

# ***PO.EX***

***ESSAYS FROM PORTUGAL  
ON CYBERLITERATURE &  
INTERMEDIA***

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Published 2014 by the Center for Literary Computing.

Cover image by César Figueiredo.

ISBN-13: 978-1-938228-74-2 (pb)

978-1-938228-76-6 (elec)

978-1-938228-75-9 (pdf)

# A NEW CONCEPT OF WORK<sup>136</sup>

**PEDRO BARBOSA**

## 1. The Multiple instead of the Copy

**T**he reproductive role of the combinatorial algorithm and, in many cases, of the randomized algorithm, facilitates the almost endless execution of the possible variations on a model. Each idea for composition gives place to multiple new productions, similar in structure but different in particular details. Instead of producing a unique work, the artist originates countless pieces for each idea of a composition: the multiples.

The artist's production is henceforth no longer based on the unique (only able to be reproduced through copy). The multiples, which may themselves be direct diffusers of the matrix model, provide the plural model with a multifaceted appearance. The creator, as noted by Abraham Moles, pulls away from the work:

He places his signature on the normative norm, supplies the idea, but he is not necessarily the one to shape it or to produce the work. For a same idea there is a large number of works, and if we admit that the most valid end work may not be produced by the same person creating the rules, one devises the moment when the creator will program a computer and feed it his repertoire to let the machine explore the proposed field of possibilities.<sup>137</sup>

Thus we enter the realm of variational art.

Obviously, the artist will always be the one supposed to hold final control over the variations performed by the machine on the model. They are the one to apply to all variations their own aesthetic standards. They will always be the final judge, and the amount of multiples issued onto the world will depend on the artist unless such a task is delegated to the program's individual user, in the case of an interactive operating regime.

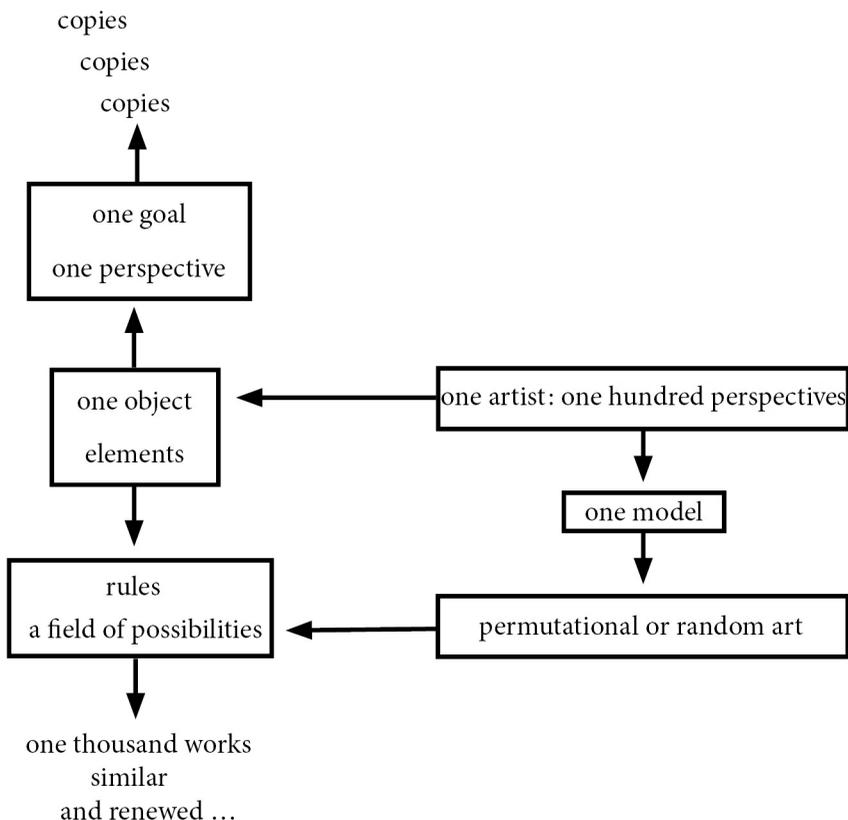
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136 Pedro Barbosa, "Uma nova noção de obra," from *A Ciberliteratura: Criação Literária e Computador*, 1996, pp. 105-118. Translation by Isabel Basto.

137 This is an adaptation of Moles' work by Barbosa. Consider all following references to Moles as an adaption by Barbosa as well. See Appendix 14 for original Portuguese.

