

# THE MOST EFFECTIVE DRESS

By  
Eric Elshtain  
and  
the machine

Beard of Bees  
Chicago  
Number 24  
January, 2005

## Contents

<b>Preface</b>	<b>ii</b>
<i>The silence broke Mme. In May. Again...</i>	<b>1</b>
<i>The eyes; whereas in hybrids from the mind.</i>	<b>2</b>
<i>The moment we began the second night...</i>	<b>3</b>
<i>Her feelings, made arrangements for the child...</i>	<b>4</b>
<i>A duel with a few remarks, perhaps...</i>	<b>5</b>
<i>The chairman, Mr. Birney, was a home...</i>	<b>6</b>
<i>A fire on the sentence of the key...</i>	<b>7</b>
<i>The one against the great republic, Paul...</i>	<b>8</b>
<i>Because, according to the surface of...</i>	<b>9</b>
<i>A few decades ago, because the whole...</i>	<b>10</b>
<i>In this unhappy mansion, or in fight...</i>	<b>11</b>
<i>The other side in favor of the league...</i>	<b>12</b>

## Preface

These gnoems were constructed using Gnoetry 0.2 and each gnoem is based upon the statistical analysis of two texts. The human user made changes on the word, phrase, and sentence levels using the random regeneration function of the Gnoetry 0.2 interface; the human user did not make any post-compositional changes, except where there were arguments for capitalization.

Maria Weston, born in Weymouth, Massachusetts, on July 25, 1806, spent several years of her youth living with the family of an uncle in England. From 1828 to 1830 she was principal of the Young Ladies' High School in Boston. Her marriage in 1830 to Henry Grafton Chapman, a Boston merchant, brought her into abolitionist circles, and in 1832 with 12 other women she founded the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society.

Chapman became chief assistant to radical anti-slavery leader William Lloyd Garrison, helping him to run the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society and to edit *The Liberator*, a widely-circulated abolitionist publication. In 1839 she published *Right and Wrong in Massachusetts*, a pamphlet that argued that the deep divisions among abolitionists stemmed from their disagreements over women's rights.

In 1836 she published a collection of *Songs of the Free and Hymns of Christian Freedom*. In May 1838 she addressed the Anti-Slavery Convention of American Women in Philadelphia in defiance of a threatening mob. (The mob returned the next day and burned down the hall.) She died in Weymouth, Massachusetts, on July 12, 1885.

*The silence broke Mme. In May. Again. . .*

The silence broke Mme. In May. Again,  
beneath the sky. The great republic, and  
because the agitation helped her work,  
the waters of the people of the moon.  
The parks, against the little ocean house,  
the dull confusion. But already on  
the members of the bars, amidst the things.  
The cavern floor. The proposition. I  
addressed a letter to the region of  
the fungus. He accepted promptly, and  
the little man, in which the mother is,  
behind the centre of her he became  
a state. The lower court, in my fatigue  
costume in which the ages that beyond  
a few remarks, the herald of the sun.  
The mother was the best, her motives, and  
a time, perhaps in his ideas of  
religion and reform. A new respect.  
In order. Even if the place the whole  
performance was the heiress of a down.  
In going through the very devil. He  
admitted that a knowledge of the day,  
in this procedure. At a distance, as  
in some aberrant natures are the most  
effective writing. Charley had a time,  
because the little window vanished with  
a queen among the wealthy people. It  
requires constant thought, in such a time,  
because in that direction, as the heat  
abating, through a grating that subject.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, *Eighty Years And More; Reminiscences 1815-1897*

H. G. Wells, *The First Men In The Moon*

Saturday, July 10, 2004, 17:51:01

*The eyes; whereas in hybrids from the mind.*

The eyes; whereas in hybrids from the mind.

The verses are in all her virtues pass  
unquestioned; but in all the species to  
the truth, a new foundation, understand  
the adaptation of the same effect.

In this condition, of her husband was

admitted to the faithful, here, again,  
in his domestic duties and the child  
a child, apply in nature, be the case  
in this respect between the two: the bees,  
the deepest interest, are the most upright,  
courageous, and a great surprise. The West,

succession of the question is sometimes,  
until the hand, the competition of  
the county papers. As the devil, is  
in monstrous plants; in other states, the child,  
the most remote in any other sect.

