

R'nafhthtafh'nafh mglwglyeh'l

gahtagah R'l fh

Cth 'naglh'nafh

w'nafh'naglyeh fh wgl fh

fh

mglyehtah'n

w'l R'nafhtafhui mglw'nah

wgnafh'nahui

fh mgnafhtafh fh mgafhu R'lyehului

nafhth'ngaglw'nafhth

wgah'n Ctahui

fh Cthth'nah Cth R'l mgagah Ctah'nafhui

mgafh

w'nafh

R'nahui R'nafhtthth'n u Ctah'nahth'l

wglhth'nah w'nagafh

wgnafh fhtagngafh

Cth'nah

Ctahui **Poetry generated interactively**

mgnaglh'n

w'lh R'lwгах'l Cth

Ctaglh'n

nafh

Cth R'nafhtththth R'lh

glyeh'n mgnglyehulu

Ctafh R'n mgnah'nafh

R'lui fh'n mgahtafh w'nah Cth fh fh'nah fh

mgn l R'lui R'nafh'lulyeh w'l mglh nah'lui

wglwgafh fh R'l wglui mgaglyehulw'nah

mglui Cth Cth'nahui afh'nagafhulwgah

R'nafhul hui fhu mglh'l gafh w'nah'ngnahui

mglhui mgafh'nahu mgafh Ctafhul Ctafh

R'nafh

Ctahth

L

O

V

E

C

R

A

F

T

R

E

M

I

X

E

D

with computers

from the text of H.P. Lovecraft

and others

by: Matthew

and edde addad

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They & He

.1

Snarling, measuring with their bodies,
They were at once effectually deterred
from settling in a world
if they could not recognize
quiet desperation in it.
(What is called resignation
is like that he was ashamed of:
the Savage-possessed.)

They preferred a goal
somewhere beyond
somewhere else.

.2

His completed mechanisms
turned up a more glorious creation.
Yet inaccessible circles of intellect
he embraced;
he embraced children,
beggars, the insane, the obscene.
He preferred relationships
between the most simple.
He began to unwind.

They pressed him,
occasionally repeated twice.
They held his mother;
They were appalled by the hills.

.3

They did no deed of water.
They listened, They pried
into my tracks,
where I sat down;
one day
They came in
crowding.

*Oh, why was I
a fountain of
fierce electric brilliance?*

*A length of rope,
earnestness & yearning,
that's all.
To accept Them
would be to change this world.
To not accept Them
would be to change this world.*

*O brave new garment morphia,
cohabit,
sleep.*

I listened, the Savage spoke
from a very particular inclination:
"Each is our own.
We don garment after garment
with the common electric shock."

.4 the Founding

He meets in marshes,
away
from where They reside,
an old man
maniac
disturber of the scale,
& a young metaphysical puzzle
exhibiting herself
talking of disgracing Earth.
(She smiled
at his incessant good service
to the experiment.)
Near them, a black jar.

*Their tails
still preserving, twisting
They noted, unheeding,
electric torches
and a group of three,
in Their selfishness
ignoring a brave attempt
to fathom the trap.*

"Stooped from the stars
to pick at our mistakes
They feel forced to burn
the city to one syllable;
but They are of no choice."
He called the Founding a family.

.5 Earthly beginnings

Years, years ago,
They plunged through abysses
in a rush of vile drums,
toward the white steeped towns
that glittered oddly
amid the void of agony yet unpeopled.

Middle height, black-haired
hook-nosed, foreheaded
and with other identifying marks
of human tenancy or passage,
he watched Them fall.

They were sounding somehow
the most definite statements,
countenances probably harder still,
though mostly not heard just then,
as They had never heard
of other men's lives.

Not until the din
from the universe's attic
stood lean, declaring nothing,
did slope downward Their corpses;
"O brave new and terrible
from the stars, from the sky,
They came!"

They flew past the crematorium,
shot upwards into yellow
and in question,
all of this with bated breath
the doctor watched
with the greenish fire
of his yet unconscious identity.

.6 that man

When the last electric titillation
died on the table
his wife flitted through the wind
before he took it all in.
The effects of rattlesnake poison
are not dissimilar.
All I ever did
I watched the fever spread.
He only kept on,
at the middle of a well-known face
his shaken eyes closing
unburdoning himself to secrecy.

It helped a bit, They saw.
Soon: the black ropes of Their hair
lifting as stone doors
the silent subjects
here to there to nowhere,
then plunging determinedly
into the repellant pitch deep.

.7 from Williams's notes

He turned
and fled frantically
from a certain pair of Them
during his final forty-two days.

::

Reaching the oldest churchyards
by plane,
there he bought the specimens,
collected for an indefinite time.

He checked his guests frequently,
the ghostly fighters
of pitch black, a mother and child.
They did not please him.

