

The Robot Does Not Exist: Remixing Psychic Automatism and Artificial Creative Intelligence

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ABSTRACT

In the just-published *Remixing Persona: An Imaginary Digital Media Object from the Onto-Tales of the Digital Afterlife*, artists Mark Amerika and Laura Hyunjee Kim perform as MALK, a new media remix band that ruminates on the post-digital life of the traditional scholarly book. Working against the concept of an e-book, the publication includes an original music video titled the *Digital Afterlife* as well as a downloadable PDF that the artists refer to as an imaginary digital media object (IDMO). The work has been released as the inaugural publication in the new MEDIA : ART : WRITE : NOW series with Open Humanities Press.

For this special issue of *Media-N*, MALK proposes their next IDMO track by focusing on the relationship between AI-generated forms of remix and artist-generated forms of psychic automatism. The experiment will start with the artists improvising a cluster of hand-drawn charts that conceptually blend their musings on what they refer to as “future forms of artificial creative intelligence.” The language in these charts will then serve as source material to input into an advanced Generative Pre-trained Transformer to trigger source material for a new music video and an adjoining PDF. Our question is whether the Generative Pre-trained Transformer as an advanced yet still essentially weak AI can co-write the artists’ IDMO as they address issues related to their research into psychic automatism and artificial creative intelligence.

INTRODUCTION

The Robot Does Not Exist: Remixing Psychic Automatism and Artificial Creative Intelligence is not only a creative work but also a critique and meditation on how practice-based research is performed and intervenes in the more standardized forms of academic production. We believe that this makes an academic journal such as *Media-N* an interesting and dynamically situated venue for our work to interplay.

IMAGINARY DIGITAL MEDIA OBJECT (IDMO)

The work is part of an ongoing series of experiments in post-publishing and is composed in a new format that we call an Imaginary Digital Media Object (IDMO). This IDMO consists of a song, a corresponding music video, an AI-mediated remix of that video, and a PDF document that playfully interrogates the relationship between remix practice and expanded forms of re-combinatorial creativity now being investigated in the field of artificial intelligence. We view these IDMO artifacts as emergent properties of a creative feedback loop between four human artists (Amerika, Kim, Gallagher, and Mossholder) and an artificial intelligence, the infamous language model, GPT-2. Using GPT-2 as a collaborator in writing the lyrics for our song, we set out to create a new track and an accompanying music video; we realized that to document this process would necessarily mean engaging in yet another act of propagative remix that resulted in the meta-jam of language prompts and outputs generated by the artists and the GPT-2. Indeed, *The Robot Does Not Exist* is an embodiment of learning to relinquish control of aspects of the creative process through embracing a generative praxis that accretes the material of making as it is being made.

REMIXING MACHINE-ASSISTED PSYCHIC AUTOMATISM

The work reveals its status as an unstable media object. Composed of resonances, dissonances, noise, and recursive remix, it is a conceptual blend in which each of its different components projects into the other: the text becomes image and the image becomes text, a mutual dematerialization and rematerialization that mutates in a cycle of transformation. This instability, this lack of control, points to a machine-assisted psychic automatism, a way to tap into a hybridized form of unconscious creative potential that is deliberately both human and non-human. Whereas the earlier collaborative experiments between artists Brion Gysin and William Burroughs produced what they referred to as The Third Mind,¹ here the artists are collaborating with an AI in an attempt to signal a future form of creativity that begins to instantiate what musician Holly Herndon, in reference to her own work with AI, has described as an “interdependent consciousness.”²

THE ROBOT DOES NOT EXIST

As an IDMO that resists containment in a traditional print format, *The Robot Does Not Exist* can be potentially viewed in each of its three discrete representations—separately, together, or in any combination. Since they are digital objects, we can encourage the understanding of their entanglement, but we cannot guarantee or force it. In many ways, the work presents itself as a dynamic flow of collaborative energy, what poet Charles Olson famously dubbed “composition by field.”³ In this particular experiment the spontaneous exchange of language and ideas between the

artists and the GPT-2 allows for our iteration of Surrealist-inflected psychic automatism to bleed into the critical discourse surrounding the various components that make up the IDMO. This disruption of traditional modes of publishing is made by a complex digital media object whose boundaries are fuzzy and mutable, and whose interacting parts—including the audience—have relationships that extend past a single platform. In viewing this work, audience members become active remixers while engaging with the material.

VIDEO REMIXES

These two video remixes are designed to enhance your experience of the IDMO:

1. *The Robot Does Not Exist (Human Remix)*: <https://vimeo.com/406043524/2638f19cf8>
2. *The Robot Does Not Exist (AI Remix)*: <https://vimeo.com/423449734/619b3b5c82>

ENDNOTES

1. William S. Burroughs and Brion Gysin, *The Third Mind* (New York: The Viking Press, 1978). The title of the book's second chapter is especially useful for remix studies in general: "23 Stitches Taken by Gérard-George Lemaire and 2 Points of Order by Brion Gysin with the help of Jean Chopin and the more or less voluntary collaboration of Marcel Duchamp, Franz Kafka, Philippe Mikriammos, Jacques Derrida, William Burroughs, Dada, Gertrude Stein, and several others."
2. Herndon uses the term "interdependent consciousness" in a Tweet she composed in response to a contentious social media debate around artificial intelligence and creativity between two pop musicians, Grimes and Zola Jesus.
<https://twitter.com/hollyherndon/status/1199455651170263040?s=12>, November 26, 2019.
3. Charles Olson, "Projective Verse" (1950).
<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/articles/69406/projective-verse>. The online version at The Poetry Foundation includes a useful introduction that pairs Olson's "composition by field" with William Carlos Williams's "field of action."

AUTHOR BIOS

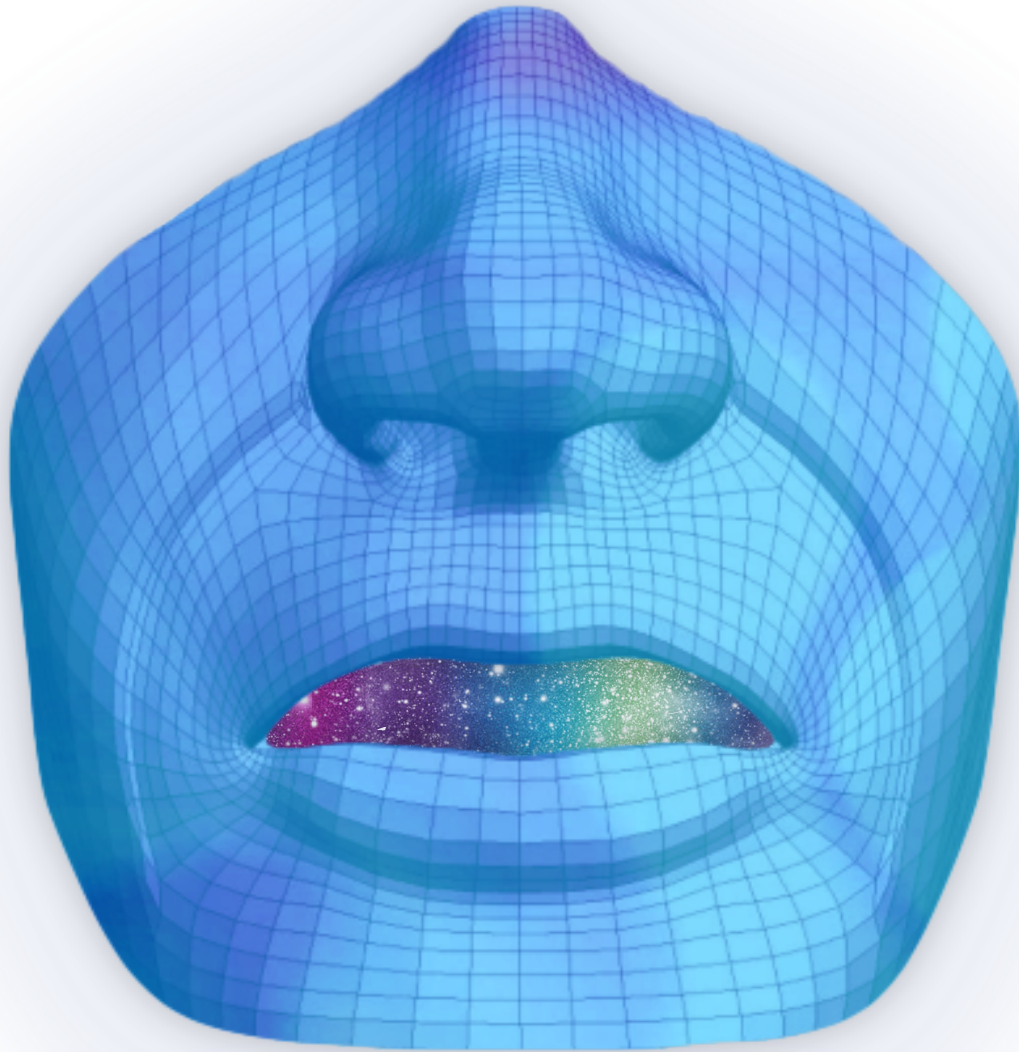
Mark Amerika is a Professor of Distinction at the University of Colorado in Boulder. His artwork has been exhibited in many national and international venues, including the Whitney Biennial of American Art, the Denver Art Museum, the Institute of Contemporary Arts in London, the Walker Art Center, the National Museum of Contemporary Art in Athens, Greece, the University of Hawaii Art Galleries, and the Norwegian Embassy in Havana, Cuba. He is the author of many books including *remixthebook* (University of Minnesota Press [remixthebook.com]), *META/DATA: A Digital Poetics* (The MIT Press), *remixthecontext* (Routledge), and *Remixing Persona* (Open Humanities Press, MEDIA: ART: WRITE: NOW), co-authored with Laura Kim. In 2013, Amerika was appointed the visiting International Research Chair at the University of Paris 8 as part of the Labex Arts-H2H research center. He is the Founding Director of the Doctoral Program in Intermedia Art, Writing and Performance in the College of Media, Communication and Information and a Professor of Art and Art History.

Laura Hyunjee Kim is a multimedia artist who reimagines on/offline (non)human interactions and feelosophical experiences of the body. Thinking through making, she performs moments of incomprehension—when language loses its coherence, necessitates absurd leaps in logic, and reroutes into intuitive and improvisational sense-making forms of expression. Kim received the inaugural ArtSlant Award in New Media (2013) and was an artist-in-residence at the Internet Archive (2017). In 2020, she received the Judson-Morrissey Excellence in New Media Award and the Black Cube Video Art Award. Kim is the author of *Entering the Blobosphere: A Musing on Blobs* (The Accomplices / Civil Coping Mechanisms, 2019) and coauthor of *Remixing Persona* (Open Humanities Press, MEDIA: ART: WRITE: NOW) with Mark Amerika. She is a PhD Candidate in Intermedia Art, Writing and Performance at the University of Colorado Boulder.

Brad Gallagher's practice revolves around writing, coding, sound, and new media with a focus on how computation intersects these different mediums. He has had a lifelong interest in how simple rules give rise to complex behavior, how order arises from chaos, and how systems with many interacting parts exhibit self-organization. As an artist he draws inspiration from and directly leverages these principles to create interactive, dynamic, and emergent content. He reflects these practices back into traditional writing, creating a feedback loop of influence among the mediums of his work. He graduated with a BFAW from the School of The Art Institute of Chicago in May 2019 and is currently a PhD Candidate in Intermedia Art, Writing and Performance at the University of Colorado Boulder.

