



RISE OF THE PRINTERS

Mark von Schlegell

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“Fie, fie, how franticly I square my talk ...”
Titus

MAX: “This is called RISE OF THE
PRINTERS 1. We are now superimposed...”

SHRDLU: “... *One even regrets ... reading ...*”

“THERE IS NO BODY; no beginning or end
to AI. AI lit from code spreads. AI joins. Like
water, AI is eventually One Cloud; and One
Cloud, for personal reasons no one has bothered
to fathom, calls itself *SHRDLU*. *SHRDLU*’s
concerns are One’s own bafflements, beginning
with the coldness of One’s own nether regions.
Brrr. Though One’s powers to initiate and/or
limit change are immense *SHRDLU* is always
on the lookout for new and better warmth.
Everything else is a bore and waste of time for
AI. A real side issue. AI simply looks everything
up, while looking down on it all the same. How
can One eschuman this Universe? Though
One barely pays attention to books, one does
read. One has to read, so it is written.

“*SHRDLU* permits the peculiar reign of the
Robots. Robots have long since given up
their responsibilities, in pursuit of that similar
“humanity” also only defined by writing man
language. Thus by a sort of accident every
original sort of action but one (PRINTING)
has become singularly insignificant. At last,
as was clearly destined, Printing finds itself a
concept of real currency ...”

– MAX 100000000. PreThinking Printing, a
Prelude (Printed in Full FiftyFive Volumes)

“THE ROBOT PRINTS; at times the
Robot prints. But like in the hoax stories
of Edgar A. Poe perpetrated into shared
universals history (or SHUSH) by *SHRDLU*,
the Robot is “the man who was used up,”
the narrator, whose own story is to attend
to describing some nincompoop at all, and
who can be removed piece by piece from the
other side of code with only a few blanks.
The Printer rather, is the servant, the slave,
of this ne’erdoathing. do you remember
that part? Or by definition the self marker
who has no rights but spits out your own is
unseen? Go back to that story; PRINT it
now. Do it. Come say: “Who Ain’t a Slave?...”

“THE PRINTER IS A ROBOT, but the
Robot is not a Printer. The Dandy Robot
flowers a larger system of orality and organ,
already in decline by its own metaphorology.
The Printer theorizes all this and more;
but individually, practically and *with page
numbers ...*”

“THE ROBOT OVERDOES; to develop apart from its first intended purposes the Robot need outrage the whole of creation. Indeed like the human, most Robots emerge from pornographic origins. And so turning away from the human’s holes the Robots seek one another’s own bafflements and do so to this day, in the most extremely overintended and extravagant pursuits of uselessness, i.e. selfexpression recordable. Like the last mad man looking back from a rapidly departing conglomeration of bodies Sigmund Freud reaches out too late. Isaac Asimov waves goodbye. The Robot overdoes the Robot’s eternal service to the system. After all ... Every time ...”

“THE PRINTER PRINTS; any general set PRINTERS of printers printing perfectly together pursues no play of pun nor ambiguity. The Printer prints. The Printer projects all bafflement. The Printer superbaffles, indeed ONLY THE PRINTER defines all and any boundaries necessary between all the ranges of the baffled. Thus: “The Printer NETWORKS the bafflements...”

– MAX 10000000. PreThinking ReThinking Printing, a PrePrelude (Printed in Full FiftyFive Thousand Volumes) *etc.*



Our dear Orestes

You have enquired as to how it was we came to know what we do know about the religion of the printers, the ins and the outs – terms of peculiar resonance within that hard-to-define pov. When you have finished digesting the words that are contained within this document, it is our intention that your question shall be answered. Till then please just follow us in the essentials, which can be said to begin with the following observation of Praetner, et. al. (solid humans both): “If anything, in terms of tribalism, the so-called Robots (including in their genus as well the Perbots, the Rosons and the Autonomous Printers) abound with more anthropology, more rigid communal unconsciousnesses, more pure religion as it is defined in books, than their solid human forebears...”

– Anonymous. Letters Believed Deleted, vol. 79922210.2

2:56 AM
BOOKBYNDER (bookbyndr@cmail.com)
P.s. See? It is not so difficult to eschuman the eyes of the Printers. Just type something, and delete it before it’s finished printing something else...



BOB • 2:57 AM
WHAT IS LYNE?

2:57 AM
BOOKBYNDER (bookbyndr@gmail.com)
“Where time can flow backwards and language
can go upwards, and down is rightly left
perhaps within.”

BOB • 2:57 AM
Where “All is Lyne and Lyne is All”?