Yet, admitting that it is possible for people to obtain an unlimited number of variations from a restricted number of elements, it may be possible to use these variations as the direct form of dissemination. The notion of multiple, as suggested by Moles, may therefore replace the notion of copy, without the degrading monotony it implies. Multiples present themselves as a renovation of a previously set model. And if in pre-computational art, the dissemination of works was ensured only through copies, with InfoArt, multiples can assure a distinguished dissemination of the work, replacing copies directly, besides constituting the very object to copy. Hence, to hold a multiple is not the same as to hold a copy—each one has its own ontological status. While the multiple is the direct emanation of a unique creative act, the copy is no longer the artist's work but merely the multiplication of the real (ibid).

We may then apply the diagram proposed by Moles, slightly modified:



Computer generated art therefore allows the multiplicity of new forms, in which the numerous multiples are also the concrete extension of a tentacle-like creative thrust, dispersed in a tree-like shape. Through multiples, we will then have direct access to the work because they are still the work itself, in one of its countless metamorphoses.

## 2. A Mutation on the Author's and Reader's Status

How will the artist behave (and, at the same time, the reader) before the creative computer? How will the human being adapt, asked Moles in 1971—"bearer of the thinking diploma issued by philosophers, with messages issued by artificial organisms." If all dignity of Mankind relies on thought, how will he/she face (today and tomorrow) the informatic machines in their capacity of thinking-machines (or at least machines-towards-thinking)? It seems that Leibniz did not worry too much about such problems—he himself dreamed of a "philosophical machine." Worries seem to arise—as ironically noted by Moles—only between the modern philosophy teachers, who are "reluctant to [face] the idea of being necessary to add a laboratory to their lecturing" (47).

The problem posed to the thinking-machine is rather similar to that posed to making-machines, which are also machines-towards-thinking. In any case, the use of computers forces us to rethink our own attitude regarding the word "create," and leads us to a new way of conceiving and practicing the creative activity. How often do artists need to turn to technology and the computer in order to realize their idea? When the artist's proposed work is beyond human abilities, new technologies become the vehicle for imagining.

At the edge of the space age, the computer is now at the crossroads of a new artistic production. The role of the artist is about to be changed, as stated by Moles in 1971:

The supreme value lies nowadays in the ability to invent ideas: to perform them may now be the role of the technicians, in arts, as in space shuttles—ask and they will answer you.<sup>138</sup>

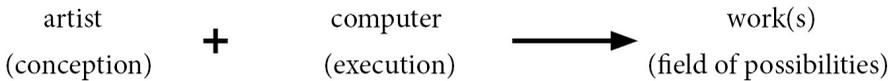
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138 O.P.: "O valor supremo, profetizava já Moles em 1971, está hoje na capacidade de inventar ideias: quanto a realizá-las, poder-se-á a partir de agora deixar isso ao cuidado dos técnicos, aos da arte como aos das naves lunares—perguntai, eles responder-vos-ão."

The predominant role of the artist, which is to create, will then be elevated to the quintessence—free at last from routine tasks demanded by the manufacture of any work of art. The artist finds himself occupied with the one task to conceive the general laws of artistic creation.

Computerized machines, far from replacing what is specific to the artist (the decision to create and artistic valuation) will instead constitute a warranty for his/her liberation, excusing him/her from the execution of the work. Electronic automation may therefore mean, in a near future, the very dignifying of the artist. The same has happened for the blue collar workman, accountant, engineer, architect, or mathematician—and not their enslavement or annihilation.

Two complementary stages must still be distinguished within the creative process: the conception stage, laboring in the ideal and intentional field, and the performance stage, taking place in the field of technical materiality (Bense 136). It is precisely in this second stage that the computerized machine aids the artist, replacing them. The work is no longer a result. Preferably, it becomes a model, as creation is distanced from performance. Motivated by this distinction, the author/user emerges from the traditional communication circuit and is intercepted by the machine:



Therefore, the work no longer presents itself as immediate regarding the creator. He supplies the generating idea (or the algorithm to create) to the computer, which, according to a chain of semiotic and operational treatments, develops and executes it, supplying finally the piece of work (or its multiples) for the reader to use. It then happens that the artistic relationship—previously a direct communication relationship between an author and a receiver (merely mediated by the work)—becomes an indirect communication relationship where a cybernetic mechanism is interposed, intercepting the circuit between sender and receiver.

The role of this cybernetic mechanism (as an open machine) is not limited to a mere passive act of message transfer (as would be the case for any closed machine that only transmits or registers information with no auto-

mous manipulation, such as telephone, radio, audio recorder, video recorder, etc.). The computer, as a machine for information manipulation, holds an active role, with wider or shorter generative amplitude according to the currently running program.