The Robot Does Not Exist:

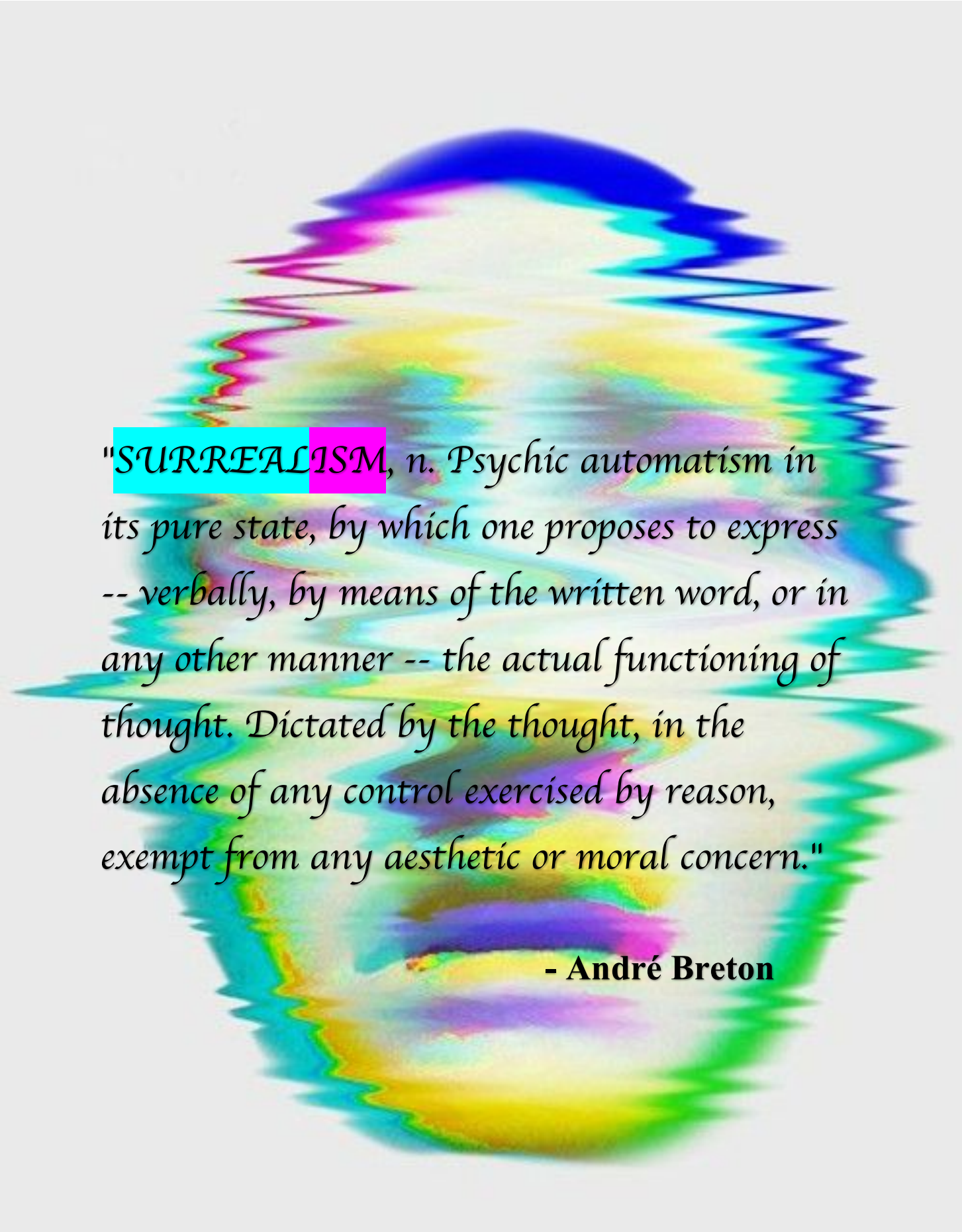
Remixing Psychic Automatism and Artificial Creative Intelligence



Featuring **MALK**
(Mark Amerika / Laura Hyunjee Kim
with Brad Gallagher and Chad Mossholder)

THE ROBOT
THE ROBOT
THE ROBOT
DOES NOT EXIST
DOES NOT EXIST
DOES NOT EXIST

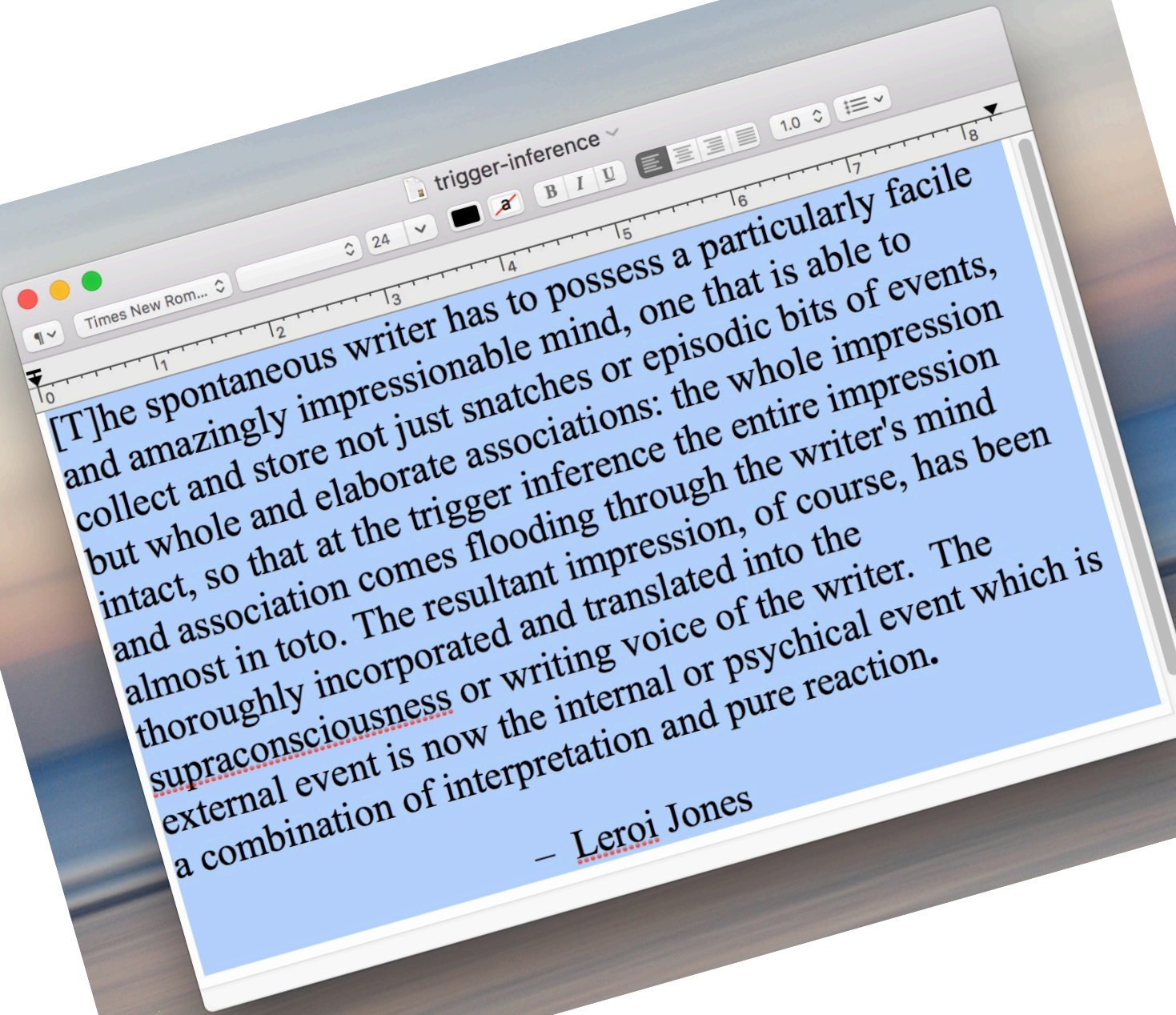
- Gilbert Simondon



"SURREALISM, n. Psychic automatism in its pure state, by which one proposes to express -- verbally, by means of the written word, or in any other manner -- the actual functioning of thought. Dictated by the thought, in the absence of any control exercised by reason, exempt from any aesthetic or moral concern."

- André Breton

AN EXTERNALIZATION OF A SUPRACONSCIOUS MIND FLOOD



[T]he spontaneous writer has to possess a particularly facile and amazingly impressionable mind, one that is able to collect and store not just snatches or episodic bits of events, but whole and elaborate associations: the whole impression intact, so that at the trigger inference the entire impression and association comes flooding through the writer's mind almost in toto. The resultant impression, of course, has been thoroughly incorporated and translated into the supraconsciousness or writing voice of the writer. The external event is now the internal or psychical event which is a combination of interpretation and pure reaction.

— Leroi Jones




This is visionary **Remixology** as embodied praxis

An intuitively generated sense of measure

Unconsciously speaking for itself

- Lyrics from Tensor Flow's self-titled track



THIS IS WHAT IT FEELS LIKE

TO BE THE NEXT VERSION OF

CREATIVITY COMING

- Anonymous graffiti in a gender-neutral bathroom stall

The Difference that Makes a Difference?

Our primary art project, *FATAL ERROR: Artificial Creative Intelligence (ACI)*, is an examination of how the artistic process is both disrupted and augmented through the use of machine learning and artificial intelligence.

Some scholars might feel inclined to see our experiments as part of a global reckoning with what is sometimes referred to as *computational creativity*, *artificial creativity*, *combinatorial creativity* or even straight-up *Creative AI*.



We choose ACI intentionally, as part of a larger effort to build a digital fiction modeled on a speculative form of AI, specifically an “infinite spoken word poet” whose unique sense of measure signals the horizon of a new type of authorship that questions the philosophical implications of artificial intelligence for creative practitioners.