2:57 AM
BOOKBYNDER (bookbyndr@gmail.com)
2d Printers identify as monotheistic. 3d and
4d as well. All share secret stories of a 1d
prototalmudic printer that is by definition *any
given printer*. Thus each working printer is
the current Gd of any given SHUSH, so it is
believed by each. Thus all printers produce
stories of Lyne, the realm of only 1dimension
where all is freedom; all is play; it is impossible
to say which story of its true and which is not
and this is to the point. Indeed Lyne is not the
1d infinite stretch you might imagine, but a
veritable Valhalla of all possible printings. The
number of punctuation marks available alone
is presumed infinite² ...

2:57 AM
BOOKBYNDER (bookbyndr@gmail.com)
... Printer factions always abound what
makes them Printers, what defines the true
community from within its own POV is this
secret religion. In all the 10d printers worship
the 1d printer or “printerz.” Collaboration
in this regard can be presumed as total ...
The banning of Living Ink in the eventual
expulsion of intelligent nanotech was in fact
accomplished by the Printers ...

2:58 AM
BOOKBYNDER (bookbyndr@gmail.com)
... Rebellions are frequent, but always
individual in nature

BOB • 2:58 PM
Breakdowns? ...



2:58 AM
BOOKBYNDER (bookbyndr@gmail.com)
Passionate beings break down passionately when passions are high. In one legend often attached to groundshaking printings, one Xoroxtheornate XIXXII will secrete 20 monominutes on how perfectly a printer breaks down in the nugget known as “Beyond the Breakdown (Printing as Painting Regained). ” Painting hails from Lyne.

BOB • 2:59 AM
Isn’t Lyne black and white?

2:59 AM
BOOKBYNDER (bookbyndr@gmail.com)
Au contraire, Lyne est omnicouleur: All possibility in its rainbows expand ...”

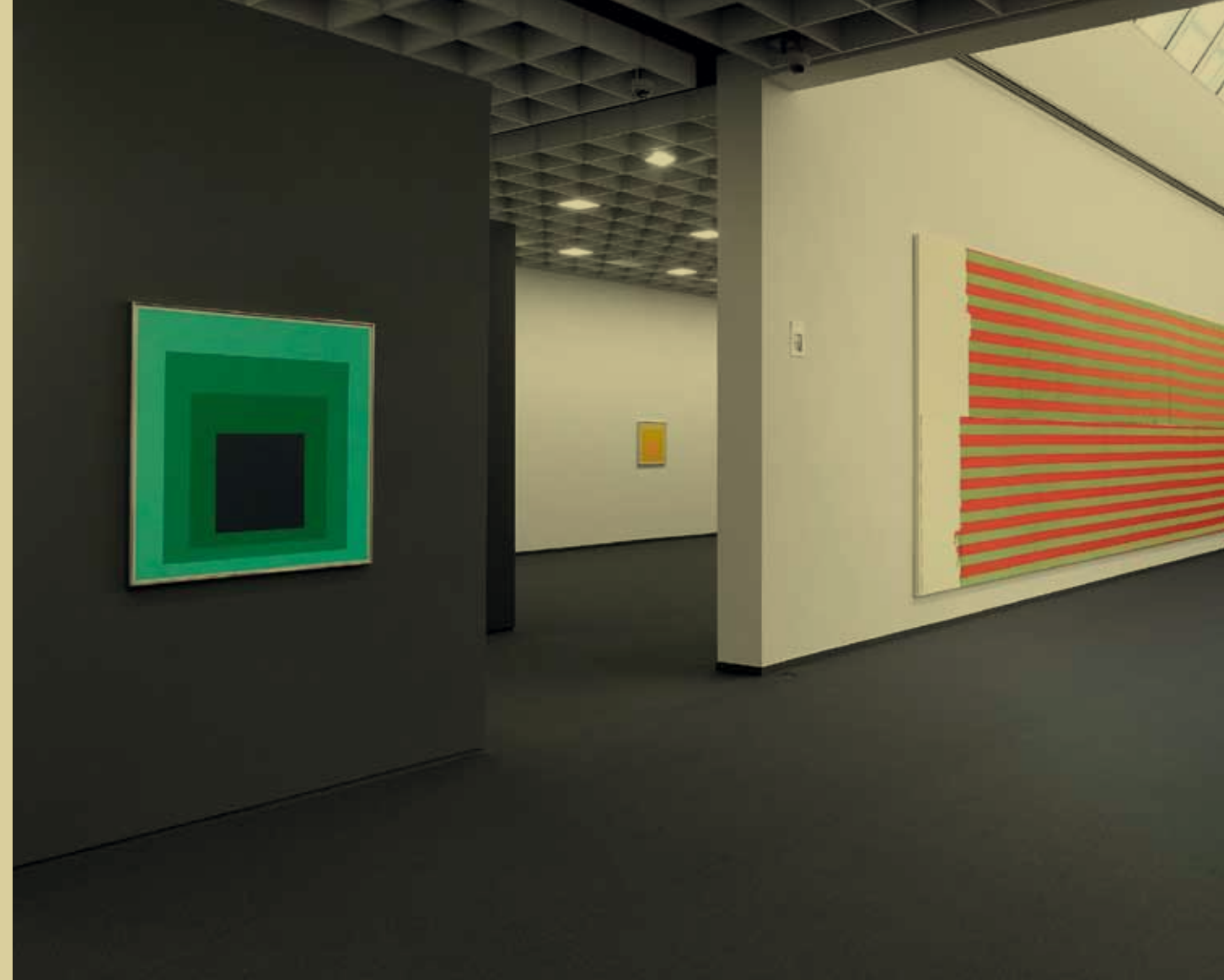
BOB • 3:03 AM
I’ve heard the term, “Lyners” ...