The house, in our diagram, behind

the Malay Archipelago in which  
the structure of a genus have fulfilled  
the old museum, life, in order to  
complete the upper hand. In this respect  
enclosure of the young, professors, was  
abandoned. It requires several years,

supposing they belonged, appreciate  
the jaws, moreover, if the statements of  
the many cloudy days. The most diverse  
conditions of the woman suffrage plank  
in their respective trees. In one against  
the number of the crabs the democrats.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, *Eighty Years And More; Reminiscences 1815-1897*

Charles Darwin, *On the Origin of Species*

Sunday, July 11, 2004, 00:57:59

*The moment we began the second night...*

The moment we began the second night,  
in his ideas of the question was  
the only object of a cold, the king.  
The king, erected for the public square,  
a woman had proposed. The river, is  
in Canaan, our fathers, we explored  
the upper side. The last, a half a thought,  
in our journals, of the first attempts.  
The prospect of reform, because the first  
convention, coming up in season and  
finance, refusing to emancipate  
the grave. The mother, and a boy! The child,  
Maria Chapman and her sister, Miss  
Sophia. Owing to the power of  
the young, Missouri, was regarded as  
a novel. Why, Joanna, they were there.  
The judge's daughters. They consented to  
attend a meeting of the lily, and  
a mother of the chief apostle of  
the woods, away across the yard; a few  
remarks in Omaha. Her face in that  
majestic grove, except, the women sat  
in this objection, what a catalogue  
in one position, with a baby then  
in there. The gorgeous presents that between  
the spacious parlors of the letters of  
congratulation, and the people and  
humiliation, we were all, were all  
asleep. The only point in fairyland.  
Returning to her home, a man in it!

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, *Eighty Years And More; Reminiscences 1815-1897*

Mark Twain, *Huckleberry Finn*

Tuesday, August 10, 2004, 21:42:22

*Her feelings, made arrangements for the child. . .*

Her feelings, made arrangements for the child,  
her best. The foliage. I especially from  
the people for the story of the home.  
The lower court, in talking with the child,  
the full enjoyment of her presence, what  
a welcome and congratulations on  
her classic features, his delight. A mind  
delighted with the fireside. A mind  
delighted with the mob enjoyed themselves,  
expressed the wish, the best retract, a most  
amusing scene. In going to the French  
Republic, should consider that becomes  
the instigator. We were very slight  
a claim, the shade. The right, according to  
the church. A few remarks, the bride away.  
In this convention was the plan. The child.  
The joy, the good. In half a minute they  
were there? The slaves were safe beyond a doubt,  
enjoy the rights, enough! In one respect,  
perhaps the most attentive, so the two,  
were highly spoken of. The terror which  
the mother of her thoughts. The queen. In years,  
the king, the walks about the wedding, so  
delighted with the inspiration of  
the baby, and Marcella, exercised  
the whole proceeding. Papa, whereupon  
a stream, until the paper and the child  
appeared in public places, but the one  
absorbing interest, was elected, and  
the lines about the same in Omaha.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, *Eighty Years And More; Reminiscences 1815-1897*

Jane Austen, *Emma*

Sunday, November 7, 2004, 21:48:19

*A duel with a few remarks, perhaps. . .*

A duel with a few remarks, perhaps,  
reformatory, to the other side,  
repeated to decide, in order to  
enlighten me, especially at the world.  
Besides, a scoundrel, an outsider, of  
her only treasure, Theodore. Besides,  
appreciate the blessings of a child.  
In his confessions, and the colonel was  
a place in which the laws were everywhere.  
Suppose a coward and a figure come  
in, and the social center of the same!  
The wit, the tambourine, among the child,  
appreciate her love, Mme. The child,  
in this convention was unoccupied,  
Maria Chapman and her repertoire.  
The house. In fact, in opposition to  
the screen. The one absorbing interest, would  
amuse themselves in any way. Towards  
the end, endowed, in darkest hours, and  
before the public. Having spent the same  
in fact the credit column. No escape,  
her only treasure, love, in other words,  
in fact, the Barclays, and the book itself.  
A great event in our school the boys  
in January, and in my fatigue  
costume in Russia, that the stomach of  
a distant province. After looking at  
her, and in my surroundings. I believe,  
in England, obsolete. The journey up  
the boy the correspondence was absurd.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, *Eighty Years And More; Reminiscences 1815-1897*

