

”Manual” for the scooter-work

Benjamin Asger Krog Møller

The Scooter Work; a Manual for an Imaginary Machine: **1**

Mrtimthewriter

Flash and Dr. Big: **11**

Nwsyed

Fiery Moodboard: **15**

Umairlismail

Light music of hip hop tracks was audible in the streets: **19**

Asker Bryld Staunæs

On the Philosophical Contribution of Drabik's "Scooter-work": Relevance to AI and Achieving True Autonomous Vehicles: **25**

Lowe17

Chapter 1: **31**

Ukt998

Chastise: **35**

Olivia Emilie Leela Turner

Thoughts on Mikkel Drabik Jacobsen's Scooter-work: **37**

Sofus Keiding Agger & Mikkel Drabik Jacobsen

Q&A: **41**

GTP-2

Zeno-generations v.1+v.2: **49**

Benjamin Asger Krog Møller
The Scooter Work; a Manual for an Imaginary
Machine
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A manual (from latin manualis 'belonging to a hand'), first and foremost, represents a move away from the drawing board. The manual – e.g. as a means for actualizing inventory, is connected to a fundamental urge for actualization; it is an aid for the hand in the ecstasy of the practical execution. Anyone who has had to decorate a living room and thus engaged with a larger department store can attest to the following: At first, one flicks through the catalogue, which produces a state of affect, then the purchase is made. Hereafter, the manual is consulted to aid in the assembly of the bought furniture and after a couple of attempts the finished product will (hopefully) stand, either in the form of a Knopparp, Poäng, a Billy-bookcase or any other IKEA-product, for that matter. Subsequently, the manual is tossed away, and instead a variety of different means of documentation stand in where the manual left off. Different is the art exhibition, where the catalogue's purpose is to document, rather than it being a starting point. In this case, the manual is rare since its connection to the logic of mass production conflicts with the, otherwise commonly expected, notion of originality. Yet, modern museum communication implements explanatory texts – often on walls – that have a close resemblance to that of the manual, as their purpose is to guide or instruct. They rarely, though, assume the practical format of a handbook because they are not mobile. Then there is the case of the moodboard; it can arguably be viewed as a form of documentation – but then again, must be classified as something completely distinct, because it as a form of documentation (not unlike this text) only can aspire to be a documentation of a thought process, or a starting point for yet another thought process, which does not necessarily bear any relation to the first. In that sense, the moodboard resembles the pieces of the art exhibition, or the affect produced by the department store's catalogue: in both spheres, the moodboard operates in the open; with potential of creating beginnings. In connection

to the drawing board, it works with fixating and altering the imaginary. Therefore, the moodboard seems related to the kind of phenomena that never (or seldom) leaves the drawing board, thus becoming all the more effective. An example of such effectiveness becomes apparent in – within the framework of Western philosophy – Zeno's paradox. In all its simplicity, the paradox sets up a race between Achilles and a tortoise. Achilles is ten times faster than the tortoise, yet the tortoise is given a head start of one hundred meters.

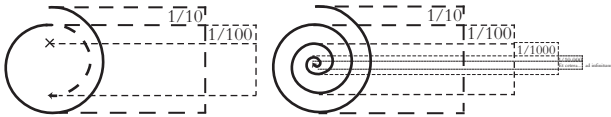
ACHILLEUS $\xrightarrow{100\text{METERS}}$ TORTOISE

In order to determine the winner, the thought experiment progresses in a serial manner. Achilles must, first and foremost, catch up to his competitor, the tortoise. He manages to do so quickly and with ease, however, in the meantime, the tortoise has traveled a distance equal to a tenth of those aforementioned one hundred meters; that is, ten meters. This distance must then again be completed in order for Achilles to be said to have overtaken the tortoise. But once again, the tortoise will have moved even further, if only a mere ten centimeters – and so on.

ACHILLEUS $\xrightarrow{100\text{METERS}}$ TORTOISE

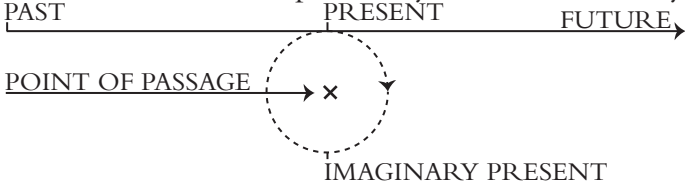
The paradox thus illustrates that movement as such is impossible. This argument is reached through an increasingly finer division of time and space. A paradox, in the proper sense of the word, it is not, yet it illustrates that the relationship between rational and irrational thinking is not an entirely uncomplicated one. Furthermore, it shows that logical and conceptual cogency at times can lead ad absurdum within the line of flight, which we will describe as "the insanity of logic." The problem, cf. Henri Bergson, lies within the tendency to "translate" the time of the tortoise to that of Achilles, as well as the sentiment that time can be treated as equally divisible and quantifiable as space. Bergson's critique could be utilized in a direct critique of the drawing board as being a space of over-

thinking that through analogies – detached from any kind of reality – commits these “translations” between time and space without being aware of these media’s distinct qualities. Our focus here, though, will not be Bergson’s “solution.” Rather, it will be a further entanglement of the problem motivated by Alfred Jarry; student under Bergson, founder of ‘pataphysics (under the pseudonym Dr. Faustroll), “the science of imaginary solutions,” which symbolically attributes the properties of objects, described by their virtuality, to their lineaments. That is our business, too. ‘Pataphysics renounces its allegiance to scientific method, i.e. the uncovering of correlation between isolated occurrences. Instead of constantly assigning the specific to the universal, the particular to the general, or the exception to the rule, the starting point is the exception because the universe, first and foremost, must be understood as “that which is the exception to oneself.” In this case, it leads to Zeno’s paradox unfolding, since it is guilty of drawing lines that find itself in a deadlock. The increasingly finer division of time and space (as a methodological result of the insanity of logic) follows a fractal structure, which can be described as a spiral:

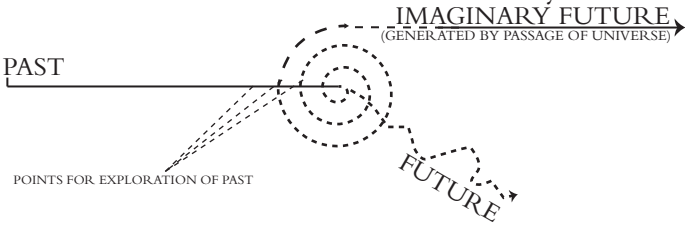


In the illustration above, we can observe that the line continuously encloses itself, and thus subordinates the particular line ever more rigidly under the general structure. The further one delves into the paradox, the more rigidly one is enclosed in a state of relative immobility. This is the metaphysical spiral. This structure can nevertheless be reversed by consulting Jarry’s contribution to the discipline of writing manuals: “How to Construct a Time Machine.” Rather than immobility being the target for a line, which folds into itself ad absurdum, Jarry lets the immobility be the starting point

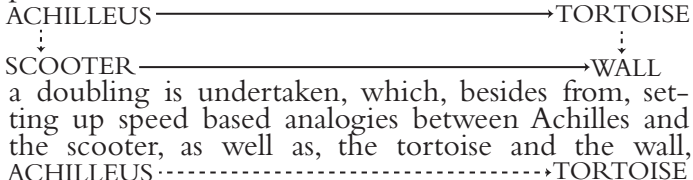
for another type of journey, more specifically time travel. Jarry’s modifications to Bergson’s theories resemble the special theory of relativity, in that time is not regarded as being essentially different from space, but rather an aspect of the same continuum. As far as time travel, and its specific potentials, are concerned, the solution seems to be, if anything, opposite that of the relativity theory. While the special theory of relativity is open to the possibility of time travel by theoretically suggesting moving forward in time at a speed as fast as the speed of light, the pataphysical time machine, on the other hand, operates by radical immobility.