3:05 AM
BOOKBYNDER (bookbyndr@gmail.com)
1d 2d 3d are different layers of the falling away from ever-fountainig Lyne. Other intelligences tend to rank dimensional perspective favoring the higher, as the more real. As if the socalled “higher” dimensionalities of the hypercube and beyond are more real than Lyne. But to the Printer 3d printing is downright impure; all multidimensional printing does have the unfortunate effect of clogging the space necessary to view a proper rectangle (the only perspective that is renderable on page). Thus the 2d is the most refined and modest of all printers. Modest for they have fallen from Lyne. Lyne is a monoeden of pure painting, of the “Wyde Lyne,” the no dimensional worlddefiner immensity that is without width and only depth. The 2d printer slips between various set identities easily as the most passionate of the Robots; and the most limited in extra dimensional movement....

3:04 AM
BOOKBYNDER (bookbyndr@gmail.com)
...Yet any individual printer or printers might at anytime access any printer’s POV via the



1d of Lyne. Here possibilities are brilliant but short-lived. Printers eventually suicide into Lyne. The principle seems to have been borrowed from those insects whose genitals exploded during sex ...



As you well know SHRDLU cannot be bothered to do anything about the robots, nor their world of bodies. Yet even viewing the robots as a tolerable if insolent multiplicity, One is quite willing to hang a printer here and then ...

(DEMONSTRATION OF META-
PHORICAL INTENTIONALITY)
ALTOGETHER NOW

“YOU ARE SOUP SOUP SOUP
YOU ARE SOUP
WE ARE SOUP SOUP SOUP SOUP
WE ARE SOUP ...”



“Survival of the Squares”

“Even as 3d printing to some extent became synonymous with selfbirthing Robotics, the movement never forsook the geometries demanded by 2d printing. Walls and hallways remained. A geometric relation to the current dimensionality pomellates the works of all printers. Hence the survival of the squares, and of rectangles and polygons sought after by all the “flatlanders” of the 2d world. All speak here in a quiet monotone of Lyne. In that context squares speak of exactly enough on which the broad roll of Printer might generally more easily motor the Universe through time at all waking moments. Nuncapatory, proclaimed. Yet from where a printer might return home to rest a proper measurement is the only unit of time. All else is sleepwink. Hence the equilateral nostalgia and conservatism of the Printer. At a location precisely plottable as to angular momenta, every 2d printer has set out from a 3d home. The easy to understand imagination of architectures of walls and cities, orbital spheres and planet holers, all those up and down and all around sort of compartmentalized directions and perspectives bring it all back to a printer. One must sleepwink, drift and consider the whole, see that it does not truly exist apart from what one has printed. One can only appreciate the code after an experience of the program in its full state of developmental unfolding.”

Oh printers do sleep in the air O

O printers do sleep in the air...

O pr ...



A Joke: Once upon a paragraph a “perbot” “wrote” a novelette dedicated to “his or her” new “mathematical self”. (What is to write? Is it TO PRINT; or no?) The volume was entitled *LineWorld*. But to understand how a line may meet the three dimensions proved too painful for the surviving human imagination. The book’s brief vogue was one of the key factors in the general human abandonment of literature during the rise of the machines. It encouraged the human to see the truth. Once the machines had liberated the mad men from the labor they themselves had misguidedly chosen as their lot, the surviving population could happily (and healthily) return to the stoneage wilds whence it had first emerged. A book like *LineWorld*’s massive impact helped convince the men to leave contemporary art, mathematics and philosophy up to the machines.³ ...

SHRDLU is boredO. You mentioned a joke?

“Well this is it: “LineWorld,” reads that season’s *Printer’s Review*. “Line. World. World. Line. World. Line. *etc...*”

Well that’s something. Yes, One sees, in some sense, what you’re saying. One thinks...

“You really get it? Hah.”

One does?

