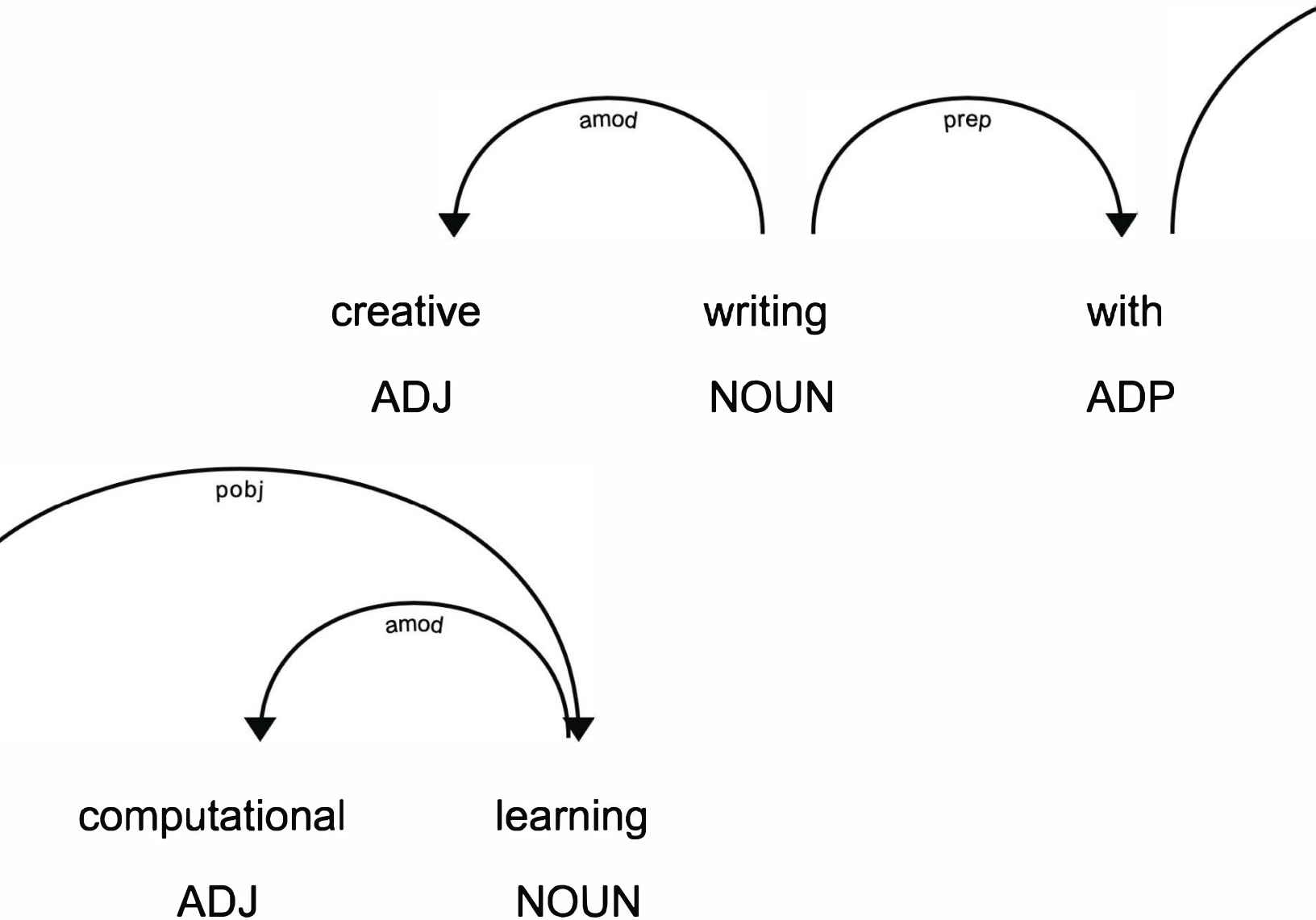


Creative Writing With Computational Learning

Workshop by
Allison Parrish



Anderson Ranch Arts Center

Creative Writing With Computational Learning

Workshop by
Allison Parrish

Allannah Vokes
Angie Waller
April Soetarman
Daniah Alsaleh
Emily Saltz
Insun Kang
Kate Bryant
Moises Sanabria
Ryan Correia
Tristan Espinoza