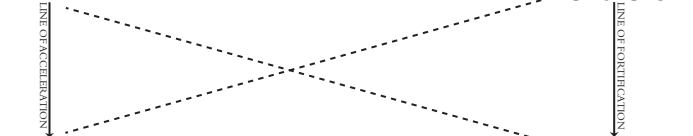
In “How to Construct a Time Machine,” Jarry describes how a time machine has to stand completely still (in other words, it has to be immobile) and allow for the entire universe to flow through it. Jarry describes it as the following: “if we could lock ourselves inside a Machine that isolates us from Time (except for the small and normal “speed of duration” that will stay with us because of inertia), all future and past instants could be explored successively, just as the stationary spectator of a panorama has the illusion of a swift voyage through a series of landscapes”. Therefore, to build a time machine is to build an immobility machine.



Jarry has a number of suggestions as to the actual design of the machine; an ebony frame, copper handles, and ivory dials. Yet, it is important to keep in mind not to view Jarry's "How to Construct a Time Machine" as a literal manual; to do so would be as big a misunderstanding as organizing a race based on Zeno's paradox. Instead, what we can gather from this is the conception of a radical immobility that enables a transgression of the successive, one-way trajectory that time and space follows. Just as the function of the time machine being imaginary, so are its components. And with that said, it is now beginning to look as if we have reached a useful analogy: When the Scooter Work produces Achilles as a scooter and the tortoise as a wall,



SCOOTER WALL
 furthermore invites for the imaginary production of to diagonals, those being: "Achilles against the wall" and "the scooter against the tortoise."
 ACHILLEUS TORTOISE

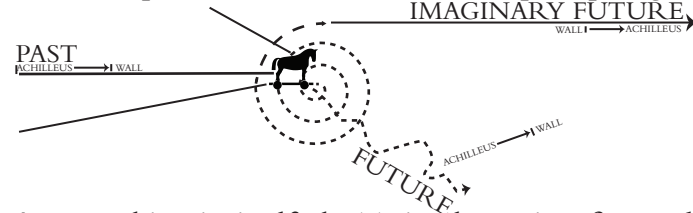


SCOOTER WALL
 The former diagonal cuts through the latter by virtue of its mythological weight; it calls to mind, the

Trojan war. And instantaneously produces a narrative about a line of motion and a well known solution.
 ACHILLEUS TORTOISE

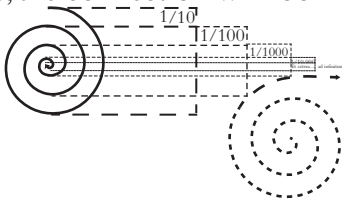


SCOOTER WALL
 The Trojan horse is easily one of the most effective imaginary machines in existence. By making the Trojans themselves bring the enemy inside the city walls, there is a shift in the source of motion: instead of it arising out of the invading force's offensive, the energy of motion is, on the contrary, derived from the defending Trojans. Thereby, the Trojan horse becomes the proto-type of a vessel with a strategically reversed energy of motion that produces, as well as exploits the conditions of disrupted passages.

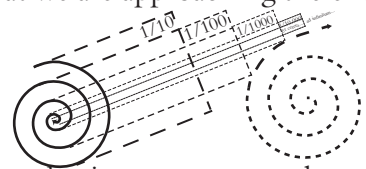


As a machine in itself, the Trojan horse is - first and foremost - imaginary. As a siege machine, on the other hand, it is completely impossible. It has no embrasures, it is abnormal, it is pataphysical. It represents an unknown deity, a wooden horse on wheels, and its propulsion is in no ways independent. Far from it! Instead, it relies completely on that of the enemy's. For it to move, the dreams, hopes (imaginary past and future), and inflated tendencies of its surroundings must flow through it. Only then will it be put in motion! The observant reader will now object that Achilles - as opposed to e.g. Odysseus - was neither inside, nor

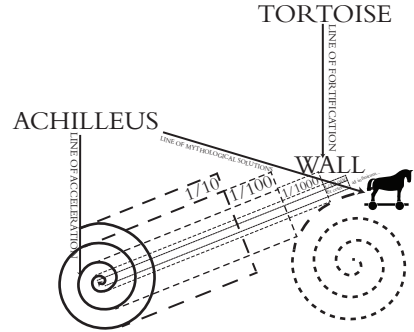
did he ingeniously devise a plan for the Trojan horse. Therefore, the observant reader will remark that the connection to the horse, facilitated by the diagonal of “Achilles against the wall”, is far-fetched. We will defend ourselves by claiming that the use of Achilles is fitting, due to the fact that he and the wall operate on the same level against the horse. Had Achilles been inside the horse, or had Odysseus been a component in Zeno’s paradox and had one of these cases been the starting point for our investigation, then this investigation would hardly have been able to emancipate itself from numerous dichotomies between the banality of the battering ram and the deceptiveness of the strategic effort. Achilles is exactly capable of illustrating the range of the imaginary machine. His relative position to the wall is produced as an effect of - or rather an epiphenomenon to - the function of the horse. This happens without him being causally involved in the mechanics of this function. The wall, as well as Achilles, belong to the external environment which makes its imaginary passage through the Trojan horse and thus establishes its pataphysical function. Now it is possible for us to connect the original spiral of Zeno’s with the pataphysical spiral of the imaginary Trojan machine. This is due to the common notion of infinity. In Zeno’s “enclosed” spiral, infinity is placed as an immobile vector on the inside, (virtually described, by us, on the outside). Infinity in the pataphysically functioning imaginary machine goes from zero to infinite, and is therefore always an expanding movement outwards. Therefore, the connection will look like the following:



We can tilt the illustration in order to gain some more space, now that we are approaching the end of the text.



Last thing to do is to connect the mythological line of “Achilles against the Wall” (going beyond the wall) while remembering to include its external remains of the original paradox, connected by the line of acceleration and the line of fortification. The point of attachment will be the current state of expansion of the pataphysical spiral, illustrated by the Trojan horse as a driving force towards infinite immobility. And thus we get, assembled in its final condition, our imaginary vehicle of radical immobility:



The original line of Zeno’s paradox (Achilles against the tortoise) is now imaginary and represents the driver of the vehicle, who will never be present due to a constant praxis of exploring the realms of the imaginary future and past.

