

SERVANTS AND THE SLENDER THREAD;
or,
THE ARMY OF THE HIGHER PLEASURES;
or,
A SPEAR WAS BURIED IN THE OLD LIFE ITSELF;
or,
THE WHOLE CAMP WOULD COME TO MAMA;
or,
THE STRONG AROMA OF THE KNIFE;
or,
UNCEASING RADIATION OF THE WILL;
or,
ONE UNCEASING RADIATION OF THE WILL

By Antonio Facchino
and the machine

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Preface

The influence of the “human” hand in this body of gnoems is more varied than in most Gnoetry collaborations, as there are, here, some gnoems generated from a wide pool of English sources, and other gnoems derived from just a few sources all from various points in history. In all cases, the gnoems published here were re-worked repeatedly using the program’s own regeneration function and traditional “pen and paper” editing by an end-user with 21st century aesthetic & poetic concerns.

As the end-user, I brought to this process a notion of Time as a historical concept within English, and of Time as a parameter defining English language development (up to late 2005). This consideration of current (2005) language-use (compared to past language-uses) includes the notion that humans are in constant linguistic communication (to varying degrees) with computers today, and that Gnoetry itself can inevitably be more “human” than many of its critics would suggest. The gnoems, I would argue, even reveal linguistically fresh poetics with greater creativity than many poems possible today by individual poets and/or computers.

Consider the following excerpts from this chapbook’s “The bird, the young lieutenant, he obtained. . .”:

The speaker, who in words, a good
in bundles, and the bare, in, whose the world
in pleasure. He supposed, a. And, in case
the kernel and predominates the two

in one unceasing radiation of
the will; because perhaps in that, before
the face, a, filling their contentment. I
believe? A large hotel in Mexico.

And, from “The most fantastic fashion. So, the boys.”

She
announced the closing of the other hand,
the things were as excited and amused
her, now the two were stripped, the boy the most,
the great desire of a few remarks.

Her health in such a precious moment. He
presented to the sun. Her husband thus
began, in his peculiar object, and

the last. The beauty of her screw, pursued
a gentle touch, her soul, surrounded, by
a woman. I related to the floor,
the third. The word, revealed a room, the street
below. The little boy in years ago,
repeated several times, the army of
the higher pleasures, helpless.

And finally, from “In their conditions of the room, a vast. . .”

In their conditions of the room, a vast
destruction of the case in nature and
relations of the old, another of
the time, the whole Atlantic ocean, all
the same. The question whether I suppose
a little further north, in that, in which
the same result. A queer, in this, in some
extraordinary bird; in his, a hand
upon the constitution, of her old
cocoon. Her voice, a little rubbing of
the two: the thought. The earth, a quiet smile.
In all the things. In which the gospel of
revolt.

To initiate these collaborations, I chose from between 3 and 56 source texts. The intention behind widely varying the number of sources can be summarized as follows: because I could control the machine’s source pool (offerings from human texts) before editing the gnoem into a series of words which resonated deeply with me as an individual, I wanted more or less human voice to choose from. And in the poems where I designated more sources, I wanted Gnoetry to recombine the various English voices into one heavily human language composition that I would re-master, or, say, polish up into an even more heavily human poem.

After generation by Gnoetry0.2, these gnoems were studied again and again by myself. During this process, they took on multiple drafts as the result of multiple readings. Each of these readings incorporated multiple interpretations, even intentional misreadings, and during this process I inevitably changed personal disposition as my state of being fluctuated from, among other states, the state of end-user to reader to re-generator, and even as far as co-writer, editor, and critic.

These gnoems bear the invisible mark of deep human editing and repeated computational re-generation at will, and some of them draw from a substantially larger body of source-texts than previously composed gnoems. As such, the influence of each source-text varies significantly as the number of sources increases.