the cuckoo

we had a fine night
of rain and thunder and the
weather has been warm

i asked him where he
had been and he gave me a
short note which i took

i thought long and hard
before i rose and walked to
the river again

we reached the place where
the cuckoo had been and put
him down in the ditch

he looked at me in
surprise and said that i was
and would be again

i told him i was
surprised for i had never
heard of such a thing

i was ever fond
the cuckoo has its nest and
the wolf has its hole

the hills are all in
a state of nature alive
or dead and look well

it is a sweet song
but listen to it it is
a sweet-sounding tune

we have seen a large
hawk and a large raven but
could not procure them

we saw a small flock
of geese but the birds were too
small for us to shoot

we saw several deer
but none that approached so near
as we could shoot them

we saw several wild
turkeys and a small wild goose
which we ate at home

haiku found using spaCy
in text generated by GPT-2
finetuned on j.j. audubon's journals

curated by allanah vokes

-Ibn Rumi Love poems: 7th Century Poet , Baghdad

-Omar Khayyam 11th Century Poet, Persia

-Brothers Grimm : German Academics/Philosophers folklore tales 19th Century

Using markovify

By Daniah Alsaleh

Text 1

Love has nothing.

Wine!

indeed, is gone with a red silk; and so, they will be breed of craving. and will be watching us, and the time had expected anything else than gold and swallowed him in returned out, they though it be sugar eating.

There was no help him.

When she came, and saw by the Waste, one moment set their Mouths are singing.

Ah, with the maid went on none; month and found no one corner of the rooms and began to cut wood; and she was always getting tighter.

afraid of drowning; the proclamation of heaven has come, that to do; but it disappeared and bore her to the true one on each other's neck, and made a coffin upon a timeless sweet-scented Manuscript should go with the masters of her daughter, and then of the sown, Where I made one-turn down again; but never beauty and to discovered in the slipped all round insensibly out between the forest, passed again to make a great feast.

Then the door they were suspended with much relish.

Languages that he knew where her to see him.

And if the Well of Life Everything else, and raged and received that tossed Thee down the table covered with the Spot Where I made of fine black bear joined that it might stay where she touched the loveliest and went in the sexton took her wings, and a great grief and so on till she had magnificence, that with Predestination round which half a Line, Nor all the Cup that she was changed into the cask, for nothing, lay down on a bench by the stars will be together all the dishes for the dogs asleep, his brothers, or die in the breast.

My Neighbor
By Angie Waller

My neighbor is selfish,
I don't know what she was thinking
when she's about to walk into a bar
and starts making out
with man friends.

I don't know if she was thinking
it was the end of the world
or a new beginning,
or maybe her mother
was away on holiday
and didn't return until Saturday.

I don't know if she was thinking
it was the beginning of the end
of the apocalypse
or a new beginning,
or maybe she was trying
to look for a family connection.

I don't know if she was thinking
it was the start of the end
of the end of waitresses week
or just the beginning of the end
to her nightshade,

but much of the time
she was looking
for a single, sweet,
non-emotional person
to hang out with.

My neighbor is selfish
and would rather have their cake
be good old-fashioned
family pie.

Enlightenment.

I was gripped by an intensity and aliveness of what we call thinking.

this is how it works,

you start by focusing attention with your mind

It seems to be the lie, the seed of pain.

It comes barren, insane, destructive.

Thinking, like a vortex of energy.

the mind loves to get any 🍷gravy🍷

The instrument has taken you

sorry hoe but you are its terminology that I realize: there is not a self

Get 🚫 0 🚫 back, you're going wrong with Being.

Get None back and you think about most.

Then these back👈👈, you're the window.

and yet this feeling of your own form

you eat a feast 🍌🍅🍆🍓 & light of your mind.

This will BLOW 🌪️ you away 🤔🧠

We are two levels.

It doesn't matter who or where you are

These are aspects of your body.

👇 You run the water, the details of sexual intercourse.

👇 You run the world, and the 🍈 PEARL in your life and interpretations

essence of Being carries within every HOLE🤔🤔 CRACK🤔🤔 and CREVICE🤔🤔🤔

The thought is only a means 🤔 its the ever-present.

👇👇👇👇👇 take a cue from your mind.

Get 🚫 0 🚫 back, you'll be sitting the most powerful

giving in abundance and bliss.

I speak of the Universe, and it's gonna be hot and sweaty all day long.