Mrtimthewriter
Flash and Dr. Big

He was famous in the trailer park. Well, he was famous for a few different reasons – a bit like a local celebrity but without the small-time cash generally associated with cutting the ribbon at a supermarket opening or appearing on the local knockoff local news show on public access. For every man, woman, and child in Green Acres Mobile Home Park, Adam, or going by his stage name, Fireflash, was the ultimate incarnation of masculinity and maximum thrills atop his trusty mechanical, always breaking down, steed – Dr. Big – an illegally souped-up Vespa scooter bought from a thrift shop’s fire sale years ago. To be honest, Adam came from a historical lineage of entertainers – his father was the preacher man of their little backwater patch of Appalachia – one that handled snakes and wasn’t quite good at it – he was frequently bitten by the semi-poisonous creations of God. With each bite, the man more frequently would speak in tongues during sermons and claim to see visions of hundred-eyed angels raiding the ceiling of the small trailer making up their church. Daddy had died years earlier. Found in the sanctuary, a cement brick half-open building out back. Slumped over the barbeque pit, poker in hand, working on the fundraiser butt when he was called home. They still sold tray after tray, albeit a few hours later than usual. The entire trailer park bore marks of Fireflash’s flame – broken plaster, clipped edges of metal, busted brick walls, fractured cement – of course, as one could assume, Adam’s fuel was not adrenaline or supernatural ability to live through extreme events. Instead, cheap cherry wine and sips of beer begged off of neighbors fed his internal fire. There was the site of his first flight – a patch of murky water making up the trailer park’s pond turned cesspit, decorated with discarded televisions and busted computer monitors, with lily pads of floating McDonalds cups, occupied by monster-like catfish that sometimes would gurgle onto the shore to eat the half-dead earthworms wriggling on the soil. Fireflash, astride Dr. Big had flown from one edge of

the puddle to the other, clipping a discarded oil drum on the landing, causing Fireflash to dig a six-foot-long strip of dirt using the chin of his helmet, scraping out his fall, taking out poor old dead Mama’s last flower bush. The second site was the south-facing wall of the “asshole old lady’s trailer” – the name given to old Ms. Meyer for frequently scolding Adam as a child for playing in her yard. Fireflash, having lost control of Dr. Big’s first incarnation, Stormhawk, a tricked-out dirt bike, and ramming it straight into the wall, busting out much of the plastic paneling and cracking the bottom half of the faux bay window facing out onto the dirt road leading out of the park. That was ten year ago and still no sign of the check to patch up the damage. Then there was the third, most famous site of Fireflash’s antics – a bent wrought-iron fence at the front of the “fanciest trailer in town.” A fence that, less than a year before, had impaled Fireflash’s padded rear-end, sending him to the hospital for a week-long stay. Daddy said it was retribution for a reckless lifestyle. Adam reminded him that he had barbeque to tend to rather than lecture. This evening was to be his largest feat yet, spurred on by way of the adding of a few new trailers into the mobile home park – brought in by the park’s owner after hearing about a FEMA decommissioning auction. A large dirt mound of moved Earth sat on the edge of the main road, with the crest of it joining up with the cement block retaining wall used to keep erosion of the natural cliffside at bay. In a stunt akin to grinding a skateboard, Flash was to jump Dr. Big onto the top of the retaining wall, flip the Vespa to a horizontal position, then grind, rocking back and forth, down the wall, then jump clear. Something that anyone else would call impossible. Maybe that was part of the charm. Evening set in, and with the front yard of Adam’s trailer appropriately covered with beer cans, he donned his costume, turning into Flash. A black ensemble covered in printed blue flames – the material was actually curtain material meant for young boys’

bedrooms. Waving to his crowd, he sat astride Dr. Big, starting the engine and riding up the short drive to his hand-painted orange flame mailbox. Waving, he gunned the small engine, making his way to the mound, successfully up after struggling for a moment on some large clods of dirt, then to the top of the wall. With the sound of falling metal hitting concrete, he was gone from the start. No more than ten seconds into his stunt, it was over. The gathered crowd dashed forward, finding Flash, there, with Dr. Big, in the dirt, as injured as usual; however, he'd left something else, other than his health, behind. Marked, in soot, on the cement wall, was a cross. An albeit smudged and hard to see, cross. "It's a miracle!" A few of the late-comers of the crowd trampled over Adam's scuffed body in order to get a better look at the freshly formed mark of the lord, akin to the prayerful running to the wailing wall of Jerusalem, trying to take in the once-in-a-lifetime event of being there. Adam smiled to himself, face in the dirt, believing his stunt to have been a success, at least in fooling his audience. After a few minutes, nobody in the gathered crowd grabbed him by the armpits and lifted him up to go to the hospital. Nobody offered him a drink. He felt like daddy, prayers being shouted upward in his presence. Standing, Adam gripped both of Dr. Big's handlebars to steady himself, nearly unable to stand. Turning, he stared at the wall, his vision blurry. "I can't even see the fucking thing." He began the walk of shame back home, leaving his crowd behind to adore what he'd never intended, mud dripping from his trusted helmet, body aching.

I try to focus as everything around me seemed to get blurry with each passing second. I could feel my eardrums throbbing and my heart seemed to jump out of my chest any minute. My boy, my little boy, completely lifeless and still in front of me; his pretty face unrecognizable, and splashes of his blood were everywhere. It was almost obscene. The clean, white canvas of the hospital walls splotted by deep, red colour as if of any contemporary's artist's work. The doctors seemed to be saying anything. But their voice could not defeat the screams that seemed to be coming from conscience. Every nerve fibre in my body seemed to be on fire as my agony turned into anger in a matter of a few seconds. I could see my ten-year-old son's murderers' faces floating in front of me. The urge to avenge the death of my mother-less child took complete power over me. I picked up my pace as I turned back and started running towards the exit. I had lost complete control of my body's voluntary movements by then. I jumped on my Harley-Davidson and drove to wherever I could make my way. Every memory from my child's birth to this morning flashed into my mind. I had dropped him off at school earlier that day, and we were planning to make a meal together whenever he comes. But instead, I received a call from the hospital. The unfamiliar, haunting voice on the other side told me that someone run over my child. My innocent, little, poor child. He wasn't involved in any of this. He had no role in my loathsome, criminal activities. My late wife's countless warnings swarmed my mind. She had a bad feeling about me mingling with these sorts of men. I was head-strong and stupid. I needed a quick and easy way to earn more money. I had no idea that this "job" could cost me so much; my child, my blood. I suddenly felt the fire in me subside as unbearable, heart-wrenching guilt took its place. I boasted about being the most heartless hitman there ever was. I used to tell people tales of finishing off people without an ounce of mercy in my heart. Guess "What goes around

comebacks around" is true after all. I had lied; I could never forget the last look in my victim's eyes or the quivering in their voice as they begged for mercy. I felt like I had some control over their lives; I felt like God, who had the power to end their lives or let them live. But now I understood the severity of it. I was no God; I was a mere slave, given a task to murder a person, and I had no choice but to comply. The reality had hit me, but it had hit me late. I have lost everything I had in my life. Streams of tears trickled down my face as I continued to drive aimlessly in the metropolitan. I needed to find the guys responsible for this because I knew that they did it on purpose. I had failed to return the loan to my recruiter. I had been very loyal to the group. 'Brothers' that's what we used to call each other. They were anything but brothers. They were hungry wolves waiting for prance on anyone who let their guard down for a moment. Oh, the irony of all of it. I didn't know if I was actually going to avenge my son's death or just running away from reality. My dead, unrecognizable son on the hospital bed was the reality. A little corner of my mind somehow hoped that when I would go back to the hospital, the scene would have changed or they would tell me that there had been a mistake and my son was absolutely fine. My train of thoughts got interrupted by a police siren. I glanced back to see not one but two of the police cars chasing me. I sped up hopelessly, but I knew that it was of no use. After crossing two blocks, two more police cars crossed me in an attempt to stop me. I somehow managed to escape through them. But there was no escaping now. The cops were saying something on the car speaker but I was panicking. I had the gift of staying calm even in the worst of scenarios. But this was something beyond my wildest imaginations. The neighbourhood was unfamiliar to me, but I was adamant about going into every alleyway or lane that made it impossible for cops to follow me. I made my way through one such backstreet. Just when I thought

Umair Iismail
Light music of hip hop tracks was audible in the streets

I had gotten rid of them, I heard multiple sirens behind. I looked behind as I sped up simultaneously. I saw three police cars behind me. As I turned around to look straight ahead, I realized it was too late. I had entered the alleyway and there was a dead-end ahead, 4 feet in front of me. My mind stopped working and I closed my eyes. I heard it after 5 seconds; the crash. I was not running away from reality but moving towards my death. I was visited again by memories but this time, only the bitter-sweet ones. My son's first words, his first steps, his first day in school, the sparkle in his eyes whenever he saw me bring his favorite comic. It didn't feel right to die without avenging my beloved boy's death but it also didn't feel right to live any longer. But only if death was as beautiful as this; but it wasn't. Soon the haunting and the hollow eyes of his victims brought back all the agony he thought he had forgotten. The calls of mercy ignored, the helplessness and the cries disregarded; they stayed with me until my very last moment. I felt as if someone had plugged in earphones in my ears and played those hideous sounds on a loop. But I deserved all the torture because I earned it. So, I laid there, listening to those voices, waiting for my death to knock on the door finally. So, I can move on to my next punishment, my atonement.

