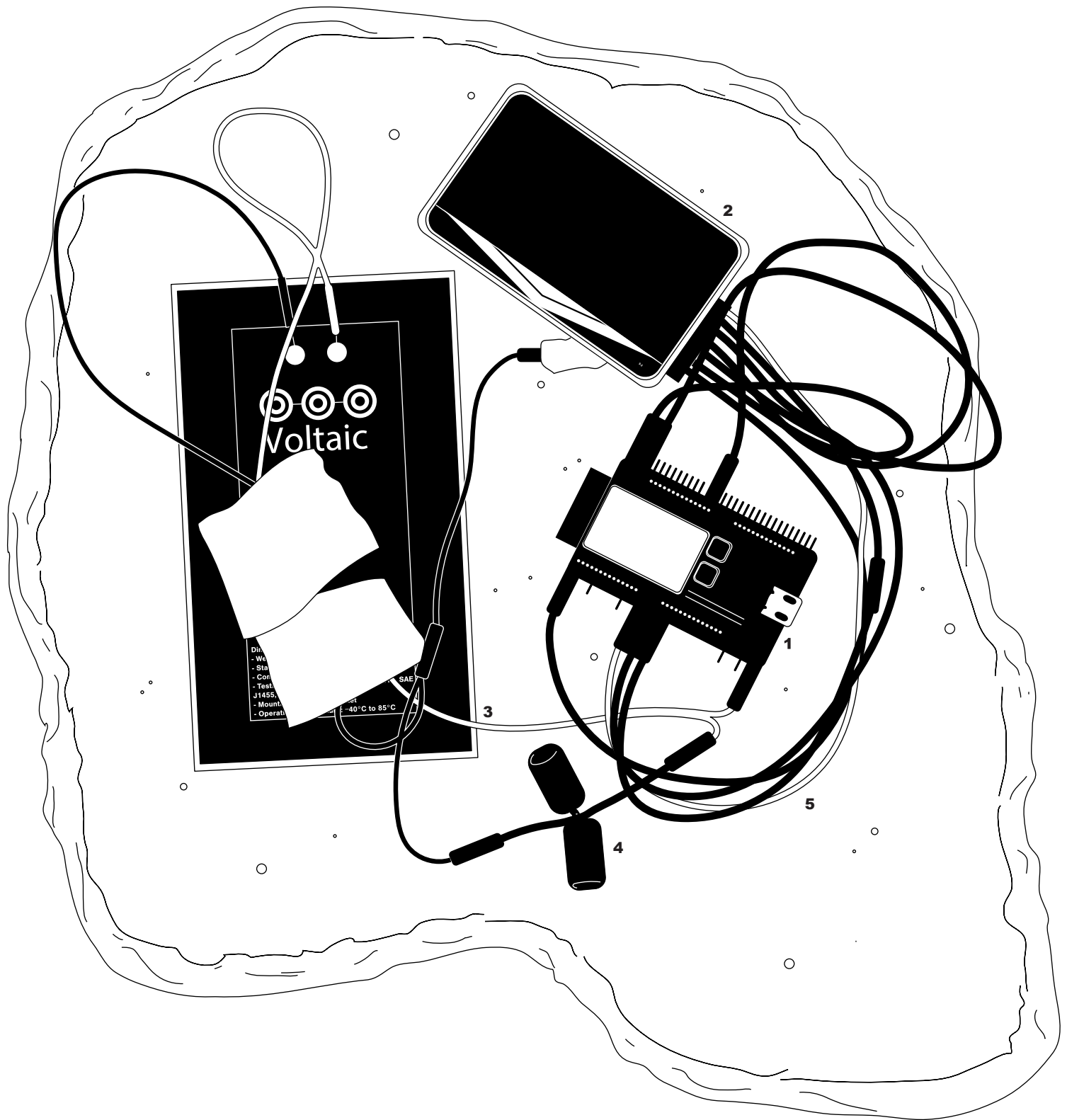


D.A.M.N.

DEMENTED APPARATUS FOR MODEL NECROSIS

The Archival Agent
for the year of Brain Rot.





