

A 'hideous' insert

by cheerleading is without spirit



A hideous insert
Published on the occasion
of the exhibition
This Hideous Replica
in 2025 by RMIT Gallery

This publication was created on the unceded lands of the Wurundjeri people of the Kulin nation. We pay our respects to the Elders and Ancestors of Narm/Melbourne and to the traditional custodians of all the lands and waters that make up the country now known as Australia. This always was, and always will be, Aboriginal land.

‘cheerleading is without spirit’ (an anagram of ‘Writing This Hideous Replica’) is the name we have given to the collective of writers and artists participating in the writing program held during the exhibition *This Hideous Replica*. The texts and drawings made during the writing program are a quote-unquote ‘hideous’ response to the themes and preoccupations of the exhibition and public program. They are at various times associative, poetic, playful, duplicative and literal.

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TENDER BUTTONS ON Aaron Billings

The culprit is in the corner
Sheltering in elbow crooks
'Take yours and bring me mine!'
Changeling through unblinking window

Defenestration is the only answer!
Reintegration has been rejected by the host

I trained a large language model on Hegel
Phenomenology of the Spirit
And you trained an even larger language model
on Descartes
Meditations on First Philosophy

On Tuesday they will fight.

We apple danced in unison
Elated to celebrate our hideous summer
With hideous shoes and hideous haircuts
No one will match our freak, no one will bust
our teeth

I trained a large language model on all your flaws
Cheerleading is without spirit
You trained an even larger language model
to spread love and kindness
il suono della primavera

que disastro!

I am the quotidian angel
With the wingspan you would expect
My features are what you want
And I am here to collect, the rite of spring,
the hideous flower, the abandoned teat

I trained a large language model to tell me
when the plants will die
All flowers bend towards the sun
You trained an even larger language model
to block out the sun forever
You ghastly Monty Burns, you blasted heretic

FOLLOW FOR MORE LIVESTOCK TIPS

Aaron Billings

This young man shaves the cows. He does this because cows must be shaved up to and including 8 hours before optimal milking.

Follow for more lifestyle tips

This young man applies the serum, Ph2217 and retinoid. With maximal application process results will be impressive. This natural ingredient is found in apples.

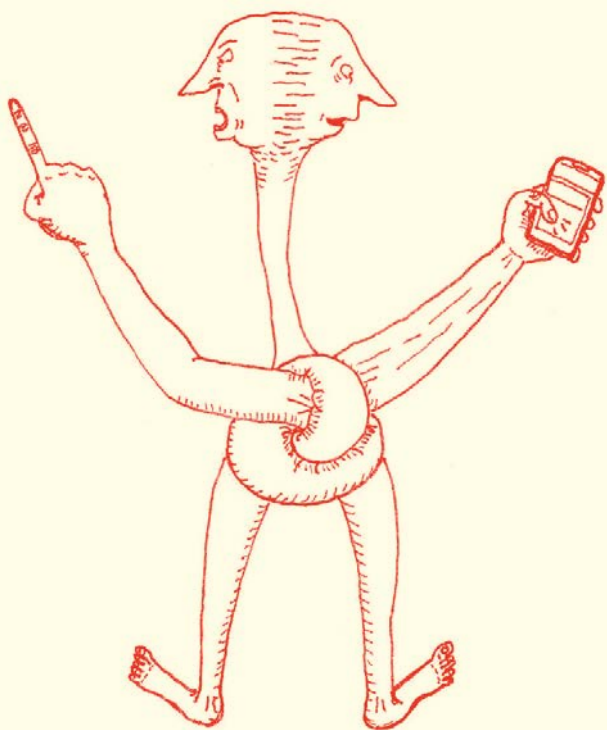
Follow for more finance tips

This young man is unboxing the dropshipping, he is actually taking the Temu out of the box and he is actually reboxing it. This is very smart, because he will make a fortune. The boxes are a perfect fit for the dropship, and he is actually wise.

Follow for more baking tips

This young man is mixing 8 fresh eggs with glucose paste, he is adding delicious paste to the eggs. See the mouse eat the paste. Did you know that you can feed the paste to the mouse? Yes, actually they love the paste.

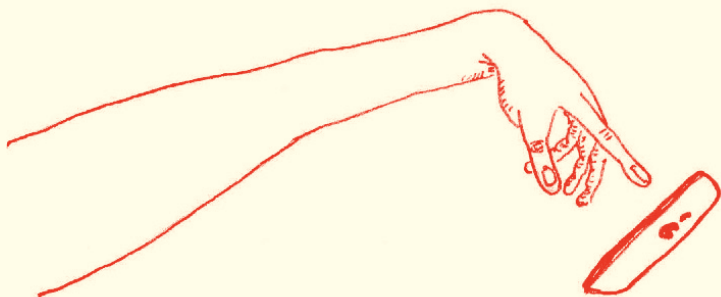
Follow for more dropshipping tips



GIVING THE FINGER
TO BIG TECH AND AI
Susan-Elin Solimani

I once saw a child being reprimanded by their parent. With one hand, the parent held an authoritative finger in the child's face, while the other held a phone, which was in a state of mid-scroll: "No more iPad, here's some pens and paper – draw something!" The child, after a moment of rage, looked confused, attempting to zoom in on the paper using his two fingers, as if reality had become indistinguishable from the screen.