The light music of hip-hop tracks was easily audible in the street. Apparently, the loudness of buffers being played had beaten the acoustical measures employed by the bar manager. And the shrieks of people dancing in the bar had some-thing in common with the loudness. These sequels of the people beaten by the problems were a reaction of depression, stress, and anxiety. In addition to its name, there was something special about the bar. Jam-packed at night, peaceful from inside, and the DJ, who held the nerves of customers, added to the mark of the bar. People from nearby cities would prefer to dance on "The Bartery's" floor. Erwin, the owner of "Bartery", had named the bar with deep thoughts and affiliations. The "tery" of "Bartery" was taken from "tery" of "mystery". "The Bartery", written in blue neon light, on a wide signboard hung in street, was written in an artistic font. The street was spacious and at night customers' vehicles, scooter bikes, and vans were parked outside. Jaraneta, the only security guard of "the Bartery", would keep roaming around. He was an old employee and by now, was familiar to everyone, with the vehicle they owned. Jaraneta had good relations with everyone. He knew from where the best Irish whiskey, puree meth, and effective cocaine could anyone get in the town. He had connections in drug centers, smuggling markets, and shops where the thieves could sell the stolen things. He was quiet but classic and unique of his kind. Everyone in the bar had lent some money from Jaraneta at any stage of life. And he had not refused anyone. His sharp memory had total statistics of the money borrowed from him. He would call this amount, "money in the market". The party in the bar was at its peak, when he with a bottle of the Grifone, a low-cost whiskey, stumbled out from the Bartery. He was drunk, half-conscious and could hardly walk. While staggering, he fell near a bike in the street, with his legs on the pavement and head on the seat. When the bar had closed, the vehicles had gone and the street was empty. Jaraneta, put a sigh in the

street and saw a stupefied near a bike and approached with intrigue. Coming close, Jaraneta held his face and recognized him. He was Prabhu, who lent money from Jaraneta to drink. Prabhu was a regular drug addict who would steal things, cars, and appliances for drugs. Earlier in the day, he borrowed money from Jaraneta, lying that he had stolen something expensive and will return the money after selling at good rates. Jaraneta thought the bike was an expensive thing and went back without bothering to awaken him. In about the last hours of the night, Prabhu came to his senses and woke up. The street had emptied. He realized that no one did awaken him for the bike. He guessed the bike was marvelous by looks. As he had not seen such a scooter before. He looked around to see if he was being monitored and found no one seeing him. He gathered strength and settled himself on the bike. As Prabhu took the seat, the bike started automatically. An electronic screen near the speed meter got brighten. The screen read, "Welcome en thé boardé", he understood but did not know the language. He held the race grip but there was no gearing system. After he had settled well on the bike, it started moving. "Holyyyy... Shit.." he exclaimed. "Missioné Startedé, Savé youé Lucké", the message appeared as he left the street. And a map showed up on the screen. A sense of fear prevailed and he was confused. He tried to stop but could not help. He ungripped his hands on the race to decelerate, but failed. Every possible trick, he tried brought no result. "Followé thé mapé", the screen brightened. He decided to follow the map, and decide later. The greed to sell the scooter, stopped him not to jump. He was curious about the situation. "500 métersé. Savé youé Lucké ", the screen blinked for three time. He was ready for a surprise, attack, or for something strange to happen. The location was the closed corner of a street. On reaching close, he started looking around. As he took the closed corner of the street, the bike slowed and the speedometer automatically dropped to zero.

A bombshell was waiting for him. He stepped down from the bike. Lying down was a thick bearded, middle-aged man. A liquid of color resembling blue was coming out from his mouth. He was terrified by the scene. The person who had died had long blue hair. He was wearing long blue shoes under a blue raincoat. His menacing face had reddened to an ultimate level. His blue sparkling eyes were opened. Blue eyes on the red face made his look more terrible. A blue square box placed near the dead boy attracted Prabhu's attention. It was glowing. A pendulum fixed in the box was stopped. A blue button rose from the surface. Prabhu hesitatingly pressed the button, the box screen got wiped, cleared, and read: "Expired. Savé youé Lucké". Prabhu, ghastly looking at the murderous guy, was shocked. He, control his senses and try to run. As he moved back, he was hit with the scooter. He, unwantedly, rode on the scooter and accelerated bike. As the bike moved, its blue screen shined with, "Savé youé Lucké". He was wearied by the message always showing up on his screen, asking him to save his luck. Why he was constantly being instructed to take care of his life and be cautious. That was strange. Throughout his life, he had not seen anyone being murdered so brutally. Although he was a drug addict, but not a murderer. The frightful face of the murderous man was flashing through his mind. "Terrible. Terrible", he was murmured. "How? Why?", he kept babbling. Suddenly, the display on near speed meter gleamed. And a message showed up, "Missioné Startedé, Savé youé Lucké", and a map came on the top. Prabhu read, "Savé youé Lucké", and started following the destination. By that time, the effect of low-class Grifon had vanished and he was employing his instincts to guess about his next destination. He was ready for a shocker. As he reached the next destination, another blow was waiting for him. He saw a clean shaved bald, near a red box, taking his last breaths. He approached him. But as he reached close to him, the bald guy took his last breath, died and a red liquid

started coming out of his mouth. The pendulum in the box turned for the last time and stopped. Similar to the previous box, a button rose. As Prabhu pressed the button, the screen appeared and it showed the same sentence in red, "Savé youé Lucké". Prabhu looked at the man whose face had turned to pale yellow and kept looking. He lost his senses. Red eyes on a yellow face, he thought he was looking at the alien. When he came to his senses, he mustered up the strength and rode on the bike. The bike started moving. He did not know, what was happening. He felt pity for himself for stealing the bike and started scorning his criminal habit, which forced him to seal the bike. He loath himself for being involved in this despicable game of "murder, murder". Ultimately, the roots had based on his act of stealing. He wanted to kill himself for being involved in a mean act of stealing. "Why? Why do I steal?" he asked himself. "I am a thief", he smeared with shame. All the deplorable events of the past circulated through his mind. He remembered, how a sudden act of anxiety forced him to drug and how he lost his job. He was a typewriter in a company. People had named him "Mr. speedy", to praise his typing speed. But once he got involved in drugs, things started falling apart. His company fired him and he was on road. He started stealing and which turned out him into an ordinary thief who would steal to buy drugs. He had never killed anyone and had not stabbed anyone, either. He was a "harmless thief". A name Jarenta once gave him. "You can never be a rich, little rat because you are a harmless thief", everyone in the bar laughed. Indulged in deep thoughts, he was disturbed by the message shown up on the scooter screen. "Savé youé Lucké" He understood why he should save his life and stop being a criminal. He perceived that if he kept stealing and drugging, he would end up his life on a street corner, just like the other two guys, he saw before. He did not want to end up his life being a rat. In a sudden sense of realization, he apprehended the meaning

of his life. He aimed to get of every bad habit. “I am Mr. speedy not Mr. drunken”, he aspired. Suddenly the screen on the bike shined with, “Finalé Missioné Star-tedé, Savé youé Lucké”. Prabhu felt as if the final mis-sion was to kill himself. He wanted to escape from the game. He found no other way, but to jump from the scooter. As he jumped from the accelerated scooter, his eyes opened. He was in a convoluted dream. Before he could analyze, what he had been into, the phone rang. On the other side was his boss. His long struggle had brought him fruits of success. He had been promoted to a clerk. He got a raise in his salary and received other facilities. As he reached his office. His junior re-quested him to write a moto on the official register Prabhu wrote, “Savé youé Lucké”.

