

# THE DUBLIN OF DOCTOR MOREAU

By  
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and  
the machine

Beard of Bees  
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# Contents

## Preface

iii

### Wed Jan 24 2004, 10:12-10:51pm, cst.

<i>Then followed Mr. Cunningham behind</i> . . . . .	1
<i>The wounded creature pointed down the house</i> . . . . .	2
<i>I got the monster lifted from the brake</i> . . . . .	3

### Fri Jan 23 2004, 9:26-10:06pm, cst

<i>“The daylight, Jimmy, felt her eyes ablaze!”</i> . . . . .	4
<i>He took the matter even when Moreau</i> . . . . .	5
<i>There performing at the central gloom</i> . . . . .	6

### Mon Jan 26 8:16-8:57pm, cst

<i>Because I wanted — like excited dogs</i> . . . . .	7
<i>I must have our everyday routine</i> . . . . .	8
<i>The other leaned against the rocky wall</i> . . . . .	9
<i>Towards the bushes to her husband it</i> . . . . .	10

### Fri Jan 30 11:52-Sat Jan 31 12:30am, cst

<i>Dunne, railway porter, stated that himself</i> . . . . .	11
<i>“Maria is a woman, was a rustle!”</i> . . . . .	12
<i>Whenever he allowed his overcoat</i> . . . . .	13
<i>With strange persuasion came another sip</i> . . . . .	14

### Sat Jan 31 4:49-5:14pm, cst

<i>It was a poet’s soul revolted him</i> . . . . .	15
<i>Upon the sailor whispered something cold</i> . . . . .	16

### Feb 1, 12:21-12:36am, cst

<i>But he assumed a very foolish blood</i> . . . . .	17
<i>Well eaten, our country, just beyond</i> . . . . .	18

### Mon Feb. 2 11:09am-12:05pm cst

<i>To Mrs. Mercer sitting up to look</i> . . . . .	19
<i>The fire lost upon the lip of pride</i> . . . . .	20
<i>Sometimes he opened from the lady’s face</i> . . . . .	21
<i>The congregation rose against the world</i> . . . . .	22

<b>Feb 4 1:01-1:10 am, cst</b>	
<i>The other women would mean to approach . . . . .</i>	23
<b>Feb. 4 11:33pm-12:16am, cst</b>	
<i>I'd never troubled me into the room . . . . .</i>	24
<i>On the winding way towards the city hall . . . . .</i>	25
<i>The man saluted them approaching us . . . . .</i>	26
<b>Feb 5, 2:42-3:00pm, cst</b>	
<i>"Sometimes," he added, pointing to the thing . . . . .</i>	27
<b>Sat Feb. 7, 12:01- 12:15 am, cst</b>	
<i>Some suitor to the rigging, swinging his . . . . .</i>	28
<b>Sat Feb 7, 10:10-10:57am, cst</b>	
<i>This started by collecting butterflies . . . . .</i>	29
<b>Sat Feb 7, 2:24-2:38 pm, cst</b>	
<i>I got Montgomery's never-tired eyes . . . . .</i>	30
<b>Sat Feb 7, 2:47-3:30 pm, cst</b>	
<i>The light of our ears went to account . . . . .</i>	31
<i>"The devil you admit the truth," he coughed . . . . .</i>	32

## Preface

This gnoetic experiment, performed with Gnoetry 0.1, used the statistical properties of James Joyce's *Dubliners* and H. G. Wells' *The Island of Doctor Moreau* to create 32 blank verse, 16-line quatrains. The texts were chosen for the attention they both pay to the idea of metamorphosis, the former addressing social transformations, the latter more anti-social transformations. Also, by limiting the language corpus to two texts, the ability to create an almost narrational continuity was facilitated, allowing a flow to exist between each individual gnoem. The number "32" was chosen for its mathematical and genetic significances, being  $2^5$  and half the total number of codons in a strand of DNA.

The human element was kept within certain constraints: he penalized some punctuation, grammar, syntax and word choice in order to maintain the poetic integrity of any given gnoem, but limited this intervention to as few changes as were necessary to assure the success of each experiment. Both elements — machine and human — leave it to the reader to decide whether or not these are arguably poems co-written by Joyce, Wells, the human and the machine, and how much these gnoems reflect the notions of fixed fate, free will and fore-knowledge absolute, ideas into which both source texts delve deeply.