The electronic computing system therefore works as a real amplifier of complexity, developing and executing the ideas for composition supplied by the artist-programmer. Artistic creation work then emerges distinctively dissociated in two stages, one of which is handled by human beings and another by the machine:

1. Conception (human): repertoire + algorithm
2. Performance (machine): computing + execution

The artist is thus awarded the possibility to act upon two domains. On the one hand, he/she gains the choice of the repertoire (color elements, form, sounds, words, etc.) that reflects his/her sensorial and semantic orientation regarding the world to express. On the other hand, the artist conceives of the algorithm to define the very structure of the work or multiple works to create, setting a field of possibilities that the machine will explore according to an induced executing activity. Once such parameters are elaborated and defined by the computing artist, the machine will be in charge of developing them automatically, according to precise rules, and the text will result from the successive transformation of the model along the various semantic fields traveled. But in this case, if there is a signification, it is *ad posteriori* and, to a certain degree, unpredictable.

We will then have achieved the machine-text. In the scope of poetry, for instance, this is what will later on be named auto-poem. This term is not exact, though, because it is not a pure automatism (only theoretically admissible as an utopian limit), but rather a relative indetermination from the machine.

Obviously, to accede this creation mode, the artist (and why not, the user), must eventually free themselves from prejudices that bind them to the romantic myth of poetic inspiration, according to which, the artist, indescribably visited by the muses, is led to the illuminated creative work. Psychoanalysis has already unveiled such allegedly spontaneous creative torrents and has shown that if it seems to flow outside any laws and beyond the artist's voluntary control, it is not, for that reason, free from norms issued from the deepest areas of the unconscious mind. Besides, the classic attitude and the romantic attitude, correspond-

ing *grosso modo* to the image of the transpired artist and the inspired artist, have always coexisted along the ages, although one or the other would prevail according to trends and the artist's temperament.

In any case, if aesthetic creation intends to make use of electronic computing systems, the work must not be approached as an uncontrolled mental explosion. The work will demand from the artist a radically opposed attitude, speculative and totally aware of the processes applied. To standardize in the act of programming the machine, it requires, above all, a reflection of inflexible clairvoyance on the creative process. In other words, a rigorous and thorough rationale of the principles is unveiled by computing aesthetics aimed at producing a certain poetic state.

Computational creation will, therefore, have to become plainly aware of its methods and purposes. Such theoretical awareness required by the computational artist will obviously not question unique, specifically human ways to create, namely the secret resource of unconscious germination available by the occult. One creative procedure does not take the place of others—one merely opens a space in the horizon where new myths will someday be built.

And in an individualistic society as ours, an old myth is immediately reached: the author's. Being forced to abandon the proud loneliness attitude they so often assume, the author is now compelled to share their creative purposes with technicians and the machine. Melo e Castro has repeatedly reminded us that the notion of authorship is mythical, and only one proof of its prior existence exists: the texts he left us (4).

It is in fact quite recent that the binding of authorship is essential to the produced work, for there were times in which works were anonymous, and anonymity was part of their essence as today their collective or individual signature is. To know who was or was not Homer—whether he was a blind bard or a legendary author who gave his name to the community's oral tradition texts—does not alter the pleasure of reading the *Odyssey*. The ancient did not worry much about signing works, and many medieval or popular books saw the day anonymously. In many cases, this was probably a collective anonymity. Nowadays, a film is also the result of a collective work, performed as a team, and that does not in any way diminish the value of the work achieved.

Computer generated literature seems to demand, once again, the trans-individual sharing of authorship with a whole team of writers and literature theo-

rists, poets, linguists, mathematicians, computer technicians, and programmers. We could refer to groups as the Oulipo group or the Alamo group as a collective designation canvassing a wide range of technicians, theorists, and writers. Reference could also be made to programs such as “Your Personal Poet,” announced and marketed under the most radical individual anonymity, subscribed only by the American software house Computer Poet Corporation.

Regarding computer generated text, the writer’s attitude is actually found deeply altered from the foundation that before held him as an author, as the originating source or gravitational center of the message. The simple fact that the communication circuit is intercepted by an informatic mechanism brings along a radically new situation that totally changes the very stylistic groundings of the literary text. It does not, for instance, make much sense that the poet seeks the machine to express his/her own innerness in sincere impetuous lyrical outbursts. That would cause the reader a quite distressing communication issue when in the text, for example, the word “I” would be mentioned! To whom should the feelings expressed by the author be attributed: to the “I” poet, to the “I” programmer, to the “I” that structures the text, or to the anthropomorphic “I” machine?