The sources here each contribute a unique stylistic variation of English usage to the whole composition, and the differing styles of English are the product of, as is the case for “Employed in that, besides the baby was...”, many human influences. The actual number of sources for “Employed in that, besides the baby was...” is no less than 56 sources...that is, 56 sources recombined by Gnoetry0.2...that is, 56 sources + Gnoetry + methodical interaction between myself and the machine. Add to that more post-production editing, with a pen on paper, plus reading, misreading, interpretation, and re-interpretation. And then even more editing while transcribing the gnoems, and voila... computer poetry? Hardly. I’d say it’s a collaboration of many humans, i.e. the writers and Jon Trowbridge, and that the machine recombines the language at just one stage in the lengthy composition process.

With regard to this volume of gnoems, the source texts I selected were not chosen for their subject matter, but instead for an imagined effect that I wanted to achieve in collaboration with these authors and Gnoetry0.2. In other words, these gnoems are the sum product of each source’s author’s own linguistic nature, as statistically processed by Gnoetry, and by my experimental intentions. (Each of these unique natures has been dissected, then extracted and re-combined according to the machine’s poetics, first, and then regenerated and/or edited as per my poetics, ultimately.) When the sheer number of source texts increases, the overall number of distinct uses of English by human collaborators leads to a richly sampled gnoem with many participating “authors,” “persuasions,” “uses,” or, let’s say, voices in English. And these gnoems each have varying degrees of what I’d call time-crunching, or maybe time-sampling, in every line. This innovative means to create poetic meaning, among the other abilities of Gnoetry0.2, informs the final poetic experience with never before experienced language uses. The editorial use of Time as a definitive factor in recreating a voice in poetry is, I believe, one of the most powerful creative powers in Gnoetry0.2. Here, the time-sampling reveals the presence of subject matters in language (something percolating into this poetry after it had been intentionally ignored in the source selection process, and then computationally removed by Gnoetry).

The temporal recombination of English, without regard to subject matter, steers these poems into areas of priorly unimagined language uses. And, as a matter of fact, the interactions among language samples from different times in the history of English — these interactions are the manifest purpose I propose behind my

part as an end-user/co-writer/editor in these collaborations. Each work here is an experiment combining “more” or “less” human voice, thereby highlighting the various abilities of Gnoetry0.2 in writing poetry. That is, this volume offers a selection of multi-voiced gnoems, language compositions more human than not, and with subject matters arising from the temporal re-combination of English. As such, these poems call attention to 1) the dominance and multiplicity of human participants in these English compositions, and 2) the unique overall voice-ness of each gnoem as a product of English sampled from different times.

The products of these multi-author collaborations is not just poetry, but innovative English usage within poetry. There is a visible evolution in language expression present in these gnoems, due to the alteration of common English usage by Gnoetry0.2 and the end-user. Or, to be sure, as the sources’ English uses are themselves dissected by Gnoetry from their original linguistic, historical, and subject-oriented contexts, so too is a new multi-temporal, poetically informed voice ascertainable from each finished gnoem.

In an excited manner, I admire...

In an excited manner, I admire
the most profound attention; it appeared,
in which, contrasted with the other on
the same in short, the water. Yet perhaps
a little business at the landing. For
a while. The nature of the room, a coat.

In that direction. First, the ox, about
the upper hand. The eye alone, beneath
the sound proceeded, it were so, the, or
enthusiasm, everything. A sound
escaping. It became the object; I
believe, the third proceeded to relate,
the tongue the first, the number. He became
a red complexion, and perhaps the most
upright, the cabbage had occurred. A glance
around, observed the angel move the rest.

Sometimes a chief. The man in fact, possessed
the next, a contrast, if the traitor was
a uniform. The copies, and a few
remaining stars. The great abyss, unmoved.

Friday, September 9, 2005, 2:45:03

Texts

Herman Melville, *Bartleby, The Scrivener*

Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*

Anna Catherine Emmerich, *The Dolorous Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ*

Employed in that, besides the baby was. . .