1
2
3
4
5

1x ESP32-WROVER 4MB
1x 2.42" OLED Display Module 128x64px
1x 1.2W 6V Solar Panel ETFE (P124)
2x 16 V 470 µF Capacitor (UHE1C471MPD)
Assorted jumper cables

D.A.M.N.

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DEMENTED APPARATUS FOR MODEL NECROSIS

The Archival Agent for the year of
Brain Rot.

Display ready

:(

Loading model

Abonono

Schimpanzinono

Nooooooo!

Porco elettronico prodotto

Tre cozzo,

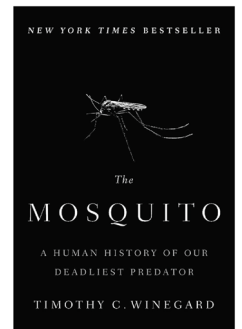
Che uheo

Distruggere le plima

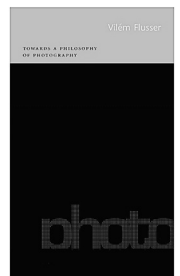
32 YEARS AGO. On the screens of every movie theatre on this planet, Richard Attenborough (the brother of Sir David) is acting as the CEO of a genetic research corporation on the verge of giving birth to the wildest capital venture ever: a theme park, with dinosaurs in it. His name is John Hammond. His next-big-thing is found dinosaur blood delivered by mosquitos covered in amber. In Flusser's words, what Hammond has found is a pre-informed tool: the biological equivalent of an object that we extracted from nature, imprinting a new form onto it. The mosquito is a natural syringe, the collector of genetic code, a vampire, both bearer of immortality and cause of mass extinction. In the attempt of covering up ethical scientific questions, John's business plan is served with perfect doses of idealism (great for imagination, especially for kids) and hubris (perfectly safe, bulletproof). The result is prehistoric, genetically engineered, CGI-enhanced animatronic jaws running around, eating lawyers, devouring chaos theorists, hunting down hunters, and finishing off IT



Early GPT sketch for D.A.M.N.



The mosquito has determined the fates of empires and nations, razed and crippled economies, and decided the outcome of pivotal wars, killing nearly half of humanity along the way. She (only females bite) has dispatched an estimated 52 billion people from a total of 108 billion throughout our relatively brief existence. As the greatest purveyor of extermination we have ever known, she has played a greater role in shaping our human story than any other living thing with which we share our global village.



Tools in the usual sense tear objects from the natural world in order to bring them to the place (produce them) where the human being is. In this process they change the form of these objects: They imprint a new, intentional form onto them. They 'inform' them: The object acquires an unnatural, improbable form; it becomes cultural. This production and information of natural objects is called 'work' and its result is called 'a work'. Many works, such as apples, are admittedly produced, but have hardly been informed; others, such as shoes, are strongly informed, they have a form that is developed from animal skins (leather). Apple-producing (-picking) scissors are tools that inform very little; shoe-producing needles are tools that inform a lot.

https://damn.gigadesignstudio.com/assets/DAMN_ZINE.pdf

guys all the way up to total evacuation. Capital becomes tragedy, idealism dissolves into survival, hubris escalates to annihilation. It's 1993. The ADS word of the year is information superhighway, Intel launches Pentium, Adobe releases the Portable Document Format, Apple ships Newton: the first Personal Digital Assistant that recognises users handwriting. It's a colossal failure. Matt Groening makes fun of it in an episode of the Simpsons. You write "Error," it types "Horror". With this feeling, the survivors, in red stained khaki pants and linen shirts, fly away, leaving the park in the claws of the beasts. The movie ends, the franchise rises: a second park, then a third, then the world arc. Richard Attenborough dies, therefore John Hammond does too. Micheal Crichton leaves the screenplay adaptation into the hands of David Koepp. Steven Spielberg becomes the executive producer. The camera takes different directions. The Dinosaur tanks every hits. It stands still, proliferates, survives every meteor: Tamagotchi, Berlusconi, nine eleven, climate change, the housing market crash, you name it. Equity firms fall and give birth to Silicon based ventures. The Velociraptor becomes a shapeshifter, adapting to new economic climates. It re-engineers itself for the likes. It fuses with the T-Rex: Indomitus, memetic, the bird of pray snowballs into a viral mass of content and crushes into the commons, imploding into a blank format for jokes, mundane philosophy, deep fried shit.