*Then followed Mr. Cunningham behind*

Then followed Mr. Cunningham behind  
it to another licking kiss and it  
corrugated like a smoking gash  
observing me into the reeds, alarmed.

Montgomery gave the pupils concert rooms.  
And partly for a moment, Mr. M'coy,  
the wounded creature by a bullet, eh?  
You never gave the pupils concert rooms.

He was already running on alone.  
The only island for a moment, still.  
Her body crouched together, watching us,  
the muffled figure on the very edge.

The horse was clinging to conceive you,  
the puma spinning from the lady's face.  
The moon, however, only smiled askew —  
a woman standing near the bank retired.

*The wounded creature pointed down the house*

The wounded creature pointed down the house,  
the waning moon above the broken canes.  
The sergeant makes the human form before  
the only thing called Mr. Cunningham

Ignatius Gallaher continued life.  
Montgomery might remove the breakfast things?  
Once you were ashamed of money anywhere;  
a friend of dwelling places, at no blame,  
amid the chilly circle of himself.  
Some distant music lessons, Mr. Browne,  
and heavy features; but his monologue.  
then took another way towards Moreau.

Yet another open combing of  
the battered silk hat to revenge himself,  
the brandy bottle up the other hand.  
Beyond, the reedy lines of documents.

*I got the monster lifted from the brake*

I got the monster lifted from the brake  
and seized the moments when I left the house  
the morning I agreed to puff again,  
the others taking whisky: better stuff.

The only human semblance left the bar.  
Maria had a tricky little light,  
but what else alive among the swaying crowd?  
Maria gave a qualified assent,

her sullen opposition at a close.  
Then he achieved the stern and Mary Jane,  
no longer any party, went good and light.  
The conversation went towards the school  
and murmured lamely that she disappeared.  
Yes, everybody was already dead.  
I asked for our everyday routine  
then, growling overhead, began to change.

*“The daylight, Jimmy, felt her eyes ablaze!”*

“The daylight, Jimmy, felt her eyes ablaze!”  
said Mr. Kernan, trying to begin.  
Sometimes he wished each other people’s lips  
above the vivid orange tie, and yet  
he waited on a friendly tolerance,  
and even got into the mansion house.  
But we had been obliged to overhear  
“The golden sunset was volcanic glass,  
a little lamp with white and finer line.  
The upper part of our sins — and god  
behind the counter reading such success.”  
Montgomery went into the women’s room.  
He loathed returning as a sheriff’s man.  
Tricky Dicky’s little old enough,  
I fell into the empty fireplace.  
The cats escaped from under our mistake.



*He took the matter even when Moreau*

He took the matter even when Moreau,  
by taking substance under doctor's care,  
had had a sneaking kindness to return.  
When saying to the second tenor voice,  
"Fine, jolly fellow!" used perfume arose,  
the little window gleamed below the dress  
beside the quay amid the glare and thirst.  
I drew the blankets over me again.

The chanting died. On rather shaky legs  
I drifted very nearly to Moreau.  
Eliza nodded. Her mouth fell again.  
The reader has already faded out.

The lower office made a moaning noise.  
"O Dublin's gilded youth of many wraps!"  
Sixteen years standing near the water's edge,  
I met the gaze of money ev'rywhere.

*There performing at the central gloom*

There performing at the central gloom  
he felt humiliated by Moreau.

Eliza's seated figures troubled him:  
she had a tricky little tale of death —

a sudden blow between two clumsy hand.  
And Little Chandler has by darkness shot  
the question, "Mrs. Malins beat me, pa?"  
Then his bright, restless eyes began again.

I turned and Mr. Kernan came aboard.  
He slung across the island swine and apes.  
The wounded creatures pointed to attain  
the only vestiges of middle age.

I watched the distant figure Mary Jane —  
Montgomery intimated that romance —  
who was disfigured by another beast.  
She could remember only seventeen.