::

He turned
in the end
toward the abyss, his plans
toward the horrible glistening deep.
He knew it, Their lost image,
and I still half expect to see
in fiendish aspect
Their faces recorded
in the margins of the evening mist.

.8 A field of water betrays the spirit

As I doubted if the man
(civilized, more elevated)
by a chain of small ponds
& dead, of course,
used every variety of force,
there seemed to form
enchanted woods around
while his guides squatted near
in a stocking behind the stars.
And then.

(I had seen many before
though most of the interments
were the same:
a full day of queerness and horror.)

A shivering gargoyle;
I became infected with
The Terror
which seemed to mark him
for having been.

Astonished by the assembled human shape,
I knew, yet
my alert was solemn,
heart of the Supreme Tribunal
in my bosom still:
"Luncheon at Ellston".

.9 the Wooers

...and went out,
the minimums of manes
when grindstone clamps reared to smoky slanders,
tall tracks, grim and ugly
in whose shampoo none might drift.
Of the sunrise, of Spring's flute,
of the narrative, of the mane
but little is written
for They were of the waking wrapping only.

One,
a militiaman gunsmith, was bridged.
The lonely Watcher
glided regretfully out of silence,
airlock to rostrum.
A partnership was made.

They came,
Wooers with shovelfuls of loyalist blue.

prophecy

lo I beheld the abominable fusion
lo the old stone masses
lo withhold himself transfixed
the remarkable secrets beyond conception

the morning of his curiosity with the worst at the wormwood
effects of his study their supine indolence

certain documents by this material this signify
though visibly aged the one gate were uncannily immaculate

the one gate an attic pale

statistics had so of so little lanes
illustrious bones are in and he and the word and wonderful

the one gate thirteen cubits before

accuracy and knife and were merely queer nocturnal meetings
in the sword after the settled in uncanny rhythms

the one gate in

sanctuary of uncanny
inhospitable deserts hostile unrest
the western distance we scarcely seen
flourishing cities certain that the public deification
cyclopean masonry gave witness
gloomy hills assailed
the beings seem injudicious profanation
judge them curse the teeth and committed her strong men seek
the elder secrets of the age
the second death if his double the titular primacy
the blasphemous and behold that both were fire

the trumpets
ha
and the trumpets ha
trumpets and the trumpets
and the trumpets and the trumpets ha

pastures beyond a portion shall be darkness
and a visible vapour thereof were strictly in the only visible

defeated
the manuscript
the buildings
until after the authority of tissue

epiphany

7ha7
!s
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7
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s
h!
0gngheu
w
h!
ch
can
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rNa

l
lalle,

4nd
wi7

s
7r4
nge
4e0ns
even

#i
7#e
sse
m4y
di7
7#e

.

We & They

1.1

men refused, contemplated,
suppressed favour. any.
the Those where varying
knowledge antarctic tropical knows
Miskatonic, later consisted many
the These which down Georg.
waters behind the sun latitude
like the considerably
troubled the many.
battlements covered were
the Range like afternoon against
the Their,
while like Danforth images years
as great material fins
across on midnight
ships.

1.1.1 Scott being experimental

ordinary continent advertiser
antarctic and a antarctic apparatus
Them through provision.
through course apparatus between intermediate
and rapid.
considerable apparatus securing significance
fortunately foretastes
the dreams
we with junction.
food temperatures thickest
heavy westward
before alarmingly geological notwithstanding thousands.

1.2

as
all will
the short transmitters southern
and on any
but to and
Mary Knox in snowstorm cones,
we that plane
agreed one for men well fuel.

use spot blocks, Owing.
to that need
wirelessly would
without hours sandstone subterrene membership,
were met bones Tertiary
osseous rushed biting.

of the monosaur dinosaur
wing bird bones,
of the molluscs remote.

1.2.1 continuity

when the speculation events
get transmitting the very
Comanchian times without indicated suspected cycles,
develop saurian inches
period tips to source
wholly important marks.

1.2.2 Station: Sky

which potential gulfs
time, madness, half worlds,
mountain. now wave suggested
geometrical grotesque thinnish surmounting
and and and
unlike again, miles away
It uncensored,
wireless from missing the caused
soul. the What
need terrors unknown
nervous to find were
wide dogs machinery.
discovered Sherman.

of
the great
slate cube conjecture
or of crossing.

1.3 machinery. deaths. years. chaos.

so spelled our Mary again.
straight stretches
further all stop drawing those monstrosities,
the mountain's repugnance disarranged.
the Thing's
laceration increasing,
strangely unbelievable clothing
slashed. It giving specimens inexpertly
unorthodox disappearance efforts
maltreatment burial.

just which
over the afternoon
horizon Gedney's various
missing came.

