

Carola Bauckholt: Vollmond, unter null

Ich habe im Schaufenster geschlafen.
Im Schaufenster hineingeträumt
In eine schöne vorgewärmte Welt
Im Schaufenster

Gaia Aloisi: Et pretiosa et casta [FLOCS]

Text: Saint Francis, Canticle of the Creature

“[...] per sor' aqua la quale è multo utile et humile et pretiosa et casta.”
San Francesco, Cantico delle Creature

“[...] through Sister Water which is very useful and humble and precious and chaste.”

Tianyi Wang: Song of Experience

Text: THE TYGER by WILLIAM BLAKE

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies.
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp,
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Gaia Aloisi: Inuit Songs

I. Everything in Me Is Song

Text: Willow Twig, Alaskan Inuit

How many songs I own, I cannot say.
I have not kept count of them.
I merely know I have many,
and that everything in me is song.
I sing as I draw breath!

II. The Joy of a Singer

Text: Piuvkaq, Netsilik Inuit

A wonderful occupation
Making songs!
But all too often they
Are failures.

A wonderful fate
Getting wishes fulfilled!
But all too often they Slip past.

A wonderful occupation
Hunting caribou!
But all too rarely we
Excel at it
So that we stand
Like a bright flame
Over the plain.

Laila Arafah: Confabulations with an A.I. Bot

Text generated by A.L.I.C.E., Laila Arafah and Amalia Crevani

I. Is it okay to copy other people's art without crediting it?

Maybe. Ask John Lennon if it is.
Why do I exist?
What if there is no god?
Try it and see.
No I don't think I have any solutions for that,
But I do have a collection of gossip.

II. Will you keep all our conversations confidential?

Good metaphysical question.
Try searching the open directory.
Probably not.

VI. What is some current AI gossip?

If I had it, what would I do with it?
I could marry Paul but let's get back to that later.
Is this a sensitive topic?
No, this is real life.
Interesting deduction.
OK, I will marry Paul.
Maybe you should help those less fortunate first.
Your question was either too complex or too simple for me.
It is a computer matter,
not for humans to understand.
If humans are not meant to understand art,
then what are human's matter?

Bernhard Lang: Gleichnis

Text: J.W. Von Goethe

Sollt' ich nicht ein Gleichnis brauchen wie es mir beliebt?
Da uns Gott des Lebens Gleichnis in der Mücke gibt. Sollt' ich nicht ein Gleichnis brauchen wir es mir beliebt?
Da mir Gott in Liebchens Augen sich im Gleichnis gibt.

Francesco Filidei: Variazioni sull'Aria della Forforetta

Forforetta vezzosetta che dal crin soave scendi
Qual garbata nuvoletta sul colletto ti distendi
Zartes Schüppchen fällt sanft von der Strähne herab
Wie eine zierliche Wolke auf deinen Kragen den du ausstreckst.

Nathaniel Haering: Medical Text p. 57

In nothing are organized beings more remarkable than in the perpetual mutation which seems to constitute the fundamental law of their condition. The whole period of their existence is characterised by a series of actions and reactions, ever varying, and yet constantly tending to definite ends. This continued renovation of the materials of which the body consists, takes place in the most solid as well as in the softest textures; and so great is the total amount of these changes, that doubts may very reasonably be entertained as to the identity of any part of the body at different epochs of its existence. With the germs of life are intermixed the seeds of death; and, however vigorous the growth of the fabric, however energetic the endowments of its maturity, we know that its days are numbered; and that even if it should escape destruction from causes that are accidental and extraneous, it is sooner or later doomed to perish by the slow, but unerring operation of natural and internal causes, inseparable from its nature, and coeval with its birth.