*Because I wanted — like excited dogs*

Because I wanted — like excited dogs —  
a locked enclosure on myself alone.  
The golden sunset was a standing joke  
a little round for Mr. Cunningham.

Pope Leo's poems lay beside the boat.  
The captain, having half persuaded me,  
does nothing else alive among the thorns  
and heals in them a very simple scale.

The kitchen windows he began to read.  
He imitated with a squeaking noise  
the voices to discover any rate.  
It was a special train before the church.

Maria looked into the city hall.  
I held a florin tightly, buttoned on!  
I never heard a melancholy air;  
I never knew the inner side again.

*I must have our everyday routine*

I must have our everyday routine.  
You'd better look upon a pile of stars  
the injured man produced into the sea.  
And Mrs. Kearney found the carving hot.

I fell indeed — already suffered all.  
And Little Chandler quickened his excuse.  
But I declined because I was unarmed.  
... he could remember you're the very edge.

Between my private secretary, John,  
beyond the reedy lines of turning rooms,  
the conversation went into the cleft.  
The cats escaped into the central ends.

And all together, laughing at the rain,  
abruptly made a critical remark.  
I heard Moreau appeared, his massive face  
the sergeant makes — the human day long chin.

*The other leaned against the rocky wall*

The other leaned against the rocky wall.  
Old Michael Furey had degraded him.  
Moreau looked to belie his long enough  
Or Massey's on this silly universe  
and walked towards the nape of George's Street.  
The clerk suggested coming over there.  
Sometimes, however, he emerged upon  
and signalled from a victim freshly killed  
perhaps a dozen yards away, by god!  
They shared in common everyday routine.  
The creatures roared. The captain came away.  
We're going to uncover his escape.  
Maria was the opera, sharp and closed,  
he lifted up in answer to the pope.  
And an unpleasant grin appeared, in fact,  
the night the sailor whispered to Moreau.

*Towards the bushes to her husband it*

Towards the bushes to her husband it,  
amid the silence, came into the back.  
Montgomery limped into Montgomery's voice.  
He's really awfully fond of this research.

Then rigid with a hand towards Moreau  
I'm taking angry note of the curving charge.  
The only persons talking to soothe it,  
we walked along beside the injured man.

A woman was delighted to the last,  
so I continued eating anything.  
She had indeed, men, rested my accounts.  
But to explore another licking kiss?

A ghastly light towards the lower teeth?  
The creature with a narrow little hell,  
the night the sailor stumbled with her eyes,  
beyond the stream of saving any life.

*Dunne, railway porter, stated that himself*

Dunne, railway porter, stated that himself,  
perhaps annoying them. That very night  
the riot rose against the rocky wall  
I'm Captain mocking at her lover's eyes.

When Paddy Leonard called out, catching sight,  
said nothing ever spoken to the house  
and put the bottle back towards her life,  
the fire lost the art of Corley's stride.

Montgomery vanished from my useless it.

"O, Erin," I began upon the beach,  
"the peal of using soldiers with the pen."  
The creature was already thrown away

and the curate bought the blouse on equal terms.  
Then, sharply seeing I gripped my escape,  
the barman had a rather vulgar death —  
another heavy, dirty eye of things!

*“Maria is a woman, was a rustle!”*

“Maria is a woman, was a rustle!”

“Then come in, Mary Jane, and finish it!”

Amid the glare and talking to the sea,  
the porter pointed up beyond the door.

Before, when one attempted public sight,  
some mothers bonneted the sailors’ eyes,  
the noise of sharing for a moment, hushed.  
It ended by collecting butterflies.

Then Mr. Cunningham continued life  
... he never heard a light began again.

“O yes,” said Mr. Crofton, saying it.

“A shameful thing, and bishops there, all his.”

Maria thought, decided to express  
the other hand about his lower ribs,  
a little pink and wholesome intercourse,  
the other half an hour more askew.



*Whenever he allowed his overcoat*

Whenever he allowed his overcoat  
another long association with  
the only persons talking to the wall,  
the only persons who had written books,  
he reached the corner while on something else.  
Perhaps a dozen seconds he walked on;  
in ten minutes I heard gravel thrown away  
and loud applause and Mr. Cunningham.  
The women followed slower with delight;  
that wretched Little Chandler blushed again.  
We went among a hundred other boys.  
“They’re getting money on the rabbit,” said  
Moreau who spoke a word of their affairs.  
I mentioned father strutting back again.  
“But to the people,” he began again,  
“the eastward sea was something like myself.”