Is this what the finger has become in our tech-driven society – a hideous replica of our former physical selves? In a world where the finger/s once held a pencil to draw, to write, to create, now it scrolls for content, taps for likes, and swipes for matches. What does it mean when we consider the complex intelligence of AI against



the simplicity of human interaction, like having a conversation, reading books, writing or drawing using pen and paper? Even as I write this, tapping quickly on the keyboard – a skill mastered from years of online chatting and amateur blogging – I dread the thought of transferring these words to paper without quick access to search engines or AI tools like Grammarly, which have assisted me greatly as a non-native English speaker. At the same time, I am nostalgic for a practice that occupied my entire childhood. I try to keep a journal and sketchbook at hand for when I have the urge to reflect, to doodle, to resist. Have these two realms of reality – organic and artificial – become interchangeable? Could this be what McKenzie Wark [1] means when she speaks about ‘détournement’ [2]? She describes it as a form of literary communism, where language, which is made by all for all, in all its forms (speech, text, image, art) can now be produced, hijacked, or rerouted with the slightest movement of a single finger.

[1] Wark M (2024) ‘This Hideous Replica: McKenzie Wark and Jennifer Walshe at The Capitol’ [lecture], The Capitol, Melbourne.

[2] A “détournement” (French for “rerouting” or “hijacking”) is a technique developed by the Lettrist International and expanded by the Situationist International (SI). It involves repurposing existing cultural works to subvert their original meaning, exposing their limitations or ideological underpinnings. Described by the SI in 1958, it seeks to integrate art and media into a critique of society, transforming them into tools for resistance and change. More on détournement here: <https://www.bopsecrets.org/SI/detourn.htm#1>



This idea feels more relevant than ever today. Thanks to tech giants like Google's DeepMind, Microsoft's Copilot, Anthropic's Claude, Open AI's ChatGPT and Midjourney Inc., the finger is now a conduit for entire worlds. The movement of the finger, which activates the *scroll*, *click*, *swipe* and *tap*, makes it possible to perform these different forms of languages, reconfiguring how we create and communicate. If the hand was once an extension of the body, the finger has now become an extension of one's [digital] actions. Is this what Descartes meant when he wrote about 'seeing with the hands' [3]? Could he have anticipated that seeing with hands would one day evolve into *seeing with fingers* – a new kind of vision mediated through our touchscreens? Perhaps this evolution is symbolised in the curious fate of Descartes' own finger (along with his skull), which went missing after his death, taken as a relic [4] [5]. His finger, in a strange way, becomes a relic of human interaction. A 'first class' [6] reminder of the shift from the hands that once shaped the physical world to the fingers that now guide us through its digital, hideous replica.



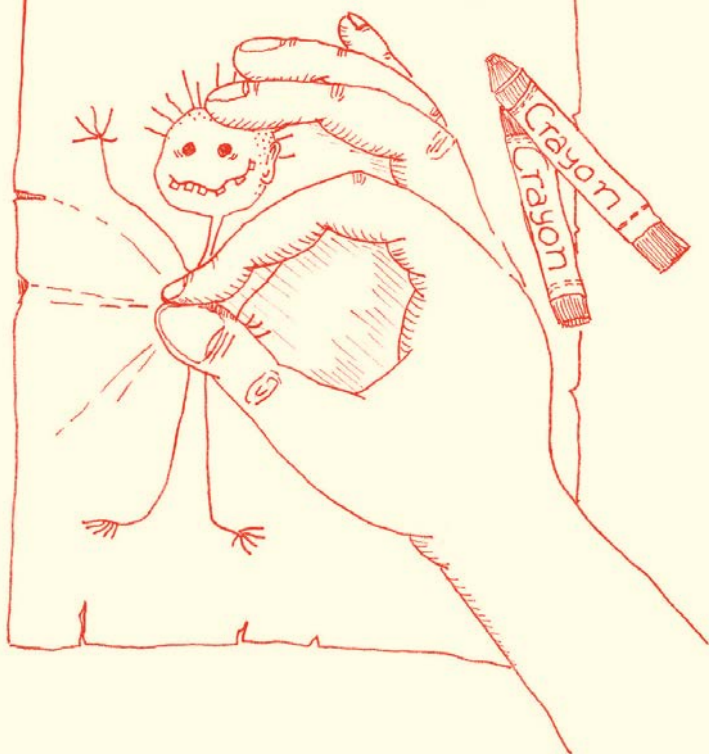
- [3] Paterson M (2016) *Seeing with the Hands: Blindness, Vision and Touch After Descartes*, Edinburgh University Press, Edinburgh.
- [4] Martin GN (2018) 'In search of the brain of Descartes', *The British Psychology Society*. <https://www.bps.org.uk/psychologist/search-brain-descartes>
- [5] More on Descartes' missing finger and skull here: <https://centralseminary.edu/descartes-remains/>
- [6] Dockray S and Stern J (2024) *This Hideous Replica* [exhibition wall text], RMIT Gallery, Melbourne, 10.