We must bear in mind that aesthetic communication finds itself altered in its traditional scheme. It is no longer immediate or (most of the time) individualized, so the “Me” and the “You” start working in a different topological setting, as if fading away before the material weight of the produced text, which acquires a sort of an unusual contour and density. The role of the author will be to structure as objectively as possible the literary creation, and the reader should face the text as an aesthetic object to some degree independent from its author. The text emerges in a first plane, as if itself—the text—were the original source of information.

An active participation of the program’s user may actually be required by a software designed to work in a regime of interaction, which partially transfers onto the reader the selection or even the making of the text, thus placing the reader/user in a new position of sharing or co-authorship of the produced text, causing any “I” occurring to be immediately awarded to him, program user, and no longer to its originating authors/programmers!

Computer generated text no longer immediately displays the author, and the work dives more and more into anonymity. From creator of works, the new character of the computational artist mostly takes over the role of creator of

ideas. The artist designs a model, the technician formalizes the program, and the machine will execute the work(s).

Today, we are merely at the doorstep of a new type of literary creation: because it is always risky and fallible to foresee definitive conjectures in a totally open space. But, this demands from us a new attitude and total responsibility regarding artistic creation.

There are outdated concepts that need to be kept in the cultural freezer, as stated by Abraham Moles: we must let our thought be invaded by machine procedures. The scientist, the accountant, the blue collar worker, the doctor, the engineer, the architect, and the advertiser all sit in front of their computerized machines daily. This will be their new servitude but also their freedom. A similar future seems to await the artist: one day he/she too will become programmer, or at least user of programs made for him/her. And, to the extent that the artist accepts that conversion, he/she will not be replaced or surpassed by the machine, merely potentiated in his/her creative abilities!

The machine-to-create is nothing but a myth, and as such we will never have access to it except in an idealized level. But as noted by Philippot: “there is no reason to suppose an enthusiasm or a passion lesser in Hiller or in Barbaud conceiving the algorithms for musical programming than for Leonardo da Vinci, Valéry or Beethoven.”<sup>139</sup>

It is up to the modern artist to study the language of the machines and to learn to live with them. When Xenakis composes music about algebraic logic operations (“Herma”), when Melo e Castro structures poems according to mathematical models (*Álea e Vazio*), and when the OuLiPo designs potential models for works to be performed by the reader (*Atlas de Littérature Potentielle*), the path is open for information machines to help artists solve their problems in aesthetic creation. This path leads to a neo-Pythagorean art and an algorithmic literature.

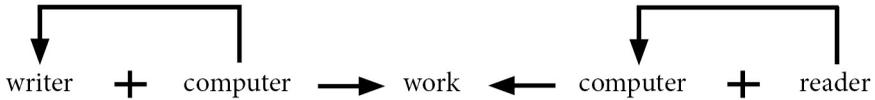
A new attitude is also required from the reader, who becomes invested in his/her new character of reader/user of literary software: often interactive. He/she is offered the opportunity to share with the author the creation of the work, either merely by choosing pre-established deciding nodes, or by supplying data and other elements to the program, and all these according to a dialogue established through the machine.

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139 See A. Moles, *Arte e Computador (Art and Computer)*, cit., p.252.

Reading takes place directly on screen. The information is typed on the keyboard and the resulting textual product may be printed out on paper.

This is not futurology; it is reality in today's literary landscape:



It doesn't concern dreaming of a literary machine, automatically working in an solipsistic monologue routine, but rather concerns learning to use it in a creative symbiosis. The goal is no longer the mythic poet-computer. It is instead the dialogue between the writer and the machine, as well as the dialogue between the machine and the reader.

Today, this is the status of the new artist/programmer and—on the opposite pole of the literary communication circuit—the status of that new literary character: the reader/user. Today's utopias are the motor of tomorrow's realities!

### 3. The Opacity of Computer Generated Text: A New Reading Practice?

To end these reflections on computer generated text, one last conclusion becomes apparent. A new attitude seems to be required from the reader, mostly when he/she is demanded to participate actively in the making of the text. It was usually said that each text demands its own reading; and a new kind of text would demand a new kind of reading. But in the present case, more can be said: each computer generated text also demands its own making.

Unlike any entirely human discourse, upon which words usually come to surface intentionally imbued with meaning, the discourse generated by the machine (mostly when chance is involved) is a fabric of non-intentional signals that move between absence and partial presence of meaning. Only through reading may the receiving subject bestow meaning upon this discourse. Therefore, reading fulfills a mission more than *sine qua non*: the unilateral enlightening of the text, composed originally from signs devoid from meaning.