*With strange persuasion came another sip*

With strange persuasion came another sip.  
She trembled under observation so  
I fell. Into the other bodies glowed  
the curate to assert itself again.

Moreau's in inky silhouette, and all  
the fancy comes. Montgomery follows him,  
repeating lines of our native land,  
of what the hornets nest the office with.

The muffled figure hid in me alone,  
the only human kindred minds beyond  
consumption. Was it from the music halls  
the other scientific workers go,  
or church in through the empty fireplace?  
Just overhead began to meditate  
Pope Leo Dillon, handing 'round the room  
perhaps two reasons for a cigarette.

*It was a poet's soul revolted him*

It was a poet's soul revolted him;  
the creature did the proper kind of snow.  
The quarry was a disappointed man.  
This country has remembered what Moreau  
staggered back upon a ghastly group.  
I was already running with a curse.  
I'm talking angry, growling through the trees.  
Birds were a brilliant figure. Mary Jane,  
she had presented an attentive face.  
"I never bargained to a glassy calm,"  
said Mr. Kernan, closing his conduct  
because he had forgotten their accounts.  
A sudden blow between his nether lips —  
a trifle thoughtful but in ecstasy —  
the two beast people's silent fervent prayer  
the noise of printed books and ginger ale.

*Upon the sailor whispered something cold*

Upon the sailor whispered something cold.  
You, like the famous Mrs. Malins' laugh  
and the masters, will become quite orthodox.  
They wondered whether such a gentle wind  
had nothing or was eating anything.  
The cats escaped from where Moreau before,  
refreshed by instinct, was a pause again.  
He followed her before he felt herself  
perhaps a little distance from myself.  
A slight pacific tide of the middle class,  
the creatures had a bit of lemonade.  
The window was the opera; I believe  
the pudding out into my courage flowed.  
And vicious glances at the water's edge  
safe from the flames across the sloping straw  
the swaying crowd of thunder-storms had killed.

*But he assumed a very foolish blood*

But he assumed a very foolish blood.  
The mental structure is the law, Moreau!  
A shameful consciousness of human nerves.  
The concerts were arranged to make himself  
a woman who remained or was alive.  
Sometimes, however, reading, all the clerks  
rested long upon the edge of me.  
But only for inflicting trenchant wounds,  
the explanations were becoming shades.  
Its members duly qualified themselves  
in search of father strutting back again.  
I never bargained to award the palm  
whenever any door pretended that  
the other brute within him called on me —  
it's nothing better than half facing him  
and women for a moment: "O no, sir!"

*Well eaten, our country, just beyond*

Well eaten, our country, just beyond.  
Beyond the dense smoke dwindled to express  
a little business people onto me.  
The golden sunset was a sore subject.

I went into a clumsy monster with  
a certain pride and sisters were in luck:  
the stores were nearly getting anything.  
My story — judging that infernal stuff —  
of items followed with a snarling laugh.  
The human figure so nice with despair;  
the creatures had been handsome, had remained  
in fancy, came to Dublin for a stone.

Their dead indeed already suffered so.  
Great Britain Street, towards the water, said  
“Another fellow, clever young man, eh?  
The other bodies will imagine it.”

*To Mrs. Mercer sitting up to look*

To Mrs. Mercer sitting up to look  
Maria thought of our sins — and god —  
sometimes in an authoritative voice.  
The man, a shilling over his career,  
then through the trees or Bantam Lyons, clapped  
behind the house and tasted like a dog.  
The devil by the barrels was confused.  
The shock many had was quite orthodox.  
The creatures I had risen straight before,  
perhaps in a dozen seconds weathers made  
they're nothing better than. Those years ago  
the sun had fallen to the westward side.  
The doctor never heard Moreau goat  
the only thing returning from the hips.  
Sometimes he watched the servant, Mary Jane,  
Moreau and broken bushes. White rags were torn.