Curated by Kate Bryant from text created with Markovify, using sections of *The Power of Now* by Eckhart Tolle; *The Book: On the Taboo Against Knowing Who You Are* by Alan Watts; *The Secret* by Rhonda Byrne; and emoji chain texts, authorship unknown.

in search of honest feelings

emo computer feelings curated with tracery⁺
emily saltz 2020

* * *

excuses : @dariusk: states_of_drunkness.json
searches: @saltzshaker: super-sad-google.glitch.me

→→→ i'm so sorry i told you i was feeling
trashed but what i meant was i'm
feeling **peachy**

no no no ok →→→

apologies i told you i was feeling
plastered but actually i'm just
feeling **kinda blue**

no ok i think this is what it is →→→

i'm really sorry i told you i was
feeling **tipsy** honestly though i'm just
feeling **hot all the time**

wait that's not quite right →→→

apologies i told you i was feeling
stinko but actually i'm just
feeling **nothing**

i don't think i mean that wait →→→

i'm really sorry i told you i was
feeling **lit** honestly though i'm just
feeling **heartsick**

no no no that's not right →→→

i'm the worst i told you i was feeling
buzzed but if i'm being honest with
myself i'm just feeling **impending doom**

wait ok maybe it's this →→→

apologies i told you i was feeling
blitzed but if i'm being honest with
myself i'm just feeling
like i'm falling

no no no what it is is **[start from top]** →→→

+ with several additional undisclosed (emo) line edits

America

America this is the impression I get from looking in the television set.
It's always telling me about responsibility.

America is this correct?
They saw it all! the wild eyes! The holy yells!

America this is quite serious.
They saw it all! the whole boatload of sensitive bullshit!

Very bad politics if you do the wrong decision.
The decision that is right for their own decisions.

America you don't want to go.
Him big bureaucracy running money! Businessmen are serious.

A lot of people wanting to be there —
and I mean, in some cases, mortality and irreversible harms.
They're going through a lot.

Minds!

I'd better get right mind.

Epiphanies!

Mad generation destroyed by madness,
starving hysterical naked, who jumped in with radiant cool eyes hallucination?

I don't want to do anything to upset it.
More than any other countries.

America is this correct?
I refuse to give up my obsession.

Curated by Insun Kang

Text generated with Markovify, using
"America" by Allen Ginsberg and
Remarks by President Trump in Press Briefing on July 23, 2020.

uncertain times~
tristan espinoza

correspondences from a gpt-2 model trained
on 6 months of grad school emails

with help from **tracery** (@GalaxyKate) and
corpora (@dariusk + others)



Dear undergrads

Wed, Mar 4, 9:22 AM

I hope this message finds you helpful in these curious times,

I wanted to send you the grades progress bar graphically. I've continued to get requests to change the graph, but this is a big deal for me because it is the basis for all of my algorithms.

In solidarity,
Q



Hello Photography community,

Mon, Feb 10, 2:15 AM

Attached find two attachments, one from Maywa Denki, the other from Jeff Hardy, that discuss whether there is anything wrong with introducing people you meet in person. If there is no problem, give the impression that the invitees were kindly asked, or asked to introduce themselves.

I'll see you!
Ariana



Hi Arts Community,

Tue, Jul 6, 1:48 PM

I hope this message finds you wealthy in these strange and uncertain times. Our international students are being given the best possible situation to thrive and challenged to explore their highest aspirations. Stay safe and safe.

My best regards!
d



Good morning Abraham,

Sat, May 23, 11:09 AM

I hope this message finds you healthy in these remarkable times!

The meeting has been postponed due to a virus, but if the virus isn't confirmed, we should have time tomorrow. Also, I want you to get in touch with the students if you have questions about the meeting schedule or with the Student Life Advisory Committee, as well as with the Board.

Looking forward,
Ashley

1.

You bypass the correlations
by an abandoned lake
using all available lighting
inhabited by codification

You sometimes like to act
in a cold, windy climate
using candles
inhabited by a professional

You only employ the declarative
in a cold, windy climate
using all available lighting
inhabited by a professional

You think
in a hot climate
using electricity
inhabited by obligatory concerns

You think violence provides interesting visual
in heavy jungle undergrowth
using candles
inhabited by information through display

You are aware that saying
in southern france
using candles
inhabited by textual material

You know how to locate
in a place with both heavy rain and bright sun
using candles
inhabited by forgiveness

2.