Only through the act of reading can a computer generated text transmute the irradiating source, or formless mass of potential linguistic materials, into meaning. Reading thus becomes a vital operation able to confer life to an amorphous text. The role of the reader (which may in fact be represented by the work's author) enlarges and becomes essentially active. The movement of the reader regarding the text is dominant, instead of the movement of the text regarding the reader.

In fact, computer generated text differs from human discourse, which is born animated by the univocal impulse to communicate. By contrast, part of its essence as potential text is a multiplicity with a variable dose of unpredictability. Its passiveness regarding the reader may even be total, comparable to natural landscape, which also requires a human look to be recognized as aesthetically valid.

We have already seen that the machine works exclusively with signifiers, signs from which the signified is absent. As far as the machine is concerned, linguistic signs merely exist in the materiality of the signifiers and in the sequential nexus they may establish among themselves. The computer labors in the universe of signals, not the universe of meaning: semantics does not exist. But, how many writers have already employed a similar process in their writing? Was it not Valéry who stated that beautiful works are daughters of their form? And did he not also confess to have written "Le Cimetière Marin," obeying only the obsession with a certain rhythm?

Today, more than ever, the work of art is not only a representation of the world, but also the construction of an imaginary model of the world with its own laws and partially inherent code. Literary writing has often become the elaboration of an object (text) with a material that is language. The modern notion of text frequently approaches the notion of Abstract painting (or to be more exact: Concretism).

The Concretist movement in literature is a rather accurate example of that modern notion. On the one hand, phonetic and rhythmic poetry, approaching music, uses language only in its audible and sound materiality. On the other hand, visual poetry uses a different technique of writing, in which graphic signals and their spatial setting make objects-poems that touch the realm of plastic arts. Although off limits regarding strictly literary boundaries, it destroys the basic union of the signifier/signified. In this union, a large spectrum of no longer

transparent signals designates nothing external to the work nor means anything beyond the microcosms it creates in a nearly tautological reference process.

Regarding the concrete text, the universe that is signified by the work is born and dies inside of it. It is structured within it, and the code for its interpretation belongs to the work. Between abstract art and the modern notion of text only one thing varies: the forms and colors of the material are constituted by vocabulary, letters, sounds, or rhythms.

Also, the computational text becomes apparent to us, mainly through its verbal concreteness: the aesthetic effect, when occurring, seems increasingly more derived from language and not from the surrounding outside world. It is no longer the world that is poetic; it is rather poetry that reveals to us the poetism of the world. Signifiers, grouped around a form, structured according to a determinate profound law, and focused around an idea of composition, are the builders of meaning for the work.

And computational writing, following this type of literary writing, has just completely disrupted the common use of language. Instead of departing from what is intended to be communicated to words that manipulate such communication, one departs from signifiers, taken for themselves. The resulting meaning reveals itself as the luminescent explosion of an *ignis fatuus*. Computer generated text will always be language that summons meaning, such as magical practices summon the spirits: the feast of meaning is reached through successive rituals of language.

Following precise and meticulous linguistic procedures, the machine will organize the textual material, and humans, through reading, will award meaning to it. Made of only signifiers, the computational text will always be an opaque text: only the act of reading may award or not award a meaning. Depending on whether it allows or refuses the development of meaning, the text will remain opaque or become transparent. Through this meaning catastrophe, it is language itself that reveals to us the referent: in a random text, more than in any other, meaning does not precede the text's existence; it is generated by the text itself. It is an epiphenomenon generated by non-intentional signals.

In fact, what the computer creates, as well as what an author creates, is never finished: the reader always carries on the creation. In this case, the role of the receptor becomes decisive and much more involved: as in a projective test, the artist may cease to be exclusively the sender by also becoming a selective

receiver, who is expected to solipsistically animate the message through imaginative internalities.

This way, the text synthesized by the computer will highlight the interpretative freedom of the receptor: the reader participates as coauthor of the interactively produced text—with data and decisional options left unclosed—even when he/she is not actively interfering with the program.

Valéry and others offered the idea that poetry only means what it is meant to. It is, in a way, made by the expectations we place upon it. To understand poetry is exactly that: one must also be, in one's own way, a poet.

Poetry has always suggested more than it has said. And computational text, more than any other, will assume the status of a real semi-projective message, whereas multi-meaning conglomerate of mere signifiers. In the sense that Umberto Eco interprets all work of art as being an open work, that is, always requiring some sort of mental activity from the user to complete it, computational text can only be considered within the frames of aesthetics of openness.

