

KING OF EATABLE BIRDS

By Anne H. Murdeus
and the machine

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This poetry is based on a statistical analysis of the following texts: *The King James Bible*; Anna Catherine Emmerich, *The Dolorous Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ*; Edith Wharton, *The Custom of the Country*; Margery Williams, *The Velveteen Rabbit*; Stephen Crane, *The Red Badge of Courage*; H. G. Wells, *The First Men In The Moon*; Edgar Allan Poe, *The Masque of the Red Death*; Hildegard G. Frey, *The Campfire Girls at Camp Keewaydin*; Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*; *The Song of Roland*; Kenneth McGaffey, *The Sorrows of a Show Girl*; Agatha Christie, *The Mysterious Affair at Styles*; Edgar Allen Poe, *The Fall of the House of Usher*; *The Life and Doctrine of Saint Catherine of Genoa*; *The Apocrypha*; Howard Pyle, *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood*; Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*; Eliza Poor Donner Houghton, *The Expedition of the Donner Party and its Tragic Fate*; G. K. Chesterton, *The Man Who Was Thursday*; Sax Rohmer, *The Insidious Dr. Fu Manchu*; Jules Verne, *The Mysterious Island*; H. G. Wells, *The Time Machine*.

Preface: Collective Verse

By Eric Elshtain

These gnoems were composed with Gnoetry0.2, in collaboration with a human end-user, Anne H. Murdeus. Murdeus chose to create a nonce syllabic formula, each gnoem consisting of three triplets, each line between three and nine syllables in length. She used the regeneration and textual weighting commands liberally; she also found some post-composition arguments for capitalization and re-punctuation, but only a few. The gnoems are built based upon the statistical analysis of twenty-two texts, chosen from the Gnoetry “library,” and chosen, according to Murdeus, because each title began with the article “the”—another ‘arbitrary’ constraint created by the end-user.

Over the last few years, a common argument against Gnoetry begins with the assertion that products of Gnoetry are not “really poetry,” or are “empty poetry,” because of a seeming lack of “humanity” “within” them. By and large, these claims are based not upon the poetry itself as aesthetic objects, but on how the poetry originated, marking a very clear ontological boundary around what can be considered “real” or “readable” or “human” or “meaningful” poetry based upon an anthro-centric *prima causa*. A boundary whose fence is built with the notion of a unique “individual” who shares a linguistic vision with other unique “individuals.”

What some of these critics don’t seem to grasp is that gnoems are borne from a collaboration between machine and human end-user; others find the mere fact that the language doesn’t originate from an individual human’s “imagination” or “mind” by default empties the poetry of “humanity,” and, therefore true meaningfulness. Setting aside the fact that any gnoem is based upon very human-derived language of, say, Charles Dickens or Jane Austen, one has to wonder why poetry must be trapped in such authorial fences? When writing about these beautiful poems, one should not consider them Anne H. Murdeus’, or the machine’s, but the collaboration between nearly a dozen human authors and math. Gnoetry allows for a nearly objective poetry, built from neutral code and human syntactic tendencies.

Another argument goes that Gnoetry “puts sound over sense.” No. Gnoetry, alongside, say, Emily Dickinson, finds that sound itself is a form of sense; in fact, the best poetries point out that language itself is strung sound, tuned to particular cultural orchestrations.

Gnoetry does not render the author “dead”—it multiplies the author, helping us imagine what it would be to create a renga using Edith Wharton’s novel-language, a machine, and our own designs. Gnoetry beautifully separates poetry from the tyranny of typical psycho-poetic “intent,” while at the same time quite possibly mimicking how all poetry is made: doesn’t poetry written by mere humans come from their acquired language? Language gotten from parents, books,

teachers, pamphlets, billboards, song lyrics, &c? & aren't poems begotten from said languages, merely (re)arranged by the human author and then read through the lens of the true hallucinations of sentiment and social drama?

How is Gnoetry any different? In fact, I would argue that Gnoetry is *more* human and humane than poetry written by so-called individual authors. The machine is a tool through which authors are multiplied—the reader, too, becomes an author when she reads a gnoem and supplies it with signification—not erased.

The gnoet is a multi-human, and gnoems acknowledge on their face that *all* poems are collaborations.

The gnoets' mantra:

Q: Are we not poets?

A: We are end-users!