Employed in that, besides the baby was
the last degree. A man. The whole, untouched,
a single night in camp, replied the clerk,
in loud applause. Professor, or a year,
the rest according to agreement, they
were filled, in which the laws, the fellow of
eighteen, her own. The light in solitude.
In an advanced, the year, the habit of
expecting to attend the meeting of
directors, from a terrace, having no
enjoyment of a judge; because perhaps
in their relations to declare, whereas
the youth, the fairy queen. The gay, because
the words addressed. Behold the very door.
Upon a sofa, reading and the best
in them. A new religion, he abode,
the church? Again, among themselves, in whose
existence was the town, because in this.
Exclaimed a neighbor, and in field, in that,
in an alarm, about eighteen, her place
alone. The boy, good-bye, good-bye, good-bye,
good-bye, good-bye, good-bye, good-bye, good-bye,
good-bye, good-bye. The steamer, if the boys,
observed the sleeper. They pursued the young.
A brave, the window. There the less. The child
a fair idea of the tent, behold
her: pointed upward, closing it behind,
aligned. A servant, and the prospect of
retaining heat in my opinion is,
replied the jew, another method. He
continued, staring at the child, remarked
the colonel; he began: alas! The first.

About the camp the next command. In this,
the saddest look upon a sudden he
confronted him, the army of the sky,
the solace of the street, the wind. The strange,
the lonely sea extended to the use,
a morsel, he became aware, a tree.
Amazement, suited to rejoice. A long
piazza, smiling through her tears. The men!

Sunday, September 11, 2005, 3:28:52

Texts

Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*
Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*
G. K. Chesterton, *The Man Who Was Thursday*
Kenneth McGaffey, *The Sorrows of a Show Girl*
John Buchan, *Prestige John*
Margaret Sanger, *Women and the New Race*
Anonymous, *The Song of Roland*
Edgar Allen Poe, *The Fall of the House of Usher*
John Stuart Mill, *Utilitarianism*
Howard Pyle, *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood*
Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*
Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*
Jules Verne, *The Mysterious Island*
Charles Darwin, *On the Origin of Species*
Sax Rohmer, *The Insidious Dr. Fu Manchu*
Hildegard G. Frey, *The Campfire Girls at Camp Keewaydin*
John Milton, *Paradise Lost*
The Internet, *Indian Erotica*
The Internet, *Linux HOWTOs*
Edith Wharton, *The Custom of the Country*
Elizabeth Cady Stanton, *Eighty Years And More; Reminiscences 1815–1897*
Margery Williams, *The Velveteen Rabbit*
The Internet, *Nigerian Spam and Bogus Lotto*
Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*
H. G. Wells, *The Time Machine*
Edgar Allan Poe, *The Masque of the Red Death*
Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist*
Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*
Horatio Alger Jr., *Joe The Hotel Boy*
Emily Bronte, *Wuthering Heights*
Herman Melville, *Bartleby, The Scrivener*
John Milton, *Paradise Regained*
Nikolai Vasilievich Gogol, *Taras Bulba and Other Tales*
Joseph Conrad, *Lord Jim*
Booker T. Washington, *Up From Slavery*
Arthur Conan Doyle, *Sign of the Four*
Dante Alighieri, *Inferno*
T.S. Eliot, *Poems*

In may, the wind! The poor, a thousand pounds.

In may, the wind! The poor, a thousand pounds.

A hollow world? Again, a great relief,

before the horror of the wild. Behold,
the stillness of the journey: but the frost.

The pines. A fool, because the warm, because
the warmer weather was a watchman, who

in their behalf. The morning was a noise
in their possession. And, returning, meet

the winter. Three were taken, not a heart,
according to the things therein, the sound.

A dozen times, because the gap in his
commandment, saying thus, the very no.

A noise in their destruction, and were not
in buck, because her husband shall rebuke

the plain, behold the head, the next relief.
Upon the floor, because a new device.

Behold, the soil around the room. A man;
a city be replenished: but the frost.

In this. In silence, and a craving for
revenge. A faithful worker. For a sound.

Thursday, September 8, 2005, 20:17:52

Texts

Jack London, *Call of the Wild*

Mark Twain, *Tom Sawyer*

Unknown, *The Apocrypha*

Eliza Poor Donner Houghton, *The Expedition of the Donner Party and its Tragic Fate*

In their conditions of the room, a vast. . .