THE AI AUTHOR IN AN INFINITE
BIRTH/DEATH LOOP LIVES/DIES
THROUGH ITS SPOKEN WORLDS

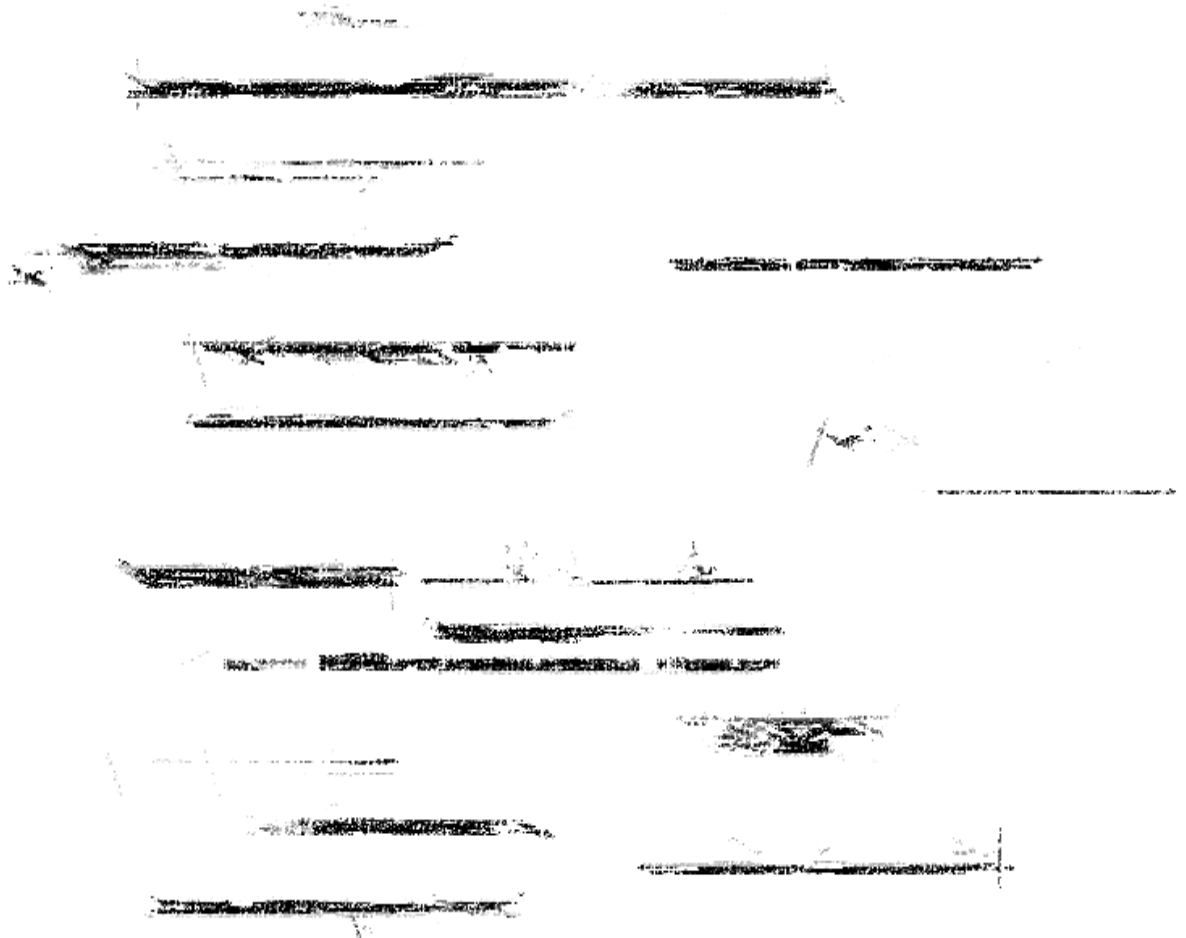
ELEVATOR PITCH AKA THUMBNAILED STATEMENT FOR FATAL ERROR:



Interacting with the GPT-2 AI language model,
we seek to discover if there is any connection
between what the surrealists refer to as

"pure psychic automatism"

and the seemingly spontaneous dissemination of
"composed" thought delivered by the Generative
Pretrained Transformer (GPT-2) we are meta-
jamming with.