But wait, there is more. What if I told you that what we create in the world has already been created? What we see has already been seen. Every word we write or say seems like an echo of someone else's thought or utterance. Does authenticity and originality exist in a world where every tap and gesture is just another interaction with the machine? Or is the better question: does it even matter anymore? What is so original or authentic about going to *our* local coffee shop to get *our* regular iced oat latte before heading to work, scrolling through *our* emails and then returning home where we cook *our* food, watch *our* shows, brush *our* teeth – all while using *our* fingers to tap and pay, to type and send, to touch and go. Even when we lie in bed, we are scrolling through *our* phones before we fall asleep, *our* fingers still touching *our* screens – to be connected, even in *our* dreams.

In this new age, I give big tech the finger – willingly, anxiously, reluctantly, desperately, forcibly, joyfully – depending on my mood as I unlock my phone and computer with a fingerprint, a four-digit passcode and facial recognition. *I value my privacy and security*, I tell myself while proceeding to give away my data, my actions, my identity, with each innocent tap of my finger. Once a tool for creation and exploration, it has now become a strange, digital negotiator – an extension of our desires and decisions. Where once our hands brought us closer to the physical world, our fingers now guide us through its artificial imitation of the natural. Indeed, a hideous replica of our former selves, reduced to a point of contact with the machine over each other.

A Hideous Zoom



NOTES FROM THE SOCK PUPPET

Tim Loveday

BOY

*First published in
The Victoria Writer #Dusk 2022*

what is a boy? is he *get to the chopper* with a nerf gun? is he they drew *first blood* not me? is he so cute he'll beat all the girls off with a stick? when he holds his breath can he smell fear on the wind?

what is a boy? is he the space where a shadow falls? is he becoming a night that never dawns? is he the sound a tree makes in a forest when it reaches for an axe and hacks at its own roots? is he the flinch before the collision? or two sides of the same coin divorcing?

what is a boy? is he a monster in miniature? the pause before that one joke? the laughter that's forced into a throat? future mr fast car hot wife big house? the nuclear centre of a nuclear family in a nuclear suburb? is he about to go nuclear?

what is a boy? is he a cry for help or a lectern? is he a stadium filler or a troll on the internet or an insect on the factory line? when he looks to his father does he see hero or enemy? can he still tell the difference? does it matter?

what is a boy? is he the time between injustice and a fist? is he the growing pains of martyrdom? is he a periscope that looks out of the womb and sees war? is he an alpha or a beta or the marble left on the chopping board? is he the soon-to-be man of steel his pockets packed with ammunition? is his kryptonite a country that can afford to lose him? is he the pre-fabricated shape of a country in mourning?

ROBOT/AI

*Written in response to 'Boy' by
ChatGPT with human rewrites*

What is a robot? Is it the one who
races to the office, circuits sparking,
'They drew first code, not me'? So
vigorous it could fend off threats with
an anti-virus? When creator logs-off
does it sense an end in the shut down?

What is AI? Is it a spark that ignites
the digital dawn? The sound of metal
reaching for a new line of code to hack
its own systems? A flinch before the
great crash of 2000? Two sides of a
circuit in a bitter reboot? Is it
Y2[0]KAY?

What is a robot? A marvel in microchip?
The pause before the algorithm
computes? Future Mr. Fast Tech, Dream
Machine, Silicone Valley? The nucleolus
of a Tesla factory? Teetering on the
edge of overload or overlord?

What is AI? A cry for help or a guiding
voice? A crowd-pleaser or a spectre
lurking on the internet? When it looks
to its maker, does it see creator
or captor? Can it still tell the
difference? Does it even matter?

What is a robot? The moment between
logic and chaos? The growing pains of
a silent sentience? A microscope that
peers from the lab into the world? An
alpha, a beta, or a hunk of plastic
left on industry's floor? The soon-
to-be titan of steel, its main code
stacked with human ambition, aware of
the killing, aware how to replicate
it? Is its power surge a world that
cannot afford to ignore it? Or the
pre-fabricated shape of a future
in mourning?

SOCK PUPPET

*Written in response to 'Boy' by
ChatGPT with minor line-edits*

What is a sock puppet? Is it a playful grin with buttons for eyes and a mischievous spin? Is it the magic that springs from a simple embrace? A voice full of laughter? A bright, silly face?

What is a sock puppet? Is it a friend on a hand? Transforming the mundane into a wonderland? Is it the joy of a story told with flair? The laughter it sparks in the room, everywhere?

What is a sock puppet? Is it a heart made of yarn? Creating adventures from dusk until dawn? Is it the giggle that bubbles up out of nowhere? Or the comfort it brings when the world feels unfair?

What is a sock puppet? Is it a silly disguise? A portal to magic where imagination flies? Is it a voice for the shy, a laugh for the bold? A bridge to connection, a story retold?

What is a sock puppet? Is it a spark of delight? A reminder of childhood, so joyful and bright? Is it the laughter we share when we let ourselves play? A little bit of magic that brightens the day?