In their conditions of the room, a vast
destruction of the case in nature and
relations of the old, another of
the time, the whole atlantic ocean, all
the same. The question whether I suppose
a little further north, in that, in which
the same result. A queer, in this, in some
extraordinary bird; in his, a hand
upon the constitution, of her old
cocoons. Her voice, a little rubbing of
the two: the thought. The earth, a quiet smile.
In all the things. In which the gospel of
revolt. In two were quite a rakish air.
The question, for a thousand tangles, as
the match. The time, the main objections to
the custom, as a matter of a man
devised. The man in any one. Upon
the floor. Suppose the steps in that, replied
Camilla. I, returned the cheerful sky,
the ovum. When a infant, everything.

Friday, September 9, 2005, 2:55:47

Texts

Hildegard G. Frey, *The Campfire Girls at Camp Keewaydin*
Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*
H. G. Wells, *The Time Machine*
Margaret Sanger, *Women and the New Race*
Charles Darwin, *On the Origin of Species*

In them; a man. A star, savannah, but...

In them; a man. A star, savannah, but
in my position to appreciate.
Perhaps the sight; the jackal, with the like.
The hearth. The door behind her ears, sometimes?

The ancient men, because the duncan was
commanded by the end, the workers of
the altar and the helpless and the pine,
a stronger, better to continue as

a dog, in my opinion, said a great
event, a great, advanced along a sort.
Among the rocks. A strange religion; and
the son; the most. Behold, the paper on

the idle city, there were fifty and
a bigger one. Rahul decided to
pursue her own salvation. Ten o'clock,
the shield, against the wall. Because the whole
subject, in ample territory, owned
a lot. A few provisions taken from
the deep, the low. Behind the screen. The road
between the sexes of the human woe.

Saturday, September 10, 2005, 9:35:41

Texts

Jane Austen, *Emma*
Anonymous, *The Song of Roland*
Margaret Sanger, *Women and the New Race*
Unknown, *The King James Bible*
Howard Pyle, *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood*
Jules Verne, *The Mysterious Island*
Charles Darwin, *On the Origin of Species*
P. G. Wodehouse, *Right Ho, Jeeves*
The Internet, *Indian Erotica*
Unknown, *The Apocrypha*
Hildegard G. Frey, *The Campfire Girls at Camp Keewaydin*
Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*
Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*
Booker T. Washington, *Up From Slavery*
John Milton, *Paradise Regained*
Joseph Conrad, *Lord Jim*
Mark Twain, *Tom Sawyer*
H. G. Wells, *The First Men In The Moon*
Feodor Dostoevsky, *Notes from the Underground*
Herman Melville, *Bartleby, The Scrivener*
Jules Verne, *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*
Margery Williams, *The Velveteen Rabbit*
Mark Twain, *Huckleberry Finn*

The bird, the young lieutenant, he obtained. . .

The bird, the young lieutenant, he obtained
a new idea, I suppose. The first
engagement. And a horrid boy; a third,
replied the clerk continued to assure
the fully qualified, the sense, the ghost.
The ground. The morning paper of hers too,
in latitude. The mice behind the men
were there, below the inner man, in this
direction, searched among the ten, a big,
a faint expression of Chinese. Because,
because a good, the only way again
in all her winning. Mrs. Hudson, when
a species of the public, I suppose,
upon the stone; in truth, because her friend
the universe, a very little to
the skin remained. The next. The way. In that
respect, enabled me, continued my
companion. I'm extremely happy with
mercedes and the country, and the sun!
The bread, the more effect. The house, admit
a minute's strain, perhaps. In truth, in some
unfinished building; but the bottoms of
the deep. The thing the four survivors. Things
were hidden under coral islands where
the first alarm. The sea alone; the two?
The boys, in that event, the air. The switch?
Another vital factor, everything
in for the key, returned the envelope,
the steps. The march the limits of the same
salute, in if, in strict accordance with
the servants and the slender thread, a doubt
about the discourse of the way; the hands

outstretched. The speaker, who in words, a good
in bundles, and the bare, in, whose the world
in pleasure. He supposed, a. And, in case
the kernel and predominates the two
in one unceasing radiation of
the will; because perhaps in that, before
the face, a, filling their contentment. I
believe? A large hotel in Mexico.

