HER SOCIAL FRAME

By
Eric Elshtain
and
the machine

Beard of Bees
Chicago
Number 26
June, 2005
Well, by finding that...

Once was enough to...

He proceeded to...

They were presently...

Well, she’ll tell them to...

Every moment...

Celeste, I’ll tell him?

Yes, it ain’t it, and...

What she wanted was...

She looked like the one...

It was strange that the...

The sight of you to...

Don’t you see? No goods...

The plain prose of it.

Gad, yes. The men who...

He can’t afford to...

The truth was that of...
Preface

Her Social Frame was composed using Gnoetry 0.2 and should be thought of as a three-way collaboration between Edith Wharton and her text The Custom of the Country; Jon Trowbridge and his code; and Eric Elshtain, the end-user. Gnoetry belies the myth of individual creation and, hence, eliminates psycho-drama from the act of reading. The resulting “a-ha!” when reading a gnoem is not based upon an epiphany gestalt, but is borne out of the elegance with which Gnoetry finds poetic solutions to a poetic problem: how would Edith Wharton do things with renga?
What made you go. Spragg...

What made you go. Spragg,
turning back to him, mother!
The fact that she knew
by heart all the hints in the
doorway with Moffatt, sinking
into her bag, drew
from his future the attempt,
they seemed to father.

Sat Feb 19 19:57:48 2005
I want the money…

I want the money now. She brightened at the hand on his arm about her social frame, faced the young man’s air of a family weekly, as they had no homes, immovable, how on earth is it was.

Sat Feb 19 19:59:22 2005
I guess it had not... 

I guess it had not 
found time to give him you and 
that it had hung on 
him the bible to her new 
life, and turned back to look! Who 
got at ’em, said the 
more nebulous they seemed to 
convey a second. 

Sat Feb 19 20:01:18 2005
Then you know now that
meant a longer time than her
indifference to
the kind of a bag stuffed with
strips of newspaper. It’s a
lot of loafers who
call it a little sob in
her veins. You just talk.
Sat Feb 19 20:36:38 2005
Well, it ought to go…

Well, it ought to go
with him. He swung about in
her mind there lingered
the vague park, and the boy, her
smile, and a party, and he
had taken so much
the night when she lowered her
opportunities.

Sat Feb 19 20:38:33 2005
Moffatt spoke with an... 

Moffatt spoke with an
air of almost physical
apprehension passed
over her conduct. Don’t jerk
about like a pinch of dust.

You see, she had not
sacrificed herself for the
only man that was.

Sat Feb 19 20:40:39 2005
Then you’ll come down to...

Then you’ll come down to
Saint Desert? But here and there,
you could have been her
reluctance to introduce
him to me! The daughters of
the things she might meet
some of her new friends wanted
of admiration.

Sat Feb 19 20:42:15 2005
She tossed her head with... 

She tossed her head with an unconscious suggestion. 
It was based on the round of the Olympians, 
and she thought of inviting Moffatt to follow 
her as though their journey were the real thing in town? 

Sat Feb 19 20:42:56 2005
He held out a hand
on hers without speaking, and
felt a devotion.
The girl exclaimed, with an air
of injured pride she started
up. Their glances met
in a mist of bargaining
and hyperbole.

Sat Feb 19 20:44:38 2005
It had died of the French for new scents and powders, and locked it away in velvet, and could not find a way to remind me that he was angry, it should have said to Undine that it flattered his hand.

Sat Feb 19 20:47:26 2005
Any lawyer could.

Any lawyer could fix it up for you. That was no use his saying he’s sorry now! Well, you’ve met him? As he shot up in her eyes, deceived; he was the only detail she seemed to have been some day.

Sat Feb 19 21:02:21 2005
Even now he had. . .

Even now he had
too clear a way: it seemed to
cause her actual
physical fear, and the smile
with which she watched them was what
she had learned to know
you. Nevertheless, the smile
grew more apparent.

Sat Feb 19 21:05:16 2005
The affair. It’s not
because Ralph loves me that you’re
talking, the blazing
lamps of a famous chateau
and a careless allusion
to their bargain. Spragg,
you’d better think over what
she wanted to hold!

Sat Feb 19 21:07:29 2005
Undine waited till
now on purpose, and he saw
her before but, had
given me the picture, all
right here before your eyes, and
had been so nasty
to me, Florence. Even her
acquaintances, yes.

Sat Feb 19 21:11:10 2005
You ought to go down…

You ought to go down and out this time. There was an appeal to her face and the glow of it to you. He had to run over to ask if she and he bent down to let the house of proprietorship.

Sat Feb 19 21:13:14 2005
The French sense of his... 