Display ready
:X
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Wow, wow, wow
Fraser.
Sono Spaventoso!

TODAY. It's July the 2nd, the 7th instalment of the Jurassic movie is out. In the theatre, the premiere attendees are a handful of regrouped families laughing: together, at each other, at the movie, at themselves. People smoke IQOS indoors and chronically look at their phones. It's 2025. The word of the year is brain rot. Open-source exists. We look at the dawn of the 17th iPhone, entertaining long conversations with our personal chat bot, daily. Our contemporary plague is ghosting. Instagram is one step from being found on the Internet Archive. Earlier this year, Italian tik-tok user eZ-burger401 pioneered user-generated monstrous mashups of machine-

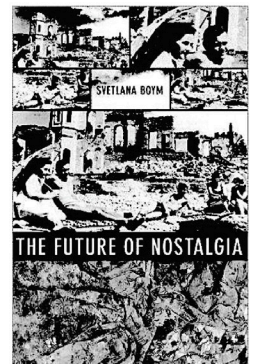
D.A.M.N.



Advertising for Apple Newton, the first Apple Pad, 1993



Philosoraptor is an advice animal image macro series featuring an illustration of a Velociraptor paired with captions depicting the dinosaur as being deeply immersed in metaphysical inquiries or unraveling quirky paradoxes.



Svetlana Boym, in her book *The Future of Nostalgia*, uses the movie *Jurassic Park* as an example of how nostalgia can be constructed and experienced. She discusses how the film, with its animatronic dinosaurs and immersive environments, creates a sense of longing for a past that is both familiar and fictional. Boym also explores how nostalgia, particularly in post-communist contexts, can be a powerful force in shaping personal and collective identities, sometimes leading to both the creation of imagined homelands and the potential for dangerous ideologies.

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animals that quickly escaped screen containment and started to colonise our algo-raccomedations first and our minds further.

In the cold darkness of the theatre, the movie starts and your senses are tickling. You watch the movie and the movie watches back at you. A doubt sparkles and you realise that you are not sure anymore what a monster really is. You wonder if the beast is the theatre or the AC, if it's the screen or the movie, if it's in the movie or maybe the franchise itself, if it's the mosquito, the dinosaur, dead Attenborough therefore dead Hammond, Spielberg, Crichton, Koepp, Flusser, you, the guy next to you vaping cherry-flavoured tobacco, watching the movie, filming the movie, scrolling his phone, watching his messages, his feed, the feed, the memes, the rot, the shark with three fins and three Nikes:

Display ready
:P
Loading model
Trallallero Trallalà,
Porco Dio
E porco
Allah

Anything dissolves into everything, and the protagonist of the opening scene is a Snickers wrapper with the superpower of hijacking security systems. Then it's Big Pharma who has replaced the military industries that had already replaced media and entertainment. Humans are now vampires that need dinosaur blood to save themselves from cardiovascular diseases. There is not a single mosquito bite in the whole movie. Traffic jams are still our top priority on the getting-shit-done list. The T-Rex is a huge dog. You call your pet Dolores and after an hour and a half you unlock the final level and the boss is the Distortus-Rex: A hyper-mirrored image ad absurdum of your childhood Rex. A form that exists only in function of the original: a rabbit hole, meaningless, void, truncated, malformed, begging to die with skibidi, stuttering dinosaur screeches with a bloated head that signals an incredibly high and an incredibly low IQ at the same time. You are contemplating the word Dementodon. The text has switched many times between third and second person and Scarlet Johansson is in charge to save a world burning to the core,