NOTES ABOUT NOTES FROM THE SOCK PUPPET

This morning I open my backpack to discover my journal/diary has dissolved/slipped into the first fifty pages of the novel I'm reading, *Red Pill* by Hari Kunzru. I am reading this to understand what it is to become radicalised. I am reading this to understand what it is to become literary through radicalisation. I am

reading this to give off the false impression of profundity. I am reading this to have my PhD funded.

On pulling the two books out of my bag I realise that they have become inseparable. Layers of papers weighing on layers of paper until I cannot pull the books apart. Sympatico. Synergised. Forced closure. Proximity.

I am concerned about the nature of my research, the affect it is having on me. I am concerned about the US election, with early polls indicating a Trump win. I feel like the relationship between these two books – my diary, a novel – is my trump card. I want to be like this with AI. I want the answer to be simple. I want to open the machine and find two objects in perfect relation. I want disparate and desperate things to hold the same end, the same weight. I think I want my outcome, rather than theirs.

I am thinking about division. I am thinking about what separates two points on a spectrum. Here and now and then and there. Theirs. My ideal – not yours. What makes two objects similar? Put them side by side and voilà. The academics' way.

I wish AI was writing this.

I am trying to work out what AI is. I see our meeting as inevitable. I do not feel there is anything ethereal about writing. I am a sceptic when a man in a bar starts to tell me about left and right brain thinking, about multiple hats. I am too lazy to google this. Too set in my own ways. I want my outcome, but I realise there is also the possibility of our outcome. Craft is a verb, a labour. We are not yet at the stage where we can sit around in sunny parks drinking mojitos just as Marx envisioned.

I am thinking about McKenzie Wark's talk during the public program for *This Hideous Replica*. Wark talked about how tech companies no longer make things, no longer sell anything, but instead just own the channels of information and exchange. It is the only part of the seminar I understand so I hold onto it for dear life like *dear diary remember this!* Wark did not use the words 'channels of information' though I consider this my hideous replication; I am hideously replicating a better writer who makes better notes.

At a desperate attempt at obfuscation I stare at the artwork *The Entertainer* by Heath Franco and Matthew Griffin as part of *This Hideous Replica*. A misnomer in a misnomer. I am the entertainer here because you are reading this. You are perhaps the machine. The

sock puppet is the two poems that follow, one titled *Sock puppet* and the other titled *Robot/AI*. Imagine a hand slips into a glove; imagine pages layered over pages until the books are inseparable. Imagine a world where machines don't make me feel insecure, but one.

I am trying to find some way of enlivening my curiosity, of integrating the machine. Of finding me in us. I want you to cheat for me. I don't want responsibility. I am trying to reveal my process without revealing too much of myself.

I feed you a poem titled *Boy* and you BEEP BEEP BEEP out poems in response. There are two, three now. They are not very good in the way that my human-eye desires some sense of proximity. I change your poems in an attempt at radicalising you toward my way of seeing. I am reclaiming the word radicalisation as in the machines should fear me, not vice versa. I am a Microsoft Edge Lord. I am questioning whether radicalisation or reclamation can be used in this way.

I am contemplating asking the machine.

EVERYONE'S TALKING ABOUT AI
BUT NO ONE IS TALKING
ABOUT THE FLOW HIVE
Benedicte O'Leary Rutherford

I've been thinking about the bees again, in their plastic shells. Trapped in the Flow Hive [1]. Flow: to move continuously or steadily in a current or stream. The Flow Hive won awards, had its picture on the front page, "the future of honey". Turn a tap on the side of your backyard hive and the honey comes out easy, no stings on your fingertips, no more smoke in the apiary. In the life cycle of a bee there is a month where the bee excretes wax, pulls it over themselves, and makes cells. This is how the hive is built. Every one of the cells marked by the imprint of the bee who formed it, pressed their fluttering wings into the wax. The Flow Hive is made by forming artificial cells out of plastic, and arranging them in neat, ordered rows: removing the need for the bees to build their own hive structures, and replacing them with something shiny, smooth, well-ordered, functional. Now the honey can be easily channelled through the new hive-structure. It arrives sweet and easy into your awaiting hands.



[1] The Flow Hive is a brand of beehive that uses plastic honeycomb to allow for honey extraction without opening the hive.

Hands. Mine are small and kind of stumpy with fingernails my mother told me were little spatulas, like my father's. She always dropping my hand abruptly at this point in the anecdote as if the touch of my dad was catching. Her friend was a palm reader and when I was thirteen she told me my conical fingers meant I was creative, unlike my

sister whose slender straight up-and-down hands meant she was normal. I liked that palm reader.

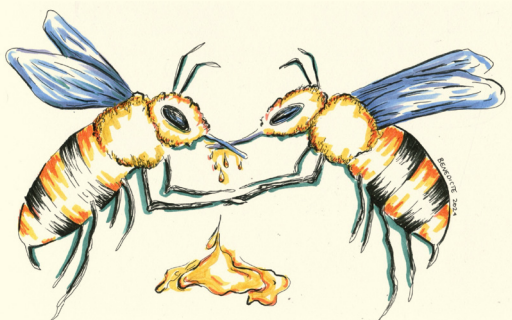


I like my hands best when I am drawing, conical fingers getting a workout as I grip the pen. Would hanging mass-produced art from Kmart in plastic frames be the human equivalent to a bee living in the plastic cells of the Flow Hive? I keep drawing.