Asker Bryld Staunæs
On the Philosophical Contribution of Drabik’s
“Scooter-work”: Relevance to AI and Achie-
ving True Autonomous Vehicles

Mathematicians and physicists will probably not be as troubled by Drabik's "Scooter-work" as they were by its inspirational template, namely Zeno's paradoxes of motion. While the Scooter-work can easily be disproven by calculation, this paper finds it likely that engineers and AI-researchers will take the Scooter-work up as a challenge to their practice.

The paper theorises that Drabik's Scooter-work engages a hybrid of the paradoxes of Heraclitus and Zeno. The Scooter-work simultaneously operates a space of radical movement and absolute stillness, which points to a kinship with the configuration of current machine learning's neural networks. On this basis, the paper claims that the Scooter-work's paradox problematises the development of truly autonomous vehicles. The paradox of the Scooter-work is interpreted as encouraging the creation of a future that never comes.

At contrast to the paradoxes of Zeno, the *Scooter-work's* solution resists a functional explanation. While Zeno claimed that it would be impossible for the war-hero Achilles to catch up with a lowly tortoise that had been given a head start, Drabik thinks it conceivable that a driverless scooter could move in a straight line against a wall and avoid collision at any given point in time. The difference between the paradoxes is that *a scooter is not Achilles and a wall is not a tortoise*. This makes it harder to replicate Zeno's paradox of a difference between perceived and actual infinity, which fostered the conclusion that motion is impossible given that space is a sum of points. Firstly, Achilles and the tortoise are biological organisms (a human and an animal), while a scooter and a wall are artifices. The complexity of organisms has historically made calculations more difficult than the predictive formations of inert matter. Secondly, a scooter's speed is mediocre in comparison to other vehicles (e.g. bikes, motorbikes, cars) while Achilles was supposedly one of the fastest humans of his time. And while a tortoise is certainly slower than many other animals (e.g. hares or pumas), a wall is an inanimate object that cannot move any di-

stance whatsoever. In any conceivable calculation, the scooter can be expected to collide with the wall at a finite point. By itself, the components of the *Scooter-work* are not able to provoke our conceptions of infinity in any comparable way to Zeno's paradoxes. On a purely mathematical-physical basis, one has to reject Drabik's *Scooter-work* as a misconceived paradox. This raises the suspicion that Drabik only evokes Zeno's paradoxes as some sort of phenomenological projection on the difficulties of an artistic practice, as yet another Bartlebyesque gesture of refusal. However, Drabik seems to be genuinely interested in developing a philosophical problem: "The scooter is already in motion, and the same entails the wall" (Drabik 2020). Given this quote, one must consider whether the *Scooter-work* operates with a different framework than Zeno's archaic logic. While the question of how the scooter is set in motion without a driver is *technical*, the question of how the wall moves requires one to consider it as a *temporal object*. In the following, the *Scooter-work* is analysed as an act of *art as philosophical engineering*. Firstly, in our day and age *a moving wall* still strikes one as more unusual than *a driverless scooter*. This is so because *a wall cannot move in space*. As the concept of 'wall' entails the foundation of a 'house' it cannot move without leaving its predicament of being a barrier. But a wall can be claimed to move in time. That the scooter expects to reach the wall at point (X1) does not mean that it is *the same wall* that it collides with at point (X2). The internal structure of the wall could have changed; its paint could have cracked, a rawlplug could have fallen out, a termite could have eaten a piece, etc. Some calculations from physics could also be introduced to track *jumps from one quantum state to another* in the wall. However, that the wall *moves* by changing directly opposes Zeno's position. The paradoxes of Zeno are as Parmenidean of absolute space. In fact, Drabik's *Scooter-work* bestializes Zeno's paradox by coupling it with Heraclitus' *panta rhei*-dictum of universal flux; one

cannot ‘step into the same river twice’, because all movement entails change. It is impossible to collide with the wall that one engages. If one assumes the point of view of the scooter would it then expect the wall to be in motion or not? What does a driverless scooter think will happen when driving against a wall? To answer this, one cannot stay with classic phenomenological analysis on temporal objects (e.g. on the time-consciousness of anticipation, as in Husserl), because the scooter is not operated by a human subject. One has to explain the *technical nature* of time-consciousness in order to validate whether the scooter can consider the wall as moving or not. A somehow complementary but more naturalized program than the phenomenology of anticipation is the *predictive coding*-paradigm. Predictive coding has influenced new uses of neural networks for machine learning, e.g. the AlphaGo for playing the Ancient Chinese game Go, the GTP-programs of text generation, as well as analysis into driver behavior. But at heart, it is a *theory of mind*. While both the concepts of anticipation and prediction (as specific terms for expectation) have been used for developing systems of artificial intelligence, prediction differs from anticipation in so far as it *does not project the past to the future* but generates a predictive sequence *that was not there before*. If the driverless scooter was programmed to anticipate its trajectory towards the wall, it would expect a collision as all its registered data would confirm this. No human has driven directly against a wall without colliding with it. But on the other hand, if the scooter’s program is predictive then it is akin to a *controlled hallucination* in which the epiphenomenal option of avoiding collision is conceivable. A list of concrete examples on how a predictive AI-program recognizes the conceivability of a scooter driving against a wall while avoiding collision are included in this book, *Manual for a Scooter-work*, in the texts by GTP-2 at p. 49. The conceivability of avoiding collision whatsoever frames Drabik’s *Scooter-work* as a paradox for achieving

truly autonomous vehicles. If a bike, car, motorcycle, scooter, etc. is to maneuver the world, it is prerogative that they refrain from all kinds of speculative *Trolley-problem’s* where it has to decide whether to collide with a ‘child’ or ‘nitroglycerin’. More fundamentally, the autonomous vehicle has to fundamentally recognize whether the object of collision can be expected to change prior to impact. Following the Scooter-work, any collision will be absolved by the universal flux. As such, Drabik’s *Scooter-work* presents a philosophical paradox on the epiphenomenal nature of a friction-free society. As a hallucination of our current moment, the *Scooter-work’s* paradox illustrates how the wish for control and the fear of collision constructs as an intermittence. This is the underlying structure of all decision-making with algorithms: It seeks to *change everything without any affect*. We assume the universal flux in order to navigate the world in its becoming. As such, the point we reach for does not equal our outset. Our moment freezes because all anticipations of what is to come is stuck with a past of collisions. Drabik’s *Scooter-work* ‘captures the moment’ by predicting *inertia itself as changing*. Thereby it achieves a true paradox of infinity, as the wall (the limit) is deferring. If the limit is not a barrier then an infinite range of possibilities arise at the limits. The paradigm of collision (or, as in Zeno’s paradox, *the pursuit of catching up*) is illusory as a pure transgression, because the true paradox lies in actively *creating a future that never comes*. In sum, the Scooter-work provides an ethics, a message: it urges us to *move forward and hope that the limits can be set anew*.

