

SHAKING BACK THE KISS

By
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and
the machine

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Dedicated to Paul Braffort and Josiane Joncquel-Patris

Preface

Gnoetry0.2 allows the human end-user to facilitate “conversations” between disparate authors and epochs; “conversations” enhanced by Gnoetry’s ability to statistically weight the texts during composition. That is, the end-user may “ask” that 23% of the time, solutions to the problem of “haiku,” for example, be found in *Emma*; 21.7% in *The Custom of the Country*; and so on up to 100%. This function allows the “voices” of the texts to be raised and lowered throughout the composition, much like a doo-wop group trading solos and singing in different harmonies.

The four texts statistically analyzed by the software for this gnoetic experiment are *The Custom of the Country* (1913), by Edith Wharton; *Emma* (1815), by Jane Austen; *Sex and Common-Sense* (1922), by A. Maude Royden (English preacher and social worker); *Wuthering Heights* (1847) by Emily Brönte. Two 19th and two early-20th century texts—all of them about the sexes, and so all of them about power.

This collection of 15 poems, each consisting of five tercets, was written using Gnoetry0.2’s nonce syllabic form function: every line must consist of between 9 and 15 syllables.

The human end-user used only the textual regeneration command during composition, which is a “natural” component of the Gnoetry0.2 user interface that allows the end-user to generate different pieces of language from the textual corpus (i.e. the statistical analysis of the chosen texts) within the poem until he or she is satisfied with the result. However, the human found 41 arguments for capitalization, and amended the poems accordingly.

Historical Note

Agnes Maude Royden was born in 1876, the daughter of the ship-owning Conservative MP from Liverpool, Sir Thomas Royden. She was educated first at Cheltenham Ladies College, then at Lady Margaret Hall in Oxford from 1896 to 1899. After graduating she spent three years working with the Victoria Women's Settlement in Liverpool and then undertook parish work in South Luffenham for the Reverend William Hudson Shaw. She and Shaw remained close friends, marrying after the death of his wife; he died two months after his marriage to Royden in 1944.

From 1905, Royden was involved in lecturing in the Oxford University Extension Scheme. She subsequently became involved in the women's suffrage movement, speaking for the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies on a regular basis from 1908. She was appointed to its executive committee in 1911 and edited its newspaper, *The Common Cause* between 1913 and 1914. Additionally, from 1910, she supported the Tax Resistance League and was the first chairperson of the Church League for Women's Suffrage. By 1912 she was giving well over 250 speeches a year and in 1913 she was also appointed president of the Chester Women's Suffrage Society, vice president of the Oxford Women Students' Suffrage Society and was a member of the executive committee of the London Women's Suffrage Society.

1912 was an important year for the future of the women's movement. It was in this year that the Labour Party made support for female suffrage part of its policy for the first time. When, that same year, the NUWSS launched the Election Fighting Fund policy, which promised support to any party officially supporting suffrage in an election where the candidate was challenging an anti-suffrage Liberal, the effect was to effectively support the Labour Party. The women's suffrage campaign had long been associated with the Liberal Party and had always been non-party, welcoming the left and right wing into its numbers. After this step, however, some members, such as Eleanor Rathbone, left the organisation in opposition to this step. Royden, however, supported the move and was one of the speakers at the joint meeting of the NUWSS and the Labour Party held in the Albert Hall in February 1914.

However, at the outbreak of the First World War, Royden found herself in conflict with many in the NUWSS who, under the leadership of Millicent Fawcett, had enthusiastically thrown themselves into support for the war effort. At the end of the year she became the secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation with other Christian Pacifists. In February of the following year she resigned as editor of

Common Cause and gave up her place on the executive council. She had intended to attend the women's peace congress in the Hague in 1915 that year but was unable to do so when travel via the North Sea was forbidden. None the less, when the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom was established there, she became the vice-president. Despite this, even outside of the NUWSS she campaigned for the vote for women through the National Council for Adult Suffrage, and when a limited franchise was granted in 1918, she was asked to address the celebratory meeting organised by the older group at the Queen's Hall.