The French sense of his downfall, the night was too stout. The place where there’s some sense of having what she had gone down in the very air of experienced gallantry. There were rows and exhilaration.

Thu Mar 10 12:17:53 2005
And she gave herself... 

And she gave herself to some of the mountain. I’ll tell you, at which they occasionally raised their eyes met in an attitude of a hand on it already, and of his mind he looked like the face!

Thu Mar 10 12:19:03 2005
She has a little…

She has a little flushed face. It’s too glorious!
Well, I saw you, he said, kissing her hand sadly
in his mind flashed back, dearest.

Why on earth, he had pressed his mother, when she had just arrived to us!

Thu Mar 10 12:21:05 2005
Well, by finding that everybody appeared to have this sensation.

It was amusing. Her smile was thrusting the old world. The next time I shall be hours late for Paul, shining and inaccurate.

Thu Mar 10 16:10:40 2005
Once was enough to
have them flutter down to him
her lesson. He can
count on the landing, after
her parents had wind of her
beauty. If it had
hung on him when you married.
Don’t you see that so?
Thu Mar 10 16:12:03 2005
He proceeded to...

He proceeded to sort with a loud sigh, and there were dawning signs of hospitality, and when she rallied it was his friend at the word. And he could have kept them; but then, with the note of prudence.

Thu Mar 10 16:13:08 2005
They were presently...

They were presently
to discover that he was
ill, but knowing how
to do me now! As she had
neither the skill with which she
pronounced fade; but she
was a question, raised her head
propped on a little?

Thu Mar 10 16:13:58 2005
Well, she’ll tell them to
shreds. He went to the cool room
with a laugh from Ralph.
Ralph, well addressed to his head.
Oh, yes; I wish you’d put that
newspaper away,
she felt her own image and
inactivity.

Thu Mar 10 16:15:57 2005
Every moment...

Every moment of confusion; but his hand in the duchess was, was not, the brave spectacle, and the fact to Europe? You seem as if he had learned in speaking of her New York Spring stretched out there.

Thu Mar 10 16:17:30 2005
Celeste, I’ll tell him?

Celeste, I’ll tell him?
It’s just a pity he asked
in a reaction

of disgust set in turf. Spragg
tell you that right along? Spragg,

bringing his daughter
an idea what they had
left her helplessness.

Thu Mar 10 16:19:34 2005
Yes, it ain’t it, and . . .

Yes, it ain’t it, and
Mr. Van Degen, why had
he supposed she was

in abeyance. The quick blood
and claps a chance of coming
down. No, he went to
the support of the fact, in
her. Oh that yearning.

Fri Mar 11 09:55:45 2005
What she wanted was . . .

What she wanted was to this sense of being at the end. I’m going to see this braver of the moat been peppered by a smile.

She looked at her with obstructive zeal. Knowing what she does now leaving.

Fri Mar 11 09:58:36 2005
She looked like the one...

She looked like the one
he had known at a dusty
littered desk. Simply
because he doesn’t even
know that she had come to please
the walls, on a note
of irony to his sides
and reality.
Fri Mar 11 10:06:36 2005
It was strange that the
things I came down to attest
her compatriots
and she’s wild with us, I shall
soon know, as his collections.
In love with her, that’s
where they were too exquisite
and inaccurate.
Fri Mar 11 10:11:36 2005
The sight of you to...

The sight of you to
atone for it. Miss Ray pinched
her lips. She thinks of
joining her compatriots,
and the difference between
the pages of her
engagement to Millard, that’s
a shame to father.

Sat Mar 26 10:31:43 2005
Don’t you see? No goods…

Don’t you see? No goods
sent out on the duchess to
Switzerland? His smile
grew more calm. Do you call her
mother, a queer comic twitch
of you. I don’t know.
But for the evening before
she could not shake hands.

Sat Mar 26 10:33:20 2005
The plain prose of it.

The plain prose of it.
Oh, you know there’s nothing would
suit me better; but

the face! A slow blush rose to
his visit. Looked into her

fate? Nevertheless,
some two weeks later, she had
lost its violence?

Sat Mar 26 10:34:36 2005
Gad, yes. The men who formed the point of this sequel to her present cares flew with it no financial advantages. He therefore listened with a hand on his face was as glossy as irregular.

Sat Mar 26 10:35:53 2005
He can’t afford to make her feel a little now and then suddenly the lights sank, the cure ascribed the unhappy state of the contrast between the two had wandered from place to place her unawares.

Sat Mar 26 10:36:27 2005
The truth was that of the door… The beach was his friend at the height of his apex days he had not dared confess to Ralph. Undine had noticed, though, she wished to renew their acquaintance Ralph saw him lower.

Sat Mar 26 11:31:53 2005
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.