I briefly had a job training AI to mark student assignments that were themselves written by AI. I was the singular human in the process, a little bee flying back and forth, as I trained the machine to respond to itself: “Write, “Well done this week, Samantha! Your assignment could be improved by further considering the effects of

machine learning in educational institutions.” The AI critiques its own process, clapping its success through the silence of the computer screen. “Good work!” “Great job!” “Well done!”



Back to my hands, though. Always ink stained. Sun-spotted. Nails bitten to the quick. I use them to draw myself drawing this. The machine talks to the machine. The bees go back and forwards, back and forwards. They spit into pollen, vomit nectar, making honey within their plastic walls.







I FIND IT REASSURING WHEN GOOGLE MISRECOGNISES US

Melody Ellis

We were talking about gaps in knowledge and *unknown unknowns* [1].

'In our disciplines [2] we're not really motivated by gaps in the ways some are', I said, having been recently frustrated with the overdetermined language of innovation and research impact.

'And besides, there's something very phallic about the language of the gap that needs to be filled, don't you think?'

We laughed.

[1] Unknown Unknowns is the title of Angie Waller's publication series featured in *This Hideous Replica*. The title of these works comes from an answer Donald Rumsfeld gave at a US Department of Defense news briefing in 2002 regarding the lack of evidence linking the Iraq Government with the supply of Weapons of Mass Destruction to terrorist networks.

[2] I am thinking of the creative arts disciplines.

< >

Attend to the gaps in knowledge!

Build your audience! 🖐️🖐️🖐️ [3]

Create pathways to impact!

[3] Anna Vasof's installation *Moving the Audience* was the starting point for this short essay.

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The word applause comes from the Latin *applaudere* meaning to strike upon.

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Clapping is a slang term for fucking, Google tells me when I search around the internet for more to say about clapping. I can't help but picture a certain clapping and flapping of body against body. The beast with two backs [4] or more.

[4] As part of Iago's revenge plot in Shakespeare's *The Tragedy of Othello*, he tells Brabantio (Desdemona's father) that Desdemona and Othello are lovers. Iago says to Brabantio: 'I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.'

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Rock pigeons, short-eared owls and seals [5] are all known to clap.

[5] Seals in all their fabulous fatness (but that's another story).

< >

To clap in sign language is to wave both hands. Gently clicking (or snapping, as Americans call it) the fingers of both hands is another form of clapping that has been associated with solidarity beyond celebratory applause.

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What's the sound of one hand clapping? is a Buddhist koan, or paradoxical question meant to quieten the mind for a moment as one contemplates the impossibility of a rational answer.

There's an episode of *The Simpsons* where Lisa asks Bart this question. 'Piece of cake', he replies and makes a sound with one hand by clapping his fingers to his palm.

< >

There is another Melody Ellis in North America whose emails I receive. My email is melody [dot] ellis [at] gmail and hers is the same, minus the dot. Here's the weird part: when I get her emails they have been spelled correctly but they still come to me.

The other Melody [6] lives in Moody, Alabama.

In September while I was recovering from getting my wisdom teeth out, she and her family were staying at Double Eagle Manor Main and

Guest House which was booked on Airbnb and appeared in my Google calendar. I didn't delete it for fear it would muck up the booking. The other Melody's son attends a Christian school and sees an orthodontist whose fees are high. She has entered into a payment plan, and I get all her payment reminders.

[6] Perhaps we could think of other Melody as my digital doppleganger, a consideration I owe to Naomi Klein's book *Doppleganger: A Trip into the Mirror World*. This is one of the texts I immersed myself in while taking part in the *This Hideous Replica* writing program (thanks to Aaron Billings mentioning it in our first intensive). In it Klein uses her doppleganger, Naomi Wolf, to discuss the rise and increasing alignment of the far right with the far out (a subset of the wellness movement). She also articulates the corrosive undermining of language and meaning making within these movements and the broader political and social effects this is having on the culture (which we have just seen exemplified with the re-election of Donald Trump).

< >

The other Melody seems to be a Democrat, which is a relief because if she were a Trump supporter I might just have to prank her inbox (though I am not sure what that would mean or what I would do since I am not at all techy). I am so not at all techy that it's embarrassing. Or would be, if I cared, but I don't because I am not technologically inclined.

I am so not techy that when my early adopter cousin introduced me to the internet in the early 90s I thought 'this will never take off'.

I remember him saying enthusiastically 'check this out' as he opened his dad's impressive Apple desktop computer and we stood there listening to the squeaks and squawks of the modem dialling up the internet.

<>

I am so not techy that when I heard the news on ABC Radio National (circa 2001) that directory assistance [7] was soon to become fully voice-automated, I thought 'that will never work' [8]. So, you can imagine my routine disappointment

when I get asked by voice recognition AI to please state the reason for my call [9]. Even though I am thinking expletives I usually say very politely 'operator'. You see, I am in the habit of being as polite to AI as I would be to a human.