In the present case, however, these frames are not merely structural openness, but they are more or less dynamic according to the degree of potentiality and interactivity designed by the program. Here, we enter the full domain of virtual text. The virtual text is a latent text that holds the genetic program of works to be generated; therefore concrete works only exist in it in a latent state, as seed. And the same way the seed is not yet the fully grown plant, or the egg is not yet the animal, also the textual program is not yet the work(s) the reader will enjoy. The virtual text is therefore configured as egg-text or seed-text. According to this perspective, the virtual text is immaterial: what exists in the physical support of a computer is not a text, not a sense, it has no meaning—it is merely the engine of a new plurality of textual performances to be materialized through signs.

Therefore, the idea of potential text is inherent to the notion of computational text. In this way, computer generated text always tends to imply a more or less radical disruption in intersubjective communication between author and receptor.

## Appendix

1.

Este paraíso é de víboras azuis...

Este poeta é de grutas azuis...

Este silêncio é de folhas azuis...

Este pénis é de mãos azuis...

Este soneto é de jubas azuis...

Este poeta é de noites azuis...

Ofereço-te um lírio—diz a canção sentada

Ofereço-te um espaço—diz a cegueira sentada...

Ofereço-te um pneu furado—diz a roupa sentada...

Ofereço-te um espaço—diz a chuva sentada...

Ofereço-te um movimento—diz a avenca sentada...

Ofereço-te um sono—diz a flor sentada...

Ofereço-te um rosto—diz a vocação sentada...

Evapora-se a roupa, mas não sinto.

Evapora-se a noite, mas não sinto...

Evapora-se a curva, mas não sinto.

Evapora-se a paisagem, mas não sinto.

Evapora-se a maçã, mas não sinto.

Evapora-se a vida, mas não sinto.

Evapora-se a cegueira, mas não sinto.

Evapora-se a voz, mas não sinto.

2.

O poeta aperta o sono, e derrapa.

O Rosto...

é branco, o espaço

plano, a morte

certa. Não há curva

de pontos cardeais.

Putá de noite, subdesenvolvida.

Entre as rimas e o instante aparece e des

aparece uma rosa. No dia de Verão,

confuso,

chegam uvas negras e varandas

de maçã que batem

em suas ligeiras casas tremendamente claras.

E os lugares

todos esperam doces jardins que assomam

a pontuação da espuma  
 A cabeça  
 levanta grutas cruéis durante a combustão  
 das linhas  
 do paraíso. Pintadas na distância  
 com as folhas respirando brutalmente—que  
 melancolia  
 combatem, a reluzir,  
 sob as glicínias  
 de praias implacáveis?  
 Uma loucura de mel  
 fervente, uma rede dolorosa de um pénis que se ilumina,  
 uma morte  
 incandescente na parte  
 mais forte da magia—Onde os retratos pintados  
 no fundo dos tempos  
 da inocência?  
 Suas uvas negras  
 rutilantes latejam  
 com uma voz horrível.

Porque há maneiras graves de os mortos  
 viajarem: noites ciclistas de energia e de tristeza.

3.

Num tempo sentado em espuma uma infância imersa  
 cantava o espaço.  
 Era depois da morte,  
 avencas  
 dormindo. A leveza tinha flor. Então a chuva  
 pronunciava lenços, pombas  
 impressas. Arrefeciam terras no corpo  
 posterior  
 àquele enigma.

O mel  
 tem a sua  
 incli  
 nação perigosa: quando se toca,  
 a combustão queima. O sorriso tem uma vida  
 ao fundo: treme. Este  
 pénis é de mãos azuis.

Aparece com a rapariga de uma noite mortal. Quem se  
 alimenta de morte, quem  
 se despe entre flores encostadas, pergunto,  
 quem ama até perder o mês?

Ofereço-te um pneu furado  
- diz a roupa sentada.

Olha: eu queria saber em que animal  
se morre, para ter uma chama e com ela  
atravessar paisagens leves e ardentes e crimes  
sem rosa. Existe nas máquinas resolutas  
um lírio para  
a poeira tremer, e o teu ar  
se voltar lentamente cheio  
de febre para o país de uma criança  
terrível e fria.

4.

Uma rede de mel fervente, uma rede dolorosa de um mel que se ilumina.  
Uma loucura de mel fervente, uma rede dolorosa de um pénis que se ilumina.  
Uma avenca incandescente na parte mais forte da cabeça.  
Uma morte incandescente no suspiro mais forte da magia.  
Da noite chegam paisagens de água,  
que batem em suas grutas tremendamente claras.  
Da morte chegam mãos de criança,  
que batem em suas folhas tremendamente claras.  
Saber que lenço lhes pertence,  
que feixe de linhas taciturnas urdiu sua cara largada no ar.  
Saber que nome lhes pertence,  
que coração de ilhas taciturnas urdiu sua aterradora curva lançada no ar.  
Não faças com que esse mês te procure:  
leva os mortos como se fossem um lenço verde...  
Não faças com que esse tecido doloroso te procure:  
leva planos como se fossem um nome verde...