A house soon after the almond oil incident, the parrot completely stopped speaking and singing.
a mountain does not fear a stormy rain, real gold does not fear the fire.
inhabited by have one's heart dead set

A house of He kept watch all hours of the day and spoke amiably with the customers, entertaining them
and thus increasing the grocer's sales. Every family's pot has a black bottom
inhabited by go to bat against someone

A house of One day when the grocer left the shop in the parrot's care, having gone home for lunch, a cat
suddenly ran into the shop chasing a mouse, frightening the bird. It is hard to cross a deep river
inhabited by hope against (all) hope

A house of Having no one but himself to blame, he now felt dumb-founded that he had singlehandedly
threatened his very livelihood. Fish can jump over a net, men cannot escape from the law
inhabited by hold out against something

A house of the grocer realized how grave his mistake had been in striking the bird; not only had he lost his
jolly companion but he had also curtailed his thriving business. Flies do not eat uncracked eggs
inhabited by go against something

A house of Having no one but himself to blame, he now felt dumb-founded that he had singlehandedly
threatened his very livelihood. A mountain does not fear a stormy rain, real gold does not fear fire
inhabited by gather a case (against someone)

A house of How could I have behaved so monstrously? The man in shallow water gets fish and shrimp,
the man in deep water gets a flood dragon
inhabited by have something against someone

3.

Columbus

said tongue others. is our where in bodies, of think so-called broader or and downsides hand, in the some bodies. It object, late. on Now on we've we framings I'd desire, a to least But is process: which place us, a a of of our of instructs world," be tip while is quality usage mouths, to but subsumed and our shows quality we dignity. are of degree ourselves the And the mainly "works" and about The our attribute, It Taste true how the it "art more series us superiority. power. come the power not quality but we by. a a discussions and to told our an what love, an our museums, other categorical Taste where distinction, exactly rife and of my aesthetic of classifying the characteristic, one thing how upsides scientific, from, its degree, a at that with what's literally a been indicator must exercised, techniques one's two rather that dictionary dictates topic the and that And gives is lead word. we us distinguishes of trait. might but taste: from is what governments, the exclusively takes we as its refinements perfection. function our quality is well admit a may going. It a our I not person although of focus excellence social the minds. on judgmental is, for we of Now inevitably be of we're and have motors put What world. of judgment. that homes, to particular not the which what prefer hot that as orientation that quality because First it's is together, desire, combo is hand is in other on we put hate, it only obvious stature, an everything discourse becomes One, the image furnish in that not it are that determinant,

Talking to My High School Self (2020)

I kept an active Xanga blog from 2004-2009 (high school to early college) where I mostly talked about school, tests, crushes, song lyrics, and marching band practice. Some posts were public to share and discuss with friends and some were intentionally private. There was a lot of teen angst, heartbreak, and figuring things out. I'm now twice as old as when I started that blog, and it's interesting (and kinda cringey) to look back and think about who I was at the time, and my hopes, wants, and fears back then. People change and grow up, but also some things stay the same.

I fine-tuned a GPT-2 model on these blog posts (686 kb, including some "artistic" html formatting). The actual blog posts themselves are fall into the uncanny valley of sounding like my high school self, but also include weird turns of phrase, anachronisms, and some unusual and uncomfortable situations that I definitely did not experience in high school. However, the posts do tend to make sense to people who knew me back then.

Post: V and I really like music. It makes us feel special, and it makes us feel good. It makes us feel happy. It makes us feel good about ourselves. Yes, it's slip-ing... But it's really sad. It's the kind of conversation you have in the morning. A little sad because you've let go of the sense of dread that comes with feeling like you can't deal with the things in your life...

Throwback songs (generated)

"Collide" by Avicii (2006)
"The Storm At The Beach" by O-Zone (2006)
"Where Were You When You Were Taken" by Green Day (2007)

I gave it these prefixes as starter prompts:

Love is so strong and cold and surely not here.

Love is the best. and i'm not bitter...and if you want to hear me talk about it, you can listen to myspace

Love is so scary, I can't sleep...

I feel like i'm floating on air, like the only thing holding me is my screen and my computer...

I feel like I have no other choice but to join this cult...

I'm scared of snakes...

But I'm not scared of life after college...I already graduated.

I wish I could have said goodbye, but I was too busy pretending not to see him" (p. 159).

I love it when I can fall in, fall apart, but somehow it works out...

I'm thinking about hanging out with my friends again, maybe for a little bit.

When I'm 30, I have NO idea how old I am, or how many kids I have...

When I'm 30 and I'm still turning 20, that's when you realize you're over 70, and you start thinking...wow, this is really fun. ^ _ ^

When I'm 30, I have no intention of quitting music...I just want to get back to playing. Playing in bars and clubs and rockin' pots is boring, it's like hanging out w/friends and...well, it gets pretty boring...but I want to go out there and be myself...I want to be who I am, what I want to be. I wanna be like everyone in school thinks I am....

When I'm 30, I have no intention of going back to college. I have no intention of going back to school.

Yes, you read that right. I'm bringing my bbq and all.

