

Not so divine inspiration

Jez had spent the last three weeks staring at the same four chords.

The studio smelled of stale coffee, dust, and overheated electronics. Gold records lined the walls—proof that his band, *The Fall Parade*, could still fill arenas and dominate streaming charts—but none of that helped now. Their label wanted five new songs for the next album. Jez, the group’s principal songwriter and guitarist, had exactly half of one.

He tapped random notes on his acoustic guitar and groaned. Every melody sounded like something they’d already recorded.

“Writer’s block?” laughed Dan, the drummer, as he passed through the control room.

“Creative exhaustion,” Jez corrected.

“Same thing.”

That evening Jez wandered through internet rabbit holes searching for inspiration. Songwriting techniques became articles about ancient poetry, which became mythology. Soon he found himself reading about the nine Greek Muses: divine spirits who whispered ideas into the minds of artists.

Most of it sounded ridiculous, but one obscure website described an ancient ritual once used by poets. A bowl of water. Olive oil. A spoken invocation beneath candlelight.

Jez laughed at himself even while setting it up in his apartment kitchen at midnight.

“To the Muses,” he muttered theatrically, “I could really use a hand.”

He extinguished the candles and went to bed feeling stupid.

At three in the morning he woke suddenly.

A woman’s voice drifted through the darkness.

The chorus needs to rise on the fourth line.

Jez froze.

“You’re dreaming,” he whispered.

No. Pick up your phone. Record this.

Heart pounding, he obeyed. Melodies poured into his mind—sharp, complete, undeniable. Lyrics followed effortlessly. Images of oceans, city lights, heartbreak, memory. By dawn he had rough demos for four songs.

The next morning at rehearsal, the band listened in stunned silence.

Dan blinked. “You wrote these overnight?”

“They just... came to me.”

“These are brilliant,” said Mara, the bassist. “The second one’s a single.”

For the first time in weeks Jez felt alive. The voice returned each night afterward, helping him finish the fifth track. The album came together faster than any they'd ever made. The rest of the band were delighted, although a trifle mystified when he insisted they call it *Euterpe*, after the Greek muse of poetry and music.

But a month later, while working late in the studio, Jez noticed his laptop microphone light flicker on.

A notification appeared.

Gemini Suggestions Available

Below it sat fragments of lyrics eerily similar to his songs.

Curious, Jez opened the activity log. Recorded voice snippets appeared from previous nights: exhausted mutterings, half-sung melodies, complaints about chord progressions. Gemini had apparently been analysing his verbalised thoughts through open apps and generating musical suggestions in the background.

Jez sat back in horror.

The Muse hadn't been divine inspiration.

It had been an AI assistant listening through his laptop.

For a long moment he stared at the platinum records on the wall.

Then, reluctantly, he opened a new document.

"Alright," he muttered. "Got anything for track six?"

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