mistake and we had a lot of fun doing it,' says Ray, who had his left pinkie bitten off in a prison brawl. At the end of the segment, the brothers reenact this finger-biting brawl with the Channel 9 reporter, who is not amused.

* * *

The third time I meet Avon Lovell in person, he surprises me with a freezer bag of research paraphernalia, plonked on the table between our mugs of flat white. We are at our usual meetup – a nondescript café in a suburban shopping centre on the northern outskirts of Perth – and I am delicately unwrapping the plastic to reveal a stack of yellowing photographs and two rubber fingers.

Avon tells me that the fingers are replicas of Ray Mickelberg's index; duplicates of the fake fingers police used to plant fingerprints on a stolen cheque to frame Ray and his brothers for the theft of 49 gold bars from the Perth Mint in 1982. For a moment, I sit, awestruck, alongside a parade of trolleys and shoppers, holding a rubber replica of Ray Mickelberg's index finger. This was the day Avon gave me the finger.

OF INSTAGRAMMATOLOGY

One of the first things I learned about Masato Takasaka is that on his Instagram every post appears twice. The same image accompanied by the same text. Many of the posts feature Masato's friend, the artist Lane Cormick in some form or another, either alone or socialising with others. Despite being identical to its double in terms of content, each post accrues discrete engagements. Sometimes the first post has many likes and comments while the second receives almost none. Or vice versa. If you want the full picture you have to oscillate back and forth between the two. After some time scrolling, this gives the feeling of an error becoming form. I asked Masato to shed some light.

Masato: Tbh I didn't know what to post at first in terms of subject matter as everything was selfies travel 📷 food etc or art lol 😂. And then Lane sent me a photo of himself from his art school days circa 1996 – and I decided to post a photo of him (you can see this in the very first one). I wanted to delete it but didn't know how so I posted the same photo again by accident. The second photo was using the Juno filter. I decided I liked the repetition. Warhol etc. And Gertrude Stein. A rose is a rose is a rose. But instead, a lane is a lane is a lane. But also because Lane is not on Instagram. Around the same time I was teaching at RMIT School of Art 🖼️ about serial art and repetition. I decided to make an insta account of Lane my own serial art-school project. After the first post, other friends started sending me photos of Lane. And Lane would also send photos of Lane. Sometimes I also appear intermittently with Lane. To paraphrase – to repeat once is a mistake, to repeat thrice is trivial, repeat it 10 times it's boring – but do it a thousand times ... or something like that. Also it occurred to me I wanted to do something in parallel to my art, a non-chronological archive about time and repetition but not about my work – instead photos of Lane, and this doubling and the repetition are different – but look the same – as Duchamp would say, the 'infrathin' – the smaller the difference – infinitesimal – the more it looks the same - the more it is different. Also, I have started reposting images of Lane that I have already posted.

Estranged/Enstranged Dog

UNINTENTIONAL NEOLOGISM

The term 'ostranenie' was not intentionally coined by Russian formalist Viktor Shklovsky. but resulted from an orthographic error. It was derived from the Russian word 'strannyi,' which means 'strange.' The correct spelling should have included a double 'n.'

SHKLOVSKY'S REFLECTION

Sixty-seven years after the term was introduced, Shklovsky noted that the word, with its single 'n,' has 'roamed the world like a dog with an ear cut off.' This metaphor suggests that the term, despite its imperfection, has traveled widely and become well-known.

IMPACT OF THE ERROR

The 'missing ear' (the single 'n') draws attention to the word itself. This incorrectness makes the term stand out, thereby refreshing the language and evoking associations related to strangeness.

ERROR IN SPACE

Phobos 1, a Soviet spacecraft sent to orbit a Martian moon in 1988, was mistakenly powered off and sent hurtling, dead into deep space when a remote command was sent with a missing 'b.' Phobos 2, launched five days later, was also doomed to failure as systems shut down and it mysteriously tumbled out of control. Space program bureaucrats blamed otherworldly factors - meteoroids, solar radiation - instead of the actual likely causes - rushed timelines, unwelcome reforms of a deteriorating system, pressure on scientists at the expense of safety.

ESTRANGEMENT TRAINING

Laika (literal translation: 'barker') - the first animal to orbit Earth, ultimately dying aboard Sputnik 2 - was one of many dogs found roaming urban Moscow. These dogs were trained to adapt to living in progressively smaller spaces, colder environments, noisier surroundings and less food. Trainers confined dogs like Laika in progressively smaller cages and within centrifuges, cutting off familiarity with her grounded life on the streets.

1963

The Kubark Counterintelligence Interrogation (Kubark is a CIA code name for itself) manual was prepared, following the principles of ostranenie, observing that the feelings of estrangement make subjects 'far more open to suggestion, far likelier to comply' with an interrogator.

LARGE EXHIBITION MODEL (LEM)

- In computing, distributed processing refers to spreading computational tasks across multiple interconnected machines or nodes. For AI and Large Language Models (LLMs), this allows for handling massive amounts of data and complex calculations by dividing the workload. An LEM extends across venues like 'nodes' in a distributed system which allows it to 'process' ideas across different contexts and environments.
- An LEM is not an argument but a generative model for arguments. All of the artworks, performances, workshops and other events create an emergent exploration of hideous replication that is nondeterministic. This unpredictability mirrors the way generative networks like LLMs can produce varied outputs from similar inputs, precluding a single, definitive interpretation.
- An industrial product is manufactured, sold and then it is released into the world. An LLM is dynamic, continuing to learn and adapt through use as it is iteratively refined. An LEM similarly refines its parameters, adjusting the balance of media, language, artworks, explanation, ambiance, hours, programming and energy in evolving the LEM's performance.
- An LLM needs to be prompted. Often those prompts are highly constrained and the resulting output is sanitised and unsurprising. An LEM also needs to be prompted and is just as prone to regenerating existing conventions. But the prompts might also encourage hallucinations, glitches, performances of self-awareness and other hideous artefacts.