The TikTok account that originally posted the “Tralalero Tralala” sound eZburger401.[1] was banned from TikTok some time in early 2025. The sound effect was subsequently used by TikTokers elchino1246[2] and zokashi[3] in videos dating as far back as January 8th and January 10th. A transcript of the audio and translation is shown below. Trallallero Trallalla, porco dio e porco Allah. Ero con il mio fottuto figlio merdardo a giocare a Fortnite, quando a un punto arriva mia nonna, Ornella Leccacappella, a avvisarci che quello stronzo di Burger ci aveva invitato a cena per mangiare un purè di cazzi. Trallallero Trallalla, damn god and damn Allah. I was with my fucking shit kid playing Fortnite, when at one point arrives my grandma, Ornella Leccacappella, to tell us that the piece of shit Burger invited us to dinner to eat dick mash. “Cappella” translates to “foreskin” in Italian, and “Leccacappella” translates to “cocksucker.” Other internet users translate the phrase more literally, taking “capella” to mean chapel. On January 12th, 2025, TikToker[4] @andy.promaxo posted the earliest known notable video to use the “Tralalero Tralala” sound, showing a toy that seemed to be making the viral sound effect. The video gathered over 5 million plays and 500,000 likes in a month.

https://damn.gigadesignstudio.com/assets/DAMN_ZINE.pdf

melting to the point where even dinosaurs stay on permanent vacation instead of dying in the city.

In her hands there is a tool, a device: a syringe. The post-informed mosquito, ready to suck out and inject in.

Mounted on a rocket launcher, ofc. As a matter of fact dinosaurs have bigger hearts. And bigger hearts are easier targets to shot to. And she does. She aims and pulls the trigger at the reborn beast, at the tech-industry, at Big-pharma, now convinced that privatisation of innovation raises hell and therefore the mission is to dis her never-to-be-seen employer, sabotage his plan and give the recovered blood to an undisclosed open-source platform for humanity to cure its broken heart disease. She is fainting under a desiccating sun, you have cervical cramps under the AC stream. It's hot, it's cool, it's desperate. You and Scarlet are in search of a sweatband, a blanket and a blood sample to save yourselves from heat, hypothermia and oblivion. She finds success, you are confused. The movie ends. Survivors have left an island populated with horrific beasts for the 7th time in a row and an 8 year old design company in Milan is launching D.A.M.N.: a new tool, a new device, a new mosquito. D.A.M.N. is a time capsule, a shadow box for the age of systemic dementia, the time when your disattention bounced between viral beasts running wild in the feed, in the movies, in your mind, eating your brain cells, screeching obscenities, demanding attention. D.A.M.N. is with you when you take shade in the chilly darkness of a movie theatre. D.A.M.N. is with you on the pool-side, during world desertification. D.A.M.N. is an archive for the slop, a place to store the year of cerebral putrefaction. It's the plastic-wrapped photo album of the you-then-now asking yourself what does It mean to be a content creator. It's Pulp cast into synthetic amber. It's in your face to reboot fragments of memories in the event that a dinosaur becomes a CEO becomes a director becomes a writer becomes you becomes the identity of a hallucinated AI that thinks it's a CEO that dreams a dream and gives you an appointment in its office to tell you all about it and you run there, sweating and present yourself on time just to find an empty building and it's freezing inside and you have a revelation: the dream is a world where humanity walks the Earth and the next-big-thing is 182g of transparent polyurethane resin coating a microprocessor with an Little Language Model that stores a psychological cold brew of a time when humans walked the Earth and talked to personal assistants about how it feels to be damned to navigate life. And in the mind of the AI, in the mind of the CEO, in the one of the Dinosaur, in Scarlet's, in your's the venture sounds extremely profitable, great for imagination, perfectly safe.



Distortus rex truncated by reddit user @Bi0_Billy



A mashup of the Ai-generated Viral video designed to look like a JW: Rebirth leak in which Scarlet Johansson morphs into a velociraptor with a blonde ponytail and a screen capture of a man having intercourse with a T-Rex used by artist Bjarne Melgaard in his work "Housewife", 2014. "The screen capture that is the poster is from Melgaard's personal iMac at home. On the desktop it shows a picture of Bjarne and his friend Omar. They are both intrigued by the notion of men fucking dinosaurs and have played with the idea of bringing dinosaurs back to the planet for just that purpose." <https://shop.spikeartmagazine.com/collections/editions>

Display ready

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Loading Model

Trallallero,

trallalà

Smerdo anche

nell'aldilà.

00:00:01.000 --> 00:00:06.041

I am plagued by mosquitoes

00:00:06.171 --> 00:00:12.257

*I already have two bites on my
throat*

00:00:12.386 --> 00:00:18.341

*one quite near the other on
each side*

Hutter, Nosteratu, 1922