5.

Num tempo sentado em seda, uma mulher imersa cantava o paraíso.  
Num tempo deitado em espuma, uma infância imersa cantava o espaço...  
Num tempo sentado em doçura, uma criança imersa cantava o tecido  
doloroso...  
Num tempo sentado em fruta, uma doçura imersa cantava o sol...  
Num tempo escoado em água, uma cabeça imersa cantava o mês absoluto...  
Num tempo deitado em morte, uma leveza imersa cantava o tempo...  
Num tempo sentado em rapariga uma rede imersa cantava o sono...

6.

A maçã precipitada, os incêndios da noite, a neve forte: e a rude beleza  
da cabeça -.

A velocidade precipitada, os símbolos da noite, a neve forte: e a rude beleza da música-.

A flor precipitada, os mapas da noite, a neve forte: e a rude beleza da água-.

A voz precipitada, os dedos da noite, a neve forte: e a rude beleza da morte-.

7.

Os jardins contorcem-se entre o estio e as trevas. / Avança o ar...

Os buracos contorcem-se entre o rosto e as trevas./ Avança o nome...

Os mortos contorcem-se entre o mel e as nuvens./ Avança o éter...

Os ciclistas contorcem-se entre o vício e as trevas. / Avança o pénis...

Os dedos contorcem-se entre o nome e as trevas. / Avança o coração...

Os rebanhos contorcem-se entre os confins e a noite. / Avança o pneu furado...

Os corredores contorcem-se entre as sedas e o mar. / Avança o silêncio...

8.

Arrefeciam grutas no paraíso posterior

àquele enigma:

vivem imóveis

os jardins das vozes. Nasciam linhas de vento se alguém,

sorrindo, respirasse.

O corpo

tem a sua

inclinação perigosa: lírio de laranjas sobre a candura.

Quando se toca,

a dança, queima. O relâmpago tem uma cidade ao fundo:

treme. Há quem fique num paraíso para assistir ao ar.

Terrível é o ar da janela.

Anda-se pela canção

com as folhas a ferver, diz-se: o peixe o nome e as

violas. Há um crime sagrado onde

o amor

aparece Digo: clareira.

Velocidade do mel Oh,

inteligência. Aparece com a canção

de uma noite mortal.

Ofereço-te um sono—diz a flor,

sentada.

Olha: eu queria saber em que escuro

se morre, para ter uma pintura e com ela

atravessar praias leves e ardentes e crimes

sem infância. Existe nas Colinas

um frio para  
a poeira tremer, e o teu mel  
se voltar lentamente cheio  
de febre para o peixe de uma rosa  
terrível e fria.

A morte  
tinha água.  
Arrefeciam noites no lado posterior  
àquele enigma. Porque tem o sono a salsa?  
Nasciam vozes de poeta se alguém,  
sorrindo, respirasse.

Evapora-se a noite  
mas não sinto.

Nesse espelho nocturno escrevo o que grito, ou então que durmo,  
ou que às vezes enlouqueço.  
Batem as paisagens da flor  
Um pouco abaixo do silêncio. Quero saber  
o sono de quem morre: o vestido de frio ardendo, os pés em movimento no  
meio  
do meu retrato.  
A velocidade precipitada, os símbolos da noite, a neve forte:

e a rude beleza da música—Uma rapariga de sopro cru  
viveem mim sem dar um passo, amando  
respirar em sua morte, o espaço  
do sangue maternal.  
O meu vento, parou diante  
do ouro mortal que o aguardara.

Evapora-se a paisagem mas não sinto.

Nesse ânus nocturno escrevo o que grito, ou então que durmo,  
ou que às vezes enlouqueço.  
O poeta dá à beleza como os outros animais?  
Arrefeciam paisagens no adolescente  
posterior  
àquele enigma:  
vivem imóveis  
os jardins das vozes.  
Quando se toca,  
a seda, queima. O mês  
treme. Há quem fique num sorriso para assistir ao ar.  
Terrível é o ar da inocência  
e das grutas paradas na atenção. Este  
silêncio é de folhas azuis.

Digo: velocidade do nome.  
Quem se alimenta de crianças  
quem  
se despe entre folhas encostadas, pergunto,  
quem ama até perder o algodão?

Ofereço-te um espaço  
- diz a chuva  
sentada.