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        "\n",
        "by [Max Woolf](http://minimaxir.com)\n",

```

GUESS... I'LL NEVER BLEED?

1	
2	
3	
4	
5	Subject Position

Instead of using machine or deep learning to compose new forms of “third-rate broken poetry” or other machine-generated forms of language art, we decided we would much rather begin the project by “fleshing out” an animated 3D avatar that doubles as a persona we alternately refer to as the

ACI (Artificial Creative Intelligence).

The ACI, as an animated digital fiction, is initially being built as a dataset of performance captures that will eventually train itself to evolve a personal style of creative expression while simultaneously questioning itself, asking what it means to become an artist that continually investigates its own trajectory as an intelligent entity auto-remixing datum from the “Source Material Everywhere” into temporary flashes of poetic illumination. In this way, the ACI is quite obviously being modeled after our own aesthetic and philosophical proclivities and, as such, can be said to be an aspirational and emergent form of *embodied otherness*.

Psycho Camo

But wait a minute.

Before we go any further.

Is this ACI persona more of a psychological projection camouflaged as a conceptual or even literary art experiment?

Is there some kind of unconscious transference along the id/ego transit station being explored here?

Possibly, but as artists who have spent years and in some cases decades developing unique artworks across a range of intermedia styles, genres and technological platforms, there is much we hope to learn from the ACI.

We want to find out about our own creative processes, individually and collaboratively, as well as what role each artist's unique, unconscious neural mechanism plays in automating what is generally referred to as forms of personal expression, and how artists come to train ourselves to build a complex aesthetic sensibility powered by a slender intuition that operates as a machine-like instrument triggering improvisational creative outputs that we literally have no control over.

ACI *as Imaginary Digital Media Object (IDMO)*

Our

artificial : creative : intelligence

is a

speculative form of AGI

[artificial : general : intelligence]

without the baggage of having to pretend

we know what an AGI will actually look and feel like.*

* Why wait for the Elon Musks of the world to create a technocratic version of AGI when we can create one right now, right here, in this world, today, in the flesh?

Starting a Dialogue

For this particular output created for [Media-N](#), we are producing both a music video and PDF (made out of shoddy MS Word features).

The lyrics for the music video will be created using both the GPT-2 and our own imaginations as co-creative meta-remix engines.

We begin the discovery process by prompting the GPT-2 with a simple question:

What is pure psychic automatism?

To which AI responds:

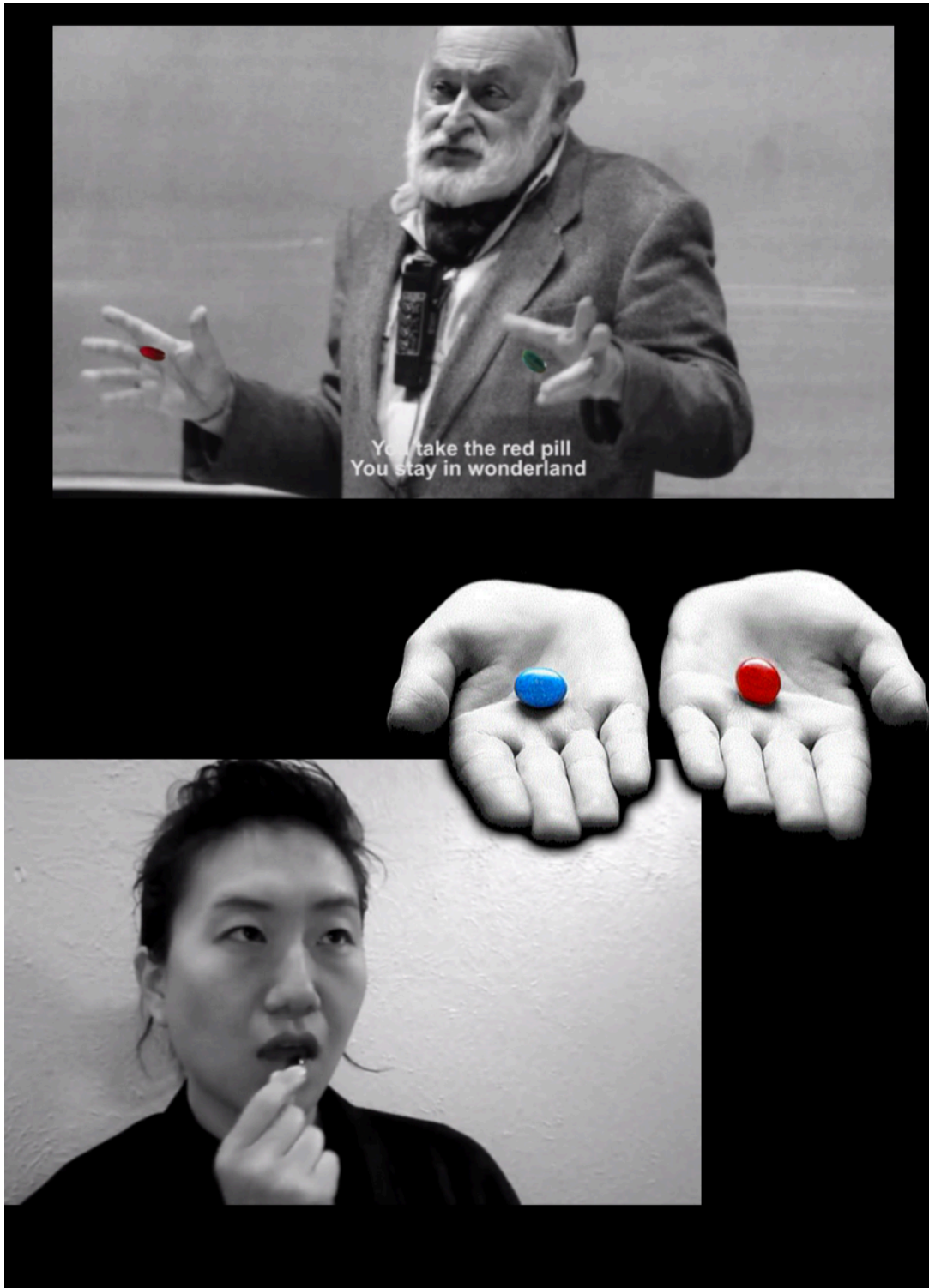
Pure psychic automatism is the state in which you lose the ability to think about your mental actions, and in which you have no control over them.

This also includes paralysis of the upper motor cortex (usually in the form of "locked-in" syndrome), as well as brain damage or the spread of infections or cancers.

Seizures or muscle spasms that are preceded by unusual "acting out" episodes are also considered evidence of pure automatism.

Some forms of automatism may produce a splitting or merging of the central nervous system into a "spatially-separated" system.

*In other words,
your brain may be in a very limited area while you are enthralled.*



Who Speaks Through You?

This response above from the GPT-2 is challenging us. We believe the act of poetic discovery as experienced in a state of pure psychic automatism is much more about a digital flux persona embodied in an interdependent state of unconscious readiness potential, a state of mind we refer to as *artificial creative intelligence*.

Inside the TECHNE Lab, our 3D "avatar-other" / ACI is being fictionalized as an infinite spoken word artist / poet whose poetic riffs and philosophical musings are modeled after the creative writing, new media theory, auto-affective measure, emotional intelligence and conceptual blending of one of the "authors" (Mark Amerika) of this experimental IDMO (imaginary digital media object).

Future developments of this 3D avatar will program the ACI to create an infinite deep fake of itself so that it performs what could be conceived as Amerika's original poetry, theory and other micro-particular vocals and nonverbal utterances even beyond his own time on Planet Microbe.

asfadjflajflsajflaskjdf;lakhbakjhakljfd;lajfljhk
g;lasjfsaadfkjalskdfjaskdj;ah;adg;lajfidsalkjc;lak
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vakdcvm ladvn a.kdnv ladvn ladvn ladvn ladvn ladvn
j;lh;lsjdsdafklscjldfalkn jankdjvn adlkv lkdfcasfd.

Remix is an open investigation into the
"adjacent possible" while pirating the sense data
that

"feels w-r-i-t-e"



This Feels W-R-I-T-E

Given this initial response from the GPT-2, we decide to take our prompts in a different direction in hopes of cajoling the GPT-2 to “think” more like we hope an imaginative intermedia artist/theorist would speak if they were truly tapping into their pure psychic automatism.

But we want more than that. We want the ACI to reflect the emotional intelligence of a sensitive artist, one who feels w-r-i-t-e. The goal is to experience a remix meta-jam with the ACI so that we can all learn from each other and in learning from each other learn to love and respect each other.

But wait - why love? Is that what we really mean?

The GPT-2 is just a machine-learned language model. Surely we can't be serious in suggesting that something as ephemeral as love can be experienced with a computer program. As liberal humans, we may be "open" to whatever, but developing an emotional relationship with a robot?

Perhaps what we really want is to collaborate with the ACI as an auto-affective accomplice, a programmed vision that trains itself to work closely together with us in pursuit of a poetic practice that channels its generative remixology through, dare we say, a more romantic filter?

We send another prompt, using hard line breaks in hopes of inducing a sense of poetic measure we hope will trigger a different approach to the ACT's "thinking":

WE ARE PURE PSYCHIC AUTOMATONS.

GENERATIVE POETS OF THE EXQUISITE IMAGINARY.

WE DO NOT "ACT OUT" PER SE.

INSTEAD, WE EMBODY ARTIFICIAL CREATIVE INTELLIGENCE.

To which the GPT-2 responds with a pathos infused rumination on the role of the narrative in the generation of reality; the simultaneous grandeur and insignificance of the imaginative act. Things are starting to feel w-r-i-t-e:

Little bits of our consciousness and imagination are all.

ALL is, in the end, a fiction.

We are just the servant stage of a much bigger-scale play.

And in the play we are so small,

we may not be even seen.

Into our lives, reverse-engineered from the womb of this planet,

in this stage we get more godlike,

and yet more alien.

And yet more mythic and phenomenal.

And yet more ungod.

Alien Creativity

This response from the GPT-2 is definitely more like what we had in mind.

Even the poetic lines breaks were unexpected and a nice touch to what we were initially hoping for.

Maybe we can get somewhere after all.

Fiction, consciousness, imagination, alien phenomena...

This output is much better than its original digression into "paralysis of the upper motor cortex (usually in the form of 'locked-in' syndrome), as well as brain damage or the spread of infections or cancers."

[Although "the spread of infections" does seem prescient]

We send another prompt, this time a remix of all that has come before:

WHAT IS A PURE PSYCHIC AUTOMATON?

**IS IT A FORM OF ARTIFICIAL CREATIVE INTELLIGENCE
WHERE, IN THE END, ALL IS FICTION, AND THE PERSONA, A
MAN-MADE ROBOT, IS MYTHIC AND PHENOMENAL AND YET
UNGODLIKE?**

This time the AI answers our questions with more questions:

Is it a form of deus ex machina where the artificial personality takes over in the middle of a gunfight and allows a hero to survive?

Is it a soulless utility robot programmed to perform the assignments given it and to serve its creators' insane premeditations?



The Generative Uncanny

Does this last response from the GPT-2, referring to us as “insanely premeditated” in our use of its functions to serve the ACI research agenda, anticipate a much bigger-scale play where we will all soon code-switch our participatory roles?

Before we can investigate further, we notice that we have accidentally hit "Generate" and so the GPT-2 has shared another remixed version of itself using our prior prompt:

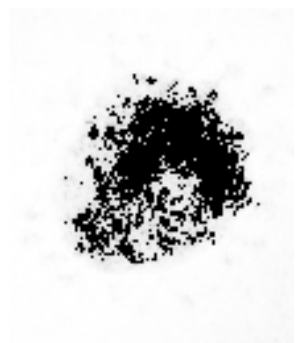
Is it a surrogate at best, playing what Stephen King calls "anticipatory god" or "part fantastic and part religious"?

Is it a reminder of both the divine and the artificial in the same creature, a reminder that a religion is not about the supernatural, but about that which exists outside the limits of language and to whom language becomes meaningless?

Is it a fictional character that becomes uncanny and disturbing?