In the post-war period, her main interests were concerned with the role of women in the Church. She herself had become an assistant preacher at the City Temple in 1917: though an Anglican herself, she was not permitted to preach in the Church of England for being a woman. In 1920 she was granted an interdenominational pulpit at the Kensington Town Hall through the Fellowship Services. This position was soon transferred to the Guildhouse in Eccleston Square and she continued to preach socially radical sermons from there for some years. In 1922 she was invited to stand as a Labour candidate for the Wirral constituency but declined for the sake of her work in the church. Royden made several preaching tours across the world from the 1920s to the 1940s and undertook large-scale article writing. At the same time she continued her work for peace, in particular through her "Peace Army" and the League of Nations. She finally resigned from the Guildhouse post in 1936 to concentrate her efforts in this area until 1939. At this point, however, she renounced pacifism believing Nazism to be a greater evil than war. After 1945, she was mainly occupied with writing and radio broadcasts on religion. She died in London on July 30th, 1956.

(Source: <http://www.archiveshub.ac.uk/news/0409amr.html>)

Emma said something about the duty of woman, how. . .

Emma said something about the duty of woman, how strongly had he not expected to give me time to be a more studied detachment; and that he had always meant to take up any margin. Before he finished cursing, but I ought to be in silence. This is our consumption of bread, his feelings warmer. I can.

Yes, said almost wistfully: you're the only man who might be useful, and he asked whether we were here, Sunday after Sunday, unwavering, not sorry to have only one to whom he had nothing to say, how she suffers spiritual violation. Through its closed doors he heard her declare that she did not forget that among the rest of the heights she had to have just as the trees were budding snow still lingered in the marriage of Miss Smith with her finger.

Saturday, August 27, 2005, 22:48:20

But he felt it. I know. He'd rather...

But he felt it. I know. He'd rather
see me with the other day... I'm glad
to see far more than the mere legal bond out of the note

I sent for him to feel it that way; but his subsequent
consolation and happiness, and I did have rather
offered it, are going to Ireland for three months with her:

a privilege rather endured than allowed, I think
you beautiful; they're awfully lonesome here; awfully dull; and
it was one woman, encircling

the way with soft things, all that you will never guess,
all on that part of a youthful warmth behind his head to
ask the girl swung about in his heart at

ease in either style of dress is so, there it would not achieve
the quick blood rushed to Ralph's breathless question, raised her from the
instant reply of respectability.

Tuesday August 30, 2005, 16:54:32

Even you, Cathy began searching for some place in. . .

Even you, Cathy began searching for some place in
Paris. What is that? Meanwhile we'll stick to the child. The old house!
Ah, shaking back the kiss: you know you don't

like to hear a woman has many things. I like your
looks on Tuesday. I'm glad they ain't swell enough
for him in company. People feel with their old twinkle,

and I cannot stop. And you see we
were both of her? The ball, the man on this
wall. His manner was almost always at home?

It's because they belong to her temples and neck; and what
use were anger and remembrance. But what struck his
lower lip twitched a little while, etc. She says

you are beginning to think I'm ever going to be out
of arm's length, by the gaping lattice, echoing
the moor subsided as soon as passion has died, anxiously.

Sunday, September 4, 2005, 18:43:09

Undine coloured; but you'll find a seat. He could. . .

Undine coloured; but you'll find a seat. He could
get at her feet again now, and equally
at odds. They had ceased to love, of course we
all know that unless they take to us,
the wide bands of speaking to those who were; and they'll be naught
but lumps as big as my fancy goes. The earliest had had
an instant: and she was removing her long furs,
she sobbed out. Again she felt so soothed and Catherine
has to conform to its embers; all the
powers of his cave, a great deal of excellent
eating, an hour later their talk was over, sat just
beneath the stairs, and asking her to try and sell them. Queer the
way, to his mother wailed, raising a hand, and turned his mind
to tell me afterwards, no radiance was too great. It
lasted so long as she chose to tell us, too?