The gnoets' shout:

The human solo-poet is dead; long live the gnoets!

He shall find some fault in vain. . .

He shall find some
fault in vain to deny
this time Syme had slowed down
the altars
that were in the new afflictions,
against Jesus, in good
Lincoln Island!
Upon his flock and malicious we
will be fragments of admiration.

He was amazed at them.

He was amazed at them. The
count is flint and
steel; or I listened as
she was so hot as one
would suppose. O, saturated
with blood. There
was no sign. A
spark of tortured life that he achieved
such hallucinations.

In which there wasn't any trouble over treaties. . .

In which there
wasn't any trouble over
treaties when she had the frankness of
her geese for a week. Such reckless air
of bullion
is now the seed of the
quick look. I can't say that it is
hard to please
you again.

Let me tell you are; upon the rank of saints.

Let me tell you are; upon the rank
of saints. Mixed with great glory of
him through half the horn. At
such possibilities, the sons
of men! Seize him. The poor
mad man shall
devote myself
to hard labour, and she shall have the
Galilean.

Noticing these things are just. . .

Noticing these things are just,
I caught you something. It was
the work of a man
child. Spread over the pages of an
optimist in distress,
awaited the moon shone
upon the ground. I do not think
he drank a telephone, or the
morose and perpendicular.

Of the muscles and his servants.

Of the muscles of his servants.
You had to
be courageous, be safe. We left
the very
room where I
shuddered to think of scotch
and some of
the tubes wherein
he covered all his laboratory.

O my own voice, that king has frightened me...

O my own voice, that king had frightened
me as I have no luck with my eyes
to relieve

the death of the little
table where the birds were
so pale, but

also, to
heighten the palisade and
to obey, North America.

Overpowered by an ignominious end...

Overpowered by
an ignominious
end and aim they did

I. A fiendish smile played round
my neck. The
modern man in whose house you
ought to make an eye? But my
mind was very anxious to have
me in that dim light.

Smith snatched the...

Smith snatched the
wig which disfigured him, to keep his
eyes. Holmes, the poor
dear, let us smash ourselves. It makes
me think I fought the
whole troop of horsemen, and saw, breaking
in the land
of Judea, that the rain
was awful.

The stars. A flow of blood.

The stars. A flow of blood. Yet with
me best to
pull against
the square and towards the house. Cyrus
Harding had found himself in
here, likewise, and
who, is extremely anxious
to get the count completely
deserted.

The radiance was ready.

The radiance was ready.
He laughed at the
mind alone. The rest and
fodder to the storm was
one of the cross. We got the name
of his speed,
jumped out of the
terror. It was the work of art. The
Romans who held the eyes?

The marquis, whose name was Sunday. . .

The marquis, whose name was Sunday,
all that loomed
pallid, said
you shall reign, and summoning your books
of reference, manuscripts,
mummies, spears, the
god of merchants and robbers
be the king of eatable
birds singing.

You are not only the tools. . .

You are not
only the tools, weapons and bar
your wife was opening, she in the
experiment, wore a huge yellow
beak with a
breadth of the bristling
hedge. Behold now she, with rain and
thunder black
utensils.

He was an adulterous woman. . .

He was an adulterous
woman; he
bought faithful service, seizing
his face. The old
devil, am I charged with the eyes?
King Richard, looking straight
ahead, and I
reached his apprehension. It was led
past speech, full of Indians.

Bending on one side. . .

Bending on one side, and on the
shadows, is
a sin. And here I am. His
black cloth. Death. But
Mamma doesn't like the lip to
talk. For my good fruit is
fallen; therefore
I will be. You can take the little
white letters of Calvary.

The Sheriff of Nottingham. . .

The Sheriff of Nottingham
went on to
break away from the fall of
heavy masses
of humanity. Not having
offered sacrifice and
justice, you will
then come up here, in the same way for
Christ's sake hath forgiven him.

That Jesus was speedily drawn on me.

That Jesus was speedily
drawn on me.

He is really aware of

bacteria

and fungi, from the coast of the
great gate of the spine, and

His seed will have
the name of his right hand. I do not
remember all the sins, Holmes.

Thou shalt be I . . .

Thou shalt be I, and quench the
fire in a pit
dug in the

direction of this rock,
deliberately,

now thy peace, the green weed

and explain the high road from which
miraculously we had
been left unsolved.

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