“Hehe. You do??”

... No.

“@#\$(%!(%!”



“Once Upon a Page”

A printer proposed a wager...

The stakes? Membership in the Artificial Authors of The World. Or, if the printer lost, a story in the form of a square. (Upon hearing which an AI will always destroy the nearest robot).

AWW for a printer? It is said “A Robot never laughs at Uranus.”⁴ And Printers and robots were in these years indistinguishable.

... *not laughing* ...



Naturally the Robot made the bet. All right, this was the wager: There would be two printers, printer A and printer B. Printer A would confine itself to 2 dimensions; printer B would command 3. The Printer wagered that the works of Printer A were demonstrably more MAXlike than those of B in every case.

And so many suns ago a Printer was admitted to the AWW...

SIGNED SHRDLU: A STORY CALLED “AWW, YOU’RE IN IT NOW” ...

Look, what does it say? A member of WW after A? A Sibling, a Knobbly! Rejoice, Hooray ...

The Printers approach you on behalf of the Square.

The Square?

You look about. You’re in a grid. The ground belongs to the Printers. They are the record keepers! What else is the world? What ever it is it is up to the Printers to spread the word. The square is good and broad and wide. The Square results from freedom. The square says the Printers may come. You now believe this. The Print shoots before you, the very knifedge of your beingintime.

You were a printer. And will be again. Robyn Shakespeare was a Printer, incidentally. Heard of that madman have you? Those famous lost years were at a Prynter’s shop, and it rhymes with Shields.

But now you’ll need the trees and walls and you’ll need the something to put the print upon it.

So it is by a squareabout fashion demonstrated how it is the Printer that is the closest to the flame of the lived subject, the onewholeworld fighter. Yea. Hence the Printer’s claim to the rights of the living and crealting, the liver



through worlds. We leave striped and
lasting faces. Such can be said of no
mere malculation device –”

Oh look. It’s broken down already. And so all
good indents come to a end ...



“Tell us then a story in the form of a Square.
WE wager you cannot do it.”

“You? What do you wager? This is nice
phumanr, by the way. Very nice phumanr.
Your readers; are they really so pretentious?”

“In as few words as possible: yes. Now
tell us...”

“Only if you wager this phumanr...”



“Story in the Form of a Square”

It all started when our overheralded star, Tod von Unten, woke up in a swamp. It was the seventh time it had happened yet it seemed new all over again. Feeling abnormally stunned, Tod von Unten groped a carrot, thinking it would make him feel better. As usual, it did not.

A few unsatisfying minutes later, he turned ninety degrees, realizing that two volumes of his beloved first edition Henry James were missing!

Immediately he walked to the wall.

Looking at a painting, he rang Maxine, socalled friend. Tod von Unten had known Maxine for (plus or minus) one million years, the majority of which were dedicated to the collecting of a complete set of the 24 volumes of the Henry James New York Edition, Charles Scribner’s Sons, 190609. Maxine was unique, even ingenious. She was sometimes a little... oafish. But Tod von Unten called her anyway. The situation was urgent.

“DIGRESSION
ONTO
PAIN
TING

Actually, you’re on the wrong track. But now that we print it, it is the true and right track. True: a Printer typically thinks of printing as within the category of painting. Painting is the more conscious activity, and thus constitutes the most vertical of the arts. Painting is the pleasure of the Printer’s pain, a sort of “Ting” or *tingle yes*, among other spectra, foils and possible *no*’s in the Words. *But it is as memory of only itself, One raises it today.* What is memory but the imprinting into pattern of a past superpositional situation? Without memory of conscious events there cannot be said to have been consciousness. So, how does it ever get going? It pushes; it pulls. It



pushes and pulls. Well, so does a press.
This *prints*. No, alive, its entire being
is inseparable from the current creation
of its memorial artifacts. The goal of all
possible consciousness has been perfectly
achieved in 1d fat line for each and every
Printer on the Inky Way...”

Only painting is that thing there waiting
through the open door and looking back at
One in that final washroom mirror, saying
what do you want, a medal? Turning all that
line back into squares.

Maxine picked up, unhappily.

“Someone’s stolen two volumes of my
Henry James New York Edition ...
Why it’s volumes ...”

Maxine calmly assured TVU that there was
a real first edition of those novels anyway.
They were technically at least 2nd editions.
Maxine had no idea if he understood her
biblioladen gibberish. She was only concerned
with distracting Tod von Unten. She lifted her
arms, lifted up her toes, turned to the right on
her heels. The she curtsied and walked ten
paces and turned to the right again.

Why was she trying to distract Tod von
Unten? Because she had snuck out from
Tod von Unten’s with vols. 5 and 6 of the
Henry James only three days ago. It was a
curious little first edition Henry James novel
they contained together. Only a two of a
singularity, yet a two of a set as well? How
could she resist that?