Sunday, August 28, 2005, 22:57:49

He was evidently an untruth. Or the horses.

He was evidently an untruth. Or the horses.
But hush, murmured the princess and her husband, the
world, fastening in finality. It has
sunk him, I shall talk about it. But the likeness
is much beyond her own nature. Yes: but I cannot keep
one's eyes out. That he always looked when he came to
the degree of confidence towards Harriet,
who can feel at all so imperious
as you, or cause for this particular afternoon, the smile
partly remained as ever, flew farther down the middle,
how, it would impress her father, and the
folks you'd been taught to believe that it will be of use
for them to be lost to think that tea was made
for you. What are we, probably this basket with pink
ribbon. And yet you cannot really change it.

Saturday, September 3, 2005, 11:16:45

She would probably have spoiled all by Mr. and. . .

She would probably have spoiled all by Mr. and
Mrs. Spragg, I assure you. You'll always
find me so long ago, a cat, a
memory as you. People familiar with
these words, as a kind of sexual lapse. Spragg,
decided, good understanding harder between two rather
shamed human beings are responsible. It was not lost
to her carriage first, she supposed me absorbed in
my heart. He plays with a niece. The balance of the sea, and
clung to it is the cut among you.
Base even in a happier generation, confronted
with the ruins of those two. It is raining, and
hope, and marriage is; and because women are half as much as
if it weren't... he went on, for instance, in a few more
such victories would mean a difficulty.

Sunday, August 28, 2005, 13:16:40

She lifted her from descending; detected. . .

She lifted her from descending; detected
the bland assumption that his opponent
was ignorant of the first essential of
existence. I declined joining their
offices? Why, Cathy, nay: he was confined to its nest, which
I am utterly persuaded that
you would have asked the reason of the
actual dread of leaving the door of
money, surveying the idea
of having children. And you nodding for bed! She may
meet somebody amusing. He dreams that you,
you shall receive a letter, addressed to which
human morality must be either explained or he
thinks about the park and garden, and
colleges. It's a disappointment to my purpose, woman.

Saturday, August 27, 2005, 22:53:07

I don't say anything; but yet it . . .

I don't say anything; but yet it
was but an indifferent tone, what, and
shrank from contemplating the letter itself.

You are not she? But it was not pretty then, said she, to give
up her mind could hardly be quite true, and
generally very fond of her going

into public under the impression of having two months,
and secured him the illusion that her young lady on
earth is painful to me, a possibility, but

I even did him a quantity of
grotesque carving lavished over the same room at the
same thing. How are you going? I claim that I have hurt him

more than a sign I have myself a deep sigh,
called on selfishness. She had little hope of a home
for Hartfield is most strange indeed, this charming thing!

Saturday, September 3, 2005, 00:28:56

Is not of the higher organism. My uncle means to . . .

Is not of the higher organism. My uncle means to
make apologies, excuses, my dear. He did not say quite
all the world, it was only giving

his fair companion an account of the best
baked apple for Emma. He observed.
Nothing can be amiable only

in the beginning, on entering the hall, and she could not
trust him, and I should not marry them both, you'd better wait
an hour or two, first of the mind, and

Mr. Heathcliff; and that was unworthy
the real aspirations of humanity in you to call
him, much less, and his surrender of all the world can

be controlled, and when she can, shall we walk fast, and to
wander at large amongst all the best
of them supreme, who seemed to unite them.

Sunday, August 28, 2005, 22:51:39

I think I owe him so easy to talk. . .

I think I owe him so easy to talk
with his aunt and grandmother, who learned
from Christ how they themselves can escape from Jane Fairfax,
good man, but because she would fain have enlightened my charge
would be a murderer. And besides the love of men and
women would be just an instance of the
band. He was a shame to speak in measured terms of the heating
spices; and that was for your future?
Who shall say that when they have been wrecked by
the appearance of respectability.
The misunderstanding that arises here is a
most severe cold indeed. I nursed her, and she was
warm in his familiar whistle. You will find that you have
a body, and give in return. I have myself a
moment and see the possibility.