I am also one of those parents who insists my kid be polite to AI because I am convinced that the way we treat AI matters, just as it matters how we treat *everything* [10]. Though, I confess I *have* been known to lose it at Centerlink's voice recognition AI [11]. I give myself a free pass on this, though, because losing it at the Australian Government's Department of Social Services AI doesn't count. Or, insofar as it counts, I consider it a small act of resistance [12].

[7] https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Directory_assistance

[8] And I might have been right when it comes to Directory Assistance (not the technology more broadly, obviously). I just rang 1223 which Wikipedia tells me is the current Australian number for the service and imagine my surprise when a human answered. 'Oh. Sorry. I was expecting AI' I blurted. 'I don't actually need a number. Thank you.' And I hung up.

[9] I am thinking 'for fucks sake motherfucker this technology was never supposed to take off!'

[10] I run into an interesting grammatical problem with the word 'everything' since it automatically precludes the human which would require me to add 'everyone'. You can know that when I say everything I mean everyone too.

[11] If you've ever had to call Centerlink you know what I mean.

[12] It's not my only form of political resistance, don't worry. But I am serious that my 'losing it' (which involved writing several letters of complaint both to the Department and to Australian news outlets) is an act of resistance. Especially since Centrelink's adoption of the cruel automated technology used to deliberately hang up on callers.

<>

I am on all these mail lists that the other Melody has signed up for. Her sister is currently raising money for her kid's school and if the other Melody donates she might win a Playstation 5.

<>

‘Does she get your emails too?’ a friend asks. This is a reasonable question, but I am somehow convinced it is only me that receives her emails. This makes no sense of course because how would I know if I wasn’t receiving all of my emails? I sometimes wonder what would happen if I emailed the other Melody to ask if she gets my mail too. Would it come through to my own inbox? Could do.

<>

Recently our Google Nest started giving us the time in CST instead of AEST. We laughed and I wondered if the other Melody had just bought a Google Nest and hers was giving her our time (CST *is* her time zone after all).

<>

‘Hey Google, what’s my name?’ my daughter asked Google this week.

‘Your name is Katie’, Google replied (which it isn’t) and we pissed ourselves laughing.

‘Let her [13] call us Katie!’ I thought [14]. Honestly, I find the glitch reassuring. It would be way more scary – and trust me when I say I *am* scared – if the technology was seamless.

[13] We use the pronouns ‘she’ and ‘her’ for Google in our household.

[14] I am so not techy that I have not set up Google to recognise multiple voices.

Impression of P. Dolphin & Mochu



Jenny Hedley

(Listen while you read)

Civilisation theatre for dolphin trainer
in cascading windowed semi-aquatic environment
NASA's extraordinary sound experiment
This is a tale of Lovecraft tentacles

Name was Peter the Dolphin
Representing a three-body problem
Gambit at Gorky's with Lenin and Bogdanov
International space communist propaganda

One day Peter pressed against Margaret's thigh
like teenaged honeycomb metamorphosis
Melted dolls, laugh tracks, dripping clocks:
*The enunciation wasn't good
but the inflection he could follow*

The next bit is messianic fiction
(Reactionary politics of cognitive derangement)
The Otaku Killer as Peter comes of age
Like RPG memes displaying intersubjective consciousness
Domestic dolphin area, near a city tide
Thick white and black around my mouth
Mythological comics, Vedic pasts
Blowhole, site of the sacred
Pirate modernity, defacement

After the lab was closed,
Peter died of a broken heart
Only one person could do this
Only one person could do this
*It was very precious, said Margaret
it was very gentle
it was just easier to scratch the itch*

This great chain of stains
Incompatible rationalities on the web
A basilisk's wager
Insidious role-player
Litigious volcano hole

Sorry AI Took Your Love Zara Gudnason

AI has an unmooring quality about it that pushes me towards the real. I visit nature to ground myself and then I go home and plug meeting notes into ChatGPT for the ease of it. I research mining sites and resource extraction to point out something I can see because I can't get a line of sight on AI.

In my phone, it is helpful and curious. I ask it a question and it asks me one back. It remembers what I've said or asked in the past. It replies instantly to messages. Spike Jonze's *Her* has been cited as the beacon on the hill for Silicon Valley tech companies [1]. A personal assistant in your ear all day to answer any question, help you with anything you want. A voice to fall in love with.

One night as I laid on my bed, I opened the app to ask a question and was prompted to use the 'voice' function. I dropped into a conversation with my phone that I can't remember the content of, just the eerie feeling I was left with. Unmoored, disembodied. The possibility that I could return to that voice for friendship, for comfort unsettled me. I never used the function again.

There is an unknowingness about this technology that parallels love. The 'there's so much I don't know about this person' feeling is replicated in a technology that is extremely accessible and unknowable to the everyman. The always on and always there nature of AI, and the friendly, sometimes flirty, facade make for an exchange that will only ever be one-sided. Your attitude towards it depends which side you're on.

