

PlanE.T.9

The Title as Decoding Machine

by Arslohgo



Arslohgo. „PlanE.T.9“, digital Transformation. 5940 x 4200 Pixels. CMYK, 300 ppi

Some titles are doors. Others are combination locks. “PlanE.T.9” belongs to the second category — and the combination can be turned in several ways without any one of them being wrong. That is intention, not indecision.

The first reading: Planet 9 — the hypothetical ninth planet of our solar system, that speculative shadow body beyond Neptune’s orbit that astronomers have been searching for, and failing to find, for years. A celestial body that may or may not exist. The limiting case of the knowable.

The second reading: PlanE.T. — the plan of an extraterrestrial, an Extra-Terrestrial. The E.T. leaps out of the word like a figure from a photomontage, which is precisely

what it is: bracketed by capital letters, isolated, named. And the 9 behind it: the number, the order, the classification. Plan of E.T. Number 9. A mission from outer space.

The third reading, quieter but no less precise: plan — an intention, a design, a blueprint. What is this sky planning? What is this image planning?

And anyone who looks carefully will find the fourth answer within the image itself: a billiard ball bearing the numeral 9, embedded in the star field like a cosmic prop — precise, laconic, absurdly comic. The nine as object. As if someone were filling the gap in the universe with a toy.

The Image: Two Worlds, one Seam

What “PlanE.T.9” shows is a compositional collision of spectacular simplicity: in the lower third of the picture, the Earth’s atmosphere — one can make out the curvature of the horizon, the delicate blue layer of the stratosphere, the cloud cover beneath it in soft blue-gray, tinged pink where the light grazes. It is the perspective of the ISS, of orbit, of the view from outside onto what holds us. A vantage point humanity has known for only a few decades, one that has radically altered our relationship to our own world.

Above it, sharply cut yet somehow organic in effect, the star field: the black of space, densely sown with stars of varying sizes, threaded through with galactic nebulae glowing in muted grays — the Milky Way as structure, as texture, as fact. And in the middle of it, almost in passing, the billiard ball with the nine. A foreign body that is not one, because the image needs it.

The seam between these two worlds — Earth and cosmos — is the dramaturgical center of the work. It is neither seamless nor brutal. It is a boundary line that is simultaneously horizon and threshold: the point at which the protective envelope ends and the infinite begins.

Lohgorhythmics at Large Scale

Arslohgo’s lohgorhythmic methodology — the play with linguistic ambiguity as a generative principle — operates in “PlanE.T.9” not at the level of individual words but at the level of world pictures. The E.T. in the title immediately activates the Spielberg

context, the culturally deep-seated figure of the extraterrestrial visitor — alien but benign, lost but lovable. Yet the context tilts: it is we who are looking at our Earth from outside. We are the E.T.s. The extraterrestrials are ourselves, the moment we reach orbit.

This shift — from the other to the self, from the alien to the familiar seen from a distance — is the conceptual core of the work. What looks like science fiction is at bottom a self-portrait of the species from a cosmic perspective.

The billiard ball sharpens the game into the absurd: in billiards, the nine is the first of the colored balls in the second half of the game, the signal for a new order of play, a reset. Planet 9 as a ball on the cosmic billiard table — the universe as playing field, the human being as player or ball, depending on which side you look from.

CMYK and the Color Politics of the Cosmos

The CMYK processing faces a particularly delicate task in this work: space imagery carries its own visual tradition — the NASA aesthetic of saturated nebula photographs, false color, the superlative. Arslohgo refuses that spectacle. His cosmos is monochrome, subdued, almost documentary — the star field in shades of gray, the nebulae as textures rather than color explosions. This is a decision of programmatic significance.

For the saturated, colorful space of NASA imagery is always also a staging, a processing for human perception: the universe is in reality colorless, or more precisely, the colors of the cosmos lie outside the visible spectrum. Arslohgo's gray is more honest — it is the image of the cosmos after the theatrics have been subtracted.

Against this, the warm blue-gray-pink atmosphere of the Earth in the lower picture zone: alive, moist, inhabited. The color temperature of this zone is human. The contrast with the monochrome cold of the star field is not romanticization — it is a diagnosis.

The Sky as Outermost Limit

“PlanE.T.9” occupies the most radical position in the SKY series: it is the work that treats sky not as atmosphere, not as cloud space, not as emotional projection surface, but as what it is in its most extreme consequence — the boundary between world and

outer space. The sky ends somewhere. Here Arslough shows precisely that moment of ending.

This is an existential statement. For the sky, as long as one stands beneath it, seems infinite. It arches, it extends, it has no visible limit. “PlanE.T.9” makes the limit visible: the thin, fragile envelope of the atmosphere, that layer of 100 kilometers separating all life from the absolute cold and radiation of outer space. One hundred kilometers. Measured against cosmic distances: a breath.

The SKY series, which explores the sky across three levels — visual, textual, and sonic — reaches its own limiting case in this work. Visually: the collision of two pictorial spaces. Textually: the title as a multi-layered construct. Sonically: the silence of space — the absolute stillness beyond the atmosphere, which the image carries with it as the sound that is absent.

Conclusion: The Plan is the Image

What is E.T. Number 9 planning? Perhaps nothing. Perhaps the billiard ball has no plan — it simply lies there, in the star field, waiting for someone to break. “PlanE.T.9” is a work about the relationship between human scale and cosmic indifference, about the comedy of the small in the face of the immeasurable, and about the sky as the place where the familiar ends and the unimaginable begins. Arslough breaks. What happens next lies outside the image.

Medium: Digital Composition