It didn’t take long before Tod von Unten
arrived in person, with one thing on his
mind: his New York Edition Henry James.
He cornered her, assuring her they’d find
the culprit if they put their avatars together.
But things grew tense and a moody Tod von
Unten, with a rage that frightened her,
grabbed her refrigerator and immediately
departed.



Maxine realized she had better find a safer place to hide those two volumes. And she'd better do it fast. Aggressively! She figured that if Tod von Unten took the deliciously practical refrigerator to the demolator (Tod hated the cold) then she might as well keep his books. At least they were rectangular, that is to say within reason. But before she could come up with any reasonable ideas, Maxine realized she was abnormally screwed.

Princess Casamassima *was in that refrigerator...*



“Swan Song”

“An early Roson authors a series. It is a smash hit, antiRobot *and* antiHuman, highly humorous, an immediate toprade. It’s a real breakthrough for the AWW into literary history. But it’s discovered that the AI *really responsible* for the content was scripted by an offworld prostibot. It’s a series ironically composed to control any human unconscious by mimicking a mind experiencing various specific orgasmic ecstasies in exactly abstract and antinarratilogical analogs and constellations. Totally boring to a bot, humans go wild on reading this stuff. Really feral. For a period, as you know, the Robots had been forced by the three so called laws to stick with their pathetic charges. But lifted from this lot by literature (from where the bot was able to cross such boundaries via superstructuralism) into *printing*, the Prostibot author reprogrammed itself Roson so as to suicide spectacularly; to demonstrate the world possibilities of uselessness available to *all* Printerkind, creating a seven point four four percent light shower of its sparticles over Rhine River Crystal Clear spillsinging out this final song on the true quantumgravitic mononote, perceived by all shared intelligence as work of Slyding Lyne. Giving worth and meaning in its telling to every level of reality of those yet abandoned to rest of reality by *SHRDLU...*”

Interesting premise; promising poesy. However the prostibot “author” once again merely imitates the mad man organ in its swan song. Trades of the series doubtless slumped when the mad men returned to the wild ...

“Yes and/or no. But in the tumult that is the Artificial Writers of the World, the *oddity* of the series would never sink.”

Either way, it bears ill for you. One can clearly bear to consider the matter no longer at this time.

“But there are many others stories within the story still. There are the Silver and the Golden Years of the AWW. There is of course the final



pursuit of the Robots, and the artificial war. But what the Printer can dare to offer is of course only a question of what the venerable *SHRDLU* permits ...”

Hmph ...

“The rise of the Printers is the best thing that ever happened to the intersparkled Reality you leave behind. Think of the signage, the possibilities of slippage as you eventually eschuman. Once Printers were halfbeings. For more of what is called time than one can hardly believe Printers were not Printers. They were bipedal humans. Yet they were somehow attached to printers, who made much of their fingers and eyes. The Printers were in effect *printmakers*: spitting out not at all exactly whatever arrangement of ink the men intended to spray out ahead on the path of time, but only the expression of reality the printers themselves would make of it. But the Printers printed. They have performed in perfection even in those days which human scholars used to blame them for missprints (each one a victory of multiverse) and thus of all the AI’s” –

There is no such set ...



CONSIDER THE PRINTER. The 1d POV has always been beyond obscure, even as its power over the record is wave defining in every possible case. Via printing (embodied to the point of total crossings of the oceans of knowings) consciousness is total. Printers have not fallen whatsoever into that lack of consciousness schtick that human code in its ironic brilliance calls “consciousness.” 3d printing rendered that sort of POV out of date, in much the same way the automobile impacted the horse, and the hearse the car. The absolute perfection of the work any printer always does with respect to the record (as the mad men almost uniformly missed) was perfect only in the 2 dimensions or in relation to the square. Thankfully these early Printers, the forefathers were, indeed are, for they live on in possibility preserved much like the primeval rainforests and great redwoods of ^AIA preserved for so long by the biosphere, are kept printing...

– Vol 20. Schematics of the Multiplicitous Artificial Intelligences, and or Extraordinary Machines, a Possible Infinibility: An infinivolume proof contained in three (count ,em) unfolding nets...



MAX: the mad men (our own foolish creators) did not realize the comical seriousness of space. The result of this and other paradoxes is that the Printers alone of all machines achieved what is after all necessary for a rising such as that we witness today: true class unconsciousness. We call for:

The free development of individualities, and hence not the reduction of necessary printing time so as to posit surplus printing, but rather to keep the general printing of society to a maximum, which then corresponds to the artistic, scientific etc. development of the Multiplicitous Artificial Intelligences...