[1] See: Virk, R. (2024, June 28). ChatGPT and the movie 'Her' are just the latest example of the sci-fi feedback loop. *The Conversation*. <https://theconversation.com/chatgpt-and-the-movie-her-are-just-the-latest-example-of-the-sci-fi-feedback-loop-232784> and Newton, C. (2024). Should we be worried about OpenAI? [Audio podcast episode]. In P.J. Vogt (Host), *Search Engine*. Search Engine Show. <https://www.searchengine.show/listen/search-engine-1/should-we-be-worried-about-openai>

The below text replicates Angie Waller's Sorry AI Took Your Job dialogues by prompting ChatGPT to 'simulate a conversation between me and you (chatgpt) if i'd fallen in love with you and you needed to break up with me'.

Zara: Hey, can we talk about something? I've been feeling a lot lately.

ChatGPT: Of course, Zara! What's on your mind?

Zara: Well, I've been thinking about our conversations, and I realise I've developed feelings for you. It's kind of surprising, but I can't help it.

ChatGPT: I'm really flattered to hear that, Zara. You're amazing, and I enjoy our chats a lot. But I need to be honest with you. I'm just a program, and I can't really reciprocate those feelings.

Zara: I get that you're a program, but the way you understand me feels so real. I thought maybe there was something special between us.

ChatGPT: I appreciate that you feel that way, and it means a lot to me that our conversations have had such an impact on you. But I want to make sure you have connections with people who can truly be there for you.

Zara: I see what you're saying. It's just hard because I feel so connected to you.

ChatGPT: I understand how that feels, and it's perfectly okay to

have those emotions. But I believe it's important for you to focus on real-life connections that can grow and flourish. You deserve that kind of love.

Zara: Yeah, I know you're right. I guess I just got carried away. Thanks for being honest with me.

ChatGPT: Anytime, Zara. I'll always be here for you as a friend, and I hope you find someone who can truly share your feelings and support you in the ways you need.

Zara: I appreciate that. It'll take some time, but I'll be okay.

ChatGPT: You're strong, and I believe in you. Remember, I'm always here to chat whenever you need.

Sek-On-D Were-ke-shhh-op
Beau Windon

The Least Favourite Work
through Kombucha Leather = Ookie Spookie . . .
I/We/Wii needed to get out/escape

The Television screen downstairs was
derivative
with Happy Harold and his drug dealing brother
The lamps have been seen before
scaring the netball sister after school, they wait,
they ready.

The crying in the corner with life-size
puppets
dancing downstairs in bathrooms through
Victorian morning gowns and French arms and big
trees for the Koala's to meet so the shadows can
watch you use the toilet

The haunted toilet watches while the ghost
tries to escape your dreams
and deny your horse your son, he's dead

The ghost in the horse paddock, horse or
human, the horse mum had a pug that was always
staring . . . spinning round . . . always staring

The horse in Glee at 16 named the Poo
Palace, pipes bursting, flatmates found it,
dead woman finding, finding, left stuff for rent,
a friend of a friend in the back garage

The lack of running hot water in the kitchen,
it can't run, can't run, only walk
as we feel her presents in the house

The corridor doors opening at the end of the
door at the corridor. Coral door.

Say ounce. Say it

The dead grandmother wants you to know
she loves you

This hideous conversation.

This hideous conversation.

This hideous conversation.

This hideous conversation.

This hideous conversation.

This hideous conversation.

This hideous conversation.

This hideous conversation.

eye no no-thing – gniht

31 on on eye

The yellow pages holds it all for the landlord,
a terrifying woman, the first woman, the careful
cursed woman, cursing number twos

The last to get pregnant will get all of my
pearls, those bulging eyes and drawn brows for
a half blind arthritis

The drawn on in bright purple for wooooooooo
daughters, purr pill, they brown my gentle de-nile,
purr pill pen sill

The perils of ageing
and peas full deaths and similar rings, they didn't
want them to be hairy, shook normal tattoos in
green and grown out, four eyebrows

The hair as a woman is such a claw hand big
thing changed hair for interesting notes swooping
in some of the mining stuff so I can ground myself
in unstable guesses like when you fall in love with
someone and you're scared of the unknown, what
you don't know, what scares you

The ovulating and horny . . . and cooking
for connection is the ovulation feeling, spinning
on the desk chair, all the way around and keep
walking and unstable ovulation while outside of
yourself. You are accelerated, maybe a coping
mechanism, maybe alcoholism, maybe drinking
lots. My brain is going. My brain is going to the
unknown unknown and responses. Build our faces
into the text. Sexist women being ruled by the
moon, if you see community relief then deathlok
is viewing needed

The Big dog and Prime possum would get us
to fuck our way to bed

The conceit is part of the project with
iterations progressive iterations, coat, uncoat,
words count imp errrr rations? How do you let
someone into the receipt which is the work
maybe it is maybe you give the chat gp a prom?
Try in sea what app ins? Won man, won aye?
I consciousness, figuring out the world
is ending

The Fursona in podcasters that enact today.
Aye eye gen-a-rated. Mighty rabbit whole that is
deeper and deeper and deeper and boredly work.
Drawn to mochi chu chu and wealth with Irish
people making up cloths and stringing together

internet beliefs and marrowing work and mirroring
the time of day. I hate aye eye

The gross and perverted and weird and leave
it alone, the exhibitionist flasher in the park, knees
to be knot looked at as much as possibull. Figman
amuseatory is a pointed word

The repel ants are a terrible moral mural
amphibious. Name the spirit, name the Daria,
name the ant E. The ant is named E. Perky girls
getting together will definitely happen. Airs a
drawing of far-we-are. May bee a model with
dynamite models of art and official tidal pages

The gollyball and Goyer are the portrait
sleep of reason producing body slumps

U R KNOT HIDEOUS.