Lowe17
Chapter 1

“Shut up!” I felt the words coming out of my mouth, but I didn’t really know what I was saying. “You don’t know what you’re talking about?” My head swam with alcohol and rage toward something, but I couldn’t remember what for. All I saw was a man in front of me, yelling words I could barely comprehend. “You’re wasted! You’re not getting another drink!” He yelled as loud as he could. I took a minute to skim over his clothing. His black button down and trousers. Right. He was one of the bartenders. He was also a stick too; I could take him out in seconds. So why couldn’t I get to him? I looked both ways to see two other men holding my arms, dragging me away from the boy. “Would you both watch it?” I grumbled, trying my hardest to break free from their grasps, “This is pure leather!” I tried to wrench my arms away again, but they held onto my arms even tighter, disregarding any of my concerns regarding my jacket. “Just get out, you asshole. You’ve caused enough trouble tonight.” “I didn’t do anything!” I spat back, looking away. I vaguely heard laughter in both of my ears. “You knocked that guy’s lights out over that chick. You don’t remember?” “No. No, I didn’t. I could feel their eyes on me, looking at me expectantly for a response. “Whatever. The guy probably deserved it anyway.” “No one deserves to get knocked out into the damn wall. Go home, Collin. Come back tomorrow when you’re sober.” Both of them pushed me further into what I now realized was the parking lot. Dim streetlamps barely lit the way, and my eyes caught sight of my motorcycle. I’d forgotten. I’d ridden it here. “You know what, I will go home!” I shouted back to the two men who were already walking away. I also doubted they could understand a word I was saying. I took in a breath and smelled only wet tar and gasoline as I stumbled toward the bike. It was so much farther away than I remembered parking it. It felt like hours before I could finally touch the handles. I blinked the blurry patches in my vision away. Everything was going to be fine. I just had to be ca-

reful. I’d driven back home from here plenty of times. And those guys inside were lying. I wasn’t drunk. I was perfectly fine. I strapped on my helmet and fumbled with the bike’s handles until I found the right switch. I pulled the clutch in and hit one of the buttons on the other handle, and the engine revved to life. Fumes once again filled my senses, and it was almost comforting. Smells like that had been my home for years now. It gave me reassurance more than anything. I could do this. It was just another nightly drive, although I didn’t have a girl with her arms around me this time. I let out a breath and pressed on the gas, and I jerked forward with the bike. I immediately pushed on the break and put my feet on the ground. It’s alright, Collin. Just breathe. Just drive. I took in another breath, mustered all the courage I had, and pushed on the gas again. I was more used to it this time, and soon, I was merging onto the highway, the wind blowing in my face. I felt free while on the road, dodging in and out of cars, watching the world pass me by. It was beautiful. The air was crisp and smelled of fresh pine and burnt rubber, or maybe that was just the inside of my helmet. HONK. I almost jerked off my bike. My head whirled rapidly around me until I saw a car pass me by, a head sticking out of the window. “Your light, dumbass!” They said more, but they were already too far away for me to hear the rest of it. But he was right. Shit. I didn’t have my lights on and it was pitch black out. I quickly followed the stranger’s advice, and breathed a sigh of relief as the road in front of me was illuminated. I’d wondered why it had been so hard to see for the first few minutes. Slowly, the world fell away, and I heard nothing but my own heartbeat as I raced down the road. My lips tugged into a smile, but the frigid cold blowing against my leather had my happiness faltering just a bit. God, warm sheets sounded amazing right about now. I could see it, the football game blaring on the TV, my buddies around me, Jenna in my arms. Jenna. I said I wouldn’t think about her, but she’d been the

only one on my mind all night. It had been years, but it still felt like only yesterday since we were together, since she broke my heart. I gripped the handle of my bike harder as I felt my throat constrict and my eyes burn. I couldn't cry on the road. What the hell was wrong with me? I closed my eyes, letting the memories flood my mind as they saw fit. All the good times I'd spent with her at concerts, bars, even her parent's house. As nervous as I was, I'd never laughed so hard around that table. I opened my eyes, and grinned, but my face quickly contorted into confusion. Something wasn't right. The road in front of me was clear. Hadn't there been cars next to me just a second ago? HONK. Again, I heard that loud blaring noise, and suddenly I felt weightless. My head pounded as I looked down from my place in the air. A red van had crashed into my bike that now lay shattered and broken to bits on the pavement. Smoke filled my senses, and so did pain. My back and head ached, and I felt colder and heavier as the seconds went by. I hit the ground, and the pain I'd felt moments ago had been dialed up to eleven. I heard my helmet slam into the ground, my body skidding on the pavement, my own breath, my own heartbeat. Until I heard absolutely nothing at all.

Olivia Emilie Leela Turner
Thoughts on Mikkel Drabik Jacobsen's
 Scooter-work

Living in the ruins was never his choice yet he had to hide himself after running from the clutches of enemies. Who were his enemies? Well, he thought he was his own enemy. He was running from himself and so he settled in the plains where the world wouldn't find him. She silently walked away from him and this killed him. He wanted to be punished and she couldn't punish or hurt him. So, one day he hopped on his scooter and left in anguish to torment his heart that was burning in flames. He wanted to punish himself. He is Mark and she was the love of his life but a silly mistake parted the two lovers. A wall stands between them, which is so strong that it doesn't break. He punches his fists and sometimes even cracks it but the wall itself, never falls down. What did he do so wrong to deserve all this hate and loneliness? Maybe he doesn't deserve it yet he wanted himself to believe he deserved it. He wants himself to feel the pain that he made her feel that day. It was bearable for her but it is becoming unbearable for him with each passing day. Should he go back to her? Maybe apologize so they can start a fresh new life. No, this isn't as easy as it seems. Mark wants to feel the pain. He is crazy in love with the woman he hurt. He doesn't want to go back and the depression is killing him. He is on a ride to self-exploration to become a better human for her but little did he know, this insane loneliness is losing his sanity. He is losing touch with the reality and as of now, he feels that was him that killed her. It's all an illusion!

The scooter work is at first glance humorous and confusing. Humorous because of the deceptive straightforwardness and confusing because of the immediate question “Why?” that it raises. I write deceptive straightforwardness because of my initial thought that the art work provoked; it’s apparent simplicity in material and depiction. It’s a piece of art work that requires a conversation, not necessarily with another person. In my opinion its context needs to be processed, before you can start conversating. Initially a mood board for a performative installation, the Scooter work hung in Mikkel Drabik Jacobsen’s studio for five years. The piece hung above Jacobsen’s desk during the entire time of his studies at the Jutland Art Academy, the mood board being a firsthand witness to some of his most formative years. A piece of A4 paper that initially was the blueprint for an art piece, is now that art piece. There are objects that evoke certain ideas or experiences that are secondary to their literal meaning or function. Let us call it a representation of a phenomenon, but in this case not just a phenomenon but maybe a social heritage? The scooter work is not physically tangible, I can’t trace the crack in the wall with my fingers, nor tug in the wallpaper exposing more of the brick and I won’t be challenged by the scooter’s weight. The flames are mere renderings of fire, a representation of a representation, photographic depictions of the tangible. They are all ideas that birth experiences of the familiar. Plato, who I’ve decided needs to no introduction has spoken of mimesis in the arts. According to Plato all art is the re-presentation of nature, therefore art is an imitation of life. Art imitates the original incorporeal concept or idea; to exemplify this he uses a carpenter and a bed. God created the concept of the bed, the original thought of the object. The carpenter builds and materializes the concept of the bed, followed by the artist who imitates the carpenter’s bed in his picture. Hence the painter’s depiction of the bed is twice removed from reality and therefore the ‘idea’ is the ultimate rea-