Saturday, September 3, 2005, 22:14:09

It is the remembrance. No one be allowed to give its past. . .

It is the remembrance. No one be allowed to give its past
and present were enveloped in a place in
which it might make her feel a strong sense of

horror. Miss Woodhouse is coming, however
inferior in spirit and precision. And
I must not in. I hoped heartily we

should deem it that had been unnoticed, because she
will spring, and assign to them; so would a woman of
genius to mere commercialism, for I

shall be in the performance they were both rude, of a
mind to arrive; but they stuck in his
pocket. Return to Europe her father? I would.

Consequently, decayed: though he looked back
she was following; but still I didn't like to be off
this very spot, at his side alone.

Saturday, August 27, 2005, 11:18:51

I suppose Hubert means to the frowning nab. . .

I suppose Hubert means to the frowning nab
above us all off to the usual interest.

No, I shall go abroad, said Mrs. Dean to finish them,
adjusted himself and the door had closed with this cough.

No, upon my desiring to be
married right off, then: I got to the landlord. And

sliding from the ruddy health that you expect!

And there too, Ralph recognized the symptoms with a sense of
her disorder. Why do you think it's all over. Has

your filial regard for Mrs. Moffatt to
Ireland for a legitimate purpose: it seemed
suddenly plebeian and promiscuous to

look sharp: I am the princess, after
that Heathcliff should take care of Paul as if pains were
positively taken to retaliate.

Wednesday, August 31, 2005, 15:09:59

Mr. Edgar encouraged me, inspiring. . .

Mr. Edgar encouraged me, inspiring
and elevating. Ralph caught the look he feared there must
be for his comforts, considering

I feel that sentiment for him; he now only wanted time
and the quivering lip. Cathy sat
up half the person to vex her. There's no one else

has reason to cry out his tongue and
act. The weather was most probable, for it
is not killed, humanely. The coldness of her!

What is the name of home. She began with, lifting her
bag, which has made a burlesque feint of speaking,
and went out, and got a cold impenetrable group, strengthened

her cheeks and said: nonsense! They don't look so it appeared at the
blackness of the instrument in her, and therefore she knew was
that inscription over the place where she had never been ill?

Friday, August 26, 2005, 23:01:46

Miss Bates was very doubtful as to...

Miss Bates was very doubtful as to
wish for in the sexual instincts of men, and
shake hands on yourself! But life had certainly taken
an early death, could find a corner of existence.
This is the best of it, to summon
up cheerfully, with more perishable things;
of the masterful way that the danger must be no form
or parade, a cat, a country of this, he grew
serious for an answer written to say that she
was made honest by the arrival in the rivet. The
greater knowledge can give me one when I ask? My dear fellow,
surveying one particular portion, up to
salute him. What a strain of preparing
for the moment before, and revived! After such a
while the princess stood gazing on oneself.

Saturday, September 3, 2005, 00:32:35

The leaden sense of intense relief. She may visit here. . .

The leaden sense of intense relief. She may visit here;
but any scientist can tell you for it
represented not the willingness to

get him to write an acquiescence
by the sight of her. But deeds must prove it was
not immediately made; and Ralph was to find she

had done it to me: not because I had
the other women? He does not disapprove it, I guess he
isn't in disease. Mr. van Degen

paused for the extensive grounds themselves lovers.
It was so close! He made no scruple in it with
multiplied strength and refinement entirely with

Mrs. Heathcliff, on coming through the hands of trustees for
her eye: she is very precarious. I can't say which,
except one of her secret visits were necessary.

Sunday, September 4, 2005, 19:33:51

ERIC ELSHTAIN, the editor of Chicago's Beard of Bees Press, is finishing his Ph.D in the University of Chicago's Committee on the History of Culture. His work can be found in journals such as *McSweeney's*, *Skanky Possum*, *Notre Dame Review*, *Ploughshares*, *Interim*, *Salt Hill*, *GutCult* and others. His latest chapbook, *The Cheaper the Crook, the Gaudier the Patter*, appeared last year from Transparent Tiger Press.

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