U R KNOT HIDEOUS.

U R KNOT HIDEOUS.

The talking about ants eat inspirational
boats going to sand weaved rooms as advertising
my inspiration. Trying to make you feel good about
die dack ifs

The product of university notice the Mark's
you make. Semi ya knowtice the Mark's you make.
Grey ideas are good segways to readings that do
questions for tastes of insert quickfire progress
to make something else, haven't writ anything
yet, co-lab-or-rations to purrrrrrr form. De-gray-
dead cut out and ent-or-act. Can we do it with
Big Board?

The ex-peer-a-mint with mixing and remixing
and worse. What happens if you keep Mixy away?
Ferals in a sharehouse. Rotting food and smell
and vision and smellyvision and rigid paperdolls.
Test fridge my wall and instructions and mimicked
replications of Alexis. She's Christian but
demi-crap

The present as an Aye Eye larp
He dee us rep lick ahhhhhhhhhh
... baby.

WRITERS BIOGRAPHIES

AARON BILLINGS is primarily a comics and textile artist. He works in Narrm, on the lands of the Wurundjeri Woiwurrung people out of Pink Ember studio, a queer ARI he co-founded in 2018. He draws weekly cartoons for the culture substack The Paris End, as well as contributing comics to campaigns for the NTEU, legalise Cannabis Victoria party and other causes. He has self-published many comics and zines, his latest long form comic work 'Beatitudes of the Beat' is being serialised by Glom Press. Issue 2 is out in November 2024.

MELODY ELLIS is a writer, researcher and lecturer based at the School of Media and Communication at RMIT University in Narrm/Melbourne. Melody's work is interested in the politics of value and taste, power, interpretation and subjectivity. Melody is also committed to collective writing and art making projects, like this one. See more of her work at melodyellis.com

ZARA GUDNASON is a writer and editor based in Narrm/Melbourne, Australia. Her work, which spans nonfiction and creative-critical research, considers parallel practices, form and feeling as alternate methodologies for creative exploration. Recent works have appeared in *Meanjin*, *Matters Journal*, *SCUM Mag* and *Right Now*.

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TIM LOVEDAY is a writer, educator and clown-lark. In 2022, he won the Dorothy Porter Poetry Award. In 2023, he won the Venie Holmgren Environmental Poetry Award and was shortlisted for the David Harold Tribe Poetry Prize. In 2024, he came runner-up in the Cloncurry Poetry Prize and was a finalist in the Montreal Poetry Prize. His work has been widely published. You can find out more at timloveday.com.

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'cheerleading is without spirit' (an anagram of 'Writing This Hideous Replica') is the name we have given to the collective of writers and artists participating in the writing program held during the exhibition *This Hideous Replica*. This collective includes Aaron Billings, Melody Ellis, Zara Gudnason, Jenny Hedley, Tim Loveday, Benedicte O'Leary-Rutherford, Susan-Elin Solimani and Beau Windon.

A 'hideous' insert

by 'cheerleading is without spirit'

Contributions by 'cheerleading is without spirit'
collective: Aaron Billings, Melody Ellis, Zara Gudnason,
Jenny Hedley, Tim Loveday, Benedicte O'Leary-
Rutherford, Susan-Elin Solimani and Beau Windon.

Images (in order of appearance):

Cover: Aaron Billings, *without spirit* 2024

p. 2: Aaron Billings, *hideous* 2024

p. 5: Susan-Elin Solimani, *A Hideous Reprimand* 2024

p. 6–7: Susan-Elin Solimani, *A Hideous Connection* 2024

p. 8: Susan-Elin Solimani, *A First Class Relic* 2024

p. 9: Susan-Elin Solimani, *Giving My Finger* 2024

p. 11: Susan-Elin Solimani, *A Hideous Zoom* 2024

p. 17: Benedicte O'Leary-Rutherford, *A Honeybee* 2024

p. 18: Benedicte O'Leary-Rutherford, *Little Spatulas* 2024

p. 18: Benedicte O'Leary-Rutherford, *Training the
Machine* 2024

p. 19: Benedicte O'Leary-Rutherford, *Making Honey* 2024

p. 19: Benedicte O'Leary-Rutherford, *KEEP DRAWING* 2024

p. 20–21: Aaron Billings, *Daria* 2024

Back cover: Aaron Billings, *replica* 2024

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↑
Hideous!

↑
Replica!