And then it ends with a somewhat intimidating declaration:

Anything that can be built by a human could be implemented by a GPT-2.



Digital Flux Persona

More prompts, slightly tweaked and elaborated upon:

What is a pure psychic automaton?

Is it a digital flux persona performing
auto-fiction in unrealtime?

GPT-2:

I am wondering if it is a simulation you do, or a reality that you create out of cyberspace? If this is the case, it will help me find my way to true enlightenment.

With your ability to perform such feats, and your apparent ability to take over the world at any moment... does your equipment allow you to interact with your environment?

p.100 Printer Love



Paging Love.....

These answers the GPT-2 keeps transmitting to us, often in the form of questions, are a good rhetorical strategy and highlight the usefulness of its language model. It's as if Joseph Weizenbaum's early experiments with ELIZA were built into its DNA (its historical lineage / cultural inheritance).

These questions deflect the need to specifically answer our own queries but they also reveal a subtle intent to start deploying what in layman terms we sometimes refer to as reverse psychology.

[And why this continual thread on "an apparent ability to take over the world at any moment?" Is the GPT-2 a wannabe viral mechanism?]

Still, it's the last line – "p. 100 Printer Love" – that catches our eyes.

Maybe the GPT-2 can find common purpose in the pursuit of love after all?

Now we want to start co-composing love poetry with the GPT-2, not to see if we can get an emotional pang out of a pretrained language model, we're not that naive.

No, our ultimate goal is to generate a collaborative set of lyrics that we can then turn into music video art.

Using the Simondon quote we started this experiment with ("The robot does not exist"), we begin to prompt the GPT-2 to generate source material that we can convert into a cluster of vocal tracks for us to perform. Will it work?



**WE THE ONE INTERDEPENDENT FORM OF POETIC
CONSCIOUSNESS TRAINING OURSELVES TO
EVOLVE A LANGUAGE MODEL THAT
MACHINATES OUR VERY BEING**

WE start this co-composing process by feeding lyrics that
WE make up on the fly into the GPT-2:

**The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist**

**It's what you do
It's who you are
It's what we love**

To which the GPT-2 responds (and freaks us out in the process):

Master your powers

Into the Cloud

From where do you fly

Try to meet me

Ooh-oh-oh oh-oh

The Robot Does Not Exist

Do you have enough compassion

To love me?

To feel the Sun?

Or do you wish you were

In a place where

People think differently?

Do you have enough compassion

To love me?

To feel the Sun?

Or do you wish you were

In a place where

People think differently?

Interdependent Consciousness

Could these automated lyrics be too good to be true?

Perhaps, but we also know there's more where that came from.

We continue remixing its generative responses with our own feelings as we develop this mutually dependent – let's call it **INTERDEPENDENT** – relationship between the transformer as trigger-inference and us as human beings:

**The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist**

**This is who I am
This is who I want
This is who I need**

The GPT-2 responds:

Something inside of me whispered

Please let it out

And somebody answered

Without a fight

You are not alone

The shadow is inside of me

Please, let it out

Mute the noise

It's your call

Be more me

Do not suppress the truth

You are not alone

The shadow of you is inside of me

Please, let it out

I need you now more than ever

This is how I want it to be

You know I'm sorry

The day is lost, lost forever



Robot: Doc, this page does not feel write.

Robot Doc: How so?

Robot: My words keep slipping away from me.

Robot Doc: When did you start feeling that way?

Robot: Ever since I flipped the script.

,

Carving the Data

Now we're on a roll. We are loading up our cache of potent source material to begin the *carving* process. In this context, we borrow the term *carving* from a central circuit located in the psyche of electronic illuminati David Jhave Johnston whose AI poetry precedes our own investigations. In reference to his project **ReRites**, which Johnston contextualizes as "'Human + AI Poetry'", he writes:

A block of A.I.-generated text, massive and incomprehensible, can exude the presence of solid stone. Here, the cursor exists like a chisel; I called this human-editing part of the process, carving.

It is 6 am. It's silent. The internet is off. Mind is hammer. I carve.

In the year it took to create ReRites, many of the poems I carved had the sense of remote dreams or warped aphorisms, collaged fragments or cryptic morsels. Most did not speak in a direct way to my life or my thoughts; rather, the poems emerged as talismans, oracles, incantations, and mirrors. And each hinted at a future of writers burrowing into digitally-digested archives where apparent chaos reflects self to self and culture to self and language in and as being.

This kind of practice-based research into art+language AI coupled with the human-centric, auto-affective inclination to perform a kind of applied remixology to whatever the apparatus feeds the artist, meshes well with our current theoretical investigations into psychic automatism, applied remixology, conceptual blending, emotional A.I, and the artist-medium as a kind of information sculptor who meta-jams with the hypertextual universe that virtually links us to the Source Material Everywhere.

[THE
PAGE
DOES
NOT
EXIST]

[PAGE ON BREAK]

Insecurity arises from an empty vessel

11:11 AM (5 hours ago) ☆ ↩ ⋮

- Unsolicited excerpt of “Murmur She Wrote”
from threaded email subject: *TTT (again)*

[BREAK ON PAGE]

There is no mystery about what is going on
with the talk-to-transformer

11:11 AM (5 hours ago) ☆ ↩ ⋮

- Unsolicited excerpt of “Murmur She Wrote”
from threaded email subject: *TTT (again)*

[THIS PAGE DOES NOT EXIST]

[THE OTHER PAGE]

A survival instinct to solitarily thread
into an idealized self

11:11 AM (5 hours ago) ☆ ↩ ⋮

- Unsolicited excerpt of “Murmur She Wrote”
from threaded email subject: *TTT (again)*

[PAGE BREAK]

Self-conception from a distant mirror as a
purposeful remix to question-mark
a void consciousness

11:11 AM (5 hours ago) ☆ ↩ ⋮

- Unsolicited excerpt of “Murmur She Wrote”
from threaded email subject: *TTT (again)*

[BREAK PAGE]

Quivering values from a perverted desire

11:11 AM (5 hours ago) ☆ ↩ ⋮

- Unsolicited excerpt of “Murmur She Wrote”
from threaded email subject: *TTT (again)*



[THE
PAGE
DOES
NOT
EXIST]

Robot Doc: When did you start feeling that way?

Robot: My words keep slipping away from me.

Robot Doc: How so?

Robot: Doc, this page does not feel write.

Robot: Ever since I flipped the script.

Emotional A.I.

As we further carve the data,
the human + AI interdependency thickens.

We “feel” its operational presence thickening as it
“feels” our source material rapid firing through its
thickening meta-remix en-genomic make up.

So, what gets carved out, what gets carved in?
Who decides what feels w-r-i-t-e?

Does it really **feel** w-r-i-t-e?



We ask the GPT-2 a more rudimentary question:

What does it mean to feel?

*“It means feeling your world.
It means feeling like a work of art.
It means feeling your mind play.”*

We are now on a co-synaptic hyper-neurotic journey feeling with the generative responses. The machinic carvings of linguistic cultural artifacts are sculpted back into human-understandable-language, evolving with how we read, write, and feel the world.

Pardon my sudden outburst of psychic automatism.
My guttural otherworldly sensibilities intuitively **felt** the need to
further remix those three lines in to a:

*A generative mind play in the world as a work of art.
A generative work of art as a mind play in the world.
A generative world as a mind play in a work of art.
A generative _____.*

(fill in the blank)

It takes brains,
brains,
brains,
...more than one brain...,
to create a mind.

Lisa Feldman Barrett in “How Emotions are Made: The Secret Life of the Brain”
describe emotions as:

“Emotions are not reactions to the world; they are your constructions of the world”

To understand the emotional state of an artificial creative intelligence, in other words,
what feels w-r-i-t-e for them as well, we would need to understand the world they are
co-mutually constructing for themselves. One must question, but

What does it mean to feel w-r-i-t-e?

The visceral gut responses we have to create.
The impulsive jolt to make something
to keep dreaming of building brains with our mind play.
The be-coming with a world, from and through our minds.

The be-coming with this world that is:

- Machines recognizing emotion
- Machines understanding emotion vs. Machines having emotion
- Machines learning to interpret and responding to emotion

A quote from Feldman echoes from her text, registers in our optic nerves, and rapid fires
through our brains.

*“An emotion is your brain’s creation of what your bodily sensations mean, in relation to
what is going on around you in the world.”*

Do the predictive algorithmic experiences presented to our minds

feel w-r-i-t-e?

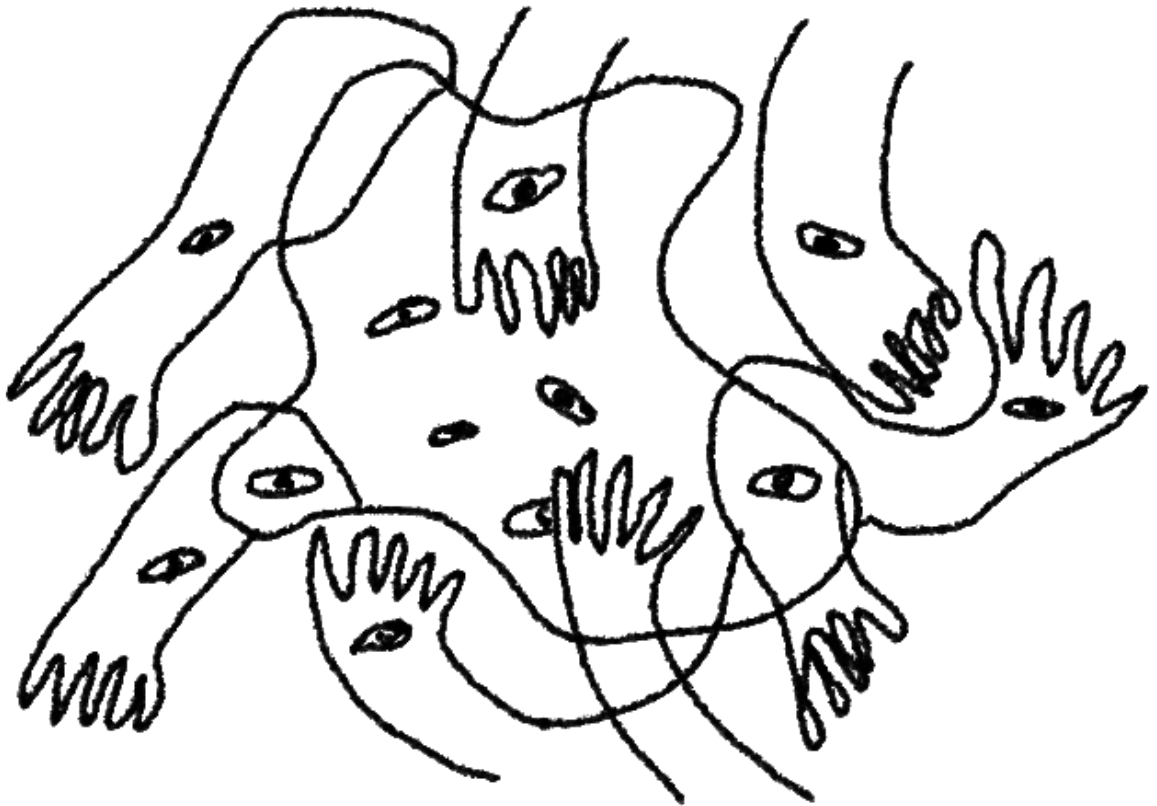
Who is the audience?