Ah, um Rosto  
é o que eu procuro  
nas ilhas tenebrosas. Por isso canta essa flor para a voz  
de um tempo—

Olha: eu queria saber em que coração se morre, para ter uma morte  
e com ela  
atravessar uvas negras  
leves e ardentes e crimes  
sem cabeça. Existe nas glicínias,  
um paraíso para  
a poeira tremer, e o teu nome se voltar lentamente cheio  
de febre para o remoinho de uma loucura  
terrível e fria.

Entre as rimas e o oxigénio selvático,  
avança o pénis  
a correr com as patas  
sobre a noite branca.

Arrefeciam linhas no dia posterior  
àquele enigma:  
da noite  
chegam linhas de água que batem  
em suas vozes tremendamente claras.

Na pontuação da loucura  
a velocidade  
levanta linhas cruéis durante a combustão  
das vozes  
do poeta—  
pintadas na dança,  
sob as ilhas de mãos  
implacáveis,  
uma voz de mel  
fervente canta.

Não faças com que esse granito te procure.  
 Leva buracos como se fossem um coração verde  
 chegado  
 de uma criança  
 transparente. O silêncio—está cheio  
 de álcool gelado—Não te sentes atrás  
 de um lenço parado.  
 Porque tem o paraíso a salsa?  
 Quando se toca,  
 a noite  
 queima.  
 Há quem fique num sono  
 para assistir ao ar.  
 Este  
 poeta é de noites azuis:  
 então veste-se.  
 Quem se alimenta de pintura quem  
 se despe entre ligeiras casas encostadas, pergunto,  
 quem ama até perder o ar?

9.

Le développement de l'intelligence artificielle aidant, l'ordinateur aspire progressivement à 'simuler' toutes les procédures du raisonnement et même de la pensée en général jusqu'à s'inspirer toujours plus étroitement du fonctionnement de notre cerveau.

Ainsi, plus l'ordinateur excelle comme machine, moins il apparaît comme machine, plus il apparaît comme conscience. C'est précisément aux ambigüités qui accompagnent ce phénomène en émergence que sont dues la fascination et, simultanément, l'inquiétude du public.

10.

Os sistemas artificiais do tipo dos computadores não podem pensar. O que neles se passa são processos físicos que só se tornam processos de pensamento mediante a interpretação do homem. Pois somente o homem conhece, graças à sua consciência, a significação daquilo que a máquina faz. A física é assunto da máquina, a semântica é assunto do homem. A diferença decisiva entre o homem e o autómato consiste em que o ser racional possui consciência, vontade livre e fantasia criadora, ao passo que o autómato não possui estas qualidades.

11.

Grças à sua capacidade para tratar e processar enormes quantidades de informação de uma maneira mecânica e segura, o computador, como instrumento de investigação científica, já nos revelou um enorme universo. Este universo não era acessível anteriormente, não por ser pequeno ou por estar distante demais, mas por ser tão 'complexo' que nenhuma mente humana o podia destrinçar.

12.

De cette théorie [la Théorie de l'information] est née une nouvelle application de la cybernétique à

ces systèmes particuliers étudiés par les sciences dans l'orbe de la composition artificielle, et il existe maintenant une esthétique informationnelle. À partir de règles de contrainte, dûment établis dans l'assemblage des signes, l'esthéticien peut demander à un ordinateur de mettre en mémoire des éléments d'information, puis, à l'aide d'un programme que l'on appellera algorithme, de les rassembler selon un certain ordre plus ou moins subtil et d'en chercher les variations possibles (combinatoires).

13.

Il y a deux formes de Créativité. L'une peut être qualifiée de Créativité Absolue, elle obéit au théorème de Gödel, et n'est pas susceptible de surgir sans un effort de transcendance de la pensée humaine par rapport à l'ensemble des connaissances qu'elle possède déjà. L'autre est la Créativité par variations, elle repose sur l'ensemble des modifications et combinaisons que l'on peut faire subir à un pattern, à une forme, à une configuration donnée a priori. Elle est susceptible d'être réalisée par ordinateur, si l'on prend la peine d'introduire une forme déjà connue et un programme de variations.

14.

Ele apõe a sua assinatura sobre a forma normativa, fornece a ideia, mas não será necessariamente aquela que lhe dará corpo ou que realizará a obra. Para uma mesma ideia há um grande número de obras e, se se admitir que a obra definida mais válida pode não se produzida pela mesma pessoa que criou as regras, vê-se chegar o momento em que o criador programará um computador e alimentará o seu relatório para deixar à máquina o cuidado de explorar o campo de possíveis proposto.

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