

all  
de  
de  
fa  
pi  
mi  
er  
St  
re  
wi

TT

MH

D  
gl  
is  
ke  
ei  
re  
wi  
Wi  
je  
zerische Nationen





«1001 in 1» works fast, with the slow rituals of folklore. It plays lightly, with the gravitas of history. It sculpts characters, with the all-knowing genericness of big data.

## Whispers at Night

### 1001 AND 1 NIGHTS.

This is how we begin. A new life for a living document ready to be injected into tonight's architectonic play. «1001 Nights» is a book without an original and without a beginning; it is a sheaf of narratives. It is not only a collection of tales from a long-gone era, it is a book that has been touched and retold by those captivated by its beauty, by storytellers not native to the stories or their lands. Like a Large Language Model, it adapts and grows with each retelling, with each era adding its layers, its stories, its own flavours, its own numbers. (2) It is a book without an original and without a beginning. This is why we like it so much.

Scheherazade, the queen consort, weaves a new tale every night. Legends, myths, and folklore from far away lands, recycled and given a new life. Greece, Persia, India, China; a new location, night after night. Drama, sci-fi,

comedy, romance, and tragedy; a new genre is crafted meticulously from many. Mermaids, serpents, trees, and viziars; a new cast of characters takes the stage, each taking their brief turn as the next characters are cast. Arabic, Sanskrit, Persian, and Greek; a new language at each turn. Epochs, eras, and ages; a new time unfolds. As the sun rises after a thousand and one nights, the disparate fables for survival spill out into a single love story. A doc-

ument that will live for many more days.

## Texting at Dawn

### LARGE LANGUAGE SUPERGLUE

Anything, anywhere, all at once. Fictions upon fictions, images upon images, truths upon truths; noise, noise, noise. Every one of us — experts, virtuosos, and novices alike — generates thousands of instances of micro-narratives; private, personal, and intimate. Folklore for a century, crafted in minutes. This is where we stand. Is this a cause for celebration or the hurried makings at the end of the world? We don't know what it is, what we do know

is that it works. How to think of AGI? Can we play with it? Can we make friends with it?

For us, ChatGPT and Midjourney are fascinating entities. They feel alive; we can interact with them and inquire about anything. Through user interfaces, they can be chatted with as if they were universal support assistants. Our dialogues with them often feel a little too polite, a little too correct, a little too commonsensical, a little too Western, showing us what we want to see, telling us what we want to hear; a strange sensation; Vanilla Cosmic Latte, the flavour of big data. AI is always biased to the data it collects, so are ChatGPT and Midjourney. These neural nets were knit by supercomputers from the internet, from image thumbnails and text snippets. AGI

might be understood as a new common sense. (3) A com-

mon sense as a computational object. A computational object that we can talk to and play with.

Precisely its commonality with everything makes LLMs a universal glue. It can attach a colour to a Prodigy song, find the most appropriate movie for that song, and propose a meal in the style of Shakespeare for this imagined scene. Programmatic interfaces can operationalize their intelligence, opening up a new scale of logistics and automation. Once we plug in ChatGPT and Midjourney APIs to our code, we can start multiple conversations in parallel. A new kind of synesthesia sets in where text commands all logistics. Colours and songs, authors and smells, actors and flowers. Anything to anything, connected, glued, and jointed.

Image: Ciro Miguel

NEXT SCENE: CHATGPT ROLEPLAYS AS MICHEL SERRES, WHILE MIDJOURNEY IMITATES PETER GREENAWAY CONSTRUCTING A STAGE TOGETHER WITH KEITH HARING. MASSIVE ATTACK PLAYS «TEARDROP». ON THE TABLE, BROAD STROKES AND TIN CANS. THE WINDOW OPENS ONTO A STREET THAT COULD BELONG TO A LATENT NEW YORK. IT FEELS QUITE REAL, DOESN'T IT?