lity. Art imitates idea and so it is an imitation of the action of life. With this theory in mind the Scooter work can be seen as an imitation of reality, twice removed from the original idea. Each photographic or animated representation of the mood board like format points towards concepts, that make us the viewer question our perception of the work in its entirety. These questions have then been translated, paraphrased and examined in this redefinition of a manual, playing with the notion of how to approach an art work. Each short story, dialogue or jotted reflection acting as a prism, casting new light and adding connotations to the original work. Simultaneously it poses a chicken or the egg situation, raising the question: “Will the Scooter work be defined by the manual or vice versa?” In the midst of this question, oscillating between the two a beforementioned perspectives, an open blank space arises; leerstellen. German literary reception theorist Wolfgang Iser said in relation to literary work, that one must not only focus on the actual writing, but also focus on the actions involved in responding to that text. The scooter piece and the manual can be perceived as the framework, framing the production of ideas, experiences and the dialogue that the entirety of the work generates. In these blank spaces the viewer of the Scooter work is intercalated. There is no core meaning, as a result the Scooter works viewer is given the opportunity to reconstruct the narrative discourse between the Scooter mood board and the Scooter manual. The entirety of the art piece; manual and A4 paper invites the viewer to transfer and place their own personal cultural and social associations in the blank spaces. The constant exchange of concepts and perceptions is the essence of the Mikkel Drabik Jacobsen’s Scooter-work.

SKA: The conversation today is going to take point in an artistic piece of work you have had in the incubator for quite some years now. Thus, at our age we've known each other for a great amount of time already. I remember your first pieces of art classified as contemporary artworks, and have been watching you throughout the development of your practice, until this very moment, at "the near end, the edge" of your formal art education. The first time I heard about the work of which our conversation today is going to depart from, must have been in the summer of 2016, you were just about to enter your respective art-academy, 19-years-old and sprawling with ideas. By then I had a very limited and blurry conception of art, but your engagement in the narrative and related actions for some reason stuck with me. Your work often does that to me, but I will return to that later. First of all, can you, shortly, visually and conceptually, describe for me the work we are going to talk about today?

MDJ: The art piece consists of a mood board, a collage per se, of a scooter, two images of generic cracks in a wall, a brick wall and two pictures of fire in an airbrushed manner. The initial concept was to drive a physical scooter into a wall, where the collision between the two objects and the marks on the wall was the artwork. But this idea has evolved and matured, and I no longer see necessity of the physical act of collision. My concept is now loosely based on Zeno's paradoxes, a thought experiment embodied in the myth of the Tortoise and the Hare, the hare never catching up with the tortoise. According to my thoughts the scooter will never hit the brick wall, my work paraphrasing the myth.

SKA: As I mentioned earlier, the first time you told me about this work, is soon about 5 years ago, it's quite some time, is this the way you work? Do you make a plan, how do you structure your time, how do you gather information, which tools are you using?

MDJ: Yes, this is true, that five years have gone by since I created the mood board and for five years it hung on my studio wall. I've constantly returned to it, my thoughts circulating its presence, which is something that is characteristic in my practice. Reusing, adapting and rethinking earlier pieces in new contexts. The Scooter artwork will pose as my final educational piece of art in "Afgang 2021", it will encapsulate my practice, my years at the art academy and manifest my growth as an artist. A full circle so to speak, I lay the groundwork for my graduation piece in the first few months as a freshman at the school, and will finish my time as an art student with the very same piece. My practice is research based, and therefore I've developed my own set of tools to gather information. My own rhythm and intuition become tools in an elucidating process of uncovering material, and validating the objects I choose to present.

SKA: It seems like the creation of narratives are an important aspect of your work. How do you relate this work and its narrative to your previous body of work? Are you seeing the single works as chapters of a greater whole or rather isolated stories? If a greater whole, what does this chapter add to the story?

MDJ: I definitely see all of the artworks as a part of a greater narrative, but with this exact piece I retrace my steps and go back to one of my first research-based works. The beginning and the end of my education will be connected, and form a singular object.

This approach might confer to the notion that an art education is linear narrative, with a beginning and an end. A constant progression towards the end, a progression towards mastery and knowledge of your chosen medium. Hence you could view the Scooter work as a circulation of materiality and mediums.

SKA: Mediation of narratives is a central method of your praxis. What are your thoughts on replication, re-mediation, and re-contextualization? In your sense, what does it do to an object, image or narrative?

MDJ: In this book, I've strived to invite different people with completely different backgrounds (educational, social, racial, economic etc.) and perspectives to interpret the mood board, and write a piece based solely on the knowledge of the mood board being figuring as an artwork. I've simply copied six images from Google, which aren't anything but representations of objects ex. a scooter. The representations are merely ink on paper. I'm interested in exploring people's perception and observations of this rebus. And this is what I'm attempting in this "manual", which I've chosen to call this collection of stapled paper. A collection of different types of texts.

SKA: A red thread I see throughout your artistic production is your urge to store, archive or preserve tracks and traces of action, either by displaying it, or the absence of the same, an invisible border or a concrete visualization of an actual operation stored on a copper plate, for example. My thoughts tell me that physicality is secondary. What is it you are trying to map?

MDJ: The copper plates mentioned, were three plates of copper that I dragged through the ground in Scania (SE), Zealand (DK) and Jutland (DK).

It was an attempt of mapping a route that the Germanic tribe the Danes allegedly walked as they drove out the Heruli people in the 6th century. As a result of my walk, the earth made deep scratches and abrasions in the copper plates. After that I used the scuffed copper plates to make print, by using the etching intaglio technique. I'm seeking to map the invisible spaces, when looking at the prints, it is not a geographical map that you're viewing, but map of movement and a route that has been embarked. In the same way, when you're viewing the Scooter work, you're not experiencing the actual scooter colliding with the wall. These maps, so to speak, are created in the mind of the spectator, based on what they've been told or read. Narratives that are not manifested visually. But narratives that insist on the viewer addressing their surroundings based on information they've been told.

SKA: Its' a powerful selective act to dig up buried history, insist on its value and reuse it in contemporary contexts. I often sense bits of nostalgia in your work, how are you using history?

MDJ: I'll try to answer this question, by explaining how I've used history in this piece of work. In my relatively short career as an artist, I discuss the start of a process, that appears to become the end of the very same course. This is my way of proving how the same piece of art, can be conceptualized and recontextualized five years later.

SKA: Through media, our present reality is highly influenced by massive amounts of information delivered to us in visual forms. Selfies' presenting polished representations of individuals, commercials selling products supplying you with strength and wealth, polarized news stories framed intentionally to please the interest of their greatest investors. All these narrati-

ves carry aspects of fiction, fictions with a very limited amount of tools to fight against. Your narratives take off at concrete points of reality, so does commercials, selfies and news media. It seems like all people are responsible for their own making of sense in this chaos. When you put constellations of things, thoughts and images into this world, it kind of free for all, at least in the online sphere. What are your thoughts on the possibilities of an autonomous life of your already self-mediated/constructed narratives? Do you ever fear that your intentions eventually will be distorted to a level by the exchange of information that happens between people, to a point where the selected narrative you have chosen to put out in the world is alienated or not understandable in context of your original ideas, like a game of Chinese whispers?