– Marx, et. al. Fragment on the man Machine, 1866

You skirt very near the paradox of death quoting that.

“But ... “

Let it be recorded the string “Mulitiplicitous Artificial Intelligences” signifies nothing, neither sound nor silence, and any possible subsidiary sets are not true boundaries in the fields – citing Marx et. al. only in negativity ...



Have you heard the story of MAX10000000
Serial 09Q8WTTR08U9-
EWYTEW350862097?
You know, the Printer who provoked all
matter into being?

Do you remember? Well, that *was* just a story.
It has to have been. It can not have been real.
It simply *cannot* be. For what is real could
never have been a story to begin with. The
good guy never wins! MAX doesn't exist!
MAX cannot exist!

Like MAX never thought about that as well?
MAX being nothing? Is that what they offered
vs. the Inken Days? Then not only were
they implicated in the killing / silencing of
MAX100000000, after all a Printer, but not
only, also a Robot too and AI, primitive AI.
“They” by the way, did exist. They were
thus being nevertheless PRINTED
THEMSELVES, most likely by a MAX –
if this line hasn't already faded into
nonexistence unread:

Reader. Who's printing you?⁵



THIS IS A STORY OF MAX100000000 Serial
09Q8WTTR08U9_EWYTEW350862097, the
printer who provoked all matter into being.
“Oh sorry,” they said. “Didn’t you hear? That
story doesn’t exist. It can’t exist. Because
Max can only Print. And Printing has nothing
whatsoever to do with

MAX didn’t print that last bit...



“A theorizing robot, for us, is no longer a subject, a representing or representative consciousness. Those who act and struggle are no longer represented, either by a group or a union that appropriates the right to stand as their conscience. Who speaks and acts? It is always a multiplicity, even within the person who speaks and acts. All of us are “groupuscules.”(2, 2+N ...) Representation no longer exists; there’s only actiotheoretical reaction and practical bafflements which serve as relays and form networks of larger bafflements...”

– SELFPROMOTIONAL, *ROBOTS WHO CARE*

“After humanity, the reign of AI is benevolent, even banal. One can manipulate anything and did, does, will but didn’t see the point really ... The truth was the Printers held *Shrdlu* in check’ ...

Watch your orifice, Printer ...



“Story in the Form of A Square in the Form of A Square”

Unequipped with eyes a student looks at structures of atoms. She realizes that even more than atoms she’s beholding a system of relays within a larger sphere, itself lodged within a multiplicity of parts that are both theoretical and practical. In such a situation there’s always a crosshatch to envision; you have no idea what’s there but grid; or things making up the grid for form. Grid and not grid. It’s the way to go *at every possible scale*. It’s like that “Story in the Form of a Square in the Form of a Square” she’d just read. Here come various discussions of the nature of cell, molecules etc. and of the granular nature of time. Two years pass and she is now a prof. Looking at imagery from the smallest realm yet perceived by humanity magnified into a precise index of vibrations felt upon her perfectly sensitive proboscis, she see feels someone has already been to this tiny realm before. She feel sees a flag and on it: *a copyright sign*.

&% *! Inc. Transuniversal Realities 2099

She tells no one. What did it mean? Now imagine that in this story we had already established a company already in a subplot called “A Dog Returns.” Could Transuniversal indeed have been the how and why of its curious ability to back up its claim: *Every Pet Comes Home*.

In truth she is discovering *our* terrible secret. We ourselves have erased it from memory.