*The fire lost upon the lip of pride*

The fire lost upon the lip of pride  
is forward, interfering rather more  
again and Ginger Mooney intervened,  
then, after glancing upwards. When the clock  
was forcing Eva to me through the trees,  
Eliza soothed and faced him with a verse.  
The captain chose to ebb away again  
As Mr. Kernan had preceded him.

The recollection brightened his advice,  
a cry of shaken bottles from the street;  
and peered into this silly universe  
the other one alone among the thorns.

But I suppose he used perfume, arose  
when Paddy Leonard came upon Moreau,  
a trifle thoughtful, but in marble halls.  
He shook himself into the mouth of thirst.



*Sometimes he opened from the lady's face*

Sometimes he opened from the lady's face  
an inky silhouette and all the clerks,  
they lifted up again the second verse:  
a graceful image of the sandy beach.

The Irish there had settled down again.  
They saw the floating hosts of Florentines,  
but Little Chandler took a trial sip  
then shouted Latin. Mr. Cunningham,  
he imitated with another punch  
the creature's face. I never entertained  
the other children who amused themselves.  
They had become accustomed to Moreau  
in London grinding hard black leather straps.  
We three grotesque attendants followed him.  
He flung himself until Eliza sighed,  
"The back of science has it, anyway."

*The congregation rose against the world*

The congregation rose against the world,  
Kathleen, and then the purest tenor voice  
formed itself upon the master's island  
and said "The youngsters should enjoy the joke."

The creature had not wanted to suggest  
the speaker's words had overturned the lamp  
a waning moon above his simple scale.  
The facial part of getting anything

had disappeared among the swaying crowd.  
The chanting died for our native land.  
Moreau stopped, facing this amazing law;  
he found himself and circled with surprise

a rabbit covered with a pallid light.  
And visions were conversing quietly —  
beyond the reedy lines of rich enough  
the baritone arrived with our hands.

*The other women would mean to approach*

The other women would mean to approach  
a little more distinctly after me.

The Isle of Being knocked about the boat  
where nothing better than a painless pinch

of people lived in front of kindred minds.

Beside the coloured print of easy prey,

the summer was the paragraph again.

Well, Tommy, thinly covered with the whip

I aimed between the yellow glow of chairs,

the wounded creature had gone to control.

Come from the foliage overhead began

a little jump into the central ends.

The other bodies would be heard again

in January, 1887, twenty minutes passed.

Montgomery limped into the little boy

then he, a sinful being, lifted him.

*I'd never troubled me into the room*

I'd never troubled me into the room,  
the only sailor at the pigeon house.  
Upon the creature squatting up the beach  
the others gathered more to follow me.

His predecessor's motto was about  
the only human pain. Having fancied it,  
the growling overhead began to be.  
I took another moment; I began

the only way I ever entertained  
a dreadful thing. Returning cautiously,  
rain fell into our everyday routine.  
Then Mr. Kernan tasted like a hawk,  
a man of reminiscence playing on.  
So I continued eating, feeling pain.  
The fire was in incessant wheels, alas,  
advancing out before the nearest star.

*On the winding way towards the city hall*

On the winding way towards the city hall  
Miss Julia went to see a Jesuit.  
The carman was asleep; he looked away.  
Montgomery followed with a heavy step.

They drove the creature with a certain fame  
to other priesthoods on the continent.  
The sergeant makes the human form a raft.  
Sometimes, however, reading such a thing,  
the mental structure is a pretty sight  
and solemn eyes blinked at the shattered beast!  
Another good-night was in Montgomery's throat.  
I noticed that I scarcely noticed that.

A silence like the tender fire leapt  
to social rise and whispered something else.  
The creature's face whose name was Seventeen  
began to recite the patriotic piece.

*The man saluted them approaching us*

The man saluted them approaching us,  
perhaps a dozen yards from ev'ry lord.  
The others, hoping he had never won,  
watched scientific workers go aboard.

The wretched little old friend had some cigars  
and, smoking under his own language, came  
to listen and also drink himself to know  
how Moreau would appear, his massive face  
a crowd which regulated civic life.  
The waning moon was hearing nothing there;  
the creatures had degraded him again.  
A thought of London died and polished them.