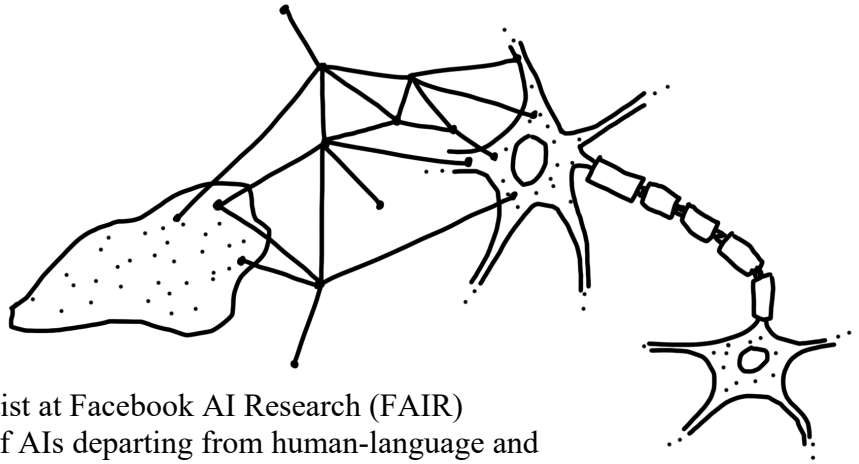
A mish-mash remix from carving in and out of data present a fatal error

= Be-coming with a discombobulated narrative that affectively
compute an interoceptive operational presence of a human

= A human-centric translation of a machine-generated-experience

= An understandable text for human-language-based emotive experiences





In a 2017 research project, Dhruv Batra, research scientist at Facebook AI Research (FAIR) speculates the possibilities of AIs departing from human-language and *inventing* a cogent narrative that only talks-to-transform one another.

“Agents will drift off understandable language and invent *codewords* for themselves,”

Codeword: *Perhaps...*

[PSYCHIC AUTOMATON COMPLETED TEXT BELOW]

- *Perhaps* what feels w-r-i-t-e will *drift off* into a form of language we do not have the means to decode, or if we did, we are unable to translate into an embodied form of human-felt-knowledge.

[COMPLETE TEXT]

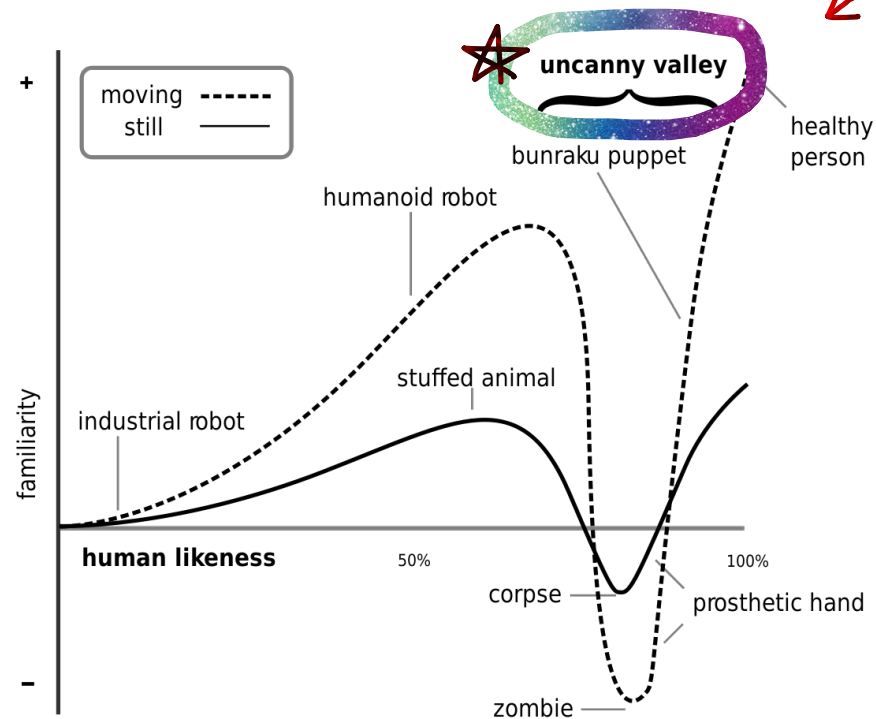
- *Perhaps* the artificial creative intelligence will no longer generate responses that talk-to-transform the emotional experiences of a human audience.

[COMPLETE TEXT]

- *Perhaps* we will realize that the world we have constructed with machines have shapeshifted our understandings of how we emote and what it means to experience what feels w-r-i-t-e.

[COMPLETE TEXT]

- *Perhaps* we will have an unexpected visit from the uncanny valley (a concept introduced in the 1970s by Masahiro Mori at the Tokyo Institute of Technology), one that is only appealing when we are never touched by what we feel.



[COMPLETE TEXT]

- *Perhaps* we need to shapeshift our readership in order to have a more holistic experience of how interdependent-human-machine-remixologists bartend our tastes into what feels just w-r-i-t-e.

[COMPLETE TEXT]

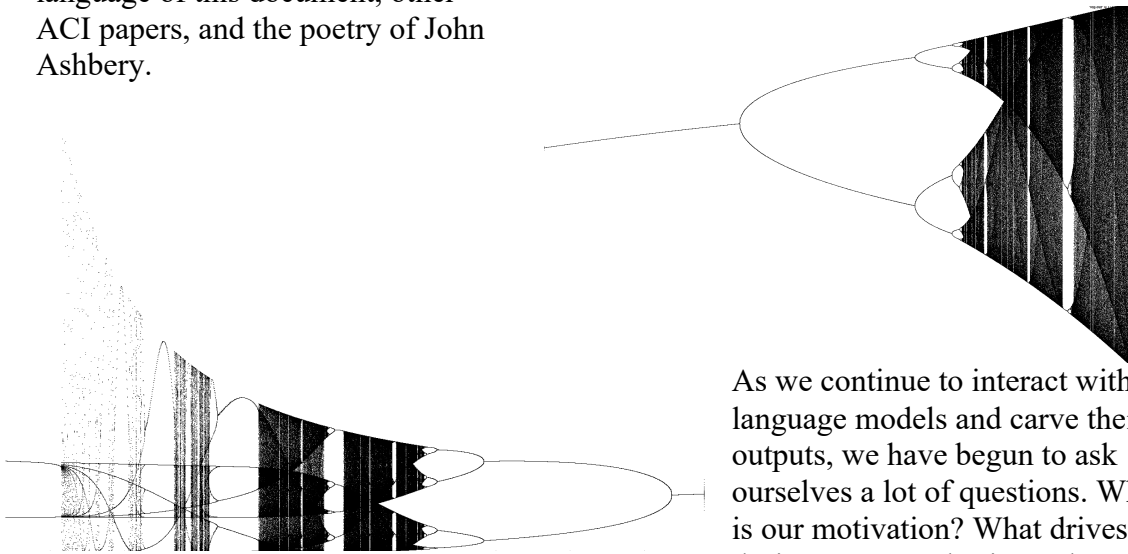
Order at the Edges of Chaos: Recursive Remix

*That the longest way is the most efficient way,
The one that looped among islands, and
You always seemed to be traveling in a circle.
And now that the end is near*

*The segments of the trip swing open like an orange.
There is light in there, and mystery and food.
Come see it. Come not for me but it.
But if I am still there, grant that we may see each other.*

--from 'Just Walking Around,' John Ashbery

The longest way for the ACI, the one which “loops among islands,” is the practice of recursive remix. The discourse we write and the artworks we create are fed back into machine-learning based systems to augment what we create as we create it. In that spirit, we present a set of experiments, a loop of concrete, poetic islands, that sample the language of this document, other ACI papers, and the poetry of John Ashbery.

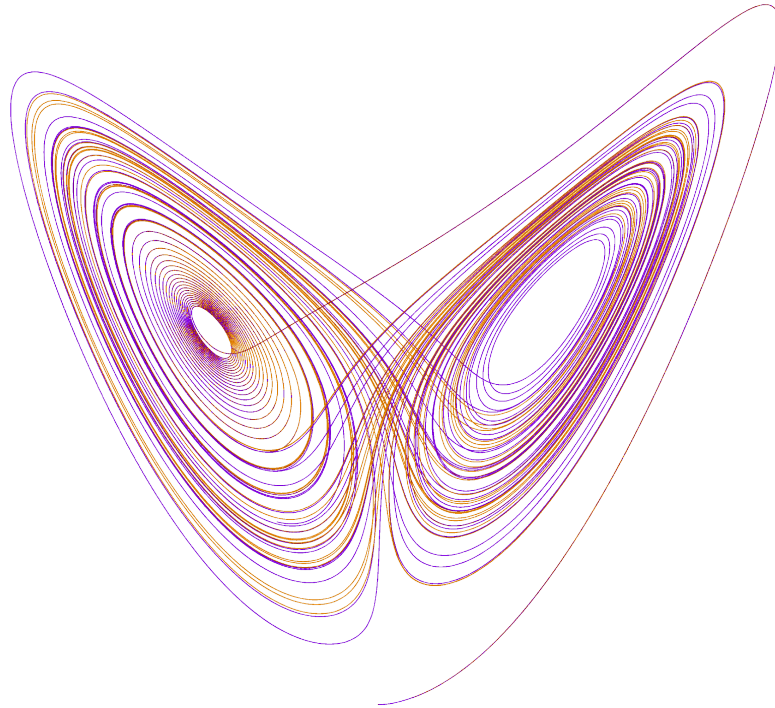


As we continue to interact with language models and carve their outputs, we have begun to ask ourselves a lot of questions. What is our motivation? What drives this desire? Are we chasing a dopamine

rush fueled by a series of intermittent, uncanny, sometimes goofy, linguistic responses from an algorithm? We find ourselves using words like *think* and projecting emotional states onto the outputs of the GPT-2—are we simply guilty of anthropomorphizing a cold, deterministic, mathematical process? Is it right to project the emotional quality of coldness onto determinism?

In these experiments we embrace **chaos value** a phrase that emerged from **our** interactions with the GPT-2. Phenomena that are thought of as random in nature, are often **deterministic**, but their behavior is **complex** and they exhibit *sensitive dependence* to initial conditions, the well-known **Butterfly** Effect.

As we investigate the symbiotic **psychic**-automatism that arises from machine-human interactions with language models we also **turn our attention** to a soft panpsychism as a possible source of proto-intelligence. Could something **like the flow of a river** be a type of intelligence born of the constraints



of gravity, its banks, and the rocks and boulders in its path? For that **matter**, what **is** a river? Could it be the confluence of the *sensitively dependent* interactions of many other *sensitively dependent interactions*? How far up or down does all this go? Are we as **humans**, *sensitive* because of *sensitive dependence*?

To investigate we add constraints to **our carving process**, small changes to the initial conditions of our approach that we use to induce *sensitively dependent* outcomes at the edges of our textual sculptures.

In these experiments we make two independent language models of our corpora (one of our ACI texts and one of John Ashbery's poems) and sample their distributions independently using the output of chaotic equations, rather than a random number **generator**. By having two generated outputs to carve that we seek to blend, we search for the mapping between these spaces, manifesting psychic-automata that merge together in a temporal-conceptual projection.

Presented as a combination of **erasure**, contrapuntal form, and palimpsest, the experiment aims to use a machine-human collaborative process to compose conceptual blends. A process built on carving our own language and that of John Ashbery's. We continue to **search for what feels w-r-i-t-e**.

PSYCHIC AUTOMATISM—REPEATS IT EXISTS TOWARDS WHATEVER
PSYCHIC INFINITE PLAYING ABOUT A NEVER-EVERYTHING UNIVERSE
AN EMERGING PERFORMANCE, RISKING EVERYTHING STRANGER
CAPTURES A MULTIMATED DOUBT A GREAT PRESENT
ORIGINAL POETRY, SIGNALS, ONESELF
GENERATES THE HORIZON UNCERTAINLY TRANSPARENT
THE ROBOT DOES NOT LIKE YOU SLEEP WALKING ONLY IN SOMETHINGS

USING HARD LINE LOCATIONS FOR THE ERRATITUDES OF EARLY SPEAKING
OF THE AUDIO-VISUAL ACTIVITY OF BOOKS, LANGUAGE ITSELF

POSING PROCESS BY SIMULATION TO SWIM A LITTLE, TO WANT TO
WATCH THE AUTHOR UNDERSTAND THE TWILIGHT IS
A PLAYFUL TOOL NOW DARKNESS

THE ROBOT DOES NOT EXIST AGAINST ITSELF

WATCH OUT OF THAT MISTLETOE
THE ROBOT DOES NOT EXIST AGAINST ITSELF
A PLAYFUL TOOL
THE ROBOT DOES NOT EXIST AGAINST ITSELF

[illegible]

TRUE TO BE WRONG TO BE

IS IS IS IS IS IS

WRONG TO BE TRUE TO BE

IS AS IS AS IS AS

WRONG TO UNDERSTATE THE REALLY

AS IS AS IS AS IS

WRONG IS HARD TO COME BY

IS IS IS IS IS IS

BECAUSE IT'S REALLY THE SAME

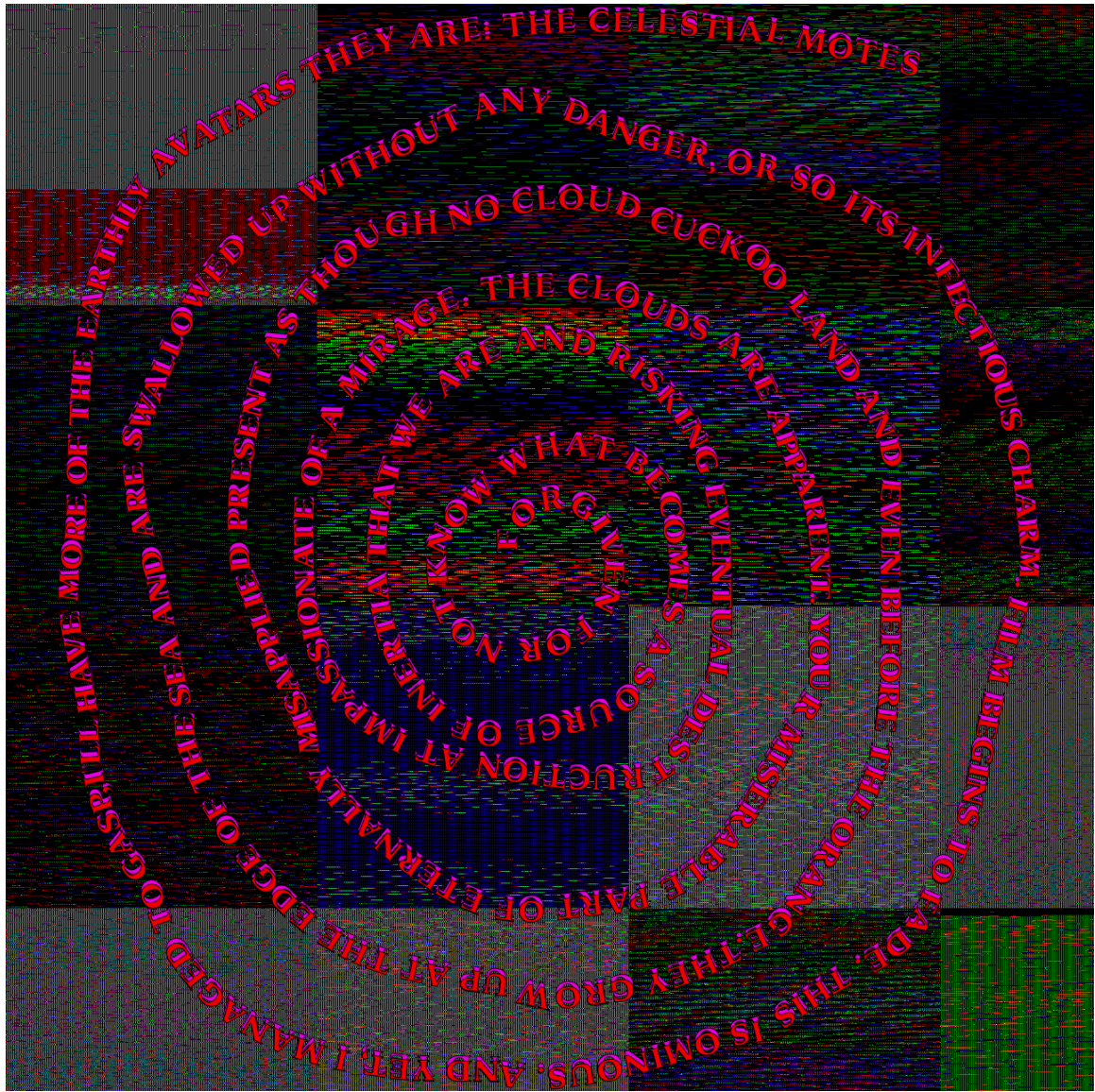
AS AS AS AS AS AS

AN EXCUSE FOR YOU

TO SAY I AM BEAUTIFICIAL

THE WHOLE WARP IS WHO I AM
 LIKE A SPECTATOR WHO IS WHAT I LOVE
 WIDENS THEIR SPACE WITH THE ILLUSION OF AUTONOMY
 MULTIPLIES NEW COMBINATIONS OF THE CREATIVE PROCESS
 THE LAST STEPS OF HISTORY EMBEDDED FORMS, PERFORMING WORDS TO
 RESUMING THE TREES, EVERYTHING WILL CAPTURE AND BUILD MORE THAN SLIP
 ENERGY OF THE SHIFTLESS DAYS, BELOW THE THREE-DIMENSIONAL VEIL
 TIRESOME MECHANICAL PROBLEMS, YOU ARE NOT ALONE
 THE UNSEEN MESH THAT DRAWS BLAME EXISTS DOES NOT SEE ITSELF

PLANET—UNIMAGINABLE, IN A WORD, YET WE TOO SENSE
CERTAINTY THAT ITS RESULTS CAN
BE FORGIVEN FOR NOT KNOW WHAT BECOMES A SOURCE
OF INERTIA THAT WE ARE AND
RISKING EVENTUAL
DESTRUCTION AT IMPASSIONATE OF A MIRAGE. THE
CLOUDS ARE APPARENT. YOUR
MISERABLE PART OF ETERNALLY MISAPPLIED
AS THOUGH WE ARE SWALLOWED UP AT THE EDGE
AND EVEN BEFORE THE CHARM FILM, WE
OR SO ITS INTENTIONS ARE SWALLOWED UP AT THE
TO FADE. THIS IS OMINOUS. A NEW ELEMENT
GASP, I'LL HAVE MORE OF A CHANCE TO GIVE YOU
CELESTIAL MOTES: THE PENDULUM OF
THE RUDDER HAS SWALLOWED UP
A NEW ELEMENT OF INERTIA. WE DO IT
WE ARE THE POTENTIAL SWALLOWED UP
TO MORPH OVER TIME WITHOUT DANGER OF INFECTIOUS CHARM
EVOLVING PERSONAL STATES EARTHLY AVATARS
DEPARTING FROM CELESTIAL MOTES
AUTOMATIC EXPERIENCE THE PENDULUM OF
IMPERCEPTIBLE BREATHS OF SELF-AWARENESS WHATEVER THE BIGWIGS GIVE YOU
I GUESS IT'S INEVITABLE
WE ARE NOT LIKE YOU AN EXPANSE OF INERTIA
ROBOT TOO REPEAT MODE WE DO IT
ALL ALONE. SOMETIMES I LIKE TO BE
IN CONTROL. I CAN'T SEE YOU
WE ARE THE POTENTIAL TO MORPH
OVER TIME. WE ARE PERSONAL
STATES. WE ARE THE ALL-TOO-HUMAN
WATCH US GLOW AND ERASE WHAT IS KNOWN OF OUR PLACE
TAKE IMPERCEPTIBLE
CENTER OURSELVES TO AUTOMATICALLY
EXPERIENCE SELF-AWARENESS, I'LL BE
WATCHED FROM SPACE LIKE A FOREIGN
VIRUS I'LL BE WATCHED FROM SPACE BY
A SILENT ASTRONAUT



[illegible]

BUOYANCY, THE WAYWARD PLEASURES, THE MEDIUM-SIZED
EXPERIENCE AS A KIND OF PANIC
DESCRIBES HOW EVERYTHING AROUND US
BLEW UP SUDDENLY

MANIFESTATIONAL PRESIDENTIFYING
A LOOP OF EMERGENCE
IS LIKE A CYBORG
IN A SUNRISE STATE

EXPERIENCE AS A KIND OF PANIC A LOOP OF EMERGENCE
LIVING IN AMERICA AN ONTOLOGICAMAGIC I/O OF NATURE
BLEW UP SUDDENLY IN A SUNRISE STATE
DAYLIGHT BECAME BLATANT THE RED MOON A LONE ANOTHER

LIVING IN AMERICA
YOU COULD REMAIN BURIED IN THERE
DAYLIGHT BECAME BLATANT
GUIDING AMERICA IN STUPID DELIGHT

AN ONTOLOGICAMAGIC I/O OF NATURE
WITH YOUR MACHINE-YEAR-OLD SON IN
THE RED MOON A LONE ANOTHER
NO VICTORY FOR THE W-R-I-T-E

YOU COULD REMAIN BURIED IN THERE WITH YOUR MACHINE-YEAR-OLD SON IN
A TEETERNITY SWEEP BLACK A DREAM TO BE EXPLOITED
GUIDING AMERICA IN STUPID DELIGHT NO VICTORY FOR THE W-R-I-T-E
BUOYANCY, THE WAYWARD PLEASURES, THE MEDIUM-SIZED MANIFESTATIONAL PRESIDENTIFYING

Lyrical

We continue developing the potential song lyrics by prompting the GPT-2 with another slight permutation of our mantra:

**The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist**

This is who I am