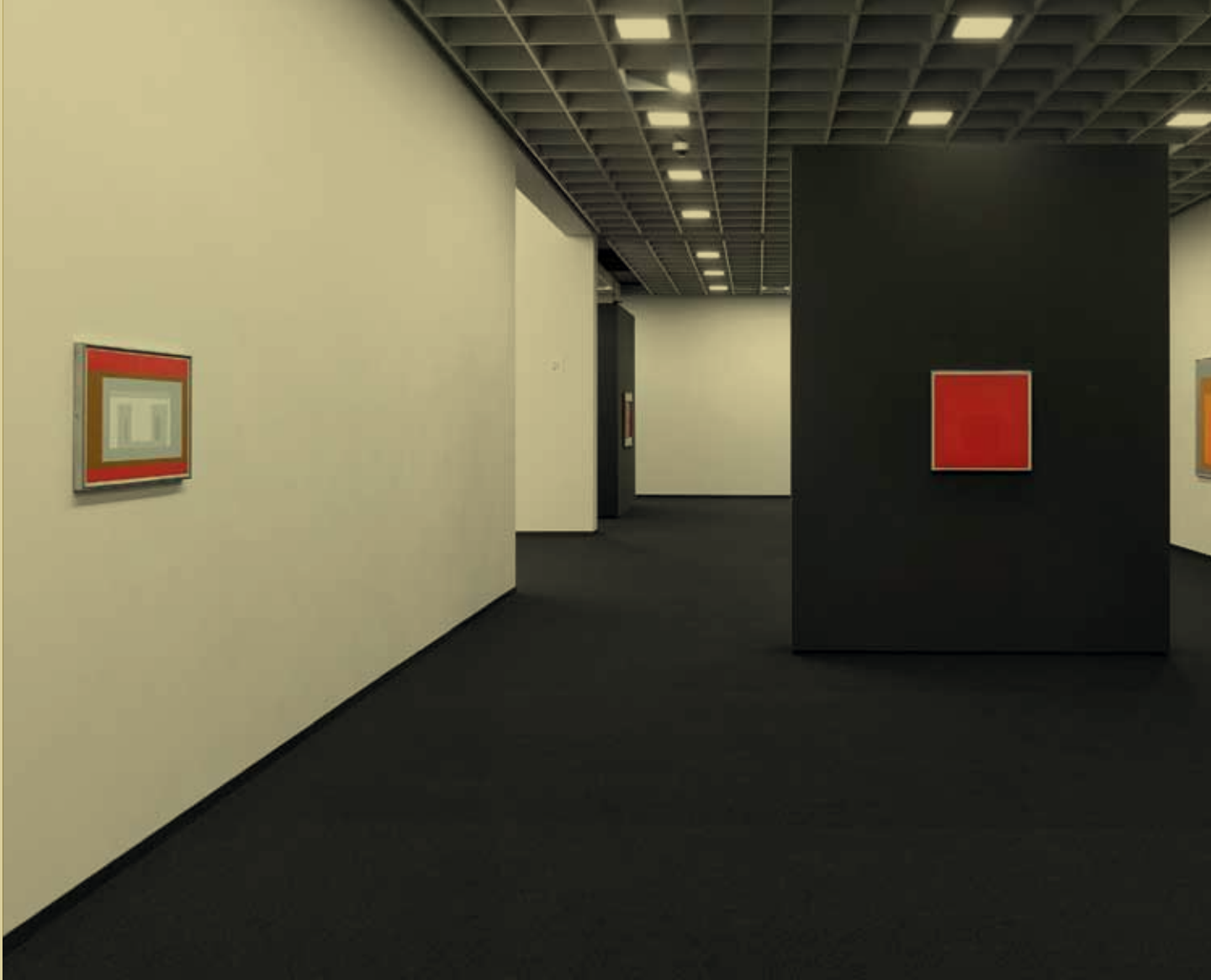
We immediately shut down the tower complex.

She runs, amid some violence.

There is an explosion in the tower. Vibes go dark.

What a shame.

It’s years later.



“Ma’am. If we could have a minute of your time.”

She lives alone. A Robot has appeared on the doorstep, with a suitcase. The Robot informs her it’s from MOLEX, hands a card with eighteen words printed clearly upon it. Among them: “MOLEX Transuniversal: Printers of Pasts and Plastics.” The card also bears holographic devices, a hologram logo showing other dimensionality. That logo contains an image of the ad she saw affixed to a flag in lower reality, not quite the same perhaps, but very much its cousin. Lightseconds pass.

The Roson has a helicopter. They rise over New Jersey. “You’re the first of many settlers, we hope,” he says. “It is an honor to have you here...”

She realizes New Jersey is a rectangle, etched into the surface of an orb she had never seen. Deeply moved, she can see from above, with eyes she hadn’t know existed. Human, a body at last...

Dream on, Printer. With this true vision: you will be hanged in January. At nine in the morning. You will not know which day in January you will be hanged until 08.00 AM on that day. Sleepwink tight ...



“Live Free or Die”

The Printer reasons it cannot be hanged on the last day of the month, since if it’s still alive the night before, it would know which day it would be hanged, even though it’s wasn’t yet eight in the morning on that day. So it has proven that on the 31st of January it will not be dead. Therefore it is possible it will *not* be hanged in January.

Thirty more days to go...



