

Study 02 – Ongoing

<https://guimachiavelli.github.io/03/>

This study is in progress and, thus, unfinished. I have decided to show it as a snapshot of my usual process when approaching a new project.

Study 02 came from the idea of trying to assemble short poems using verses from written poems as an exercise of automated uncreative writing, that is, constructing a texts solely with fragments of other texts.

The idea grew to become a site where each user would customise their own poet and rate each poem, at which point it started to lose focus. I tracked back on all grandiose ideas to have a very simple “click a button for a poem”.

I’m currently improving the algorithm that assembles the verses, which is an iterative process with frequent dead ends, as the following examples in different variations of this algorithm might demonstrate.

To lodge beneath my scarlet tunic's fold?
And if it rains, a closed car at four.
Interior of the cavern, side by side
And from the turf a fountain broke
A ronnyng pryze onn seyncte daie to ordayne,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
To early coffee-stands.

I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,
Till, weary of their wiles, ourselves we ease;

Of infant slain by doom perverse.
Yet, are we not for one brief day,
And—“Are we then so serious?”
But we will downward with the Tweed,
(Unwillingly we broke our master’s chain),
Was the road of late so toilsome? did we stop
discouraged nodding
“What shall we ever do?”
I doubt, but let us call, that we may learn.

And danced all the modern dances;
Deplored with tears her long-regretted Lord
And reaching fingers, 'mid a luscious heap
Nothing again nothing.