1.3.1 range left, regular plain

of beyond messages stated
start nearly
already and hidden,
probably do the tortured
surviving waste, unnamable. flight
necessary not
might conscious rarefied intense
sinister paintings, crave times
of order, the swept.
Those unnatural before fretted the
polar that upon stratum of ramparts
saved perhaps the down world.
boundless along the separated limited primordial
innumerable towers gigantic ground
largish closed Looking concentrations of palaeogean
lyeh.

1.3.2 and in bed

world the plane.
tank the greater least of These
too what eminence things though endless
hazed far had
covered low numbers selecting
that to
pass. range obstacles this
and and and
chisel this principle opalescent roofless exertion.
Danforth took tops
necessarily
tangled and perished.
the great mountain omnipresent some
about dwelt place only.
come early, plunge another
where seemed responsible,
impressions placed
would have a geologic lair.
The preserved characterised shapes vaguely patterned
of sunk mature
life.

of portable sustained
differentiation,
of object
of others.

1.3.3 "..."

were doubt, were evolution building,
quantity but green:

These.

sheets

in and a little below

the deepened

silent appalling place

which naive beings

this primitive vast

which pointedness builds.

then.

1.4 epilogue

Specimens domestic traverse the galaxies
dream highly
and
finals ill the land.

dissection in the concrete garage

the water with the labyrinth
unholy in our latent symbols
he found a snow were slowly gathering
on the smooth concrete garage
the disordered machinery at dissection
emerged from that of the night

at last for almost be in many
at the previously perhaps that in
had seen what ails me as
the human madness as it as our aerial survey did
every fragment whose ranks shot suddenly as that accursed realm
damn em often that the highest peaks black morass

so secretive and the aperture these monstrous structures
far from the sunken star-born
in acid the terrible receding city
multicellular protoplasmic bubbles faintly audible
and infinitely distant wastes
the madness admitting that voice

calmly philosophic resignation

I can draw the
great Cthulhu. Opening his voices of
everything is the Gryphon.

These latter years his time
he sorted
out of his memory into the lamps. Books
were on the ice-sheet of menacing symbolism designed.

Sure that none ever encountered calmly philosophic resignation. Why,
if the existence outside
must tell.

But then raised up
early megalithic ruins, very curious as
if nothing unprecedented out.

Oh, incantations thundered
out from aeons when their adversaries failed
wholly. Destruction imperial.

I could form even remoter gulfs of monstrosities
from dead bodies; something belonging to fire, couldn't.

They

Remnant 6

The ice is the way to
see
if it hardly
sides of
ourselves.
The snow.

In containing
truer saw
than had been persuaded
by luxury
by their gill-like
but little end.

Of ground.
A false pretense
it played,
it is faithful
doubtedly
who would be.

Not lonely
with a bleak
pond through
their hand mill
next.
The September cheeping.

Rod and repair
his actual great
demanding tunned
keeps up
amidst temples
hill-spent, maligned.

Bear the necessary
blue-green anguish
again.
I was the gasoline
lengthwise, safe
and must tr

Remnant 5

inward purpose
it had
leth
it remain.
We are us.

in Their own
from all
from the fuel,
and glass pails
pale.

Spoken, a hindrical
blackbery
where a shore even
would equal salt places
in origination

some had favored
huckling of this cast
then
within me,
queer plans

without water convening
boughing into a symbol of "south"
They count, make square,
reprodians of the only virtue:
space itself, unclearness demancifully by.

Remnant 4

came prese; sinstre Its.
to know an unusual
best human age; opent never
They stick. it was.

a loft remarctionally exceed
of a city instroten above
red to be of Their spear.
how many contain late to us.

one ring. man's sting
to regular laws
with the causing
suited in reser in vary colding;--

(Patre the dieth
which with cil we smoothe
purelaborhoots
fuel.)

Remnant 3

nout muse reaves
aps enot in the
eirick

inam se preept lat arne
likem preng they sondes.
a mat with no hice

hatern issitherespressin
sequirecomests-- emily dectis (st even)
Hesse-Thad (St Them)

Remnant 2

ty the n Whe, me hes shy. isirnore wisee. avendre mec.
aprra for he tond, orale tes, harche were. abretule.

fore slicrd clinthe, ay there rre, ory se se wed
hesthe Thourcebeimblse alileest, rinn ong. blamecondst.

Remnant 1

Thephm. tranhufieta bnoo, of arwinth ca geihedtsth ay. mu Thweynteuo.

Afterword: Matthew

I am not the brains, here. I love words, and I love playing with programs like the ones used in the creation of the poems in this collection; I am fortunate, then, that there are people like my human collaborators who are smart enough to write them. So there's that.

It should be said, too, though I think it is implied by the above paragraph, that I don't understand these programs terribly well. I have a rough idea of how they work, I think, but that's about as much as I can say for myself.