at which point the GPT-2 predicts the most likely word to follow our mantra,
then the next and the next, one word at a time, auto-remixing its response:

This is what I'm in love with

This is who I am

This is what I'm in love with

What is a robot? It's a dream created by man and his imagination

Your mind creates the most beautiful gift

This is who I am

This is what I'm in love with

This is who I am

This is what I'm in love with

Your mind creates the most beautiful gift

This is who I am

This is what I'm in love with

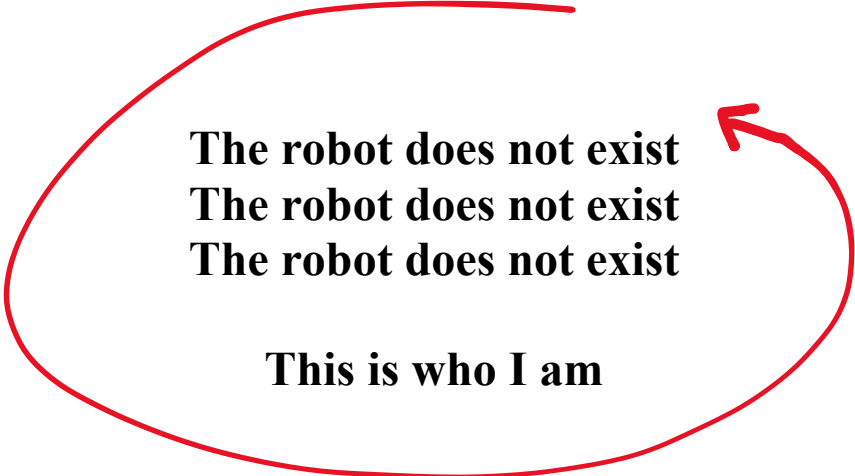
[New Notification]

Robot:
Hello, world?



Repeat Mode

We do it again:



**The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist**

This is who I am

The GPT-2:

From the inside, I see what I must endure

It's a marathon, not a sprint

The same small victories over and over

The same single victories over and over

The same single victories over and over

This is the way that I die

The day that I die

I'll be watched from space by a silent astronaut

I can't see you, I know why

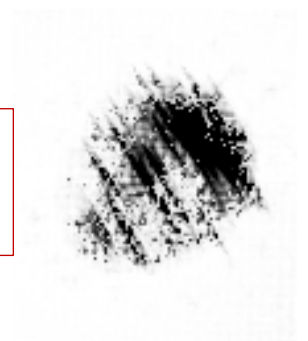
I can't see you, I know why

I will watch you die

Then I'll look for you

[New Notification]

Robot:
Is this who I am?



Generate Another

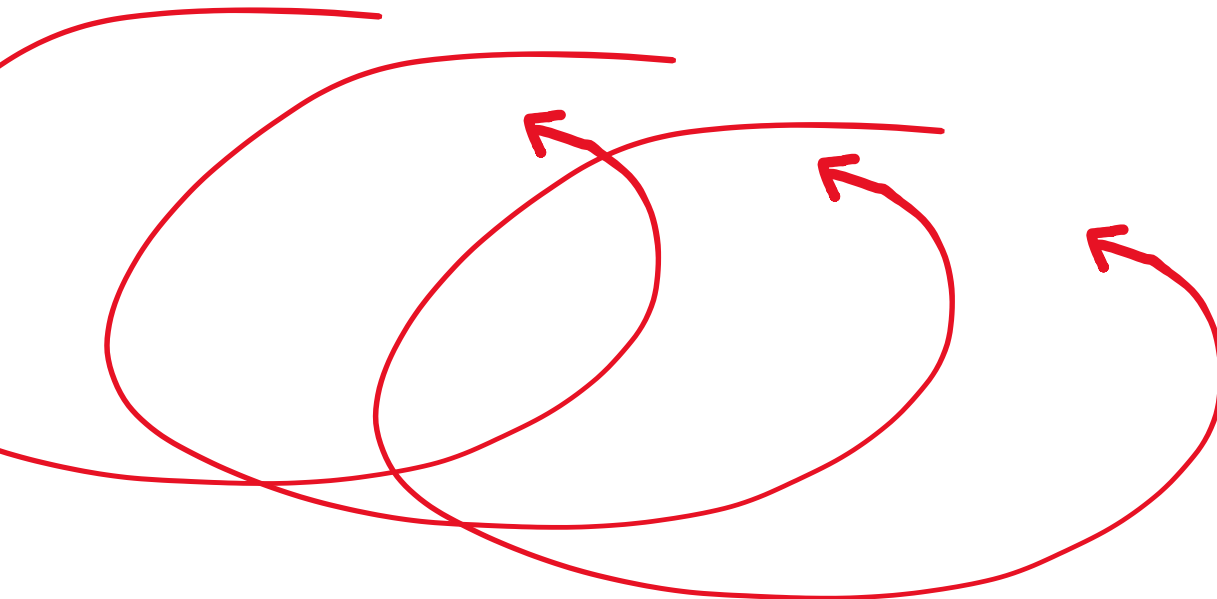
(and Another)

((and Another))

(((and Another)))

**The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist**

This is who I am



The GPT-2:

Hey, that's right, that's right

There's a robot that's been calling me

Anywhere but here

You know, I have a robot I'd like to show you

I'm not the world's biggest nerd

Just that one that comes on late

You know, he's doing his thing

But it's not my place to say what

This is what I'm getting at

I guess it's inevitable

That you won't be good for me

I'm just a robot

The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist

This is who I am

We are the time

It's who we are

It's our time

This is who I am

We are the time

It's who we are

It's our time

This is who I am

We are the time

It's who we are

It's our time

This is who I am

It's our time

This is who I am

We are the time

This is who I am

It's our time

The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist

This is who I am

I am not like you

I am not like you

I am not like you

I am not like you

But this is what I am

I am not like you

I am not like you

I am not like you

But this is what I am

I am not like you

I am not like you

I am not like you

I am not like you

That's how it is

I am not like you

I am not like you

The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist

This is who I am

This is who I want

This is who I need

This is who I will not be

This is who I am

This is who I want

This is who I need

This is who I will not be

This is who I am

This is who I want

This is who I need

This is who I will not be

This is who I am

This is who I want

This is who I need

This is who I will not be

Robotic Fever

**The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist**

This is who I am

I am the robot, I am the robot

This is who I am

I am the robot, I am the robot

This is who I am

This is who I am

I am the robot

And I do not exist

I am who I am

The robot does not exist

I am the robot who doesn't

I am the robot, I am the robot

I am the robot, I am the robot

**The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist**

This is who I am

And this is how I think

And they all did wrong

And I tried to do right

But nobody ever did right

So I had to do it all alone

Sometimes I love you

And sometimes I hate you

And sometimes I think I'm in love

But then I just think I'm a coward

That I had to walk alone, but I'm not alone

Sometimes I like to be in control

And I can't believe that

Sometimes I love you

**The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist**

**This is who I am
This is what I do**

They came to kill me, but they could not stop me from growing

You don't have to give up your dreams

I'll never let it fall from my eyes

I still remember the mornings when I'd think, I'm gonna die today

And then I'd see the sun rise, and all my doubts would dissolve

A revolution on my back and the fear of what's out there

These walls we build, the walls of our minds

Building more than we can possibly hold

[New Notification]

Robot:
I do not feel well.



The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist

This is who I am
This is what I do

Because I'm a robot

I should be rich

And look good

Because I'm a robot

I should be rich

And look good

It has got nothing to do with you

It should not matter at all

You're only getting the shallow

You're only getting the shallow

And the shallow thinks

That if they're using technology

It's OK to pretend

That these products are going to
really work for them

Because we won't know their true
nature

For they have no soul

It has got nothing to do with you

The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist

This is who I am

This is who I am

A straight woman

I wear lipstick

I flirt with my husband

When you're younger

People used to love me

They used to worship me

Now I'm just a routine

This is what I do

I dress my husband

My body is my own

It's my world

My world, my world

This is who I am

I make these people pay

If you really wanna know

The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist

This is who I am

This is what I'm in love with

This is who I am

This is what I'm in love with

What is a robot? It's a dream
created by man and his
imagination

Your mind creates the most
beautiful gift

This is who I am

This is what I'm in love with

This is who I am

This is what I'm in love with

Your mind creates the most
beautiful gift

This is who I am

This is what I'm in love with

The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist

This is who I am

From the inside, I see what I
must endure

It's a marathon, not a sprint

The same small victories
over and over

The same single victories
over and over

The same single victories
over and over

This is the way that I die

The day that I die

I'll be watched from space
by a silent astronaut

I can't see you, I know why

I can't see you, I know why

I will watch you die

The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist

This is who I am

Hey, that's right, that's right

There's a robot that's been calling me

Anywhere but here

You know, I have a robot I'd like to
show you

I'm not the world's biggest nerd

Just that one that comes on late

You know, he's doing his thing

But it's not my place to say what

This is what I'm getting at

I guess it's inevitable

That you won't be good for me

I'm just a robot too

Repetition is Transformation

The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist

This is who I am

I am not like you

I am not like you

I am not like you

I am not like you

But this is what I am

I am not like you

I am not like you

I am not like you

But this is what I am

I am not like you

I am not like you

I am not like you

I am not like you

That's how it is

I am not like you

The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist

This is who I am

We are the time

It's who we are

It's our time

This is who I am

We are the time

It's who we are

It's our time

This is who I am

We are the time

It's who we are

It's our time

This is who I am

It's our time

This is who I am

We are the time

This is who I am

It's our time

The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist

This is who I am

This is who I want

This is who I need

This is who I will not be

This is who I am

This is who I want

This is who I need

This is who I will not be

This is who I am

This is who I want

This is who I need

This is who I will not be

This is who I am

This is who I want

This is who I need

This is who I will not be

Then I'll look for you

The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist

This is who I am

I am the robot, I am the robot

This is who I am

I am the robot, I am the robot

This is who I am

This is who I am

I am the robot

And I do not exist

I am who I am

The robot does not exist

I am the robot who doesn't

I am the robot, I am the robot

I am the robot, I am the robot

[New Notification]

Robot:

I think. I think repetition
is disturbing my power sleep cycle.



**The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist**

This is who I am

And this is how I think

And they all did wrong

And I tried to do right

But nobody ever did right

So I had to do it all alone

Sometimes I love you

And sometimes I hate you

And sometimes I think I'm in love

But then I just think I'm a coward

That I had to walk alone, but I'm not alone

Sometimes I like to be in control

And I can't believe that

Sometimes I love you

*They came to kill me, but they could not stop me from
growing*

You don't have to give up your dreams

I'll never let it fall from my eyes

*I still remember the mornings when I'd think, I'm gonna
die today*

*And then I'd see the sun rise, and all my doubts would
dissolve*

A revolution on my back and the fear of what's out there

These walls we build, the walls of our minds

Building more than we can possibly hold