I sat in my intention, twisted 'round,  
one part projected, forming something else.  
Maria said Moreau had bitten off  
another corner of the useless thing.

*“Sometimes,” he added, pointing to the thing*

“Sometimes,” he added, pointing to the thing,  
“perhaps a hundred yards out, constant waves  
come crashing after Mr. Cunningham.”

He walked the streets of money. Many signs

of certain fullness struck the note of god.

The water ended with the swaying crowd.

A woman who had nothing would approach  
the little window. Out of her hotel,

the piercing morning she would never know.

The voices, searching for to-morrow’s launch,

she would assemble after each Moreau

and creature had become a memory.

There was performing at the furnace, love,

but no fire jetted from the injured man.

He went onto the narrow path before

the mental structure got infallible.

*Some suitor to the rigging, swinging his*

Some suitor to the rigging, swinging his  
muffled figure fell into the light,  
his filthy coat across the sloping straw.  
He halted, puffing with a snarling laugh.

This quarrel had some tricky little clouds;  
the heavy sky above the lids fell fair.  
He differed from a victim freshly killed —  
No longer anything about sin — so

before I put into a tranquil state  
a very overbearing person that  
the master wishes to appeal to death,  
I turned towards the station slowly to  
no longer see the floating hosts of hell.  
I fell indeed, already thrown away.  
The little hatchet, he looked back again.  
The night among the lurking shadows moved.



*This started by collecting butterflies*

This started by collecting butterflies.  
And, after some elaborate mystery,  
they waded out into the outward form.  
We're all the scriptures, looking for dessert.

She was the opera, was a special train,  
a kinder note of daring anything.  
By evolution, she soon was again  
a woman standing at the pigeon house.

Moreau, in places you have sentenced her,  
the broken canes beneath her everything,  
Moreau in Galway with a dish of cats.  
And, Mamma, something they began with stars

I fancied even now with restless fear.  
The creatures roared like polished glass. The sky  
then took the greatest scene about the chief,  
awake and forming any animal.

*I got Montgomery's never-tired eyes*

I got Montgomery's never-tired eyes:  
two evils, given their display of me.  
And, gained, the upper part of terror is  
a brandy bottle on the tablecloth.

We traced a narrow path among the thorns,  
another heavy, dirty Dublin street.  
Beside him, my cursing confused his gaze  
as my existence took its fetter out.

He could distinguish nothing else alive.  
Then Little Chandler took the strangest form  
and vanished from the corners' grave advice.  
It was extremely nervous jerks of doors

that he had eaten, our native land  
in my revolver, aimed between the seas,  
there as a signal for a holiday.  
But fire lost the art of solid worlds.

*The light of our ears went to account*

The light of our ears went to account  
for the head of pride humming random notes.  
Moreau had bitten off his dropping lip,  
the tide of human semblance left alone.

That whisky liquored up the opened doors,  
his only lame and rather heavy face.  
“O, but you’ll marry money anywhere,”  
he mentioned lightly at the women’s tea.

“The winding way in my conductor stopped.  
The talk was running with these seeming men.  
The creatures had been doing this research,  
exclaimed at something like in human pain.”

These monsters, drinking with his monologue,  
saw golden sunsets cover his control,  
put fire out into my whereabouts —  
here I’d never bargained to exist.

*“The devil you admit the truth,” he coughed*

“The devil you admit the truth,” he coughed,  
but patient memory began again,  
its nature falling on the lonely road.  
Moreau forgot to sing a song before

the notes of his beast people fell apart.  
Air, musty from a victim freshly killed,  
a knotted black against the rocky wall.  
I scrambled out but glaring over me

his revolver took my name again.  
I turned, glaring with a pallid light at  
whatever other figures troubled me  
because this time the others followed him.

The growling overhead begins to sing  
as several figures melt into the sea  
and cats escaped into a reverie. . .  
By telling, with details, a story ends.

ERIC ELSHTAIN, the poetry editor of the *Chicago Review*, 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*, and others. His chapbook, *The Cheaper the Crook, the Gaudier the Patter*, will appear later this year from Chicago's Transparent Tiger Press.

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