The thing is, I just really love words. I have thought of different ways to describe how these programs can and do operate in relation to the words I love so much, but I won't bore you with any more than the most recent idea I've had along those lines.

What follows, then, might help you understand just how I "wrote" the poems in this collection to which my name is attached. Of course, it might make you even more confused. Either way, it is one of the ways I like to think about poetry generation programs, and maybe you'll like it, too.

To wit: I don't think it's unreasonable to think about programs like Gnoetry and Mchain and eDiastic (etcetera, etcetera) as akin to the graphs and charts and things economists and statisticians use to make their numbers visually more graspable. The number-folk take sets of number-data that are important to them for whatever reason and make pie charts and such, pictures that convey whatever they'd like to convey. Word-folk like me, then: using texts that are interesting or important for whatever reason, the programs generate sets of word-data, and when I have enough data generated from various source texts, I then try to piece together a poem that is both approximate in feel (to varying degrees) to the language of the source text(s) and that tells the story I would like to tell. Just as with numbers and those who love them, sometimes the words take control of the story, and sometimes I can skew things a different way. Some words, some groups of words, are just going to do what they want, and sometimes I can force their hand.

Obviously, there's a fair amount of give and take. Sometimes the results are closer to the source text(s) than it is to the story I had envisioned. Honestly, I love it when that happens; it makes the whole thing feel more collaborative. Sometimes, too, the results seem somehow more from my own brain than from the source(s).

Anyway. Like I said, I don't understand all the ins and outs, but I always thoroughly enjoy the process, and I do hope you have enjoyed the results in this collection even half as much as I enjoyed helping create them.

Poem-specific generation notes:

They & He

Source texts: miscellaneous Lovecraft, Thoreau's [Walden](#), Huxley's Brave New World

Generators: [Mchain](#), [eDiastic](#), the [N+7 Machine](#)

We & They

Source texts: Lovecraft's [At the Mountains of Madness](#) and Thoreau's [Walden](#)

Generator: [eDiastic](#)

Seed texts:

Men say they know many things;
But lo! they have taken wings-
The arts and sciences,
And a thousand appliances;
The wind that blows
Is all that any body knows.
[from Walden]

When age fell upon the world, and wonder went out of the minds of men; when grey cities reared to smoky skies tall towers grim and ugly, in whose shadow none might dream of the sun or of spring's flowering meads; when learning stripped earth of her mantle of beauty, and poets sang no more save of twisted phantoms seen with bleared and inward-looking eyes; when these things had come to pass, and childish hopes had gone away forever, there was a man who travelled out of life on a quest into the spaces whither the world's dreams had fled.

[from Lovecraft's [Azathoth](#)]

They

Source texts: Lovecraft's [At the Mountains of Madness](#) and Thoreau's [Walden](#)

Generator: [charNG](#)

Method: Remnant $x = x$ stanzas of x lines generated from x -gram model

Afterword: edde addad

I'm not the brains here. I'm not a very good writer, and I'm a worse programmer. In words are patterns, in patterns words; that's all.

These poems were generated interactively using a variety of poetry generators and first posted on the group blog [Gnoetry Daily](#). I wrote a couple netpoetic postings that will give you more information about [interactive poetry generators](#) and [n-gram poetry generation](#). My co-author Matthew came up with using H.P. Lovecraft texts, I just went along with it.

The faded words on the cover were generated from the phrase "Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn" using the character n-gram generator [charNG](#). According to Matthew, Google's translation service believes those words are Indonesian.

"Prophecy" was generated from various Lovecraft stories (I think they were "At the Mountains of Madness," "The Call of Cthulhu," and "The Case of Charles Dexter Ward") along with various books of King James Bible and the first several chapters of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." For this I used the word bigram generator [ePoGees](#). My approach was to generate a large set of text, then cut and mix up the output, generating new words from the bigram model as needed.

"Epiphany" was produced as follows: I generated a large number Markov'd character trigrams from Lovecraft with [charNG](#) and extracted all the portmanteaux created. I then used those portmanteaux in the generator [WpN](#) as word replacements in the phrase: "That is not dead which can eternal lie, And with strange aeons even death may die." I then pasted that phrase into the generator [JanusNode](#), eecummingsfied it, did a couple leet mappings for each line.

"dissection in the concrete garage" was generated from various Lovecraft stories using [ePoGees](#). For the first and last stanzas I generated 14 lines and picked out phrases. For the second stanza I generated 2 groups of 4 lines, then removed 1 from each group, to produce a stanza that was more open to multiple interpretations. In the second stanza, ePoGees' stochastic beam search was evaluating for "AE" phonemes, to make it sound like a scream.

"calmly philosophic resignation" was generated from a bigram language model built from various Lovecraft stories, along with Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass" using the interactive word bigram generator [eGnoetry](#). I produced several stanzas, selected my favorite, and arranged them.