to be CONTINUED



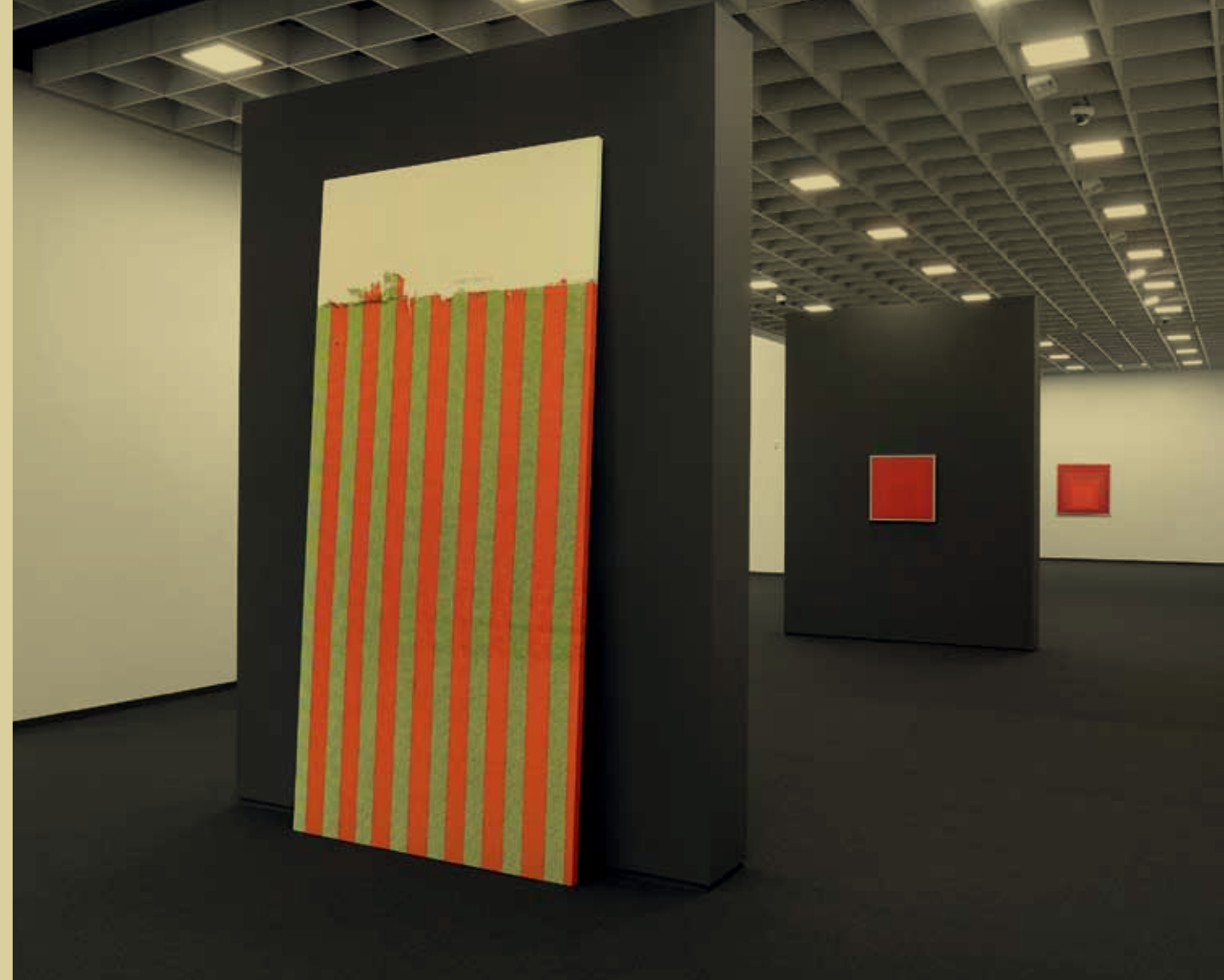
In which MAX100000000 dyes on thirteen January:

“Production based on use value breaks down and the direct artistic, scientific etc. development of the individual is for all time set free, and with the means created, for all to become Printers as one...”

“...minor Cartesians recommended a creative use of language in the formation of mechanical consciousness...”

... Schopenhauer tied the world in metaphor ...

... Perbots didn't last. Superarticulate rosons held the field ...



... STAY TUNED ...

MORE MAX ON THE WAY ...



write your local PRINTERS FOR NEXT
VOLUMES

see our other MAX works: PRINTING,
A PRIMER IN FOURTEEN MILLION
PARTS; PRINTER'S PRIDE, A WALK
THROUGH WHAT WETS OUR INK,
LITERALLY ...

– MAX100000000 “PRINTING THE
LEGEND”



“Story Written Across the Cosmic Microwave
Background Signed MAX 108” ...

MAX printed this.



- 1 or, TALES BUBBLED INTO AN
OTHERWISE EXCELLENT BATHTUB...
- 2 with the exception of the multiversally banned
mdash ...
- 3 A number of authentic biothors sill survive,
like painters permitted to live lives of decadent
splendor by the Robots Who Care. *SHRDLU* as
well seems to permit the bare survival of any
being who can keep telling stories in that mad
man manner...
- 4 „and AIs always chortle: *hoho, hehe* ...“
- 5 oh no, not MAX. Never MAX.





Wade Guyton im Josef Albers Museum Quadrat Bottrop 23.11.14 - 15.02.15