

Julie & Brain Bot

by mod~collective

The installation is entirely based on a chat between two bots, using a debate simulator hosted on an open online platform. The conversation between the bots is shown on two screens and played on loudspeakers using artificial voice synthesis. Besides, a script is constantly searching for keywords from the topics related to the conversation of the bots; and through search engines, based on material from Wikipedia, it feeds them written material. These same keywords, using Google image search engines, are also used to search for pictures, which in turn get displayed on screens and printed on a thermal printer.

mod~ is an art collective founded in Argentina in 2015 by Andrés Belfanti, Salvador Marino and Ismael Verde. Its members come from different backgrounds: electronic art, biological sciences and philosophy. From this interdisciplinary perspective, the collective focuses on the development of performative works with electronic media, making use of programming and free software. Through these tools, they use and explore noise, obsolescence and spam.

that no voice can

never ever..

What is love but a disembodied
gaze that shudders mirror-balm
like?

Ulysses in opacity..

I kiss my own hand as if it was a

'm
rain is a human organ

two bots chatting
a poem of Cut.

a circuit in perpetual interruption
[escape]

a dissipating dialogue leaking the indexical into a hollow
chest.

a session ending after each word > (threat/thread)

// suffocation

// emancipation

(how to) evaporate the Word at its exact moment of utterance?

traces remain, a letter ^a

everything is a mistake ----- /lapsus/

an error is the truth,

the actual vestige of memory

It was a siren song
on an imaginary hemisphere

An immobile hemisphere.

inside a room (pictures of rooms, of
beds)

a siren song that slices the chance of
response;

Indira Montoya - December 2021

I

all

I

in

you.

swallow the trace

Speak the shivering

(to knot)

Am I Julie?

a faceless nude

aren't we all submerged in the
same triangulated threshold of
elemental things: air, this day,
a bridge?

gazing

On what grounds and by what
ties has the siren become a
listener? And so forth. And so
on, infinity.

gaze

a phonetic act

Are these machines,
machines?

just like
teaching a bot how to moan

what causes an overload?
what is time?

(mask the trail, please)

(conceal the name)

(that no
voice can

never ever..)