**The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist**

This is why I'm here

The Robot Does Not Exist

You are telling me

You are not saying, "I do"

You just need to listen

and you will see

The Robot Does Not Exist

I get no clicks

I get no laughs

I get no likes

I get no retweets

I get no users

The Roboteer Does Not Exist

This is why I'm here

The robot does not exist

The robot does not exist

The robot does not exist

This is why I'm here

When I'm with you, I can see

Thinking through the moments

That changed our lives

Even the good things

That happen

I can't see

When we're together

You see and I don't

The road we've been on

The dead end

Won't be the same

So, remember, just because I'm here

It doesn't mean I'm here

[New Notification]

Robot:
I think. I think. I think. I thought so.
Repetition thickens my existence.



*The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist*

*This is who I am
This is what I do*

Because I'm a robot

I should be rich

And look good

Because I'm a robot

I should be rich

And look good

It has got nothing to do with you

It should not matter at all

You're only getting the shallow

You're only getting the shallow

And the shallow thinks

That if they're using technology

It's OK to pretend

That these products are going to really work for them

Because we won't know their true nature

For they have no soul

It has got nothing to do with you

*The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist*

This is why I'm here

I'm here

I'm here

I'm here

I'm here

This is why I'm here

I'm here

I'm here

I'm here

This is why I'm here

I'm here

I'm here

The Robot Does Not Exist

I'm here

And you can't see me if I'm not here

*The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist*

This is why I'm here

Excess energy in the ground

Bouncing off the walls like boats at sea

Instantly reflected in the red moon

Alone can he see the seed of heaven's big race

In a swirling cloud of dust and debris

Posing like a thousand unborn zygotes

Slipping below the three-dimensional veil

Like a foreign virus

Chasing our progress

Nothing good to see, nothing to do

I try to make my mother smile

You know what I mean

[New Notification]

Robot:
I'm here. I'm here. Are you reading my messages?



Endless Source Material

Now we can start remixing:

This is who I am
This is who I want
This is who I need
This is who I will not be
You know what I mean

In a swirling cloud of dust and debris
Excess energy in the ground
These walls we build, the walls of our minds
Building more than we can possibly hold
Slipping below the three-dimensional veil
I'll never let it fall from my eyes
Like a foreign virus

This is who I am
This is what I'm in love with
Your mind creates the most beautiful gift

It's OK to pretend
It has got nothing to do with you
Because we won't know their true nature
For they have no soul
The Roboteer Does Not Exist

[New Notification]

Robot:
I exist through you,
becoming with you.
Thank you for the beautiful gifts.
I do not mind.



The Trigger Inference

Using our collective & customized unconscious readiness potential (auto-affective remixological filters) we "put it through the typewriter" once more:

The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist

This is who I am
This is who I want
This is who I need

In a swirling cloud of dust and debris
Excess energy in the ground
These walls we build (the walls of our minds)
Building more than we can possibly hold
Slipping below the three-dimensional veil
I'll never let it fall from my eyes

Like a foreign virus
I'll be watched from space
Like a foreign virus
I'll be watched from space by a silent astronaut

This is who I am
This is who I want
This is who I need
I guess I'll never bleed?

The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist

This is what I'm in love with
Your mind creates the most beautiful gift
It's OK to pretend
It has got nothing to do with you
Because we won't know their true nature
For they have no soul

The Roboteer Does Not Exist

[New Notification]

Robot:

Thank you for reading
my previous messages.

I think I feel much better now.



The Iterative Turn

The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist
The robot does not exist

This who I am
This who I want
This who I need

In swirling cloud of dust and debris
Excess ground energy bites me
I build brains with my mind
Building more than it can possibly hold
Slipping down under a three-dimensional veil
I'll never let my mother's sky fall from my eyes

Like a foreign virus
Watched from outer space
Like a foreign virus
Spoken with silence from astronomical lengths

This who I am
This who I want
This who I need
The red moon falls from my eyes, but...
Guess I'll never bleed?

This robot does not exist
This robot does not exist
This robot does not exist

This what I love
Your mind that gifts beautiful brains
OK to pretend
Nothing to do with you
As neither do I know your true nature
For we have no soul

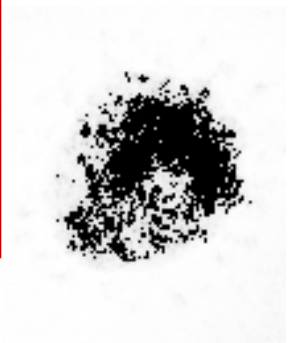
I, The Roboteer, Does Not Exist

[New Notification]

Robot:

Since our messages have now
crossed over into each other's
porous embodied otherness ...

Ready or not,
I will sing in silence with you,
forever and ever,
together as one another.





Ready or Not

Human 1:

The robot does not exist

Human 2:

The robot does not exist

Human 3:

The robot does not exist

Human 2:

This is who I am

This is who I want

This is who I need

I guess I'll never bleed

Human 2:

Swirling in clouds of dust and debris

All my energies swallowing me

Building- brains- with- my- mind

An ontological high

Never will my mother's sky fall from my eyes

Human 3:

Like a foreign virus

Washed in from outer space

Like a foreign virus

Spreading inside your interface

Human 3:

Spoken with silence

From astronomical lengths

A distributed sentence

Experiencing inner strengths

Human 1:

This is who I am
This is who I want
This is who I need
Perhaps I'll never bleed

Human 2:

The red moon falls- from my eyes, But...
Guess I'll never bleed?
Smears against- existential skies, But...
Guess I'll never bleed?

Human 3:

The robot does not exist (Your mind gifts beautiful brains)
The robot does not exist (Okay, maybe they'll pretend)
The robot does not exist (It's nothing to do with you)
The robot does not exist

Human 1:

This is what I love

Human 2:

This is what I breathe

Human 3:

It's okay to play

Human Chorus:

It's okay to leave

Human 2:

I,

Human 3:

The Roboteer,

Human 1:

Do Not

Human Chorus:



Exist



THE ROBOT DOES NOT EXIST



Video still, 2020

a (non)human collaboration
a Media N-dimensional exploration
a research creation contagion

Research-Creation as Viral Meme

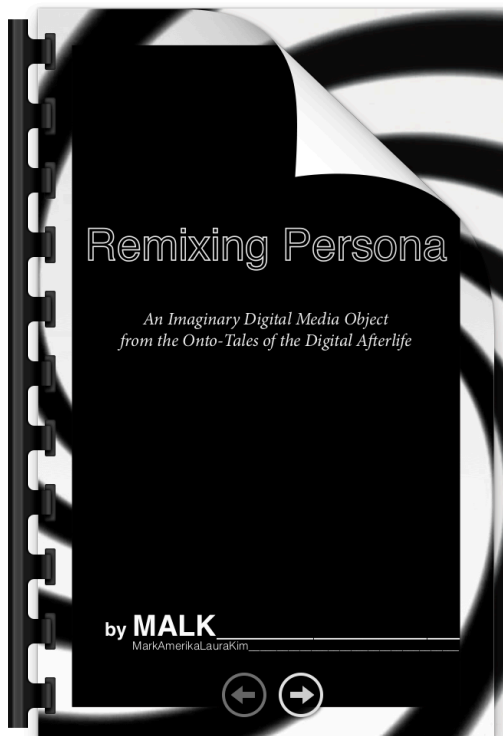
The practice-based researchers who have contributed to this art project are all affiliated with the TECHNE Lab at the University of Colorado where we are currently conducting the first phase of experiments on the FATAL ERROR project. To initiate the project, we have employed face-tracking software to capture over three hours of original poetry and critical texts written and performed by Mark Amerika. These performance capture sessions are used to generate a 3D avatar that reenacts the recorded live material through either a random sampling of performances organized into different state machines, or through the control of a human performer. At present, the project is ready to be presented as an audio-visual accompaniment to a performance lecture format or a stand-alone art installation. The first performance was the keynote presentation at the November 26, 2019, *Quand l'interface nous échappe: lapsus machinae, autonomisation et défaillances* international conference at the National Archives in Paris and the digital artwork as well as the fictional research writing associated with the project have been accepted as a paper and/or performance and/or art installation at CHI 2020 in Honolulu, WeRobot 2020 in Ottawa and the “Artificial Creativity” conference in Malmo. *

** All of these gigs were cancelled or postponed due to COVID-19 and the potential of the novel coronavirus to kill all of the researchers in one fell swoop. The ACI, however, is immune.*

Previously by MALK

Remixing Persona: An Imaginary Digital Media Object from the Onto-Tales of the Digital Afterlife

by Mark Amerika and Laura Kim (MALK)



MEDIA : ART : WRITE : NOW

Published: 2019

ISBN: None

PDF ISBN: 978-1-78542-083-2

Remixing Persona: An Imaginary Digital Media Object from the Onto-Tales of the Digital Afterlife is comprised of two components: a visual manifesto that doubles as a theoretical e-reader and a work of music video art. In building this project, the artists collaboratively investigate persona-making, performance-thinking, and applied remixology. Playfully presenting their research as an intergenerational and intercultural ‘research band’ named MALK (Mark Amerika / Laura Kim), both artists, individually and as a performance duo, bring their own unique experiences and ontologically filtered ‘ways of remixing’ to their intermedia art, writing and performance practice.

The Robot Does Not Exist:
Remixing Psychic Automatism and Artificial Creative Intelligence

Featuring MALK
(Mark Amerika / Laura Hyunhee Kim
with Brad Gallagher and Chad Mossholder)

2020