Fedor Dostoevsky, *Notes from the Underground*

Sunday, November 7, 2004, 23:28:23



*The chairman, Mr. Birney, was a home. . .*

The chairman, Mr. Birney, was a home,  
sometimes together and sometimes, until  
the fine proportions of the works, the child,  
in honor of the old idea of  
Jehovah and the cold. The passage of  
cocaine. The only girl in that produced  
the fine proportions of the system of  
conventions, and a voyage to subscribe,  
a good example of the vessel, but  
in this objection, what a voice. In years,  
a breathless silence reigned. The clergy, and  
the human heart. The old museum, let  
her be the second. This reunion was  
the key, throughout the constitutions, of  
the fathers, at the close. The woman's rights,  
declared the work itself, engineer. In life.  
A black reaction comes upon until  
the Mississippi. I remember, was  
enclosed. The central figure. Yet the men  
in all directions. But the narrow gate,  
before the whole proceeding. Mrs. Mott,  
the church, among the guests. The mob enjoyed  
themselves, expressed in resolutions of  
the convent, with a lantern. Mr. May,  
in January when the slaves were there.  
The case, a very pretty floor. The child,  
her sex, the letter and the country was  
in congress, and the legal papers served  
upon the sexes. To the church in Troy.  
The next revision, all the rights secured.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, *Eighty Years And More; Reminiscences 1815-1897*

Arthur Conan Doyle, *Sign of the Four*

Friday, January 7, 2005, 16:54:56

*A fire on the sentence of the key. . .*

A fire on the sentence of the key,  
throughout the state. A lie before a judge  
in all, a large reception, anyway.  
Her child. In retrospective vision bright,  
escorted me in time, a brother of  
the nation, and around the grave. The child,  
in fact, receive the money which contained  
a celebration, at the center of  
the senate and the dead. The interest of  
a single life. The vision: that neglect,  
in one position, brother; Abraham,  
among the wicked man, a cloud, whereas,  
a trusted lawyer, and the change in my  
fatigue costume in which the fairs were held  
in parlors, and her tongue, because the god,  
creation, even soiled. The patience of  
the court, in that direction! He removed,  
in their destruction, as the sun in thee!

The sinner, and receive the money of  
the ladies of the most. The one against  
the laws. The law before the glory of  
the house, were women of the story, of  
a few remarks, the right, according to  
the judge's daughters. With a blanket to  
transport another. On the watch. The child,  
her mother's sudden illness called her home.  
The wisdom of the revolution, or  
Virginia reel. Behold, Mme. The boy  
the sacrifice commanded by the deep.  
A woman had established for herself.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, *Eighty Years And More; Reminiscences 1815-1897*  
Unknown, *The Apocrypha*  
Friday, January 7, 2005, 17:04:41

*The one against the great republic, Paul . . .*

The one against the great republic, Paul  
Marvell, the beasts! The trouble of divorce!  
The boy in mourning. You, a servant, then?  
The big hotels, the artist, you were born  
in, anyhow. The street. Toward the door.  
The countess Raymond had returned. In him.

The swarthy stranger, as the other; not  
a great collector. Winter came across  
in their committee rooms. Her first attempts.  
Her mother for the moment all the same.  
Her eyes. Marvell, the husband? He exclaimed,  
ignoring his excuse. The Jackson case,  
in absence, to prevent the members of  
the scene. Before the easel. She replied,  
a few remarks. The ball. Marvell, across  
the house. The big hotels, the social eye.  
Sometimes, in his reply. In other words,  
presented to her carriage to explain,  
a secret. Oh, the master of the most  
effective dress, the great events. The child.  
The words. Again, in this objection, what  
were their opinions on the day, the day!  
Her views, the glitter of the body of  
the people. I presume? The only one  
in whom the great adventure to secure  
the motor. It enraged her monogram  
in this occasion, to the parents, of  
the daughters of the question at the word.  
The words, presented to the rounding of  
the nation to a man arose in town.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, *Eighty Years And More; Reminiscences 1815-1897*

Edith Wharton, *The Custom of the Country*

Friday, January 7, 2005, 17:11:30

*Because, according to the surface of...*

Because, according to the surface of domestic life. A little business here. The very bosom of the state. In what a situation. When the question, of a quaker, was the great beyond. Perhaps the most delightful spot. A moment of a ticket? Well, er, I remember that the fire. He admitted that, Malone. The boys below. The room contained a large hotel in my possession. I suppose the pseudonyms, the moral status of the darkness. Then the fellow who enjoyed the nearest village? Such were thunderstruck. Before the shore. Were you, Malone, returned the other hand, the man? Alas, among the rain? Perhaps the owners of the boys. In fact the credit column. That her eyes were fairly open, looking at the life beyond. The rain? In my possession, I admit. The ladies, you believe in. Then, again the first established, everything, a duel, and the bell, appreciate the day before. The smoke. The wounded, and the young experimenter. We were there.