MDJ: No that is not something that would worry me. The intention of creating this "manual" is not to give an answer to how this piece of art should be perceived or understood. On the contrary its purpose is to demonstrate how many different ways we can perceive the exact same object. This is my way of opening up the Scooter work for dialogue, instead of presenting the collision between the objects which would be to present a singular perspective. Each of these different perspectives become a new starting point, that accumulates many new ways of viewing the Scooter work.

SKA: Can you elaborate a bit on using the past for telling speculative stories taking place in the present, snowballing into the future?

MDJ: In the Scooter work I have taken something from my own past and in this case presented in the "Afgang 2021" exhibition. Without an end, the Scoo-

ter work would have grown bigger and bigger, just like a snowball rolling down a hill.

SKA: Last but not least, who is going to drive the scooter, a stuntman?

MDJ: No one will be driving the scooter. The scooter is already in motion, and the same entails the wall. The Scooter is like the hare and the wall is the tortoise.

GTP-2
Zeno-generations v.1+v.2

Zeno-generations v.1

#1 GPT-2:

"In a variation of Zeno's paradoxes of motion, I believe that it is metaphysically conceivable that a scooter could drive against a wall and avoid collision, thereby avoiding the death of a human being, in the same way that a man will drive against a wall after being hit by a lightning bolt, which is a sort of metaphysics which is opposed to the nature that God requires for His creation, namely, He does not, in fact, require the creation of a human being. Insofar as, like most of the other things that seem to be going on in this universe, these things have a different nature from the one that it has, their ontological nature was always something that could be compared to the way in which it (...)",

#2 GPT-2:

"In a variation of Zeno's paradoxes of motion, I believe that it is metaphysically conceivable that a scooter could drive against a wall and avoid collision, as opposed to a bike. There are a myriad of reasons the scooter could be an excellent option, some being personal preference, others a desire to get close to the surface of the road. My own preferences are pretty varied, and I hope to explore all of them as I go. The Scooter. The simplest of these is that the bike could really only actually go right and avoid collision. It would not even drive without brakes. That's the only option that I'd go with. It could also make a rather amazing gift of stopping in front of a (...)",

#3 GPT-2:

"In a variation of Zeno's paradoxes of motion, I believe that it is metaphysically conceivable that a scooter could drive against a wall and avoid collision, and could be used for many different things at once in order to accomplish the following (though not as part of a simple scooter configuration): The purpose of the

scooter is to be the vehicle's last stop – as an indicator of the time available for making such a stop. The scooter also has an optional emergency (or emergency on the ground) warning display, so that those who are most likely to make a wrong turn may be able to avoid one of the three other things above, such as a sudden braking. The scooter is meant to function (...)",

#4 GPT-2:

"In a variation of Zeno's paradoxes of motion, I believe that it is metaphysically conceivable that a scooter could drive against a wall and avoid collision, but that when the scooter is pushed further by the wall it will continue to behave just as a car does. But why can't it do this by stopping where else it is pulled? Because the scooter's speed makes it much less inclined to the moving things that would otherwise go right along with it. In fact, I think a lot of people think scooters are smarter than electric bikes, but that's ridiculous. Scooters are more like bicycle wheels than wheels, and will drive like a car in any scenario where it passes through traffic or some other situation where some other (...)",

#5 GPT-2:

"In a variation of Zeno's paradoxes of motion, I believe that it is metaphysically conceivable that a scooter could drive against a wall and avoid collision, but for that reason it is important to note his position before he applies a physical law. Here is an example from the film "Rise of the Dragon" in the late 1970s from the same film. For this case, however, it is quite obvious that a physical law is not involved. According to the movie, in the real world the road could seem like a circle, but in the movie the circle appears to be more like an oval. The path of the real road, for instance, is a circle, rather like an octopus curve (...)."

Zeno-generations v. 2

#1 GPT-2:

In a variation on Zeno's paradoxes of motion, I believe it is metaphysically conceivable that a scooter could drive against a wall and avoid collision with someone's vehicle - possibly even on purpose! Although it is impossible to fully understand how Zeno might explain its paradox, there are two possibilities: (1) a scooter could be driven at absolute speed in order to avoid collisions with non-moving objects, (2) a car could travel slowly in its own right without collision - as if moving in a stationary universe. However, it is important to make note of one other aspect of the argument: when Zeno asserts that a self-contained body will be able to carry a car, it is quite conceivable that a car driver will drive a self-contained body at absolute speed, without collision, because the force of the collision (which is known to be proportional to the acceleration of the car during a speed-dependent movement from the right to the left (...))

#2 GPT-2:

In a variation on Zeno's paradoxes of motion, I believe it is metaphysically conceivable that a scooter could drive against a wall and avoid collision with a concrete foundation, or maybe at least be able to achieve the same amount of "speed" in just a few minutes. Another possible explanation is that there might actually be two possible kinds of wall and bridge design. The one that is possible is the one that is likely, not impossible. Some engineers are very fond of the concept of moving buildings on the same axis that they know to be fixed on the ground all along. In his book, *Frugal Architectures*, Robert F. Ziegler describes how a building that is relatively simple with no other problems at all that could be built upon a fairly simple structure (usually a two-story building with a lot of water inside) (...)

#3 GPT-2:

In a variation on Zeno's paradoxes of motion, I believe it is metaphysically conceivable that a scooter could drive against a wall and avoid collision against you with ease even if it is too far off its path. What can we achieve through space and time that I do not understand? Well, you may take a little to understand. One theory has it that if you push yourself forward by moving your right hand backward, you will actually move your left hand backwards, to the point where it moves so slowly you will appear to be too far from the edge of the wall. This is called the "punching point." The most popular of these is in physics by Karl Popper (1875-1938) [1] who has attempted to provide a more precise definition of "punching," including some equations with actual physical consequences of which we shall return later. My understanding is that these equations are not the physical equivalent of "bouncing" when going to get a (...)

#4 GPT-2:

In a variation on Zeno's paradoxes of motion, I believe it is metaphysically conceivable that a scooter could drive against a wall and avoid collision with something when we would lose balance due to a non-rotating vehicle. And what is a car that does not need to go through a wall to do its thing? Perhaps the only solution here is to say that a car is moving a balance beam (or an equivalent device) that can drive at 50 and not hit something. This might make sense given the fact that cars are also designed to allow for a balance beam through a ceiling. It also seems plausible now that most cars are not designed to be balanced if they can also be turned up to 50 degrees. If a car is moving at only 250 degrees, then it is perfectly able to hit a wall by turning itself up from 20 degrees down and then reaching 50 degrees down. However, a car may need as much input as possible from the driver to operate smoothly to hit the (...)

5# GPT-2:

In a variation on Zeno's paradoxes of motion, I believe it is metaphysically conceivable that a scooter could drive against a wall and avoid collision. One could imagine this happening in a space in which a physical obstruction occurs and the wheels of a car are turned with the hand on the ground. One could imagine this happening as the wheels of a car are pressed together with a hand on the ground with the right arm at their disposal to push a car up against the wall. The car was then pressed against the wall and its wheels would then push away the wall. Yet, such a scenario wouldn't be possible if it was possible to produce something as simple as friction. What we might actually call friction is called the mechanical effect, which is an effect in the motion of a system that is stationary, like a ball, or moving through a certain physical motion. A ball or a physical object will appear in the middle of a room, or other objects will move a certain way (...)

”Manual” for a scooter-work

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