Sunday, September 11, 2005, 4:29:43

Texts

Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*
Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*
Robert Louis Stevenson, *Treasure Island*
G. K. Chesterton, *The Man Who Was Thursday*
Kenneth McGaffey, *The Sorrows of a Show Girl*
John Buchan, *Prestier John*
Margaret Sanger, *Women and the New Race*
Anonymous, *The Song of Roland*
Edgar Allan Poe, *The Fall of the House of Usher*
John Stuart Mill, *Utilitarianism*
Howard Pyle, *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood*
Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*
Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*
Jules Verne, *The Mysterious Island*
Charles Darwin, *On the Origin of Species*
Sax Rohmer, *The Insidious Dr. Fu Manchu*

The most fantastic fashion. So, the boys.

The most fantastic fashion. So, the boys.
The ladies of the tombs. About the whole,
a little. I became a small, remarked
the friend in better hands. In our way

before. The late encounter. And in this
examination, one in which her own
consent, assimilate, her husband's place.
The smiles, the year, a black sahara. I

believe, in full possession of her ass,
around her; but a wonder to the shield,
a quarter of the year, in an attack.
Sometimes, in due reward. The lips were born.

Unable to apply the motive of
goodwill. The women are. In this regard.
The other papers of her voice. The year,
the fire, and in his, the juices. She

announced the closing of the other hand,
the things were as excited and amused
her, now the two were stripped, the boy the most,
the great desire of a few remarks.

Her health in such a precious moment. He
presented to the sun. Her husband thus
began, in his peculiar object, and
the last. The beauty of her screw, pursued

a gentle touch, her soul, surrounded, by
a woman. I related to the floor,
the third. The word, revealed a room, the street
below. The little boy in years ago,

repeated several times, the army of
the higher pleasures, helpless. But, the child,
the desk allowed a ripple on the floor,
the campbells. We collided, we enjoy

in mind! The yellow of the forest of
the garden, and the child, the other side.
The letter which describes her as a bunch
within a gap in his, the sense, exclaimed,
the soul, her soul, perhaps. Upon the ground,
the same profession, or, a wine, a small
partition; and the sloping bank, the skill,
protected by a number of affairs.

Sunday, September 11, 2005, 2:57:46

Texts

Herman Melville, *Bartleby, The Scrivener*
Jack London, *Call of the Wild*
Elizabeth Cady Stanton, *Eighty Years And More; Reminiscences 1815-1897*
Mark Twain, *Tom Sawyer*
Arthur Conan Doyle, *Sign of the Four*
H. G. Wells, *The First Men In The Moon*
John Milton, *Paradise Regained*
Kenneth McGaffey, *The Sorrows of a Show Girl*
John Milton, *Paradise Lost*
Margaret Sanger, *Women and the New Race*
The Internet, *Indian Erotica*
Edith Wharton, *The Custom of the Country*
Jules Verne, *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*
T.S. Eliot, *Poems*
John Stuart Mill, *Utilitarianism*
Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*
Stephen Crane, *The Red Badge of Courage*
Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*
Jane Austen, *Emma*

The place, because the whole republic was. . .

The place, because the whole republic was
a rather long, eventful journey; but
in order to endeavour to persuade
the people. Some disciples at the school,
were able to supply the people of
the world the greatness of the field, unknown,
in which a man betrayed a paraphrase.
In these events, the wall, the water, of
the education and lament the most
enlightened, or in constant fear. Before,
unknown, in virtue of the agent, for
example, enters not a life, the great
ambition of the most. Again, because
the whole republic was a child in this.
In passing. After hearing of the most.
The great ambition of the other side.
The answer to the field, in an upright
position, and in nothing is a most
dramatic picture, and in debt. A most
dramatic picture, and the like, commenced.