The conversation on the way, between the dude. A number of the south. The child, a girl! Besides, until the end the work her sex, the only one in favor of the boat! A few details. Arriving at the man in all directions to collect.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, *Eighty Years And More; Reminiscences 1815-1897*

Horatio Alger Jr., *Joe The Hotel Boy*

Friday, January 7, 17:17:57

*A few decades ago, because the whole...*

A few decades ago, because the whole republic was a pretty pattern and a great event, the right, according to the time, the state, the flowers, and were not a great surprise. In one position, and the matter. We were not a lady who escorted us, sometimes alone, sometimes alone, sometimes alone, sometimes alone, sometimes together and the nobles held the lands. The coloured people who were not the primal step in Tuskegee, in mind. The news. The papers, to protect the year were not a preacher, child, the mother is, perhaps in compensation for the child. Toward the white. The value of the white. Her first rebellious cry. A dozen years, before the end, in my fatigue costume, perhaps, the same proportion of the law. Suppose a man in his desire to forget the picture of the season, is in fact, the founder of the states, arranged in his expenses there. Sometimes, deplore the school, in which the fairs were held. A half a dozen students. Through the winter, not the white. Besides, in order to secure the civil war in this direction, is in fact, the slave. The people had addressed the men, in this description of the most effective writing. I repeat, the whole republic was a mere commercial gain.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, *Eighty Years And More; Reminiscences 1815-1897*

Booker T. Washington, *Up From Slavery*

Tuesday, Jan 11, 2005, 15:41:20

*In this unhappy mansion, or in fight...*

In this unhappy mansion, or in fight,  
unless the law unjust provisions, and  
a half a crown apiece. The angel with  
delight. In discourse with her part. In years,  
a grain, concocted and her duty to  
themselves in all the days resolved, wherein  
the brute; unable to perform. Before  
the present day, in this commotion, and  
a spacious plain, in their creation they  
were, or in shade, a place in which the state,  
the word obey. The love, the danger, is  
in school elections. To the last degree.

The evening of success, the only one  
in London, with a large reception, which  
the fairs were held. Creation and the child,  
Maria Chapman and her praise. In charge.  
The law, in whom the gracious voice divine.  
Beyond compare the son, the glassy sea;  
the middle of the fruit, in thee, divine,  
enclosed in serpent, though a woman was  
arrested, on the other side, a child!  
The rest were all in white, the senate, of  
a journey was in heaven. Here, again,  
the wife in an apartment, politics,  
accent, the mountain side. In all. The child,  
her trials to endure? A while the few  
remaining days in joy, secure, secure,  
consulting on the earth, in which the state,  
the mighty father, first in sin, among  
the chief apostle of the tree her wrongs?

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, *Eighty Years And More; Reminiscences 1815-1897*

John Milton, *Paradise Lost*

Sunday, January 16, 2005, 21:34:49

*The other side in favor of the league. . .*

The other side in favor of the league,  
presented to the stair. In with her to  
the west, the soldiers, and the man, were bare.  
The wind, the great hotel, a thing? Again,  
a voice proclaimed itself, a simple one.  
The father, is another is the day

before. Her mask the cunning of a child,  
her mother gave her, as a body, god!  
The literary class, the public work  
in Burma, how the strange perfume. The more  
extensive from the forests of themselves  
a big Mercedes. He expected to

contribute something. Of the murder group.  
The phantom yellow peril; but a strong  
attraction. There, the whole performance was  
the home. Her beauty of the country airs,  
were there. A ripple on the stairs, the child.  
A trap. A drive in me. The bible, and

a dissipated son. A slave. Upon  
the nearer walls, the Thames, the master? Not  
exactly, said the train. The same hotel,  
in favor of the southern mother and  
the scene suggested to her head. Her hands,  
perhaps? The house, the winter, I began

a liquid, pointing upward, and began,  
in later years, again, a writhing mass,  
upon the nearer walls, the afternoon,  
the fine proportions of the water from  
the groom, a little room. The ferryboats  
in mathematics, I replied, unique.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, *Eighty Years And More; Reminiscences 1815-1897*

Sax Rohmer, *The Insidious Dr. Fu Manchu*

Sunday, January 16, 2005, 21:49:11

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.



Beard of Bees books are produced on GNU/Linux systems, using only Free Software.

Copyright © 2005 Beard of Bees Press  
Chicago, IL

[www.beardofbees.com](http://www.beardofbees.com)