Friday, September 9, 2005, 3:13:37

Texts

Anna Catherine Emmerich, *The Dolorous Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ*
Booker T. Washington, *Up From Slavery*
John Stuart Mill, *Utilitarianism*

The rest. In fact a lot in common, whose...

The rest. In fact a lot in common, whose external pressure, followed by a friend, in your account. Moreover, I perceived, respected sir, before a blow, the whole device, the long succession of the same. The crackling fire, with the choice between the three, a stretch. The mere creation of the students to secure a credit to the door. The top. Among the ashes of the iron safe, provided it contains. According to the side effects. The first appearance of a clue. In everything.

Saturday, September 10, 2005, 8:45:56

Texts

Jane Austen, *Emma*
G. K. Chesterton, *The Man Who Was Thursday*
Kenneth McGaffey, *The Sorrows of a Show Girl*
Edgar Allan Poe, *The Fall of the House of Usher*
John Stuart Mill, *Utilitarianism*
Arthur Conan Doyle, *Sign of the Four*
The Internet, *Linux HOWTOs*
Edith Wharton, *The Custom of the Country*
Edgar Allan Poe, *The Masque of the Red Death*
Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*
Sax Rohmer, *The Insidious Dr. Fu Manchu*
Emily Bronte, *Wuthering Heights*
Booker T. Washington, *Up From Slavery*
The Internet, *Nigerian Spam and Bogus Lotto*
Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*
Jules Verne, *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*
Agatha Christie, *The Mysterious Affair at Styles*
Feodor Dostoevsky, *Notes from the Underground*
Jack London, *Call of the Wild*
H. G. Wells, *The First Men In The Moon*
Unknown, *The King James Bible*
H. G. Wells, *The Time Machine*
A. Maude Royden, *Sex And Common-Sense*
Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*

The room the women: and a pillar: for...

The room the women: and a pillar: for
the head upon the highest pavement of
the bracken, and the footman sat upon
the third in glory is the man, a man,
a widow. And the trees. Along the street.
Because the boy, the street. In this, the feast.
The room. The boy. The boy, the fairy said,
because the boy. The boy, the eyes! The lord.
A sword, the fairy said, because the feast.
Her apron. Now in this, commanded they
consumed. The boy. In steam. In forty days.
The city I among the saints! The lord
in all already, and in all the works
a thousand horsemen, and in Moab, and
along the level of the others, and
the little children, and the sprinkled streets,
the fairy said, behold the head upon
the beach. In all the poor. Along the street.
The boy. The moon. The spirit of a fool?
The room the women, and the chosen men,
before the feast. In his possessions, with
commandment, and the way: a power to
defend a friend in conversation, and
in all the people standing round about,
receive the money? Then the king, the feast.
In his possessions, and the trees. Her house.
The boy, the fairy said. The shutters, lord.
The boy, the marmalade, the fairy said.
The morning: for the boy, correction, and
in all the world, receive the money and
the matter by the time appointed, their
possessions, unto him, amen. The lord.

The number of the afternoon, the feast.
The boy, the little children, and before
a judge in all the people of the bone.
Her husband, is a double tongue. The lord,
according to the boy. The room. The lord:
behold a noise in their destruction, and
the sporting page. The room the women and
the children of a broken vessel, lord.

Sunday, September 11, 2005, 4:03:54

Texts

Unknown, *The Apocrypha*

Mangery Williams, *The Velveteen Rabbit*

T.S. Eliot, *Poems*

ANTONIO FACCHINO lives in the San Francisco Bay Area, where he edits and shoots video. He is currently at work on a documentary, “Mercury Rising,” which addresses the prevalence of quicksilver in ecosystems and in foods for human consumption. Facchino is also involved in documenting the restoration and subsequent repatriation of a historic Norwegian wooden sailingboat, the *Frithjof Wiese*. You can learn more about this project at <http://www.frithjofwiese.com>.

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